

The BOOKER T. WASHINGTON Papers

others can take up & that you can direct being down there all right. I have asked Mr Gilman² who is at Jamaica Plains to confer with you about it. Cordially Yours

H. B. Frissell

ALS Con. 99 BTW Papers DLC.

¹ Mabel Wilhelmina Dillingham and Charlotte R. Thorn, who had previously taught at Hampton Institute, founded Calhoun Colored School at Calhoun, Lowndes County, Ala., in October 1892, with six teachers and some 300 pupils. They were co-principals until Miss Dillingham's death in 1894. Her father, the Rev. Pitt Dillingham, served as co-principal from 1894 to 1909. From 1909 until 1921 Miss Thorn was sole principal. Modeled after Hampton and Tuskegee, Calhoun was a community elementary and industrial school. BTW served for many years on its board of trustees, as did Hollis Burke Frissell. (See An Address at the Funeral of Mabel W. Dillingham, ca. Oct. 17, 1894, below.)

² Frederick N. Gilman (d. 1892) came to Hampton in 1881 from Boston, where he had worked for an importing and mercantile firm. His health had failed, and he undertook light tasks, such as the charge of the knitting department at the school, until his recovery from a prolonged illness. For a time he was business manager of the *Southern Workman*. In 1889 he succeeded General J. F. B. Marshall as treasurer. His ill health continued, however, and he died in 1892, of pulmonary tuberculosis.

From Mary Elizabeth Preston Stearns

Tufts College P.O. Masstts. August 11th 1891

Dear Friend. In memory of a noble life on Earth,¹ "without haste and without rest," securing immortality with the angels of God — beyond our vision — never beyond our love, and reverence, I extend to you, who can "never forget" the enclosed

Washington, Davidson Scholarship for 1891.

This day opens anew the cruel wound her departure has made in your heart and all the years to come, until the summons comes to call you to her side again. I cannot doubt that she is with you, not on this hallowed day, but on all the days of toil, and labor, in the work she loved so well, and *died*, that *it* might live. And *it will live!* Holy is her dust, as any Martyr of the Christian Church. Radiant evermore, the crown she has won.

The years as they hasten by only add lustre to her spotless, heroic memory.

To me, she shines like a star: too far for my poor deservings to