

GLADYS BENNETT GUY

Mrs. Guy's connection with William and Mary spans almost seventy years in which she was a faculty daughter (her father, Henry Eastman Bennett, was professor of education), a faculty wife (her husband, William George Guy, was long a professor of chemistry), a college staff member, and always an interested citizen. In this interview, which was repeated in the winter of 1976 after the original interview the previous summer was drowned out by an air conditioner, she describes much of the spirit of the twentieth century in Williamsburg.

With her characteristic dry humor, Mrs. Guy's "restriction" on the use of her transcript is a request for "sympathy for my discovery of the way I talk." She rewrote a couple of passages in the transcript without doing violence to the original.

INDEX SHEET

Interviewee Gladys Bennett Guy

Date of interview July 11, 1975 January 9, 1976

Place 600 Pollard Park, Williamsburg

Interviewer Emily Williams

Session number 1

Length of tape 88 mins.

Contents:

Approximate time:

first impressions of Williamsburg (1909)	5 mins.
first Williamsburg Public library	1 min.
college libraries in early 1900s	7 mins.
	9 mins.
thoughts on local history	
-stern's positions (education, philosophy, & psychology professor, syst. of schools)	2 mins.
early education in Williamsburg	9 mins.
Williamsburg social circles	3 mins.
town life in early 1900s	
tearing Shakespearean plays, original plays	8 mins.
Comfire Girls, Boy Scouts	4 mins.
activities	4 mins.
coming of Restoration	5 mins.
Phi Beta kappa day	9 mins.
faculty life	6 mins.
work in news release bureau	4 mins.
priorities plague	1 min.
William & Mary victory ship	8 mins.

Gladys Bennett Guy

January 9, 1976

Williamsburg, Va.

Williams: You have been gracious enough to let me come back to try to recount some of the stories we had talked about when I was here last summer. We talked about Williamsburg in a much earlier era, a very different era as you described it, and I think I asked you last time if Parke Rouse's description in Cows on the Campus when he called Williamsburg "lotusburg," if that was accurate.

Guy: Oh, definitely. It was very accurate. ^{It was} a very pleasant place to live, I must say. I was thinking before you came ^{about} the first time I saw Williamsburg. I was born in Florida; my parents were Floridians, but my father'd been studying at the University of Chicago and we'd been up there about a year and a half, and I'd never liked a big city. ^{At} My first sight of Williamsburg as we looked out of the train window, ^{I said} "Oh, mother, there're trees to climb." And then we got off the train. I don't remember how we got up the street, but in those days there were street lights in Williamsburg. They had to be lit by the lamplighter, and I don't know whether it was gas or kerosene in the lamps, but the city council had ruled that if it was a moonlight night, there was no need for the lights. Well, we arrived on a night when the moon was due, ^{so} there were no lights. ^H Having come straight from Chicago, my mother said, "This is the darkest place I've ever seen in my life!" And it was. ^{Of} Course, it's not very light nowadays, but it was even darker then with no

semblance of lights. There was pavement of Duke of Gloucester Street and out Richmond Road -- sidewalks, not streets, paved, but sidewalks on Duke of Gloucester Street on both sides. The sidewalk extended out Richmond Road as far as the Theta House, and that was the end of that. We lived a few doors down, right where the Baptist church is. From ^{the pavement end} on we just took our chances with the mud path, ^{whatever that} ^{offered --} mud or dust, one or the other ^{-- but} that's what practically all the streets were. ^{like} There was only one other sidewalk in town, and that went straight to the house of one of the important councilmen and stopped; I shall not say where it was or who it was. So that was Williamsburg as I first knew it.

I have now the letter that Dr. Tyler wrote to my father, offering him the position. It was written by hand. It said how much he would pay, and he would be very glad for him to do it, and that's just about all it said. When you think about all the people who come to be interviewed nowadays -- and of course they never thought of anybody getting on a train and going to Williamsburg to be interviewed; ^{it} never crossed anybody's mind. As a matter of fact, my father'd been offered that position before he went to Chicago, ^{but} he didn't take it then because he wanted to [#] work on his degree (his doctorate), but this time he decided to take it. I remember there was a woman from Florida whom we knew very well in Chicago; she was going to the university, too. She said when she heard

we were coming to Williamsburg, "Oh, going to Virginia. That's the cream of the world." So that's the attitude ^{with which} we came to Virginia: we were coming to "the cream of the world." And it was. It was a lovely little town. There were very interesting people here. I was asked to write an article recently about the story of the public library because I was closely associated with it years ago, and I described the people. I said ^{there} was a group of ^{really} remarkable young women here. One of them was Julia Tyler, who was the daughter of the president of William and Mary, and there was Miss Ann Chapman, who came with her mother from Wisconsin, first to spend the winter, and then they just stayed here all the time; Miss Jeanette Kelly, who was a school friend of Julia Tyler's at Wellesley, and she just came down and she stayed; And Mrs. George Coleman at the Tucker House. And then there were the faculty women. My mother was one of the active young women of the community. There were two very active women's organizations; one was the Educational Association ^{of} which my mother quickly became president, and there was a Civic League. They were great rivals, and the great business of which did which. It was the Civic League that started the public library. Mrs. Coleman, as you perhaps have heard, opened the Tucker House and allowed a box of books that were sent from the Richmond Public Library -- I don't know on what schedule -- put in the Coleman ^{'s} hall at the Tucker House. We

could go ^{have to} get them; ^{Carra} Garrett (Dillard) and I used to go in after school and pick up some books. ^T That was the start of the public library. But it was really Miss Ann Chapman ^{who} kept it going. ^T This is fresh in my mind because we've been talking recently about some sort of memorial for Miss Ann at ^{our fine head City} library. I was amazed to find that some of the most active people there had never even heard of her. She died about fifteen years ago, I guess, but all of her life was dedicated to the Williamsburg Public Library. I was one of a series of people who worked there, opening ^{the door} and giving out the books for a minimal salary, but it was Miss Ann who held it together and who ordered the books and did the reading and attended to the finances. I mean, she was the library. So I do hope they're going to do something for her, and I'm bringing it into this just in case they don't so she will be remembered. ^S She was the cutest little lady, ~~she~~ she was just about round, and ~~she~~ she looked like an apple. She had apple cheeks; even as a child, I thought of apples when I saw Miss Ann, ^{as} she got old, she became a wrinkled apple, ~~she~~ she was darling but acerbic. She had a very sharp tongue, but witty! I suppose lots of people didn't like her, but I was crazy about her. We were good chums.

Williams: Could you use the college library as well?

Guy: Oh, yes. Everybody has always up to now, even, but I think perhaps

they're a little stricter now than in the old days --
 anybody'd wander in, no matter ^{from} where -- Newport News,
 anywhere, ^{if} they wanted a book they'd come in and take it.

world isn't as casual ^{now} and they just can't trust the public
 as they used to. I remember I started last time, I think,
 with the ^{college} library. I seem to have libraries on my mind,
 but I don't know whether anyone else has touched on it or
 not). I said I remembered -- I don't know
 whether it was the first library because I certainly don't
 know where James Blair's books were kept, and his was the
 first library. It was burned, you know. But the first one
 that I recall was in the Wren Building. ^{the} interior of
 that has been changed a little, but it was right where that
 English classroom is, there on the corner towards Jamestown
 Road. ^{my} memories of it are very vague but very affectionate
 because I thought it was the most beautiful room. It was dark,
 and the books went clear to ^{the} second-story ceiling, and either
 there was a balcony or rolling ladder like they used to have in
 shoe stores -- you don't remember, but I do -- or maybe both.
 But to a child it just looked as if it went on up, up, up, and
 I thought it was beautiful. I was
 still a small child ^{however} when the other library was built, the one
 that now faces the Sunken Garden, which by the way, is badly
 named. It should have been called the college green, and how it
 got to be called Sunken Garden I don't know, but I would like

to state for posterity that Theodore Sullivan Cox of the law department said years ago it should have been the college green. Mel Jones and I ⁱⁿ getting out a picture booklet during the war when I was working for the college in the news release bureau ~~was~~ labelled a picture "college green." That's as far as we ever got; No one else has ever done anything about that. It didn't catch on, but it's certainly what it should have been, ^{called,} We then had the Courthouse Green and the Palace Green and here was the "College Green," and it was perfect. Well, that's ^{now} the old library, and I think I've remarked that when I went over to watch the laying of the cornerstone, I'd heard people talk of there being a Carnegie library around, and I remember wondering vaguely what a "Carnegie" was. [#] Everybody knows how it was enlarged, first to an "H" and then with a narrow waist, and then the waist was expanded to be the main part of the library, and the original little room was just an entrance room. It was a beautiful room, that main room, it was ^{edged} by bookcases.

We had receptions, and we had plays, and I think they probably even had dances there, though most of the dances were held in the little old gym, which was over on the other side, on the Jamestown Road side of the Wren Building, which we didn't call the Wren Building. We called it "the College," ^{or} the "Main Building" ^{too}. And incidentally, I would like to record for posterity that I don't like it being

called the Wren Building. I wrote the Board of Visitors something to that effect one time on one of my rampages, and I got some very interesting letters in return, but they didn't do anything about it. My thesis is that you don't name a building for the architect, no matter how famous he is; it should have been called the Blair Building. ^{But} I made enough of an impression that ^{year or later} when Mr. Paschall met me at a party one night he said, "^{Mrs. Gog,} would you settle for the administration building being called the Blair Building?" And I said, "I certainly would. I would be delighted." So we do now have a Blair Building, but we didn't for so many years, and it seemed to me outrageous. If they were going to name it for somebody, it should have been James Blair. Some people said he was a controversial character. Well, how exciting it is to be a controversial character, and people that are not must be pretty blah.

^{the following}
 I wouldn't include ~~this~~ except that I think it indicates the sort of casual life we had: ~~The~~ library wasn't open on Sundays, but every professor had a key. ^{my} father knew that I was trustworthy, and he let me take his key on Sunday afternoons and go over there and have the whole place to myself. At that time we lived on Richmond Road, right across from the library, and I was addicted to it very early. I had many happy associations there at that library from a summer romance with one of the librarians (a summer student), to working

there myself for a year or two. I think the new library is superb. I'm ~~so~~ thrilled with it, but I'll ~~never~~ know my way around ~~it~~. I remember somebody saying, "Can I help you?" I said, "Yes. Tell me how to get out of here." However, I'm very proud of that library; ~~but~~ I think it's a beautiful one, and we certainly needed it. Now the old one isn't even adequate for the law school. apparently, so what they'll do with it, I don't know, but I'm sure that ^{there'll} be plenty of uses.

Williams: When you worked in the library, was that when Dr. Swem was there?

Guy: No, it was after that. The Admiral was president and ~~they~~ they sent out ^{an} S.O.S. ~~and~~ one of the librarians -- and I can't even remember his name at the moment -- called me one day and said he knew I'd worked in ^{the} public library. I never had any library training, and I wasn't at all competent for the job they offered me, but I took it blithely, and it lasted for a while. They didn't have a reference librarian, and I wasn't even a librarian; if anybody came up and asked me something, I was terrified because I had spent a great many years going back and forth around that library in the places that interested me, ^{but it} didn't mean I knew anything about Poor's's Index or whatever that business administration thing is; I ^{id} never heard of it. That was the sort of help we had in the library at that time, which was completely inadequate. ~~it~~ it was inadequate because in that big room (in the center room) was where they studied, and strangers would

come and, you know, demand things in loud voices, and the students talked, it was very difficult, the stacks were all right, but there really was no quiet place to study as there is now in this building. We needed insulation.

I tried to keep people quiet. I'd go over and speak to them and ask them not to talk but they'd forget about it, particularly though it was the visitors who'd come in and talk in a loud voice.

Williams: You spoke about some of the leading people in town. Did you know -- I knew you knew some of them. How many did you know of the "seven wisemen?"

Guy: I used to crack for a while that my father was the ninth of the "seven wisemen." I thought that was pretty obvious. When it came back to me that I had said that my father was one of the "seven wisemen" and somebody had disputed it, I *denied having said it.*

He was much younger. *But* I knew almost all of them. Dr. Wharton had died before I came, but I knew Dr. Garrett and Dr. Bishop and Dr. Stubbs, Dr. Hall. I played with the children of all of them. I don't know who the other two were at the moment.

Williams: Dr. Tyler.

Guy: Oh, Dr. Tyler. Yes.

Williams: And Mr. Bird.

Guy: Well, Mr. Bird was younger, and he wasn't really one of the "seven wisemen" because he came in later. He wasn't much older than my father, and his children were just exactly my age. I think he

took Mr. Wharton's place, and my father took Mr. -- well, I'm not too positive. Anyway, he was here a short time, and he was a much younger man. He wasn't one of the "seven wisemen," at least I don't think. I wouldn't expect it. There was some predecessor who must have . . . Yes, I knew Dr. Tyler, of course, and the president's house was a place where neighborhood children went in and out as we did our own houses because Julia was living at home and Lizzie had just married and gone off. I went to her wedding (one of my first memories) Lizzie Miles, who is still charming. By the way, at the dedication of the plaque for my husband the fact was printed in the Charlottesville paper, and Lizzie saw it and wrote me the sweetest note recalling the old days when the college was so ^{different} ~~changed~~. I wrote back, and I told her that I think she would have been happy to have been there because it was as [#] warm and personal and happy an occasion, just as personal and affectionate as anything that could have happened in the days when the college was as we knew it. I don't suppose you were there, but it was so sweet and so friendly. Martha Barksdale's family was there, and we were there. Nobody represented William Barton Rogers, but he doesn't need representation. I was so glad, by the way, that they kept that name because it's a very proud name, and I don't think most people know much about who he was, but my husband was a very great admirer ^[of his], and he wrote and spoke about William Barton Rogers frequently -- I mean gave talks on him publicly. ^{Rogers} he was ^a ^{of Bel Iny's} hero, and he was always very proud to

occupy the chair which he had held. I know ^{he} would have been distressed ^{had} they changed the name; I would have been.

having
 What made me bring that in was Lizzie Miles ^{written} that little note and my telling her that there is a great deal left of the old college.

It's ^{now} a big college, the faculty's big, and we don't know them, but if you get the old timers together -- which we had that day -- it's the same sort of a warm, friendly feeling ^{as} when we all knew each other. I certainly don't deplore the college ^{is} having grown. I'm prouder of it than I ever was, ⁱⁿ fact, much prouder than I ever was because I think it's a very fine institution now. It's getting back to where it should have been if it hadn't had all these vicissitudes. I think our new president, Dr. Graves, and Mrs. Graves are a wonderful addition and ^{are} doing it just the way I like to see it done. We've had our troubles -- ^{press} good knows I've seen a lot of them, and I haven't seen them all; I wasn't here for the Civil War, though I don't think I missed very much ⁱⁿ between. ^{W.M. has} It's certainly had a harrowing history, but it's kept plodding along, and now I really think we're an outstanding institution. I'm so proud of all the things that ^{have} come to us, and at last, we are beginning to have distinguished alumni ^{again}. We've had to depend on our eighteenth-century ones for so long because we had so few. There were, of course, outstanding alumni all

few

through the years because this was one of the Virginia colleges [^] we did have, but it was a period when there weren't many students coming here and there weren't many Virginians or southerners that had national recognition. But now we seem to be back in it, ~~and~~ we now have lots and lots of alumni and some of them are doing outstanding things, and I'm just so pleased over that.

Williams: You made a rather interesting comment the first time I was here that the nineteenth century didn't end at William and Mary in 1900. You said that World War I . . .

Guy: I ~~did~~ said that of William and Mary perhaps, but I think that was true of the whole world really, including Europe and the United States, but I did say it here because it was when Dr. Tyler retired that the whole atmosphere changed. Dr. Tyler was a very charming, absent-minded, scholarly gentleman, tall and distinguished, aristocrat-looking. He was an aristocrat, of course. He was casual enough ^{that} he wrote a letter to my father offering him a position, wrote it by hand. He had one secretary ~~in~~ the room that's now the dining room at the president's house was his office, and I think it was Miss Estelle Christian ~~who~~ was his secretary, but I'm not positive. There weren't more than two or three secretaries on the campus. But we could run in and out of that office and climb up in Dr. Tyler's chair, just as if it were my father's study. ⁴ My father, by the way, was Henry Eastman Bennett. He came in 1907 as professor of philosophy, psychology, and education -- all

new Rapers Hall in October 1975

three. So after that dedication of the
 the philosophy professor ^{gave} the dedication ^{address} (this was the
 new chemistry building which the philosophy department
 shares) ^{and} I wrote him a note telling him what a fine and
 interesting presentation he had made of the building and
 the background. I told him I was particularly and doubly
 interested because my father had come here as professor of
 philosophy, psychology, and education. Eventually the
 departments were divided, and Dr. Geiger took philosophy, and
 Dr. ^{Oscar} Ferguson took psychology, and my father kept the education
 until he left William and Mary ^{and} during the early years ^{for}
 most of the time he was here he was superintendent of schools,
 and for that position in Williamsburg only he was paid the
 princely sum of \$100 a year. It was considered something he
 would do with the little finger of his left hand while he was
 writing books. He wrote several books while he was here, very
 successful ones (textbooks on psychology and education).
 While he was writing books and teaching his classes he was ^{also} sup-
 posed to be superintendent of schools, and he was. He had

the white school and the colored school. I can see the teachers and principals
 in meetings. Many of them

Coming to father's study

Principals were usually
 his old students. And of course the schools
 were terrible. Well, there wasn't much money here. ^{Practically} Everybody
 was poor, and those who weren't ^{poor} were ^{not} interested in
 education, so the city fathers regularly voted down practically
 any kind of an increase. Have I told you about my education in
 Williamsburg?

Williams: No, you haven't.

Guy: It pretty well covers the waterfront. My brother started in the first grade; I was in the ^{fourth} grade at Matthew Whaley, a little school back of where the palace stands, a charming little school. -- It ^{was} a nineteenth-century building. I remember the ceilings were enormous, ^{very high}. There were four rooms, like a Georgian house, and the first four grades were in there. When you got to the fifth grade you went over to the Nicholson School, which was right where Mrs. Dillard lives now. Do you know that? Anyway, it was next to the Peyton Randolph House, right back of Chowning's, which was where the ^{Colonial} Inn was. ^{then} The ^{Colonial} Inn had its own stables and horses -- the stables were right across from the school, an aromatic touch which we were all used to, I guess. Our playground was the Courthouse Green, which was a very fine playground. That was from the fifth through the tenth ^[grades] and that's all we had. Now the Williamsburg Female Institute, of which you've heard, no doubt . . .

Williams: Yes, Miss Wynne-Roberts went, too, didn't she?

Guy: Yes, ^{oh}, all of us went. ^{When I went there first} I was the youngest and the smallest -- if you can believe it -- child in that school. I was supposed to be in the fifth grade, but I was the only one in the fifth grade, and nobody wanted to fool with me, so eventually I ended up being promoted to the sixth grade without really very much preparation, which worked fine in English and one or two other things, ^{other subjects} but it was very hard on my mathematics and

that were really going to give me trouble the rest of my life.

So I studied at the Williamsburg Female Institute until the middle of the tenth grade at which point -- now this is ^{such a} ~~personal story that~~

I don't know whether I should tell it, but it shows you the way things went. Cara^r Garrett and I

got very annoyed about something that was going on ^{at the Institute.} there. We were just bored with the whole thing, and ^{at the start of the} second semester

we walked out of that school, and we said to each other, "Let's never go back. Let's transfer to the high school." ~~So~~ ^{So}

we walked straight to my house, ^{and} my father was in his study, and we asked him, and he said, "Well, it's all right with me.

I've always felt a little guilty sending you to private school when I was superintendent of public schools" ^{That} was not exactly

what was in our minds; we just thought that it'd be fun to have a little change, and it certainly was. So then we went to ~~the~~

Garretts, and Dr. Garrett said, "Well, if Dr. Bennett thinks it's all right. ~~He~~ ^{He} knows more about it than I do." A day or two

later off we went to the public school, and we had a lovely time.

And that 's the reason I know something about the Nicholson

School. ^I I don't remember that really as clearly as I remember

^{layout of} the Matthew Whaley, but I remember that the big room that we ^{housed} were in ^{had} the ninth and the tenth grades, ^{the} the big stove

which heated the room was over in the corner where the ninth

grade sat, but I sat near the windows, ~~and~~ I've always been cold-

blooded. I had a green coat that year which I loved, and I never

took it off, ^{the} the principal, who was also one of the teachers

for the high school grades said to my father, who had been his professor, "If I could just get that green coat off of Gladys!" Mother passed the work on to me, but nobody ever got that green coat off me.

When I had been through the fifth grade at the Nicholson School (before transferring to the new Williamsburg Female Institute) I well remember that there were two old-fashioned outhouses in the backyard, surrounded by a high board fence. But I think that when I returned for the tenth and final grade that there was some sort of better arrangement. Not surprisingly, was the fact that the perpetual topic for student debates at that time was: 'Does Williamsburg Need a New Public School? The affirmative always won--you can see why.

But a few years later, while I was in college, they actually did build a new school--and almost wrecked the town. There was no argument about the need--just the location. Gradually the realization came that the only possible site was at the end of the Palace Green, just in front of the little "Matty School," as it was usually called. And with that decision the storm broke. Not a newspaper in Virginia missed headlining, "The Desecration of the Palace Green."

My father, who was superintendent of schools, was on leave with the Y.M.C.A. in France, helping with the morale of the troops who had to stay after the war ended--he always was lucky! But my mother, who was usually the president of any organization she was in, was in the thick of the battle at home as a member of the woman's club, which was spearheading the movement.

Anyway, the new school was built; not much of the green was used (it had always been the school playground), and eventually the town accepted the new school and used it. Then in only a few years the Restoration happened; the sacred land was bought for enough to build a much finer school on the site of the now ^{-defunct} Williamsburg Female Institute.

The Restoration has done a great deal of good in this town. It was not nearly as drab and uninteresting and dead a town as most propaganda makes it; it was a very interesting town. Any place that has a college, even a small college, is going to be interesting. There were a great many students and the townspeople--there was

no line between the townspeople and faculty[—] social lines, or anything else. We just all belonged to the same crowd, and that was true when the early Restoration people came. I don't know whether this should be for the record or not, but Hazel Ryan and I had a cocktail party this fall, about a month ago, and somebody said afterwards, "You know, it was such a nice group of people." This woman who was speaking was from the Restoration who said, "The parties we go to are all Restoration people." And then the college people said the same thing, "the parties we go to seem to be college; but here you had them both." And the reason I had them both is because I've always known both; it never occurred to me I was doing anything different, but apparently the lines, now that each group has gotten so big, are more sharply drawn. But we all did things together in the old days. We didn't pay attention^{to} whether Melinda Kendrew was Restoration and Christy Cox was college. I mean we just all played bridge together and went to parties together and did other things together, went to Richmond and had lunch at Miller and Rhoads together. We just didn't know the difference and the townspeople (people connected with neither^{of} institution) were also part of it. But of course, the lines are sharply drawn now — they have to be. I don't think it's intentional; it's just that the people you know are the people you're thrown with. And so as representatives^{of} a generation where that was not true, Hazel and I just automatically invited the people we knew, and it turned

out to be ^{apparently} the first party in some time that crossed
 the lines, and everybody was delighted. It'd be nice if we
 could do that ^{more} often.
 I hadn't realized it, but I'm sure looking at the town as it is
 now that that is necessarily pretty much the case. But with
 our generation, which we included (most of the guests were from
 our generation, not all of them but most of them), that was
 just the way we operated. Before that, of course, it was
 even more true because in my parents' generation it was a
 small town. We knew everybody as ^{always} we said, black and
 white. You asked how many of the prominent men I knew; I
 knew them all, played with their children. Dr. Goodwin's
 children were my age (his first family). He was married twice,
 and I went to the institute at the same time. I was a lit-
 tle younger than she was, and we were exactly the same height, so
 we were the two little girls but she was about a year or more
 older than I was and so fitted into the sixth grade automatically,
 but I had to be pushed.

Williams: You had talked when I was last here about some of things you did
 in those days. One of the things you mentioned were plays
 that would come or would be put on at the college.

Guy: Yes, I'm glad you brought that up, the Shakespeare plays. I
 think that's something perhaps no one else will bring out, and
 I think it was a very interesting and important part of our
 tradition. Here we were, a little college town, and the college

every year sponsored first the Ben Greet Shakespearean Players and then the Coburn Shakespearean Players.

They'd come every spring and play, in my memory it would be about three days; it may not have been three days, It was perhaps two days or perhaps sometimes it was two and sometimes three, they'd give a comedy in the afternoon and a tragedy at night, but it went on so long that I eventually went to the tragedies as well as the comedies. They would use local people in Midsummers' Night Dream, for instance; The fairies would be local children, they played out-of-doors in Player's Dell, which is the little slope that goes from Barrett Hall down -- now there's a high brick wall, but the slope used to go right down and out and along and up to -- well, anyway the brick wall intercepts the slope. The Coburn players succeeded the Ben Greet players, and they both ^{played} out-of-doors if possible. If it rained, of course, they had it over in Cameron Hall at the Eastern State Hospital. ^{Someone} else has probably told you how this community used that ^{Cameron Hall had been already} for all plays, ^{but} condemned when I was a child, it was used up until after World War II, when the hospital made the final move out to Dunbar.

^{The players used a} minimum of props. I remember they would just have two or three wooden benches, and they'd move them around. They'd ^{have} a table or a chair or whatever they needed,

perhaps they'd have a row of pine trees
cut for the backdrop.

Not only the
local people went, but people came from all around, from all
the neighboring towns; it was quite the event of the spring.
The result was that Williamsburg children were raised on
Shakespeare. I claimed I'd never seen anything else until I
went away to college; I guess that wasn't quite true, but
it was pretty close.

Williams: How did they light the area at night for the tragedies?

Guy: I couldn't tell you to save my life how they lighted it. May-
be they had electric lights strung around because the college
had electricity long before the town did. We thought they [the plays]
were wonderful, and I think they were because they were distin-
guished troupes. A few years ago when The Common Glory cast
began giving the Shakespearean plays I was out there one night,
and I was watching the children. There were so many children
(you see, it was free), and the
children were running up and down the aisles just the way we
used to do ^{at} intermission. I wrote Howard Scammon a note,
and I told him just about what I told you -- how we grew
up with the Shakespearean plays and what a privilege it had
always been and how exciting it was for me to see another
generation of Williamsburg children having the same
privilege because so many people didn't have that background,

just didn't see any Shakespeare, it's so wonderful to find out when you're young that Shakespeare is fun before you ever learn it's a classic. We discovered the fun in The Merry Wives of Windsor and all the other plays long before we ^{met at school.} And we'd go around quoting. There were quotes that we felt were so funny, and we would just use them around school the next day because all the children had seen it. Then the local people put on plays, too, the young faculty and the young ladies of the town and some of the students -- I remember they did Lady Windemere's Fan and that sort of thing. And that lasted right up until the generation ahead of me got too old to do it. We never did, but we were in them sometimes, took parts in them. Miss Jeannette Kelly -- now she, you remember, was the college friend of Julia Tyler's who moved down to Williamsburg, and she was a very intelligent person, a very intellectual woman, very talented, she was the great instigator of plays and pageants and things of that kind. She was very active in the community. She and Miss Elizabeth Coleman, with whom she lived, started the Campfire Girl troop. Did you ever hear about that? Well, they started the Campfire Girls, and that was just about the right time for my generation, it was very interesting, we did a lot of nice things, and we learned a lot of nice things. We had our Indian costumes and our Indian headbands. We made our Indian beaded bands, I remember, and we had parties and

hikes and campfires . . . , and it was very pleasant. It died a natural death. ~~There's~~ there's another thing that -- it's funny, you know, how short memories are, particularly in a transient place like this. I read the other day that the Boy Scout movement in Williamsburg was started -- oh, I don't know when, in the '30s, say -- I'm just guessing now when the modern troop was started because I really don't know, but that is ridiculous because the Women's Club when my mother was president started a Boy Scout troop, too. My brother was a scout, and so were all the other little boys in town, and that was in 1915.

Every year there was a school fair. My father, being superintendent of schools, was one of the organizers and promoters of that, and the Boy Scout troops were a very impressive part of a picture. ^{I have.} It was taken out on the campus. I think the fair was held probably on Cary Field, which of course was then right back of the graveyard , just about where Blow Gym is. ^{we had} wooden bleachers, ^{but when we see up} we'd dress up in our best suits and gloves and hats and go with our dates to the baseball games in the spring and the football games in the fall. They were terrific social occasions. ^{we} We dressed up for everything, of course, ~~but~~ that's off my line. What was I talking about?

Williams: Well, you had been talking about the various things there were to do in town.

Guy: Yes. It started with the school fair. ^{There is} a tremendous

panoramic picture of that. You can pick out all the little boys in their scout uniforms. That was when we were in high school, ^{So} it was before 1914 because it was 1914 that Cara^a and I graduated from the Williamsburg High School and then went back the next year to the Williamsburg Institute with scholarships, which infuriated everybody except us. We thought it was delightful, ~~the~~ ^{the} reason we got the scholarships was that the Institute gave one every year to the ^{girl} who had the highest record at Nicholson School. Well, it hadn't been used the year before, so that left two ~~we~~ we didn't have the best grades in school but the people who ~~did~~ didn't want to go to the Institute, ^{they'd} had enough education, so off we trotted back to the Institute with two scholarships, which gave us the fourth year of high school [and] which allowed us to get into Randolph-Macon, otherwise I don't know exactly how we would have gotten in. ^{But we did,} ^{It was} easier then than it is now.

Williams: You said to remind you in a moment to tell about the electricity.

Guy: Electricity and water and sewage. This is turning out to be a recital of the prowess of my family, but this is really true, and I'm delighted for the chance to tell it because people forget. There was no water system in Williamsburg, no electricity when we came here until a great many years afterward. Now we lived across from the college, and we got electricity from the college, ~~we~~ we had a bathroom, and we had a rainwater tank, and there were a few other people in town who did that, but ^{not many.}

The Eastern State Hospital had an electric system and water as well as the college. Now the ladies of Williamsburg were always having club meetings, as I said, and they would give papers, and there were two perennial subjects. One was: Should We Have a New School? Yes; they'd argue that. And the other one was: Should Williamsburg Have Water? Well, my mother was washing dishes one day (and I don't know why she was doing it because we always had black hands for the dishes, but this was one day she was in the kitchen washing dishes at our sink. We had a sink and we had running water), and she was thinking about the paper she had to write for the woman's club on the question: Should Williamsburg Have Water? And suddenly it hit her all of a sudden: why shouldn't Williamsburg have water and stop talking about it? So the result of her paper on the subject was that the woman's club got behind it, and they pushed the unwilling city fathers.

My mother and some of the other members of the woman's club went before the boards of the Eastern State Hospital and the College of William and Mary to ask that they supply water from their two artesian wells to the city of Williamsburg. Both were, of course, state institutions, and the

matter had to be determined by the state of Virginia. But it was finally agreed upon: the city put in a sewer line, and Williamsburg entered the twentieth century. This arrangement continued until after World War II, when the two wells were no longer adequate and the city took over the water supply that had been created for Camp Peary. Camp Peary had at that time been abandoned and returned to its former civilian inhabitants. A few years later, as you know, the government took it back.

Where I said to remind me about electricity I was really thinking about the water because that was a community enterprise. The electricity I really don't know too much about--I suppose that V.E.P.C.O. came in and took over. I don't know about that because when I went off to Randolph-Macon I sort of lost track, and it wasn't really until I came back as a bride that I was ever here very much. I entered college in the fall of 1915, then I taught one year in Ashland, worked in Richmond at the Federal Reserve Bank for two years, and then went off to Chicago. It wasn't until I came back with my new husband on the faculty that ^I really picked up the continuity.

The women of Williamsburg had pushed and pushed for a school and a water system, but it wasn't really until

the Restoration came that we began to get some of the goodies. They were the ones that insisted on the proper sewage disposal and garbage collection. Up to that time the sewage suds went into the creeks; ... you were lucky to have a colored man who had pigs who'd come around and get your garbage, and if you didn't or the colored man forgot to come you just did the best you could. Most of our luxury services came because of Colonial Williamsburg, and of course they were the ones who saw that the--

people used to say they "put the telephone poles underground. They couldn't put the poles underground; they put the wires under, and it certainly improved the looks of our town. There were some charming old houses here, some of which are gone, but most of which have been saved. When they first began to move in, those were exciting days. I was here then, as we were newly married, and Dr. Goodwin was [#] a neighbor of ours and good friend. ^{had} Of course, I played with his children and then he and his second wife lived next door, so I knew him very well. And he was so tense. He was an excitable man anyway, and he was particularly keyed up at that time. I don't know whether I told you this or not, but I think everybody's recollection of the coming of the Restoration ^{is} different, bound to be. The first time I ever heard of the Restoration, of what it was going to be, was when I was working at the public library, which at that time was in a little green house, what we called ^a "Penniman house," because after World War I a lot of little houses were moved up to Williamsburg and set down somewhere on somebody's lot and rented. Some of them are still here. That one was put on some land that belonged to Miss Elizabeth Coleman, and it was right next door to the Paradise House. ^{It} ~~was~~ was a little green house, and it had no water, I guess it had electricity, but no heat and no water. ^{It} ~~was~~ it was a little shell, and it was icy cold in winter ^[but had] a little stove that I had to make a fire in. ~~I~~ ^I never have been very good at it. In the summer-time it was hot, but it could hold a lot of books, at least as

many as we had at that time. Miss Ann Chapman was, as I said, the dedicated spirit of the library; All I did was to light the fire, hand out the books, occasionally dust them, and keep the records, and take in the fines, and sweep the floor and so forth. One afternoon someone came into the library and said, "Did you hear that the Paradise House has been sold?" I said, "No. Who bought it?" I was very interested because I always loved that house, and I used to look at it and think to myself, "My, we could probably buy that, but we never could afford to fix it up." She said, "I don't know. Somebody said the preacher." And I said, "What preacher?" "I don't know." Then we began to hear that "the preacher ^{had} bought another house and another house. Of course, the excitement was terrific, and all this time nobody knew -- you know how that went; You've heard that story many times. Nobody knew who was back of it, but when it finally came out, ~~it~~ incidentally Dr. Goodwin's secretary, Elizabeth Hayes, was a great friend of ours, and she used to say, "I like to come to your house because you don't try to pump as to who is back of this business." By that time everybody knew Dr. Goodwin was doing it, but nobody knew who was putting up the money. I must say there was a variety of speculation and suggestions and ideas. But we didn't pump her. Anyway, when it finally came out and everybody knew that Dr. Goodwin was back of it -- I remember his coming down to our house one night. He used to drop in occasionally, we lived then in the Lee House, which is now the Moody House and

is one of the guest houses for the Inn, right across from Mrs. Ryland's. It was a charming old house -- icy cold in winter but lovely in summer -- it was a genuine eighteenth-century house. Dr. Goodwin -- I can see him now -- pacing up and down the living room floor, "Bill, buy this house!" and we just sat there looking at him. How could we buy anything? Our grocery bills were still a terrific problem, and as for the monthly payment on the sofa, why, that was just more than we could cope with, so the thought of buying a house. Of course, he wanted us to buy it because he knew he was going to buy it eventually at a good price, and he was wishing we could get the profit. We didn't buy it, but those were my early memories of the Restoration coming.

Williams: You had spoken last time I was here of some of the other social events that there were like Phi Beta Kappa Day you mentioned as being a big day.

Guy: Oh, it was. Everybody came, everybody in town. My father was a member. They didn't have a dinner in those days; it began with the public meeting and then went on to a collation, a big reception in the library and they called it a collation. They had a collation, too. It was a formal reception and people ate standing up; they had chicken salad and Smithfield ham and beaten biscuits and then slices of Neapolitan ice cream and cake, and it was all served from the stacks. I started my association with Phi Beta Kappa as the daughter of one of the members by wearing my

little pink silk dress (which went to all the parties) and passing the cakes. I think the Negro waiters in their white gloves and ^{white} jackets passed the collation, the plates, but I ^{passed plates of cookies and cakes.}

One of the nice things about it was that after the party was over, of course there was nothing in the world you could do about keeping the ice cream, so we children were turned loose in the freezers! The ladies of the town -- everybody ^{in town} who was anybody socially was invited, and they all looked forward to it. ^{and} they all wore the same dresses every year because that's all they had in ^{the} evening dresses, but they were very nice dresses. My mother had a very lovely black lace, and she would ring every possible change on that black lace. The only one I remember was a big, red velvet rose, which she wore in the center there. I don't remember the other changes at the moment, but they always managed to -- and nobody expected to see anybody in a new dress. They'd have been the talk of the town if they'd been in a new dress! But ^{the Library made} it made a beautiful setting for the party, ^{and later it was held in old Phi Beta.}

Long after that, up until quite recently, really until the new Phi Beta Kappa building was built, and the dinner ^{became} the big thing --

the reception was formal & elegant.

But in recent years
People went to the meeting

in casual clothes and then went on into the reception in the Dodge Room there. I don't know whether you're familiar with the old building. Well, the ^{in the present B.K.} ^{reception rooms were} straight ahead of you

as you walked in from the side entrance.

That ~~that~~ faced the Sunken Garden was the entrance to the social rooms, and then you went from that to the auditorium and you went into the auditorium from the side facing downtown, to the Capitol.

These were really beautiful rooms. They were panelled, and they each had a big fireplace, and the ladies of the faculty, and particularly the wives of the Phi Beta Kappa members, would be a committee to decorate it, and we'd do the mantles. ^{to} "Do" the mantles was quite the thing. "Will you 'do' the mantle in the Dodge Room?" "Oh, no, I couldn't." "Oh, yes you can." That sort of thing. There ^{would} be ten or fifteen of us sometimes working over there, ^{one} one doing the mantle in the Dodge Room; one in the Apollo Room, and somebody else doing the tables and fixing various arrangements. We didn't buy flowers; we used what we had, and of course in the winter there wasn't much, ^{then} we'd use berries and evergreens and things like that. (I remember doing the mantle in the Dodge Room one time with the black berries that come on the ^{privet} [^], the big lacy things, and red berries put together. ^{really} really it was quite unusual and caused quite a bit of comment. ^{but} We just made do with what we had, ^{but} but we used to work out some pretty interesting things, ^{then} then I remember. I was doing the mantle in the Apollo

Room one time

just after President Pomfret ^{came,} and I had just met Mrs. Pomfret but she says that the first time she remembers me was when she came over to watch us decorate for -- this must have been the freshman party in the fall because the freshman class and all those big parties were held in those rooms, and in the fall we really went to town because we had all the lovely fall flowers in the fields and the gardens. I was arranging the flowers on one of the mantles, and I said to Miss Wynne-Roberts, "Pidgie, what do you think of that?" And Mrs. Pomfret tells this story, Pidgie moved back and looked at it, and she said, "I think if you move that dahlia just a little to the right." -I moved it a little to the right, and I said, "How's that?" She said, "Perfect." And Mrs. Pomfret thought that was a wonderful introduction to the ~~ladies~~ ladies of ~~Williamsburg~~ Williamsburg but that's the way you did, and we had such fun; most of us belonged to the garden club and had done a lot of flower arranging, and this was one of our big efforts. We also did the flowers for the Great Hall a good many times for things there, and that ^{was} a beautiful room to decorate. Well, the years went on and we had a new Phi Beta Kappa building, and that Apollo Room never had any charm, really. Nobody was interested, and the people who went to the reception were wearing suits and sweaters, nobody cared much one way or the other, but it was a big event in the earlier years, and as I said the whole town was invited, and most of them came.

By that time we had more than one evening dress, but some of the older ladies still came in their "Phi Beta Kappa dress." We had ^{in Phi Beta,} other parties too. We had a faculty club, and they used to have dances over there and various parties and bridge parties. One winter the faculty club had made its headquarters briefly in Brafferton. This was to be a real effort at having a faculty club at William and Mary. There's always been talk of having one, and they've made several attempts. That year we had ice -- you won't believe this -- but we had ice for about two months on the streets. We had a big snowstorm, and it stayed cold. They cut off Griffin Avenue for coasting, and you might just as well because if you tried to go up it you were going to coast. The college lake was frozen, so we would take our provisions on a sled. We skated all over it, the whole length -- on the five fingers. ~~the~~ the long cove is quite long, and we could skate clear to the end of that and clear up to the road. I expect that today Ice House Cove is probably skateable, but I'm not interested. I never remember the whole pond being frozen over any other time. ^{it was} lovely weather for skating, ^{ground} and we had some lovely skating parties down there. (I'm getting off the track, but I'm going to get back to it.) We had picnics; we'd take our provisions across to Squirrel Point on a sled, build a fire over there [#] in the cabin over there. Well, that year the men on the faculty had a bridge tournament going, and they'd play on Saturday afternoons ^{in Brafferton}, and then the wives would come in, and we'd

have afternoon tea and refreshments after the game was won,

My husband and Wilfred Lambert were partners,
 and they won the first prize. It was something like this ^[points to cup]
 It wasn't this one; it was one of those pewter cups. It
 wasn't a Jefferson cup, it was the other kind that Max Reig
 used to make. ^[Lambert] Anne has one and I have one.

Williams: You had spoken about dances. Did you ever go to the finals
 dances up in the courtyard, in the front courtyard? Not the
 ones that were in the Sunken Garden in the '30s, I mean back
 in the Tyler era when they'd string the lanterns around the
 yard.

Guy: They didn't have dances out-of-doors then. The dances were
 in the old gym, but at commencement they'd string the Japanese
 lanterns around the front. Now that was when I was a child;
 I didn't go to those dances, but we'd go over and watch them
 for a while. I just thought that the young ladies in their
 beautiful long gowns with their trains caught up over their
 wrists were the grandest things in the world! When I was a
 teenager (before I went off to college, when I was in high school)
 we went to some dances there, too, but after I was married and came back the
 dances were usually in Blow Gym. Every Saturday night they'd
 have a dance, and since nobody charged the faculty we could afford
 to go. The faculty club had dances and parties -- lots
 of people had parties in those beautiful rooms at Phi Beta
 Kappa. That was the favorite place, and the faculty club would
 have their dances there, just for the faculty. They were
 fun. There'd be some bridge tables set up in one room, and we'd

dance in the other rooms. We had lots of fun in those days. I think I told you before that though we didn't have much money we had so many wonderful perquisites. Bill was a great tennis player and he could play tennis ^{free}.

There were always tennis courts available. There were two pools that we could go into, one in Blow Gym and the little Jefferson pool. ^{we had invitations to all the dances,}

We usually had complimentary athletic tickets to the games. They had to be complimentary because as I said there was nothing left over to spend for entertainment. We didn't need it because we had so much free ^{the} we had concert series and the plays. ^{of} Course, we paid for those, but they were very moderate. ^{we} had top-notch concerts. [#] During the war when the men all left [#] President Pomfret called me and [#] asked me if I would be interested in taking over the news release bureau, and I would. Mel Jones was the advisor, but I did the work. -- I mean I was the one that wrote the articles and so forth, and I had a secretary and a beautiful desk and ^{upholstered in} chairs ^{red leather,} Oh, it was marvelous! It was that room just to the left as you go into the Wren Building from the front, you know where the hostesses stay -- I think ^{is} sort of headquarters for them. It was then because our office had charge of the hostesses (the girl students) who did the guiding through the Wren Building. We kept the time for them and I gave them information. My mother was living with us at the time -- my father had died -- and she was

very thrilled at my being over there, particularly because that was the exact spot where my father's classroom had been before the Restoration, when they had changed the lay out somewhat. But ~~that~~ exact spot was my father's classroom and that was my office. I did that for two or three years until the war was over, at which time I was thoroughly tired of it, but it was lots of fun. ~~←~~ what made me think about that was the concert series. You see, I did the publicity for the concert series, I was completely ignorant of music -- always have and always will be -- so what I did was mostly to rewrite and adjust the publicity they sent out. I realized what top-notch people we were getting because they still are some of the top-notch musicians in the world -- we've never had the quality since that we had during those early years.

Williams: One more thing you did that we should get down on record is about when you and I think it was Mrs. Dillard were the children that unveiled the priorities plaque. Am I right on that?

Guy: Oh, yes. I don't remember too much about it because that was really in the early years. There were three faculty daughters -- and only three -- Emily Hall, Cara Garrett, and Gladys Bennett. I guess they didn't know what to do with me, *the newest,* so they let three of us do it.

the priorities ^{plaque} was on the inside, ~~in~~ the interior hall at that time (as I said, the whole interior layout

has been changed. It's been changed so many times, but it's certainly changed since I remember it as a child. I'm terribly proud of that plaque, and when I take visitors around -- you know, the ^{guides} don't call people's attention to it. I make all my guests see it. I say, "Look at this. This is important. You can look at the rest of it, but you read this. Not because I helped to unveil it, but because it's so terribly important to tell you what ^{an} important college we were and are getting now to be again."

Would you like to hear about the William and Mary Victory?

When I was working there ^r during the war at the news release bureau I got word -- I don't know how I found out about it. -- seems to me I saw it in the paper. One of the shipyards was building the victory ships in Baltimore ^{and} was naming their ships for colonial colleges. Well, someone down here -- and certainly I had nothing to do with it; I read about it in the paper -- said if you're naming them for colonial colleges how about the College of William and Mary? And so they said, "Well, yes, we'll name one for the College of William and Mary." That's all I needed -- a ship going to be named for William and Mary. So I talked to my friend Pidgie, Miss Marguerite Wynne-Roberts, who was then assistant dean of women, social director of the college, and just as crazy about ships and William and Mary as I was. Her eyes lit up; she was so thrilled. We were both excited. So we went to Dr. Pomfret, and we went to Charlie Duke, who was the bursar (and of course, all of us were intimate friends. That was the

nice part. We all knew each other so well) And asked what they thought about it, if we could do something about it. And so the upshot was that I wrote to the shipyard and asked if it'd be possible for one of our girls to christen the ship, and they said they'd be delighted. So we asked newly elected president of the student body to be the sponsor, and the one who was just going out of office to be the matron of honor. ~~we~~ we got all pepped up over it. We were invited to come up to Baltimore for the ^[launching] as many of us as wanted to, I guess. It's all so far in the background now, but anyway we were invited to come up for the christening, and of course somebody had to ^a chaperone these girls, and who better than Mrs. Guy? Pidgie was crazy to go. At the last minute something came up here, and she had to work. Her conscience spoiled more things for her in her life,

So she didn't go but Dean Landrum went. You know Dean Landrum. You've heard about her. She was a most charming little lady, just about so high, and she always wore long dresses ^{on formal occasions.} She wanted to keep the formality of the college, and she wanted to keep the dignity ^{as I do.} she believed in that, ^{to Baltimore} She went; several people went. And we had a wonderful time. I don't know how the alumni found out about it. Oh, ^{well} Charlie McCurdy was in the war, Alyse Tyler was running the alumni office, and I guess she wrote the Baltimore alumni. They had a luncheon, to which we went, and then we were all invited to dinner after the launching at some club, and you know, we weren't eating

very well down here in those days, and every place we went where our ship was we were just given the most magnificent food-- Steaks that we hadn't seen in years were produced for us.

The launching went off beautifully. At the last minute one of our alumni (Mrs. Granville Pullen) produced a handsome young nephew who had gone to William and Mary and would be coming back (he was a naval officer), and he acted as escort for the sponsor. It was really quite a business. We had a wonderful time. And we kept up with William and Mary Victory. She came down to the Portsmouth shipyard to be fitted out after she was launched and finished up there. We ^{had} met the captain; he invited us down to Portsmouth to see our ship, and they gave us a steak dinner. We invited the captain and some of the officers up here, and oh, we had a wonderful time! The shipyard was highly amused, I think. They said no college ever had made that much fuss over it, but they enjoyed it. They got right into the spirit of it because none of the other colleges had taken any part at all, and we thought that was missing a terrific change. It really was lots of fun. The last thing was that when they made their last trip back from Europe loaded with soldiers, I don't know

where they landed, but the captain sent us an enormous banner (I suppose it was as long as this house house) with "William and Mary Victory, Welcome Home." I didn't know exactly what to do with it, but I was still imbued with the thrill of the William and Mary Victory, and we put it out on the back of the Wren Building on the patio there for awhile. Then the janitor, Arthur Hill, said to me, "Mrs. Guy, where we going to put that?" And I said, "I don't know. Just roll it up and put it away somewhere." At that time Arthur Hill was perfectly natural; he hadn't acquired his affectations, but later he got so he'd pull his forelock when he'd meet anybody. I don't know where he learned that that was a gesture of respect, but he did. And then "Ted" Fowler said to me one day (that was Jimmy's wife), "Does he call you 'doctor'?" I said, "Heavens, no." She said, "He calls me 'Dr. Fowler.'" But his forelock was what tickled me funny. Every time I'd see him, he'd say, "Mrs. Guy, what are we goin'to do with that banner?" And I'd say, "I haven't the faintest idea--and don't ask me."

Williams: You don't know what happened to it?

Guy: No, I expect it's still up in the attic of the Wren Building, but I have no idea, and I'm not going to try and find out. That was the William and Mary Victory. One time Charlie Duke, who was the bursar, and I were talking about the money. He said,

"It's nothing but a damn rowboat, and it's cost us more money already. . . ." And I said, "It has not cost us much money, and it's a whole lot more than damn rowboat; it's a big ship." He'd never seen it, but his wife had gone down when we went down to have dinner on board. We thought it was a magnificent ship. I don't know what happened to her; I think she's in mothballs somewhere, maybe over in the James River fleet, but I don't know. So that's the William and Mary Victory, and I'll bet no one else has thought to tell you about it.