

County where Sol's store was located. These trips offered real excitement to a small girl; one could buy pink candy pigs for a penny and a little marshmallow chocolate-covered man which might have concealed a prize penny in his brown little stomach.

"Those were horse, buggy, and wagon track days; no cars at all, roads poor and muddy. I remember I had, married, had

couraged.

"There were few amusements. We visited back and forth, went every Sunday to Falls Creek Church. We had no special dates, no 'going steady,' boy friends just dropped in to see the girls."

"Your husband must have been quite young when he fought with the Southern Army," the writer suggested.

"He was sixteen or less," replied Mrs. Stokes. "I was years younger. In fact, when we met for the first time on a visit to a sick, mutual friend, I was nine years old. His wife, at that time, was already dead, his two children married. As I grew into girlhood, he was heard to remark that he was 'waiting for me.' I was shy and timid, became furious when he teased me. One day when I was about eighteen, he said if I would permit him to talk to me for an hour he would talk the young man I then admired out of the picture. He successfully talked himself in. We were married at the home of magistrate Robert Wilson, February 19, 1890."

Mrs. Penn Stout, youngest daughter of the Stokes family, recalls her father had said he was sixty-four years old when she was born. She regrets the family kept no records covering her father, Richard Caswell Stokes. His wife remembers that he had trouble with a leg injury which he had during a long retreat when a bridge crumbled, but she cannot think where her husband was then stationed, whether in North Carolina or Virginia.

Mrs. Stokes heard her hus-

and saw Rufus bobbing up and down in the water. Quickly he sprang into the river and swam out into the deep middle where the Stokes boy was struggling; then, just as Whitehead reached Stokes, the boy locked his arms around his rescuer's neck, so told the boys on the river bank. Both swimmers disappeared, not to ascend to the surface. Today, Ottis Whitehead's heroism is commemorated by a Carnegie plaque, the first of its kind ever to be offered to anyone in this county or section, which hangs in the main entrance hall to Ramseur High School. At that time, Whitehead was also nineteen years old.

During her long life, Mrs. Stokes never had a quarrel with her neighbors. She enjoyed reading, before her eyes gave trouble, likes books by Catherine Marshall, and she has read the Bible through recently during a period of four months. She also enjoys books by Emily Loring; she has read all of Grace Livingston's set of books. Formerly her pastime was quilting. "But these eyes are not too good for anything except television now," she remarked.

Mrs. Stokes always has appreciated a variety of types of

music.

"What about modern rock-and-roll. That is one type of music I always turn off the radio," she answered vehemently.

This widow with a memory of the long ago is disturbed that people have changed so greatly during her lifetime. "In a crowd, about the last thing people discuss is God. This should not be. They should keep Him first. People hurry, hurry, hurry. Haven't even time to be friendly."

The widow woman always has sympathized with suffering. "For years I followed the community doctors," she said, "either Dr. Tate or Dr. Johnson anywhere they needed me as a practical nurse. I cared for patients at night so the family might rest, and I never charged a dime for my service. People place too much value upon money today."

For her years, Mrs. Stokes is unusually robust. She exercises by doing light house work, loves her flowers and garden. Her favor-foods include fruits and vegetables. She enjoys relaxing in the yard where she can watch people go by and go in and out of the nearby hardware store.

"But I miss my swing," she said. "I'm going to paint that swing, bring it out of the cellar and place it here where I can enjoy it. I enjoy staying in the yard. It is a wonderful place to rest. Yes, I am going to have Penn Stout mix me some paint out at the store and paint that swing myself," concluded the Civil War widow whose long life has been useful, eager, active.