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Of the original 252 audio-recordings in this collection, 212 of these tapes were transcribed around the time of the original recordings (between 1966 and 1978). In 2012, Cabbage Tree Solutions was contracted to create transcriptions for the remaining tapes. Corrections to and clarifications for all transcriptions are welcome, especially for names and places. Please contact Special Collections, University of Delaware Library, for questions. askspecref@winsor.lib.udel.edu
INTRODUCTION

Louise Staton Johnson was truly a remarkable woman and one of Newark's gracious ladies. Fortunately, she loved to write, and her writings reveal what it was like to grow up and live in Newark in the late 1800's to mid 1900's. Her transition from farm girl to a widow working on Capitol Hill included no fewer than thirteen career changes (in addition to motherhood and marriage to one of Delaware's most popular publishers and political figures.)

Her experiences were written in her memoirs titled, *A Narration of Many Memories, Several Detours, and a Few Thoughts.* A letter sent to the daughter of former Governor and U.S. Senator, John G. Townsend Jr., poignantly points out the difficulties she experienced writing at the age of ninety-five with failing eyesight.

A previous rendition was taped during an oral history program being conducted by the University of Delaware. Rebecca P. Button conducted the interview February 14, 1973. The two versions differ slightly, (the oral history contains 33,634 words, the written version has 55,216) but the differences are worth noting.

A chronology of the life of Mrs. Johnson is provided to guide the reader through the many stories that do not always follow in logical sequence.

The tapes, provided by Rebecca Johnson Melvin of Special Collections, were transcribed by Marcia J. Adams and edited by Robert C. Barnes who inserted brackets wherever historical inaccuracies were discovered.

Judith M. Pfeiffer

Robert C. Barnes
To Edith and Bill,

This is the result of a winter's work and I send to you with some apology. The parts in which I described my own ventures.

Dr. Munroe of the History Department of the University of Delaware is trying to find bits of history of Newark and the Newark area and has approached older people on the subject.

First, I made a tape of my memories, but I thought it was poor and told him I had rather write than talk. He told me to go ahead and to include the year we spent in Dover when your father and grandfather was Governor of Delaware and Everett C. Johnson was Secretary of State; also, the impressions made on me during the 12 years in Senator Townsend's office and in all the other places.

Well, it was easy to remember great many interesting things, many more than I have written. The trouble was that I found that memories do not come in chronological order, but just popped into my mind at odd times. Hence, some lack of sequence.

I tried to picture the life style in my early years and the great difference in prices. John Munroe seems pleased with the results.

I did this with the disadvantage of failing eyesight, made worse by constant writing. I can no longer read what I write, or books or paper. I have not read this material I am sending you even with the help of a strong glass. I can see to get around the house, but do not go out alone.

Will you please give this note of explanation to Lyla and to Preston.

I want to see you again and we shall try to persuade you to come up for a day in October.

Affectionately
Louise S. Johnson
Chronology for Louise Johnson:

1844 Martha Rounds Staton born February 14, 1844 Louise's mother and second wife of Joseph Staton.

1880 Family moved from Snow Hill, Maryland Father Joseph Leland Staton - pastor of Welsh Tract Primitive Baptist Church. Lived in Parsonage at Rt. 4 and Rt. 72.

1882 December, Louise born in Parsonage.

1884 Louise's brother Henry born.

1887 Attended school - Welsh Tract Schoolhouse at the foot of Iron Hill - one room stone structure.

1891 Louise's father dies - Louise 8 years old

1894 Family moved to Choate Street for six months then moved a short distance to Main And Choate Street to the second floor of the Grange Building (Klondike Kate's). Louise's first year of High School.

1896 Louise's mother builds house at 34 Delaware Ave.

1897 Louise graduates from High School

1898 Louise graduates from boarding school in Newark Academy run by Mr. David Jacquette and his sister Amy.

1900 Passes teacher's Examination in Dover (age 18) teaches school at Sandy Brae.

1902 June 10, marries Everett C. Johnson at age 19 and moves to Baltimore.

1902 Builds house across from her mother's but never occupies it.

1904 Everett and Louise move back to Newark.

1907 Moves back to farm where Louise was born. Daughter Marjorie born.

1910 Everett elected to House of Representatives.

1912 Louise's mother dies at age of 96.

1914 Louise enrolls in Women's College and takes two classes in English.

1916 Everett appointed Secretary of State under Governor John G. Townsend Jr.
1918 Spanish flu epidemic - Everett's father Isaac dies.

1918 Louise and Marjorie move to Dover to be with Everett.

1921 Everett turns down offers to stay in politics and family moves to Wilmington for a few months, later moves to South College Ave. to be closer to Kells.

1923 Had house built on West Park Place in back of Kells.

1926 February 20 Everett dies at home in bed. Louise takes over as editor of Newark Post.

1928 Marjorie graduates from College and leaves to teach history for four years at Ridley Park, Pennsylvania.

1928 Summer job for Louise and Marjorie at Manumit Camp at Pawling, New York.

1928 Louise declines invitation to return to camp in fall and starts working at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, New York.


1940 When Senator Townsend was not elected for a fourth term Louise stays in D.C. and goes to work in the US Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce.

1944 September, Louise retires as Supervisor of the Editorial Section of the International Economic and Statistics unit of the Bureau, and returns to Newark, lives in Kells building which had been made into apartments. Works at UofD Library under Ditto Lewis.

1945 October, sold Kells building to Irene Motes

1946 Louise buys lot on Winslow Rd. in Newark

1954 Land on Winslow bought by Marjorie and Frank Squire who build house with mother-in-law addition for Louise.

1975 Louise writes Memoirs

1977 Louise dies at age 95
Interview with Mrs. Everett C. Johnson, the widow of the Secretary of State, State of Delaware and a resident of Newark for most of her 90 years. The interview is in her home on January 31, 1973.

COULD YOU TELL US SOMETHING ABOUT WHAT IT WAS LIKE GROWING UP HERE MRS. JOHNSON?

In my childhood my family lived on a small farm about 2 miles south of Newark in Pencader Hundred. We occupied a large farmhouse built in Revolutionary days with additions made as required. Our family consisted of my parents and teenage sons of my father's first marriage and my brother and myself. We filled the house nearly as I can remember. Somehow however, there was always room to provide for frequent guests.

My father had come from near Snowhill, Maryland. After he had been ordained as a minister in the Primitive Baptist Church, he had come to serve as pastor for the Welsh Tract Church near Newark at the foot of Iron Hill and at the London Tract Meeting House. I should tell you that they are both called Meeting Houses, about 5 miles above Newark in Chester County, Pennsylvania. Also on occasion at a small Meeting House at Fishing Creek near Cambridge, Maryland, and on 5th Sundays, when the month had a 5th Sunday, he served a congregation in Philadelphia. The old white house that became our home was the Parsonage of the Welsh Tract Church. In speaking of my childhood for me to list the names of out buildings which surrounded it because they were so numerous and very interesting. To the main barn there was attached a
wagon shed and corn crib. Then came a well and a trough for the watering of the horses and the cows. To this was attached a smoke house where at butchering times bacon and hams were cured and sausage and scrapple were made. On the other side of the main there was a group including a carriage house and a grainery, a slaughterhouse and a chicken house. The slaughterhouse and the smokehouse indicates that a butcher had once lived there and I was certain he had been an important person in the community. I know how my little brother and I would run out each week to greet the person who drove in a covered wagon, a butcher wagon, covered with white on our driveway. In addition to the butcher there came a fishman every week bringing herring and shad which my mother packed down in kegs and barrels for winter use. There was a ragman who came every once in a while to pick up rags that mother was ready to throw away. We think he took them to Paper Mill to sell and then after the visits of these interesting people there were those tramps, peddlers and gypsies in my childhood in the 1880's. The tramps usually came asking to do a little work in exchange for a large meal, sometimes when one arrived late in the day towards night, he would ask for a place to sleep and expected no more than a bed of hay in the barn loft with perhaps a small blanket if the night was chilly. No one ever feared them or thought they would ever destroy anything. Quite different from today. The peddler was more interesting than the tramp. In his pack of odds-and-ends which hung from his shoulder, seemed to me each year to hold something which my mother thought she needed. The highlight of the year, was the coming of gypsies who pitched their tents in a small grove about 1/2 mile from our place and stayed for a week or more before we felt safe. Their horses were skinny and their women were bedraggled and no sooner had they been settled then one or more men of the group would arrive at
our door to beg for corn or hay for their horses which my father thought he would have to
give to them. Then they wanted to buy a few chickens and would hand a few cents to
him. The women would come to tell our fortune for a very small sum. The neighbors
usually gave a sigh of relief when they moved on.

There were days which were important both to the men and women on the farm.
First was moving day, in that period which was always March 25\textsuperscript{th}. They were very
helpful in the neighborhood. Men and women from surrounding farms would come and
help mother get things ready. The men would carry them out to their wagons and finally
some women with food and cook stoves would start first and a man or two would follow
to help put up cook stoves and lift the heavy things - the boxes of food. It was a real
party, picnic style. All the neighbors would gather in the new house around tables and
eat the food that different ones had brought. They had a big day and when they left at
night mothers beds would be put in order and made up, food in the pantry and everything
in order for her to go to housekeeping.

DID THE MEN HAVE SPECIAL JOBS SETTING UP THE FARM - DID THEY DO
THINGS LIKE REPAIR BARNS OR ANYTHING OF THAT KIND ON THAT
MOVING DAY?

Oh no, it was just a days work done by neighbors for a neighbor and the next day
that was important was the thrashing day, to thrash the wheat. We had a small farm and
only a small wheat field and yet they seemed to like our food and sometimes they would
come in time for supper and be there for breakfast and if they stretched it a little, be there
in time for the noon meal but any housewife on the farm had to expect to feed them very,
very well and a man whom we knew well, a neighbors son, owned a thrashing machine.
He was very jolly - we liked to see him come and after the threshing of the grain it was put on the granary floor and my brother and I had to be corrected for going in there in our barefeet and walking through this cool wheat that lay on the floor.

School days in a country school, a little stone building with one room and a stove in the middle, teaching children who were ungraded but we usually had good teachers and the children, she would push them on as fast as they could learn and were inclined to study. I don't remember a child in the school who couldn't read after he'd been there a while. There never seemed to be such a thing as a child who wasn't able to read and our school was about a mile from our home and we bought our own books and had them covered with calico and carried them in a bag over our shoulders which mother had made and we bought our own slates and pencils and cheap tablets and I remember that if we were asked to spell a word when we had our spelling books, we were required to pronounce the word, to spell it, to put it in a sentence, pronounce it again. If we missed the word we stayed in after school and wrote it on our slates a hundred times. Our teachers were paid about $25.00 a month. Our school was called one of the district schools and I think most of the teachers pay came from taxes, taxes on the farms in the district and at that time there were no schools that I knew of for colored children around Newark except in Newark itself, where there was one with 2 room's, many of the colored children were getting no education at all.

In my childhood it never occurred to me to think I was not sufficiently entertained. There were all the things around us and the people we loved and the daily life of a large family. My half-sisters had parties and picnics and had a jolly time and there were sleigh rides in winter and skating and sledding and running down the road
with sticks to drive as horses and all such made up games that children of the country
loved to do and we were prepared in that country school for what the teacher thought was
entrance to the Newark High School.

The Newark High School was a bit crowded so in order to enroll there we had to
have a consultation with one of the trustees of the Newark School and the man I was sent
to see was a Mr. George Williams who lived on the eastern end of Newark and I was very
much frightened when I had to have that talk with him but he was very nice to me and
after a great many questions he decided that I might be enrolled in the school and when I
went to the school it was the only school in Newark (public school) about half way down
Main Street, a brick building with two stories, two school rooms on each floor and a
cloak room and a classroom on each floor and that building is now an administration
building for the schools of Newark and is next to the bank, the Farmers Bank of The State
of Delaware. That was all there was in Newark. When I entered from the country I was
a frightened child.

The high school consisted of three classes, three grades. Beginning with C and B
and A was the senior. We had a principal and a teacher in that room. Whenever possible
one teacher would use the classroom, otherwise we heard the two classes reciting at once.
The classroom wasn't very large. Mr. Lee Ellis, a graduate of Delaware College, no I
take that back, it was Mr. Bert Raub, Dr. Bert Raub I expect he was because he was the
son of Dr. Raub who was at one time the president of the College, was the principal when
I went. He was very kind to me, he saw that I was a little bit frightened and one day at
noon when I was trying to make up some work that I thought needed to be done, he came
down and sat on the seat next to me and talked to me and he helped me a great deal. Well
I plugged along in the C grade and finally got to the B the next year and then the next year to the A. But in the meantime, our teacher in the B grade was Miss Fannie Briscoe, quite a character. Wonderful teacher but she had her own ways. The principal had to abide by them, more or less. Finally Mr. Raub had a friend in town, Joe Handy whose brother was a United States Congressman and Joe Handy was pretty well up on his history. I think he must have been idle a few months and our principal asked him to come over and take Miss Fannie's history class for that time because she was a little overworked. He did and we had our recitations in the classroom. Of course we had assignments each night but we soon learned that we didn't have to pay much attention to them because Mr. Handy was such an entertaining person that when an incident was mentioned he always had some stories about it. It meant more to him than the dates and all that, and we were having a really good time but the day came when an examination had to be given and Miss Fannie insisted on giving the examination with the result that every one in the class failed. It was quite a time. We had to work like slaves to review that history book and get down what the textbook said which meant more to her than what Mr. Handy said. Then we were through with that.

Now in the A class the subjects we had as I remember were ancient history, Latin, English and algebra and there was one more which I can never remember.

I wanted to tell you about the recreation we had. Down back of the school there were two muddy yards. They were either muddy or dusty and we'd play around the edges somewhat or stand and talk. Sometimes we'd go walk up and down the street in front of the school during noon hour. One day we were out there and there began to be great laughter. There was a man drunk, just silly drunk, out front the more the children
questioned him the funnier he got. We were having a big time when out comes our then principal, Mr. A. Lee Ellis with his red hair and red face and he said plenty to us. And he wound end up by saying how would you feel if that were your father. I never forgot it.

Not long after I had entered the school in Newark to which I had to walk about two miles each day and evening. My father died suddenly. Whenever there was a rainy day I had been asked to stay with friends on West Delaware Avenue overnight. They were members of my father's church at Welsh Tract. They saw that I was well taken care of and that I prepared my lessons for the next day and had a good dinner and breakfast.

After my fathers death my mother found that she should give up the parsonage and move to town so that she would have the proper schooling for my brother and myself. She lived and rented quarters for the first year or so and then she decided that she would build a house which was a very brave thing for her to do for two reasons. She had never done such a thing. She had no man to advise her and she had very little money to spend on the house. She found a lot which she thought was a good location on West Delaware Avenue which belonged to Mr. George Evans a prominent man in the town. It was only a 35' lot which was not large enough but he would not sell her more because he wanted to sell the lot next to it. There was no driveway but he assured her there was a driveway in the back which is still there. It's back of the old Presbyterian Church. You can drive from South College up to the back of these houses and drive in their back way. A contractor in town gave her an estimate on the house. Her idea was that she could rent rooms and about the only way she could think of to add to her income. She planned her house with that idea in mind.
The houses in Newark in those days always had, in addition to a back porch, they would have a front porch and I'll tell you why later. She built a house with 6 bedrooms and a small hall bedroom and 4 rooms on the first floor. She had a coal stove in each room, no furnace, no electric lights. The lot cost $365.00. Mr. Griffin, the contractor in town, built a good house, painted, for $1800.00. I'm just giving these figures to compare with what is charged now. He was watched in the building of the house by a friend on Main Street, Mr. Hossinger, another prominent member of the town, who brought the estimate, that described what he was going to do and watched as it was being built to see that my mother was getting a square deal, which she did.

Not long after the house was built and she began to occupy it, George Medill, son of another Newark man, brother of Mrs. Agnes McVay, who lives here now, appeared at the door and said he had a friend at college, a junior who wanted to get a place where it would be more quiet to study, the college hall was a noisy place and full of rats. The young man he brought was Everett C. Johnson. And he was followed by Tom Baxter and Joe Truxton and George and Harry Vickers from Chestertown, Maryland, and Leonard Soper, a son of a big orchard grower in Kent County and George Fisher who became a lawyer and Rodney Sharp who has done so much for the University of Delaware. Many other followed during the years, among them George Dutton who became the second dean of Delaware College. Mother made life easier the following year by having electricity and a heater put in the house and my brother was relieved of gathering ashes each morning and made it much easier for her.

One year Joe Truxton and his roommate Mr. Grant had failed to engage their room for the next year and when they came they were so upset about it and they seemed
so sad that mother dismantled her parlor and put up a bed so that they might have a room there. Then they took a notion that the breakfasts at the college were not good so they all wanted breakfast with her. And that came to pass. She had a big icebox because there was no refrigerators in town. Dot McNeal's father, Warner McNeal was the only ice man in town. The jolliest man in town too. He would come to the door where the ice box was and have a greeting for all of us. He had a coal business here too. These young men lived and came and went and my mother had admonished me that I was not to be in the hall when the boys went through. That was her business and not mine. I was too young to be looking at college boys so that was easy to do and I managed to do it.

The post office was at the other end of town, all the way down to Choate Street. The only post office and it was a two room building, small rooms at that and Mr. Choate was the postmaster and Mr. Singles (I think his name was) was the assistant who did most of the work. We had boxes, ours was number 64 and I would walk down there every day to get the mail and if there was anything in my box Mr. Singles would go get it with a bright face. If not he would shake his head. He always knew which person was getting mail that day.

One day when I was coming back I heard steps back of me. Quick steps, and they became quicker, finally a young man stood beside me and he said I live in your house might I walk home with you and I took him in and I was so embarrassed that I brought him into the sitting room and I said "Mother you know Mr. Fisher don't you?"

In addition to my school work which required every evening during the week, we had plenty of entertainment. We played euchre and 500 and down at the end of Delaware Avenue in that block there was a brick building owned by the Bowen brothers who ran
the only newspaper. The Delaware Ledger. One young man who was in their employ conceived the idea of turning the second story which was not in use, into a little dance hall and somewhere he found a piano and Miss Nell Wilson would come up and play for our little dances and on short order he'd get a group together and go down there to dance or play cards and things.

My mother was very careful of me. She'd let me go that far but it wasn't to be a date but somehow or other I always had someone walk home with me that half block. After a while I was considered old enough to go to the college dances but not when I was still in high school.

We also had, well I think I had better graduate from high school first. We were graduated in June 1897, there were 12 of us in class. Think of it, there are hundreds now. Four boys and eight girls. The four boys enrolled in Delaware College but Delaware College had had it's fill of girls for a while. They'd had some trouble up there and they were not being admitted at the time I was ready so one girl, the daughter of the Methodist minister, I suppose because her father could get a scholarship, went to Gaucher, but the rest of us were on our own. I had written to Dickinson. I had a letter saying I would be admitted if I wished to come and probably work could be found and give me help so I could help my mother with expenses. At that time, that Fall before time to go I had everything ready but packing my clothes, my mother was taken very ill and it suddenly dawned on me that I could not go to college and that was quite a blow.

But meanwhile I was talking about entertainment wasn't I. I branched off. We had a minstrel show one year. Just all local men in their thirties or so. They put on a grand show I thought. It was held in a building on the corner of Academy Street and
South Main, owned then by a Mr. Miller who rented different parts of it. They had one room that was quite spacious and had a stage. Later my brother was in a show there with younger boys. They called it a variety show and he was the star because he could dance. I don't know what you call those solo dances, clog and other things you know. He also played very well on the Jews harp and mouth organ and then they had songs. It was quite a show.

Then I want to tell you about the wagons that went up and down Main Street. Mr. Fader was a butcher. One of his daughters was in my class at high school. I said butcher, I mean baker. You could go there for 5 cents and get an elegant loaf of Vienna bread in those days. He would go up and down the street with a vehicle, I don't know what it was called, it had an open space on each side where a door would be and he rang his bell up and down Main Street and watched out each door for singles to stop and sold his bread. Then there was Mr. Stiltz who came to town. He's the father of these boys who have the revenue of buses for these schools now. He was selling bananas and other fruits. He would stop at my mother's house nearly every day and then there came along another vehicle and they sold spices and coffee and tea and it was the advent of The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company in Newark. I think that was about 75 years ago and my mother thought that was wonderful.

WHAT DID YOUR MOTHER PREPARE FOR PEOPLE WHEN SHE DID HER FINE BREAKFASTS AND DINNERS? WHAT KIND OF FOOD DID YOU HAVE?

She didn't have them for dinners.

DID SHE ENJOY COOKING?
At breakfast she would have I suppose bacon and eggs and just the regular breakfast we have now. She used a bit of cornbread and those boys downstate liked that.

I wanted to tell you what she charged for those rooms. $3.00 a week for a room, heated and taken care of you know. I don't know what she charged for meals but not much. She got along. All the food she bought was cheap you see. But I never ate with those boys you know.

A funny thing happened there speaking of George Dutton. When I was thought old enough to go to the Newark dances the college dances and the college boys did ask the Newark girls because it cost them money to bring their girls from down state. They would have to provide room for them overnight and things like that.

One morning after I was staring to teach, I went down to my breakfast after, when I was home for the weekend, I found a note under my plate and it was from George Dutton asking me if I would go to a dance the next weekend with him. Well I was so thrilled but I didn't go to the dance because I didn't think my dress was good enough. I had dresses enough for school but I didn't have dance dresses enough to go to many dances so I stayed home.

Another recreation was hay rides. We'd get a group together and hire a farm wagon bedded with hay and drawn by two horses. We'd sit on the hay and drive to Shell Pot Park above Wilmington. That was no mean trip for an evening you know, in those days. No good roads. When we got there we sat on benches and talked or we sat at tables and ate ice cream and we danced and finally came home and thought we'd had a good time.
All the houses in Newark seemed to have front porches and on them there were comfortable chairs and always a hammock. And that was in those days a great place to entertain ones friends. Our beaux were always entertained there. There was no traffic then. The word traffic wasn't known in Newark then. No more than the word casserole was in the kitchen.

There were no telephones except at the railway stations. My mother had the first telephone in our block. She had to take it out because people bothered her so much coming in to use it, all the neighbors. It interfered with her work.

If a boy wanted to date a girl he either had to write to her or drive up unannounced in his horse and buggy, or on his two feet, and see if anyone had gotten there before he did. The front porch was a very important place. If he saw another horse and buggy hitched there he kept going.

I have to go back to our commencement from high school. Because I'd had such good teachers and been pushed ahead in the country school, when I was graduated I would not be 15 until November and the age required for teaching which is all I would know how to do, and I got no special preparation for that, was 18 years of age. I think that bothered my mother a good bit to know what to do with me in those times.

The first thing that happened was in her favor. A Mr. Jacquette, a Newark man and teacher had decided to open a school in the old Newark Academy for day students and boarders and he told us he would furnish the equivalent to a freshman year at college. I think that had not been possible for him because he had no laboratories and didn't have enough teachers but I had had Latin (beginning) and Dr. Miller, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church taught us Caesar and Virgil and Mr. Jacquette taught the other
subjects and that was trigonometry, botany, astronomy and English and psychology. As well as I can remember he had quite a little school there.

The next year the Methodist minister's daughter and I graduated from that school. We had our commencement over in the building where I told you the plays were held.

Then there was the next year when I had to put in time and my mother persuaded me to take a Chautauqua course. They sent the books and we studied the books and sent our answers in to their examinations. I had that for a year and I had time off to do some visiting and that's when I went mostly to the dances. Some of the dances were held in, I think I remember in Old College most of them were held in Recitation Hall which had been built by that time I believe. One night as I was washing dishes in the kitchen someone appeared at the front door which was open and it was John Ponder who was I suppose a sophomore in college and he was breathless and he said that a group of them had hired traveling musicians, given them dinner in return for our dance music that evening. And they gained permission (this was in the middle of the week I think) from the authorities to use the dance hall until it was dark, no longer. There was to be no light on. I didn't have time to change my dress or change my shoes or anything, so that was the happiest dance - the most fun I ever had. We just danced crazy. The other dances were sometimes very formal affairs. There would be commencement dances particularly formal. Then there were dances given by the different societies. We had to walk through all kinds of mud and we would take our shoes in a pretty bag and change them in the dressing room after we got there. We always had a good time.

Commencement at Delaware College was a gala week. If possible we'd have a friend from downstate down towards Middletown come up and spend the week with us to
show her what Commencement Week was at Delaware College and the whole town came. It was a case of Town and Gown you know, mingling.

Reel 1 Side B

It started with a Baccalaureate sermon and the next I think there were two literary societies which vied with each other. One was Athenean and the other was Delta Phi and each one of them had an exercise and speaker. Then finally on Wednesday, I think, they would have the Commencement itself. Mrs. Sam Donnell who lived in a brick house near the college, the house has been torn down since, always furnished the decorations which consisted of big rubber plants and palms in huge pots. She kept them I think for that purpose because we had them for our high school commencement which was in Old College too. They gave us that for that purpose and she furnished the decorations then. Well at that time there was no co-education, no affiliated school and there was a Dr. Manning who taught French and German and very much in favor of co-education. That second year he met me on the street one day and wanted to know what I was doing. He said you get a class together and I will teach them German if you'll find a place for us to meet. So I got permission on Saturday morning to use the old classroom at high school and Dr. Manning met, I think there were four of us there, that he taught for the rest of the year. I will say this now in regard to that, that later when I was teaching he met me on the street one Saturday and he said what are you doing and I said I am teaching at the Pleasant Valley School. He said you come to my house every Saturday evening or Friday evening and if I'm not there to teach you German my wife will do it. That was what he did just for me. He didn't ask for a class so I had that advantage.
Now then, to go back to the Commencement. Commencement Day itself they had a speaker and several of the graduates who were chosen because of their speaking ability I suppose. One of those was Everett C. Johnson. The year 1899. He was in favor of co-education. He had taken that for his subject to discuss. Dr. Manning warned him that he might not be permitted to give it because of the feeling and he did not know until an hour before if he would be able to give it, but he did.

Later Dr. Manning left Delaware College because of that feeling. He was so much in favor of it himself that he couldn't bear to teach where girls could not be taught.

WHAT ABOUT THE CHURCHES IN NEWARK AT THAT TIME?

Well I remember there were Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian and Methodist. I went to church with my mother on the two days that service was held at Welsh Tract. A member of the church who kept a store in Newark, Mr. Sherwood, would take us in his carriage. I also went to Epworth League during the week with the daughter of the Methodist minister and to Christian Endeavor with the daughter of the Presbyterian minister, occasionally, I went to the Catholic Church with the lady who sewed for us occasionally.

My half sister, Maggie, who lived near Newark, wanted to take my mother to Philadelphia for a few days rest and she left my brother and me in the care of a friend of my mothers. We had a high time while they were gone. When they returned Maggie brought me 3 books, well bound in imitation leather which she had bought on sale at Snellenbergs I believe. The titles of the three books, were Washington Irving’s Sketch Book, Emerson’s Essays and The Widow Bedott Papers which was a humorous book. I
was so thrilled with my gifts that after I read them I took them to school thinking I could lend them to my classmates.

On occasional weekends my mother would give me one dollar to go to Wilmington where two of my half sisters were then living. I would go in on the B & O round trip for 60 cents. The streetcar fare, trolley, going to my sisters and back was 10 more cents and I stopped on the way from the trolley to their houses to get some special ice cream that I know was served in a certain place and that took another 10 cents and believe it or not I brought change back home to my mother.

On one of these trips I met a cousin whom I scarcely knew had come up from Salisbury, Maryland. He was boarding with my half sister, Georgie. His father was a wealthy businessman in Salisbury and he had thought that his son would not be properly educated until he had a business education and he admonished him not to fail to ask questions when he wanted to know things because he would learn a great deal that way. I'm afraid the young man asked too many sometimes but anyway he took me on the small allotment he received each week to spend at the Dock Stader Theatre where we saw a wonderful play for 25 cents and had ice cream afterwards. I thought I had a big date. Speaking of ice cream, there was an ice cream store on Main Street near where Rhodes Drug Store is now. It was operated by Mrs. Sally Roach and her son Harry. Mrs. Roach was short and very stout and waddled like a duck but she took good care of her customers and had excellent ice cream which I suppose was prepared by her son. The room was carpeted with oilcloth and nothing in it but chairs and tables. But it was patronized very steadily.
I reached the required age of 18 for teaching in 1898 and started to teach in September of that year. There was no opening in the Newark schools because of so few teachers required. I found a country school, Pleasant Valley, I think it was called where I was welcomed. I want to correct that. I was 18 in the month of November. I went to teaching in the previous September with consent of the Board. I boarded two miles away from the school with a family of one of the Board of Trustees. I paid her $3.00 for my room and meals from Monday until Friday night when I went home for the weekend. I had children enrolled from the ages of 5, who came to me because their mothers were too busy to take care of them at home, to 18 who were boys who were privileged to go to school only during the winter months when they were not needed on the farm.

One of my pupils was a girl who was almost ready to enter Elkton High School and she was one in my class in algebra. I loved these children. The schoolhouse was very uncomfortable. The windows rattled with the wind. The books were so old they were not fit to use and they pleaded that they had no money to get others. We had a good time there and I think the children learned something. And I taught there for two years until I was married. [1902]

In going to the school I had to walk to the Pennsylvania depot from Delaware Avenue down Depot road which is what South College was called during those days. In bad weather I rode down with Mr. John Frick, a one armed man with good education who had decided to take to hack driving in his old age, for a living, and he was good company on the trips. We enjoyed visiting with him and he knew everybody in Newark.
I taught at the Pleasant Valley School for 2 years but on June 10, 1902 I married Everett C. Johnson. Our wedding took place at the Primitive Baptist Meeting House at the foot of Iron Hill where my father had once been pastor.

Everett had quite a bit of sentiment about historical places and at Welsh Tract there had never been but two weddings before ours and the last one had been 52 years before. He had a great deal of feeling for the old place all his life and wanted to be buried there. We rode to the wedding and back in a carriage furnished by the only livery stable in town owned by Mr. Ben Campbell, a friend of the family. He is the same one who rented carriages to boys who didn't live in the country to take their girls riding and was quite an established necessity in the town.

On our way back from the wedding we saw two professors, Dr. Vallandigham and Dr. Manning walking down to attend the service. They were late. Professor Vallandigham had been Everett's professor in English at college and Dr. Manning in the languages.

After the wedding we had a small reception in my mothers home and left on the train for Baltimore where my husband was teaching in a high ranking boys private school and doing graduate work in history at Johns Hopkins.

During that winter my husband was taken violently ill with double pneumonia followed by inflammatory rheumatism and other complications so that he was unable to work really at his profession in Baltimore. The doctor ordered him either to go south thinking he had tuberculosis or to some place in the country. We moved outside Baltimore to a small house near Pimlico Park where we stayed until the following year.
Then we returned to Newark and it was some time before we could establish ourselves in something which my husband felt like doing.

His ambition now was to start a weekly newspaper in Newark and later a printing office.

We rented a small place in the country and later found that the very house in which I had been born, which had been the parsonage in which my father lived, was for sale. My sentimental husband would do nothing but buy that place.

The doctor had ordered him to sleep outdoors which was the usual recommendation for people with lung trouble at that time. He built an outside porch on the house and we moved in. Although he did not work on the farm he could oversee work and we had a comfortable home until he got himself established in his business.

My daughter, Marjorie, was born on the farm. The Same doctor attended me who had attended mother.

MRS. JOHNSON, DURING OUR TALK YOU HAD VERY OFTEN MENTIONED PRICES, FOR EXAMPLE, WHEN YOUR MOTHER BUILT HER HOME IN NEWARK AND WE'VE CONTRASTED THE WAY PEOPLE LIVED THEN WITH THE WAY WE LIVE NOW. WHAT ABOUT YOUR OBSERVATIONS WHEN YOU LOOK AT WHAT WE MIGHT CALL THE STANDARD OF LIFE WE ARE LEADING NOW VERSUS WHAT WAS TRUE IN YOUR EARLIER YEARS?

Well I'd be glad to tell you of one thought that come to my mind while I was looking at a television program the other day. We had spoken of ice cream so many times and how cheap and good it was in my girlhood days. Well there was a program that day, a panel program, and the man who was to be chosen as the one man, the other
two were imposters, had received a high award for his ice cream cones. He was already in the ice cream business and began to make these cones. Before the program he had given each member of the panel four of his ice cream cones and Peggy Cass asked him the first question "I know you will not give us the recipe for your cones but they are delicious. Would you mind giving us the ingredients" and this is what he told her. The ingredients are water, sugar, flavoring, flour and lard. The thought came to my mind what a standard of living. Is that going to be multiplied in many more of the articles of food we set upon our table?

Before we go further I'd like to talk a little more in retrospect about the fine people I knew in Newark who I would see every day on their porches in good weather as I walked down to the post office.

There were some doctors there who were great people. There were Dr. and Mrs. Columbus Henry who lived on Main Street. He was not only a doctor to our family but he was a friend and they visited us as friends at times. He never charged anything for us because my father had been a minister. Dr. and Mrs. Henry are a handsome couple. They traveled together. She was with him on almost all his calls. If children were sick she'd bring a little pudding to try and draw their attention from their aches and pains.

When my father died we gave Dr. Henry my father's buffalo robe which he carried and put over him in the carriage in cold weather. She had a warm red flannel lining made for it and when Dr. Henry died she gave it back to us.

There was also a Dr. Butler in town whose wife was also a pharmacist. They were both frail looking people but very much interested in their store and in their patients. When one had a cold and didn't want to pay a doctor for a call at his office or the doctor
come to his home, he would go to see Dr. Butler to talk it over and Dr. Butler would give him the right medicine. But Dr. Butler's first question to man or woman was "well now let's see, how are your bowels?" That sounds quite comical but if you stop to think about it its really a very necessary question when one was ailing.

Then there was Dr. Kollock. He had come up from downstate where the family was quite prominent. He lived across the street from where the Main Street Post office is now. He would travel out to patients in the country as the other doctors did but my best recollection of him is the day he saved our dog. We had a beautiful, intelligent shepherd dog named Babbie. Babbie made the mistake one day of going to the barn and Bill, the colored man, was turning the corner with a scythe that was hidden under the grass, he was driving a horse that pulled it along and Babbie ran into the scythe and cut her front legs terribly.

Bill and I were alone on the farm. My husband and his father, who was living with us had driven up to town but the horse and buggy was there and Bill was at my side to help. The dog didn't like Bill because he thought Bill was a barn animal because he was seen in the house only when he ate his meals so he always growled. I said, Bill we'll never get in the buggy because Babbie will bite you. Poor Bill said never mind that Miss Louise you must get him to the doctor. So I slipped a raincoat over my housedress; climbed on to the seat and he put Babbie up there with her head on my lap and the poor thing seemed to know what we were going to do. On the way up we met Everett and his father and told them the trouble. Everett climbed out of that cart and got in with me and we stopped at Dr. Kollock. Happily he was home. He took the dog into his office. Everett held her mouth while he examined the injuries. He had to piece those bones
together, tie the veins and the skin and bandage the dog. We took her home and put her in the cellar where it was cool. She stayed there for nearly a week, several days not eating. She just drank water. Dr. Kollock would stop every day on his rounds to see that dog. Just as interested as if she had been a prominent person. She recovered from her wounds and even could walk without any trouble and would only limp when she jumped off the porch, suddenly sometimes. We always had a warm spot in our hearts for Dr. Kollock.

Although I had spent my childhood on the same farm it was a new experience for my husband and he was still not strong. But he became interested in every thing that was done and with Bills help he managed to plant and grow many of the vegetables that we ate and even some to sell. In the meantime he was making speeches at granges, at clubs and anywhere he should be called upon.

The news was getting around that he was a good speaker. He was even the one they came to one Sunday when a church run by the colored people on New London Avenue was entertaining no one less than Booker Washington. They wanted someone to introduce Booker Washington before he made his speech and they could think of no one better than my husband. He went gladly and considered it an honor. His father went with him. Such things as that kept his spirits up.

Meanwhile, he had his books. He'd always been "bookish". When I was first married we went to a boarding house in Baltimore where he had been living. He had two rooms there. A living room and a bedroom. When I entered the living room he saw that I looked at the books that were scattered on the floor in little piles and he laughed and he said "don't you dare touch them when you start tidying up because I know what each
book means and why its there." The desk was full too. He hoped very much to have a library of his own one day, a sizeable library.

When he was in college he asked for the task of keeping the books in the library dusted. He would go in there in off hours when it was not much in use. One day he was in there with his hat on the back of his head and whistling and the door opened quietly. There was a moment of silence and he turned and there was his English professor, Dr. Vallandigham whom he admired greatly. The Doctor looked at him very seriously and he said, "Johnson, its alright for you to keep the books clean but I'd rather you show those people who wrote them the respect of not having your hat on your head." Everett never forgot that.

When my half sister Maggie decided to give me a 17th birthday party and friends were invited from Wilmington and Newark they all brought me gifts of candy and fancy handkerchiefs and scarves. Everett came up on the train that night and his gift was a long slender box containing small volumes, each one, one of Shakespeare's plays. That was his idea of a birthday gift.

When we went to the farm there was only one room that I might fix up as a study for him and he'd never had a study. It was a small room at the head of the stairs. He was immensely pleased when he came home that night because I had found a quotation or a sentence from one of Emerson's Essays which said, I wrote upon the lintel of the door the word "whim". When he finally, years after, built his print shop he had an extra room added for an increase in business as he had hoped. Then used at that time as a place to entertain students and have conferences with them. He was President of the Alumni
Association and a member of the Board of Trustees by that time. He called that room The Whim.

I must go back to the farm now. Help was available outside. Bill was loyal and hard working man but inside the house help was needed too and very difficult to get.

A girl who came there to help me had no way of getting home at night and the job became very tiresome so I just took what I could get. The first to come was Walter a 12 year old boy from Newark, colored. His grandmother had asked for a home for him because she couldn't send him to school and he would at least get a salary and his board with us.

I was distressed when he came in because the only shoes he had were thin tennis shoes and it was winter. I had planned to get him to do some of my outdoor chores, as I was raising chickens by the hundred and I needed someone to help me out there. So the first thing was to get shoes for Walter. He was alert and in many respects a good help.

About that time I was teaching Marjorie. I had a little desk by my kitchen table and she was by this time in the second grade with me and while I was teaching her I tried to have Walter in the room so he would imbibe some of the learning I was giving her. She took a great interest in Walters reactions. At night before they went to bed I would read stories to Walter and Marjorie at the kitchen table. She would watch to see if he understood the words.

One night I remember she asked him, "Walter, do you know what education means?" His answer was "sure Marge - its 'larning' - it gets through yer head."

They had a great time outdoors too. Margie, at a young age, was able to handle the horses and we had several colts that never had a harness on them. She could go in the
stables and climb on their backs, take a set of harnesses and put it from one horse to another and they seemed to enjoy the experience.

She had a little book in which she recorded the birthdays of the colts and the calves and on those certain days each one got an extra serving of bran and brown sugar. They meant a great deal to her and they meant a great deal to Walter and between them they could do a great many errands around the barn.

Sometimes they would get into trouble. One day they found that the man had left the hay rack sitting outside and it was ready to have the horse unhitched from it and she told Walter to get on one side. He'd seen her unharness a horse and she would unharness from the other but Walter wasn't fully prepared. He'd left part of his on and when the horse started to get out she began to turn the hay rake around just one side and that came near killing the two children if they hadn't been smart enough to run quickly, and someone had come to the rescue.

Margie could go to the pasture when the horses were out there and bring in a horse by the mane without any trouble. If Bill went out the horse would run and kick around a few times before he would stop his protesting and be led away.

So it was a good place to bring up children, including such as Walter. But after he had been there a year, the head of the school had found out that he was not attending school. It was illegal for him not to so in spite of the 'larning' he'd had at our house he had to go back to the Newark public schools.

Now I may as well tell about the other help I had. The next one to come was Janie who came to me from the home of a sister who lived near by. She had originally come from North Carolina. Janie was a great help. She would make rolls every day and
cook any Southern dish we would happen to want her to cook. The trouble was she came accompanied by a two year old child, which I had never expected and she had never mentioned little Julie.

During the summer when Janie did the washing on the back porch, as she scrubbed away on the tub she would sing because she didn't like to wash and that made her feel in a better humor. As she sang, little Julie would pick up the tune and go up and down that porch with all the grace and enthusiasm of a person at a camp meeting revival. Janie stayed with me longer because I would take care of Julie while she was doing the work that I didn't want to do. Many a time Julie went to sleep on my shoulder while Janie was in the kitchen doing some work.

After a while Julie would follow me to the bedrooms while I made up the beds and have a lot of fun with it. It got so that she would rather be with me than with her mother. Also she became old enough to get into things, that were none of her business.

I had come a little rested and I finally decided to get Janie a job up in town. She went to live with Mrs. Vinsinger and Julie stayed at home with her mothers sister.

The next experiment came from a settlement in Wilmington where people in need were taken care of. The woman who came was an Irish woman named Ann. She brought with her a five year old son. Ann was very good natured about her work but David must have been like his father because he had no good nature in him. I think he was jealous of Marjorie. In their play one day he picked up a stool with sharp legs and started to bring it down on her head. Ann saw it. She had been afraid of the boy and what he would do and this was the end, and the end of the help I had on the farm.
All this time Everett was politically minded and would attend political meetings. He and his father even drove a horse to Havre de Grace one day to hear Teddy Roosevelt. They came home and talked about the speeches enthusiastically.

I was not surprised when he was elected Representative of Pencader Hundred in the Delaware legislature. Our farm is in Pencader Hundred. I think Delaware is one of the few states who have their counties and districts name Hundred.

Because of his influence and that of many others, especially the women, the club women - Mrs. A. D. Warner in particular, who urged co-education at Delaware College, there finally came a decision to build two buildings. A dormitory and a business for recitation building along Depot Road for an affiliated college which meant that the same professors taught the boys as the girls. But they were not together in classes. That worked for several years. Miss Winifred Robinson became the first dean for the college. Miss Mary Rich was Dean of Education.

In the meantime my husband had started his newspaper, in a building at the corner of Main Street and the Depot Road in a building which had been Lovett's Furniture Store. His only assistant was Edna Dickey a local girl eager to work for him and willing to do anything from gathering copy for the paper to washing the windows.

One day when he came home from the office he said, "would you like to go to college?" And then he told me that Dr. Sypherd, the English teacher was planning to admit girls to his classes for the summer school. Of course you know I enrolled. My mother was living then and she would look after Marjorie while I would go down to the little station in sight of our house and take the train to the Pennsylvania station in Newark, walk up Depot Road, recite in my new classes and then take the road home.
Later when the women's college was opened I enrolled in two classes in English, there under a Miss Brady who had come from, I don't know if it was Wellesley or Holyoke, a very bright animated young person who welcomed me because she had such a small class. She wanted to have experience in teaching.

As I remember she received her board and $500.00 a year. I enjoyed those classes very much. There was another girl in the class, I forget her name now but she had had previous training in English that I had not had. Miss Brady always tried to put me at ease. As a matter of fact we became well acquainted with her because she would come out to the farm on Sunday for dinner and slide up and down the haystack with Marjorie.

One day she gave us an assignment to write a short story and I was ashamed to bring mine in because I thought the other girl in the class would so out do me. But Miss Brady was smart. She made up exchange our papers and I read the other girls story and she read mine. The other girls story was not so good as I had feared it might be.

Shortly after this my mother died at my home. She had come there during her terminal illness. It was a sad blow to Marjorie and to me. In fact to all of us.

Everett had decided to start a real book shop. A print shop. And to have not only his paper printed there but to print books as well as he could print them. As well as they could be printed.

He chose a spot at the corner of Depot Road and West Park Place. I bought the land with a bit of money my mother had left me.

He was the kind of person who couldn't build just a building where machinery might be kept and people might work, it had to have some beauty to it. He wound up by having a large stone structure. The stone was brought from Iron Hill farms. The farmers
were glad to give it away if he would pay for the labor and the hauling so they could rid thei
their fields of such obstructions. The stone work was done by two Italian men from
Wilmington who sang opera while they worked and that pleased him. The building was
completed. When he moved in there was a part of the back that was left uncompleted.
He expected to have further use for it when the business expanded.

End of side "B" Tape #1

The paper was printed before the shop was completed, in Elkton, at the home of
The Cecil Whig, operated by Mr. Williams. I remember seeing the two boys, Wallace
and what was his name?

The paper was called The Newark Post and as I said it was printed in Elkton, the
copy having been taken over there by train and back. First by Edna Dickey or by my
husband himself. Later by Miss Etta Wilson who became his secretary at the new
printing shop.

The Post was not the first paper in Newark. At the corner of Depot Road and
West Delaware Avenue there was already The Delaware Ledger printed by the Bowen
brothers. After Everett started his newspaper, Alfred I DuPont who was the cousin of
Coleman DuPont and one who had helped in the Addicks campaign. A man was hired to
see that The Newark Post did not get any of the Du Pont advertising or any other that
could be kept out of its way. The advertising is the life blood of a newspaper. So it was
quite a struggle.

WAS THAT BECAUSE COLEMAN WAS SUPPORTING MR. ADDICKS AND HIS
BROTHER WAS NOT AND IS THAT WHY IT TOOK SO MUCH COURAGE TO
RUN A PAPER?
No, it was Alfred I that was supporting Mr. Addicks as I remember in his campaign against the regular Republican party.

The whole thing was a struggle and my husband had to work very hard there. He would come home at night exhausted. One night Margie was on the back porch playing jacks and my husband walked up to the back door, she said "Father play a game of jacks with me," he said "no Boots" which was his name for her, "I've been playing jacks all day." I asked her if she knew what he meant by that and she said "yes, he means he's been as busy as a keg of nails."

MRS. JOHNSON BEFORE WE GO ON TO TALK ABOUT YOUR EXPERIENCES IN DOVER AND WASHINGTON WHEN YOU WERE VERY HELPFUL AND INTERESTED IN GOVERNOR TOWNSEND'S CAREER AND IN HIS CAREER AS SENATOR AND WHEN YOUR HUSBAND WAS SECRETARY OF STATE OF DELAWARE IS THERE ANYTHING YOU WOULD LIKE TO ADD ABOUT YOUR GIRLHOOD EXPERIENCES IN NEWARK?

Yes, there are because I find it very difficult to get these things in sequence and when I have one thought in my mind another one has the habit of darting across it and the result is confusion. For that reason I have left out two things that I wanted to say. One was about two streets in Newark and the other is about Main Street and the people who lived there and the businesses that were there at the time I was a girl.

On Main Street at the B&O crossing where West Main Street as it is now called, begins and New London Avenue begins, the two streets converge there and West Main Street goes towards the Maryland line and the New London Avenue slants and goes towards Pennsylvania.
I remember when New London Avenue was called Colored Row. At that time we called West Main Street Quality Hill. The colored people called it Back Street to get even at them. I'm delighted to see that the houses on New London Avenue with paint and care look almost as good as they did when I was a girl and that means a good bit. I do not recall that there were any street lights on that.

I want to recall some of the names on Main Street, too beginning up on West Main Street which we once called Quality Street we find the Blandys. The brothers Armstrong who kept stores. Miss Jane Maxwell who taught music. Then coming on down we find the three beautiful Evans sisters. Misses Sue, Agnes and Emma who lived in a handsome brick house next door to the Elliott house. They were white-haired ladies who sat on their porch when the weather was good and were very kind to the students who gathered there and they served them tea sometimes. It's quite a picture. Across the street from them on the corner was Lovett's Furniture Store. Back of it was one of the livery stables in town. Coming on down we found a cabin-looking little house sitting back from the road. It looked like a cabin. Dear knows when Brown Hall was to be built. They had to clear the campus for that and that little Colmery house was torn down. It was found to be a genuine log cabin. No date recalled. Next to it I think Mr. William Cook had one of his country stores or The Country Store where he kept the best of canned goods and meat. He moved later down to about 50 Main Street, East Main on the north side. His son Bob continued the store after his father's death.

Well I'll go back up there on Main Street and there was - come to Mr. Sherwood's store. He kept a variety of things, mostly food and just as you entered the store, at the right it was a large wooden barrel in which cucumbers, large size cucumbers were
pickled and kept. I liked them very much. I think they cost a cent a piece and every day I would stop at Mr. Sherwood's store and get a pickle but he didn't think it was good for a girl to be eating that sized pickle every day and he threatened to tell my mother so that stopped that.

Then there was Mr. Ben Campbell whose wife was a milliner, made very pretty hats and he had a livery stable in their back lot where he kept a few nice carriages and horses and he was the one who furnished the carriage for Everett and me when we drove to Welsh Tract to be married. Across the street from him was the Barton's store. Will Barton kept a store. After him came Mr. Buckingham but when Will Barton was there I have the recollection that he kept only flour, tobacco and cigars and that seemed a queer combination to me. But it reminds me of one sign I saw in a store in lower Sussex one day which said simply ice cream and envelopes.

Mr. Wilber Wilson, a bachelor who lived at the Deer Park Hotel kept a stationery store on Main Street about where Rhodes Drug Store is now and I think on call he was a surveyor. Quite a combination.

The Deer Park Hotel was operated by a man named John Lewis. A Miss Chamberlain lived there. She was a sister to a Mrs. George Carr. She and her husband lived in Newark for a while, they had a home in the country also. Miss Chamberlain taught painting.

Then going down Main Street towards Wilmington, there was a man named Crosson who was a barber and Steve Choate who taught dancing and on the south side of the street was Miss Lilly Steele who was quite a beautiful young woman who starred in
the plays when a young lady was required in a romance at the college. My husband was her lover in a good many of those plays. She also trimmed hats.

Another milliner in town was Miss Midge Pennington. She made beautiful hats but the thing that I remember about her that she had a two layer mop of black curls on her own head which hung down to her elbows and those curls were no larger than a lead pencil and I often wondered how she ever got them curled when there were two layers of them. But I just thought a minute ago maybe she had a wig. I'd never seen a woman with a wig before.

**WOULDN'T SHE HAVE USED A CURLING IRON?**

Well I don't see how she could. She'd have to fasten that hair all over the top of her head, half of it, and do the bottom layer and then curl the top and then put it back, it would be a days work. But we'll let that go because we'll never find out now.

Mr. McPike was a barber also that lived down at that end of town. Some more names come to mind, there was Miss Etta and her sister Miss Ella Todd who lived up near the Presbyterian Church and Dr. Vallandigham whom I've mentioned before, not the professors father who was pastor of Head of Christiana Church lived next to them I think. Then there was the Hossinger house. I mentioned the Blandys didn't I. The Cooches and the Curtis's and the Lillys. With a name Herman Lilly and Herdman who was in the post office and Miller and Griffith and Wilson and Medill and Pilling and Fader.

There was another, a third livery stable in town - it was back of the Washington House, a hotel owned by a Mr. Wilson I forget whether his name was James or not, he was the father of Miss Nell and Miss Etta well known in Newark. Miss Nell played the
piano very well and Miss Etta was interested in education and has written a book on the subject.

YOU SEEM TO TALK ABOUT A LOT OF MAIDEN LADIES. DO YOU THINK THERE WERE MORE WOMEN WHO WERE UNMARRIED IN THOSE DAYS IN RELATION TO THE REST OF THE POPULATION THAN THERE ARE TODAY?

I don't doubt it. I forgot to say that we didn't have any regular milk route in town as I can remember. My mother bought her milk from some farmer in the country and she got extra milk at the back door of Mr. Minot Curtis who lived on the Knoll Road where President Hullihen later lived and they had some extra milk to sell. When my mother made her own bread and when she needed yeast she sent me around to get it from Mrs. Lucy Kelly who lived in a house on Elkton Road facing the B&O station. She was the only one in town I think who kept yeast.

We were all interested in the Curtis Paper Mill. I forget who owned it before the Curtis's but it was supposed to have been making the best paper you could find in the United States. Legal documents given by the government were made there. Some pamphlets that I forget the name of. Our teacher would take us down sometimes to let us see how the paper was made and I remember how the vats looked that held the rags that my mother had sold the rag man. They were being stewed up into paper after a while. We all left with little bundles of paper that had been given to us by our guide through the mill. Near the mill was the only skating pond we had in town where the young people enjoyed skating so much.

I forgot to say that where the house stands which is now called Elliott Hall, was once the Elliott home. Milk might be bought there. They kept cattle in their back lot. So
now I have furnished you with horses and cattle I may as well say there were chickens in almost every back yard.

While we still lived on the farm there were two memories that I have that I thought might well be recorded. Both of them have to do with the Welsh Tract School, the district School.

The first was a bit of entertainment that they did in district schools in those days. The parents and the young girls and the beaux and the older men would meet at the schoolhouse some evening and have a party. It would be called a box supper. The ladies in the crowd had prepared the suppers in a box and they always made them very delicious suppers. They had an auctioneer in the crowd who would auction them off and the man who would bid the highest for a box had to eat supper with the girl whose name was inside. Maybe it would be a pretty young girl and maybe it would be a gray haired woman but they had a lot of fun over it and wound up with having some money to buy something for the school.

When Capital PTAs came into style I thought we needed one down at Welsh Tract and I decided to have a supper at our house on the farm. Our menu was hot roast beef sandwiches, potato salad, coffee, ice cream and cake. I made the hot roast beef sandwiches and my neighbors came and brought the other items. We had a jolly time at supper and a little entertainment. Some of the young people came out from town to entertain us. Dr. Mitchell who was president of the College at that time and his wife walked out to be with us. We appreciated that. We decided to start a PTA at Welsh Tract School. Mrs. Lee Cooch who lived at Cooch's Bridge mansion at that time and had a new automobile said she would help me in any way she could. There was a Miss
Henderson at the Newark School who had brought a bit of recreation there. It was teaching some music to the children, vocal and instrumental, as a form of recreation. She agreed to come down to our school if Mrs. Cooch would come get her and take her back again. She'd choose a sunny day and come down and the children in good weather would play and sing out in the yard, play games and sing as they played and also in the school they would sing. We had no musical instrument. Mrs. Cooch became our first president of PTA and I think we were the first district school to have one. Especially in the Newark area. I think the Glasgow district schools was second. I was there at its inauguration.

Meanwhile my husband started the building of his print shop on the land facing the Depot Road and West Park Place. His idea apart from The Newark Post was to print work that would match his slogan which was "where printing is an art and not a job".

Colored printing had just come into vogue, used in starting a paragraph at the beginning of an article. The first letter would be done in painting - in color. It was being used also in the supplements to the Sunday papers. My husband sent Harry Cleaves, his right hand man, to Baltimore to learn the art. I don't remember the name of his teacher.

Then among the machinery that came to the shop to be used came a linotype machine and no one in that shop knew how to use the linotype. Providentially there appeared there one day a traveling printer who was using this way to see the world. My husband talked to him and he seemed to be willing to stay for a while and get the linotype started. In a few days he told my husband that he had always been sorry that he didn't have a better education and asked his advice as to how to go about it. He knew the college was here but that would take his day time hours and there was no extension work
at the College at that time. My husband's advice to him was to get a dictionary and find words that he hadn't understood before and learn to use them in a sentence. A few words each day. The second advice he gave him was to get a Victrola and some records of music and learn some of the operas and go see them or hear them when he could. He fixed a little place up in the storage rooms in the second floor so Mr. Schultz, John Schultz was his name, could have a comfortable place to work at night and to sleep. He stayed at the shop for several years and then was called to service abroad in the military service. Before he went my husband gave him the job of finding a name for the print shop and it was he who - he decided that the name should be The Press of Kells. He had read this story of the beautiful printing, which had been done in the Book of Kells, and was priceless. It was illustrated manuscript of Ireland's golden age the 7th century A.D. It was the work of an unknown Monk preserved for antiquity, beauty and art. Later Everett received a copy of this book ordered by our friends Mr. and Mrs. Lee Cooch and brought here during the submarine warfare of World War I.

When John Schultz returned from his military duty to this country he became a member of the Boston Typothetae.

Mr. William B. Foster, a vice-president of the Du Pont Company, had been a good friend to my husband. Mr. Foster belonged to the Grolier Club - a group which would choose a rare book and have it printed with the best of type and on the best of paper and they gave each member two copies. One for himself and one for a friend. For several years Mr. Foster would give Everett his guest copy of the book of the year. Finally he sent in Everett's name for membership. He was accepted and became a member of the Grolier Club. Which he felt was quite an honor.
It was natural that Everett C. Johnson should become a member of the legislature in Dover from Pencader Hundred where we lived because he was steeped in politics. He came from that part of the state where the people talked politics more than they did up here.

WHERE DID HE COME FROM?

He came from Selbyville, Delaware. He knew of a man in Bishop, Maryland, who was born in Bishop, Maryland, named John G Townsend who later came to Selbyville to live who was thought of very highly and Everett admired him very much when he was a young boy at Selbyville and it seems that John G. Townsend had been watching Everett in his way up here and the education he was trying to get. People began to think that John G. Townsend had the qualities for leadership in the Republican Party and might become governor some day.

As I said John G. Townsend was born in Bishop, Maryland, just over the line from Selbyville. His first work that I know of was a telegraph operator in the Bishop railway station. He was very observant and always on the lookout for something that would help Sussex County Delaware where he expected to live. The first thing he noticed was that the company was always buying railroad ties. The wooden slabs that go under the tracks and there was a good bit of timber in that part of the country. He engaged a stout colored man to help him in off hours to saw railroad ties to sell to the VIPs that came down the railroad to Bishop once in a while and whom he had met. He would be at one end of the cross cut saw and the colored man at the other and he was always proud of that friendship with that colored man.
He began then to think of all the fruit and vegetables that were raised in Sussex County to either be eaten there or sold with great effort, they boasted that they sold what they couldn't eat down in that part of the country. He thought that there should be refrigerated cars and he remembered to tell it to some of these men who stopped off at Bishop. It wasn't long before he had them and they could ship to New York and Philadelphia such things that grew easily in the sandy soil of Sussex County which included strawberries and other fruit, sweet potatoes and melons.

When John G. Townsend came to Selbyville he became interested in banking. The people in Sussex County were making a good bit of money then on their produce and they needed another bank wherein to place it. He became later a member of the Board of the Farmers Bank of the State of Delaware. I think he told me before he died that he had been on that Board for 50 years. His son Julian succeeded him and he tried never to miss a meeting. He also became a delegate to the National Republican Committee and tried never to miss a meeting of that. I think he did not miss but one until the time, much later in life. I remember that he told me when he was at one of those meetings in the middle west he went to church on Sunday as was his custom and he was surprised to see that the minister there was one who had formerly been at their little church at Selbyville. So after the service he made himself known and they were delighted and so was he. He had dinner with the pastor and his wife far away from home.

John Townsend always had an interest in young people. He was an executive in this way he knew how to get other people to do the work that he had proposed having done and that saved his time to think of something else.
Many a young man in Sussex County who had not thought what his life's work would be has been shown the way by John G Townsend. Some of them have attained interesting and useful positions. He was a sociable person. He couldn't take a trip on the train without walking through the train, talking to some of the people he had met and he would remember them later. He made many friends that way.

John Townsend's next project in Sussex County was to plant apple trees and he became the second largest apple grower in the United States. His product went abroad to several countries. The first largest was Harry Byrd, Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia. Senator Townsend often went there to the apple festival on Senator Byrd's invitation.

He traveled quite a lot over the state calling at other banks and attending other churches. He had contracts for building highways in Maryland, the District of Columbia and even in North Carolina. He was an early riser. Usually at five o'clock in the morning and early to go to bed. A cousin of mine who worked for a contractor for building of a road told me that he could never get there earlier than Senator Townsend.

I find I can't stop calling him Senator Townsend because he was that when I worked in his office. He regretted that he had not had a broader formal education but his interests and his travels were broad. He was keenly observant and a good listener.

No wonder that this man was nominated for the governorship of Delaware and elected to that office from 1916 to 1920. World War I had started in 1914 and by 1917 Delaware would have need of a leader in many respects.

In Governor Townsend's inaugural address he reported by The Delaware State News on January the 19th, 1917 a list of subjects which he had hoped might be favorably acted upon during his administration. They were a budget system, better schools, better
roads, women's suffrage workmen's compensation, redemption of wet lands and an anti-
liquor shipping law and a commission form of government.

The budget system was passed and Senator Townsend was asked to come to
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, to give an address on the subject before the legislature there.
His speech was highly praised.

The commission form of government also was passed. The three commissions
which I remember were first school, and Harry Hollaway of Selbyville was appointed
commissioner. Banking, George Medill was appointed commissioner and I think Frank
du Pont became commissioner of highway. That may have been a little later. I'm not
sure.

Governor Townsend was keen for the passage of women's suffrage act. He wrote
to Washington for them to send up a senator who'd give an address before his legislature
on the subject. The public was invited and the room was packed. There was a great deal
of feeling, women had enmity in their eyes just over the subject. There were red and
white carnations worn on their buttonholes to distinguish the 'antis' from the 'fors' (pros).
Mrs. Penniwell looked at me in surprise when she saw the red carnation on my
buttonhole.

WHAT DID THE RED CARNATIONS STAND FOR?

As I remember they were 'anti'.

[Actually yellow jonquils were pro and red roses were anti]

THEN YOU WERE AGAINST WOMENS SUFFRAGE AT THE BEGINNING?

No I was not an 'anti'. I was for it. I didn't care whether I voted or not really. But
if I thought it was right for a woman to have the vote if she wanted it.
I think there may have been women's liberation movement now.

Governor Townsend had asked in the Senate for them to send someone up to speak before the gathering and they sent Senator McKellar. There was a great deal of confusion and his speech was not very effective in my opinion. With the result that it did not pass the Delaware Legislature. Which grieved Senator Townsend a great deal. He wanted Delaware to have that on its side. Senator McKellar was from Tennessee.

The inauguration of John G Townsend as governor was a gala affair. He had rented all the spare rooms on one floor of the Richardson Hotel, an old hotel but very comfortable. We were among the guests in those rooms. We had our meals there.

WHAT DID YOU WEAR TO THE INAUGURAL BALL?

There were speeches and speeches and in the evening the grand inaugural ball. I wore a beige silk dress. Didn't think it was very pretty. There was no house provided for the governor of Delaware in that day and he traveled back and forth to Selbyville weekends and sometimes between times. The governor of Delaware at that time received $5,000 a year. His Secretary of State $4,000. It seems to me that the Secretary of State was really more important than it is now but I may be mistaken. Today's Governor gets about $30,000 I think and his Secretary of State about $18,000.

Soon after his inauguration he appointed Everett C. Johnson as his Secretary of State. Everett considered that a great honor. The two men had known each other for a long time and seemed to have the same ideals. They wanted the same things for Delaware government. When Governor Townsend would think of a thing it seemed that
his Secretary had stepped there first. They worked together as a great team, as Governor Townsend expressed it.

They were particularly disturbed at the low grade Delaware had in the progress of education in the nation. That was high on their agenda for the session of Delaware legislature.

There were two newspapers in Delaware. One was The Delaware State News owned by James Wicks and The Delaware Republican owned by James Allee.

The former, a democrat, seemed to favor the administration and was helpful in many respects but James Allee was an Addicks protege and he said some pretty disturbing things about the administration.

Everett C. Johnson was worried about his own newspaper, The Newark Post, which he had left behind except for his trips up there on weekends. He had left it however in capable hands, that of Miss Etta Wilson, his secretary, who continued to take the copy over to Elkton to be printed at The Cecil Whig. That was before the print shop was in full running order. [This not correct. The Post was printed in Newark while ECJ was Secretary of State. While he was Representative in 1911 it was printed in Elkton.]

One of his worries was that he knew advertising was the life blood of a newspaper and he had no one on hand who seemed to be able to cope with the influence of Mr. du Pont through his man Ned Davis who was sent purposely to gain all the advertising in Newark for the Delaware Ledger run by the Bowen brothers. [This is not correct the Bowen Bros. did not own the Ledger at that time.]
The Secretary of State's office was just across the hall from the Governor's office in the front part of the old state house and there was constant communication back and forth.

The two principal things that had to be taken care of in the Secretary of States office in those days was the registration of all the automobiles in the state. The second was the conferences with the VIPs of the corporations in the state. At that time Miss Fannie Herrington, who was secretary to the Secretary of State proved most valuable. She had been there before and had experience. When Everett had first heard that she would probably be chosen he was a little bit disturbed because he had heard that she was a middle-aged woman, very fixed in her ideas and ruled the office and he would rather have somebody he knew. And I, silly as I was, urged him to get somebody from Newark and if he were Secretary of State he had a right to choose his own secretary. But he knew better than I did and didn't say anything. We were very glad of that afterward because Miss. Herrington was a jewel. She was not only experienced but she had a kind heart. She watched over him when he overworked she sent him home. Or if she thought I was needed up at the office she'd call me. She and her cousin with whom she lived became our best friends in Dover.

WHAT WAS HER COUSINS NAME?

Ella Wilson, jolly as she could be. When the meetings were held in the Secretary of State's office, Miss Herrington was right in the room, ready to hand the right paper to my husband and to tell him what to do next. She was very highly respected by the gentlemen who represented the corporations.
After Governor Townsend's administration was over she married a former Secretary of State, Caleb Leighton.

The Governor asked Pierre du Pont to see what could be done about the schools for the colored children in Delaware. Mr. du Pont answered generously. During the administration schools, built in every district where such a school was needed. It was a great relief.

I shall speak of Coleman du Pont at this point. About his generous offer to build a highway from north to south in the state of Delaware. But that preceded Governor Townsend's election as Governor.

Coleman du Pont came to Wilmington from Kentucky in 1902. He was a cousin of Alfred I. and Pierre du Pont. The DuPont Company had not formed when he came. I think it was formed just a few years later.

Before Governor Townsend became governor of Delaware, T. Coleman du Pont had started to build a highway but he had great difficulty in securing rights-of-way. He knew Senator Townsend knew the state a great deal better than he did so he contacted him and got his help in a great many places. They got the highway down as far as Georgetown I think. He also wanted to build a trolley way parallel with that highway and that seemed to disturb the people down state. They would say it was just another way the DuPont Company had for making money. Anyway it didn't get built.

End of Tape 2, side C

They came to a point where a man seemed to be determined to refuse just where they needed to gain the land most. He went to Senator Townsend and told him he had to
get that. The Senator said "well what will you do if I don't get it?" "You'll pay me $10,000." I asked Senator Townsend when he related that to me, would he really have collected that $10,000 and he said "I don't know, he was upset." Anyway Governor Townsend got that land from that man and they proceeded with the work.

All this time World War I was going on. I think it started in 1914 and was concluded in 1920. We entered into it about 18 months before.

I THINK WE ENTERED THE WAR IN 1917, I'M NOT SURE, NOT REALLY SURE.
I'M SURE THE HISTORIANS KNOW.

I suppose you're right. I'm not any good on dates. Anyway Delaware became excited and very cooperative. It was all we heard talked about.

Dr. Mitchell, President of the University at that time, offered the seniors their credits for a year if they would enlist and help in the war. A great many of them did. They went over there and built bridges. My nephew did.

Some of the soldiers who enlisted were at Camp David. Governor Townsend and his Secretary visited them there. Mrs. A. D. Warner in Wilmington, was very active with women's clubs to see what could be done. And Mrs. Secora Hossinger Thompson in Newark was a worker. By the way, Mrs. Thompsons husband, Daniel Thompson, was auditor of the state when Governor Townsend was governor. Lewis Eliason of New Castle was Lieutenant Governor.

Everett Johnson was appointed Chairman of Defense of the committee on defense and was asked to give a speech in the Playhouse in Wilmington. That speech went over quite well I think because I was told that the place was packed and they clapped for a long time and waved their handkerchiefs after he concluded. When he came home and I
asked him how the speech went over he said "I guess it was all right because they gave me the Chatauqua salute." That was the waving of the handkerchiefs.

One of Mrs. Warners ideas was that the boys in the camps should have plenty of preserves to eat. So she rounded up the club women and asked some of them, as she did me, if she would provide the sugar, which was rationed, two pounds for each person we solicited, then we would give the sugar to the people we visited and those people would make the preserves and then we would have to go back and collect the preserves and see that they were delivered at a certain place which was quite a chore.

My husband was in Dover so one of my neighbors, Mr. Slack, Amos Slack, had recently bought his first automobile, offered to take me on my travels when I took my two pound boxes of sugar and went to the farm houses over on Iron Hill and all around, his automobile bumping over the rough roads but I met so many nice people and everyone seemed to want to make those preserves. They all did so except one classmate of mine from high school and I never forgave her for that. She took the sugar and never brought back the preserves.

Then we were asked to sell Liberty Bonds. Mr. Slack again took me on my rounds. That was a good experience too because when people were interested, even one old lady who kept house for a farmer up on Iron Hill. She was a gentle, sweet soul but apparently didn't know much about her finances. She listened and then she went to another room and came back with her bank book and wanted me to look at it to see if I thought she had enough to bury her and still buy a $25. bond. That touched me so that I couldn't do it. I told her I would rather she would ask her son and that evening the son brought his mother to my house with a check for $25. which did me a great deal of good.
Cora Thompson had another idea. We were to take all the white clean rags we had around the house and snip them up in little pieces, enough to stuff a pillow. We were to make a lot of little pillows for the hospital beds. That went over big but it was certainly hard on the first two fingers on one's hand to take every spare minute to be snipping up rags. Cora also had charge of the women who knit the scarves that were so popular.

About this time the factories which were manufacturing things that the soldiers needed were paying higher wages than any farmer could pay. We did not blame our faithful Bill Miller, with his house full of children, to stop working for us and go to the factory for higher pay.

Marjorie and her grandfather milked the cows and he drove to the creamery to take the extra milk that we did not need at home. Mr. Slack sent two of his sons over to help whenever he could.

DID YOU KNOW GOVERNOR TOWNSEND'S FAMILY WELL?

Well not nearly so well as my husband had because he had grown up in the same territory but I had seen him frequently after we were married. When we still lived on the farm during the first years of his term, he and his wife and Miss Herrington spent a weekend with us there.

He had come to Newark to give an address on Sunday, I think it was. I think it took a place of a baccalaureate sermon maybe. Or maybe it was a YMCA meeting. It was a part of the college commencement I believe to give an address and it was considered very good. He likened the opportunities that the college student had now to that which he lacked during his growing up years.
I had met Mrs. Townsend at her home and I had been there. She was a very lovely person. He had 2 daughters and 4 sons and she handled that family. She didn't go around much. She couldn't do both. She was quite a stay-at-home for those few years when her family was growing up.

After that when Sussex Hall on the campus was dedicated, Governor Townsend and his wife, well the Governor was to give the dedication address, he brought his wife and son Julian, his eldest son, from Georgetown, with him. It was a stormy day. I didn't go to the exercise, my husband went and he asked the group to come home with him and stay all night, until the storm was over but Julian wanted to get home for some reason that evening. The storm continued on their way downstate. Julian left them at Georgetown and when they were about half way between Georgetown and Selbyville they were passing a woods from which a narrow road came out and a farmer, driving very fast in the rain, ran into them. Mrs. Townsend was killed. They thought it was shock and not any broken bones, but it was a very sad time for the family and all of us who knew them.

Meanwhile, while we were still on the farm, my mother came to stay with us. It was her terminal illness and she died at our house.

The term was near an end and many people had asked me if Senator Townsend had been such a successful Governor, why was he not being nominated for a second term? I had not heard any suggestion of that and I began to think of it and I couldn't recall any governor who had been nominated and elected for a second term. Then I had decided it was what I had suspected. There are three counties only in Delaware. A bit of jealousy comes between the three counties and the City of Wilmington and when elective offices such as governor; come around, they want their turn. Some times they say its
Kent County's, some times Sussex turn some times they say its Wilmington and sometimes they fight over it. At any rate, I didn't hear any suggestion like that and he understood that. He's enough of a politician to know that maybe was a better way to do it.

WHAT DID GOVERNOR TOWNSEND DO AT THE END OF HIS TERM AS GOVERNOR?

He returned to his projects he had on hand in Sussex County which were enough to keep any man busy. He was a very active man. Always getting up early and going to bed early so he could work all day. He would ride around the county, buying a field here and there or a farm here and there. A colored man who worked for him in his last years, brought me home from one of my visits down to see Senator Townsend after he grew older and he told me that he had been all week driving with the Senator around and the Senator bought some land. He said "Mrs. Johnson I don't believe he knows how much he has and I don't believe his children know how much land he has. He just sees some that he thinks is valuable and he'll buy it and put something on it."

At the close of the term, Governor Townsend asked Everett and me to his home to spend the weekend and we did. We had a very nice time. On Sunday as usual, he took us to church and I was interested in something that happened after a short sermon. It seemed it was the day in the church when the members made their pledge for support. I began to see why Governor Townsend had been a leader. He was called up to a board where all the names of the members were written to call out to the public how much each one was going to give. It was a pretty hard thing to state what you're going to give if it weren't very much. When it came to names of his own children, they were called
although there wasn’t but one of them there and he put down a generous figure that that child should give. Don’t think that he didn’t see that that child gave it.

I think I did not imagine it when I thought I saw a twinkle in his eye when he came back to take his seat. This reminds me of an incident that happened in Washington when he became Senator there. There was a Delaware State Society in Washington at that time and they were always eager to get the senator, especially a new senator, to be president of the organization for a year. I think the senator didn’t want to do it very much he didn’t have much time but he decided to do it. I told him something that had impressed me at their meetings which I had been attending for several times. I said they dawdled in their business meeting before the speech came up and all that unnecessarily I thought they made it so slow. He laughed and the first night he presided there I was amused at the way he carried that business meeting through. I think the members were astonished to find that they were being hurried but it’s the way he did things.

We were glad to get better acquainted with Governor Townsend during the last part of his term when we had been obliged to leave the farm and move to Dover.

You’re now talking about him as Governor, not as Senator Townsend?

He had been accustomed to spending the weekends at home but after we moved there he would come up Sunday afternoon and spend the afternoon and evening and night at our house. When I was getting breakfast in the morning he would be sitting in a rocker that belonged to my father, a handmade rocker, which I always kept in the kitchen and we would have a little visit there.
Our reason for moving to Dover, or having to move to Dover, was the death of Everett's father. We did not know he had been sick, we knew he was more quiet and less active than he had been but he was not young anymore. He was called to the jury and seemed to be enjoying it, going to Wilmington every day and meeting some friends. This morning after he had eaten a good breakfast, I started off to take Marjorie in the pony cart to school and on my way back a neighbor man near the little station where he was to get on the train to go to Wilmington, came running out and told me, Captain Johnson is dead. He fell dead on the platform and they took him up to the station and he's now at the undertakers. What a shocking news I had to go home and report to my husband in Dover.

Governor Townsend brought Everett up in his own car with his driver. It was a large car, a Packard I think, and it stuck in the mud at the end of the lane. The Governor got on the train again and went home and left the driver and the car to bring, us down after the funeral because the funeral service was at our home and the interment was down in old St. Georges cemetery, where the Johnson family was buried.

After the funeral, Everett and I had a conference and we decided that Marjorie and I could no longer stay there by ourselves. He thought we had better move to Dover. He went ahead and found a house for us. He couldn't rent one so he had to buy one. It was a nice house, too good for us. We didn't stay long enough to put any necessary repairs on it but enjoyed it just the same.

I loved Dover and met some nice people there. They called on us, sometimes just happened by, other times with their white gloves and visiting cards. There were little parties and social events. One family I was particularly interested in, Mr. Henry Ridgely, a lawyer, would pass our house every day walking with long strides with his aide,
another lawyer, who had once roomed at my mother's house, George Fisher. They would walk from his house up on the green out to the lake. Quite a little walk. Sometimes he would stop in and speak to us. He and his wife came to call on us. One night while Everett was down there alone, overnight in Dover, he went up to see Mr. Ridgely and found him alone. Mr. Ridgely insisted that he spend the night with him. It was unpleasant weather and he thought he'd better not go out alone so Everett did and when it was bed time Mr. Ridgely went upstairs and turned on the lights and set the alarm clock. Before that he'd fixed the furnace, blind as he was, saw that Everett was in bed and then he went away. I thought it was quite remarkable for a man who had no eye sight.

After we left Dover I revisited my friends down there. Some of whom are still living. And very dear to me.

We moved back to Newark and had to look quite a little while to find a home where we could stay for only a few months. There were no houses for rent. Everett started to build a home of his own on the land adjoining the print shop. He went to work hard to fulfill his promise that he would have only good printing made at Kells. We've named Kells haven't we? And Mr. Foster had given him the Grolier books.

His first effort was to print the four Gospels as well as he could. He had printed only the first one and then he did several other good books. A few years later when they began to talk about a sesquicentennial in Philadelphia, he was asked to make an address up there and at that meeting some one proposed that he should print a copy of The Declaration of Independence and The Constitution of The United States and have it as a souvenir of the sesquicentennial. So when he went home he began to think about and work on that project.
He also printed a book in memory of the veterans of the World War. It was printed on the best paper he could find and bound with pigskin. It was placed in the entrance to the college library. On a pedestal covered with glass at night. Each morning the page was to be turned so that each man in there, the name would be open for people to see. Later when I worked over at the library when I went in I found raincoats and overcoats spread over that glass and it gave me about the saddest morning I have ever experienced.

As the paper grew and the printing grew, the staff began to be 18 in number. Each one dedicated to his work.

Everett kept thinking about this Philadelphia venture. It was a few years off but he bought paper and machinery toward that end and he thought when that was over he could wipe out all his debts. The time came when it began to be printed. But on the 19th of February, 1926 Everett died in is sleep. [Everett's death is set at February 20, 1926] He always read before going to sleep and on a little table by his bed we found a book with a marker in it. It was a clipping that he had cut from the paper and on it was written, something like this "this is a frigate to take us lands away." ["There is no frigate Like a book To take us lands away] He was reading Carl Sandburg's "Lincoln's Prairie Days". He had spoken of Lincoln so many times at meetings and clubs. The spirit of Kells was gone and no one seemed to know what to do.

A group of friends formed a little association to try to tide it over and then began a series of trials. Someone in the office to direct things but none of them seemed to know Newark or how to proceed. Things began to go from bad to worse. Mr. Schultz was the last one we had but he was a big man then and he wasn't going to go out and hunt
advertising which was needed in all cases. Finally a firm rented it, a firm from West Virginia, and finally bought the machinery, which left the building on my hands.

Summer had come and Margie was about to enter her junior year. A friend of the family who was about to go to London to Cambridge, he'd been given a Rhodes scholarship, stayed with me that summer. Marjorie was away at camp working. This young man, was Cornelius Tilghman of Smyrna. He and I went religiously to the sesquicentennial. He had a little booth up there and a cash register but we didn't make enough to pay our car fares back and forth.

WERE YOU SELLING THE PRINTED DECLARATION?

Yes, yes indeed. We had the volumes with us and they would interest a few people. Scholarly looking people who had come through. No children wanted them. No women. They just passed by. There was never anything done about it, by the people who had given him the order. So all that paper and all that work was done for nothing. For years afterward people like Mr. William B. Foster who had always been a friend would buy a bunch to give to schools till every school in the state was supposed to have had one. A set. They'd give enough so they could be distributed among the classes. They were given at club meetings and things like that but not in any quantity to pay the bill.

In the summer of 1928; Marjorie having finished college and having a school waiting for her in Ridley Park, we accepted a position to work at a camp called the Manumet Camp in New York state. Her work was as counselor. My work was as an assistant to the woman who took care of the cooking and the dining room. I worked mostly in the pantry and in the dining room. Or making cookies or something like that.
The woman who worked with me was an expert cook but she took time off occasionally to go to New York to make a speech. I learned afterward that she was somewhat of a Communist. She was always talking about Communists and the Russians and all that.

The head of the school was Nellie Seeds. Her father had been a great speaker at grange meetings. My husband had met him on such occasions when he had attended grange meetings. She went by her maiden name. Her husband was Sinclair Lewis who was ousted from the University of Pennsylvania about that time and had come down there but was little seen. He worked with the boys more, out making dams and things like that. The children there were supposed to make anything they wanted and we visited the labor camp a few miles away where the people complained because the manager of it lived in a bought house when they all had to make their houses. It was that kind of spirit. When we landed there Nellie gave us a talk and one of the things she said was that each person was to call the other people by their first name. That she wouldn't answer anyone who didn't call her Nellie. She and her husband had their apartment over a mill, quite an artistic little place across the road. This was a big old farmhouse where the club was held. Children ranged from 5 to 15 I guess. They had a craft shop and different little shops where they gave them instructions. It was supposed to be a summer school. They were all kept busy and all in a good humor. Not while we were there the two months did any child call me anything but Mrs. Johnson. I appreciated that. It showed that they had been brought up a little better than I thought they might be. My duties seemed to be that the tables were set and the paper napkins were put on and that the refrigerators were clean. Sinclair Lewis would come in and wash dishes. The children would wipe and they would be jolly and they'd carry red flags around and have little marches. I certainly am
confused. It was not Sinclair Lewis it was Scott Nearing who was Nellie Seeds husband, and had been ousted from the University of Pennsylvania.

Men of note came to visit the camp. Will Durant came there and spent a week. He had the same kind of table that we had, same kind of food but I noticed that he didn't look entirely happy while he was there. I didn't get acquainted with him at all.

But Nellie had ideas like this. She'd have little meetings in her cottage and if we out voted her that was all right. We voted on everything. Everybody had a say. One night she wanted to cut down the work a little and she decided that when they had soup they would not have dinner plates. You would eat the remainder of your meal from the soup plate. I spoke up right away that I wasn't going to do that and everybody agreed with me. Nellie very graciously backed down. We had our dinner plates. Two adults and six children sat at a table. George and I sat at our table. I never did know George's last name.

A boy from some private high school in New York washed the pots and pans in the tubs that should be for washing clothes you know. He just kept busy at that and he was a jolly nice boy. Some of these little tackers were homesick for their homes and their mothers. They'd been sent to get them out of the way. I remember toward the end a woman who had care of what we call the infirmary upstairs, when some of them didn't feel very well. She was the wife of the craftsman who ran the shop for the pupils. She was having a little party in the parlor of the old house and she give the children a choice of one faculty member to ask to the party. There were no faculty people asked but they all asked me to come to the party. I think it was because I was the oldest and the most motherly looking person at the camp. One little five-year-old crawled up in my lap and
told me how homesick he was for his mother. Well at the end everything was bustle. I forgot to say that there was a girl in that camp. I don't remember her name. She was a student doing graduate work at the University of Wisconsin. Margie got well acquainted with her. She told Margie what she was trying to do. Margie read part of her dissertation that she was preparing. Just before the camp was closed, Marjorie and I had all this time been sleeping in a room that had been built over the garage. We were glad of that because it was a quiet spot. Neelie Seeds came over to my bedside one evening and said she would like to have me return for the winter school. She was asking two others and that was Marjorie and the girl from Wisconsin. None of whom had any of the ideas that she had and I told her so. I said, "Nellie I couldn't work here with the ideas you people have because I think that you're Communism. She was very nice about it. Just before we left she came to me and asked me if she would pay me a little more would I stay on for a few days afterwards and see that every thing was properly locked up and left in order. She made no arrangements to get me and my baggage to the station the day I'd leave. It was quite a little distance away and I didn't know what I was going to do unless I asked George to find out where I could hire somebody. George was staying too. At the last moment George told me that he was planning to take me to the station which was very nice of him.

When I went up to work at Manumet I asked the people at Kells to send me one of the papers that came there because I wanted to read it. I wanted news from home and then I asked to send me another one that they got free that I would like to have. That was The Christian Science Monitor. I'm not a Christian Scientist but I enjoy their articles. I just happened to read the advertisements in there and I saw this advertisement, "Wanted,
an assistant to the dietician of a large boys school in New York", and gave the address. I sat down and wrote a letter and I told her I didn't know what she would expect of an assistant but if she would write to tell me I would tell her whether I could do it. Otherwise I wouldn't apply. I told her who I was and where I came from. When I got home in Newark, Marjorie and I had fitted up an apartment up in the storage space at the shop and that was our home and The Whim downstairs. I found a telegram from this lady asking me to meet her in New York at some station there. When I met her she had come down from Troy, New York. She was a dietician for the Rensellear Polytechnic Institute. She had been a couple of years at Delaware College, hired by Mr. A. G. Wilkinson who was then a business administrator. She had met my husband. She had liked my letter because I wasn't promising to do something I couldn't do. That was the second time that I had done things that I didn't know how to do.

She made me an offer. I liked her very much. She's a middle-aged person. Her name is Vernett Huntley, was the dietician. We went to work together. We had our own apartment. A lovely little apartment. I had my own room and bath. My laundry was done, excellent food and we had our own maid. That part was joined with a part of the dining hall. The building that held the dining hall. Also several people who worked in the dining hall slept in a corridor off from our rooms. She bought the best of food and had it served the best she could. There were linen cloths on the tables in the dining room.

My work was to see that the salad was properly made. In other words that there was no worm in the lettuce. Such things as that which the boys from South America were the first to find always. To talk the menu over with the chef and the assistant. I had about 25 students whom I had to stand at the dining room door inside the kitchen as they
passed by with the soup plates as they were very apt to slop them over and that would get on the linen cloths. They hated to be interrupted, but we got along fine. I even helped them wash the dishes sometimes when they were in a hurry.

We had a gallery with about 30 family members who had to be supplied with a variety of sandwiches, tea and coffee every noon meal. The boys had the best of food. Miss Huntley was the best teacher I ever saw. In the short time I was with her she had taught me everything about the refrigerator which she inspected every night before she went to bed. Even one time she went to Syracuse to visit a friend and left me with the safe in the office and I crawled up there in the dead of the night to be sure I had locked that safe properly. She taught me how she had met the man who had charge of pastry and the man who had charge of meats and the man who had charge of vegetables to get the proper weights out of the storerooms. How she bought. I felt everyday I was learning something. The evenings we spent together. I had no social life whatever. I felt far away from home and my feet were beginning to hurt on the concrete walks within the building.

One morning the telephone rang. It was from Selbyville, Delaware. Governor Townsend had been elected. I hadn't even been home to vote for him, senator of Delaware, and he wondered if I wouldn't come up to help him. Well you can imagine how I felt. No you can't because you didn't know Miss Huntley.

I said, Senator could I stay the year out here, very foolishly. I'm expected to stay here a year. No, no he said, I have to have somebody when I go to Washington. I said will you give me a day or two days to think it over. I don't know why he thought that I would come running I expect.
I told Miss. Huntley what had happened. She went to her room and stayed two
days. She was a Scientist, and thought by thinking it over she could come to the proper
conclusion. So she came out at the end of that time, the maid and I had been worrying
about her and she said I've tried to think about it from your standpoint. It certainly isn't
from mine. If you will help me find somebody else whom I can work with and live with
I'll let you go. In the meantime she had called the Trustees and they had offered me more
money if I would stay which was more money by the way that I got when I went to
Washington. So I accepted it and she followed me to the train and we cried and she gave
me a beautiful ring.

When I got my first letter I received in Washington it was from one of those
waiters. They had sent me a present and he had sent me the sweetest letter, I have kept
till this day.

Before I went to Washington I had to stay a couple of days in Newark at home to
get things in order. Ed Steele who was one of the young men who roomed at my house
the year I had the house on my hands. He's now a federal judge, told me that he would
take me to Washington when I got ready to go. Meanwhile someone had advised me
where to stay because I didn't know anybody there. I went to one of those little hotels
that were built during World War I near the Union Station. There were several buildings.
They were as complete as any hotel in their service and they had excellent food in the
dining hall but the beds were awful. Just like hard boards. I think they had been bought
from some military institution. When Ed took me into the hotel that evening and I went
up to the desk, we waited for the lady at the desk to fill out the papers. He turned to pick
up my baggage to take to the room and she called him back quickly. No gentlemen were
allowed in the halls. We've laughed over that many a time.

The next day was inauguration day. Senator Townsend had asked me to meet
them at the Hotel Raleigh.

WHOSE INAUGURATION?

Hoover's. It was a very cold, raw day and looked as if it might snow or rain. I
had no feeling about going down to the hotel to meet them, in fact, I was so near the
Capitol where the exercise would be held that I thought it would be foolish to go down to
the hotel to come up with them. I knew they would have tickets different from mine
because he was going to be in the senators group you know, so I phoned him that I would
go over there by myself and I went and I think I was almost the first one there. The
second one was a lady who came and sat near me. She had come from Pittsburgh I think,
no it wasn't, it was Allentown, Pennsylvania.

End of side "D" tape 2

Fortunately I had brought over a heavy blanket and a lot of newspapers with me
because there's nothing like newspapers for keeping you warm if you can put them under
your coats when you're cold you know. I was sitting there all bundled up and this woman
sat by me with nothing to protect her. You see they set right out in the open. She didn't
even have - I guess I had an umbrella too. She probably did. I began to uncover and give
her part of my coverings and we sat there huddled up during the exercises. We talked
and I found her name was Johnson too and she had been sent to the inauguration too
because she had been the woman who had solicited the most people to get registered for
the campaign, in a club that she belong.
She said now that you have helped me I want you to come to lunch with me. We'll go down to the Willard and have lunch. There were no trolleys running there. It was storming by this time and we just couldn't go down to the Willard. No taxis would stop for us. The taxis were already used. I said to her I have a basket of fruit in my room over at the hotel. It was past their meal time over there and I said would you come over and eat fruit with me. She said I'll be glad to. So she came over and we visited and got acquainted and we ate fruit.

She was staying with some friends out in Bethesda, and the taxis were running by that time so I gave her a raincoat and overshoes and she went off with my clothing and she said she would bring it back the next morning which she did. That's the last I've ever seen of her. That was the Beginning.

The next morning the senator called me and asked me if I would meet Miss Hurley over in the office. That she would show me how to get along. I had said this when I had talked to him in Troy. I said Senator why do you want me to come down there? I can't type and I don't know shorthand. He said I'm not asking you for that I'm asking you to be a receptionist. So when I went over to the office to speak to Miss Hurley he had told me that he had asked Senator Bayard whom he had defeated, if there was anything he could do for him. That was just like Senator Townsend. Senator Bayard said yes there is. There's a girl from Georgetown in my office and she has no other job. If you'd take her on your staff it would help her a great deal. I think Senator didn't know what he was giving and I think Senator Bayard probably did know what he was asking, because Miss Hurley was a democrat, a staunch democrat and Senator would be supposed
to put Republicans in his office and from his own state, you know. She was from his own state though.

He was that kind of a man you know. Here he was trusting me. That was a surprise to me. Well when I went over, the question she asked me - did I type. I said no. She said I never heard of an office with only one typist in it. So that was enough for me.

It seemed that the allotment of people on a senator's staff is made somewhere over in the capital. I don't know whether it's the committee or the disbursing office. The senator had 3 on his staff. He had his secretary whom he appointed his son Paul as his secretary, then he had two clerks. By the way, he never called us clerks. We were always "one of my secretaries." His son Paul received $4,250. My salary was $2,400. Olive's was $2,250.

I had to do some thinking because I knew that Olive was not going to like it if I were receptionist and she was doing all the work. I had made up my mind when I took the job that I would do something at night in the way of education. To get something that I could come home and work at. I thought if I could be a librarian I could get work here at the college library. So the next afternoon after work I went to the George Washington College to the registrar's office and found that I would have to have a lot of recommendations and papers and things from the Newark schools where I had been graduated, dear knows how many years. I found that no papers were to be found the year I was graduated. The trustees were dead.

Mr. Messersmith, who later became the ambassador to Mexico was principal of the Newark school at that time. He knew me and he knew my husband. He wrote me the nicest letter you ever saw. I handed it in to the Registration Office and was enrolled for
night classes, evening classes. When I went there, there were people waiting a whole block long to go into the Registrars Office. I waited all that time. When I got back to the office and people kept coming in I thought I had made a mistake. Where I should have enrolled was at Strayers business office. So I cancelled by enrollment at George Washington and went to Strayers and took night courses in shorthand and typing for about 9 months from the nicest person and all the students in there, because they had to do it at night, were serious and worked hard. So I was much better off as if I had gone to day school. I never had to use my stenography because Olive took the shorthand and senator would come to me and confer over letters.

THIS INTERVIEW IS PART OF THE UNIVERSITY OF DELAWARE ORAL HISTORY PROJECT. MRS. EVERETT C. JOHNSON OF NEWARK IS GOING TO DISCUSS HER EXPERIENCE IN WASHINGTON WHEN SHE WORKED WITH SENATOR JOHN G. TOWNSEND OF DELAWARE.

MRS. JOHNSON WHAT WERE YOUR FIRST IMPRESSIONS WHEN YOU WENT TO WASHINGTON AND WHAT YEAR WAS THIS?

It was January 1929, Senator Townsend had been elected Senator in November 1928.

I was a little bit frightened because I had not been prepared for the position at all. Had never worked in an office but Senator Townsend had assured me that he wanted me to be more of a contact person and hostess in the office. He didn't know much about it either. We would learn together.

The first thing Senator Townsend did was to tell us whom he named as his staff. He had put his son Paul as his secretary and I came in second place and Olive B. Hurley
of Georgetown came next. She had been in the office of Senator Thomas F. Bayard whom Senator Townsend defeated in the election. He had asked Senator Townsend to take care of her if he could. Senator Townsend had already asked him if there was anything he could do for him. He was that kind of a man. Olive was a democrat of course and there was some thought about that down at the National Committee. But she was loyal to the office.

WHERE MOST SENATORIAL STAFFS THAT SIZE IN THOSE DAYS?

I'll tell you that in just a minute. I wanted to say that Olive was loyal to the office and proved good help and we got along fine together. She finally became a staunch supporter of the Republican Party.

Each office is given a staff that in proportion is suitable for that population of the state. So ours was a small staff. Senator Townsend also had a young man on his patronage as other senators did. This was Wolcott Gum of Frankfort, Delaware. He had a policemen job. I think it was on the capitol grounds. It may have been around the Supreme Court. But anyway, he took a night course at night. In three years he had his law degree.

Paul received a salary of $4,250. I received $2,400 and Olive $2,250. These salaries were set and we received our pay every two weeks by walking over to the Capitol to the Disbursing Office. Senator Townsend's salary was $10,000. A few years later it was increased to $12,500. These salaries have increased over the years. The senators now get $42,500 as do the members of the House of Representatives.

I don't know about the other salaries except for the one which I received. I asked Senator Boggs the other day what I would be receiving if I were down there now doing
the same work. He said $20,000. and he added you would need it in Washington these
days Mrs. Johnson.

In those days they had no administrative assistants, no legislative assistants. We
even wondered why President Roosevelt when he came in needed so many administrative
assistants. We had a group of lawyers in an office near the Capitol who would help the
people in the office or the Senator himself to frame a bill he night want introduced so it
would be legal.

There were two newspaper reporters who covered our office. One was a Mr.
Lynn who wrote for the Wilmington papers. A young man, Larry Allen, who was an AP
man.

WHEN YOU SAY THEY COVERED THE OFFICE, WAS THE MAN WHO
WORKED FOR THE AP ASSIGNED TO EASTERN STATES OR ONE SENATOR?
DID HE COME TO SEE YOUR, OFFICE ALMOST EVERY DAY?

He came regularly. Several times a week when there were big stories. I'm sure
he covered a number of other senators. If I may stop to describe this young man for a
minute. He was a nice looking young fellow. Very sociable and nice. We liked to see
him come in the office, because I was older than some of the clerks he took a fancy to me
and one day when he ripped his sleeve in his coat he came right to me to ask if I had a
needle and thread so I could sew it up for him. I felt if I were partly his mother. I
happened to have it on hand because I hated to change the typewriter ribbon and I had
sewed in a hem for Olive in return for her putting a typewriter ribbon on my typewriter.
So I happened to have it on hand.
It is interesting to know the special services that are given to the senator and his staff. First there is, the Library of Congress and it certainly is well named. They bow to every wish or need of a senator or his staff. If I needed to do any bit of research for Senator Townsend all I had to do was call and ask when I might come over. They'd make it as soon as they could. I'd have a desk and chair waiting for me. Someone to get the books needed and if I didn't have time to go over I'd express my need to somebody over there. The results would be quick and good.

We also had a stationery store for the stationery for the senator was furnished. Also they wrapped small packages for mailing and sent them over to the post office.

There was another room called the Maintenance and Carpenter shop. I think, something like that. Anything that had to be sent by mail and had to be boxed with wood was done there. They also would make during the senators term a beautiful cedar chest for each senator. They would make the red boxes which the senator used to send home his collections of things when he was in Washington.

During the George Washington Bicentennial, each senator was given one, maybe two busts of George Washington. Of course he wanted one in his office and one at his home. One would be shipped to him or someone else. Bound carefully so they wouldn't be broken in wooden boxes. That would be done in the Carpenter Shop.

Then our typewriters were watched over for repair. Of course there was a post office and mail delivered four times a day to the office. It came tied with good strong twine and Olive told me that when Senator Bayard was there as well to do as he was, he was thrifty. He would always take that twine from the package and carefully add it to a
ball he had started and he had several huge balls on his closet shelves when he left
Washington.

Now I'd like to tell you about the committees to which Senator Townsend had
been assigned. One was Agriculture. That was very natural because he was familiar with
such work. The next was Banking and Currency and he had a bank of his own and knew
all the banks in the state and had served for 50 years I think, when he did on the bank of
the state of Delaware. The next was Appropriations which would fit anyone. I should
have said the Farmers Bank of the State of Delaware. He was also on the Claims
Committee which is a very interesting committee and on the Audit and Control of the
Senate. Now the Claims Committee had to do with claims against the government of
course, and they were varied indeed. The claims were small and large depending on
whether the governments operations in some way had destroyed a whole island or smaller
whether a man had an injury while he was using some implements in a Veterans Hospital.
Such things as that. They all required a great deal of reading. The Claims Committee
didn't meet every week but when they'd have a collection, most of the people on the
committee were lawyers, so Senator Townsend was at a disadvantage but he had pretty
good judgment after all.

I used to prepare the research material for him. We had some very interesting
people call at the office during that time. One of them I would like to tell you about. He
was a man who was working in the Veterans Hospital. Every time he used a certain bit
of machinery, I don't know whether it was I forget now, whether it was x-ray or what but
his forehead would break out in a running sore. He didn't know why it was. He'd blame
it on other things but he narrowed it down till he knew it was that machine. He asked to
be transferred to some other kind of work, anything at all, but they would not transfer him. Through the Library of Congress I found a medical book which had an article in it that hit this very ailment. I briefed that and gave it to the Senator and they won the man $5,000 which he seemed very grateful to have.

I will say that during the twelve years the Senator was on that Committee only one of our judgments had been returned, was vetoed at the White House.

I found out almost immediately how fortunate the Delaware senators and their staffs were to live so near Washington. It meant that Senator Townsend could go home every weekend for overnight and it meant that we might. It meant that our friends could come to see us. It was less cost and less time. I would hear the girls in the other offices talk about wanting to go home, how much it took to go home. Of course the senators were allowed a certain amount of money to spend on round trips to their homes. The members of the staff were not.

I have two illustrations which will show what I mean. Next door to us at the office was Senator Vandenberg of Michigan. Every adjournment when he went home he would take certain members of his staff with him. Usually it ended up with a young lawyer and his wife, who was also a lawyer and a typist, were left alone in the office because they were the two who could manage it. They were getting home sick to go to Michigan. The young man whose name was Oliver Dompierre came to me one day. He had been very helpful to me in getting started in the office. He came to me one day and asked me if I would consider helping him and his wife get a trip to Michigan this summer during adjournment.
I stayed in Washington most of the summer because I had to have some kind of a home. I had my furniture brought down and always had a sizeable apartment and some girls with me. So he thought he was free to ask me and I agreed to do it. It wasn't a bit hard. It didn't take but a short time each day to throw away what had to go in the scrap basket to get the different printed matter that the senators constituents had asked for at the printing office and then forward the mail to him. There was a sign on the door that any visitors should call next door at Senator Townsends office. That summer I had more visitors from Michigan than I had from Delaware because Delaware thought we were all up home.

The second illustration is the summer I took care of Senator Dill's office in the same way. His secretary who was from the state of Washington. His secretary who was left behind was a girl who had lived with me most of the time I had been in Washington. She very much wanted to go one year. She persuaded Senator Dill to leave a sign on the office to call at our office. Well they didn't have many callers from Washington. But one veteran kept coming in. He seemed to be worried about his insurance and he said that Senator Dills office had promised to do some thing about it. I wrote to him and I hadn't had an answer back when the man came again. He was very insistent. So I said, well I didn't think what I was doing. I said we'll walk down to Senator Dills office and I'll see what your file says. We opened this darkened office and in an inner room where the files were I found his file, I opened it, fortunately, quickly and all I saw was a little pink slip such as they used down there for memos and it said on it - this man is crazy and dangerous. I folded the file and went toward the door and I said come on back to my office and we'll see what we can do, not dreaming one minute what we would do. As I
neared the office I saw two men from the elevators standing there and they took charge of
the man and I didn't see him after that. They had seen him come in the office and seen
me go out with him and guessed what I was doing.

At first we had two rooms for offices. One for Senator and Paul. Paul came in
for conferences frequently with his father. The rest of the time he was public relations
man in Delaware as well as in Washington. Olive and I had the other room.

Senators first job which I think I heard at the time, was customary, was to go to
call on all the senators who had been there before he came. He made a good job of it.
I'm sure he never missed one of them.

Another thing that was quite natural with him was to get acquainted with all the
service people, the elevator boys, the young man who steered the trolley over to the
Capitol. He knew whether they were married or not, how many children they had.
Nothing political about it because he'd never get a vote from the District of Columbia.
He was just interested in people and he would remember them and ask about them later.
The reaction toward the staff was just wonderful. I'm sure it was the same way with
Olive, but I know when I went to get on that little trolley that trolley started immediately
unless there was a senator buzzing. When I got on the elevator it was the same way.
Some of the senators were good enough to ask us to get on if we were in sight you know.
They'd tell the boy to wait. We had no end of courtesies from those services just because
Senator paved the way.

In the Banking and Currency Committee, Senator met a number of people whom
he already knew in New York, and some new ones. One of those new ones, whose name
I shall not mention, became very fond of Senator and when he knew he was going to have
a trip to Washington, he would phone me and ask me to engage a breakfast room and a
bedroom in a certain hotel for him and ask Senator Townsend if he would meet him there
for breakfast the next morning. One morning after Senator returned, he called me in his
office. He said well truth is stranger than fiction. He said you know what Guy wanted
with me this morning? He said while we're sitting here eating breakfast, my wife is being
married to my best friend. He said my wife's father is doing the same thing I am with
someone else because he couldn't bear to marry her and couldn't because he was an
Episcopal minister. Guy told Senator Townsend I blame myself a great deal. She was
very delicate and I spent $10,000 trying to get her in good health and she is apparently
now but I spent too much time away from home in my business and each time I'd go
home I'd see this friend's feet under my table. Finally she told me just what it was. She
wanted a divorce and I've given it to her. It's a pretty sad day for me.

Senator Townsend wanted some pictures in the room. We didn't wait to get any
from Delaware just then. We found some that we liked of the mountainous part of the
United States that are such beautiful scenes. Taking them around to the Carpenter Shop
we soon had them framed and up on our wall. He was very proud of them.

Every time Senator went to his home in Selbyville he would return with a basket
of fruit to be placed for the staff and visitors. Senator McNarry of Oregon, where they
grow such wonderful fruit, saw it so he began to bring us fruit too. I never saw prunes
like they grow in Oregon, they're as large as apples and one would almost make a meal.

One not familiar with the amount of work a committee or sub-committee can take
from a senator, will sometimes blame the senator for not being on the floor. He'll be in
committee doing some very important work.
When Senator Townsend was there I think he had too many committees. I believe I have heard that they don't give a senator so many now. He would go sometimes when committees were overlapping each other, he would go for a while to one and see a quiet spot and go for a while to another one. Which isn't fair to a senator.

The Depression was upon us and it was a very sad time for every one in Washington as well as other places. There were so many people from other states who came to Washington because they couldn't get work. The park benches were filled with people with bowed heads. We had urgent appeals in the newspapers to do something. One I saw one morning appealed to me. It was that we would choose a family, they gave a list of families and addresses and each one was supposed to choose a family. We might duplicate things but they were trying to make it so we wouldn't. I chose a family not very far from the Capitol and one evening as Senator Townsend was leaving about the same time I was, he said he would take me down. I said all right if you'll leave me off at this certain place and after we got in the car he said why are you stopping there and I told him I had a family there and I explained it to him. He immediately took out his purse, his wallet, and gave me the largest bill in it. So I could do more for my family that day than I had expected to do.

I usually went to the grocery store and had a boy accompany me up to the house. The first time I went I found a man and his wife and four children, little children, in a large room. The water supply was in the hall as well as a little stove and the beds almost filled the room. IT WAS A PITIFUL SIGHT. I knew that man wanted a job. I know there wasn't anything in Washington for him just now unless they would make a big upheaval and then it would be criticized by the taxpayers.
A good looking young man from Delaware came into the office one day. He had been one of those to come in. He wasn't desperate yet but I knew he deserved work. Some of those who came in the office I think had never seen Delaware although Senator was so tenderhearted that he'd pay their rent or do something for them. But this young man I felt really wanted to be doing something. He was tall and muscular. Later when I had a little time during the day I thought I'd do something very daring. I went down in the Architects Office. I'd never been there before. I didn't tell Senator I was going. I talked to the architect. He wasn't from Delaware at that time. I don't even remember his name now. I told him a little story and I said they are painting some around our windows, are they painting the whole building? Could they use another man? Because I'd ask the boy to come back. He said yes, if he knew how to hold a paint brush he would put him with a crowd. Later that day, Don Morton from Wilmington, who was the most generous person in the world, came in to pay us a call and the young man in question was painting in sight and I said, Don, it's a cold day and he has no coat on. I know its because he doesn't have one. I didn't have to say any more. When Don went back to Wilmington, he enclosed a check in a letter with the provision that the young man would never know who gave it to him. I wish you might have seen that young boy when he put that coat on.

Another thought about the Depression. Senator Wagner from New York had his office right across the way from us. I never knew how he got in his office in the morning without being seen. There was a row of chairs in front of his door. About ten every morning, awaiting the people who couldn't get in his office, demanding help. His secretary's room is right across from mine. She came across one day wringing her hands. She said I wish everybody in the world were dead. She was that desperate.
DID SENATOR TOWNSEND HAVE ANY KIND OF LEGISLATIVE REMEDIES THAT YOU HAPPEN TO REMEMBER AT THE TIME OF THE DEPRESSION? DID HE HAVE ANY GENERAL IDEAS ABOUT POSSIBLY MAKING THE SITUATION BETTER?

I think the ideas that he had would take too long to get in operation to help the situation as it existed in Washington at that time. I think charity was the only thing that could be done at that time. In Washington they were all busy trying to get their heads together and think what could be done. They wanted something that would be really useful. You can't hire a man to do work that's silly and expect them to admire their government. For instance, when I built my house there was a group that came each morning out in front of my house. They were making a new street. Evidently they had to put their utensils away the night before. They had to wait out there for an hour or so before the boss came to bring their utensils. Then they worked and laughed and told ugly jokes. My brother, who was there sick at the time, was disgusted with their language. That isn't the way to resolve things. There has to be something more definite than that. I'm sure they were busy and thinking but I can't remember now any concrete thing that was done.

One thing that interested me very much while I was in Washington was ghostwriters. I had never heard of them before, really. People would say I believe so-and-so wrote so-and-so's speech but they wouldn't call them ghostwriters. Here I began to get acquainted with ghostwriters. People would come in the office who were ghost writers. It was not thought anything about it. When President Roosevelt came in to
office he had his ghostwriters. It was no secret. It's been so with every president since. It was all-new to me then.

When I mentioned the wrapping of packages in the stationery room, the man there was so disgusted one day with senators. He told me, I've wrapped everything in this office but puppy dogs. I think he had a point there because I knew there was too much sent out from the offices at the expense of the government.

There are a number of human-interest stories that come to mind. The young man who was on Senator Townsends patronage, Wolcott Gum, lived with two other boys in an apartment somewhere in Washington. He kept up an acquaintance with me because I had known his mother and father. I like the young man very much. He was taken ill and sent to a hospital in a large ward. He must have had double pneumonia. One night about eleven o'clock the doorbell rang and it was one of the boys that he lived with. He wondered if I wouldn't come to the hospital. They knew his father and mothers address but Wolcott was determined that they shouldn't be notified. They thought they should. Would I go with them to see what I could do. Well I did that and found that it was just as they said. I persuaded Wolcott to let me call his father and mother. They came before morning.

1931, I guess it was, late, Senator returned home from his home in Delaware one Monday morning and told me he had had a talk with Julian, his son, about a new member of our staff. He had been told by the Disbursing Office that he was being permitted to have another member. Our work was growing. It would pay $1800. Senator wanted it to go to a young man in Newark. I objected to it. I thought he should have some one from his own county you know. He said no, he wanted somebody from Newark. I said, must
it be Newark or somebody at the University? He said it didn't make any difference. So I called my daughter and told her and asked her to think it over and tell me the right young man to offer it to. She suggested a graduate of that year who had been very popular. As popular as any young man she had ever known. He'd had an accident in playing football. He'd broken his neck I guess, or something. Anyway, he was going to get well from that. She thought he would be fine. So I told Senator and he said will you write a letter to Mrs. Charles Warner in Wilmington, she was Chairman of the Womens Committee in Wilmington and see if she knows him. She wrote right back that she though he was a fine young man. So Senator told me to write for him to come down and talk it over. This good-looking, brown-eyed young man entered the office one morning and it was Cale Boggs. I took him over to the coatroom to meet Senator and left them there. When Senator came back, Cale was walking with him swinging along. He had given him the job. Senator at that moment was chairman of the Audit and Control Committee of the Senate, which has to do with little and big expenses that have been contracted by the members of the Senate, trips and different things. They had to be verified. Sometimes the senators were brought on the carpet and sometimes they didn't get what they asked for, or not that much. It was a very strict committee. They needed somebody. The former secretary was leaving and they needed somebody to take that place so that's the place that Cale received. Also the Senator had stipulated that the young man must be going to school at night for a profession. Cale did want to study law. So he came on our staff. When Olive came back from lunch I said, Olive, wait till you see our brown-eyed boy.
[J. Caleb Boggs went on to not only a successful law firm but served in the military with a rank of Colonel, and a political career to include being a US Congressman]

There are two statues' of Delawareans in the Capitol. Caesar Rodney is in Statuary Hall. I'm not sure that Clayton is in Statuary Hall still I think first they thought they might have to put him around the corner. I believe they are both there. A man named Bryant, a sculptor made the statues after they were ordered. He couldn't find any place to put them. He was told every time that Statuary Hall was filled. Dr. Ryan who was Chairman of the History Department of the University of Delaware came down. I knew him real well. He came in and asked our office if there was anything our office could do to get those statues put in Statuary Hall. It was adjournment of Congress and I was there alone. There was nobody to do anything about it except myself. I did another daring thing. I went down to the basement of the Capitol again to see if there was anybody down there who could help us get those statues placed. I found a kind dear and things began moving. It wasn't too long after that until I was invited to see the unveiling of the statues in Statuary Hall. By the sculptor I was given a picture of each one, framed, for the part I had in it.

There are many ways that a senator and his office can help get things done that are stalled because of the many requests. Dr. Henry Clay Reed of the History Department of Delaware wanted very much to have a William Penn stamp and he wrote to me to see what we could do. I did everything I knew to do but all the answer I could get - I even went down to the post office, was that they had too many requests and it cost too much money to design these stamps. Nowadays I understand they are making a business of it in a building near the Capitol where they make stamps up all shapes and
sizes and figures just to make money on them. I couldn't seem to get this one. One day, Senator, who had already written in his own name, called me in the office. He said, you know I'm invited to dinner tonight. Jim Farley who is Postmaster General wants to sit next to me. We're good friends. Senator had plenty of good friends in the Democratic Party. He said I might be able to get your stamp over. And he did. Henry Clay Reed sent me a card with the first William Penn stamp on it.

I recall that the first year we were there we had a three month adjournment of Congress. It doesn't seem possible now. Olive went with friends on a motor trip to California. Senator was down home. He would come up a couple of times a week. Or call on the phone and we had a number of callers from Delaware, some of them wanted me to go with them on certain sight-seeing trips and that is what I was supposed to do.

I remember one day Mrs. Warner came down with a group and she wanted me to go to Mount Vernon with them. I thought they knew the way to Mount Vernon. I certainly didn't know it, never driven a car so after a while the driver, I forget who he was, thought he might be on the wrong road and asked me. I had to admit that I didn't know. We stopped a car, a truck, from North Carolina. He told us how to go to Mount Vernon. I adored Mount Vernon, I had been there before, I just thought that's the place, of all the places in Washington, where I would like to have lived. I enjoyed going around and hearing the comments.

That day there was a little boy in a group near us. He saw the sign "Smoke House" over an outside building and he came yelling to his mother - Oh Mother, they used to make them come out here to smoke!"
The George Washington Bicentennial was quite an affair. I have told you that the members of Congress received a statue of the bust of the head of Washington. At the end of the Bicentennial they held his funeral. Of course it was February 22nd. The governors of all the original states were invited to come and bring a guest and flowers to put on the altar. Governor Buck, who was our governor then, called Senator Townsend to ask if he would take his place. It did not suit Senator Townsend to go. It was either on Saturday or Sunday, I forget which, so he called me and asked if I would go and take Marjorie which I consented to do. We went to a hotel in Alexandria. The Governor was there to greet us, just as they did in old time funerals. The old time funerals were held in homes though, the friends gathered together and had a meal. After he had made his speech, we had a meal. I remember in his speech he suggested that maybe he had been a mugwump and he told us what a mugwump was. It was when you sat on a fence, when you had your mug on one side and your wump on the other. He asked if we knew that in the dictionary there was such a word as "yesno". He was right, I looked it up afterward. There is a word in the dictionary "yesno". It means when a person's a mugwump.

Later we went out in the dining room, Marjorie and I were seated with eight congressmen. We had some fine conversation. Not that we took part in it, but hearing them discuss this and that. After dinner we walked to the little church carrying our red roses. At the service, we from the 13 states, the delegates that had been sent, would walk up to the altar and place our roses there. It was a very stormy, snowy day. We had a bus to take us back. If we didn't I don't know how we'd ever gotten back. It was quite a day.

This is a little change, but in the summer during that adjournment, Margaret Barnard from Dover, who was secretary in Senator Hasting's office from Delaware and I
attended all the band concerts of the Marine, the Navy and the Army. Some of them were held on the steps of the Capitol. We'd sit on the grass or sit on the steps. One was held in some building. I think it must have been the Marines. They were all very lovely. I remember one evening we had so much pleasure listening to two Italians, still with their work clothes on, who had come from some job and stopped there. The evenings were long and they discussed these pieces that were played as if they had played them all themselves. It was very interesting.

I found out that summer what people meant who said that the Washington streets were hot enough to cook an egg on. I really think they were and I've heard since that it has been proven.

We had no air-conditioning in the Senate Office Building then. It was put in a few years later. There were very few of the apartment houses, only the very new ones, which had electric refrigerators. I never broke a lease but I moved almost every year trying to find one that was a little better than the other because I had girls with me who needed to be comfortable.

After arriving at the office I told Senator Townsend that I had already met some very worthwhile people who had come from Delaware to work under civil service in the District of Columbia. I thought they were worth being written up for the Wilmington paper. He jumped at it. He said well the Delmarva Star would be glad to have it and I know one you could go interview. Already had me interviewing him. The one he had mentioned was a Senator Carey from Wyoming whose father was born in Milton, Delaware. He owned a farm near Milton which had been left to him by his grandfather so we called him the third senator from Delaware. I did have a nice interview with him.
He was a handsome man. He owned more land in Wyoming than he knew he had. He
couldn't tell me how many acres but he had 2,000 acres under cultivation.

The Star seemed glad to have the articles so I arranged some more, it was six I
think. It meant a trip to the office of each person, then the writing of the article, then the
trip back to see if the article I had written suited for me each time. After the sixth, I
decided that I had better take care of my own office and not do so much of that. There
was a field there for anybody.

The most interesting person by far whom I interviewed was a Dr. Tindall,
formerly of Wilmington. Mr. Tindall died a few years later. The papers called him the
oldest employee of the District of Columbia. He was 88 when he died and the District of
Columbia's most honored official. He had served in the Civil War. He was 85 when I
saw him first and still he was writing and alert and going to his office every day. They
insisted on him keeping an office there. While I was interviewing him in his office he
opened a drawer and showed me a typed copy of a cosmic theory similar to Einstein's,
which he hoped to have printed some day. He had a degree of medicine and law from the
George Washington University. He served as secretary to the first mayor of the District
of Columbia. He served also as secretary to the Commissioner of the District of
Columbia after that title became used. The Congress, later, in appreciation made special
provision for his retention in the building and the residents of the city decided that he
should remain there as Director of the Bureau of Intelligence for the District.

Anytime I could spare the time I would like to go over to the galleries. There was
so much of interest there and we knew the men who had charge of admission to the
galleries well enough so that they would tell us if we shouldn't go in the Presidents
gallery for instance or some other good one, or wait till another time. Usually we would get in. I saw many people there I'd wanted to see.

WHO WAS THE MOST COLORFUL, FLAMBOYANT SENATORIAL PERSONALITY WHEN YOU WERE WATCHING FROM THE GALLERY? WHO DID YOU SPECIALLY WANT TO WATCH?

Well, I would say Huey Long. Huey was quite a character. I liked him in spite of his odd doings. I remember one day someone came in our office and wanted a Bible. We didn't have any, we were ashamed to say. I just had a hunch some way or another that Huey would have a Bible and I called his office and he did have it. I went down and got it. While I was there his secretary showed me his office, inner office, he had law books and other books from floor to ceiling. I wondered how many senators had that.

One day there was a group came down from Newark to see me. Of course I, was supposed to take them over to the gallery and I took them in and introduced them to the Senator in the cloak room first. He took us up to the gallery himself. I said to him in a whisper they'd love to hear Huey Long speak. We were no more seated when I saw Senator walk over to Huey and speak a few words. After a little while when Huey saw his chance, he made us a speech. I don't remember what it was about but it was a speech and he looked up at our gallery the whole time.

It is the practice for Democrats in the Senate to speak on their own side of the Senate floor and for the Republicans likewise, to speak on their own side. But it didn't make any difference to Huey Long. He paraded that Senate floor as if it belonged to him. He was just as apt to stand right at the seat of one important senator, which I saw happen one day when Hiram Johnson entered the room and saw Huey Long standing at his feet,
you never saw such an expression on any one’s face as on Senator Johnson’s. He looked a
while and then he turned on his foot and left the room.

One day when I was in the gallery a couple of young men were seated near me
and one of them turned to the other and he said, does Roosevelt ever come to this joint?

One another day in another gallery a group of page girls from the DAR
Convention were seated there it happened that that day was not a regular session but a
funeral, a memorial service for a member of the Senate, I forget who it was, the girls
listened for a while and then one of them said, do they always start this thing with
flowers?

One day, because Senator’s daughter wasn’t in town, she gave me her ticket for a
seat for some function that went on in the Senate, some memorial function, because I was
from Delaware I had a seat right back from the VIPs. Alice Longworth was seated in
front of me. I noticed that her handbag looked about as shabby as mine and her gloves
were out at the fingers just as mine were. The thing that amused me most was when it
was all over and she couldn’t get out fast enough, instead of waiting for the people in her
line to move, she straddled the seats and went over one back of seat out to the other till
she got to the door. I’d would liked to know her better.

One thing I saw, in the Senate one day that both saddened me and amused me was
the time Senator Hiram Bingham was being chastised, I’ll say, for it was during the tariff
debate and he had brought in a, member of the Manufacturers Association to advise him.
That was thought non-ethical so he was about to lose his seat in the Senate. He looked so
haggard. He’s, really a handsome man. But he had gone through this so much that he
was haggard. Across the aisle from him was Senator James Hamilton Lewis. They
called him Jim-Ham Lewis, his buddies did. He was taking part in the debate. He was so suave that he could make a man feel that he was his friend although he was picking him to pieces. It was proving too much for Senator Bingham. When Senator Lewis concluded his remarks Senator Bingham rose and said, when I am chastised by the pulchritudinous senator from Illinois, I feel that I have been massaged by a pearl, and sat down.

This same Senator Lewis had a wig of which he was very fond and he would change it as the hair grew, probably so that he must have had about three wigs for different occasions or periods of the month. He was quite a character. His office force was devoted to him yet they never knew what he was going to do. At one time he disappeared. They kept waiting each morning thinking he would come in, didn't dare call his home and finally, being from Chicago, a barrel of hams appeared in the office. The girls didn't know what to do with them. So they called Mrs. Hamilton and she didn't know where he was. They said what are we going to do with these hams? She said, divide them up and eat them. We found out later when he returned, he'd been to Africa during the Senate session.

I've always felt it was important that people should know how much time the senators have to spend in committee and sub-committees. It may have been for that reason that Senator Townsend introduced as few bills as he could. There are three that I'd like to mention that I think stand out. One was on the Banking and Currency Committee, because of that he introduced his silver bill. Which had to do with the United States government buying silver all over the world for more than the market price and storing it at West Point. He thought it should be stopped. He had trouble getting it out of the
committee. I think it would have been a popular bill but Senator Barkley who was one of his best friends, was chairman of the committee and he saw to it though that that bill wouldn't get out, that a Republican got credit for it.

Senator had a man named Mr. Bratter, who did research work for him. Mr. Bratter was a writer for The New York Times. He wrote editorials on financial subjects. I know he did it because I typed some of them for him and I would see them in the paper the next day. One night after I had gone to bed, the phone rang. It was Mr. Bratter. They were having a night session at the Senate. He was sure he had some material that Senator Townsend could well put before the Senate that evening. He had to have it typed. Would I go with him that evening to my office and type it for him. Time was precious. I put on my clothes and rode up there with him in a taxi and typed it and he dashed over to the Senate. That was the last I saw of him that evening. After it was over I went down to the corner, it was about 11:30 by that time, waited on a corner to take either a taxi or a streetcar, whichever came first, I think it was the streetcar. The next morning when Senator came into the office he was very serious. He said, I don't want anything like that to happen again.

You won't believe this but there was a bill introduced from the Agriculture Committee sent by Senator Townsend pertaining to oleo. Oleo was being made then so near like butter that it was being sold as butter. As well as I can remember, the bill that he introduced required that the oleo be untinted so they would know it was oleo. Nothing but butter should be furnished to our men in the Armed Services. The bill passed. I think it must have been amended later because they went back to using - they do advertise it more nearly as oleo. Dr. T. F. Manns of the University of Delaware at that time, told me
that the oleo that was being produced at that time cost about seven cents for the ingredients in it, a pound.

The third bill, of which I am very proud, was the plant patent bill. Luther Burbank had made his famous collection of plants that he had discovered and he had no assurance that somebody else wouldn't pull them to pieces and get a patent on them. He had never had a patent. When he died his widow was faced with that. She had all the money he wanted her to have in his gardens, but no assurance. This bill applied to bushes and trees. Not to seed. The first application was made for a rose, was made by a Frenchman. You see the bill applies to any one who brings it to the United States Patent Office. I forgot the number of patents that were issued in a few months.

One requirement when applying for a patent was to produce three drawings, in color, of the plant. I thought the prettiest one I was shown when I visited the patent office was one of a mushroom. Such delicate, beautiful, faint coloring and lines that were in those pictures.

Last year I was given a gift of a rose bush and I happened to notice there was a little metal something hanging on it and I looked at it and it was a plant patent, so-and-so. It made me thrill.

Another bill which Senator Townsend introduced was the Perennial Equal Rights Bill. Through that I met Hazel Moore, legislative assistant to Mrs. Margaret Sanger. Mrs. Sanger, I think, founded the Parenthood Association. The birth control. Hazel had worked for a number of years with the Red Cross. She was a very valuable assistant to Mrs. Sanger and made several trips to China with her. Hazel and I became good friends during the time she spent in Washington. She had a key to my apartment and I had an
extra cot always in my room for her. Hazel had been divorced and she had a son, half grown, in a private school for boys in Washington. Later he went to China and finally flew a commercial plane. It came out in the papers that he had been lost in one of his trips. Hazel was in Washington at the time and became greatly agitated. She had a number of friends in China and she knew if she could get over there they would be influential enough to have a real search made for the boy. The Washington Post, I believe it was, or at least a Washington paper, became interested in it for the story value and they paid Hazel's expenses to go to China, to fly there. While she was over there she died before she had made her search, of a disease which I didn't know she had which was diabetes.

YOU HAVE DESCRIBED SOME OF THE BILLS THAT SENATOR TOWNSEND WAS PARTICULARLY INSTRUMENTAL IN ENGINEERING THROUGH THE SENATE, ARE THERE ANY OTHER PARTICULAR KINDS OF BILLS OR WERE THERE ANY MORE THAT YOU THINK ARE IMPORTANT TO TALK ABOUT?

I believe the rest were minor and rather local concerning Delaware. Because Senator had a feeling there were entirely too many laws introduced. Took up too much time and were not worthy of the work the committees were giving to them.

Rather than ignore the subject of law-making altogether, I would like to applaud the statement made recently by our Judge Neals in addressing a group of newly naturalized citizens of the United States, in the District Court in Wilmington when he said, multiplying laws in Washington encroaches on your liberty. It behooves us as citizens to watch with jealous eyes, the number when they pile up a body of laws. Judge Neals must have had in mind the fact that when the first session of the seventy-fourth
Congress was convened in 1935, the code of laws of the United States then in effect with the meaning of each law briefly stated and printed in small type filled a large volume of 2,275 pages. Just federal laws and mind you the first session of that Congress which was adjourned in late August enacted 80 more laws and if the members of Congress had had their will, the number would have been 13,000. Small wonder that Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas, majority leader of the Senate, became a bit concerned the last evening in rebuking Senator Long for interrupting the normal disposition of legislation, used instead the phrase dissipation of legislation.

One day I was fortunate enough to have a seat in the gallery so I could get a clear look at Mrs. Roosevelt which I had never had before. I found her better looking than her pictures. She had fine eyes and brow. Pretty hair and when she smiled it lighted up her whole face. Her manner was serious as if she were always thinking about serious things. She always carried her knitting to the gallery and knitted the whole time she was there. She looked older and much more serious when she had been in Washington for a few years.

Mrs. Hiram Johnson attended more sessions of the Senate than any other of the Senate wives. Her husband seemed to appreciate her presence and often addresses himself to her when he speaks. He considers her his best critic.

If you don't mind, I'm going to change the subject for just a few minutes and tell you about one Saturday morning when I was in the office alone, Senator had gone to Delaware as was his custom when not on committee.

In walked Mr. Pierre du Pont and asked for the Senator. I told him he wasn't there and asked what I might do for him. He said, well I just came down on the train to attend
the meeting I had been called to, anti-trust and I made some notes which I would like to copy and I said come on in Senator's room and use his desk. He said, oh no I'll just stand here and he stood by my rolltop desk and began writing. I said Mr. du Pont, might I type them for you? He looked so pleased and grateful. He said, would you? He thanked me profusely and I thought, all those sarcastic remarks I've heard about the Du Pont Company in Delaware since we came here, some people who come in think the Du Ponts run our state. I've lived there a good many years and I was never conscious of anything like that. They've just given people good jobs and good pensions. Taken care of them when they were ill and things like that.

Mr. William B. Foster of Wilmington, a vice president of the Du Pont Company asked me one day if I would send him a copy of every bill and report on every bill which I might get that would help him on certain subjects that he was interested in. I agreed to do it and I sent him more bills than I would like to count. Once he wrote about an amendment that was called on a bill that was before the committee on Agriculture and asked me if that were passed, would I send him a telegram or telephone him immediately upon its passage. Well one day I had the feeling they were going to have a session until midnight that night and that that amendment was apt to come up. That was the second time I had been in the gallery until midnight when it closed. But that amendment did pass that night and I telegraphed Mr. Foster because I hated to wake him out of his sleep. I hope they didn't call him from the telephone office.

Another little meeting one day of social interest it seems things were going a little slow at the Capitol and he phoned for me to come over for lunch. I went over and he had Senator Wolcott from Connecticut who was about his best friend in the Senate. Also and
while we were there Senator Wolcott told a story about Lady Astor and before I tell it I want to tell another one about Lady Astor. Which occurred during World War II.

A cousin of my husbands lived in Philadelphia and her husband was in World War II. He became a Colonel. Both were graduates of the University of Delaware. His assignment was to the harbor at Plymouth where the vessels that had been damaged in battle were brought in to see if they could be retrieved. He was an engineer and there was a British engineer whose name I don't remember, associated with him. Lady Astor was always very good to people who came to help in the war from the United States because she herself was from Virginia. This Colonel Fred Murray who came from Selbyville where Senator Townsend lived, had been invited several times to her home for dinner. He was very artistic himself. After he had been graduated he had been named Superintendent of Maintenance at the Federal Reserve Building. They had a class in painting and woodworking and he always walked off with the prizes and had done some beautiful work. He immediately noticed an apron on a side table and remarked on its beauty. He had mentioned his wife Polly. Lady Astor immediately turned around and said, take it home to Polly. When Fred told me the story I exclaimed, my she was impulsive. He said, yes but if she had admired my watch she would have expected me to give the watch to her.

I'll go back to the luncheon story that Senator Wolcott gave us. He remarked that Lady Astor was in the city. He said I wonder if she will bring her youngest son with her. He said you know when I was assisting President Hoover in Europe during the war in his food relief program, we were entertained frequently at Lady Astors. One evening she sent us home a bit early. She said because I expect to have a baby about midnight. We
all laughed over it and I told her to be sure to phone me. Sure enough, she phoned me shortly after midnight that her new son had arrived. The next day he entertained Lady Astor at the Senate dining room and a few senators were invited, among them, Senator Townsend. She did have her youngest son with her and they laughed over it.

At another time Senator Townsend was living at the Shoreham, asked me to come for dinner with him that night because the Balls, George Ball, I think his name was, were coming for dinner also. He wanted me to meet them. George Ball was the brother of the second Mrs. Alfred I. du Pont. He was Alfred I. du Pont's lawyer. I went to the dinner and we had a very pleasant time. I had to smile when I thought of the connections my husband had had with the family. After the evening was over the Balls took me home to my apartment.

I might add that after Mrs. du Ponts death, this Mr. Ball and another lawyer named Mills who married a Dover Delaware girl, Helen Barnett now lives in Jacksonville, Florida, were named executors of Mrs. du Pont's will and trustees of the foundation which I suppose will go on forever.

I had remarked before that Senator Vandenberg had an office next door to ours. He made frequent speeches and very good ones, very business like. He would be at the office as early as seven o'clock in the morning typing his speech with two fingers. I think he never had a ghostwriter. He had quite a good staff and every once in a while he'd take his whole staff over to a corner restaurant, The Methodist House, for lunch. It was quite a show to see them going.

In Senator Vandenburgs office as I may have said before was a young man whose name was Oliver Dompierrre. He was a great help to me when I came to the office brand
new. I had a letter from him the other day in which he told me he had been continuously on Capitol Hill since I knew him in Senator Vandenberg's office. He had been there 43 years. He had worked for several senators and leaders and for Senator Dirkson until he died. Now we was working for the minority leader as an assistant.

I may have stated that Senator Townsends living at the Shoreham since the third year of his terms and his habit unless he was breakfasting with the Byrds and the Glasses from Virginia, would walk to the Senate - a distance of four miles. He would always be there as early as eight o'clock. On his way one morning he passed what we would call a supermarket now that had just come to Washington. He noticed they were unpacking crates of chickens. He went in to see what was going on. They were very nice to him. He found that they were also having chickens cut up for sale afterward. The idea came to him that that didn't have to be done at the store. It could be done as a business down in Sussex County. They could have the incubators, hatch their own chickens, raise them. They could have their farms on which all the feed that the chickens needed was grown. Have the chickens cut up in little houses at the place of business and ship them directly, all ready, for the stores. He put that in the back of his mind and you'll see how it worked out later.

That day he was so busy he had left there a cane that Huey Long had given him and he knew it would do him no good to lose it or Huey would be getting him another one. The next morning he stopped for the cane.

Senator Townsend was quite disturbed when he received the news of the death of a colored man with whom he had used a cross cut saw in the early days to make ties for the railroads. This mans funeral came on a day when Senator had a very important
committee meeting and it seemed that he couldn't possibly go. In trying to comfort him I told him that the man would understand perfectly if he were alive. He said, no he wouldn't, he would expect me to be there. He couldn't wait till the next weekend to get down there and talk to that man's widow.

COULD YOU TELL US SOMETHING ABOUT THE PERSONALITIES OF THE SENATORS WHO YOU MIGHT HAVE SEEN WHEN SENATOR TOWNSEND WAS IN OFFICE?

There were almost as many differences as there were senators. When one stayed there for twelve years it did become evident that there were some very interesting personalities. Senator Boro was one. He might be seen in the Senators own dining room eating breakfast every morning quite alone. He didn't seem to have any need for anyone else. I noticed his, wife was in the gallery most of the time and I think her presence was enough for him. He was the man who refused to take the increase in salary when it was given to the senators. He said he would not do that until he had been re-elected by his constituents with that understanding he gave the money back to the Treasury.

Senator Ashers was so polite that one would not have been surprised when a vote was called to hear him say, no thank you.

A newspaper man was talking to me about the attitude of the different senators. He said, now Senator Byrd is as capable as Senator Tidings but not so aggressive. Senator Tidings will step on your foot and debate but Senator Byrd is more apt to apologize or walk around your foot.

Senator Townsend was invited to the White House several times during the Hoover administration and one weekend he and his daughter were the only guests they
invited to go home with them to their country retreat. I forget where it was. Senators
daughter Lila reported a very nice time, that they were fine, homey people and they felt
quite at home in their house.

Senator Townsend was well liked in the Senate. His best friends I think were
Senators Glass and Byrd from Virginia. Senator Wolcott from Connecticut, and Senator
Goldsboro from Maryland. He frequently he breakfasted with the Glass couple, Senator
and Mrs. Glass at their hotel because she was semi-invalid and did not get out a great
deal. Also he breakfasted with the Byrds and visited their plantation in Virginia.

When Mrs. Glass died, Senator came to my desk and in a sad voice said, Mrs.
Glass is dead. I wish you would write the sweetest letter you know how to write and I
will sign it.

"Conclusion Tape"

I was always interested in the friendships that seemed to grow between the
senators. Not at all dictated by politics. I think perhaps it isn't today because I read
recently that when John Williams was in the Senate he and the majority leader Mansfield
breakfasted together many times.

WHAT WAS SENATOR TOWNSEND'S CAMPAIGN TECHNIQUE AND HOW
WOULD IT BE DIFFERENT DO YOU THINK FROM WHAT IS DONE TODAY,
EXCEPT FOR TELEVISION?
Just as different as could be. He wasn't an orator but he made a good speech at the convention proceeding the nomination. He went up and down the state and people collected money for him but the difference in fever and rushing and collecting a lot of money was unheard of in those days. He would have been ashamed that it took that much money to get him elected.

Of course he was sad when he was defeated for the third term but probably not surprised because the state had not yet got in the habit of sending a man term after term, from little Delaware when there were others who wanted the job.

His lawyer, James Tunnell of Georgetown, had defeated him and it was practically all done at the last minute by printing material and page ads material out of context about some action on a bill. I forget what it was. He was sad too about leaving his friends. I think people don't have any idea of what a sound friendship grows up when one is seated for a few terms in the Senate and you're with a group of men such as you will never be with again. Each one probably of high mental caliber.

He didn't return to the office for about a week. A few days after the election, Senator Byrd came into the office to talk to me. He said, you have no idea how much I love Senator Townsend. I feel that he's just like a brother to me and you may be surprised to know that I contributed to his campaign and he contributed to mine although we're of different parties. He knew that a democrat would be elected in Virginia and he wanted it to be me and I felt the same way about him in Delaware.

WHAT DID SENATOR TOWNSEND DO AFTER HIS DEFEAT?
Senator Townsend was very alert and very active and an early riser. He had so many projects on hand that he was never at a loss for anything to do. Besides he had started this new business with chickens in Sussex County.

President Truman had appointed him as alternate to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt to the organization meeting of the United Nations in London. He was a very faithful attendant. I hear that Mrs. Roosevelt called him her buddy because he would be at the meetings when she couldn't be.

He kept a diary which I think is quite wonderful for him because he never wrote a letter very long but he kept a very faithful diary and I have a copy of it.

On his 86th birthday in Selbyville, the Lions Club gave him a testimonial luncheon. It was a card affair because the room wouldn't hold too many. At the head table there were several senators and Vice President Nixon who gave the speech.

You may think of Washington in terms of laws, public buildings, departments, commissions and parades. I prefer to think of that as everybody's town in terms of human interest. I like to think of Washington as a city where even during a few days one may see and hear persons from all over the country and many other countries all over the world. Where if fortunate, one may see the President of the United States and his family. Or where one may in a tour of the Capitol see the King and Queen of Siam, Amelia Earhart and the Crown Prince of Japan and French Laval and some famous American and even our Will Rogers. I saw Will Rogers one day in a crowd outside the Senate, surrounded by senators all having a good time.

That same week when Senator Townsend started on his -------- he gave me a ticket he had for a Will Rogers evening at the Shorham. It was a good time had by all.
While I appreciated Washington while I was there it never seemed like home to me. I made many friends but most of them are gone now except the young people whom I had with me while I was living there.

End of Conclusion Tape

The preceding was transcribed in September 1998 by Marcia Adams from cassette tapes recorded from the original tape.
L.S. for Careers

(My two years of teaching had been a great pleasure. It was also one of a series of occupations in my life for which I had no real training.)

1. school teacher
2. grad student's wife
3. farmer's wife
4. mother
5. college student (part-time)
6. wife of editor, Newark Post and The Press of Trenton
7. wife of state official in Denver
8. widow at 43 (married 24 years!)
9. temporary editor of The Newark Post
10. Adj. director at R.I. U. (R.I.) Troy
11. A secretary to U.S. Senator 12 years
13. Retirement at 62
14. Built 2 houses
15. Extended family
16. Author
21. Squire — professor of history, Dean of U.J.D.
22. Brick — printer
23. Fiddler — librarian
24. Eddies — teacher
25. Petersons — army couple, pilot
26. Roseanne — Sec. to U.S. Senator (Washington)
27. Boski — National Art Gallery
28. Ms. Selden — Sec., Majority Leader in Senate
29. Brana — Sec. to U.S. Senator from Vermont.
30. 2 gals in recreation room D.C. — Capitol Hill
31. Tom Plumb — Banker — Howard Hughes
32. Averett — student
33. Uncle Henry — S.B.J. brother
34. Neel — Rhodes Scholar apprentice
35. Brodie — teachers
36. Headmistress (Wend) — DC, private school
37. Betty Ford — San Francisco genius
38. ’56 — 2 Wooster roomers.

Most of the above rented rooms from S.B.J.
Other Writings by L.B.J.

MS
- Dr. Shepherd Exam
- Letter to Sara Jackson
- Rural New Yorker (numerous articles from a farmer's wife)
- Temporary Editor of The Newark Post
- Ghost writing for U.S. Senator
- Christian Science Monitor - Sun Dial
- Delmarva Star
- Baltimore Sun
- Pennsylvania Farmer
- Wilmington papers
- Market Magazine (last)
- Today Magazine (Raymond Moley, editor)

Published
- Numerous essays under heading Understanding
- Two Red Dresses
- From The Rural New Yorker 1842-1975
- The Sunny Side of the Farm Home
- Rural Advantages
- The Front Porch Philosopher
- Realist and Optimist
- Pay Money on the Farm
- The Tea Party
- Conservatism and Inequality
- Town and Country
- The Art of Hospitality
- Some Masculine Opinion
- From a Farm Economist: Farm Wife's Problems
- Increasing Responsibilities
- Teaching a Little Girl at Home
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