

## BIOGRAPHY, OR SKETCH OF MY LIFE

I was born in Rappahannock County, State of Virginia, September 25, 1864. Came to this County with somebody (my parents, I guess), when two or three years old. Knew scarcely anything of my real mother. I do remember of having seen my mother once or twice. Brother Charles Jordan, Sister Sarah Reid, Brother Smoot Pettyjohn, Sister Mary Gentry, and possibly a few others, can tell you more about that than I. I was reared by a step-mother known as "Mammy Kittie," and she was a mother to me. My father, better known as John Berry, gave me the advantage of the public and private schools in the latter 60's. The first teacher I sat under was a white man I think named Rice; I have forgotten his given name. I have also forgotten how long he taught. I do remember when he died I was very sad. Father made a coffin for him from the fact he stayed at our house, the same house that is now owned by Brother Charles McDaniel. The next teacher was a man by the name of Gillead. I can't recall his given name, I just remember his surname and that I was taught to call him "Mr. Gillead." He was quite a peculiar specimen; as a teacher we were very afraid of him for he used to take a pistol to the school each day. I was for three years in my A, B, C's. I think the next teacher was a very intelligent lady by the name of Mrs. Lucinda Smith. It appeared that everybody liked Mrs. Smith. She was very well informed along very many educational lines including music. I can't recall about my age just then, but I do know that I could then read and write of which my father was very proud. Then came next Mr. Lindsey Hayden, one whom certainly in those days took great interest in the school work. As near as I can recall I think father moved away from the house referred to (Brother McDaniel's) to the site where I now live. Mr. Henry King and my father were great friends, and living very close to each other quite naturally brought them in contact with each other, so they con-

cluded to "buy a farm," which they did. Being already interested in the education of their children those men built and ran schools for the community in their own dwellings, did the domestic work upstairs while the downstairs was crowded with the children of the neighborhood. I was then, I suppose, about thirteen years old. My next teacher was Mrs. Nettie Shrader who was a very pretty woman and cleverly informed, closely allied to the King family. We just went to the front under her tutorship. My eyes were then being opened to the light of trying to be something and then I began to learn something. Next came another very intelligent lady in the person of Miss Martha Brent. Then Mr. George E. Clark, one and in fact the oldest colored teacher in this county. I was taught by this great educator for many years and can be taught by him now. I indeed owe my success as a successful teacher to Mr. Clark, for he taught me many things and they were all good things. I reckon I attended Professor Clark's schools at various points more than any other teacher. Mr. Clark simply took me in his bosom. I remember Mr. Clark told me when he turned me out these words, "Boy, you are a credit to me; I want to advise you, you must attend to your business, you must be on time, you must never disappoint any of your children in no respect nor at any time and place; talk with your children and not to them." In this sketch of my life as a teacher I want to congratulate Mr. Clark. I found that he gave me the key with which to unlock many doors. Well, I guess I was eighteen or nineteen years old. Of course I began to spread out a little. I went to Charlottesville and worked a while for a lumberman, and not being used to "rough and tumble" life, I only remained one month and came back to father as a prodigal, got another brushing (nineteen years old, mind you) and then went off to Washington where almost everybody goes. Having no knowledge of that great city and no money which of course tells you I had no friends, I fell in "tough" again, slept in the Public Square one night got up very early the next morning before being awakened by a policeman, wondered about the city. Often I would find myself right back to where I first started. I was very hungry, knew no one; didn't have sense enough to go to the public hydrant to quench thirst. I stumbled proverbially upon a country gentleman that morning sitting in one of the

public squares eating some Washington pie, chicken, etc. As soon as I saw him I began to study like this, "How can I get some of that good breakfast?" Well you know I had to hurry up, for I tell you that man was eating. I walked up to him while hunger was pinching me and said, "Good morning." He returned the compliment—kept on eating. I stood as though I was in his door waiting for him to invite me at least to a seat, which he did, and do you know that man asked me to have some breakfast with him? Well, I am so sorry I can't recall his name. However, I recall the incident. I ate a nice breakfast with this proverbial man. After feeding the inner man I felt much better. I began to tell him of some of my people in the city and about how small my knowledge of the city was. He told me he would do what he could by the way of assistance. We got up and walked toward Fourteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue (remember we were in the White House Park), and the moment we got on the avenue we saw a man descend a flight of steps. He approached this man and asked him, "Do you know of such a man as Lewis Mason?" The man said, "I do." He directed us to 332 Pennsylvania Avenue, fourteen squares south. We went, and sometimes I was lost and sometimes found, and so was my guide (for he was a countryman like myself). However, we at last found number 332. It was then twelve M. I walked in, and the first person I saw in that great building was Uncle Lewis. How glad I was! What a burden was lifted off my weak shoulders. I thanked my guide and bade him adieu and spent the evening and night with my uncle. I took breakfast with him and he introduced me to the people with whom he had worked for ten years. Then he succeeded in getting employment for me with a Doctor Thompson. I lived with the doctor two years as the office boy and carriage driver. During the two years stay with Doctor Thompson I took advantage of a certain night school being then conducted by one of Washington's best lawyers by persuasion of Doctor Thompson, and I tell you he put me on my feet. I came home during the time, stayed two weeks and the doctor sent a special letter for my return, which in those days was very grand to think that somebody sent for you. I returned and took up my studies. After finishing up a course in that school Professor Schooley introduced me to the Laws Academy. Now I wore the

uniform of that school. I thought that I was "Just going up the street." I took an academic course for one year; of course I did not get my sheep-skin but ate some of the sheep. This was in '77 and '78. I came home again and while here this time some of my comrades from the city wrote me to come back and go with them to Capon Springs for that season. Well I began to feel good again. I showed father the letter. He said, "You haven't money enough to take you to the gate, and how can you get to Washington and from thence to Capon." I told him I would send it back to him if he would loan it to me. He got the money (ten dollars) from somewhere, and said, "I'll try you." I was so glad. I stayed at Capon Springs that season, met nearly all nationalities of the world, learned a great deal. I came in contact with a great many smart colored men and women, chose the smartest according to my judgment, continued my studies, and remember once giving lessons to my employer's daughter.

#### SECOND TERM AT CAPON

My next term at Capon was that fatal "Garfield" year. I left Capon and took the steamer *George Leary* and glided to Yorktown, Virginia, to wait on a squadron. I became quite seasick. I also got sick and had to go to one of the hospital tents. From seasickness to cholera morbus. I was a pitiable sight, knew no one at all. While I was sick in Yorktown a white man by name of Eugene Warner died with malaria. I thought I would be next. However, I got over it. I boarded the steamer *Lady of the Lake* enroute to Washington. On our trip I got out of sight of land. Well, I thought I was gone again. A great storm arose, wind and rain, and all on board began by orders from the Captain, to secure life-preservers. I thought I was gone again for I had never seen a life-preserver before that awful night. Well, I began to imitate the rest of my comrades; sometimes the great billows would come as yonder great hill, sometimes the boat would be totally submerged and sometimes it would be on a knob of water. In about two and one-half hours the wind would roar like thunder and I thought of (we sing here) "Master the Tempest is Raging."

We got out unharmed and glided our way to Washington. This was in 1881. We arrived in Washington at one-thirty

A. M. While we were going off the gang-board we heard the toll of the great bell on Saint Dominick's Catholic Church on Sixth Street. Some one said "that's a funeral knell." In a very few minutes the city was alive with news boys with extra papers filled with news of the death of the chief magistrate, President James A. Garfield, at Elberon, New Jersey. I heard the sound apparently of a thousand bells tolling the sad news. I learned that the body would arrive in Washington the next day or two at 2:05 P. M. The city was draped in mourning, changed from a gay scene to that of a sorrowing one. I concluded that I would wait and see the procession, which I did, and oh! what a scene! I couldn't count the bands of music, and how beautifully they played; as if by magic, or by one single man, hundreds of voices and nearly as many bands pealed forth at the same time in (sing again here) "Nearer My God to Thee." Tears fell from the eyes of strong sinewy men; and women wept bitterly, so much so, that the streets was wet with tears. On the next day every person who could went to the Capitol where the President's body lay in state in the rotunda to view the remains. Each person had to obey orders, "Go in at one door and pass out at the other." I took advantage of this, and desiring to see the body again, I walked four squares, got in line and passed through, thus making a second view. The next day the funeral was preached. I could see the preacher as a mere speck standing on the Capitol steps, but could not hear a single word, being four or five squares away. I don't know what became of the body after that. I made a visit home that year and tried the railroad for the balance of the year. I worked for seven months on the Shenandoah Railroad at one dollar and twenty cents a day. The next year I went with thirty-nine other men to Portland, Pennsylvania, this was in 1882. I worked on abutments and piers for a bridge across the Delaware river at a compensation of one dollar and a half a day, ten-hour system. I saved a little money but worked very hard for it. I think I saved one hundred and nine dollars during the nine months while in Portland. On Sundays I always attended church. There were no colored churches in Portland, and no colored people other than those forty who went from Lynchburg. As I said, I attended church and Sunday-school. I had an elegant teacher named Mrs. Belles. I simply loved her; she had so much relig-

ion. The next year being 1883, I stayed home with my father, worked about with him as an apprentice. He paid me seventy five cents a day and gave me my board. My clothes were washed and I slept at home. Well, the carpenter trade was not my calling; father could not see through that. He did not understand why I didn't fancy the carpenters' trade and I couldn't see why either, for it was and is a very lucrative employment. During the year, or rather some time that year, Brother Frank Johnson and myself were doing some work together and he remarked to me: "Berry, why don't you teach school? You are too useful a young man to be trashing your time as you do." I felt ashamed, as I knew I could do my fellow-man some good. I only wanted encouragement. I said nothing. I was so condemned, knowing my father had sent me to school so very much and in fact I had attended school a great deal through my own efforts. I watched the fall examinations. I consulted my old and tried teacher in the person of Professor George Edward Clark; he advised me as you have already listened to. I acted one morning; directly after breakfast I stole away during a severe rain in October. I walked about four miles to where the Superintendent of Schools lived. I guess some of you know where Rev. York Chambers now lives, well there's where I went, and oh! what I experienced when I arrived. I hardly had nerve to rap on the door. However, I looked around and found enough to tap softly. When the door opened, to my surprise a very funny-made little man peered out at me with a maimed right hand. I said, "that's no superintendent, for he can't even write," forgetting the fact that there are right and left-handed people; from seeing this man write I have learned to use either hand at anything I may undertake. I was invited in by this queer little man and given a chair. As I said above, it had rained all forenoon and quite a cold rain. One thing that braced me up somewhat, I saw a bright log fire in the hearth. I sat down and in a few minutes I was asked "Your name please." I answered feebly, "Silas N. Berry." I saw him take a pen in hand, that awkward left hand, and briskly but legibly write my name on a strip. I knew for the first time that this was the superintendent. He queried me further by asking my age, which was answered. I was asked several preliminary questions before reaching the general text questions.

All were answered. I thought I was getting along pretty handsomely until he asked me "had I ever taught school before, or had I been examined?" I answered, "No, sir." I saw at a glance that he could tell, yet it became my duty to answer. After getting through with about eight or ten questions on the text-books he had me read, and oh, how he watched me. Then he had me write. I was already nervous from fright and shivering with cold. He gave me an example, I think in simple fractions, which was solved, and then asked me what was a fraction and the different kinds. I am sure he saw that I was frightened and he "let me down easy" and I tell you I forgot the hand, and when he got through with me I thought he had three or four good hands. I found that he was the Superintendent. He gave me a certificate, number four. I thought I had a check on some big bank. I believe I held it in my hands until I got to my best girl's house which was hard by. I showed it to her. She admired it very much and said, "I was so cunning." I brought the paper on and showed it to my father and he asked "where did I get such a paper." I, of course, told him. He said nothing. This was in 1883, October. This same day I registered as a voter. Have been voting ever since and am still among the qualified voters of this commonwealth. Now my school work for which we are this day (fourteenth of July, 1915) celebrating. I knew not what to do, as I said, I had a certificate but that wasn't teaching yet. The next court day I went to Amherst, the County seat, and made some inquiries, and was told to consult some of the board officials. I didn't know them from anybody else. I, however, ran across an old gentleman and he asked me "was I a school teacher?" I responded "Yes, sir." He replied: "Well, I am looking for a teacher for Pleasant Grove school, and I think from your appearance that you would suit us. Come with me and I will show you the man with whom you may contract." You see in that that the teacher doesn't know it all. I followed him, and he introduced me to a very large white gentleman, very kindly disposed and very pleasant in manner; this man contracted with me for the above-named school at a salary of sixteen dollars a month. I felt rich. I wrote ahead to Mr. Milton Broady (the gentleman who introduced me to Mr. N. N. Mantiply) who was then Clerk of the Board, Temperance School District,

of this County) to notify the patrons of that section to meet me at their schoolhouse on the following Monday at nine A. M. I was found on the job. I met twenty-five beautiful children looking for their new teacher. Among them was my wife, but I certainly didn't know it. I rang the bell and called the school to order, enrolled their names and made an examination, classed them off and went to work. I thought that teaching school was an easy job but I found it quite different, for that night I was so tired and fatigued I could not keep my eyes open. All of you teachers, who may read this book, are aware of the fact that of all work this is the most difficult. Well, I taught the five months term out through "ups and downs." I think I made a very good impression as a teacher, this being my first term, from the fact I was elected by a solid vote to return the following term. Of course I did this. I taught at that point two years. Came home, returned again. At the end of that term, or rather during that term, my father died, January 31, 1885. Of course you all are aware how "topsy-turvy" matters are in a home when father or mother dies. I came home after receiving the sad news by Mrs. Landros M. King, tarried three or four days and resumed my work at Rose Mills. During that vacation Brother James Reid, one of the school heroes, came to my house and consulted me in reference to the First Baptist School. We made a verbal contract (which was good in those good old honest days). In the fall of that year I opened school at this place and taught for seven consecutive terms and also taught a private term, being paid for in that particular by a body of interested men at a compensation of twelve dollars a month. After three or four years I was called back to Rose Mills and upon my return I tell you I knew how to take hold, for I had an extension of three months ending sometime in July. But listen, I said awhile ago that when I first opened at Rose Mills that my wife was among the first group of children, but I didn't know it. She was there this time also, for when I wound up I had made another contract. I guess you know what kind of a contract this was, for that October I brought Alice back with me, this was in 1887. Brother Merchant tied us together so securely that only death separated us. I then taught in Nelson County for two or three terms, afterwards in Amherst again at

the Lewis Watts school. Of that school there are many representatives in this county. I then taught at home, better known as Bowling's Hill; taught at that point for twelve or fifteen years (too long I think, however). Last, but not least, I wound up the public school work at the Edward Ware's School. Taught there three years with general satisfaction. We have also representatives of that school here to witness this celebration. In 1905 my dear wife died—a severe stroke to me—leaving me with eight little dependent children, ages respectively five months, two years, four years, six years, eight years, ten years, twelve years, and fourteen years. You can see at a glance what an awful shape I was in. Rev. Merchant and Hutcherson conducted the funeral services. I can never forget the appeal made to God by Rev. Hutcherson in his prayer on that awful day. "Oh! God, look upon these little motherless children; you know you promised to be a mother for such! Oh! God, raise up friends for them." I know God heard that prayer among the others, for he has surely raised up friends for my children. The following spring I consulted Mr. Moses Taylor and his wife to care for my baby, which they did for sixteen months. I can never forget those people for they were friends indeed. In 1890 I joined the True Reformers, was a member about twenty-one or twenty-two years. I failed to insert how my conversion took place. I joined the Nineteenth Street Baptist Church, Washington, D. C., and being away from that city and under voluntary care of this church (First Baptist), I was advised to join by experience of grace by Deacon Smoot Pettyjohn. I don't know how long that has been but I do know it has been some time. In the fall of 1914 Mr. Samuel Moore requested my services as a private teacher for his children and after careful consideration an agreement was reached and the following patrons made themselves responsible for my pay, viz: Mr. Sam. Moore, Mr. Nathaniel Reid and Mr. John Reid. I wish every community would follow such examples. At the same time I also ran a night school at the residence of Mr. John Cary for two months. Long will those private patrons live in my memory, for the example is worth so very much, not only to me but all who may follow. I am saying "Good-bye" to you my old pupils; I am saying "Good-bye" to the public schools; I am say-

ing to you, with whom I have had as co-workers, good-bye. And since I have left you and the teachers force and have applied for a pension I am now on the retired list.

In the year 1910 something prompted me to resign the school work (the then meagre salary for one thing). I did not see how I could leave such lucrative employment. I shall here insert that the work became pleasant to me, the beautiful faces, the interesting programme each day, the happy voices, the innocent expressions written on each face created new life and vigor in me each day. I finally gave up the work, wondering into whose hands my dear little school children would fall. I reluctantly resigned in 1912. Now I must look out for other employment. I must leave the teachers' force agreeable to my own wishes. I applied for a Retired Teachers' Pension which after about twelve months the application was granted, allowing me, under Class A, thirteen dollars and forty-three cents per quarter. It was sometime before I could content myself as a retired teacher and to-day, after an elapse of seven years, I feel that I *must* resume the same work. Prior to 1912 I also applied to the Governor of the State for a position as notary public, which was granted. Governor Mann appointed me at this time, 1910-11, and I have qualified continuously since, Mr. Robert Davis, Mr. Nazareth King being my bondsmen in 1910-14; Mr. William Franklin and Mr. Saint Jones, bondsmen 1914-19. On February 2, 1919, shall qualify again under Governor Westmoreland Davis. In 1917 I was appointed Bureau of Mines Superintendent, at Washington, D. C., as mines explosive agent. As a notary I am very glad to insert that my office has helped me and also my friends. My functions have been such as is common to such officers. I must insert the incident that took place in 1905, the death of Mrs. Lelia Alice Berry, which took place on Saturday night, January 29, 1905. I was then teaching school at "Home Bowling's Hill." I hope my readers will not criticize me for writing so many brief notes about my wife. However, I have no appologies to offer. Mrs. Alice Berry's death was a shock to the community in which she lived. After a brief period of thirteen days of illness I was left a widower with eight little children, girls and boys, to care for. I repeat, eight little children, six girls and two boys, names and ages respectively: Warner Clinton Berry, age fourteen; Delia Esther

Berry, age twelve; Virginia Rovilla Berry, age ten; Willie Ann Berry, age eight; Flora Callie Berry, age seven and a half; Margarette Elizabeth Berry (deceased), age six; John William Berry, age four; Alice Mabel Berry, age five months. There may be a slight difference as per those ages, yet I am satisfied that they are nearly correct. I do know that my baby was only five months old, and Warner, the oldest, was only fourteen years of age. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. R. D. Merchant and John W. Hutcherson. I shall never forget that funeral service, especially the appeal made to God by Rev. Wesley Hutcherson, "Oh! God, You promised to be a mother for the motherless, please raise up friends for these motherless children!" The interment took place at the family burying ground. (True Reformers rites).

I resumed my work as a teacher a few days afterward, but ah! you can judge my feelings and troubles. The same spring Rev. Hutcherson and myself agreed to unite in our Commencement exercises, which we did, and had a delightful programme. Mrs. Kittie Berry, or "Mammie Kittie," died one year prior to my wife. Well, I found out that I just had to care for those helpless children just referred to, and I sailed in. I did not intend to be the means of the break in the chain or a leak in the ship. I kept those children together, protected and cared for them, until they could stand alone. My son, Warner, is now one of Washington's best cooks. My daughter, Delia, is at this writing at Salt Creek, Virginia, with her husband, Mr. Warner W. Slaughter. My daughter, Virginia, is a noted figure in the school work of Amherst County. Willie Berry is living with one of Amherst's noted lawyers as cook. Flora, my daughter, is my housekeeper, so you can readily see that in the thirteen years I have not married again. John and Alice, Flora and Virginia, are still under my roof.

#### A BROKEN LINK

Death again:—On the twelfth day of March, 1917, the death angel called by our home and took our dear Margarette to Heaven.

Somewhere in this little book you may find the names of the departed ones who attended my school as well as the names of

the living ones. You will find also a facsimile of letters written me when our Reunion took place. You will indeed find our favorite school song, "We Are a Band of Schoolmates From the Old School Yard" and "Hang Up the Baby's Stocking," which all of the school children enjoyed. At this writing we are pained to insert in the death list two of my distinguished boys in the persons of Lewis Daniel, aged fifteen, who departed this life January 4, 1919. Little Lewis, however, was a member of the Lewis Daniel School, located at the Mt. Sinai Baptist Church. His teacher, at the time of his death, was sick with influenza and could not attend, my daughter, Virginia Berry, being his teacher; spoke in very high terms of Lewis. John Burford departed this life January 13, 1919 at Monroe, Virginia. John was an elegant young man, very quiet and dutiful. He was a member of the Lewis Watts School. At this writing we attended the impressive funeral of Deacon Smoot Pettyjohn on January 12, 1919. The writer was honored with the solemn duty of honorary pallbearer. I must say a word or insert a sentence about the dreaded epidemic that is now raging in all sections of the world. Of course we have heard of yellow fever in local form, smallpox, infantile paralysis, whooping cough, measles, mumps, etc., but the world acknowledges that history has never recorded an epidemic equal to the influenza. This disease, statistics show, has caused more deaths and caused more fright than the great European and German war. I often use the expression, "It is the hand writing on the wall." So much for that. You may not be surprised to acknowledge the fact that during my school life I traveled on foot to my places of business, a total of 9,400 miles. Rain, hail, winds, frost and snow were my playmates. It seemed next to impossible for me to disappoint one of my pupils. In my school life and work several teachers from under my hand have, by my example, and being naturally impressed, have taught successfully in the public schools of Virginia. Below we give a list of them, viz:

Miss Lucy Mildred Peters (Rose Mills School).  
Mr. Charlie Morse (Deceased) (Hubbard's Hill School).  
Mr. Bowling Wills (Hubbard's Hill School).  
Miss Lillie Pearl Reid (Bowling's Hill School).  
Miss Virginia R. Berry (Bowling's Hill School).

Miss Martha A. Johnson (Bowling's Hill School).  
Mr. Saint Jones (First Baptist School).

In Sunday-school I was a worker equal to that in public school. Can one afford to uncouple the Sunday-school teacher from the public school? Why, no! I can write as much comparatively of the one as I can about the other. I was in my eighth year when I had my first Sunday-school lesson. I am now fifty-one years of age and I tell you frankly not one of those years, from eight to fifty-one, have I left the Sunday-school out. And I declare I don't know which of the two I claim to be most devoted. You know the innocent and harmless faces were in both, the sparkling eyes and happy hearts could be seen in either school. You must know my fondness for children is unailing. In July of each year off to the Sunday-School Convention we'd go.

On the thirteenth day of August, 1919 (Sunday) my daughter, Virginia Rovilla Berry, was married to a very worthy young man in the person of Mr. Robert Lee Abbott. Fully 250 persons were in attendance. We here insert the beautiful school songs which the children delighted in singing, or rather extracts of same: "Band of Schoolmates," "Hang Up the Baby's Stocking," and the multiplication table to "Yankee Doodle."

In 1915, July 14th, I bade good-bye to all of my school children at the First Baptist Church where one of the grandest "Old School" reunions was held (see programme). This programme was carried out to the letter with a few exceptions. A great many of our old pupils were present, and rendered great aid. Mrs. Susie B. Martin was Master of Ceremonies. Mr. Saint Jones represented the Old School in his usual masterly manner. Mr. Moses B. Taylor read the names of all of the 400 and odd names of pupils.

The opening services were conducted by Rev. W. D. Quarles: 126 Psalm; Hymn number 640; prayer by Rev. Quarles; Miss Lottie L. Merchant (our devoted pastor's daughter) performed at the organ; Address of welcome, Mrs. Amanda V. Higginbotham; Response to same, Miss Lottie L. Merchant; Sang Hymn "Lord I'm Coming Home," Miss Susie B. Martin; Recitation, Miss Alice Mabel Berry; Remarks, Rev. W. D. Quarles; Rev. Doctor R. D. Merchant introduced Rev. Jackson from Fifth Street Baptist Church, Lynchburg, who held the assembly

spell-bound. At this point the author made a few preliminaries, sketching the past work from 1883 to 1915; Reading of letters by the clerk for the occasion, Miss Flossie McDaniel. A beautiful letter was read from Miss Jessie McDaniel, of Washington, D. C., another from Mr. B. H. Wills, Arrington, Virginia; another from Mr. Harry Dickerson, of Cincinnati, Ohio. A collection of one dollar and nineteen cents was taken up by Mr. Charles Jordan, Jr., and Mrs. Mary Butler. Benediction, Rev. Jackson.

#### AFTERNOON

Devotional Exercises conducted by Doctor R. D. Merchant and Rev. W. D. Quarles: Hymn number 641; 137th Division of Psalms; Prayer by Rev. Paul Rose; The choir sang "I Surrender All;" A Biography of the Teacher was read by Mrs. A. V. Higginbotham; Response, Mr. Charles Jordan, Sr.; Song; Roll Call, Miss Willie A Berry; General talk, Rev. Doctor Merchant, W. D. Quarles, Mrs. Susie B. Martin, Mr. Moses B. Taylor; Duet, Mrs. Susie B. Martin and daughter, Miss Elizabeth Martin. Adjourned to meet at eight p. m.

FLOSSIE MCDANIEL,  
*Clerk.*

#### EIGHT O'CLOCK P. M.

Scripture Reading by Silas N. Berry, 133rd Psalm; Prayer by Silas N. Berry. The assembly then sang "Hallelujah! Yes T'is Heaven." The roll of our departed ones was read by Mrs. Mary T. Bibbie; Mrs. Nannie Violet Davis was then appointed by the chair to open on the eulogistic exercises after which the congregation sang "I've Reached the Land of Corn and Wine;" Response to eulogies, Mrs. M. L. Taylor; General Remarks, Mr. George Rucker and others. Song, "When He Cometh," by Mrs. Mary E. Tyler. We insert here I still hold in my memory the kind faces of my dear pupils, the many beautiful expressions of love and gratitude. The beautiful floral tributes, not on my grave, but placed in my hands and on my desk by the prettiest hands and with the most pleasant smiles that nature has made. It is with the most profound affection that this little book is written.

I shall never forget your facial expressions while you were students of our school, and even after you reached mature ages each of you expressed that kindly love and affection for me. Now in conclusion, forgive me should anyone of you fail to see your name in these columns. Please remember the fact that in handling so many of you, and going through so many gates, surmounting so very many difficulties, seeing so many suns rise and set, having so many ups-and-downs such as sickness, deaths, and many minor troubles, one would naturally lose sight, and possibly leave out, some very important matter.

I cannot close without referring to the many letters sent me even on the day of my reunion. Letters were sent by Mrs. Beatrice P. Webster, Miss Lillie P. Reid, Mr. Warner C. Berry and I declare many others, and each of those letters had some finance enclosed. Miss Virginia Magnolia Johnson, of Alexandria, Virginia, sent a beautiful letter and gift.

So, dear readers, I certainly desire to thank you in advance for reading this little book, and furthermore I hope its contents may inspire you to write even a much larger book of your life, etc., with more and better matter. Now then, in my final conclusion, eleven twenty-six o'clock p. m., August 27, 1919: All of us will never meet on earth face to face; but listen, we will meet face to face on high, where Jesus Christ reigns forever and ever; where we shall see our dear schoolmates, our mothers, our fathers, our sisters, brothers and friends, and say good-bye no more.

I am yours very truly,

SILAS N. BERRY, N. P.