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## An Auto-biography.

I was born in Atlanta, Georgia, February 15, 1899. I vaguely remember myself at the age of two years and four months, going to Boston. About a year after my return, I attempted to lift my small cousin down the steps, imagining myself much larger than she. I was indeed mistaken, for we both fell, bruising our faces and receiving a terrible fright. Thus I learned that my fifteen months seniority did not enable me to lift my younger cousin.

I next remember the first party to which I went. I wore a little red-dotted dress with a "bertha." I shall never forget how I cried and cried because my dress was rumpled. I would not be comforted until I learned that my dress could be pressed and made to look new, again.

The September before my sixth birthday, having attended kindergarten for two years, I returned to Massachusetts and entered school at West Newton. I was delighted with school, I was very glad when time came for me to go home to lunch, and to return to school; but I was always sorry when the time came for me to go home. Indeed, I was very happy until one day ~~when~~ I misunderstood my teacher and did something which she had asked me not to do. I was kept after school. I cried and cried but soon forgot the unfortunate incident. Having completed my term's work, I returned to Atlanta, and on my sixth birthday entered school there.

I began taking music at the age of seven years. I shall never

forget my first lesson. Imagine my surprise when, instead of playing <sup>compositions of</sup> Chopin or Mozart, I began with some exercises for beginners.

The next summer I visited Toccoa Falls. I was so delighted with the rare beauty of the falls that I visited them the next two summers.

I became dangerously ill with Typhoid Fever in the fall of 1910. I raged with fever for about eight weeks. During my convalescence my chief occupation was learning to walk and waiting for meal time.

The following fall I entered Atlanta University, which I attended until November 1912, when my family moved to Louisville, Kentucky.

Our speaker is a native of Atlanta, Georgia where her father, the late Mr. W. B. Matthews was principal of Houston Street School, and where her mother, also now deceased was until her marriage, assistant-principal of Summer Hill School. Upon the appointment of Mr. Matthews as principal of Central High School of Louisville, and the moving of the family to this city, the daughter entered that institution from which she graduated as valedictorian of her class. She received her A.B. degree cum laude from Atlanta University and later her A.M. from McGill, University of Montreal Canada.

Her first year of teaching experience was in the Lincoln - Grant School of Covington, Kentucky after which she entered the faculty of Central High School as teacher of French. Many of her vacations were spent in study, travel or a combination of both. She attended the University of Southern California for three summer sessions, the University of Chicago for three, and a half summer quarters, ~~and~~ took special French workshops at

the University of Wisconsin and at Western Reserve University and <sup>observed</sup> those in language laboratory techniques at the University of Toledo. She took advantage of a variety of courses at the University of Louisville. Thus she was in the first group of teachers <sup>to</sup> qualify for Rank I when ratings based on <sup>graduate</sup> credits in addition to the M A degree were begun.

She has visited in Haiti, West Indies, in France and in Tunis, Tunisia and has made shorter stays in Spain, Italy, Germany and England.

During her career as a teacher she served for five years as Secretary-Treasurer of the Kentucky Chapter of the American Association of Teachers of French and contributed two articles to the French Review, official publication of that organization.

As a teacher, her chief concern was the total welfare of her pupils whom she instructed, inspired and above all loved. Thus many lasting friendships have developed from this student teacher relationship.

Our speaker is an active member of Plymouth Congregational United Church of Christ where she belongs to the Women's Bible Class of the Sunday School, to the Women's Fellowship and to the Congregational Service Club. For five years she served on the Kentuckiana Association Committee on Christian Education of her denomination. The following statements include some other of her activities. She is a member of the Louisville Alumnae Chapter of Delta Sigma Theta Sorority. She is on the Board of Directors of the Y.W.C.A., serves as chairman of the advisory committee of the J.C.-Y.W. and works with the state Y-Teens. She was a delegate to the National Convention of the Y.W.C.A. which met last month in Houston, Texas. She is active in the N.A.A.C.P. and is a charter member of the Louisville Urban League Guild and of the more recently organized Plymouth Settlement House Auxiliary. She works with the United Negro College Fund and served as Co-Chairman in the 1969 drive

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(Biographical Sketch of her)

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F. L. Matthews.  
English - Feb. 17-1913

## A Cotton Field.

[Introductory paragraph] When nature puts forth her many beauties in the spring, we often overlook one of the most beautiful of these beauties. Many can only imagine a cotton field, others overlook its beauty, and still others never know that there is such a thing as a cotton field.

[Paragraph of general statement] There are two times when the cotton field is most beautiful; First, when the cotton-plant is in bloom and second when the cotton is ripe.

[Paragraph of amplification] Picture in your mind if you can, great stretches of moist brown earth covered with rows of cotton plants, each bearing the pinkish greenish cotton blossom. Next comes the cotton itself, peerless in beauty, as white as the snow and breaking forth from



a bar<sup>2</sup> which holds<sup>2</sup> the cotton in place. I do not mean that the cotton falls out of the bar, I mean that it remains in the bar, but is so much taller than the bar that it may be seen above the bar.

[Paragraph amplifying paragraph<sup>3</sup>] There is one more time when the cotton field is interesting. This is the time when the cotton is being picked. Men, women and children are picking the cotton and putting it into large bags. The cotton is such a snow white that it seems a pity to pick it, for it is dirtied as soon as it is placed in the bags.

[Summarizing paragraph] And so we see the cotton field, first in bloom, then ripe, and lastly robbed of its cotton. But this must be so for the cotton is not only beautiful to look at; but also because it is useful to man.