

Life History of Mary Jemima Savage Stirling¹

I, Mary Savage Stirling, who reside in Las Vegas, Nevada being both a mother and a grandmother feel the need of leaving my posterity the story of my life. Who knows if this story would have been written were it not for the urging of my sister, Josephine Savage Jones, who is writing a history of our grandfather, Henry Savage, and his descendants. Many people would like to leave a written record, but sad to say few are willing to take the time and effort required.

I was born in St. George, Washington County, Utah, March 4, 1905, the seventh child of Josephine Foremaster Savage and Nephi Miles Savage. According to my earliest impressions, I'm sure a new little spirit was always welcomed for the joy and sweet innocence they bring into a home. From my earliest recollection I always felt like the 'babies' as Papa called my twin brother Joseph and me (until I absolutely rebelled at the age 13) were very special in our home. I know we were loved and given many privileges and favors that the older children of the family did not receive. Not that they were loved less, but there was more to cater to the younger ones.

Before I reached maturity I had moments of doubt that being highly favored was best for children. It promotes self centeredness and lack of thoughtfulness for others. In either case knowing that I was loved made my growing up days less rough being without guidance of a mother.

How well I remember the thoughtfulness of my older brother, Henry, who left home during his youthful years to seek employment to pay for his education. He would send Joe and I little items dear to a child's heart. At Easter time there were always tiny candy eggs, chicks, etc., and birthday cards at birthdays. Something that seemed a big event at Christmas was long red stocking caps for us. Another time there was a gay musical toy on wheels for us to pull. Other considerations that stand out in my mind were the many lovely dresses that my sister Clara made for me. She sewed beautifully. One year, during the county fair and fruit festival, she took a prize for the most economical but attractive dress on display. My sister married when I was 12 years of age, but at time when she returned home, she made other lovely dresses for me.

Josephine also made dresses for me after Clara was married—not so many, as she had assumed many responsibilities of managing the home, gardening and holding down summer jobs at the Court House. Everything Josephine did was her best effort.

When I graduated from high school, my brothers, Karl and Joe provided money to buy clothes for graduation. Josephine, who was living in Enoch, shopped for them in Cedar City. The clothes gave me a special thrill, dainty, blond shoes and sayan ?? hose, a sheer, crisp, crepe dress—beige in color over drapes attached to a low bodice. Long sleeves. One distinctive feature the collar continued into a scarf and as Josephine described it in her letter, "It was to be worn thrown across the throat and tossed over the shoulder. It looks very smart worn in that way." There was a cream colored, pot style hat to go with it. How flattered I felt when my closest girl friend told me a certain boy told her how attractive I looked. I often wondered if I ever told my brothers the joy I felt in having a complete transforming outfit. And need I say the graduation became a happy event.

A number of lovely dresses came to me through my brothers or father providing money to Josephine. Cedar City seemed to have a better selection of dresses in those days. Josephine sent one with a beautiful cream lace to me when I graduated from Junior College. I never took the delight in it that I should. Coming out of church one day Kenneth Cannon slapped me on the back and said, "Straighten up your shoulders, Mary." The lesson was well taught and learned. I don't think I ever had to be reminded again. But, somehow my embarrassment over the incident attached itself to the dress. Later, I gave the dress to Aunt Minnie Harris, who by combining

¹Transcribed from her handwritten journal

the lace with other material made two beautiful dresses for her daughters, Irene & Ethel. She in turn made me a lovely spring dress.

Have I digressed! There are many occasions that if there were time and space I could relate concerning the acts of love shown me. Karl and Joe went to Marysville, Utah to work that summer in the mine. They lived with a cousin. The experience taught them many things; self-reliance and appreciation of home. I believe their thoughtfulness improved after they spent a summer away from home. I discerned a change in their attitudes toward me. From then on house work was not girls' work, but a community job to be done. I should hasten to say there was no stampede to take over the cooking or dishes, etc., but there was a new attitude of helpfulness and appreciation. One thing, they enjoyed my cooking and often remarked that Mary could make the best bread in the neighborhood. How did they know the quality of bread the ladies of the neighborhood baked? Those days we had no bakeries in town. Occasionally, some widows in distant neighborhoods sold bread to bolster the family income. One could never know whether she was sold out after walking blocks. McArthur's bakery was started in the early twenties, so the only alternative was the common practice to borrow from a kind neighbor when we were out.

It was my freshman year that I took domestic science under Mae Ward Hart. She was very exacting, but I developed a very satisfactory relationship with her and learned much from her in the fundamentals of cooking practical foods most common in our diet. Potatoes, sauces, meats, bread, vegetables and pastries. The following year she taught nutrition. She opened up a new field of interest to some of us girls, who were inclined to be overly plump. I had a number of relatives who were large, heavy women and I was fearful they were [prognosticating] my future figure. It was amazing to me what a few weeks of instruction on high caloric content foods did for two of my girl friends. That we, ourselves, can be the master of our shape was a lesson well appreciated.

I took language under Arthur K. Hafen. One year of Spanish and one of German. Why I didn't remain with one language, I can't remember, but I thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Hafen as well as the foreign language. Annie Miles returned to school that year and took German. She bet me a bar that I would get the better mark, something I couldn't believe was possible to outstrip a Miles. To my joy I won an "A." I enjoyed my association with Annie that winter. She later opened for me an interest in my future husband, to her regret. She had taught school in Leeds, Utah.

In 1923 my sister Josephine married Elroy Jones. It was a difficult decision for her to make. She had been almost a mother to us. We were happy for her. We had come to love Roy like a brother. I can remember how often Josephine and I cried at the thought of parting. Her marriage at that time came like a blow to me. I had turned 18 that spring. Taking on the responsibility of keeping house for two brothers, my father and uncle, whom father had invited to live with us so he could do temple work, seemed like a mammoth job and attend high school at the same time. If one tried to do it now in the 1960's with all the modern conveniences of automatic washers, driers, running hot water, indoor plumbing, electric sweepers and convenience foods, it wouldn't seem the chore it was.

But this wasn't the case. Our wash water was heated in an open tub out of doors, then lifted to the electric washer with a roller-wringer. Then after the clothes had gone through the washer they were transferred to the tub of boiling water, boiled then rinsed twice, with bluing in the final rinse. It was lazy people who didn't boil the clothes! This method of washing was probably more sanitary and saved the transfer of disease. At least the clothes smelled clean and we took a great deal of pride in hanging out a white wash.

The heavy work of cleaning, washing and ironing was routine on Saturday. Papa also encouraged us to do the heavy baking on Saturday, but try as we did some of the ironing and baking became a part of Sunday also.

Grade School

My earliest school recollection is somewhat humorous as I look back, but at the time it could have nipped in the bud my early ambition to read and write before I started. It happened the spring three weeks after Joe and I turned five and mother passed away. Papa was at a loss to know what to do with the babies. He obtained permission to place us in kindergarten although it was almost a year before we were to enter. Evidently, the teacher had her own ideas on the plan. For well I remember how she called Joe and I to the front and asked us to follow her. She took us up the long wide steps to the second floor to the six grade room. Two small chairs were placed in front of the class. Commanding us to sit down, she left the room. The new teacher handed us pencil and paper and bid us to write. We were very conscious of the older boys and girls staring and grinning. It was comforting to know that one was Leon Moss, a neighbor boy.

That ended father's attempt to use the school as a nursery for the twins. [For the remainder of this year father used] various housekeepers to take care of us. The next fall we entered school with the same teacher over the class. Her attitude towards Joe and I this time seemed no different than the other pupils. However, she seemed to be a very sober and troubled person, often disciplining with severity any infraction of school rules. A few weeks later she left off teaching because of a nervous breakdown.

As a whole, I enjoyed school through the years. My teachers were kind to me, but by the time I reached the fourth grade, I began to feel certain students were favorites. In fact, I felt that both my fourth and sixth grade teachers had favorites. Here I felt that I suffered the disadvantage of not having a mother to give me direction in cleanliness training and manners. I remember having a difficult time in composition. I had set out to write a story about a rabbit. The more I wrote about his escapades, the more tangled my sentences became. I felt completely lost. Another time I was told to write a poem. It was a complete [failure].

For a while I started a fad in hair styling. Some of the girls had begun putting theirs up, ratted the top and sides of the hair. I still wore my hair in braids wrapped around the head, sometimes a bow of ribbon pinned to the back. Many of the other girls adopted the styles, not new or spectacular, but neat.

The new teacher, Fred Fawcett, must have rejoiced at the high caliber of students who entered the eighth grade that year. They were eager to learn and less given to rough talk. Many of the previous group were retentions and given to outbursts of boisterous expressions. Crude, vulgar, secret whisperings were often offensive to my sensibilities. They were foreign to anything I had known in my environment. The new group made up a happy environment. Happily, I was also reunited with my twin brother. Ellis, a bright boy across the aisle from me, became an object of secret fascination to me. It mattered not that he was pimply faced and had straight blond hair. Early, I began to admire the intellectual mind. Later, he became one of the intellectuals of our school years.

The year I graduated from eighth grade was a year of decision for me. Should I go to high school without Joe? Joe was retained in the seventh grade. I should say here it was not exactly his fault. The teacher as I recall was not a challenge to the class. Teaching from the chair often with his feet on the desk, Mr. Bentley was given more to caustic remarks than instilling a thirst for knowledge. That year the school had adopted the policy of leaving arithmetic for the 8th grade and stressing geography. If correctly taught no other subject could have aroused student interest more than geography except for an outright dunce. At promotion time at least one half of the class was retained. Joe was one, and we were separated for the first time in school. When it came time for me to leave the Woodward school with graduation from 8th grade, I was reluctant to transfer to another school and leave Joe. So a decision had to be made. I don't remember my family influencing my decision one way or another, but one day I heard father make the remark, "I don't know whether I can spare the money for

Mary's tuition. My mind then was at ease. I knew that I would stay another year in the 8th grade to be with Joe. I never regretted it. That year I felt rather smug leading out in class discussion under the direction of our teacher, Fred Fawcett. I gained additional confidence in myself, which in my case was helpful.

It was that year that Josephine had been asked to teach school. She was without special teacher training instruction but there was a last minute vacancy in the third grade and Superintendent. William O. Bentley urged her to accept. It was a big decision for her to make on short notice. She taught in the basement of the library. (She often said she could have never have succeeded without the counsel of our cousin, Flo Foremaster, who was teaching in the adjacent room.) Josephine, who for a number of years had assumed leadership as family housekeeper, now had double duty to perform—both school teacher and housekeeper for the family. I needed to assume some of that responsibility. Because of the added responsibility upon me for caring for the family's welfare, and with permission from the principal, it was decided that I be allowed to go home three quarters of an hour early to prepare lunch—a system that was followed throughout my high school and college days. After I left grammar school this 45 minute period was given to instruction in theology—a loss which I have often regretted as I had always had a deep desire to know the gospel.

After one year of teaching, Josephine felt the necessity of attending summer school. So in the summer of 1921, she went to Salt Lake City and lived with our brother Henry and his wife while attending summer school for six weeks. It was a real adventure for her for it was the first time that she had been out of the St. George valley except for a few days she had spent at Pine Valley.

Of course, this meant I was housekeeper for father and Joe. Karl was away for the summer. I can't remember a great deal that transferred except how happy I was at her return and the few becoming dresses she brought back and, oh, the many details of her first visit to Salt Lake City and school.

I liked school and never seemed to resent it as some of my classmates, but in one area I felt a drag and that was theme writing. I seemed to have built up a mental block, believing it was a talent for which I had none. My sisters Clara and Josephine seemed especially talented in that field. I remember that Clara wrote articles and stories which were published in the school paper. She was an excellent student. When I was in the 6th grade Clara was training to be a teacher. It was her assignment to do student teaching under the instruction of my teacher, Karl N. Snow. I was so proud of her and eager to have my classmates know that she was my sister.

High School

My high school days were in many ways happy, yet difficult. It offered incentives that I would have been very depressed without. At the time I didn't realize fully the wonderful privilege that we enjoyed living in a community that had a high school and a normal college. The Carnegie Library became one of our most enjoyable rendezvous to study and discuss group problems. But, I was always glad that I could remain at home and go to school. Many of my classmates came from surrounding towns, some quite distant, and lived in small housekeeping rooms, then returning home over weekends.

Father often said that the best heritage he could leave his family was an education. It was the uppermost objective of his life. His salary as County Treasurer and City Treasurer was not great. Later years the combined salaries paid \$100, but even that had to be carefully managed in order to provide a home, clothes and tuition for all. (As the boys grew older they left home in the summer to seek employment in the fields and later mines, returning home for school. Clara often worked out in various homes sometimes doing washing. Papa was able to use Clara and Josephine at his office in the court house which gave them money for clothes, etc. Often, it was through their generosity that the whole family benefitted by their providing a new set of chairs and a rug out of their meager earnings. They were self-sacrificing to provide a better home for the family. Except

for part time summer work, Josephine expended great effort working at home. She was fast and efficient.

Spring/Fall house cleaning

I remember Clara tearing up the old hand loomed carpet in the living room. The family had sewn strips of dyed cloth together, utilizing all the old clothing. My job was to wind the sewn strips into large balls. The prepared balls were sent out to weave into an old fashioned carpet. In the meantime the old carpet was ripped up. Again, it was my job to pull out the tacks, discard the bent ones and make sure none were left lying around to stick in our bare feet. A covering of fresh straw was laid on the floor and over this was stretched the new carpet—bright and fresh. The lace curtain panels were washed and Clara would starch them, then let me assist in stretching them back into shape. It took two people to stretch them evenly. Oh, the sweet, clean smell of a freshly cleaned room! We could not resist the urge to return again and again to admire the transformation and extra whiff.

Later changes

Moss's painting wood work and papering

Sisters sanding and varnishing

A new store-bought rug

Clara sent one home that was placed in Father's room

Never had a couch, spring which allowed sides to drop—Every other year we bought tapestry couch covers.

Organ

When Josephine was in high school, she painted picture which hung over mantel—a winter scene and “The Letter”

Clara's new chairs

Dishes

The Family portraits of grandparents came down. Mother's picture still hung on the wall

No closets

Some years after our neighbor, Sister Bleak, was widowed and still had a teenage son to support, she took in a roomer whom she later married. We loved both very much. In spite of our respect for her aged husband, Bro. Smith, we found it difficult to call our beloved Sister Bleak by her new name. But Brother Smith seemed very understanding. Another event happened which encouraged us to be more thoughtful of him. One winter Bro. Smith's grandson came to board with them and attend school. Before long he was making appearances at our place to gang up with the boys. That is, we thought our brothers were the attraction until he began to date Josephine. That was all right with us too, for we liked to see Josephine have dates like other girls. But one summer she was invited to visit a couple of weeks with his people at Enoch, a farming community near Cedar City, Utah. When she returned home she announced to the family that she planned to marry the young Elroy Jones. It was a real decision for her to make because she would have to leave the family she had mothered many years. I can remember how I cried at the thoughts her leaving and the responsibility it was my turn to assume. We didn't discuss it a great deal because we couldn't talk about the separation without tears and our family ties were strong with Josephine.

Between my sophomore and junior high school years, my sister made plans for her marriage in September. She busied herself canning fruit, making dresses & aprons and things for her trousseau. How well I remember some of the lovely clothes and linens she had assembled. She held a tea and invited her friends into view them. Sept 5, 1923 she was married in the temple.

Eva Crosby and Emily Harmon, her two close friends, came to our house to cook dinner during the temple session. I think it meant as much to me as Josephine to have them in the home rushing around with dinner preparations to keep out thoughts of loneliness at the separation from my sister. The dinner was delicious and

my sister made a very beautiful bride, but a somewhat frightened bride.

Summer brought many chores of washing, ironing, canning and cooking. Father was an early riser. As was his custom every morning before breakfast, he took Joe and I out into the garden to weed and cultivate. The weeds grew rampant, especially along the ditch bank. The garden, he thought, needed a complete cultivation every five days between watering turns. He not only raised a garden on the home lot but the one in the valley. In summer, every day, the cows were driven to the lot in the valley to crop alfalfa and returned home at night.

Often I walked to the east valley lot to gather the cows and also when Joe worked for some neighbors to gather hay. Often on these trips I wondered what could come into my life that would help me to live more like some of my girl friends. I could not see much hope. It was a common practice for my friends to gather at one of the homes towards evening to make plans for our amusement. Often we attended a movie or planned a swim at the Midway pond, or an irrigating canal. Later, other pools were built in St. George. But, more often groups of boys had the same plans—boys from Santa Clara or perhaps Washington, which seemed to make the occasions more exciting. They caught our interest—more than boys with whom we had known all our lives in St. George. Most of them were good, hard working boys out for the same purpose as we had in mind.

The future didn't look bright. At that time I had no thought of marriage as I had not yet become interested in boys. I thought that a distant future would take care of that, but I did crave fun and admiration from friends. I sometimes found relief in day dreams.

St. George at that time was on the main highway between Salt Lake City or Denver going to Los Angeles. As the cars became more common cross country, tourists and transients were more in evidence. Often some of the girls in my age group who enjoyed the excitement of being different accepted the attention of young men. In a town as St. George, where everyone knew everyone else and gossip was a current past time, the reputation of the girls was badly tarnished. I knew some of the girls very well and often wondered if the image they built of themselves before us more quiet ones wasn't to flatter their own ego. Notwithstanding some didn't come out so well later, it only brought tragedy and unhappiness in their lives.

One girl, who was in our group witty and seldom serious, became entangled with a handsome cowboy, who did exhibition riding, to her sorrow found herself pregnant. Adding to her unhappiness, the handsome cowboy had not told her he was married until she was confronted by his wife. The last I knew of her there was a divorce and he married L_____. She became the wife to worry about her husband's unfaithfulness. This experience made a real impression on me.

Dixie Normal School

Entering Dixie Normal school was exhilarating and filled with satisfaction. It was one more goal at our finger tips if we could prove ourselves worthy in maintaining the scholastic standard required. Our long awaited dreams would be within our grasp.

Many students whom we had gone through high school had dropped away. Some had gotten married, many had dropped out of school lacking the necessary means for further education and a few had chosen other colleges which offered specialized fields that our little college could not. Board & room was the first big cost of an education. If they needed to live away from home, they might as well choose larger colleges as long as the tuition cost difference was minor. However, Dixie Junior College continued to draw from the outlying communities where students could commute weekends to their homes. Many of my friends were from outlying communities; the Bunker girls from Bunkerville, Nevada; others from Laverkin, Hurricane, Leeds, Washington, Enterprise, Santa Clara. The Esplins and Heaton were from Long Valley. Many of them represented their

community's most talented young people. We from St. George were enriched by the associations of the incoming students, though we could not afford to leave home for our education.

How fortunate our family was that we lived in a community that struggled and sacrificed to provide schools of higher learning at which we could obtain an education. The greater masses of young people over the nation had no such opportunity. Utah was an exception of the states in making schooling available to its young people. I have read statistics, which I do not have now, stating that only 20% of our country's youth could avail themselves to an education.

Soon after we settled into the groove of becoming future teachers, we realized we were a selective group. Our common purpose and the daily pattern of our lives bound us closer together. We made strong friendships. Our table at the public library, somewhat hidden away, became our recognized domain to compare notes about how various students were making out in teacher training.

School seemed more interesting. We had a number of new teachers. B. Glen Smith taught Freshman college English and a number of educational subjects. We found him very exciting. Our class chose him as our class advisor. He was one teacher who yielded a wonderful influence over the students: personal, but not too much; strict in discipline, but would loosen the reins. He marked on the curve by the curve method. I was in his psychology class. It was intriguing, yet difficult. The transition from high school texts to college texts was very difficult for me at first. It required a new vocabulary to master the subject matter.

The second year, 1925-26 stands out in my memory as one of crowning achievement in my life up to that point. It was a year of change, saddest and fun, while facing up to greater responsibility. It was the year that I completed my normal course for teaching. I had found the teacher training period which I had approached with fear and trembling a time of enjoyment. I found teaching young children was fun. It was a real delight to me to put into practice the teaching theory and see the eager response. Of course, the supervisors often warned that when we had complete responsibility for the children, we would have to face up to many problems which would tax our ingenuity and patience to the limit. I found this to be true. There is a gulf between theory and practice.

The evening we received our Normal diploma was a thrilling occasion. A few weeks previous we had awaited with anticipation a bid to call at the office of the superintendent of schools to learn if there was a teaching position for us in the county. The tension was heightened by the fact that there were only ten openings for teachers while there were twenty new teachers asking for jobs. To my amazement I was offered Leeds at \$90/month. Positions in St. George were often awarded to teachers who had filled their apprenticeship in the county, so I had not held hopes of a position there.

Papa and I had a problem. Father resigned his office as County Treasurer and planned to go with me to Leeds to live while I taught school. John J. Woodbury had applied for Father's position. The summer of 1927 I made preparations for our removal to Leeds. I had planted a vegetable garden and had canned some vegetables and fruit.

One incident that stands out in my mind. (Talks about meeting Del while looking like a farmer's daughter. "The use of Delbert Stirling's home in Leeds was a definite possibility as father was still undecided whether he would go to Leeds.")

Papa had become completely absorbed in temple work. Since Uncle Moroni had left, he was completely happy to drop out of the office and do temple work. So I began to make arrangements to find a place to live in Leeds. Annie Miles, having taught in Leeds, helped me with all the advance information on the preparations I should

make. This information about the people, the students, the school and facilities prepared me somewhat for the problems I was to meet. The school was two rooms, standing bare and forlorn at the side of the highway through town.

It seems I remember father saying Brother Woodbury had provided some money to tide him over until my salary was to begin. The thought occurred to me that Bro. Woodbury taking over the treasurer's office was a break for him. Being an incumbent bettered his chances in the next election.

The month previous to the day I was to move to Leeds, father decided that a move to Leeds would prove too lonesome for him. Besides the temple work was now the urgent work he must accomplish. Very little family work had been done and he knew it depended upon him.

The plan necessitated my returning home each weekend to clean the house, wash and iron clothes and shop for food and clothes, etc. This plan worked out for a time under the circumstances. Any other would have been difficult. Father would have been very lonesome away from his friends. Also, my first year away from home would have been trying if I had had to set up housekeeping in the places available and teach school. As it turned out Papa seemed happy doing the temple work he loved. He was among friends and neighbors he loved and those who loved him.

I arrived in Leeds by stage the weekend previous to the school opening. I had made previous arrangements by letter for board and room at the home of Oscar and Miranda McMullins. The home was a modern, spacious one built with extra bedrooms to accommodate the traveling public, salesmen, etc. It was spoken of as a 'home hotel.'

My school work was very demanding. I found a gulf between theory and practice which was very difficult at times. My biggest problem in a new town was the parents. I sensed that they would reserve their opinion of me until I had proved myself. Leeds, like other small towns was alert to any new interest for conversation.

One little incident, I returned from school one day and while dinner was being prepared I wandered off into the garden. I checked the grapes to see if they were ripe. Then discovering a patch of turnips, I pulled one and wandered back to the house to wash and eat it. To my chagrin, a few days later one of the children spoke up saying, "Miss Savage, I know something you like. Turnips!" The other children laughed. I felt defenseless. Was I living in a glass house? Would, now, every trivial act become a matter of public curiosity? After a little observing I learned my landlady, who had always bordered the teachers—innocent or otherwise—dispensed gossip with neighbors and callers. I realized I would have to learn to ignore it or give her more interesting things to talk about.

In time I came to realize she was a good woman and craved admiration and friendship. It did not take me long to find she had many admirable qualities and when I had her confidence she became my staunch friend. I later adopted the endearing term, Aunt Rand.

The relationship was good for one if I was homesick. I missed Papa. I wondered how he got along without me. There was so much I needed to know about the background of the children. That first month it was either sink or swim. Knowing the walls were thin, at night I cried softly to myself to give vent to my pent-up feelings.

Weekends when I returned home, papa was eagerly awaiting my return. He was too sympathetic to my feeling. "You know Mary," he consoled, "you don't have to go through this. You can quit." Quit? If I quit my school it would be a disgrace. I could never live it down. I knew I wasn't the first teacher who had left home and

found, sorrowfully, that I had a lot of growing up to do.

This was true. As I became better acquainted I learned to love the people. Aunt Rand doted on providing food that I liked. Her home became my home away from home. The food was plain, but provided much fruit and vegetables. There were hot buttermilk biscuits every morning. Annoyances were few. Oscar's tobacco breath was more than I could take at times and when hotel guests were present the smoke was so thick it was good to escape out into the fresh air.

By the time I had walked to school I felt invigorated. A few years later I learned that Oscar had quit his tobacco. I had to make a special visit to really believe he had conquered the repulsive habit.

As the months wore on I began to see the students progress in their studies. I began to take satisfaction in my work and was pleased that I had stayed with my work. One weekend one of the girls who graduated with me called at the school. She had gone to one of the other counties and had been dismissed for incompetence. I raised the question in my mind, "How could she face her family and her friends?" Our lives have met at times since and I have found her a brilliant woman, but so willing to compromise her principles for expediency.