

My father, George W. Brothers, Sr. was born November 20, 1822- in that part of the county known as the Hall's Creek Section on the Western side of the county.

His father's name was Henry Brothers, his mother's name was Prudence.

His father died when he was only a boy leaving to his care an aged mother and aunt.

In 1844 my father was married to Susannah Brothers, whose father was Miles Brothers, who was at that time a wealthy farmer owning several good farms. To father and Susannah were born two children, Lowry and Peninah. Both having died before Father and my mother were married.

Father all the while living near where he was born.

Father had two whole brothers, Stephen and Richard (Uncle Dicky) as he was called, one whole sister Nancy, one half brother Fredrick, one half sister Feraby, the mother of Simon Rogerson, our nearest neighbor.

Father had several brothers and sisters that died before I remember.

Of all Uncle Stephen's large family only one is living, Sallie, who has been an invalid for thirty odd years, and now at the age of Seventy five has been in the Albemarle Hospital for ten weeks having fallen and broken her hip.

One living of Uncle Dicky's family Pattie Pendleton who is almost totally blind and has cancer on her face, and already had two taken off.

Myself the only one of my Father's family.

My Mother was born in Camden county near "Old Trap." Her Father's name was William Bray and her mother Milicent Seymour Bray. Her father died a comparatively young man, leaving her mother with five small children. Her oldest son Dempsy, soon died. Her mother's sister, Mrs. Henry Bray begged for my Mother (Abigail) until at last she consented and Mother made her home

with her Aunt in the famous "Old Brickhouse" which stands on the banks of the peaceful old Pasquotank River, about three miles from Elizabeth City and about a half mile back from the main highway leading to the "Great Dismal Swamp." an air of mystery surrounds this old home and fills one at once with awe mingled with curiosity. It stands just at the bend of the River which gives one an extensive view both ways of the lovely Old Pasquotank. As far back as I remember, my mother, my angel mother, would tell us about this Old house of Antiquity as we sat around a crackling log fire long winter evenings, impressing us as did the Old English Castles of Feudal days.

The walls of the front room are finished in beautiful carved paneling, it has a brick chimney with fire place and an elaborately carved mantle piece. Mother would tell us about the secret closets, about the trap door which by touching a spring would fly open admitting to the hidden apartment.

In earlier days a subterranean passage led from the cellar of the "Old Brick house" to the Pasquotank River.

Some signs of this passage may be seen to this day.

Tradition says that this dwelling was once the head quarters of the notorious pirate "Edward Teach" known as "Blackbeard." and that he carried his stolen goods through this underground passage, certain it is that the initials E.R.T. are cut on the stone at the steps.

My mother, when a child loved this home and never tired of telling us about it. That community at that time was called "Possum Quarter," and is still called by that name.

My mother attended the First Baptist Sunday School in E. City and joined that church while very young. And when she died at the age of sixty years, her name was still on the church record.

At the age of sixteen my mother married a widower (George Nix Overman). He had before married a widow Shirley, who had two boys Dick and John Shirley.

Dick died and mother raised John, they loved each other very much. He always called her mother. John married and located in Virginia.

John owned that farm now owned by Mrs. Mac Fletcher and her son Frank.

Mother and her husband came down to live in the Bay Side Section, right near Riverside Baptist church.

After five years he died leaving her with two boys very small boys. George Lafayette and John Pool Overman and one Servant "Solomon."

Her husband had no relatives here that we know of. He having come here from the north. After my mother had lived a widow for three years she and my Father were happily married.

Father bought a home I don't know from whom, the house a two story building was unfinished. Father hired hands to help cultivate the entire lands, and cleared enough money the first year to pay for their home.

Then began fixing the house as mother wanted it for comfort and convenience.

In this same old house all of us Brothers children were born. Back from the house several yards, stood a big old kitchen such as were used at that time still farther back stood a great big "Old Beech tree" more than a century old under the shadow of that grand old tree was a well of water as clear as crystal and almost ice cold in mid summer. At that time pumps were unknown and the kitchens and wells of water were always several yards from the house.

In the mean time my mother's sister Susan had married Henry Williams and gone to Indiana to live. The climate there was too strong for her and she only lived a few years, and left one son John Thomas Williams after he grew to manhood he bought a large farm that had Oil Wells in it. he became immensely rich. One of his sons came in to see us some years ago, he was genteel and cultured but we haven't kept in touch with them. But Before that

that time my mother's only brother (Miles Bray) went to Alabama and never came back he also died leaving one son Miles Bray, Jr. he also came in to see his people several years ago and we have entirely lost sight of him.

One of my father's relatives went to Indiana, Jas. Williams, he also was fortunate and accumulated wealth. He died a few years ago leaving several children and much wealth. James Brothers a cousin of my Father's went away I don't know where. He was the father of twenty eight children. So we know we have kin folk throughout several states.

Well we'll go back to our home, by this time mother and Father had a lovely home, pleasantly located, mother had set out Elms, Cedars, and Dogwood. She had lovely roses, sweet briar, honeysuckle, woodbine (?) Althea and Snowball. The front yard was thickly set in lovely lawn grass, while the barn lot was set in white clover.

But my mother's garden was the loveliest spot of all. The garden was laid off in beds, with smooth, deep walks in between the beds, and on the borders of the beds were lovely flowers. Roses of many colors and varieties, pinks, John-Jump-Up, sweet shrubs, twelve-o'clocks, flex, snap dragons and sweet-williams, while around the borders of one bed were herbs, such as rue, thyme, Rhubarb, comfrey, wormwood, spearmint, peppermint, horse-radish and parsley. These were mostly used for medicine. people were ill indeed when a Dr. was called.

And on these beds were all manner of vegetables growing luxuriously for Father took a great deal of pride in their garden, and was so careful to keep the grass and weeds out.

Then came the Civil War and everything was thrown into confusion. Fatie (?) was about fifteen, John 12, Bud 7, Pattie 5, I was 3 and Eddie one year old. I can just remember when officers were coming through the county drafting men for

certain battles. The men in our neighborhood would get together about night and go way back in the woods in hiding, my father was twice drafted but managed to keep from being taken up. He build himself a tent far back in the woods, no one but an old colored man Dempsey Brothers, knew where it was, he used to take food and whatever he needed to him.

On certain days Father would come out to meet mother to learn the condition of things if there was danger mother would hang the signal from an upstairs window and father would keep to the woods.

In the fall of 62 there was an epidemic of Diptherea and our dear little sister Pattie died, how dark the day. I can just remember Father took me in his arms so that I could see her lifeless clay as she lay in her little casket so white and cold. On the day of her funeral mother sat by Bud and Eddie expecting every moment to be their last.

Dr. Butt lanced Bud's throat on both sides. Dr. Pool was our family physician but he had been called away.

After the war was ended came days of hardship, privation and need. But we were blest above many. Father and the boys raised wheat, corn, peas, potatoes, oats, melons, cotton and all needful vegetables, hogs that made our meat and lard, cows that furnished us milk and butter and beef also.

They raised cane from which they made molasses. Mother raised chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese.

Yet the things we couldn't raise were very expensive and hard to get.

Charlie Pool, the son of Geo. D. Pool, ran a blockade from Coinjock, and through him we could get sometimes a little sugar and coffee and some times a block of matches and a calico dress, little blocks of red headed matches cost ten cents a block and very seldom you could get them. Every one used the open fire place and were very careful to pile up the coals of

fire and wrap them up with ashes before returning so as to have fire in the morning and if the fire went out we had ready a piece of flint, would get a handful of tow (?) spread on the hearth and with a piece of iron would knock the sparks of fire out of the flint and let them fall into the tow it would take fire at once and having lightwood splinters all ready would soon have a blazing fire. Lightwood is the pine heart so full of tar as to burn like a flash. And many had no light at night other than the lightwood light burning in the open fireplace. Mother had candle molds and made her own candles of tallow and beeswax.

Mother used to spin and weave most of the clothes the family wore, also towels and bed linen, also table linens. I used to card rolls for mother to spin on the spinning wheel and when the quill was full would wind the skin on the winding blades. I used to hand thread to mother when she was putting her warp into the old bid loom. So many strands of one color, so many of another to make striped or plaid cloth, or solid color. Father raised indigo for dying blue, for other colors we would get the barks and roots of trees and for a pretty brown dye the hulls of walnuts. Our folks raised flax for making linen which was very pretty.

Cook stoves were then unknown to us. We bought one of the first patent that came out in this county the "Excellsior" which lasted until after I was married. There was a great big chimney to our kitchen which would take in a stick of wood about six feet long. On very cold mornings Father and Fatie would bring in a back (?) log so large it would take the two of them to carry it, in a little while we would have a big crackling, roaring fire, and soon it would be so nice and warm all over the old big kitchen.

Fastened among the bricks in the fireplace was an iron rod called a crane which we could pull out and push back, on it were hooks, long hooks and short hooks for hanging pots and kettles on.

Mother cooked on the wide old hearth the best food I ever ate. Great big loaves of bread, just sweet and spongy, made of sweet milk yeast she made herself. and my, such waffles one might well dream about.

The waffle irons had very long handles so one could stand far back from the fire to turn them about.

Great big boiling irons we children used to boil birds, sausages and fresh meats the very best you ever ate. I can almost taste the good things we used to have to eat in the good old days of life at home. That was life, peace and contentment with but few temptations for we had never seen much of the outside world. I well remember one evening when mother was cooking supper, my youngest brother and I were playing about the floor we caught a cat and put a gourd over his head (a cat will always run backward if you cover his face) he shot backward like a streak directly through mother's supper which she had setting about the hearth to keep warm. We couldn't catch him so fast he went you never smelt such a stench singed all the hair off him and burned him dreadfully. Mother came very near giving us a good spanking but we begged off.

Brothers Fatie, John and Bud kept about an hundred pigeons, the boys could tell their pigeons apart by their homes, they always kept the same house, these birds raise two apiece every month in the year except February so we had all the birds we wanted to eat.

We lived well and happily, many real luxuries were not to be had so we didn't think about them.

We had the nicest fruit, apples from early summer until ate fall, peaches, plums, pears, cherries, figs and grapes, also raspberries and strawberries and plenty of wild briar berries. Game was abundant, at that time men and boys had wonderful sport hunting with dogs, caught coons, opossums and sometimes a wild cat.

These animals furnished meat for some families, Bud used to set log traps under persimmon trees to catch coons more especially. At that time there were many more species of birds than now. Wild ducks and geese abounded in and around our creeks, affording sport for men and boys.

We used to watch partridges and the yellow breasted larks go to roost late afternoons, and with torches and poles at bedtime go out and find them. The light would blind them, making it easy for us to strike them. This sport was enjoyed by old and young. I not having any sister enjoyed the same sports my brothers did.

Brother George, Eddie and I had lots of bird and rabbit traps, the boys would sell the rabbits and raccoons and get their spending money.

Just after the war we couldn't get shoes always as we needed them, so the boys made vats and tanned the hides of raccoons. Father made some of our work shoes and Uncle Stephen made some for us.

Geo. D. Pool, Sr. (whose lands adjoined my father's) was always our true and faithful friend. At that time education advantages were very poor, Mr. Pool and Mr. C. W. Hollowell would hire a teacher for a term of months, the neighbors would send their children too, paying one dollar per month tuition, but this was only occasionally and not every year.

After Mr. Pool's sons Charlie and George Jr. had been to College and back home they very kindly gave John and George night lessons. Fatie wouldn't study, preferred working.

I took lessons under my brothers, and Mrs. Pool (little George's mother) gave me lessons in French. Our chances were poor but we kept perserving.

John began teaching at Pool's school house when young. He with Walter F. Pool went to Chapel Hill College together in 67, I think.

Charlie and Walter Pool became leading men in this county. Lawyers. Charlie Pool was made Judge of First Judicial District, and Walter Pool was

elected to congress but died, leaving an unexpired term. At the age of Seventeen Bud (George) taught school at Sound Neck School house. Had a large school and managed it fine.

At the age of fifteen I began teaching at Pool's school house. And when I was eighteen was teaching Dr. Pool's oldest children in their home way down on the lovely old Pasquotank River.

There is a charm about this peaceful old home so far removed from the noise and strife of the busy outside world. One may rest and still be deeply interested in the lovely scenery.

On pleasant days after school hours, we would all walk down to the river and sit on benches arranged in a lovely grove of pines, very near the bank of the river, we would sit there for hours watching the white wings ships go sailing by and listen to the murmur of the rippling waves, and see the great flocks of birds flying over the water.

This place is called "Eyrie" because of a great big eagle's nest that has been in that pine thicket for more than a hundred years.

These eagles lay their eggs and hatch their young year after year in that same old nest. One day the eagles moved their nest to another tree, the next day lightning struck that tree and burned it to the ground.

On very dark, drizzly nights a light could be seen on the river near the shore and always on the same spot called "Hogans Light" because once a man by that name used to fish these waters on Sundays. One Sunday was drowned about that very spot, every since that light has been appearing.

Bud (George) had gone into merchantile business as partner with Uncle Dicky, not far from our home. Country stores did a fine business at that time. They made good.

After a few years they went out of business. Bud came back home and farmed in the fall of the year teaching school.

My life was so much brighter after he came home. He would take me any place I wanted to go. We would walk about the neighborhood together to spend bed time. We went to little parties together and were constant companions.

I heard girls remark that if their brothers were as nice to them as mine was to me they would be so happy. A deep love for each other grew stronger and stronger as the years increased. A love so strong that nought but death could sever. It was while brother was at home that lovely Miss Venie Etheridge came over from Virginia to visit relatives. They met, fell deeply in love with each other and were married before she ever went home again. They lived with us for fifteen months. Little Mattie was born. She came to bring joy and gladness, and brighten our home. Something for us to love so dearly always, born in the same house in which her father was born.

Well we'll go back to our childhood days again when we were so happy. Sitting around a big fire place with the fire crackling and roaring on a cold stormy night. Just the night like my father, my Sainted father, loved to tell us of by gone days.

He use to go to cotton pickings. Every girl and boy must pick the seeds out of a shoe full of cotton before they could play or eat boiled molasses. And when men were clearing new ground men, boys, and girls were invited to log rollings, while men rolled logs the girls were boiling either sugar or molasses. and when the work was done all came into the house and had a jolly good time, eating and playing.

I remember when my father had corn beatings, they didn't have corn shellers at that time, but corn cradles, filled the big old cradle full of corn and with beating sticks beat the corn from the cobs, all the while the men sang accompanying the beating sticks. In this way hundreds of bushels of corn were soon shelled out. And while mother served something all would have a thoroughly good time.

I remember when neighbors would come to spend bed time with us, they wouldn't talk long before some one would tell a witch story (and you would be surprised to know that so many believed in witchcraft, conjuration and ghosts).

They would tell about witches coming down the chimney and we children would move father from the chimney, then they would tell about a witch coming through the keyhole and changing some one to something very small, and carrying them out through the key hole, then changing them to a horse and riding them through swamps, briars and all sorts of rough places, then we children would move up closer again and another would tell an awful ghost story, the hideous things some one had seen at night in their bed room or around the premises. We children were afraid to get a drink of water or go to bed. We would hold on to each other even in bed. And keep our eyes shut tight. I am glad that sort of superstition is forever gone.

We always had family prayer in our home before retiring and often neighbors would be with us who had come to spend bedtime and they would take part in our family worship.

We children were delighted to hear older people tell how people lived when they were young.

Large families of boys and girls were raised in houses with only two or three rooms and a kitchen. Mostly small framed houses and occasionally a log house with a dirt chimney. Of course there were some very handsome residences through the county. And yet people were content and happy than today. Almost all of the pretty homes were back from the road.

There were a good many wealthy and influential men in our community. Geo. D. Pool, Sr., C. W. Hollowell, A Mr. Jim Johnson who was very ambitious to own a thousand slaves, but when the thousandth one was born, one would die, and

the Shirleys owned much property, and there was old Mr. Perkins who was the Father of Mrs. Creecy. She after his death inherited all that immense lands afterward known as the Creecy lands. Their home was lovely. Theirs was the prettiest yard I have ever seen. She had many of the rarest flowers, more beautiful than any I have ever seen. Mr. Dick Creecy (the school teacher that you knew) was Mrs. Creecy's son.

My husband (Mack Stanley) was born in Camden County, but came with his parents to Pasquotank while a small boy. His father Gideon Stanley and mother Elizabeth Gregory Stanley. Gideon was left an orphan while very young.

There was a state law at that time which allowed orphan boys to be bound out until they were twenty one years of age. Such was Gideon's fate.

He was bound to a man named Tom Boushall in Camden County. He was treated badly, wasn't allowed to come to the table with the family, after they had eaten his food was placed on a plate and he stood up and ate so much and no more. The old cook used to steal biscuits and cakes and give him out of the back kitchen window. He would hide to eat them. He would get a suit of clothes and pair of shoes new-Christmas morning and they must last through the winter and spring. He went barefoot until Christmas. He had an older brother who found a home with good people, the man a Carpenter and undertaker. This brother managed to get Gideon with him when about seventeen years of age. It was there he learned the trade which made him a successful man. And when he died left his children several thousand dollars. But the Public Administrator in settling the state got all the money. The children got nothing but one old horse which sold for thirty dollars. At that time Public Administrators were elected by the popular vote of the county and I well remember when that was law and orphan children were cheated out of their money, making rich the administrator.

Right near Newbegun Creek stands the old historic Methodist Church "Rehoboth" but usually called "Newbegun."

This church is much more than a century old.

This spot so dear to my heart was my childhoods Sabbath home. Twas there now Sainted Father and mother would take us children Sabbath after Sabbath. We grew up in that church. To us it is one of the most sacred spots on earth.

This community for many miles is called Weeksville. Having taken its name from a man named Weeks who was Postmaster for the first post office in this county, so I have been told. I have no history for it.

Years before the Civil War tobacco was raised very extensively throughout this part of the Albemarle District, and when people didn't have money they would give tobacco in exchange for goods. Selling for so much per lb. I remember seeing people smoke the dried leaves of tobacco, and a very large majority of women dipped snuff.

Open bars were scattered all over the country.

And at Weeksville there were three bars operating at the same time. (You will have some idea as to how people drank whiskey in earlier days. But very seldom a woman was known to drink whiskey only weak toddies when sick and eggnog on New Christmas morning the very best of people did that.

Goods were brought to Newbegun even from the West Indies as well as other remote countries. Waters were deepened so that the boats could come through. The water at Newbegun bridge is very deep.

Goods were brought to Newbegun by boats and our products were carried out by the same means.

At that time there was a Custom's Collector living in a two story house with green window blinds. Just before you come to Newbegun almost in front of Mr. Dal Jennings house, very near the creek swamp. His name was Albertson,

a relative of the late Judge Albertson. By getting in touch with Miss Kate or Miss Marcie Albertson, I think you could learn much more.

The first General Assembly of North Carolina met in the Spring of 1665 on a spot adjoining Hall's Creek Church yard. Very near the spot where sleep my Grandfather and Grandmother Brothers. Just a few years ago a monument was erected on that spot to commemorate that assembly for all time to come, this spot is near Nixonton. And just beyond Simonds Creek (the place where I lived last year) the Junior Order, erected a monument on the old School house grounds adjoining the Friends Church yard, in the memory of the first school house built in North Carolina.

The first church built in the Albemarle District was built in Chowan County, near Edenton at the cost of one hundred and sixty dollars. Paid their Teacher twelve dollars year.

I know that in 1700 a Reverend Thomas Bray (who was a good man) and every active in organizing religious societies we maybe related. I haven't been able to find out.

During the War I have just the faintest recollection of men coming through the country taking horses for service. One day some men on horseback came riding rapidly up to our door, Uncle Stephen met them they asked him if there were any horses there he told them he thought there was an old blind horse there. They looked at each other and laughed and rode on.

Our boys had been warned they were coming and had hastily driven the horses far back into the woods.

My father was then hidden safely in his lonely tent.

There were regular horse thieves stealing horses at night and carrying across the lines selling them. Just then there was little regard for law.

So the people caught one horse thief took him up to Nixonton and had him made fast to a post, nine men were called out and required to all shoot at the same instant, all the guns except one were loaded with blank cartridges so that no one would know who really killed the man. A hole was dug by the side of the road and they rolled him in it afterwards dogs came and gnawed his feet. And again at Newbegun a horse thief took a nice horse from Mr. Ambrose Hollowell a Baptist preacher, he went in pursuit, called a man out of bed to go with him, a good man, but one who wouldn't back in a few minutes they overtook the man with the stolen horse and in the conflict which was insued he killed the thief, at a Supreme sacrifice, for he lost his mind, but no more horses were stolen in this county until to day.

Uncle Fredrick had a very ecentric son named Wesley Brothers, who all his long life believed he was called of God to preach but nobody seemed to want to listen to him. He never seemed to find a stopping place when once he was started although his talks were real good.

He hoarded his money while his family were in need of clothing and proper food. He lived in a little shanty in the edge of the Ivey (Ivory)? thicket, the growth in that thicket was so thick that people had great difficulty in walking through it. and wild animals rattle snakes and many other kinds of snakes roamed unmolested and safely protected. He used to keep his money hidden in this thickett. His wife watched him one day as he wondered about seeing if his money was safe and one day while he was off on business she wandered around some too and found a half gallon bucket with money in it. I never knew how much, but she began buying the things she had long needed such as sewing machine and cook stove and many other things she had long needed.

He smoked and foamed but she spent. Finally bought her a home and she with all the boys left him. Luke the most intelligent one stayed with him

longest, but times got so hard he too left. Luke and Tyndall worked their way through school. Both of them went away, and are educators to day.

Wesley lived on in that way for some years and finally died. They never found his money and he had a good deal for he had a large farm of very fertile land and never would spend a dollar if he could help it.

I remember a very peculiarly afflicted woman named Fanny Hooker. I don't think she had any near relatives. She was afflicted with Hysteria, and while well thought she was awfully sick, gave entirely up. There were four families planned to take her each three months in the year. Mother and Father took her for three months. All of us children were home, made it so hard for mother. Fanny ate hartily but you couldn't get her to the table. neither would she step out of doors for anything. One day mother persuaded her to come to the table. She sat down looked all around as if scared jumped up and rushed back into her bedroom and we had to take her dinner to her, which she ate most hartily.

Once there lived a notorious character named Washington Pool, better known as "Old Wash."

He lived about three quarters of a mile from our home just across the "Bowe Swamp" A road was made across this swamp by laying logs called puncheons, so that one could drive across it although the water at times was very deep. Wash owned a small clearing, built a little house and called it home, this was surrounded by a dense forest called "The Pocoson" in which roamed wild animals, many of which were fine for food. Wash was the terror of the neighborhood. Hee would disguise himself as some wild animal, usually as a bear and woe to the fellow that went out to spend bed time. Old Wash would be hidden in the bushes so that he could be just slightly seen on his all fours, growling and scratching and when he succeeded in getting him to run, would come out and chase him home scared almost to death. He had one daughter, Father used to

tease Bro. John about a regular Tom boy, she was. Once Wash was seriously ill with pneumonia was perfectly unconscious, his wife was also sick, two men went to give him medicine and care for him one night and they were both drunk, well late in the night they got a tub of water with ice, mixed a plenty in it, carried it in put it beside the bed turned Wash around, hung his feet off the bed and soaked them good in that ice water. Strange to say but Wash began to get better and was soon out again.

Uncle Stephen and Aunt Becky lived in a community called "Gall Berry" taking its name from the numerous Gallberry bushes which grew in that vicinity. He owned a small farm and a comfortable house. They lived chiefly on the products of the farm, and in earlier days wove the cloth in looms from which most of their cloths were made. During the War and just after Uncle Stephen made shoes for his children and sometimes for his neighbors children.

In these early days very few of the middle class of people owned buggies. They rode to church in carts drawn by horses. The man and his wife sitting on a seat-board, the children standing behind them, or sitting on spreads in the bottom of the cart.

But the wealthy rode in handsome carriages drawn by a span of noble horses, a colored driver sitting in front on a seat made especially for the driver. And again many walked to church and to town for a distance of several miles preferring to let their horses rest.

Most farmers had a yoke of oxen, they used mostly for doing the very heavy hauling such as hauling comfort rails and carrying heavy products to boats for shipping.

At that time there were no plank or wire fencing but people cut straight smooth pines and split them into rails for fencing. They didn't nail them but locked them and when a hard wind struck the fence, down it would tumble for

for many hundreds of yards leaving crops exposed to hogs and cattle, for in those days farms were fenced in leaving the roads and woods outside for every man's stock to have pasture.

All of this I remember some seventy years ago.

Though our loved "Old Home" has fallen into other hands, still there are reminders of our childhood days.

There are still cedars and Elms standing as monuments of by gone days, for my angel mother set them out in her yard and the old spotted lillies she loved have not long been gone.

And there stands at the end of the house an old big pear tree my dear father set out some sixty five years ago, and still bearing pears. But earlier still I remember the "old lead ditch" that ran through the side of the barn lot. It was about six feet wide and perhaps four feet deep. Bud (George) would put pieces of wide board in the ditch and call them boats, he would get Eddie and myself on one of these boards, then give us long sticks for oars, with these sticks we would push our boats along. If they didn't move readily, Bud would tell us to push hard, we would do as he told us, our boats would shoot right out from under us, we would sit flat down in the water, to Bud's great delight, how he would laugh and slap his hands. I can see him now as he looked then.

And then he use to make "Tom Walkers" he would take two long sticks, very strong ones, make a place for the feet, possibly two or three feet from the ground. He would teach us to walk on these Tom walkers, We thought it fine to be up so high our heads among the tree limbs. After we learned to walk real good then Bud wanted us to walk in that ditch. I soon learned to hold my feet solid, Eddie was younger and didn't understand, he would step right out in the water when his walker stuck in the mud. How Bud would laugh

and jump up and down But he would have to get Eddie out of the water to keep him from drowning. Then mother would appear on the scene.

That old ditch was the nicest place for us children to skate and we have seen millions of stars when the sun was shining by falling on the ice. But nothing kept us away from that old ditch until we were ashamed of those childish sports.

The old lane leading up to our home from the main highway still looks a little familiar.

There used to be three of the largest persimmon trees down that lane I ever saw. One of them is still standing there and bears persimmons every year though sixty five years ago it was as large as it is today. Bud, Eddie and I use to gather these persimmons by the bushel and Father would make the best persimmon beer you ever drank. On winter nights we would draw a large pitcher full carry it into the hall it would be ice cold, how we all did enjoy it. I have never drank anything I thought was better. When one barrell was gone Father would make another for the persimmons lasted through most of the winter. We had plenty of company while the beer lasted.

And near the gate that opened into the lane there stood a great big "Haw tree" Oh how good those haws were Once when brother and Charlie Rogerson were out in the woods hunting, they found a crows nest with two tiny crows in it. Brother gave me one, I named him "Romeo" he made a very interesting pet, yet a very troublesome one. He would steal anything he could carry. He had a particular place for everything.

After our big wood pile got to be small we found all his stolen goods under the side of a big log.

He would light on the dinning table, take a biscuit or anything that suited him and fly off with it.

One day father was setting out potatoe plants. Romeo was going along behind him cawing and killing every frog he saw. Father finished his row and looked around Romeo had pulled up every plant and laid them down nicely in the row. Romeo was very fond of apples, one day when Father was plowing Romeo got an apple and flew on Father's head to eat it, but when he pecked hard at the apple it rolled off and his bill went through Father's hat and into his head. Father was very fond of Romeo because he would follow him all day long whether Father was hoeing or plowing when he would get tired of walking he would light on Father's head or shoulders, or on the horses back. If you smoothed his feathers the right way he was pleased but if you ruffled them up he would fight desperately.

Once I had a pet squirrel he was very amusing at first but became very troublesome He too would steal. Once at Christmas time a box of nice confectioneries were sent me, I left them in my bedroom. Some time later I was going upstairs. I met Benny coming down with a pecan in his mouth he was very angry when I met him and growled, He did hesitate to fight when everything didn't suit him. About sunset he would go upstairs get on my bed get under the covering and roll himself up in a little round ball and sleep until about day break, then he would begin gnawing my toes just enough to keep me awake, if he got too warm he would come out and stretch himself on the pillow at full length and get cool. He disliked visitors very much, if company came I would have to shut Benny up. He would jump on their shoulders and bite their neck.

Bud liked dogs much better than any other pet. He use to have bird dogs, coon dogs and dogs for catching hogs and cattle, when they would get into the fields of growing grain. With the hunting dogs he would have fine sport. Several of his neighbors boys would come over to go hunting with him.

Oh such whooping and yelling from the boys and others blowing horns, while the dogs were barking their loudest, and just as eager for the sport as were the boys.

I used to get so enthused I would feel like hunting too. Fox hunting was real exciting for there would be lots of fox hounds owned by different men, often as many as twenty five hounds and as many men and boys. The dogs all barking, the men and boys whooping their loudest and some one blowing the bugle that was fun, I use to stop my work and run out to look and listen so thrilled I was.

Mr. Rogerson the son of our Aunt Firaby and our nearest neighbor since I could remember. He use to be a great hunter and much of their winter meats were obtained this way.

One day while walking through the woods he saw on a fallen log, the tracks of something that had muddy feet, so he made a strong snare. He took a long strong pole but one that he could bend fastened a noose of strong rope with a slip knot on the top of the pole and with setting sticks set on the log bending the pole down over the log. He resolved to catch whatever walked that log, he also fastened a bell on top of the pole so that if he made a catch the bell would ring and he would hear, but thought he would test the strength of the snare himself, so he slipped one foot in the noose and threw the snare, the pole flew up snatched his feet up to the top of the pole so there he was suspended in mid air by one foot and the bell ringing loudly. His folks heard the continual ringing of the bell and came to his relief. The old school house (Pool's schoolhouse) where all of us children went to school was just a one room building with eight windows. A big stove stood in the center of the room. The benches we sat on were straight with no backs and very uncomfortable, cold winter days many of us wouldn't get warm until near noon, those nearest the stove were burning while those farther off were almost freezing.

Among the earliest teachers I remember hearing our folks speak of Mr. Maurice Vaughn brother of Mr. Jim Vaughn that Bud use to work with Mr. Osborn, Mr. Lem Fletcher and Mr. Blake Sawyer, a brother of Mr. Ed Sawyer Baptist preacher and the marrying parson. I was too young to go to school.

Teachers were very strict, would whip the boys severely for the slightest offense. The boys said if they went home any day without having had a whipping they were very much dissatisfied.

There was a door on each side of the room, one hot day Bud was sitting on the end of a bench right in the door he was a little fellow then, while the teacher was busy Bud went to sleep, he made a big dip and turned a summersault out of doors, frightened him almost to death he thought sure the teacher saw him and would give him a sound thrashing but he got back in place so quickly and was studying so hard in an instant, the teacher knew.

During the War the woods and swamps were full of men in ambush all around Newbegun the Guerellars were on the side with the South and the Buffaloes with the North. There was bitter hatred between the two sides. Both sides were Bushwackers each watching the movements of the others, both sides doing dirty, ugly things, causing their neighbors, friends and even near relatives, who did not approve of their ugly deeds, all manner of trouble.

The leaders of the Buffaloes in the county lived in the lower part of the county, was Thad Cox, one day most of the Buffaloes were coming out with their wives and children going to town, The guirillars knew they were coming and were hid in the bushes, just where the Episcopal church now stands, not a quarter of a mile from where we now live.

They came out of ambush just as the Buffaloes were near enough for them to shoot them.

They began shooting right into the buggies where the women and children were, some of the men jumped out and ran into the bushes, some had broken

arms, some shot in the head, But Thad Cox sat in his buggy and held his little girl in front of him thinking no doubt they wouldn't shoot the little girl. They kept on firing as the horses ran, Cox fell out of the buggy dead before they reached where I live. his wife fell out some yards from Newbegun Bridge. The little girls sat in the foot of the buggy and held on to the dash, The horses were taken up near Mr. Howell's and the little girls rescued.

Where father and mother grew up there were small chances for an education in middle class life. Often years would pass by when there would be no school within reach and often when there was it lasted just a few months.

Our parents were very fond of reading although they never read books of fiction. I have heard mother say she was often glad to be alone so that she could read and not be disturbed.

Father was for a time a member of the Board of County Commissioners and was magiestrate for a long time. He married a great many couples both white and colored. And almost every time they had big suppers, and would send mother and myself the very nicest suppers, we thoroughly enjoyed and learned to look for.

My father lived to be nearly eighty one years old.

Uncle Stephen seventy five

Aunt Becky eighty six

Uncle Dicky Seventy

Aunt Nancy fifty six

Aunt Feraby eighty six

When he died Brother Fatie was nearly eighty three years old

John seventy three

Eddie thirty nine

Bud nearly seventy

Bud farmed five years after he and Vennie were married. Labor was hard to get so he decided to move to E. City and work with Mr. Jim Vaughn, after a while he decided to go into business alone, the remainder of his life you know.

As far back as I can remember Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Pool Sr. with Bettie and Gaston use to come occasionally and spend the afternoon and take supper with mother, Bud, Eddie and I would be delighted for we knew we would get a better supper than usual. Mother would never know ahead they were coming so must prepare supper from the jump, there were no stores to help her out. "We lived at home." She would bake a hasty cake which was always good, have fried ham and eggs, fried chicken, waffles, egg bread, cream, biscuit and butter and nice coffee. In summer strawberries or some other fruit and every body seemed happy as could be. Dr. Pool and Mrs. Pool with some of the children would some times take supper with us and always seemed to enjoy themselves so much.

Mr. C. W. Hollowell and his wife use to visit us but I don't remember they ever took supper with us.

I do remember that the death sickness of the first Mrs. Hollowell. She sent for father come pray with her which he did.

Mr. Pool had a son younger than Walter named Webster. He was unusually brilliant. He was preparing to go to college when his brother Walter, John Q.A. Wood, John Small and Brother John went.

Most of the wealthy families spent the summer months at Nags Head at that time. It was there Webster was taken sick, they brought him home but he died. Mr. Pool sent for Father to come read the burial services over him.

Mr. Geo. D. Pool Sr., was sick for a long time, Dr. Pool took him down to his home near the Pasquotank River where it was so cool and peaceful, but his case was beyond all human skill, he died. Dr. Pool sent for Father and Mr. Rogerson to come and shroud him. Dr. said he wanted his brothers life time friends to wrap his robes about him.

We have grown old now, and our heads are silvered o'er by the frosts of many winters. Our bodies have grown feeble and our foot steps falter. We often stumble and fall and with much difficulty we get on our feet again. Still our hearts beat warm and true, faithful to the memory of the many we have loved and lost for a while but expect to meet in the morning.

Still thankful for and deeply loving the dear one left to us and who are making bright and happy the evening of our lives as we so rapidly approach the sunset hour, unafraid and having the full assurance of a glorious tomorrow.