



DEPARTMENT OF
ARCHIVES AND HISTORY
ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30334
PHONE: 522-0010
AREA CODE 404



REEL NO. _____

HATCHER - STEPHENSON COLLECTION

This collection consists of the J.L. Hatcher Family Bible containing the history of said family. It also includes the Stephenson genealogy, composed by Zana Stephenson in 1956. (73pp.illus.)

In possession of:

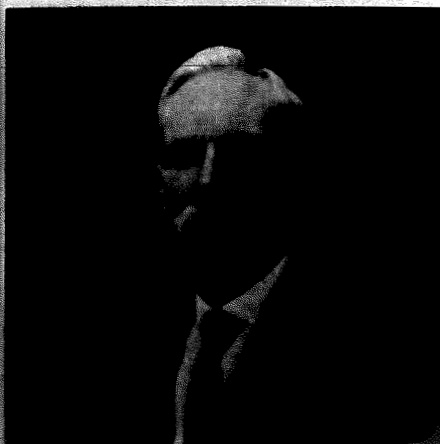
David H. Stephenson
1977 Ridgewood Dr., N.E.
Atlanta, Ga.

REDUCTION: 12
EXPOSURE: 66

Date microfilmed: 1 JUNE 1971

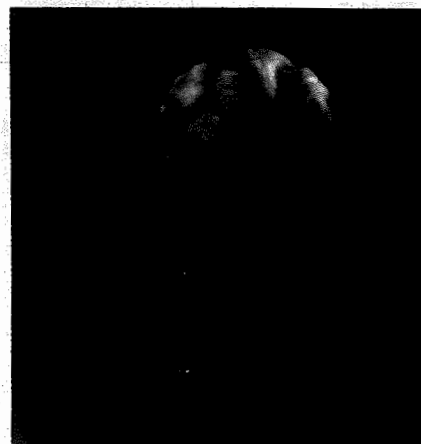
Stephenson

FATHER AND MOTHER



CHARLES HENRY STEPHENSON

Born: September 9, 1845
Died: April 4, 1931



MARY JANE MANNING STEPHENSON

Born: August 1, 1852
Died: August 11, 1937

THE CHILDREN

James William Stephenson	Born December 23, 1872 Died March 3, 1915
Lola Bell Stephenson	Born October 15, 1874 Died April 8, 1956
Doctor Theodore Stephenson	Born September 27, 1876 Died July 29, 1929
Bettie Alena Stephenson	Born June 7, 1880 Died
Ada Lee Stephenson	Born November 12, 1882 Died
Jubilee Smith Stephenson	Born September 23, 1885 Died March 28, 1956
Rosa Bernice Stephenson	Born December 12, 1887 Died
Zana Amanda Stephenson	Born December 17, 1890 Died
Mary Rillie Stephenson	Born February 24, 1897 Died

FATHER'S OWN STORY

I was born September 9, 1845, about four and one half miles Northwest of West Point, Georgia, in Chambers County, Alabama. When about four years old, my family moved about a mile nearer West Point and built a house on a good sized farm, and to this day it is known as the old Stephenson homestead. After father's death, mother kept the home and at her death it was left to my youngest brother, who still owns it.

My mother had lived in this same community practically all of her life, but father was a boy of sixteen when he, with his family, moved to Alabama from South Carolina. He was born September 9, 1818 and died August 2, 1867. He was the second of seven children. They were William, Jimmie, who was my father, John, David, Sam, Margaret and Mary Ann. They all lived to be old except Sam who died when about thirty years old. Margaret married a Mr. Greer and Mary Ann married a Mr. Smith.

My father was a good, noble man; a father for a boy to be proud of. He had no bad habits; did not drink nor even smoke or chew. He lived a clean upright life before his children. He was a friend to everybody and sometimes stood by them too much for his own good. At one time he signed a note for a neighbor and by doing it he lost a lot of money and came near losing his home. He was too kind and generous to ever be worth a lot of money, though he did hold on to a good home. The heritage he left his children -- a good unstained name, is worth more to us than money and certainly more lasting.

He was ambitious for his children and tried to give us every opportunity; but the Civil War made it impossible for any of us to get much education. I had only a few months of schooling before the war. But after the war, although I was a grown man, I did get a few more months of going to school and so was glad to learn reading, writing and figuring.

When the war came on, my father volunteered and served about a year. He was beyond the age limit, so when he got leave and came home he decided not to go back although he felt like every true Southerner ought to do their part; even though he did not think any war was ever won. About the time he came home my brother Joe and I volunteered and went away on our own horses to serve in the cavalry. My father served his country and his time well. He was an active member of Providence Baptist Church near his home. He had a fine voice and loved to sing, so he was the song leader in his church. He was the one to "raise the tune" as they did not have even an organ in his church then.

My father died August 2, 1867 and was buried in the Providence Baptist Church cemetery near West Point, Georgia, in Chambers County, Alabama. His and mother's graves there are marked with large heavy rocks piled high, the way of marking graves in that time. His death was a shock for he was sick only a few days and died suddenly of something like a brain hemorrhage or maybe a heart attack.

My Mother, who was Julia Goggins, was born February 7, 1825. She had beautiful black curly hair and clear dark brown eyes and was said to have been a very beautiful girl, a belle of her community. Although pure white in her old age her hair was still thick, long and wavy and very pretty. She was a hustling kind of business woman who loved the out-of-doors and had rather run the farm and work out side rather than tie herself down to housework and so was a poor house-keeper.

However, she did not neglect her home and was a true wife and mother. She too was a member of Providence Baptist Church and when she died November 23, 1911 she was laid beside Father there in the church cemetery. My brother Bob and his family lived with my mother in the old home though she spent part of her later years in my home. She was sick but very little in her entire life, not even at her death.

My father and mother were married in 1841 and to them were born nine children. They were Joseph, (Joe, as he was called) Charles, (myself) Sallie, Jimmie, Mary, Amanda, Jean, Bettie and Robert, (called Bob). Mary and Jean married brothers, Wiley and Erwin Burgess. They moved to Louisiana where they still live. Amanda or Mandy as we called her, married Leander Lusk. Joe and Jimmie married and moved to Texas. Sallie married Jim Wagon and lived mostly in Alabama. Bob married Etta Poer and lives in West Point, Georgia. He rents out the old farm. My little sister Bettie died of acute croup while I was away in the war. She was a beautiful child, looked like our mother. All of my brothers and sisters raised large families but are so far away I have not kept in close touch with some of them.

In September, 1863, I volunteered and went into the Civil War and served until June 1865. I served in Company K. 8th Confederate Regiment Cavalry. I had a big fine horse of my own that I rode off on but of course I lost it in the war. I went home only one time while I was in the war and then only for one night. I was never in a large battle but had hard service the entire time. I was on picket duty at Jonesboro when Atlanta was burned by the Yankees. I was near Chattanooga, Tennessee until after the battle of Missionary Ridge.

In Savannah, Georgia on December 21, 1864 I was captured by the Yankees and taken to Fort Delaware on the Delaware river between New Jersey and Delaware. The war had closed while I was still held prisoner by the Yankees. While there I had measles and came near dying. I have never entirely gotten over that sickness for I was left with a cough that even though it had not bothered me for some years, the cough I am having in my old age may be the result of that measles cough.

War means more than actual fighting, for the sickness, physical pain, the cold, hunger and loss of sleep is all a part of war. And the confinement too in prison was bad for an active young man. I tried to get all the exercise I could by walking or running and did all I could find to do with my hands; but that was not much and it was hard to get exercise enough to stay well. We got barely food enough to live on and it was not fit for men to eat. I know what it is to be cold and hungry, having experienced all the hardship and horrors of war. I hope that none of my children or grandchildren will have to ever experience the reality of war, for it is awful. No soldier likes to dwell on the subject, but had rather forget as much of it as possible. To experience war is to hate it for no war was ever really won or lost.

When I got home, I was broken in health, had lost some of the best years of my young manhood and wondered then if I would ever be well and strong again. So I had lost much and gained so little. That is war.

Youth is wonderful though, and I did slowly regain my strength and health. On February 29, 1872, I married Mary Jane Manning. We continued to live in my home, in the house with my mother, for about a year and then moved into a house near by so I could still help her with the farm. After my father's death, my older brother had already gone to Texas so I had to assume the responsibility of the farming and helping mother with the younger children. Bob, the baby was not born until after father's death, so mother leaned heavily on me. I feel like I have raised two families, having had to so nearly take my father's place in the home. My mother did not divide the farm quite fairly but naturally she was devoted to her baby boy and when he fell heir to most of it, there were no hard feelings for it was here to do as she liked with it.

In December 1876 we moved just north of Milltown still in Chambers County, Alabama. We are still living in that home. The next few years were hard but happy ones. We first moved into the old original Elder home, the house my wife's grandfather had built when he first moved to Alabama in 1849. It was not much of a house, but we managed until I could clear

the land and build our own house. I hauled the logs from another old house and built the first big room. They were heavy split logs that will last indefinitely. I have kept adding a room at a time until now we have six rooms.

I first bought forty-five acres of land at four dollars an acre and had only eighty dollars to pay down. We were not afraid though for we were both young and were determined to have a home of our own. Very little of the land I bought had been cleared and where our house stands today was then in heavy woods that had to be cut and cleared before the house could be started. Fences had to be built out of rails. I cut and split. A well had to be dug and so much to be done before we had a house and our own home.

My faithful companion stood by me through everything and without her faithfulness and cooperation, I never could have carried on. She never did do any of the actual farm work, but she did do all the house work, took care of the little ones as they came along and made the home I worked hard to provide for her.

Now, at seventy five years of age, as I look back over my life, I can hardly understand how we managed those first few years of our married life. Together though somehow we did for I was true to my wife and she was always right there with here encouragement, her help and her true love. The road was hard in places and it took hard work and economy but even so when we had a bad crop year and had so little money, it was all very discouraging, but somehow we managed. Now, in our old age, we realize the effort was worth all it cost for we still have our home and each other.

Ours has always been a happy Christian home, and while the shadows have come, they have always been followed by the sunshine. We have so much to be thankful for and now in the evening of our life, we are contented and happy together in the home we built together.

Signed. Charles Henry Stephenson.
January 1921

(Written almost word for word as he told it to me, his daughter - Zana Stephenson.)

FATHER

The task I have given myself may not be an easy one for who, with as good parents as I have, could say little else but good about them. Never-the-less, I am going to try to picture their lives as best I can from their daily living. Naturally, I do not remember them in their younger days, but having lived with them longer than any of the other children, I know them better in their old age. One advantage of a couple's first-born is a kind of companionship that is different when the parents are old. One thing I missed by being a child of their old age is knowing nothing of how they looked as young people. Their hair, especially mother's, has been gray since I can remember.

I have been away from home months at the time, but since all the other children are away from home they depend on me more and more for every thing. This winter especially, I have been shut in here at home with them and so have written for them and read to them -- and have heard them talk about their younger days more than I ever had before.

Father, called Charlie, was a very proud and handsome man. He is still proud and a good looking man. He still wears a mustache, always has. As a young man, he kept it dyed as it was lighter than his hair, which was a dark brown, almost black. His eyes were a pretty, clear brown and as yet, only a little faded but with a twinkle in them that we children have learned when he is firm with us and yet amused, and does not want to laugh. He is not a large man, has weighed one hundred and fifty, but less than that now. He carries himself erect and loves to dress up. Especially to wear good shoes. To keep them well polished is a must. He uses an old fashioned shoe brush and a kind of shoe paste that has to be wet and rubbed on, called shoe "blacking". When he is well and dressed up, he could pass for a younger man than seventy-five years.

He cannot work all day but still farms some and last year made a light bale of cotton. As well as corn, potatoes and syrup. Things he has always raised on the farm, as well as feed for the live stock. He prides himself on his well-fed and well-groomed horse.

He was never the kind of farmer to go to work before day and work until after dark -- just kept steadily at it. He is not extreme in any way, but believes in moderation in all things. He had made a living by honest, hard work for he is not a trader or the kind of man to drive a bargain in selling or buying. He is sometimes too generous, for he always gives "good measure" when he sells anything off the farm. When he trades, he is always the one to "pay boot" as they call it.

He had a late start in life financially for when he came home from the war in the prime of his young manhood, he did not even have a horse. When he was captured by the Yankees, he lost the good horse he rode off to the war. For the last few years, he has drawn a Confederate pension of one hundred and fifty dollars a year, but that only in very recent years. This is small compensation for he or any other young man, for no young man can be repaid in money for their service in actual war. War takes the best years of their life and too often their life.

He said he wanted to join the church when a boy of about eleven years, but in those years, children were not supposed to join the church. After he came home from the war, he joined the Providence Baptist Church near his home where his family had always gone to church and where his father was the song leader or "chorister" the one to "raise the tune".

After he married, he joined the New Hope Christian Church with mother. This church still has preaching service only twice a month on one Sunday and the preceeding Saturday. My father was never too busy to stop his work on the farm and take us all to "Saturday Meeting". He did not very often talk much or pray in public, but he gave freely of his service, his time, and his money to his church and his community. What he has done has had more influence than what he may have said. He was what they called a pillow of the church and his community.

Not having had much education himself, he was very ambitious to give his children an education. Like most fathers, he tried to give his children every opportunity and the things he was denied, and like most children we did not always appreciate the sacrifice he made.

As a father, he was kind but very firm, and taught us children strict obedience. We never asked why, until later, if at all. He demanded both obedience and respect and got it. He not often changed his mind once a decision was made but was not too stubborn to reconsider when he saw the wisdom of reconsidering.

He was careless in his habits, which worried mother. He left things where they were when he finished with them, even to his farm tools, and wasted time looking for things when he needed them. But even then, he did not fuss or fume, but went quietly about looking for them.

He never fussed about anything nor allowed his children to. He and mother did not always agree, but they seemed to say what they had to say, and then never mentioned it again. I am glad I never did hear my father and mother quarrel like some of my friends parents did.

No doubt, he has failed in many ways, and I have not been able to see his faults as well as his good qualities, and I know he is far from perfect, but he has been a good husband and father and a mighty good man.

Written - January 1921 - By, Zana Stephenson.

FATHER'S DEATH

What shall I say when we children, and mother, are still so sad and lonely since father left us a short time ago. For, on Saturday evening, April 4, 1931, about nine o'clock, he went to sleep.

Our home is broken up, mine and mother's, for the three of us had managed to somehow hold our home together. No one now to go out and open the garage door for me when I drive in from work, or to be at the door waiting for me if the weather is too bad for him to go out. If it was late and he was already in bed, he nearly always called, "Is that you, Zana?" Of course, he knew it was -- but he always watched and waited for me to come in from work.

Naturally, mother is the one who misses him most and is so lonely at home without him. But, like the brave, courageous character that she is, she is quietly going on and trying not to impose her loneliness on others. After fifty-nine years of constantly being together, with never any separation except when he served on the county jury and would be away for a few days. Fifty-four years they lived "at home" as they always spoke of the old home in the country. So, for nearly sixty years they lived together but no other place was really home to them.

Nothing can ever be pulled up and re-rooted as it once was and a complete change is hard on any old people. They sorely miss old friends and neighbors and new friends are not easily made. Here in Atlanta, we have somehow managed to maintain a home -- the three of us, and I think they both accepted the change unusually well. They often spoke of how glad they were that they did not have to live with any of the children and their families.

Bettie has a duplex house here, so we rented and are living in one side of it. Any apartment is so much smaller than they have ever been accustomed to, and they feel cramped living in such small quarters. Mama can help with the house work and find things to do, but Papa with no outside interest has been more restless. I have tried to make the change as easy as possible for them by giving them all the time I could away from my work, but I could not stay with them and read aloud to them as I did in the old home.

Until less than a year ago, Papa stayed active physically and mentally, but gradually, he began to walk with a cane and took less and less interest in things. He suffered more or less at times with difficult breathing, but as a whole, he was fairly well. He began to seem weak and tired -- so very tired, and wanted to stay in bed more and more. Mama saw how he was failing and it grieved her so to see him failing so fast.

He just seemed to grow weaker and weaker though was not actually in bed quite two weeks. We did not take him to the hospital, but waited on him ourselves at home and I am glad I could wait on him right on to the end as I had all during his last years. Toward the last he went into a coma and all we could do then was to wait for the end. And that was so very hard on mama. Then he went to sleep quietly and seemingly without much pain. Just worn out, the doctor said, with all organs giving way at the same time.

On Monday, April 6, 1931, we carried him back to the New Hope Christian Church Cemetery in Chambers County, Alabama. The funeral was the day after Easter Sunday, which made it all the more impressive that it was only the body of our father that was gone, and that he would live again.

He had lived a full life, had faced danger and hardship, was a brave soldier -- not only in the service of his country, but in life too. He had "fought a good fight", he had "kept the faith", and now we know that he is "at home". I try to think that "he is not dead, he is just away" and that he is waiting for us in the home that cannot be broken up as our home here has been.

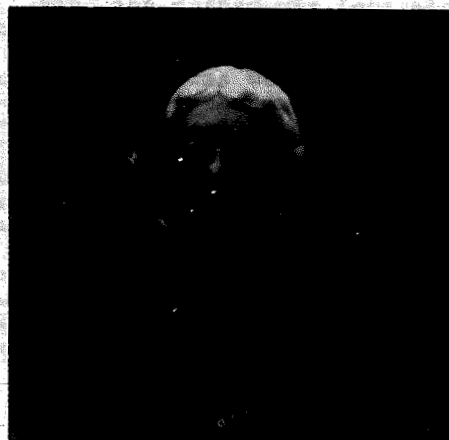
He has left us a good heritage, a good name and the sweet memory of a man whose children were glad to call, Father.

-Written by Zana Stephenson
May 1931.

GRANDFATHER AND GRANDMOTHER STEPHENSON
(Father and Mother of Charles Henry Stephenson)



JIMMIE STEPHENSON



JULIA GOGGINS STEPHENSON

Born: September 9, 1818
Died: August 2, 1867

Born: February 7, 1825
Died: November 24, 1911

O
ING
ENTER

MOTHER'S OWN STORY

I was born August 1, 1852, one-fourth mile North of New Hope Christian Church in Chambers County, Alabama. When about six years old we moved one mile South of Johnson's Cross Roads, which was a little further North on the main road to Roanoke, Alabama. Here we lived until I married, with the exception of the time we lived with Grandpa Elder while father was away in the Civil War, and mother was left alone with five little girls to take care of.

My father, William Isaac Manning, was born October 18, 1828 in Harris County, Georgia. He was the only boy in his family, but had four sisters. Their names were Mary, Martha, Jane, and Nancy. When my father was a small boy, his father was killed when a tree fell on him when he was possum hunting. My father, the little boy who was with him, had to run for help when the tree his father was cutting fell on him.

His mother, my grandmother, was married again to a Mr. King. They had two girls and their names were Frances and Missouria. Father had to work very hard to help his mother support the family. He went to school very little and so had practically no education. He loved to read though, and read all the books he could get and wrote some poetry in his old age.

He met and married my mother, Nancy Elder, when they were both young. He was eighteen and she was sixteen. He worked hard, but was a poor manager, and except for mother's close economy, would have had a hard time providing for his family. He had a work shop and made more as a cabinet maker than he did as a farmer. We now have a bedstead, a wardrobe and a miniature kitchen cabinet that he made. He was slow with anything he did, but accurate and particular and could never get his work out because it had to be as near perfect as possible.

He enlisted in the Civil War in the fall of 1862 and served until April 1865 after the close of the war. He did not come home at all during this time, so it was a happy time for all of us when he walked in that Sunday morning. We did not know he was coming and he had walked most of the way. He was in the army and standing near by when General Lee surrendered, and got a piece of the apple tree marking the place of the surrender. Later he carved a pipe out of the piece of wood though he did not use tobacco in any way, nor drink at all.

Not long after he got home from the war, he was in a wagon when the horses ran away, and his leg was broken. It was a bad break, and medical attention then was so limited

that he was in bed a long time and always afterward he walked with a slight limp. Except for that though, his health was good and he was well most of the time until he died August 7, 1914. He was a faithful member of New Hope Christian Church and was buried there in the church cemetery in Chambers County, Alabama.

My mother, Nancy Ann Manning, was born December 28, 1832 in Harris County, Georgia, and lived there until she married. Her father, Wyche Elder, moved his family in the winter of 1849 to Chambers County, Alabama. He cleared land and settled a home which is still known as the old Elder Place, on the main Lafayette-Roanoke road.

After Grandpa Elder built a house to live in, he cleared land -- it was nearly all in woods then, just East of his home for a church. He built a small church house and organized New Hope Christian Church with only four charter members. It was one of the first churches in Chambers County and the first Christian church in Alabama. It grew rapidly as the community grew, and through the years has been a strong influence for good and still today is a strong country church. A great and good man, Grandpa Elder was, and we grandchildren loved him devotedly. We loved Grandma too, but not like we did him. I do not seem to remember much about Grandma Elder's early life except that her maiden name was Mary Burt. They both lived to be old and were buried in the New Hope Christian Church Cemetery.

My mother, Nancy Elder, was a quiet, queenly kind of woman, not especially pretty except to us who loved her, for even though she had no outstanding physical beauty, still to us, her children, she was a beautiful woman. She was as fast as father was slow and was the mainstay in keeping her family clothed and with food. When father had to leave us to go to the Civil War, she moved her family of five little girls into a house near her parents so they could help her with the children. Grandpa Elder taught us the Bible and took us to Sunday School, his and the few neighbor children. It would hardly be called a Sunday School now, but it was good early Bible teaching.

My mother was never physically strong and well for her children were born close together and she had to work too hard. In her old age, she was never well and had developed a bad heart. But, in spite of ill health, sorrow and trouble, she was never cross or impatient. She kept her quiet, sweet disposition and everyone loved and admired her. She died quietly and suddenly of a heart attack in January 1907, and was buried in the New Hope Christian cemetery.

There were eight of us children and they raised us all to be grown and married. The children were Ellen, Mary Jane,

(my name) Malissa, Missouriia, Fannie, Emma, John and Anna. The last three were born after the Civil War.

Ellen married Jessie Lindsey and had one child named Exa. Her first husband died and she married Jimmie Floyd. He was a widower with a family of little children. She helped to raise them and they called her mother, and loved her like their own mother. She also had six Floyd children of her own. They were Vashti, Resa, Thyra, Annie, Dewitt and Winnie. All raised to be grown and married.

Malissa married Polk Chewning and died about a year later when her first child was born. The baby died too. She was young and a pretty girl.

Missouria married Henry Kitchens, or Bud, as he was called. He was a tennant farmer and moved about. She had a life of hard work for they never lived in the same place more than a year or two. They had seven children. They were Dora, Vernie, Selima, Ellen, Bernard and Hassie.

Fannie married Jim Crabtree. He was a poor provider and also was an alcoholic. When the last children were still small, they separated, so she never had a happy married life. They had six children. They were Carson, Simmie, Emmett, Curtis, Mattie, Lou and Doughles.

Emma married Sam Chewning. Her husband owned a large farm and home, and was called a well-to-do farmer. She was well provided for. Hers was seemingly a happy family until in their later married life trouble developed and they separated not long after the last child was born. They had nine children. They were Will, Pattie, Walter, Mary, Dobbs, Quacy, Wesley, Annie and Ward. Emma was considered an unusually pretty girl. Her husband was some older than she was.

John married Jennie Wymer and they had three children. They were Wymer, Lucile and Aurelia. When quite a young man, John went to Atlanta to study dentistry and after graduation, he went to Norfolk, Virginia, where he was a well known dentist until his death. He was also an outstanding Christian man and like his grandfather Elder, loved and worked in his church. One of the main members of the Christian Church, he helped to build and support in Norfolk, Virginia. He was a fine man and his sisters had reason to love him devotedly.

Anna married Alex Johnson and had two children. They were Helen and Lloyd. He was a widower with two children that she helped to raise. Anno too went to Atlanta when a young girl and went to work as a milliner. She later had a business of her own for she was a good business woman and did not marry young. Her husband was a good man, a church worker, and owned a good home.

My sister Ellen was the only frail one of us children and I wonder that she ever raised the large family that she did. As we were growing up, she was never well and strong and all the heavy work and hardship fell on me, though she was the oldest. We had to card and spin, and weave our clothes, and make them by hand -- so with the little ones coming in, I had to help with all the work for mother was not well either. So those were hard years for a teen age girl who was pretty and loved a good time like all normal young girls. I was well though, and happy in spite of hardship and privations.

On February 29, 1872, I married Charles Henry Stephenson. It was a cold winter day, rained all day and we drove to his home near West Point, Georgia, in an open buggy with only an umbrella and our home woven woolen shawls to keep us warm and dry. It was about twenty miles, an all day trip for the mud was deep and we could not make much time. He had a good horse named Dolly, pretty and well kept. He loved horses and has always had a good horse, well groomed and well taken care of.

We lived in the house with his mother at first, but later moved into our own home near the old Stephenson home. We lived there until December 1876, when we moved to Chambers County near where I was born. We had bought some land at four dollars an acre, so we moved into an old house on Grandpa Elder's place until we could clear the land and build our own house. The house we still live in today. We built only one large room at first, but have added to it all along through the years.

With so much clearing, fences to build, wells to dig and all that goes with building a home in the woods, we both had to work mighty hard. And, at the same time, saving enough to raise and educate our children as they came along. All this made those first years of our married life busy years. We were both still young enough that we did not mind the work because we both wanted a home of our own where we could raise our family without having to move around.

Except for the true love of a good husband and faithful companion, I never could have done the work I did -- and the children came fast too. There were times when I would almost become discouraged when I would get so tired -- and so little money for the things we needed. Maybe we would have a poor crop year, weather too dry or too wet. But with my husband, my home and my children, I would soon take courage and hope for a better crop the next year.

Now, at the age of sixty-eight, I am still happy in the house and the home we built together when we were young. It means more and more to us as we grow old, more independence

and satisfaction. And we feel that "the toil of the road will
seem nothing when we get to the end of the way".

Signed - Mary Jane Manning Stephenson
January 1921

(This is my mother's story as told to me almost word for word.
- Zana Stephenson)

MOTHER

Mother -- her children's dearest friend on earth is all that the word implies. She has been all a mother is to her children, and especially to me, because I was sick so much as a child. She was never too tired to answer a call although she must have often been very tired. I am grateful for her loving care as well as that of my father for they both gave generously of love and care, especially when we were sick. Not many men were as good in a sick room as my father was, or knew as well what to do for a patient. He took his full share of the children -- sick or well, so mother was fortunate in having a husband to help with the children in sickness.

Somehow though, I think there are times in every person's life when they need and want their mother more than anyone in the world. No one else can quite take her place.

My mother's hands are especially pretty, well shaped and not old looking. Father's hands are short and not pretty like hers, for they have both used their hands hard. But even so, hers do not show it and to me their hands are not hard but gentle and soft when they put a hand on my head as they often do to see if I have a fever. We have no fever thermometer.

Her eyes are grey and not as pretty as father's clear brown eyes. Her hair she says, was brown, but now it is white -- long and lots of it. When she married she and father weighed in the same notch, one hundred and fifty, but he has lost weight and she has gained. She is tall and large framed, so she does not look fat. She walks erect and I love to see her dressed up. Even in her everyday clothes, she looks well groomed and neat and clean. She would never go herself, or allow us children to go, even at home, with our hair uncombed and looking untidy. Our clothes were often cheap, but they were kept clean and mended.

My mother has a very independent kind of nature -- very matter of fact, not at all emotional, except when under great strain. Most of the time calm and composed. She would have been a good business woman except that she is slow. She had to keep at her work for she could not work fast, and her days and nights were not long enough for her to do all that needed to be done. When she had so much on her hands and her heart she was sometimes somewhat nagging, but father understood her and I am glad that I never heard my parents quarrel. They did not always agree, but had very little disagreeableness and unpleasantness in the home. Somehow they seemed to work out their problems together, even in the discipline of the children they worked together.

It would not be my mother without mentioning how she loved to read for I know of no one with or without an education who loved a book or magazine any more than she does. She says she has never been to school as much as a year in all her life, but yet she is an educated woman. By turning the leaves of the old blue back spelling book she learned how to make the figures and knows some arithmetic. She uses good english and is a splendid reader. The few months she went to school they taught only spelling and writing and she does both well. My father loves for her to read aloud and she likes to read to him. They have never had much money for anything except necessities but they managed to always have books and papers in the home. Always the church paper and the Southern Cultivator and the Tri-Weekly Constitution. Mother's eyes are very weak now, too much to read as much as she would like. As she grew up, she had to read by a kerosene lamp or light from pine wood in the fireplace and when her parents did not want too much wood or kerosene used, she would try to read by as little light as possible and often strained her eyes.

She joined New Hope Christian Church when she was eleven years old, and has never been too busy or too tired to work in her church. On Sunday morning, she had to get up early to get her work done and by the time she got us children dressed in our Sunday best, father would have the double buggy ready with the horse hitched and ready for them to take us, not send us, to Sunday School.

She taught a Sunday School class and like father, loved to sing. One of my earliest memories is hearing my mother sing as she went about her work. She taught us to sing every verse of many sacred hymns. On a clear morning when she might be working outside in the yard, the neighbors (we had no real close neighbors) could hear mother singing, for she had a wonderful soprano voice.

She was well though when young, and happy, never was seriously sick in her early life, never needed a doctor except when her children were born. About twelve years ago she began to have a pain in her side and in recent years has had to lie down a lot, something I had never seen her do for sickness. She was sensible about stopping when she got too tired, and in summer would nearly always take a short nap in the middle of the day. We children knew not to disturb her then.

Of course, mother and father have both had some sickness through the years, but through sickness and health, they have lived together for more than forty years and may be more devoted to each other now than when they started. They have passed hand in hand together through sunshine and shadow and the years have served to deepen their love for each other.

The children are all grown now and away, and they have more time for each other. And more money too.

Any child with as good parents as I have, could go on talking about them, but I have tried to give a brief outline picture of their lives as true to life as human life is, both good and not so good.

- Zana Stephenson
January, 1921.

MOTHER'S DEATH

When ones heart is as sad and lonely as mine is now, it is hard to write as I did sixteen years ago when mother and father were with me at the old home in Alabama, and which was toward the last ones we spent there together. Those winter days and nights when I was shut in with them were years I will not forget. I was not busy and rushed as I have been most of the time since I have been well.

Then I encouraged rather than discouraged them to talk about their younger days, stories of the Civil War and things old people love to talk about and all too often few people want to listen to. Young people are too interested in the present and future to relive the past with old people. I am glad I had and took time to listen.

After father's death, Mother and I rented two rooms in Rillie's house, entirely separate and apart from her family and managed to keep the semblance of our home together, just the two of us. I have tried to keep a maid most of the time so she would not be alone too much.

The stone in mother's kidney had seemed to have settled as the doctors said it might and would be better than risking an operation when she had so much pain with it. Even though she did not have the severe kidney pain there were times when she did not feel at all well, but I watched her health closely and she was able to stay up most of the time. She was awfully lonely, though, without father, but she was no whiner and did not complain. She accepted whatever came to her with Christian grace that should be an example to the rest of us.

Her eyes were very weak and she had to give up much reading, except with the use of a magnifying glass. She listened to the radio and kept up with current events, did not sit and live entirely in the past. In fact, she loved life and was interested in each day as it came.

On the morning of July 17, 1937, I walked with her out to my automobile and when she got in so fresh looking and I kissed her goodbye -- little did I think of her being brought back in an ambulance as she was that night. The afternoon before I had carried her to my beauty shop and had given her a shampoo and set and a manicure. Her hair was pure white, long and rather heavy for an old person. I marcelled it, curled it with the marcell irons, after her death. It was hard, oh, so hard -- but it was the last thing I could do for her and I am glad I did. She was still pretty at the last as she lay "asleep" in a room of flowers.

Rillie and Fred carried her that morning in my car to Sisters and they were to come back the next day. She did not seem so very tired from the ride and that afternoon she and Sister were sitting talking and Sister was telling her about all the old friends and neighbors. She started to get up out of her chair and somehow lost her balance and fell on the floor -- and broke her hip. It is hard for me to talk about it for I had heard her say that she must be careful to avoid that very thing that she had known to happen to old people.

Rillie called an ambulance from Roanoke and brought her back to Emory University Hospital. Her hip was X-rayed and the break nailed together with only a small incision which healed perfectly. It was the kind of bone surgery that did not require a cast.

She stayed in the hospital only a few days when we brought her home to our apartment in Rillie's house. We got a hospital bed for her and had a nurse most of the time. The doctor and the bone surgeon came every day, and kept her fairly comfortable. Evidently, the kidney, the one with the stone, must have become involved and failed to function properly for her temperature went way up and the doctors were unable to bring it down, so she went into a coma at the last. Of course, the broken hip was primarily the cause of her death.

On Wednesday, August 11, 1937 about six o'clock, and after nearly three weeks of anxious days and nights she quietly left us. We carried her back to New Hope Christian Church Cemetery in Chambers County, Alabama and laid her beside father.

By nature, mother was a very independent character, so it's better that she did not live to have to experience dependence. But her going is hard to accept, as maybe it always is, even to give up old people. She was not old though in the sense of being senile and in any way. Of course, any old person is more or less a care and responsibility and only those who have had that responsibility can know the tact and patience and love it takes, but when they deal with old people as good as mine were, it is a labor of love and care, and not a burden.

And I miss her so -- how I do miss her, when I come home at night to an empty room. In the night I unconsciously reach for her bed beside mine, and in the morning when I start to work, I miss her. Often when she would call me over the phone, one of the girls would say, "Miss Stephenson, your mother is calling you".

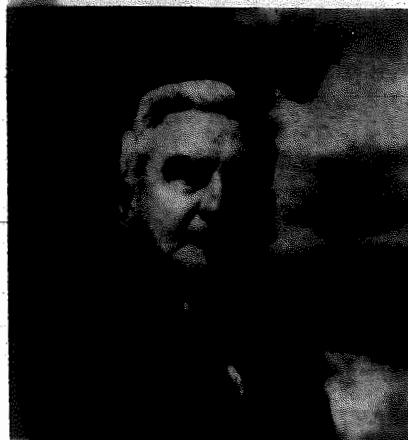
Now we children will never be able to call "Mama" again -- the one person most often called. But we have the memory

of a strong, godly, Christian woman who went out as she had
lived, bravely and uncomplainingly -- a woman we were proud
to call, Mother.

- Zana Stephenson
September 1937

5

GRANDFATHER AND GRANDMOTHER MANNING
(Father and Mother of Mary Jane Manning Stephenson)



WILLIAM ISIAC MANNING

Born: October 18, 1828
Died: August 7, 1914



NANCY ANN ELDER MANNING

Born: December 28, 1832
Died: January , 1907

O
ING
ENTER

CHILDREN OF

CHARLES HENRY STEPHENSON AND
MARY JANE MANNING STEPHENSON



JAMES WILLIAM STEPHENSON

Born: December 23, 1872 - Died: March 3, 1915

Jimmie, or Jim, married Vira Dodd, from Zanesville, Ohio. They have six children. James, Erin, Mary, Julia, Lola and Charles.

James married Edith Demar. They had two children, Jimmie and Jean. Jimmie was killed in an airplane accident while in service in World War II. After finishing college and teaching a year, Jean married Dr. Robert Wallace. They have one son, Jimmie.

James, the father of Jimmie and Jean, died of a heart attack in April 1955. He had worked hard and held a good position with the telephone company where he had worked since finishing highschool.

Erin married Kathlene Lowe. They have no children. After finishing highschool, he went right to work and holds a good position with the Power & Light Company, as communications engineer.

Mary married Gilbert Wesley. They have no children of their own, but have an adopted daughter, Sara Jane.

Julia is not married. She is taking care of her mother in her old age. She has a BS and an MA degree from Denver University and is making teaching her profession.

After finishing college, Lola married Dr. Peter Fomenka. They have three children, Nancy, Linda, Roxann.

Charles married Helen Mae Roberts. They have two children. Gregg and Susan. After finishing college with a de-

gree in Mechanical Engineering, Charles served in World War II. He was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant and was discharged in 1951 as Major Ltd. Inf.

I remember hearing my brother Jimmie say when he and Papa were sitting around the fire that winter that he died, that he was afraid the United States and Germany might get into a war. That war did come soon and little did he think that his baby boy, then less than a year old would serve later in a second World War as a commissioned officer.

Only the three oldest children remember much about their father, but they adored him, for he was a natural lover of children and a wonderful father. And yet, he had to leave them when he was comparatively young. After his death, Vira, their mother, took them back to her home in Ohio where they grew into fine men and women.

I was too young to remember my brother Jimmie ever living at home, but I learned to love and to know him better in my early teens when I spent a few months in his home. I was sick then much of the time and no brother could have been kinder to me for he was naturally a very kind man.

He did not have money, but had friends for he was a friend to every one. He was quiet, had a gentle, kind disposition and had a hearty laugh. He had a beautiful tenor voice and loved to sing. He had pretty eyes and perfect teeth and was a good looking man. He had never been sick in his life until his last illness.

He was no hustler, not overly energetic, rather inclined to let each day take care of itself. He never worried, particularly until sickness came and he was no longer able to provide for his family. Then the financial pressure made his physical condition worse.

He had a photographic business in Washington, Georgia. When he was no longer able to work, he went back to our old home, taking the two youngest girls with him. He was not able to eat and thought maybe his mother's cooking might help him. Instead of getting better, he grew rapidly worse and suffered intensely for several weeks. The doctor did not seem to be able to diagnose his trouble but thought it may have been photographers poisoning, or pellagra. He died March 3, 1915 and we laid him to rest in the New Hope Christian Church cemetery in Chambers County, Alabama.



LOLA BELL STEPHENSON

Born: October 15, 1874 - Died: April 8, 1956

Lola, or Sister, as we younger children called her, married Henry Floyd. They had nine children. Eunice, Terry, Lynwood, Ellen V., Annie Lee, Ruby, Belva, Bessie and Nellie.

Eunice married Willie Bailey, who is a farmer and deals in cattle. They have two children. Charles and Frances. Charles served in World War II as Major Field Artillery, U. S. Army.

Terry married Nonnie Bailey, a sister of Willie Bailey, Eunice's husband. They have two children, Jimmie and Billie. Jimmie is a business man, and Billie, like his father, is a graduate of Johns Hopkins. Terry graduated in medicine at Johns Hopkins, but was able to practice medicine only a few years on account of his health. A lack of calcium or bone condition that limits his activities.

Lynwood married Johnsie Little. They have two children, Lynwood, Jr., and Tom. After finishing college, Lynwood went to work with the Southern Bell Telephone Company, where he still is with a good position on the staff of Chief Engineers. Both his sons too are with the telephone company since they finished college. Lynwood, Jr., served in World War II and is still with the Reserves. His active service was finished with the rank of Captain.

Ellen V. married Karan Green. They have three children, Richard, Margaret, Boby. Richard is a farmer like his father and lives at the old Floyd home where his mother was raised. Margaret is a graduate nurse. After finishing college, Boby took his service training in the Navy and now has a good business position.

Annie Lee married Alex Redfern. They have two children, Bettie and Floyd, who are twins. After finishing highschool, Floyd entered Georgia Tech and Bettie is working in a bank. After she finished college, Annie Lee taught until she married and since her husband's death, she is teaching again.

Ruby married Brown Rogers. They have no children. Her husband did not live many years after they were married. After finishing college, Ruby has made teaching a career and still has a good position as a teacher.

Belva married Jack Woodall, who is a pharmacist and now is a successful pharmaceutical salesman. They have five children, Beverly Ann, Nancy, Mary, Emily, and Jackie. Belva taught a year or so after she finished college before she married, but now is making a home and a good mother for her children.

Bessie married James Dunn. He is a successful business man who deals in automobiles. They have three children, Jane, Jimmie, Johnie. Bessie did not finish college but would have made a good businesswoman. Now she is a good homemaker and mother.

Nellie married Amos Liles. Her husband lived only a few years after they were married, so after his death, she finished her college education and has a good teaching position. They had two children, Bess and Amos, Jr.

Lola, (Sister) married young and always had to work too hard, though she was naturally energetic and did not mind work and would have kept busy even if she had not had to. Being the oldest girl in our family she had to help mother with the younger children and then when she had her own home her children came fast. Child bearing was hard for her, for she was sick as they all came along.

She was not a large woman, more like our Grandmother Stephenson in ways and looks. She had naturally curly hair, a kind of dark blonde, and as a young woman must have been pretty. She loved to go and be with people, but seldom got away from her family except to go to church which she somehow managed to do.

On Friday, April 6, 1956, while getting ready for bed, she fell and broke her hip. For the past few years, she had suffered with bad headaches and high blood pressure. On the Sunday before she fell, which was Easter Sunday, I had driven down to her home in Alabama to spend the day with her. I combed and fixed her hair for her which was still pretty and not so very gray. She was so glad to see me and little did we know then that it would be our last day together.

Her children and we younger children grew up together for their farm joined ours. She was always sweet and kind to me and especially when I was sick. I will miss "going to Sister's" for I loved her as a kind of second mother.

With colored help she and Henry had been able to stay at home after the children were all away. They had sold their old home and years before bought a home in Abanda, Alabama where they still lived.

After the fall, Sister was sent to Roanoke, Alabama in an ambulance to the hospital there. The broken hip was set with a pin like the doctors use now in some bone surgery. But it was all too much for her and she lived only two days. On Sunday April 8, 1956, she went to sleep and to rest. All nine children were there with their care and love for the mother who had given the best part of her life to raising a fine family of children. "

Six of the grandsons were the pall bearers and on Monday, April 9, 1956, we laid her to rest in the New Hope Christian Church Cemetery in Chambers County, Alabama. The first of we six sisters to "go home".



DOCTOR THEODORE STEPHENSON

Born: September 27, 1876 - Died: July 29, 1929

Theodore married Carrie Howard. They did not have any children. His was an unfortunate marriage. Carrie was a good woman but not of strong character and if he had married a stronger woman, his life may have been entirely different. After several years they were divorced, which was a shock to our parents. In those days, a divorce was something that just should not be and something they thought should not happen in their family.

After a few years, he was married again to Irene Tripp. She was an entirely different kind of woman and he was much happier with her. They did not have any children and he lived only a few years after his second marriage.

He was a good salesman, could sell almost anything and should have saved some money, but did not. He was energetic, did not mind hard work, but liked to spend money as fast as he made it. He was away from home before I was old enough to remember him as ever living at home. The older children said he was a lot of fun at home for he had a good sense of humor and ready wit and even we younger children remember how he kept some kind of fun going when he would come back home.

He had some serious childhood illnesses and in early manhood had typhoid fever and came near dying. All his life he lost a lot of time from sickness, for in later life he developed some kind of kidney and bladder trouble which was finally the cause of his death.

He was living in Cincinnati when he died. His wife, Irene, brought him back to Atlanta where we laid him to rest in Crestlawn Cemetery in Atlanta, Georgia. And so came to an end too early, the life of a good man whose unfortunate marriage in early life played such an important part in his entire life.



BETTIE ALENA STEPHENSON

Born: June 7, 1880 - Died: Oct. 6, 1962

Bettie never married, but seems to have been born with an innate love for children. She taught her first school when she was seventeen years old and for more than forty years she taught school from the first grade through the highschool grades. All children love her and except for a broken romance, she might have made a good mother with her natural love for children.

After retiring from the teaching profession, she worked at the Emory University Hospital for eight years. She was in the department of Central Supply, where she came in contact with an entirely different age group. The nurses, the doctors, and all adults instead of children. She did a wonderful job of fitting into a new kind of work at an age when not many women are able to get or to hold a position of any kind.

She may have worked a while longer at the hospital except for suddenly finding the need for the removal of a breast, the result of which was uncertain. Through the entire experience, she was calm and brave and an inspiration to the rest of us.

She has always had a way of taking care of herself, never pushing or driving herself to the limit of her physical strength. She rests when she is tired and then puts her best into her work. It seems to have paid off for through all the years as a teacher on a small salary, she has been able to build and pay for her own home. Except for this sudden operation, she has never lost much time from her work on account of illness.

Now her home is paid for, the house is a duplex, so with the rent from one side of her house, her social security, her teachers retirement, she can live comfortably without having to work. The operation was a complete success so she is well and somehow always seems to be near by when any of the rest of us needs her.

She has poise and a philosophy of life, or something, that gives her a kind of inner strength that the family admires and that none of the rest of us seems to have.



ADA LEE STEPHENSON

Born: November 11th, 1882 - Died:

Ada married W. J. Mann (Bill). He was connected with a bank in Roanoke, Alabama where they have always lived. They had three children, Sara, Hoyt and Virginia.

Sara married Bob Cory. They have no children of their own, but have an adopted son, Roby, who is the joy of their life.

Hoyt married Mildred Gilliland. They have two children, Sara Dobbs, and Martha Lee. Hoyt is a graduate of Annapolis Military Academy and is now stationed in Washington, D. C. in the office of Naval Operations with the rank of Captain.

He served for three years during World War II on the U. S. Lexington, which was lost in the Battle of The Coral Seal. For distinguished service at this time, he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. Later, as commanding officer in the Solomon Islands area, he was awarded the Air Medal with special citations. Following this, the Bronze Star Medal with Combat "V" as Operations Officer on board the U. S. S. Kearsarge. (For further information concerning Captain Hoyt Mann's activities, see Navy Biographies, Section OI - 140 - 10 June 1955).

Virginia married Robert Woodham. They have two children, Pat and Celia Ann. Robert is with the Post Office in Roanoke, Alabama where they live.

Ada left home when quite a young woman and went to work in a millinery store in Atlanta, Georgia. Later she went to a small town in Alabama where she bought a millinery store of

her own and where she worked until she married. After she married, she continued to work and soon had another business of her own. She has good business ability, is very energetic and does not mind work. She expected work from an employee, but not any more than she herself would do.

She is naturally persevering and self sufficient. Seldom complains but takes life as it comes. In build and size she is more like our mother than any of the other girls. Like our mother, she carries herself well and likes to dress up.



Born: September ²³~~25~~, 1885 - Died: March 28, 1956

Jubilee married Annie Hatcher. They had six children, Ovid, Millard, Jimmie, Doris, Edwin, Robert (Bob).

Ovid married Dorothy Latham. They have no children. He is State Statistician with the Georgia State Labor Department, where he has been since a few years after finishing college. He and Millard together won the silver loving cup for the highest grades in the school of Business Administration at Emory University. The first tie for this award and brothers who tied for the award.

Millard (Bill, as his family calls him) married Laura Roberson. They have five children, Ann Marie (Nicky), Peter Martin (Pim), Hilary, Laurie, Elizabeth. Soon after finishing college at Emory University, Millard was employed by the Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA) and still holds a good position with them.

Doris married Wendell Moore. They have four children, Peggy, Jimmie, David, and Kathy. After finishing college, Doris taught a year or so until she married. Her husband is a County Farm Agent in a South Georgia county, where they have a home.

Jimmie married Marguret Hughes. They have three children, Lynn, James Eugene (Spike), and Lisa. After finishing at Georgia Tech, Jimmie served in World War II as Lieutenant J.G. in the Navy. He is now connected with the U. S. Corps of Engineers.

Edwin married Alice Crowe. They have two children,

Douglas, and Jane. After finishing college at Georgia Tech, Edwin served in World War II as Lieutenant J.G. in the Navy. He is now employed by the DuPont Company in a branch of Mechanical Engineering.

Bob married Patricia (Pat) Kent. They have one child, a son, Kent. Since finishing college at Georgia Tech, Bob is taking basic training in the U. S. Army at Fort Jackson, South Carolina.

Jubilee was a rather large man, tall and erect, with size and build more like our mother. He was born with father's good disposition, even tempered and not easily flustered. He did not drive himself, but worked steadily and quietly, with poise. A good Christian man, who served well his fellow man and his church in almost every capacity -- Sunday School Superintendent, Song Leader, Teacher -- or where he was needed.

He was a son who was a pleasure to his parents, never giving them any trouble in any way. When quite a young man, he went to Atlanta to take a business course. After that he went to work in a bank in South Georgia, where he married and lived while the older children were growing up.

He had invested most of his life savings in the small bank where he worked when the depression of the 1930's came and many small banks were closed, including the one he worked in. After that, he had a hard time financially and never fully recovered from the loss.

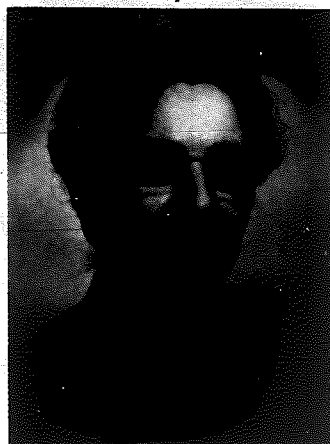
He went quietly on without a complaint, but from the strain and loss he developed a heart condition, angina, not serious enough to entirely incapacitate him, but finally the cause of his death.

The last year of his life he had to work more and more slowly for the heart pain got more severe and the last three months of his life he suffered at times intense pain. He had said he hoped he would never have to stop work entirely and he did not for he was stricken with a severe heart attack at his place of business and was taken to the hospital in an ambulance where he lived only three days.

Through it all, he was entirely normal and to the very last, took his sickness and death as he had life, bravely and uncomplainingly. He went to sleep quietly almost in the arms of the wife who had been faithful to him for almost fifty years and who had taken care of him tenderly through his sickness.

I too loved him dearly with a sister's true devotion, the only brother I really knew. I am glad that I had the opportunity to help to take care of him those last few days of his life.

On Thursday, March 29, 1956, we laid him to rest in the Mount Vernon, Georgia Cemetery, his home town, where he had his business and where the younger children were raised. The following Sunday was Easter Sunday, a time to remind us anew that he will live again, that "he is not dead, he is just away".



ROSA BERNICE STEPHENSON

Born: December 12, 1887 - Died:

Rosa married G. O. Lankford. They have three children, Dwight, Eugene and Wilbur.

Dwight married Sylvia Kamen. They have one child, John Dwight. In World War II, Dwight served for three years as photographer 1st Class in the Pacific and was later attached to the 1st Marine Division during the Solomon Islands Campaign as well as at Okinawa. His last mission was photographing the damage done to Hiroshima by the first atomic bomb.

Eugene married Kathlene Amons. They have two children, Jean and Marsha. Eugene finished college and now has a good position in the Purchasing Department of Western Electric Company.

Wilbur was in World War II for a short time and is now in a government hospital. He has not married.

Rosa's husband is a minister, but has been retired for several years on account of a heart condition. She married soon after highschool, and has never worked in a public position. She would not have been a successful business woman where she had to keep a schedule, for she is too slow. Whatever she does is as near perfect as it can possibly be done, but she cannot get work out of her hands. She is a wonderful cook and homemaker, but is slow even with her cooking and housework.

She is generous and loves to divide anything she has. As a young girl, she was funloving, laughed readily and loved a good time.



ZANA AMANDA STEPHENSON

Born: December 17, 1890 - Died:

An autobiography is personal, and it may be that to the average person, it does not make the appeal that fiction does. Anyone can dream dreams and make them seem true, but to me, all my life I have loved to read real life stories. True stories about people who have faced whatever came into their life with courage and who were able to bear their own burdens and not impose them on other people. People who could forget yesterday is gone and tomorrow may never come. So it is with the thought that perchance someone may get some inspiration from this, as I have from reading about other people's lives.

Mine has not been colorful, no big accomplishment, just ordinary living filled with the day by day little things that add up to life. There are days in our life just like a great many other days, nothing particularly bad, nothing especially good -- just another day. It is not even touched off with any special gladness or sorrow, just a plain, common day with the same wearisome routine. A routine of things to do, the things we did yesterday and the day before. Nothing to look forward to especially. By night we are tired and wonder if it has been worthwhile to somebody that we passed by that day.

Yet -- it is the way we meet these common days that is the real test and measure of life. Anybody can do well on special occasions. Anybody can be sweet when everything goes right. Anybody can do heroic things occasionally.

These are beautiful things, they shine like lofty peaks

above life's plains. But the ordinary task of the common day is the truer index of life -- more so than are the striking, brilliant things of the uncommon days.

It requires more courage to be faithful in the ninety-nine common place duties when no one is noticing or caring than it does in one deed when by its unusual importance, it arouses notice and enthusiasm. It is in the every-days of life that nearly all of life's best work is done.

The tall mountains lift their crests into the clouds and win attention and admiration. To be on a mountain top and see the clouds below is a sight to thrill anyone. It is wonderful, and I love the bigness of the mountains. But it is in the valley and the plains that food is grown and ripens. So it is not from conspicuous deeds or mountain top experiences that the world is made better, or someone is made happier. But the countless little things of the every-days and the day by day work that it takes courage for. A mere dreary treadmill of eating, drinking and sleeping is not enough to make life worth living.

We must put into life the glory of love, of best effort, of sacrifice. All this and more, into the dull routine of every day and then the most uneventful day may be made beautiful and eventful. When we are prone to be cross and irritated and impatient with those with whom we come in contact, then we would do well to think how futile our rebellion is. Each day is really the same kind of day. It is with ourselves whether we make it drab and uninteresting or beautiful.

I remember as a child that I heard a sermon about "sunshine and shadow". How little did I know then how much shadow would come into my life, especially with ill health and physical pain. It is better that I did not know, but would have to meet it as it came, day by day. It is true that "into each life some rain must fall", and it's also true that the rain is as important as the sunshine, for the sunshine is more appreciated when the shadows give way to sunshine.

I was born with especially sensitive bronchial tubes as well as sensitive linings of all the respiratory organism, and so have lived almost a lifetime with asthma and hay fever, though these later years mostly just hay fever. At one time, I was given dozens of tests for any allergic condition, which proved absolutely nothing except what nature had already proven - my susceptibility to any irritant to the linings of my nose, throat and chest.

The physical part of the body is closely interwoven with the emotional, the psychological and the spiritual. In recent years, more study is being given this in the treatment of any illness. A physician can not treat a patient as well

if he relies solely on the physical reaction. Any illness is usually preceded by some cause, direct or indirect, and a wise physician tries first to find the cause.

With any difficult breathing, there is a degree of self consciousness and especially with a child. I could never run and play like other children, and I resented being different. If we played jumping the rope, I had to be the one to throw the rope instead of running and jumping. I doubt if I ever went to school a whole month at the time without being absent some.

As a child on the farm, all the fall flowers, the golden rod, the rag weed and all the various fall polens, no one seemed to know why I was sick more at that time of the year. I loved the beautiful fall flowers with all the beautiful coloring, but so often I had to see the fall colors change from my bedroom door or window. Often in the late summer, I would be in bed days and weeks at the time.

My sister, who was just older, was never sick, was physically perfect and pretty and people might not think a child would notice when they would comment on her physical beauty, and then maybe speak of how thin and frail looking I was. So even then, I resolved that I would not go through life with sickness as an excuse for anything. That no one would ever pity me, but that I would do my best to stay well and live a normal life even if I had to live with a weak body physically. I preferred to do my share of the home duties, and not be made to feel different. I may have been somewhat humored when I was sick, but as I look back, I do not think so.

I had not asked to be born and neither did my parents know they would have a child that could have been an invalid. But they were kind and loving and wise to help me endure and not to whine and complain and give up. Living entirely normal though, was hard to do, for it is not normal for an active child or an ambitious girl to be handicapped with ill health and not at times to feel rebellious.

As I grew up, the doctors had nothing to give for temporary relief except morphine or either or maybe a dose of calomel. Why calomel, I do not know, for it left the patient in a weakened condition. They did not have the blessed relief then that adrinlin later gave and still later still newer drugs. So about all that could be done for relief was to be propped up in bed with pillows or in a chair by the fire where I did spend many a night and watch the red coals in the fireplace die down and then watch for the first sign of day after a sleepless night.

My parents said that they did not notice breathing difficulty until I was about two years old, but of course, to me it

has been all my life. I say it sanely and sincerely, that there have been times when death would have been welcome when the struggle to breathe was so near beyond human endurance. No one who has never experienced it could possibly know why. I could say that and actually mean it for I do mean it.

I have had other kinds of severe pain and some close brushes with death, but nothing compares with the intensity of the actual pain as well as the agony of trying to breathe, together with the wheeze that is maddening and the hard coughing that follows to get rid of the congestion.

By the time I was nearly sixteen, it seems I could not go to school, so I took my books and went to my brothers in Washington, Georgia to spend the winter and see if a change would do any good. At least I would not be exposed to all kinds of weather trying to walk to school. It was not natural though for a teen age girl to be sick away from home and no social life. Except for my brothers tender care and love, it was a most miserable winter, for I was sick nearly all the time.

I loved the old organ at home, and later the piano, and I missed that, for all during the years, especially when there would be periods of convalescence, my music was a great consolation to me. I cannot remember when I could not play any thing I knew and have been able to carry a tune and sing since I could talk, so my parents say.

After that winter, I never did go to school any more, but tried to study some at home, which naturally did not amount to much. The next two winters I spent at my brothers in South Georgia, and they were some of the happiest months of my life. My sister-in-law is only a little older than I am, and we still love each other dearly. I took piano lessons from an unusually good teacher for a small town, and had a few piano pupils too. My brother had a piano and loved to sing, so we enjoyed our music together.

Those months I went for longer periods of time without being sick and then maybe just days instead of weeks. I felt like I was beginning to live a more normal life. I weighed more than I ever had in my life and the joy of sleeping and eating and actually feeling well increased my determination to get well and strong so I could work, love and live.

It was not long though until I found that I had dared to hope for too much. That next summer, I tried to work in my sister's store, and soon found that my body could not stand the long hours, hard work and extreme fatigue from that kind of work. So I had to go home and try to gain the weight I had lost for I was very tired and thin.

The next winter I spent with my sister in the mountains of North Carolina, where she was teaching. The high, cold climate improved my general health. I had the use of a piano and a piano teacher, so again I studied some and had a few pupils of my own which I loved.

The next summer I went to Columbus, Georgia to study at the conservatory of music. I wanted so much to really study music and had had so little chance or money to do it. The very low atmospheric condition there was very bad for me, so it was only a short time until I was sick and had to give it up and go home again to get well.

Still hoping for some relief, at least to get away from the flowers and weeds that now the doctors said might help, for they were beginning to decide there must be some reason why I was worse in the fall. Later, they knew that I was allergic to house dust and other things as well as the fall polens, but allergy was little heard of then.

I went to Atlanta and went to work as well as teaching a small class in piano. My money was so limited that I had to work hard and the strain and effort was too much, for before long, I came down with one of the worst attacks of asthma I had ever had. I must have died, except that for the first time, I was given the glorious temporary relief with adrenalin. Eventually, I learned to give it to myself, hypodermically to save the expense of a doctor's visit. Only a patient can know the blessing of all the new drugs for relief. By the time I was able to make the trip home, it took months for me to get well, for I had lost a lot of weight and was very weak.

By this time, all the other children were away from home. My parents were getting old, and should not stay alone in the country, so it seemed to be getting necessary for me to stay with them. Little did I know then that in the future years I would nurse and care for them as they had so unselfishly cared for me in sickness all through the years.

Not long after this, my father had a long severe illness and came near dying. For almost a year, I had to nurse him, slept on a cot by his bed and had to do all the personal things a nurse might have had to do for him. Not many years later, my mother was very sick and I slept beside her for months and months, and for a long time, she was a constant care. Somehow I seemed to be given strength to wait on and take care of them in serious illness.

I knew, and my parents knew, that I could not stay on indefinitely with them on the old farm in the country. So they decided to go with me to South Georgia where my brother lived and where I could work. We got a house near the High School

where I had a large piano class. I loved my work, and managed too to keep house for the three of us. Father stayed fairly well, and helped with the work as well as wait on Mother, which he did so faithfully and well, for no man was ever better in a sick room.

Before school was out that spring, I had to have my piano recital early. I had two pianos for my recital, and loved the work getting duos, trios, and duets all ready and my pupils did do a fine job. Mother had been sick all winter and wanted to go home, and I was glad to finish my work early and take her home while she could sit up some.

We stayed in the old home all that summer, but Mother had severe kidney colic from the stone in her kidney, and we came near losing her. I knew staying there another winter would be impossible with two old people, who were neither one very well, so that fall, we went to Roanoke, Alabama, where another sister lived. Beauty shops were just coming into prominence, so I borrowed money and opened the first one in that part of Alabama. I soon had a good business, and the most income I had ever had. I had put a lot into it, effort, time and money, and to get results from my work was a great satisfaction.

But it was all more than my physical body could stand. The hard work, the strain, and the responsibility of both the business and the home was too much for me. Really was the climax of what I had had for some time before with the work, responsibility and anxiety when both my parents had been so very sick and required constant care and nursing.

That fall, I was very sick and for the first time my heart had been as effected by the hard breathing so the doctors gave digitalis and mild heart stimulents and then everything to build my general health. The doctors advised trying a higher climate again, so I sold my business and we moved to Atlanta. We got a house near two sisters there, but where we could still live together and so my parents would not have to give up their things and live in the house with someone, which they never did as long as they lived.

At that time, there were not many beauty shops even in the cities, so as soon as I was able to work again, I started into a real business career by opening a beauty shop in an exclusive residential section of Atlanta. With little capital and less experience, I was headed for many ups and downs and mostly downs at first. The first location was not suitable so after a short time, I rented a one room field office in a new subdivision. I cleaned it up, painted it and later added two rooms and a basement to it. This venture went well from the first, for I put my best into it, and soon had a nice business started. I weathered the depression of the nineteen thirties, and I still wonder how, for business then was so new to me.

It was fortunate that my work was not in the city, for I could even go home to lunch and so it was easier to do my work and look after my parents and take care of our home. We had some hired help, my sisters were good to help me, and Mother's health was much improved, so we were able to keep our home together. It was not many years though, until father left us and mother and I had to make new adjustments, and I needed to give her more of my time, for she was very lonely without him.

Again, I failed to consider my physical limitations, for at several different times, I had to take a forced vacation. Somehow, my body just could not take the strain of hard work and long hours. At one time, I completely gave out, and was away from my desk for nine weeks. I had my business well organized, though, and faithful employees, so a part of that time I was in Florida to try to gain my strength, but most of the time I was at home in bed with little relief except with the use of adrinlin. Days and weeks of intense suffering, but by now, mother was able to wait on me and again helped me to get well. Naturally, I missed father in sickness.

From this experience, I resolved more firmly than ever to try harder to stay well rather than having to get well. There are certain basic rules of health, but I would seem to fail to take these rules into account and forget myself in my work whatever it was.

After I had gotten well, it was not long after this time that I moved into a larger building near the same location. I rented from the blue print of the group of new buildings and had the pleasure of working out the details of my new place. The new beauty shop where I could and did double my business, was a dream come true. One of the happiest days of my life was the day I moved in and had open house for my friends and customers. It was a wonderful day, for the realization of any dream is good, the joy and satisfaction of accomplishment is worth all the cost.

I was happy, but very, very tired, for I had only recently returned from New York, where I attended a convention and style show. I went to New York occasionally for vacations and to get new ideas for business. More than once we put on hair style shows and used suggestions I had gotten from professional shows. My girls were very cooperative and all this made extra work for we left nothing undone, used spot lights and everything to make it worth while. One other time, we entered a competitive hair style show and won the silver loving cup which we were very proud of and had worked hard for.

With the space I now had, I soon was using a section for merchandise. At first, I just had small items that sold well.

and which later grew into a nice little gift shop. And then later on, in the back of the building, I added a sewing shop with a dressmaker in charge with some helpers, but all under my supervision. Both these departments brought more people into the building and was a good addition to my business. Every executive or employer knows how exacting their position can become as new responsibility is added and many decisions have to be made.

All along I had been using my spare time to take various courses -- something for diversion and new interest. During World War I, a course was offered at Georgia Tech University in Business Management, and Personnel work, and was taught by a member of the war man power commission. It was mostly for people in executive positions and there were several women in the class. They were evening classes twice a week for thirteen weeks, and I missed only two classes. I wrote my thesis and met the requirements for a certificate from Georgia Tech. It was a beneficial course for anyone in business, and I needed all the help I could get.

I had weathered the depression, had a good business and it paid for, but now in time of war, there were many new problems. One of which was keeping good help and a new problem to me for my employees had stayed with me from four to eight years. The war was having a demoralizing effect and my employees were no exception.

My business was good, more business than efficient help, and it seemed that with the complications of war, my work was getting too heavy and again my physical body was failing to measure up, and I was getting very tired. Before this I had lost my mother and although I maintained a room and small kitchenette in the home of my sister, my real home was gone and I sorely missed it. So many adjustments had to be made, always when ones home is broken up, even if it's only an apartment and small.

So I decided to take a vacation before I had to. I went to New York, and then to Western New York to a hotel for a complete rest and change. While there, I went to Niagara Falls and found I could still get a thrill, for I loved the first sight and wonder of Niagara Falls.

The next year, I bought my own home, which was one of the best things I ever did. It is hard to learn to live alone after always having had a home and family, the thing I was still trying to learn to do after my mother's death. It is true that a home is not complete without some kind of family unit, but even an incomplete home fills a need in a woman's life, and my home was a source of great comfort at that special time. A good friend came and lived with me about a year and was a great help to me in making new adjustments.

My home is still a great pleasure to me, not only as my own home, but I love my "out-of-doors", the yard, the garden, the woods and the birds. A beautiful tree has always been a real inspiration to me, and my house is almost surrounded by woods, beautiful trees of various kinds, and tall stately pines.

On account of the trouble with my spine, I have had to give up the actual cultivation of my garden and flowers, but somehow I manage to always have some kind of flowers to keep on my desk and table. Never a single day that I do not have flowers or growing plants in the house. As a child, I grew up loving growing things and I am so thankful to be able to enjoy them around my own home.

The next Christmas, the first one in my own home, I was sent to the hospital in an ambulance with severe food poisoning. I was in the hospital nearly three weeks and had a close brush with death, for I had very little resistance. A careless nurse got two medicines reversed in giving a treatment with the result that I went into shock and required fast work with digitalis and adrenalin.

I had not recovered from all that had come to me recently, when the next September, I had to go into the hospital again for another two weeks. I had a bad case of influenza and was given Sulphur from which there was a bad reaction. All the following winter I was given building treatment of some kind, for it had been a trying year for me in various ways.

Fortunately, through all this sickness and other things, I managed to hold my business together. I had it well organized, but there were unavoidable complications with me away so much of the time. There were more and more detailed reports to be made, more bookkeeping to be done, which all added up to more work and less profit. A weakened body and every thing else was tending to make my business a burden instead of the pleasure it had been.

Work and interesting work as mine had been, is one of our greatest blessings, one of the best things in the world to make one forget himself or his burdens. And yet, I decided to sell my beloved business. The hardest decision I ever had to make proved to be one of the most unfortunate. Later I know I should have taken more time to regain my physical strength, my confidence and ability, for I had been under a terrific strain in various ways. I had put so much of myself into it, time, effort, and money and somehow thought it might be better to sell while it was successful. I could not think of it ever being any other way, and I did not think I could carry on as efficiently.

I knew money could not buy all I had put into it along with my life's savings, and in selling, I did not count the cost, for the selling price could not bring me full compensation. I loved my work with the public, with people and with the girls who worked for me. I knew I would miss it, but I did not know I would miss it like I did. To be away from my desk, my "girls" and my customers.

Life and experience has a way of teaching us and one fact we might do well to remember is that none of us are personally as important as we are prone to believe. That if we dropped out of existence immediately, in a short time, it would not make much difference to many people. The flowers at a funeral soon wither and are thrown away and the world moves on, forgetting that that person ever lived. Of course, some influence, good or bad, from every person's life lives on, but the person is soon forgotten. So it is wiser to live a day at the time with less strain and tension instead of living too much in the past or the future.

Soon after selling my business, I drove up to the mountains of Western North Carolina. One day I climbed up the side of a mountain to dig some mountain shrubs to bring home. The heavy maddock I was using together with the position I was in caused a slipped disk in my spine. I had my back strapped and managed to drive home, but it took painful days in bed with treatments and the wearing of a back support before the damage could be relieved, and I could get to work again.

After a few months, I got in my car and drove to Kansas City to take a course in the directing of home talent plays. After the training course there, I traveled in the midwestern states and by the time I came back home, I had put a little more than seven thousand miles on my car in about six months. The company did not take much account of distance when sending us to different towns they had contracts with, so it necessitated a lot of traveling. Different civic organizations, American Legion, P.T.A. or other groups would make a contract with the company and sponsor the play and we, the directors, would go into the town and coach and direct the play, using home talent players.

In one town, I put the show on the air, and when it was over, I was never as completely exhausted, but happy. Somewhat like the time when in business, I got into the new larger building and had open house for my customers and friends. There is a thrill in working toward an end and when that end is accomplished, there is a satisfaction that comes only through vision and hard work. I loved this work, the traveling and everything, for I did some sight seeing too, including going through the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, and some other places I had wanted to see. I met the nicest people in the towns and the play itself was fun. Just the kind of change

in work that was good for me right then. /

However, I knew I could not go right on with it, for I soon found I could not be away too long from my interest at home. I had invested all my savings in the house I had bought, and I could not afford to be away from it too long, for it was, and is my main source of income. I bought it as a duplex, and now have remodeled and added to it until besides my own apartment, I have seven rental units.

When I got back I still felt lost without my business and regular hours, so when I found it could be bought, I bought it back, not realizing that it would not be the same. So it was very disappointing. I let the feeling of inactivity influence good judgement, for it was not long until I knew I had made a grave mistake and so lost money. I kept it only a few months, and sold it again, which was wise.

After I was out of business again, I took a complete Grey Ladies course with the Red Cross. I got the Red Cross pin, the uniform and cap and was assigned to hostess work in a veteran's hospital. A part of the routine was an X-Ray picture of the chest. ~~It was not long until the kindly old~~ doctor in charge called me to the office to see the picture.

He said he had seen hundreds of chest X-ray pictures and mine showed all the scars of difficult breathing and that while I need not fear other lung trouble, I should not subject my breathing organism to any undue strain and strongly advised against that kind of work. Naturally, I gave up all Red Cross work. I realized now that after almost a lifetime of effort to overcome the weakness I had been born with, ~~that I would have to live with the weakened body and the scars~~ left by years of hard breathing and pain that had left its mark.

So then I studied up on Real Estate, took the examination, passed it and got a state license. Any kind of sales work requires energy and enthusiasm, and I did not have much of either. Nor the interest to make it worth while, so I did not even try it after I got the license.

I found the need for Hospital Beauty service was being met all over the states and knowing the need from the calls I had had to the hospital near my business when I would send the beauty operators to give beauty service to the patients. So I designed and had built a portable unit and later bought some patented ones which in some respects were not as adaptable for bedside service as the one I had designed. These units rolled to the bedside make it possible to give the patient a shampoo and set with very little exertion. The gratitude of the patient and the morale builder it is together

with the way the doctors endorse it, makes the work most gratifying. That year, I attended the American medical Association in Atlantic City and saw the service demonstrated on the floor of the convention. It is a new field and one with an opportunity that will be interesting in its development.

About this time, my doctor said that rectal surgery was necessary. It was a painful kind of operation, and I was in the hospital for two weeks. And too, I had an unfortunate experience in getting the wrong kind of reaction from the anesthetic. Gas had to be used to awaken me after the operation.

In less than five months, I was back in the hospital for another ten days for a thyroid operation. Not a regular goiter, but something that required a half dozen X-ray treatments before surgery. An acute condition that had not been noticed before.

All this was a trying six months when again in three years, I was back in the hospital. The trouble in my spine had never been entirely well, but I had been able to rather ignore it by getting osteopathic treatments from time to time. Suddenly the disc in the lower part of my spine slipped again and after a night of excruciating pain, I was sent to the hospital in an ambulance. I was sent home in an ambulance after a little more than two weeks, and then had to stay in bed a few more weeks. This time I had a private nurse all the time for the acute pain was terrific when every move was agony. Now I have to wear a steel brace all the time to support my spine, but at least it is out of sight.

Again I say, this pain nor any other I have experienced can compare to the struggle to breathe AND the actual pain of hard breathing. NOTHING is as bad as that. The new drugs now will alleviate the suffering for children born as I was with the unfortunate allergic condition of the breathing organism. Doctors too are better fitted to cope with it. Having lived for short periods of time in different places and having to have doctors just for relief has proven to me that too few doctors are professionally capable and human too. I could name at least three dozen who have in some way had occasion to treat me and so few measure up. They are men though, as well as physicians, and we are all human. Of course, some of them are fine men and their skill is marvelous. Especially surgeons. I am deeply indebted to them for their care. And a good nurse too is invaluable. They too are often in the wrong profession, and not fitted for a sick room.

These last few years I have organized a baby sitting service that I can operate from home. It is under the trade name

The Child-Care Registry, and I have registered more than a hundred women. It is the only exclusive, licensed and bonded baby sitting business in Atlanta and there is a future in it if I put enough effort into it. There is not enough profit in it though to make it interesting, for it is time consuming and exacting with two business telephones. I am getting the cooperation of the different civic organizations and women's clubs and it could be made a successful business.

The world may have considered me a successful business woman and some have said I was lucky. I rather resent this, for any measure of success I may have had has not been the result of luck. There are different ways of measuring success and money is not the yard stick to use. There are many things that money cannot buy and mere "things" can mean so little. It is true that a comfortable living and a home are very important, but after all, money can buy so few things that are really lasting.

The business world has its compensations, the competition, the accomplishment of things hoped for, the cooperation of employees, trying to be a good employer, a leader and not a driver, to share profits and not be a grafter-- all this and more I have tried to be and yet any business man, or woman, knows that it is hard. They know that all employees are not loyal, that all people are not honest and will not play the game fairly. Competition is keen and to meet the public daily and pleasantly regardless of feelings-- all this has to go into it. A strong body is one of the needed assets and one I did not have.

As in every normal woman's life, there were men, naturally. Since time immemorial, war has played a large part in the lives of young people and romance. Mine was no exception. Except for World War I and then in later years a sudden heart attack and death, this story may have been entirely different. All this part of my life is personal, entirely too personal to be included in an autobiography.

Anyone likes to merit confidence and good will. But how little the world really knows about a person's life. Success, various kinds of success, does not always mean happiness. That has to come from doing ones best in every way and meeting whatever comes with courage and then happiness has to come from within.

Yes, each day brings both sunshine and shadow. It takes both-- every life does. Mine may have had more of physical pain than some others, and some others have had more. Everyone must experience sorrow and disappointment, for without the shadow the sunshine would not seem as bright. I have had my share too of joy and happiness, for life has by no means been all sorrow and disappointment. So, I shall keep on try-

ing to remember that "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul.."

However, that is not entirely true, for with our human weaknesses we find ourselves inadequate and must look to God for wisdom and guidance.

No "Master" or "Captain" or "Pilot" can depend entirely on their own wisdom and judgment or they soon reach a feeling of futility and inability and must look for security in the real Master and Captain of their fate.



MARY RILLIE STEPHENSON

Born: February 24, 1897 - Died:

Rillie married F. M. (Fred) Dunaphant. They have two children, Charles and David.

Charles married Maxine (Micky) Clarey. They have three children, Frederick, Lee and Mary.

After finishing college at Emory University, Charles was soon called into service where he served in the U.S. Army as Technical Sergeant with the Emory Medical Unit. In college he majored in Chemistry and Biology. He is now a pharmaceutical salesman. Charles would have made a good physician and has a good background for a doctor.

David married Haviland McDaniel. They have two children, Billy and Eleanor.

David served in World War II in the U.S. Army as T/Sgt., and saw combat service as Squad Leader in the Infantry 84th Division. The division was committed to battle in December 1944 in the Seigfried Line, and later assigned to the Battle of the Bulge. The division participated in the battle of Germany and was one of the first units to make contact with the reunited Allied Forces at the Elbe River.

He was gone about three years and after getting home finished his college course and then went to work with his father in his construction business. After his father's death, he took over the management of the business.

Rillie is very capable and has splendid business ability. She helped her husband to organize and operate a good business where they were working together at the time of his death.



MARY RILLIE STEPHENSON

Born: February 24, 1897 - Died:

Rillie married F. M. (Fred) Dunaphant. They have two children, Charles and David.

Charles married Maxine (Micky) Clarey. They have three children, Frederick, Lee and Mary.

After finishing college at Emory University, Charles was soon called into service where he served in the U.S. Army as Technical Sergeant with the Emory Medical Unit. In college he majored in Chemistry and Biology. He is now a pharmaceutical salesman. Charles would have made a good physician and has a good background for a doctor.

David married Haviland McDaniel. They have two children, Billy and Eleanor.

David served in World War II in the U.S. Army as T/Sgt., and saw combat service as Squad Leader in the Infantry 84th Division. The division was committed to battle in December 1944 in the Seigfried Line, and later assigned to the Battle of the Bulge. The division participated in the battle of Germany and was one of the first units to make contact with the reunited Allied Forces at the Elbe River.

He was gone about three years and after getting home finished his college course and then went to work with his father in his construction business. After his father's death, he took over the management of the business.

Rillie is very capable and has splendid business ability. She helped her husband to organize and operate a good business where they were working together at the time of his death.

A PEN PICTURE
OF HOME AND FAMILY LIFE
JUST PRIOR TO AND DURING THE EARLY NINETEEN HUNDRED PERIOD

It having been my responsibility and privilege to take care of my parents in their old age and until their death, naturally they talked to me more than to any of the other children about their younger days and old times. Two old people together occasionally like to talk about, and kind of re-live the past. So, a part of this story is from things they told to me and some of it is what I remember as a child in the home. It is the doings of a typical family of that period--and that family happens to be my own!

My father, Charles Henry Stephenson, returned from the Civil War in June 1865, broken in health and a very discouraged young man. The Civil War soldiers did not get help of any kind from the government, so it was up to the individual young man to make a return to normal civilian life, or not to, which some of them did not seem able to do. My father had the native ability even though he had nothing to start with except the determination to get well and to live a normal life again in spite of the awful years he had spent, and lost, in the war. His early school years had been very limited so he first went back to school for a few months to try to get a little more education. So, with that he got enough-- mainly reading, writing and arithmetic to use for practical purposes as a farmer and a leading man in his community and his church.

Soon after he got home from the war his father died suddenly from a heart attack though at that time little was known about heart trouble. He too had seen hard service in the Civil War and had been home only a short time. After his death his last child was born and named Robert Lee. The oldest son, Joe, had married soon after he returned from the war and had moved to Texas. "The Land of Promise" to young men then. So, my father, the next oldest, had to take his father's place and help his mother raise the younger children.

As a young man just past his eighteenth birthday, father had volunteered in the cavalry and rode off to the service of his country on his own fine horse, which of course he lost. He loved pretty horses and as long as he lived in the country he owned a well cared for horse. I remember when he was no longer able to keep a horse and how sad he seemed when the man bought and left with his last horse. He said he could not remember when he did not have a pretty horse to take care of.

On the way to the war, along with a group of other young men, in Chambers County, Alabama they stopped the first night and camped out near the home of W. I. Manning. In some way he saw the teenage girl, Mary Jane Manning. Through the years he had not forgotten that girl, and after he got home from the war he resolved to find her and to go to see her. At that time he had a pretty horse, named Dolly, that he drove hitched to a buggy. A good looking outfit for that day and time and above the average for a young man to have to go a-courting with.

On February 29, 1872 he went to claim her as his bride and they were married at her home by her uncle, the Reverend Doc Elder. It was a cold winter day and through the rain they drove to his mother's home near West Point, Georgia. For that time it was a long trip, about twenty miles, and took them all day. The mud was axle deep in places and was hard on the horse. They had only an umbrella to keep them dry and their home woven shawls to keep them warm. The men wore shawls too, then.

Mother's wedding clothes were carried in a little old-fashioned leather trunk in the back of the buggy. They had no sewing machine, so all her clothes were made with finger stitching and some of them she had had to spin and weave the thread, both cotton and wool. The cotton and wool had to be carded with hand cards and made into rolls before it could be made ready to spin and weave. And then dyed with home-made dye made with black walnut hulls and various kinds and colors made from bark and roots of different kinds.

With all the hardship though, they were a happy bride and groom and for nearly sixty-five years they were happy together, with no separation longer than a few days at a time when father served on the county jury. He carried his bride into his mother's home at first where there were younger brothers and sisters, so the mother-in-law, daughter-in-law relationship must have been unusual. They got along nicely together and loved and respected each other. Grandmother lived to be very old and a part of the time stayed with "Charlie and Mary Jane" as she used to say.

That same year, on December 23, 1872, and while still in his mother's home, their first child was born, James William. The next spring however, they moved into a small house nearby so father could still help his mother with the younger children and work and manage the farm for her. He had two families instead of one. He should have received a larger share of the old plantation, but it seems that some of the other children came in for more than their share and finally, Rob, the youngest child, came into possession of the old Stephenson plantation as it is still called. There were no hard feelings about it, for father loved his younger brothers and sisters and just let it go. His father too was easy going and at one time came near losing his home by signing a note for a neighbor. He lost money and a friend too. He trusted a friend and neighbor and the trust was betrayed.

On October 15, 1874, their second child was born, Lola Bell, but we children always called her, Sister. On September 27, 1876 their third child was born, Doctor Theodore. In the winter of that year they moved back near mother's childhood home but still in Chambers County. They moved temporarily into an old house on the Elder farm. The house that mother's grandfather built when he cleared land and settled in Alabama in the year 1849. The same year that her grandfather Elder built and organized the New Hope Christian Church with only five charter members. The church was near his farm and through the years grew into a strong membership and the center of a prosperous farming community. W.M.J., or Wyche Elder, as he was called, was a wonderfully good man, and mother loved him devotedly. He was good to his grandchildren. He took them into his home and cared for them while their father was in the war.

That winter, the winter of 1876, living in the old house while they cleared the land they had bought nearby and starting to build their own house was a time of hardship. The day they moved from the old Stephenson farm near West Point, Georgia to the Elder place was a cold December day, and the beginning of a winter of hardship and cold for the old house was open and cold. The day they moved, father had to take the household things in a wagon and mother took the three little children in a buggy. It was a long, hard drive for the weather was cold and the roads were deep in mud.

Somehow they managed to get there and survive a winter in an old, cold house that could not be warmed it was so poorly built and open. That spring they moved into their own home though only one room was finished. That room was about eighteen by twenty-five feet and was used for their bedroom and the living room until later when another room was added-- the parlor which was the company bed room and living room when we had company, which we often did. Our home was headquarters for visiting preachers, especially in summer and Revival Meeting time. They kept adding to the house all along until they had two more bedrooms, a dining room and kitchen. Also two porches, or "verandas".

The house they built together they lived in together for fifty-two years. It was built in a grove of trees, some twenty or thirty, mostly oak and hickory and through the years they grew into very large trees. I loved those trees for to me nothing is more beautiful than a large, stately tree of any kind. Especially pretty was the big white oak tree by the front gate and the big red oak to the left of the front gate.

There were times as a child when I would be sick days at a time and I would be in bed near the door and watch the leaves change color in the Fall, or the white oak leaves in the Spring-- so soft and pretty. Years later when the road in front of the house was widened and some of the trees had to be blasted and moved, I went into the back of the house so I could not see them fall.

After that though there was a large grove left to cast beautiful shadows in the moonlight while the night flies sang their love songs. It was in the grove of trees that a large "gate yard" was kept swept clean and in summer we played croquet. It was a kind of white clay and sand and made a nice play yard. Our home always seemed a kind of gathering place for young people and they would drive up to a tree to hitch their horse, but not the horse and buggy in the gate yard.

After getting settled in their new home with the three little children, their fourth child was born on June 7, 1880 and named Bettie Alena. She was named for father's baby sister who died with croup while he was away in the war. He said

she was a beautiful baby when he left. If mother had not been such an unusually strong woman and with all the hard, heavy housework, she could not have kept on bearing children and nursing them. In those days nursing bottles were not used and if the mother could not nurse the baby it was fed from a spoon and cup. Fortunately mother could and did breast-feed all her babies and raised all nine of them to be grown.

Father was far better than the average man to help with the children and especially when we were sick. He would have made a good doctor for he was capable as well as kind and gentle. A good supply of home remedies were kept at home all the time, such as turpentine, castor oil, epsom salts, calomel, camphor and mutton suet. No fever thermometers were available, but father could tell when a child had a fever by putting his hand on their forehead. Even though his hand was hardened by work it never felt hard, he was so gentle and kind and understanding. The only way to get a doctor was to send someone on a horse to get the community doctor and it was sometimes a welcome sound to hear the doctor drive up in his horse and buggy. Later- maybe a Model T Ford automobile.

Again, on November 11, 1882, their fifth child was born, Ada Lee. Then on September 23, 1885 the sixth child was born, Jubilee Smith. A peculiar name for a boy, but he was named for the full name of a preacher who often visited in the home and they admired him. On December 12, 1887 the seventh child was born, Rosa Bernice. Then, on December 17, 1890, I was born, the eighth child. The ninth child was born February 24, 1897 and named Mary Rillie. There were few hospitals then and naturally all the babies were born at home. One of the grandmothers usually came and stayed until the mother could take charge of her family again, including the new baby. And there was nearly always a little baby for in most families there was more than two or three children.

Naturally, when the ninth and last baby came she was the pet of all the older children, though the four older ones were away from home most of the time. Jim and Theodore were away at work on their own, Sister was married and Bettie was away and teaching her first school the winter after she was seventeen. So, the entire family was never actually living at home at the same time. But even so, there was a large circle around the big open fireplace where we all gathered on winter evenings. That was the only heat except the kitchen wood stove. Of course, there was a fireplace in the "parlor" but we did not use that every day, only weekends and when we had company.

The fireplace was large, must have been three feet wide and four feet high. Father kept plenty of oak logs and pine

rich with rosin that would make a quick fire and we always had a good fire. All the wood came out of the woods on the farm but it took a lot of work to get it cut and hauled.

Father sat on the left side of the fireplace. On that side the churn was kept. A large jar of milk that had to be kept warm so it would be ready to churn the next day. Father made the wooden lid and dash that was lifted up and down to make the cream into butter. We always had plenty of good milk and butter. In summer the buttermilk, after the butter was taken out, would be poured into an enamel container with a handle and tight-fitting lid. It was fastened to a rope that was run through a pulley and let down into the well to be kept cool. Milk was our main drink and we had no ice to keep it cool.

Mother sat on the right side of the fireplace in a rocking chair. The rockers of her chair were worn thin with rocking the babies to sleep. Mothers babies were rocked and loved. Most babies were then. We children knew to give our parents their chair when they were ready to sit down. In every way they demanded, or maybe I should say expected obedience and respect and to us children it seemed the natural thing to do without question. Their discipline was kind, but very firm.

At night a square table that father had made would be set in front of the fireplace and on it a kerosene lamp. The light from the wood in the fireplace and the lamp was all the light we had to read or study by. However, we did get some light from the rich wood that burned in the fireplace to supplement the light from the lamp. The filling of the kerosene lamps and keeping the chimneys washed and polished was the special duty of one of the children. Even at the best though, it was not much light for several people to read and study by.

The top and sides of the fireplace as well as the hearth were huge solid rocks, and the cracks where the rocks were joined were not filled in with cement, but with white mud that hardened when dry. There were only certain places on the farm or some neighbor's adjoining farm where the stiff white mud could be found. The sides, top and the hearth rocks were kept clean and white by going over them often with the white mud. And it was really nice and white. The picture of that open fire, in the back a deep black from the soot and smoke, the top and sides white, and inside the brightly burning fire-- or as the fire gradually went out, a bed of red hot coals-- that is one of the most treasured pictures of my childhood, a picture of rest and quiet and the association of the family and loved ones.

Until we children settled down to study after supper we would spend a part of the evening just sitting together around the fire talking with never a thought of going anywhere. There

was really no where to go. We had fun though, for we children would have school tales to tell and I remember how he, rtilly mother and father would laugh with us. So seldom do we hear people laugh now as they did then, such a natural kind of laugh. Sometimes on weekends we would have visitors, maybe the children of some of the uncles and aunts who lived nearby. Then we would move the furniture to the wall in the great big living and bedroom and have a game of blindfold. Again, there would be fun and laughter with mother and father joining in the game.

Oftentimes there would be a pan of black walnuts or hickory nuts cracked and ready to pick out and eat after lessons were finished. Rosa especially liked this for she was always well, jolly and hungry. The nuts grew in the woods and no other nuts taste quite like hickory nuts or black walnuts. We picked up and saved bags of them for winter. Father planted peanuts and popcorn and they like many other things raised on the farm were saved for winter use and for us children to enjoy. We always had an abundance of apples so they too were saved. We had bags of dried fruit. Very little fruit then was canned. Somehow mother seemed to know how to use what she had to keep her family well fed with what she had to cook.

In the Fall we children enjoyed chewing sugar cane and drinking the juice at the mill when the syrup was made. The juice from the sugar cane was pressed out between two rollers that were kept moving by a mule hitched to a long pole and continuously walking. Then the cane juice was strained and boiled and made into syrup. This was poured into jars and saved as our main sweet, for we could not buy and use sugar to make much jam or jelly. Mother did make some jelly for we always had plenty of scuppernongs to make grape jelly.

And winter was candy making time. We would fill a heavy iron pan with syrup and boil it into candy over the coals from the open fire. Everyone would join in the candy pulling and have fun. It was good candy too. Sometimes we would mix honey with the syrup and put nuts in it. Or maybe pour the hot syrup over a pan of fluffy popcorn and make candy popcorn balls. They were pretty, and good too.

Home raised and home cured hams were always in the smoke house. The hams were cured by hanging them from white oak splints or ties fastened to the ceiling in the smoke house. It had no floor, just a dirt floor, so oak chips or wood was piled and burned so the smoke would go up under the hams. Odors often bring memories, and one is the odor that came from the smoke house when meat was being cured. Other odors, in Springtime are freshly plowed earth on a warm day, and the one when father would take the honey out of the bee hive and smoke the bees out with old soft wood. Wood that would not burn easily, but which would make alot of smoke. We had plenty of

good honey the year around. The bees were robbed just before dark in the evening, and when father would bring in pans of fresh, warm honey, mother would often have loaves of hot bread made with homemade yeast and the bread made to rise from the warmth of the sun. No bought loaf bread ever tasted quite like that made with self-rising, homemade yeast. For the bread we had butter maybe churned that day and the salt worked into it with a paddle father had made. A butter paddle made of cedar wood and scraped as smooth as silver. Hot loaf bread-- fresh butter and honey right out of the bee hives made a supper well remembered.

We had no cold drinks, but in summer we made apple cider and put it in the storm cellar to keep cool. Father made a square box-like container by nailing slats together not too close, but close enough to hold the apple pulp. This was set on a tilted platform and into it the crushed apples were poured. Nearby was a trough made from a large log that was cut flat on one side so it would be flat on the ground. The other side of the log was cut out rounded on the sides and a flat surface on the bottom. Into this trough was poured buckets of apples to be beaten into a pulp with a maul or mallet. This was made of a hickory stick about four feet long and rounded at the bottom, so the apples could be easily crushed. After the box-like container was filled with the apple pulp it was covered with boards and blocks so that when pressure was applied the apple juice would run out into a pan set under the tilted platform. One end of a long hickory pole was fitted into a hole in a nearby tree and laid across the blocks on top of the crushed apples. Then we children would sit on the other end of the pole or pull down on it to see the apple juice pour out into the pan.

All this was work, but no task is hard when the work is shared and all we children helped. The smaller children had to pick the apples up and wash them in the clear, cool water drawn from the deep well. But no apple juice tastes quite like that pure, fresh juice from fresh apples.

The storm cellar mentioned was just outside the kitchen door. In it was kept not only the apple juice, but anything else to be kept cool, including watermelons, cantelopes and fruit of any kind. Father and the boys had dug it for protection from cyclones for which that section of Alabama was noted. It was more than seven feet deep and six to eight feet square. The steps were dug into the clay. The entire top was covered with heavy logs and the joints filled with clay. A shelter was built over it so it was always dry.

On a stormy night a kerosene lantern would be lighted, we children would be gotten out of bed and dressed and everyone would go into the cellar until the storm was over. We would take chairs to sit in and mother would hold the sleepy

baby in her lap. I can still remember the weird shadows and the smell from the kerosene lantern. Father kept the door at the top open most of the time and would go up often to look at the clouds to see when it was safe to go back into the house.

In the back yard was the big iron wash pot. It would be filled with water and have a fire built around it. The family wash was put into it with plenty of homemade soap and the clothes were boiled. The badly soiled clothes would be wet and put on the "battling bench" and beat with a hickory stick shaped and made smooth like a paddle. The bench was a half log with poles or "legs" fitted into the round side so it would set firmly on the ground. The top side of the log was cut down to a flat surface like a table. The beating of the wet clothes made them easier to get clean. The wash tubs were wooden when I can first remember, but we soon had bought zinc tubs and a wash board. The tubs were set by the well and the water for washing was drawn from the fifty foot well a bucket full at the time. The water was as clear as crystal and very, very cold, for it was an unusually good, deep well.

The soap to wash the clothes was made in the iron wash pot in the back yard. A barrel was set on a tilted platform and in the bottom of it, corn shucks were laid. During the months the ashes from the fireplace were put into the barrel. When the barrel was at least half full of ashes water was poured on the ashes at intervals so it would gradually run through the ashes and drip into a pan set under the edge of the tilted platform. This liquid was then clear, strong lye. When the hogs were butchered and along through the year when extra fat or meat scraps could be saved, it was all dropped into a jar of lye. Later it was all poured into the iron pot and boiled to make all the soap we needed except the toilet soap bought for our baths.

Besides making all our clothes, mother found time to piece together the scraps and made quilts. She would buy material for the linings and often dye it. It would be basted inside the quilting frames which were made from four long pieces of timber that father had fixed. They were the length and width of the quilt, about two inches wide and an inch thick. They were scraped smooth and had holes bored near the ends for pegs to be put in, so the quilt could be rolled and fastened as it was quilted from the edges toward the center. Between the top and the lining cotton batting would be laid. These "batts" were made of soft fluffy cotton and carded with hand cards. Then the top and lining would be quilted together through the layer of cotton and it made a good bed cover. All the kind we had, except three woolen bed spreads or "coverlets" that mother had made. Woolen thread that she spun and dyed and wove into beautiful homemade spreads. Often the neighbors

would come in for a half day, or even to spend the entire day and quilt together while they visited. People knew their neighbors in those days and they helped each other in various ways.

Along with the necessities of life we were taught to love music and flowers and books, and all the finer things of life. How I loved the beauty of the early morning and the sunrise, as well as the various colorings of the sunset. A child misses something who has never seen the sunrise. Or to look forward to the different seasons of the year, and especially the thrill of the first spring mornings. The first apple blossom, the first violets that rushed the season by peeping up in the woods where it had been covered in leaves all winter.

We had a large June apple tree where we watched for the first apple to ripen in early summer. That apple tree as well as other fruit trees on the place had great big limbs that made it safe for we children to climb. To climb to the tip top and shake the fruit to the ground or just to sit on a limb and feel the wind blow in my face-- that was something for a child to experience and to remember.

Father loved the moon and stars and would show us the different stars by name. He said he like to study the heavens when he would sleep out under the stars when he was in the Civil War. After I was grown and away from home he would sometimes meet me at the train at night and as we would drive home in the buggy, we would watch the stars in the moonlight and one time saw a comet with a tail. Haley's Comet, I believe it was. I am not sure of the name, and it was the only one I ever saw. When we would get in sight of home the lamp would be in the window and mother would likely be standing in the door waiting for us.

When I was very little I remember that one of the boys or father would have to ride the horse to get the mail from the post office. It was about two miles and often the road was deep with mud and we did not get the mail every day. However, we soon had R.F.D. service and the mail was put in a box on the side of the road. We always had the church paper and most of the time a farm paper, as well as the tri-weekly Constitution from Atlanta. Nothing was ever missed in those papers. Mother loved to read better than anyone I ever saw in all my life and would often read aloud to the rest of us. Even then she and father kept up with world news and were interested in current events.

They were anxious that we children get a good education and made any sacrifice to keep us in school. As little children we went to a one room school where all grades were taught, but we younger children were soon able to go to a

30 A7DA

county graded school. That was nearly two miles, so when the weather was too bad, father would take us to school in the buggy, but most of the time we walked. We did have rubber overshoes, for we had to walk in the road which was often deep in red mud.

The school rooms were heated with wood burning heaters and the temperature was never even, hot or cold. And mostly cold. Until a well was dug, our drinking water came from an open spring at the edge of the school yard and everyone drank from a public dipper. Everyone carried lunches from home. We had good sweet potatoes baked, a biscuit with sausage or ham in it, or maybe the biscuit would be buttered and a bottle of syrup or honey to go with it. And often tea cakes. Mothers were delicious. Now they are called cookies, but they are not like the ones she made with real butter in them.

Our dining room was another gathering place for the family. At night in winter our evening meal was mainly cornbread with cracklins in it. Of course, with things to go with it and plenty of milk and butter. The meal for the bread was made from selected ears of corn and ground at the mill where the power came from a water wheel on the mill pond. At the table each one had to be at their place, but not start eating until father had said the blessing. We did not have to hurry for we had no where to go, so everybody sat at the table and talked and laughed and did not rush to get through.

On Saturday nights we would read and study our Sunday School lesson, and then get a bath. No bath tubs, so we used a wash pan or small tub. On Sunday morning everybody went to Sunday School. Some of the Sunday dinner was prepared on Saturday and then on Sunday morning each one had their share of the work to do so we could get ready to go. We had a double seated buggy and a single buggy so we could all ride the mile or so to church. Later on only one buggy was needed as the children left home. When we got to the church the horse was stopped with his head to a tree and hitched there until we were ready to leave. The church was in a grove of trees so there were plenty of places for all the horses to be hitched. There were no automobiles then. Sometimes as we rode along mother would finish tying our hair ribbons and coach us on our Sunday school lesson. Then we were really taught the Bible so to read and study the Bible was as natural as anything else we did. Early training means a lot in a child's life.

The last week in each July was Revival, or Protracted Meeting time in our church. The visiting minister often stayed in our home and visited around with the church members during the week. I played the church organ, the kind to be pedalled, but I loved it and did not mind the pedalling. Many of the standard church hymns I knew every verse from

memory and could sing as well as play, for I could play most of them without needing to read the music very much. I loved that old organ.

Near the church was a natural pool of water at the foot of a steep hill and in the woods, so it made an impressive place for baptismal services. As we joined the church, all we children were baptised by immersion in this outdoor pool of water. We had only two regular services a month, each fourth Sunday and the preceding Saturday. Father was never too busy on that Saturday to work awhile and then come in and take the family to "Saturday Meeting."

On Sunday afternoon some neighbors might come in and join us or it might be just the family that would gather around the organ in the parlor and sing hymns together. Later we got a piano and how I did love that first piano. One of my very early memories is of hearing my mother sing as she went about her work. I wonder why so few people now sing just for the joy of singing. Mother had a sweet soprano voice and had it been trained it would have been wonderful. It was clear and beautiful and had a lot of volume.

Father sang too, but more often he whistled. I like to remember how quietly he went about his work on the farm. No hustle or bustle, seldom any ill temper or scolding, just steady day in and day out. He was firm and we children did not dare disobey him, but we loved and respected him. At times the weather would be too dry or too wet for the growing crops, or a cow or horse might get sick and father would seem depressed for a time, but somehow there always seemed to be a harvest time and in some way food and clothes would be provided for the family even though sometimes it called for close economy. He must have just worked hard, done his best, then trusted and waited.

Now, for all the good that has been said about these years does not mean that it was all good, for it was not. Ours was not a fine home, nor was it a home of poverty-- just a typical home of that period but somewhat above the average in lots of ways. In any family there is bound to be some friction and disagreement and ours was no exception. Our father and mother loved each other and so somehow they seemed to be able to meet life as it came and not to expect the impossible.

However, the "good old days" make no appeal to me now. I still love the many things I learned to love as a child but still we should be able to have those things and miss the hardship and privation of that period. A little more of the physical comforts would have made it so much easier for our parents. But, though we missed some of the physical comforts, the love and care the training we got in a good Christian home has been worth more than any physical privations and I am thankful to have been raised in this kind of Christian home.

IN CONCLUSION

The foregoing record may not be as complete as it might be, but for good reasons I could not do the research necessary to get accurate past family records. I have included blank pages all through the booklet so that future records may be added by the younger generation of children and grandchildren if they care to continue the history.

There has had to be a more or less personal element in it because of the information I got directly from my parents or from personal experience. If you like the way I have gotten it all together, then I am glad and hope you will be generous in your over-all appraisal-- for it is an unbiased record, without prejudice, for as a whole the Stephenson family is one to be proud of. We may not be famous, but there are various ways of measuring success, and I like the way it has been done in the following quotation from Emerson.

"To laugh often and love much; to win the respect of intelligent persons and the affection of little children; to earn the approbation of honest critics, and endure the betrayal of false friends; to appreciate beauty; to find the best in others; to give oneself; to leave the world a little better, whether by a healthy child, a garden patch, a cheery letter, or a redeemed social condition; to have played and laughed with enthusiasm and sung with exaltation; to know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived-- this is to have succeeded."

Jane Stephenson
Dec. 1956.