

Notes on the History and Migration of Luther Harvey Berrier's Ancestors: (v.4)
(In addition to the information contained herein, there are four Ophelia Sharpe Berrier McClung articles attached below as an Appendix.)

In the US Census of 1850 and 1860, Lewis Berrier and his family are listed in the Northern District of Davidson County, North Carolina. In the 1870 census, they are listed in the Lexington Township. However, Lewis Berrier seems to be missing from the 1880 census, but his son, David Berrier and wife Laura, are listed in the 1880 census in Lexington Township. In the 1900, 1910 and 1920 census, we find David and Laura Berrier in Cotton Grove Township, Davidson County, North Carolina. David Berrier's occupation is listed as a farmer.

Luther Berrier and Troy Elizabeth Sharpe were married on June 24, 1920 and moved to Lexington (at Park and 5th St), where Luther worked for the Henry Ford Motor Company. When they went out of business in Lexington, Luther worked for the Pontiac-Buick Dealership: Sink, Taylor, and Evans. During the depression, he also worked part time at night for Boaz Motors to help make ends meet. He was lastly employed at the Davidson County Garage and maintained school buses.

In 1927, Luther and Troy their three children (Ophelia, Ina, and Luther, Jr.) moved to a 30 acre farm on Linwood Road. The 1930 US Census lists Luther Berrier and his family in Cotton Grove Township. Luther's occupation is listed as a Mechanic in a Garage. The farm grew and changed over the years. In the 60's the old farmhouse was demolished due to an infestation of termites. A one-story brick ranch home was built in its place. Luther bought a track of land on Owens Road from Lloyd Owens, a long-time friend. (Lloyd was best man at Luther and Troy's wedding). Luther sold 15 acres to his brother Joe Berrier (against the wishes of Troy which, according to Ophelia, took her a long time get over). Luther and Troy gave 3 acres to Jack and Ophelia. Luther and Troy were getting up in years and Jack and Ophelia wanted to be nearby. Jack and Ophelia built a home, named their place Goose Creek Farm and bought additional land from Lloyd Owens.

In 1982, Ophelia Berrier McClung (great granddaughter of Lewis Berrier) documented an oral history from her father, Luther Harvey Berrier. He said that at one time his grandfather (Lewis Berrier) owned all the land from the vicinity of Pilgrim Church to the Swearing Creek area at Linwood. Lewis' second wife was mean to him and Grandfather Lewis began drinking and gambling and lost his land in gambling games. As Luther talked, he would say "at least that's what my Daddy told me." Luther often repeated, "That's why my Daddy never wanted any of us boys to drink and I never knew my Daddy to take a drink."

THE HISTORY OF THE BERRIER FAMILY 1600-1989

Written by Blanche Berrier Brinkley

February, 1989

(This is an excerpt from the book located in the Davidson Library in Lexington)

The Berrier name has been found spelled in at least ten different ways: Barrier, Beryer, Beryear, Berger, Berryer, Barriere, and Berrier. This is a French name. It occurs in French History back perhaps a thousand years. The different spellings are largely due to the passing of the name from the French through the German language into the English.

The people of North Carolina are a mixture of the best blood in Europe, the English, Scotch Irish, Dutch Swiss, French and German.

Two events in the Old World had much to do with the immigration to American colonies: (I) During the Thirty Years War, a goodly portion of the population had been destroyed by bloody wars, famine, and pestilence. They turned to America where they could live and prosper free from the shackles of Europe. (II) The second event was connected with the "Edict of Nantes." Up until 1589, Protestants in France were persecuted and many were put to death. The "Edict of Nantes" in 1598 gave religious liberty to the Protestants, but they had many enemies in the Catholic Church. They fought the Edict and in 1685 secured its revocation. Protestantism was outlawed and Protestants were made public enemies. Many of them fled to Germany, some to Switzerland, others to Holland and few to England.

Our ancestors were among the immigrants who came to America and first settled in Pennsylvania. They subsequently immigrated to North Carolina among the other German Speaking settlers in what was known as the Dutch Settlement on Abbott's Creek. Not all of these settlers that spoke German were of German blood. A goodly number were from France, having fled to Germany. There are records of our ancestors in Munich, Germany, and some were from Holland and Switzerland.

The following is the line of the Berrier family as handed down by tradition, supplementing old records now in existence in Switzerland and Germany from Zwingli Barriere or Martin Barior, who might have been Zwingli's father, to the immigration to America.

Near the end of the Thirty Years War in Europe, Zwingli Barriere emigrated from France to Switzerland and settled at Tokenburg, now Toggenburg, on Lake Constance. His name is on record there in 1648. His son, Ulrich Barriere, married a woman by the name of Muncie. He is on record in Tokenburg. He had a son named Heinrich. He is on record in Munich, Germany. He had a son named Martin Luther Barriere. He was on record as living in or near Geneva, Switzerland. He had six sons, of whom all probably were born in Switzerland, though they could speak both German and French. Their names were David, Charles, Matthew, Andrew, John George, and Jacob. While these six brothers scattered somewhat, they drifted down the Rhine river and all came together at Rotterdam, Holland, about 1725-27 for the purpose of immigrating to America about the time the ship *Neptune* was making voyages between Rotterdam and Philadelphia.

A total of forty-five Swiss and Huguenot immigrants are documented as passengers to Philadelphia in 1727 including six brothers, David, Andrew, Charles, Jacob, Matthew, and John George Barier. They stopped in Lancaster and Berk Counties, Pennsylvania, temporarily. Evidently all were married and had children.

The descendants of four mentioned scattered later in many of the states. Some are settled in Fort Worth, Texas, and other places in Texas. Some are in New Mexico, Kansas, Iowa, California, and some went to Harper's Ferry and on to North Carolina.

John George and Jacob (Berger) Berrier stopped for a while in New Jersey, then moved south and settled about Harper's Ferry. The Indians were so troublesome and savage that they soon made another move to central North Carolina. They, with other Colonists from the Jersey Settlement, settled in what is now known as Davidson County about the year 1728-1729. John George and his son later settled on land on Abbot's Creek (son was Jacob). He later settled on land near Swearing Creek. They lived on the same land

where I live today. The first house burned in 1877 and the new one was built where it is today. The cornerstone was moved and it is in my front yard.

Many of our ancestors fought in the Revolutionary War, serving under General Francis Marion and at Kings Mountain under Col. John Sevier and with General Greene at the battle of Guilford Court House. It was hard to get facts about the war records, as many were never enrolled as army regulars in the Continental Army. Many of the southern colonies did their bit but there is no record of it by which to honor them.

Much of the fighting in the Revolutionary War in the Southern Colonies was in the nature of guerrilla warfare. When the British soldiers were near, they would gather under some leader, known as a Colonel or General, and fight the enemy. Having driven them out, or they had gone elsewhere, these would disperse, going back to their homes or mode of life. George H. Barrier was among the noted as a leader. His name appeared in Rowan County History in 1775 and is frequently found in war affairs and in the state legislature until nearly 1800. He is thought to be the grandson of John George Barier. In 1753-1754 Jacob Berrier and several companions returned from a visit to his brother *and* came to a grove of Hickory, Oak and Sugar Maple trees where there was a spring of sparkling water. He spoke in German, translated into English. "God fashioned this place for a house of worship. Here we must have a meeting house." Some five years later a log church was built, which is now Pilgrim Church. Jacob Berrier was killed by the Indians in 1764. The Indians were on raid. Jacob Berrier and five others were killed, and three others wounded. Several arrows were shot in the body of Jacob. The wounds were stuck full of pine needles and splinter and burned. The next day the whites attacked. The Indians were camped by the spring on Swearing Creek on Jacob Berrier's place, killed 46 and capturing 26 were shot.

Another publication: The Barrier-Berrier Family in America, Researched and Compiled by P. Scott Kearns, Winston-Salem, NC, was also found in the Davidson Library and contains much of the same information.

Additional information is organized under the following surnames: **Craver/Graber, Everhart, Frank/Walk/Clore, Grimes/Greim, Lopp, Shoaf/Kepley/Leonard, Sowers/Sauer, Wagner/Waggner, and Younts**

Craver/Graber- Luther Harvey Berrier's mother was Laura Clementine Craver, who was a descendant of Michael Craver, who lived near Reeds in what is now Davidson County. There is a memorial in Reeds, NC that says Michael Craver was the first Craver to settle in the area, and that he came from Holland about 1777. The information on this plaque unfortunately is probably incorrect. We believe that Michael Craver was born in Pennsylvania and was a descendant of Andreas Graber, who settled in Montgomery Co., PA around 1740. His son, Phillip, married Catherine Ebrecht in Pennsylvania and when they came south to North Carolina, the name somehow got changed to Craver. It is likely that Andreas sailed from Rotterdam, Holland, but he was probably from Germany.

Everhart- Luther Harvey Berrier's maternal grandmother was Sarah Everhart. At this time, we are not sure who her father was, however, there were numerous Everhart families living in the Northern Division of Davidson County in 1850, which was the year that Sarah and

Absolem Craver were married. Many of these Everharts in this area were descendants of Christian Eberhard. Christian landed in Philadelphia in 1744 and settled in Rockingham County, Virginia before moving to the Abbott's Creek area near the Pilgrim Church. The origin of this family was probably Germany, and possibly from Württemberg, where the Eberhard name is part of its history.

Frank, Walk, and Clore- Johann Wilhelm Frank and Barbara Walk were married in 1751, two years prior to the formation of Rowan County and 69 years before Davidson County was established. Johann, born on July 31, 1731 in Oberalben, Rheinpfalz, Germany, arrived in Philadelphia on September 9, 1749 aboard the ship *St. Andrew* from Rotterdam (Holland), briefly lived in Pennsylvania, and migrated to the Dutch Settlement along with numerous other German families including Barbara's family, which had settled in Culpepper, Virginia. The Frank family became important in the development of the congregation of Beck's Reformed Church, in what is now Davidson County. Three of Johann & Barbara's daughters are our direct ancestors related through the Simpson family and the Berrier family.

Barbara Walk's parents were Hans Martin Walk and Catherine Clore, who were both from Orange Co., Virginia. Hans and his family moved to what is now Davidson County after his first wife, Catherine Clore, died in Virginia. Catherine Clore's parents, Michael and Barbara Klaar, were from Bemmingen, Germany, which is in the Baden-Wurttenburg area. They were part of a group of Germans, (which included Michael's sister Susanna (Klaar), her husband Philipp Joseph Weber) that contracted for passage to Pennsylvania with Captain Andrew Tarbett of the ship *Scott* in Rotterdam, Holland. It was customary for ships to stop over in England before continuing on to America and the *Scott* put in at London. While there Capt. Tarbett was put in prison for debt. After his release, Capt. Tarbett set sail for America and landed in Virginia (instead of Pennsylvania) and demanded more money from the passengers. Lt. Governor Alexander Spotswood paid this extortion in exchange for 7 years of indentured servitude. Unknown to the Germans, Capt. Tarbett had been in Virginia the year before and had contracted with Spotswood to provide him with settlers. Spotswood wanted a group to settle on the frontier as a buffer between the English settlers and the Native Americans. They were sent to Fort Germanna in Orange County, Virginia.

Grimes/Greim- Valentin Greim was born in Unkenbach, Landsberg, Zweibruecken, Germany in 1690 and migrated to Berks County, Pennsylvania before 1722 where his son Jacob was born. Our records indicate that Jacob stayed in Berks County at least until he was married in 1750 to Cristina Cordula, then moved to York County, PA, where his son John Charles was born in 1761. Jacob and his family migrated to what is now Davidson County where they joined the congregation of the Old Pilgrim Reformed Church in the Dutch Settlement.

Lopp- Luther Harvey Berrier's great-grandmother was Catherine Lopp. She probably was a descendant of Johan Jacob Lopp who arrived in Philadelphia on August 7, 1751 from Germany. Records indicate that he was born in Alsace, which is on the German-Franco border. Johan migrated to the Dutch Settlement in the 1750's and joined the Pilgrim Reform congregation.

Shoaf/Kepley/Leonard- A monument erected in the Beulah Reformed Church Cemetery (located about 5 miles northwest of Lexington, NC) is inscribed as follows: “Henry Shoaf, Sr. (Schoff); father of the Shoaf families in Rowan and Davidson County; Pioneer, Patriot and active supporter of the Revolutionary War, rests in this hollowed ground awaiting Resurrection. Henry is thought to have migrated from Pennsylvania around 1764. Records indicate that bought 540 acres at the headwaters of Swearing Creek in 1765, which was close to the location of the Beulah Reformed Church. Historians think that Henry anglicized his name from Heinrich Schaaf, when he arrived in Philadelphia aboard the *Phoenix* on September 15, 1749, which coincidentally was the same date and ship that many of the Kepley ancestors sailed on from Rotterdam. Henry was the father of 10 children and has numerous descendants still in the area.

We don't know much about Susannah Shoaf (Luther Harvey Berrier's great-grandmother) but it is very likely that she was a descendant of this Henry Shoaf. The Shoaf family is very common in Davidson County and they lived among the Berriers, the Leonards, and the descendants of Theobald Devault Kepley. Although Luther Harvey Berrier did not have any direct ancestors with the surnames of Leonard and Kepley, there were numerous aunts and uncles that married into these families. Given the connections, I have included a report of the descendants of Theobald Devault Kepley.

Sowers/Sauer- Susannah Sowers was Luther Harvey Berrier's great-great grandmother. Her father, Philipp Sauer, born in 1735 in Oberalben, Rheinpfalz, Germany, arrived in Pennsylvania aboard the ship *Two Brothers* in 1749, and settled in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. By 1763 he moved to the vicinity of Pilgrim Church in what is now known as Davidson County, North Carolina. He was an Elder in Leonard's Church, which is now called Pilgrim Church. He gave the land for the Beulah Reformed Church (which was originally called Sowers Church). He died in 1784 and was buried in the graveyard of the Pilgrim Reformed Church. His gravestone is inscribed “Filip Sauers”. I believe that his grandson, also named Philip Sowers, is the man that operated the Yadkin River Ferry after Alexander Long and occupied his house that is located on Sowers Ferry Road in Spencer, NC and listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

Wagner/Waggner/Younts- Luther Harvey Berrier's 3rd great grandfather was Johann Jacob Wagner, who was also an early settler in what is now Davidson County, NC. He purchased 720 acres on Abbott's Creek at Brushy Fork in July of 1760. Jacob was born in the same part of Germany as Phillip Sauer, and also settled in Lancaster County, prior to migrating south. By 1774, Jacob was operating a large plantation and lived in a mansion house and raised four sons, Daniel, Jacob, Joseph, and David. He is buried in the cemetery of Bethany Union Lutheran and Reformed Church. His gravestone bears the following inscription: “Farewell, Here lies the body of Old Jacob Wagner, He was born August 24, 1717 and died November 1, 1799.

The wife of Johann Jacob Wagner, Jr. was Katherine Younts. Her parents, Wilhelm and Susanna Younts, and her brother Rudolph, migrated to the Abbott's Creek area from Bucks County, Pennsylvania prior to 1774, when Jacob and Katherine were married. Our records show that Katherine Younts and her brother Rudolph were both born in Pennsylvania, therefore their parents, Wilhelm and Susanna Younts, who were also from Oberalben, Rheinpfalz, Germany, arrived in America prior to 1750.

Appendix Contents:

Ophelia Sharpe Berrier McClung articles:

#1: 1990 Troy Elizabeth Sharpe and Luther Harvey Berrier, Jr.

#2: 1991 The Berrier Family

#3: 1999 Ophelia's Life Story by Laura Cutler

#4: 1999 Ophelia's Autobiography

Appendix Article #1 - Troy Elizabeth Sharpe and Luther Harvey Berrier, Sr.

Their story as remembered by Ophelia B. McClung (March, 1990)

Typed by Anna Berrier Kepley (January 2009)

Troy Elizabeth Sharpe and Luther Harvey Berrier were married on June 24, 1920 on the front porch of Grandpa Sharpe's home. Troy's sister, Amanda, played the organ and Alice Palmer Lanning and Albert Owens were the attendants. Flowers used for decorations were larkspur and Queen Anne's lace, both of which grew on Grandpa's farm.

Daddy was helping his father farm at the time of the wedding, so he and Mother lived with Grandpa and Grandma Berrier until the fall harvest was finished. Then they moved to an apartment in Lexington, and Daddy went to work as an automobile mechanic; a trade he pursued until his retirement. He was widely known as one of the best mechanics in the county. In fact, he knew so much about automobiles that he could tell who visited us while we were away from home by the track the car tires made in the yard. He could recognize the tire tread patterns on the cars of all our friends and relatives. Remarkable I thought.

For both Mother and Daddy their four children, Ophelia, Ina, Luther, Jr. and John, were the joys of their life. All their energy and love were bountifully bestowed upon these children. No birthday or holiday celebration lacked special treats. It was even fun to go to the garden with Mother to hoe or pick butterbeans or peas. She made a game of everything with her songs and speeches. Many fascinating evenings were spent around a coal stove in the sitting room listening to Daddy, who was a master story teller, recount his experiences as both man and boy. Never were more exciting adventures read or heard by these children than those their Daddy told, especially of his hunting and fishing. You just wished you had been there to see him climb the tree and shake that old "possum out. No wonder that his sons and grandsons are such avid hunters and fishermen. Maybe they got some of their love for fishing from Mother as well. We will not forget her her going off to the pond with us in her straw hat with her dog. She liked to catch bream and she didn't often come home empty-handed either.

After the children married, family get-togethers were exciting events. It was a time for "ohing and ahing" over new babies, petting the animals, playing croquet and ball games in the spacious yard, hunting, fishing, churning homemade icecream, and always music, music, music. Somewhere in the music Mother had to laugh through the "Little Brown Jug" and Luther, Jr would do "The Talking Blues".

Our parents worked hard and sacrificed much to send all four children to college. Ophelia and Ina were teachers, Luther an engineer, and John a Major in the Air Force. This love of education was evident in the grandchildren as well; all eleven of them are college graduates. Both the children and grandchildren were recipients of high academic honors. Mother and Daddy were truly proud.

Their story also has to include their love for their church. Mother was part of the music at Jersey Baptist where she attended as a child and in her early life. When she married, she joined The Linwood Methodist Church. She was pianist, choir member and Sunday school teacher. Daddy sang bass in the choir and taught Sunday School classes also. They were both excellent teachers and to this day there are many adults in

Linwood who remember being in Mr. Luther and Miss Troy's classes. Their influence lingers long after their deaths.

In retirement, Mother and Daddy had many happy days together visiting relatives, fishing and playing with the grandchildren. None of us will ever forget the tender, loving, care that Daddy gave Mother during the five years of her illness. When she was invalid, he cared for her day and night with never a complaint; content that she was there with him.

After Daddy was gone, I found the following tribute that he had written as he meditated and grieved for Mother:

“My wife

As I have meditated upon her death, I feel a sense of comfort. She had lived her life full and well. All her children are grown and honorable people. She was tired and weak; Her body broken. She had suffered a long time without a murmur. Death came gently. She passed on without a struggle and now she is at rest.

-- Luther Berrier”

After Mother died in 1972, Daddy lived alone until he fell in 1976 and broke his hip. When he left the hospital, he never went back home to live. He stayed with Ina or Ophelia and most of the time was with Ina. She cared for him tenderly and lovingly and her concern was always for his happiness. As he grew more feeble and blind, extra care was necessary. Martin Cutler and Jack McClung helped and did all they could for him. No sons-in-law could have loved him more. He died peacefully at home with Ophelia and Jack, June 23, 1983. At his funeral his fine grandsons were his pall bearers; a loving tribute to a dear grandfather.

Perhaps neither Mother nor Daddy would be called great by the world but to those of us closest to them, they cast an everlasting influence of love that makes our living better. Thank you, God, for our two wonderful parents.

APPENDIX ARTICLE #2 - THE BERRIER FAMILY

By: Ophelia Berrier McClung Jan 20, 1991

(This article was written for a history celebration at the Linwood Methodist Church)

David Hamilton and Laura Craver Berrier and their 9 children joined Linwood Church shortly after it was organized. They lived on the Linwood Road about 3 miles from the church. I have heard my father, Luther, say that they rode to services in a wagon and sometimes the boys walked.¹

Lena, the oldest daughter, married Bob Shepherd and resided in Linwood for sometime. They along with two daughters and a son are buried in the church cemetery here. Lena was remembered for nursing and taking care of families who were sick from the flu in 1918. In some cases a whole family would be sick.²

Joe, the oldest son, married Molly Young and they with their 4 children lived at the Berrier home place and attended Linwood Church all their life. Their daughter Mabel and Penn Vaughan were the first couple married in the present sanctuary. Mabel sang in the choir until she married Penn and moved to Madison, NC. That was more than 50 years ago and they still live there.³

I remember Uncle Joe's bass voice in the choir and his being our Sunday school teacher. When we visited Uncle Joe and Aunt Molly in their home, he would gather everybody around his rocking chair in the chimney corner by the big open fire, read the Bible and explain the scripture. We were in awe of his knowledge. His son, Allen, helped in the building of the present church and was a faithful and willing worker here until his death. His granddaughter, Molly Barnhardt, is the fifth generation to be a member and active in the church.

Another daughter, Ella, is the mother of Luther Pickett and the grandmother of Ellie Allen, who with her family, are active members and faithful in attendance here.

A second son, Dave, and his family moved “back to the country” after living in Lexington for years. He is Mary Belle's father-in-law and grandfather of Lindsay. Mary Belle's late husband, Lee Voit, as well as

Uncle Dave and Aunt Claudia were faithful members and supported the church with their presence and their gifts as long as they lived. Mary Belle continues here to carry on for them.⁴

Luther, a 3rd son, and his wife Troy, I know most about because they are my parents. They and their 4 children all loved Linwood Church. Mother and Daddy were both a vital part of the music program. Daddy sang bass, Mother alto and she often played the piano for services. Ina and I sang in the choir all our life, I believe. Many people remember "Miss Troy", as mother was affectionately called, as their Sunday School Teacher in the primary class. She added treats to the lesson with such things as birthday cakes, Easter and Christmas favors. This was important in those days when children did not have many extra treats. I remember her for wanting to talk to everyone in attendance, especially visitors. We children sometimes complained when we had to wait for her to finish talking before we could go home.

My daddy to me was THE Sunday school teacher. He was the best I have ever heard anywhere. Not only did we hear the lesson at church but he practiced "telling" it at home and we children and Mother never ceased to admire his broad knowledge of the Bible. There were times, too, when he served on the board, was treasurer, and served as Sunday School Superintendent. Sometimes he would be adamant in what he thought, but he was always trying to think what he believed was best for the church.

My brothers and sister and most of my cousins moved away as times changed. Jack and I and other members of the Berrier family, who still live here, hope that we in some way contribute to the life of the church in a way that our parents and grandparents will be honored. We appreciate the ethical and moral values they taught as well as the religious beliefs and love of church which they passed on to us.

Notes added on March 4, 2008: ¹David Hamilton was almost blind by the time Ophelia remembers him. ²Laura was a nurse in the community and everybody called her to come when they had a medical problem. This is where Lena got her nursing education. ³Penn is dead but Mabel still lives in Madison. ⁴Mary Belle died in 2007.

Ophelia also added: "Their family many times visited Uncle Jeff and Uncle Jess, Luther Harvey's cousins outside of Mount Airy, NC. She said Luther liked to go there because Jeff and Jess liked to possum hunt. She said they'd stay over night and Jess and Jeff were really poor mountain folks. Grandmother Troy would carry hotdogs up there because they could afford hot dogs and the children liked them so." Ophelia also said they had to carry water in a wooden bucket from a spring to the house while they were there.

APPENDIX ARTICLE #3 - OPHELIA SHARPE BERRIER MCCLUNG The story of her life told by Ophelia and typed by Laura Cutler, 1999

"My story would not be complete without telling of my parents who molded me and made me what I am." I am Ophelia Sharpe Berrier McClung, 78 years old, born in April 1921 to Troy Elizabeth Sharpe and Luther Harvey Berrier. I was born on a Sunday morning in Lexington, NC, at home. Daddy called the doctor when he thought it was necessary. Doctor Smith had an earlier call in the community that morning and by the time he got to Mother, Daddy was quite anxious but the earlier call had been to deliver triplets to a Mrs. Young whom Mother and Daddy knew. It was popular at the time to give your first girl the mother's maiden name, thus I was named Ophelia Sharpe.

I was considered a precious child. I walked early, talked early and because Mother and Daddy were aware of this, they wanted me to have every advantage they could afford. Since we lived in town, I watched the children walk to school by my house, and cried every morning to go to kindergarten. A block from our house Miss Kate Mays held a kindergarten in her house. Each day Mother would walk with me to school and I was happy with Miss Mays and thought she was very pretty.

In the summer following, we moved to the "country" (1927). That fall I began first grade in public school at Linwood. Because I had been in kindergarten and because I loved books so much I quickly was ahead of the other children and got the reputation as the smartest pupil in class and that reputation followed me all through high school. I graduated as Valedictorian and seldom had a report card grade except A.

The county schools had academic contests every spring. I represented my school in oral reading all through elementary school and won first place every year. In the spring the high school students in the school had a recitation contest. The winner was given a gold medal. Mother had won the contest at Linwood in 1916 so she knew I could win too. In the eighth grade, 1934 was the first year I was eligible. Mother got me

a recitation named Joe Conner's Son. She coached me, made me a beautiful blue organdy dress, with the ruffles all the way from the waist to the floor. The other girls were in the ninth, tenth, eleventh grade, no twelfth grade then and I was the winner. I do not know who was happier me or Mother and Daddy.

According to history the '20s were relatively speaking good years economically. My family did well. Daddy began his career as a mechanic with Woodrow McKay Ford Motor Co. He first worked on Model T's and quickly gained a reputation as an A #1 mechanic. Mother was happy at home as a housewife tending her children by 1925, three kids, two girls and a boy. We all three felt loved and nurtured and I have never lacked self esteem. So far as we children knew the Great Depression never hit us. Daddy was never out of work so he always could buy our school supplies. Mother was such a good seamstress and creative dress designer that Ina and I had the prettiest dresses in school and those were the only needs we had. I do remember in the middle '30s (when Roosevelt became president) of people talking about people working on the W.P.A. and that programs Roosevelt started put people back to work and brought electricity and paved roads to country communities like ours.

In 1938 when I graduated from High School everything was beginning to improve economically. Even so, Daddy didn't feel he had cash to spare to send me to college. He and Mother heard about Pfeiffer Jr. College through the church. Pfeiffer was a school run by the Methodist at Misenheimer N.C. and anybody could go there if they were willing to work to pay their way - of course I was willing to work and in the fall of 1938 I was enrolling as a freshman at Pfeiffer. Thus, began some of the happiest years of my life. I continued my good grades and made straight A's and was always on the A honor roll, was in the "order of the sundial", honor society, the chorus, the associate editor of the "Torch" school newspaper both years, and on all star intramural teams (soccer and ping pong). When I graduated in 1940, I was sad to leave. The sad thing about my college class was that nearly all the boys were drafted into W.W. II and many of them never returned. Of the ones who did return they were preachers, district superintendents, outstanding citizens, doctors, and political activities. The girls who graduated from Pfeiffer had outstanding careers as well. Pfeiffer molded character as well as educated its students. In the '40s life changed. Our quiet peaceful, pastoral Piedmont area of N.C. became part of the war effort of the U.S. after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. Many mothers who had never worked in public had to take over jobs men left when they went to fight in the war.

The men's dorms, many classrooms, and the campus grounds were filled with trainees from the U.S. Air force. All colleges in the U.S. were filled with officer trainees from some branch of the armed forces. All the movies in town were about war; all songs were pertaining to war. Dr. Braun, physics teacher at Catawba, worked in some projects with the war department. He had students of the college on top of the building watching for UFO's. We never saw any but we had fun looking for them at night. Our dean of women had the girls meet in groups at her house to knit. The U.S. was not yet in war but she called it "knitting for Britain." She got yarn from the Red Cross and we knit sweaters that were sent to England. I learned to knit at that time and since then have spent hours knitting sweaters for the men, women, babies in our family as well as argyle socks, gloves, toboggans, afghans and any other item that could be knit. I really became an expert knitter. My roommate Joan Sink and I decided to speed our graduation at Catawba so we went to summer school and graduated in the winter of 1943. We intended to apply for a lieutenant's commission in the army which was available to college graduates for men and women. I had finished with a Cum laude degree and there was such a demand for teachers because the war had taken so much of the school personnel that our advisor at Catawba persuaded Joan and me to accept jobs with Albemarle City Schools in January 1943. Lucky for me that I went there but that story will come later. I like Albemarle, loved teaching and the people there. Joan hated teaching so she left.

After Joan left Albemarle, I took a room with a fellow teacher, Fay Holt, Who taught girls PE and coached girls basketball. We had a room with Molly Wolf, a Jewish lady. We dearly loved her and she loved us. Her husband was a merchant in Mt. Gilead about 12 miles away. He stayed there all week and came home on weekends. She charged us eleven dollars each a month for rent. Don't laugh, teachers only made \$96 a month at the time, during the war it was raised to \$98. We bought a meal ticket at the only restaurant in town, a block from our house, for \$5.00 a week. Molly Wolf had us eat many times with her. The man and wife who owned the restaurant were our friends and we enjoyed them at meal time. Another friend who helped us out was Mrs. Milton and her husband. She was the choir director at the Presbyterian Church we attended. Fay and I both were good singers so we were a good addition to her choir. She had us for dinner every Sunday and she and Mr. Milton became like family. He had a car and most Sunday afternoons we would go riding somewhere sometime even to the mountains. On most Sunday night's Mrs. Milton invited about 12 adults, (all older than Fay and I) to her house and we would have questions and answer sessions.

Something like the trivia questions of today. The people she asked were the “society” crowd in Albemarle, knowledgeable people who had been to college, like the owner of the Ford Motor Co. and his wife. Also invited was Fay’s boyfriend, a salesman for Mrs. Wolf at the Ford place. Fay and I could hold our own with them. We had a lot of fun. Our pastor and his wife were Mr. and Mrs. Watts, who were special friends.

At school, Fay and I were special teachers because we took part in the school activities. I went to all the basketball games as her scorekeeper. Another couple from the church was Paul and Willie Fry. Paul was the organist at the church and the music director at school. Willie was an English teacher; Paul had his chorus do musicals every year. He really knew how to get kids to sing and he liked for Fay and I to come to the rehearsals to give him suggestions on the costumes, acting, etc. One program that he did an especially good job on (that Fay and I helped on a lot) was called the “Gay Nineties Review”, the whole town bragged on that one.

One story the kids at school told on me as long as I taught happened the first year I taught. I was little about five feet tall and weighed barely 98 pounds so I looked as young as the kids. One night as we were going into a basketball game, the girls said Miss Berrier we dare you to go in as a student. I said “okay, let me in the middle of you.” When I got to the gatekeeper he said “student?” I said “yes”, he let me in and the girls behind me giggled. After I was in he said “she wasn’t a student was she?” I think they told him I was a teacher, but he went along with the story anyway. My teaching position was 8th grade math. I had been certified in English but the state was adding a 12th grade to high school and the extra grade was being placed in between the jr. high and high school as the 8th grade. So I was given all the 8th grade math classes in that school. It was that year that I learned to enjoy teaching and I taught math for at least 20 of my next teaching years. So much went on in the ‘40s that it seemed like a decade much longer than 10 years. With the allies already in Europe at war, many commodities were in short supply so our government began to issue ration stamp books for sugar, meat, etc. and gas and whatever the armed forces would need. Schools were set up to distribute these and teachers were the dispensers. Kids were let out of school in afternoons to free teachers to do that. I have often wished I had kept at least one ration book as a souvenir but I didn’t. I remember especially D. Day, June 6, 1944 when the allies invaded Europe. It was an emotional time in the states. Churches were opened for prayer and people went in day and night to pray. To those of us living at the time, it seemed as if the time from Dec. 1941 until Aug. 1945 was a lifetime. These are events and incidents I remember. Luther was called into the air force as a navigator, stationed in England and sent on bombing raids over German ammunition plants. Daddy went to work in the Martin Bomber plant in Baltimore making B-17’s. One of the bombers was in Doolittle’s squadron that bombed Tokyo. We couldn’t get nylon stockings because nylon was being used to make parachutes. Lucky Strike changed the color of their cigarette packs to white and whether you smoked or not you knew the slogan “Lucky Strike green has gone to war.” School children brought their change to school to buy war stamps. Our beloved Franklin Roosevelt died at his vacation home in Warm Springs, Ga. As the train took his body to N.Y. for burial, crowds lined the railroad all the way. Harry Truman, the VP became President. Eastern N.C. was filled with army camps and in towns like Albemarle every weekend soldiers swarmed into town to go to the USO for entertainment. All of the auxiliaries held programs at the various civic halls. Girls like Fay and I would go there and drink coffee and soft drinks, eat donuts and cookies, listening or dancing to the “juke” box. Sometimes Ft. Bragg and Camp McCall would send army trucks to the towns to bring the girls to dances at the camps. All of these events were highly supervised and chaperoned with very strict rules. Considering the times, these events were fun.

Fay’s boyfriend, George Stovall was stationed in North Africa with a quarter master corps under Colonel Tom Wolf, who had gone from Albemarle early in the war. Fay wrote him everyday and sent him cookies once a week. Some cookies got there and some did not. Fay and I took two long bus trips during this time. One was to West Va. to visit Fay’s brother and his wife. The other one was to Charleston, S.C. to see the tourist sights in Charleston. Both trips were a lot of fun for us but everywhere buses, hotels, etc. were crowded with armed service personnel but we got along fine and had fun.

When the war was over in Europe, the Albemarle unit that George was in was sent to the states to a camp in the mid-west. Fay went out there as soon as George was settled and they were married. So I was again without a roommate. By that time Ina had graduated from Catawba. She went to Baltimore to marry Martin, whom she met at Pfeiffer. Daddy and Mother objected to her going off alone up there to marry but they let her go anyway. Martin was still in service so she came back to Albemarle to teach and live with me still at Molly Wolf’s. When the war in Europe ended, Truman decided to drop the atomic bomb on Japan. So one plane, the Enola Gay, went to Hiroshima, dropped the bomb, and returned safely with all its crew. What a celebration that was in the states and then the U.S. dropped a second one on Nagasaki. The bombs were so

horrible that Japan surrendered. After the war ended Martin came home to live with Ina till the school year ended.

After that, the third part of my life in the '40s began; the happiest part. Many businesses were beginning full time operation again. One of those was AT&T Long Lines, who were laying cable for TV all the way from New York to Miami. Up and down the east coast cable crews were working and one of those crews was working in Albemarle. The telephone crews had their meals at the Cafe where I began to eat when I first came to Albemarle. Ina and Martin ate there with me too. One night the three of us were eating in a booth at the wall. The telephone men came in and sat at the counter. Ina and Martin had teased me about "catching" a boyfriend among the cable splicers. One young man looked over at us and Ina says to me "there is a cute one if he looks again wink at him." So he looked and I winked but he didn't look again, so I thought the end. The next day, after I had been in the cafe for lunch, I left walking back to school. Just as I got to the steps at the front of the school, the same young man pulled over to the curb in a car. He asked "Hey teacher you want a ride?" Since I was already at school, I stepped over to the car. Jack and I began to talk and made a date for that night. Thus began my relationship with Jack McClung and it lasted through 47 years of marriage. Ina and Martin left Albemarle that spring so Martin could go back to school on a plan offered to service men, I stayed in Albemarle. That summer, the PE teacher who took Fay's place at school and I had become friends. She and her boyfriend Keith Almond, whose father owned a poultry farm, and Jack and I double dated; our favorite thing to do was to go to Morrow Mountain and cook out. Keith could get us chicken anytime and Jack could get steaks. The Telephone Co. had their storeroom in a room in Keters Grocery in Albemarle. Jack was the storeroom manager and Mr. Ketter would let Jack have steaks. (Mr. Ketter was the same man who started Food Lion in Salisbury.) So, the four of us had much fun cooking-out and playing at Morrow Mountain State Park. Jack had a cousin from Georgia, Jimmy Williams, working in Albemarle with AT&T. He was married so he and his wife spent a lot of time with Jack and me on Sunday afternoons or eating together. Pauline was a good cook and she and Jimmy liked me. They were the only members of his family I knew and Jack only knew Ina and Martin in mine. After about two months in Albemarle the cable crews were sent to Titusville, Florida. Jack and I were heartbroken that he had to go. Jimmy and Pauline were sent to Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Jack promised to come back in the summer. Clara, my teacher friend and I got jobs at a girls camp in Hendersonville, NC named Camper Bear Walla. As soon as school was out we left Albemarle for camp. Jack came back a week after we left. When he went by my home to get me I had already gone to camp. So he picked up Luther, who was home from the war, and came to the camp to get me. The camp director let me resign, so we then went to Lexington where Jack and I were married within the week. Then we headed for Titusville and stopped in Georgia to meet his parents.

At that time Titusville was a very small town. The splicers moved every time it was too far to drive to work. So in a few weeks we were back with Jimmy and Pauline in Fort Lauderdale. From there, we moved to Marathon on the Keys, where we really seemed to be on vacation. Pauline had to go home because she was pregnant. Jimmy's landlord was a fishing boat captain and one day he took us out deep sea fishing. Jimmy and Jack hoped to get a sailfish, but did not. I caught a big tuna, I have forgotten the weight, but it was as long as I was and we also had a good catch of dolphin. Shortly thereafter, we all moved to another one of the keys, It looked nothing like it does today. There was one grocery store, a fish camp and a community hall where community gatherings were held and Sunday morning church. I was the only one on the island who could play the piano, so I was the church pianist. Jack and I lived in a house trailer, but the single telephone men and some who were married lived in huts. To get a haircut the men had to go to Key West or Homestead. It was a desolate place but the fishing was fun and both the Atlantic side and Gulf side of the island was pretty. The Gulf side always was full of fancy yachts. Once we saw Robert Ripley's Believe It or Not Yacht! We fished off the 7 mile bridge and always caught eatable fish such as red snapper and yellow tail. One day Jimmy and Jack talked me into going with them to Bahia Honda Bridge. There we walked on the cat walk under the bridge to the middle and sat on one of the bridge columns that was about 8 feet wide. The bridge was the highest on the keys and ocean going Vessels could pass under it. The job the Telephone Co. had was to replace the cable under the bridge. They hired a boat to patrol so if any men fell off they could be picked out of the water. The water was so clear you could look down and see big fish like barracuda swimming under us. Jimmy kept telling me not to fall because if I did those fish would eat me before they could get me out. I was scared to fish and I don't remember if they caught fish or not. It was an experience I haven't forgotten.

We left the Keys and lived all in central Florida around Kissimmee, St. Cloud and Orlando. From Orlando we moved to Frankfort, Ky. I had to drive our car, a new 1947 Mercury Coupe; Jack had to drive a telephone truck. I had never driven much but after having driven from Florida to Kentucky through the

Cumberland Mountains, I was a real pro and Jack trusted me to drive anywhere after that. In the next few months we lived in several towns in Kentucky and several towns in the Mississippi Delta. Every town had its own experience and tales to tell. To us we liked living in Mississippi and Kentucky. Many people could not understand it because they had heard bad things about those states. Wrong- those people were delightful to live with. In Kentucky we got to visit beautiful horse farms and got to tour the Calumet Race Stables. Amazing pastures and stables. Durant, where we lived in the Mississippi was 80 percent black, in the heart of cotton fields, but we enjoyed the Mississippi! After that we were sent to Chester, SC. In Chester, Jack's boss' wife, Mary Lewis and I stayed together. We would knit a lot; Mary was an expert knitter and taught me much. She wanted to find some antique soup tureens so we toured the antique shops and she found some beautiful ones. After all this traveling, Jack decided to transfer from AT&T to Southern Bell. He could get a good deal to do that so he transferred to Southern Bell in Columbia, SC for us to begin the 1950's.

When we moved to Columbia we went to church at Washington Street (Methodist). It was a very old beautiful church and when it was built, a balcony was built for the slaves to worship there with their masters. When the slaves were freed, they no longer worshipped there but the balcony stayed. The pastor at the time we went there was Dr. Wallca Friday, a well known Methodist minister who was the author of many devotional books published by the Methodist Church. We also met at that church, a friend of mine from Pfeiffer. We visited her and her husband many times, Jennie Mae and LeRoy Curtis. They had no children like us. Jack's sister and her husband lived in West Columbia at that time so we decided to look for a house to buy in West Columbia.

We found a realtor in West Columbia who was handling new houses for a developer building small (5 room) houses in the Guignard Estates. Most of the buyers on the street he showed us were veterans getting GI loans for their first house. We chose a house at 1226 G. Ave. It was selling for \$11,000. Both Jack's parents and mine advised us to wait until houses came down as that was too high a price. With Jack's GI loans we could handle the price easily, so we bought. Houses haven't quit going up yet! Since the buyers on our street were veterans who had married during the war or shortly after, we had neighbors from several states! Utah, Maine, Georgia, North Carolina, Connecticut and a few from other towns in South Carolina. We quickly became a neighborhood, getting together for cookouts and ice-cream socials. Since Jack and I had been living in rented apartments and hotels since we married, we had no furniture. When our house was ready we bought five rooms of new furniture. The salesman said "new house, new furniture, and new wife?" Jack answered, "No, same wife." We had been frugal with our money so we could pay for our furniture. We had bought a new 1947 Mercury Coupe before we left Florida so we had no debt except our house, and in a short time we paid that off as well. Many months we made 2 payments, all extra were taken off the principal so that made the loan go off fast. Our closest friends were the Moyes next door and the Swetts across the street. They remain my good friends. Only Jack and Rodney Swett have died and the Moyes come by to see me. Miriam Swett is in bad health and can't travel.

Ben Moyes was the football coach for the Brookland Cayce High School. So, every Friday night, the Moyes, the Swetts and McClungs would all go to the football game. Every Friday Ann, Miriam and I would make fresh coconut cake and after the game we would go to one of our 3 houses, drink coffee eat cake and hear Ben's report on the game we had just seen.

Jack and I went to Brookland Methodist Church where we made some more new friends. The Rawls, The Kleckley's and our pastor and his wife George and Mary Baker. George and Mary remained our very close friends until they died in their late 80's both of them after Jack died. Across the road from us lived George and Jo Pair. George was the elementary school principal of a country school out from West Columbia on Platt Springs Road. He got after me to teach third grade at his school. It was in an old Plantation house. It must have had 10 rooms plus because we had two classes for each grade 1-5 and every room had a wood stove for heat. Never have I seen such good teaching as went on in that old school building almost sitting in sight of the S.C capitol building in Columbia. My certificate had expired but I could use it as an A certificate if I could take the National Teacher's Exam and pass it with an A. I did that easily and began the school year for George as a third grade teacher. It was easy to switch from Jr. High because I had heard Ina talk so much about teaching first grade that I copied her in many ways. There was one piano in my school and I asked George to put it in my room because no other teacher could play. After I saw that my students liked music, I ordered some rhythm band instruments for them. Even though they were older than most rhythm band students; they had never had any so they were eager to play. The government had built a trade school within walking distance of our school. The home ec teacher in that school was in our P.T.A. and was the mother of one of my students. She wanted to have her students to make uniforms for the rhythm band. Since her school was operated by the government for veterans she could get money to buy cloth for the

uniforms. She did a super job to design and supervise making the capes and caps. How proud those little folks were!

Dr. Bushee was the State Superintendent of Education. George was so proud of our school, he asked Bushee to come out and observe. Bushee brought the music supervisor with him. George brought them to my room. When they came in George asked the students, "What does Mrs. McClung do that you like most?" With one breath the kids yell, "Math." All the three visitors were astonished. Not to be outdone however, George had us play the rhythm band. Because George and I could talk school at home in our yards we decided to try some innovative things. We bought some reading machines for my class and that really helped the reading. Another thing, at the end of the year I would be promoted with my class to the fourth grade. We had heard that it would be beneficial for the kids to start in the fourth. We could scarcely believe the difference it made. They were ahead of the other fourth grade all year. Mr. Bushee was so impressed on his visit that he got us a new modern school for Platt Springs Road. The children were so happy about their new school and so were their parents. Before I leave the school, I have to tell about the favorite food in that school cafeteria. The cooks were excellent. The school at that time got surplus food from the government, one food was butter. With the butter, we had a lunch of hot biscuits with molasses. The biscuits were always delicious so I had butter biscuits for my lunch, but the kids found molasses in their plate and "sopped" butter biscuits in the molasses. Another favorite was what they called red rice which was rice covered with stewed tomatoes. It was a real treat for those students.

We were close friends to Jake and Margaret Rawl and Jake talked Jack into joining the Masonic Lodge. I got disgusted with that because it took so much of Jack's time. Jack kept trying to tell me how good an organization it was. Because it was such a secretive organization I was never quite convinced. I like what Jack did with George Baker. They hunted and raised bird dogs (pointers). George left Brookland and went to Manning SC as the pastor. We visited them a lot so the men could hunt. Some of George's parishioners were plantation owners and Jack had his first experience hunting quail on horse back. Jack and George had dogs that would go with the best, so that made them proud. On one morning, Jack and his hunting partner, a real "country boy" from West Columbia, were having breakfast in a cafe noted for attracting hunters. A stranger came in and asked to sit with them. As they talked Jack and Wes invited him to go hunting with them, which he did. He was Havilah Babcock they learned, a professor from the USC. Dr. Babcock is a writer and has a set of five or six books on quail hunting and some fishing. Jack managed to get a set of them for both Bill and Tom. I still have one called Quail Hunting and Such. Jack's favorite was My Health is Better in November. Dr. Babcock is dead now.

The most important thing that happened to us in the '50s was the birth of our boys Bill in 1955 and Tom in 1958. Jack and I had such fun with the Cutler boys; we got Ina and Martin to let Billy stay with us some. We liked that and we thought Billy did too. When Bill was born Mama 'Clung stayed with us to "take care of Jack" while I took care of the baby. In 1952, we saw our first TV program "The Republican Convention" in California to nominate Dwight Eisenhower. The reception was so snowy you almost had to imagine the picture. The Whitfields, one of our neighbors had a TV set. In the summer of 1953, I had the mumps and Mama 'Clung came to stay with us. I had to stay in bed until all the swelling was gone. So Jack got a TV for Mama 'Clung and me to be entertained. He got an expensive set and the TV man installed it so we had very little snow. Of course it was black and white as were all sets. Our favorite show was an afternoon Variety show featuring Tennessee Ernie Ford.

When Bill was born the Sunday school class I taught was so happy for us. We had been married nine and half years, they showered us with presents. It was Christmas time so we gave many of the duplicate things to the Salvation Army for children who had nothing compared to us.

At that time Miriam had two little girls and the Moyes had twins (Paul and Cindy) in March after Bill was born. With new babies our activities changed somewhat. The children played together in our fenced in yards. Ann was the principal of the nursing school at Baptist Hospital in Columbia. Miriam and I stayed home and tended our babies. Then in 1958 Tom was born. Ina, bless her heart, brought her three boys and came to stay with us while I was in the hospital. The morning I came home from the hospital there were eight little boys in our backyard, the oldest was 10. Mama 'Clung came and stayed with us after Ina had to go home. The boy's favorite playground was our backyard. Jack always had bird dog puppies for them to play with. We brought a little bantam rooster from Daddy's that became Bill's special pet. There was a sandbox to drive trucks and bulldozers in and a swing set that Tom was a real acrobat on. He was more athletic than any child who played in our yard.

Daddy retired from the garage and almost had a nervous breakdown. Mother needed somebody to help her take care of him. So Jack and I decided to move to NC. Jack got a transfer to go to Southern Bell in

Winston, but we had to go by way of Kings Mountain, NC. Living in Kings Mountain was so pleasant we were tempted to stay. Dr. and Mrs. Mauney rented us our house. It was a big nice country home next door to them. They owned the textile mills in Kings Mountain. Dr. Mauney was a veteran who inspected the turkey farms in Monroe for the government. They offered to give us land on their farm to build a house if we would stay. They had a pond near our house they wanted us to build nearby. Next to our house was a pony pasture where they kept two ponies for their two teenage boys. Bill and Tom liked watching the ponies named Salt and Pepper. The Cutler boys liked riding the ponies and Jane rode too. Bill got to go to a very good kindergarten in Kings Mountain.

In the late summer of '59 Jack was sent to Winston so we moved to Lexington, rented the "Brown house" about a mile from Daddy's while our house was being built. With Bill and Tom to play with and watching our house "go up." Daddy improved quickly. In a while he was over his depression. Daddy gave us three acres of land on his Goose Creek Farm. He promised it to any of us who would build there but Jack and I were the only ones who accepted his offer.

From June 27, 1946 (when Jack and I were married) to Dec. 8, 1955 (when Bill was born) to July 30, 1958 (when Tom was born) and until the boys left home we enjoyed the most peaceful and happy years of life despite the turmoil that went on in the world around us. Jack and I had learned to trust in God, rely on our faith to see us through and we were active in our church and prayer life and George Baker taught us to tithe. We have relied on our faith in God to see us through the difficulties that followed in 70's, 80's, and 90's.

In the sixties and early seventies we had some interesting experiences although the world around us troubled with civil rights struggles and also the Vietnam War. One summer we took the boys on vacation to Kitty Hawk to see the Wright Brothers Museum and the memorial. Then we went to Oriedo, FL to see Mama 'Clung who lived there. We also visited Cape Canaveral to see the space rockets being readied for a trip to the moon. You were allowed to tour the launch pads and hangars for the rockets then. We got to see one of the rockets being pulled along the tracks from the hangars to the launch pad. What a huge thing it was! It was fascinating to see the flimsy Wright Brothers airplane and the magnificent space rockets all in one summer vacation.

In those years Disney began building their big entertainment center. Oriedo, where Jack's mother lived, was very close to Orlando. So, we toured there when they were laying out the place and then went back to visit when it first opened as Disney World.

Another fun thing we did in the 60's was to go camping with Ina and Luther's families. Our favorite place to camp was Ponderosa Camp ground at Myrtle Beach. We would get 3 sites together and when we got all our campers set up we practically had a "city". We entertained ourselves besides with the beach and sea shelling by playing cards; singing and Ina's boys usually had a sailboat. Our children were teenagers and had no trouble finding things to do.

In May 1961 we moved into our new house. With the money we had from the sale of our house in Columbia, we only owed \$4,000- not much of a debt. Mr. Brown, the county school superintendent, knew our family and got me to teach again because there were vacancies in the county. This time I went back to my 8th grade math at Linwood with Mr. Huss as principal. He had been my teacher. My room was across the hall from Mr. Huss's office. Bill was in the 1st grade and one day I heard his teacher come in the office and ask Mr. Huss if she could re-test Bill on an I.Q. test her class had just taken. Mr. Huss said to her, "Don't you worry about that boy, his family has been in this school since we've been giving tests." I later learned that Bill and later Tom tested 140+ on their IQ tests. Jack and I always said to Bill and Tom (encouraging them to do well), "You are smarter than the average bear, you know." A quote from Yogi Bear in the TV cartoons.

The schools began to consolidate all over the county so Linwood became part of Central Davidson Junior High. It was there Mr. Buck became my Principal and I again had a principal who was a personal friend. We pioneered a program called individualized instructions and our program at Central became a model for the whole county. Jack and Mr. Buck became very close friends. I was at one time president of the Davidson County Education Association. I didn't like that job because there was so much jealousy among teachers it was hard to get anything accomplished.

Outside of our family life, the county had to deal with Civil Rights and the assassination of President Kennedy, whose death affected the nation as deeply as Roosevelt's death. Then Martin L. King Jr. and Robert Kennedy were assassinated. There was bickering and dissension by young people who refused to serve in the army to go to Vietnam. The youth became so rebellious they refused to obey parents. The boys grew long hair, boys and girls dressed like tramps; they began to use drugs, practiced sexual promiscuity,

lived together in communes and were called hippies and flower children. Bad days! We were glad our boys were younger than most of those rebels.

In the latter '60's mother was sick. She got knocked down by an old Ram on the farm and he broke her knee, which never quite healed, and then later she had a stroke. She was paralyzed after that until she died and her mind was bad. Daddy took care of her at home and did a remarkable job. I had to go over at least twice a day to help him change her bed or whatever he might need help with. Those were difficult days. I was torn at times with whether to stay and do for my family or go help Daddy. Jack was so good to help me. He was coaching and helping the boys in little league games so he would go with the boys while I went to Daddy's. Those were the days when I learned first hand, "that you do what you have to do, when you have to do it, whether you like it or not." Choices were difficult. We could always depend on Ina to come and stay some in the summer and on weekends but she was the only one to do that with us. The grandchildren never did understand why Grandmother called them Luther and John instead of Bill and Tom. Ina and I understood when she didn't call us right. She never misnamed Daddy or Jack. One night I was helping Daddy change her bed and dress some of the sores on her deteriorating body. Luther came in about midnight to stay a while with Daddy and told me to go home. About the time I got home Luther called back to say Mother had died. What a difficult time that was for all of us. People would say to Daddy "Mr. Luther time heals all things." His answer was "but I don't think I have enough time for this to heal." Thus ended the '60's but little did we know what trouble still lay ahead for us. It was Jan 20, 1972, when Mother died, some of the last of '69 and early '70 all seemed to blur together.

In 1969 when the moon landing was to take place we were scheduled to be at Carolina Beach camping. We wanted our boys to see it on TV so badly; Jack bought a battery-powered portable 14" TV to take with us. At the time of the scheduled launch everybody in our area came to our camper to watch. We had the only TV. We were all spell bound when the launch began and when it landed we were so amazed we all were silent until Neil Armstrong spoke. "One small step for man one giant leap for mankind." Then we began to discuss what we had seen. One or two people remarked that they thought the government had faked the TV picture. But most of us were so proud that our country had been the first to land on the moon that we dismissed such nonsense. Little did we realize that what we had witnessed that night at our camp site was the beginning of even greater space exploration.

On Dec. 31, 1970 Wanda and Bill married. There was so much ice that day only a few of the guests could come. The wedding was at Linwood Church and after the wedding there was too much ice to go where the reception had been planned. So the closest kin came to my house and Evelyn and her girls and Ina helped me put together food for the reception. Despite the ice outside we had fun and warmth inside.

In the early '70's the boys were getting up into High School. Mr. Buck wanted us to take our individualized instruction to High School so I moved with him as English teacher. Really I was to use my reading machines to teach the students who were far behind in reading. Students in the tenth and eleventh grades were reading on the fifth and sixth grade level. With the elementary grade methods that I had used previously and with books on a low level, but with high interest from the students, it was amazing at the progress some of them made. Bill graduated in 1974 and started at N.C. State. In 1975, Jack had his first heart attack. That was the first real set back we had since we married. Jack had been transferred from Winston Salem to Salisbury and his Doctor, Dr. Newman, who was a Catawba graduate, took real good care of him. The Telephone Company told Jack that he would have to take retirement. Tom graduated in 1976 and Jack and I wondered how we would keep both boys in college. I kept teaching, the boys both got good jobs, Jack got good retirement pay and social security pay for the boys as long as they stayed in college. So we managed better than we ever expected, we said, "God looked after us" and he did.

Sometime in the middle '70's Daddy fell and broke his hip. After he left the hospital he went to Raleigh for rehab. and to make his home with the Cutlers. He would come home and stay with us in the summer and when school would begin, he would go back to Ina's. His eyes began to fail and he eventually became completely blind. Since he could no longer read, Ina got him earphones to listen to his own private radio programs and got him books on tapes from the library to "read" and that's how he passed the time. In all those years he was so agreeable never quarreling with what Ina and I did for him. Martin and Jack helped us by helping him dress and shaving him.

Bill graduated with his engineering degree from N.C. State and got a job with Amoco Oil Company. In west Texas, the oil industry was booming and they hired engineers and trained them to be petroleum engineers which they did with Bill. They sent him to Andrews, Texas near the New Mexico border; an oil rich little town filled with Mexicans. Jack and I visited him there and were excited to see that part of the country. We liked that desert area and were fascinated by, the new to us, wild life there. Prairie dogs, road

runners, blue quail, etc. and tumble weeds and cactus like we had never seen. Bill took us through the oil industry historical museums and told us about the operations. He worked in the fields with the drillers. After he got settled he began to think about marrying his college sweetheart, Elizabeth Langhans, which he did in Aug. 1979. Her father was a professor at Cornell University. So Tom, Barbara Bynum, Barbara Cutler, Jack and I all went to Ithaca for the wedding. Our trips up and back were delightful because we were seeing parts of the country new to us southerners. The Langhans were gracious hostesses, the wedding in the Cornell Chapel was beautiful and we all had an enjoyable experience.

In June 1981, we all went to Judy and Tom Melton's wedding in Raleigh and in Sept 1981, Tom and Barbara Bynum were married in Mt. Holly, so the whole family was together again for a joyous occasion. All the weddings were beautiful and in that short time, our N.C. State graduates were married. All six of them had been together in college and had fun at each others weddings.

Tom took a job with Ralston Purina in Raleigh and was soon transferred to their plant in Illinois. After they were married, Barbara left her meat inspecting job in Clinton NC to move to Illinois with Tom. Jack and I helped drive a U-Haul and take her things to Illinois. Tom Melton decided to go to the Univ. of Illinois to work on his masters degree so again Judy and Tom McClung and their spouses were close to one another.

In June 1983 I retired from 30 years of teaching and Daddy was living with us. One evening Jack and I left him at home to go bream fishing at Fitz's pond. Daddy assured us he would listen to his radio and be fine. In about 30 minutes, we had a big sting of bream, so we rushed home to show Daddy our fish. In the short time that we were gone, Daddy had quietly died in his recliner listening to his radio. The funeral was at Linwood and he was buried by mother in the cemetery there. A new preacher, Don Noblitt, had been at our church two days when he had to conduct the funeral of one of the most revered members of our church. He did a remarkable job and I recall he said at the service, "I didn't know your father, but I know the greatest thing he left you, are the memories and they will remain with you to sustain you the rest of your life." How true! Daddy's grandsons were his pall bearers and he loved them so, he would have been proud.

Again my life changed. With Jack and I both retired and all our parents dead, we were free to travel. With the boys both far away, one time we went from Illinois through Oklahoma to Odessa, Texas where Bill now lived, sightseeing all the way. Later Bill moved to Houston and lived near the Wild Geese Flyway. Jack and Bill hunted geese every morning and always got some because there were thousands feeding there all the time. John was born in Oct. 1987 in Odessa, so of course, we went to see him. He looked as Liz said like a "clone of Bill."

After Tom and Barbara moved to Illinois, Barbara took a job in health insurance with State Farm. In the middle '80's they offered to send her to Austin Texas as manager of their health insurance dept. It was such a good opportunity, Tom quit his job with Purina and they moved to Austin. In a few months they built a house in Georgetown, Texas. Now with both boys in Texas we could see them both in one trip. In March 1988 Sarah was born, now we had two grandchildren and Jack was pleased to have a little girl like he had wanted for a long time. As John and Sarah grew they were so nearly the same size, they looked like twins. One of the happiest experiences we had was the Sunday that John and Sarah were christened in the Methodist Church in Georgetown. They were so pretty and when the minister presented them to the congregation, they both smiled. They looked so sweet everybody oohed and aahed over them. Barbara and Tom had lunch at their house and we all had one of our most memorable times together.

Back home we had become close friends to the Noblitts. Since Jack retired, he made wooden crafts in the workshop in the basement. He was quite good and I painted them for him. Ruth and Dan got to helping us with them. Ruth would sell them. We were adding on to the church so the money we made we gave to the building fund and we made literally hundreds of dollars. We and the Noblitts got to making trips together using some of our craft money for expenses. We went to Charleston, Savannah from Richmond, Va. to Haze, Ga., on the Blue Ridge Parkway getting off along the way to visit craft shops and the hike. Hazel, Ga. was nothing but a craft town. We went to Glendale, N.C. to see the cheese factory and the paintings in the two little churches there that are significant because they are unique.

Then we hit a really bad bump in the road. Jack's heart problems began to worsen and he had to have by-pass surgery. The boys came home to be with us during the surgery and a few days prior. Don and Ruth stayed with me almost all the time. The surgery went well but a few days after we came home, we had to go back to the hospital because the incision got infected. Then he began a three month stay at Baptist Hospital most of the time in intensive care. Dr. Wallenhapt, Jack's heart doctor made arrangements for me to have a room, like a hotel room, so I could stay at the hospital. I had been staying from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. any way. A lot of driving for me but I couldn't stay away. Don and Ruth were there the biggest part of everyday

and Ina came at one time and stayed with me in my room there because the room had two beds and it didn't cost us for her to stay. Jack's breastbone had to be removed and replaced with a muscle flap from his stomach. A rare surgery for that hospital. Dr. Wallenhapt asked if they could make a video of the procedure and let interns watch so they could use it in the school of medicine. The doctors and heart nurses liked Jack so much because he was agreeable and loving patient. We became like family to them and they did to us. Some of the nurses still keep in touch with me after all these years and came to the wake for Jack at the funeral home. Nobody ever got better hospital care than we did.

Jack finally got home, back to his woodworking and his daily morning coffee club visits to Whitley's. The men there, Gene Whitley, Lamar Moore, Dale Tysinger and Bob Timberlake really helped him recuperate. They would come by to get him to go with them on short day trips. Especially Bob and Lamar because they always had places to go. That is when our family became close friends of the Timberlakes. I began making fried pies for them to take on their trips. Those pies got to be such a favorite that I still make fried pies on occasion for them.

In 1989 the doctor found that Jack had prostate cancer. He had surgery and the doctor told him he was clear of the cancer, but that psychologically defeated Jack for the first time during all those years of heart problems. "He kept saying cancer kill you." Our last Christmas 1989, Jack was too sick for us to visit the boys. On New Years Eve he had so much heart pain we had to leave home about 11 for the hospital. Dr. Agner in Salisbury, who had treated him during his first attack in 1972, determined he had an aneurysm that they couldn't treat. So he called Dr. Wallenhapt at Baptist to meet the air ambulance so he was transported by helicopter. Don and Ruth were with me in Salisbury so they drove me to Winston and stayed until the boys came. The doctors in Salisbury called the boys so both Bill and Tom's families came as quickly as they could. I knew Jack couldn't live so I prayed he would be alive when the boys came and God answered our prayer. Bill came about 30 minutes ahead of Tom and Jack was awake and recognized Bill and said a few words to him. He was asleep when Tom came and I said Tom you must wake him. Reluctantly Tom did but Jack recognized him and said "Son you did come." To this day Tom is glad I insisted he wake his Daddy. I guess Jack was just waiting to see Tom because shortly after he died. Dr. Wallenhapt and the nurses that night were so kind and comforting. Jack's eyes were put in the eye bank but we never knew who got to use them.

For the next few days our house overflowed with friends and family from three states. On the day of the funeral our church and neighbors supplied enough food to feed the multitude at my house before they had to leave. The memorials poured into the church. Don and our church treasurer were amazed at the amount. Many of the memorials were for \$50 or more. It was enough to put a covering over our stained glass windows at the church.

Thus in 1991, I had to begin life without my dear loving husband, who I had for 45 years. The '90's have been mostly sad and you don't remember sad things well. In April '91 Tom and Barbara's little Charlie was born, so I went to Texas to stay with them for a while. Charlie was such a sweetheart and he loved to be rocked and sung to by his Grandma. Sarah was a big girl now and would talk and play with me. In May 1992 Sam was born in Houston so I went there to stay with them a bit. Now I had four darling grandchildren and the two new babies helped the hurt I felt from the loss of Jack.

Bill's job change now: Amoco sent him to Bolivia in South America, so of course he moved his family with him. The first place they lived was La Paz in the Andes Mountains. I visited them there and the sight seeing trips there amazed me. The culture there was different from ours, but the people were kind and I came back home satisfied that they would be safe there. Then they had to move to Santa Cruz, Bolivia. The Christmas of the year '97, I believe, Tom and his family and I all went down so we could have Christmas together and what a wonderful time we had. Bill and Liz had maids, gardeners, a driver and a big house. They were perfect hosts and took us to see amazing things in Santa Cruz, a trip to the zoo with S.A. animals and birds, a day trip to the rainforests.

Christmas of '98: Tom's Abbott Company had transferred him from Texas to California, at Morgan Hill near San Francisco. So we all had a good Christmas with them. Bill and Liz had to divide their time to spend some days with the Langhans at Liz's brothers. I stayed on and Tom and Barbara showed me that part of California. Again people, culture and country side, I had never seen before. I am lucky to have children who are so good to me. The most important purchase I made since Jack died is a home computer. The best toy since my organ. I am able to keep in touch with my boys.

In 1999, I began to have the first health problems since Jack died. I had to have a hip replacement surgery, which took a year of recuperation. Now I have muscular degeneration in my eyes and I am slowly losing my vision. I have wonderful nieces and nephews who help take care of me since my children cannot

come home often. Billy and Johnny always check on me and take care of what I can't do for myself. How wonderfully I have been blessed. I still live alone and with some hired help, I do very well. It is reasonable to believe that I have more years behind me than I do ahead of me. But I like to think my life has been worth something to those with whom I have come in contact along the way and that I have been faithful in serving God. As the term Tom Brokaw used in his book by the same name, I have been part of The Greatest Generation and now I look forward to the time I might be privileged to live in the 21st century and to marvel at the technical knowledge of this generation.

APPENDIX ARTICLE #4 – OPHELIA 'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

This was hand written by Ophelia in 1999 for Laura Cutler for a school project. It was typed by Anna Kepley in January 2009 exactly as written.

I am Ophelia Sharpe Berrier McClung, 78 years old. Born in April 1921 to Troy Elizabeth Sharpe and Luther Harvey Berrier. I was born on a Sunday morning in Lexington NC at home. Daddy called the doctor when he thought it was necessary. Doctor Smith had an earlier call in the community that AM, by the time he got to Mother, Daddy was quite anxious but the earlier call had been to deliver triplets to a Mrs. Young whom Mother & Daddy knew. It was popular at that time to give your 1st girl the mother's maiden name; thus I was named Ophelia Sharpe.

I was considered a precocious child. I walked early, talked early and because Mother & Daddy were aware of this, they wanted me to have every advantage they could afford. Since we lived in town, I watched the children walk to school by my house, and cried every morning to go too. Finally they decided I could go to kindergarten. A block from our house Miss Kate Mays held a kindergarten in her house. Each day Mother would walk with me to school and I was happy with Miss Mays and thought her very pretty.

In the summer following, we moved to the "Country." (1927) That fall I began 1st grade in public school at Linwood. Because I had been to kindergarten and because I loved books so much I quickly was ahead of the other children and got the reputation as the smartest pupil in class and that reputation followed me all thru high school. I graduated valedictorian and seldom had a report card grade except A.

The county schools had academic contests every spring. I represented my school in oral reading all thru elementary school and won 1st place every year. In the spring the high school students in the school had a recitation contest. The winner was given a gold medal. Mother had won the contest at Linwood in 1916 so she knew I could win too. In the 8th grade 1934 the 1st year I was eligible. Mother got me a recitation named Joe Conner's Son. She coached me, made me a beautiful blue organdy dress, with ruffles all the way from the waist to the floor. The other girls were in the 9th, 10th 11th grade no 12th grade then and I was the winner. I don't know who was happier me or mother and dad.

According to history the 20's were relatively speaking good years economically. My family did well. Daddy began his career as a mechanic with Woodrow McKay Ford Motor Co. He first worked on Model T's and quickly gained a reputation as an A #1 mechanic. Mother was happy at home as a housewife tending her children by 1925, two girls and a boy. We all 3 felt loved and nurtured and we never lacked self-esteem. So far as we children knew the great depression never hit us. Daddy was never out of work so he always could buy our school supplies. Mother was such a seamstress and creative dress designer that Ina & I had the prettiest dresses in school and those were the only needs we had.

I do remember in the middle 30's when Roosevelt became pres. Of people talking about people working on the W.P.A. and how those programs Roosevelt started putting people back to work and bringing electricity and paved roads to country communities like ours. In 1938 when I graduated from H.S. everything was beginning to improve economically.

Even so, Daddy didn't feel he had cash to spare to send me to college. He & Mother heard about Pfeiffer Jr. College thru the church. Pfeiffer was a school run by the Meth. at Misenheimer N.C. and anybody could go

there if they were willing to work to help pay their way. Of course, I was willing to work and in the fall of 1938 I was enrolled as a freshman at Pfeiffer. Thus began some of the happiest years of my life. I continued my good grades and made straight A's and was always on the A honor roll, was in the "Order of the Sundial", honor society, the chorus, the associate editor of the "Torch" school newspaper both years and on the all-star intramural teams—soccer & ping pong.

When I graduated in 1940 I was sad to leave. The sad thing about my college class was that nearly all the boys were drafted into the WW II and many of them never returned. Of the ones who did return there were preachers, dist superintendents, doctors, school superintendents, outstanding citizens in community and political activities. The girls who graduated from Pfeiffer had outstanding careers as well. Pfeiffer molded character as well as educated its students.

In the 40's life changed. Our quiet peaceful, pastoral, Piedmont area of N.C. became part of the war effort of the U.S. after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, many mothers who had never worked in Public had to take over jobs men left to go to war. I had entered Catawba College. The young men were practically all gone to war. The men's dorms, many classrooms, and the campus grounds were filled with trainees from the U. S. air force. All colleges in the U. S. were filled with officer-trainees from some branch of the armed forces. All the movies in town were about war, all songs were pertaining to war. Dr. Braun, physics teacher at Catawba, worked in some projects with the war dept. He had students of the college on top of the building watching for UFO's. (unidentified flying objects). We never saw any but we had fun looking for them at night. Our dean of women had the girls meet in groups at her house to knit. The U.S. was not yet in war but she called it "knitting for Britain." She got yarn from the red cross and we knit sweaters that were sent to England. I learned to knit at that time and since then have spent hours knitting sweaters for the men, women, babies in our family as well as argyle socks, gloves, toboggans, afghans and any other item that could be knit. I really became an expert knitter.

My roommate, Joan Sink and I decided to speed up our graduation at Catawba so we went to summer school and graduated in the winter of 1943. We intended to apply for a lieutenant's commission in the army which was available to college graduates men & women. I had finished with a cum laude degree and there was such a demand for teachers because the war had taken so much of the school personnel that our advisor at Catawba persuaded Joan and I to accept jobs with Albemarle city schools in Jan. 1943. Lucky for me that I went there but that story will come later. I liked Albemarle, loved teaching and the people there. Joan hated teaching so she left.

After Joan left Albemarle I took a room with a fellow teacher, Fay Holt, who taught girls P.E. and coached girls basketball. We had a room with Molly Wolf, a Jewish lady. We dearly loved her and she loved us. Her husband was a merchant in Mt Gilead about 12 miles away but he stayed there all week and came home on week ends. She charged us \$11 each a month room rent. Don't laugh teachers only made \$96 a month at that time during the war it was raised to \$98. We bought a meal ticket at the only restaurant in town, a block from our house, for \$5.00 a week. Molly Wolf had us eat many times with her. The man & wife who owned the restaurant were our friends and we enjoyed them at meal time. Another friend who helped us out was Mrs. Milton & her husband. She was the choir director at the Presbyterian church we attended. Fay and I both were good singers so a good addition to her choir. She had us for dinner every Sunday & she & Mr. Milton became like family. He had a car and most Sun. afternoons we would go riding somewhere sometime even to the mountains. Most Sun. nights Mrs. Milton invited about 12 adults all older than Fay & I to her house and we would have questions & answer sessions. Some like trivia questions of today. The people she asked were the "society" crowd in Albemarle like the owner of the Ford Motor Co. there and his wife, Fay's boyfriend, salesmen for Mr. Wolf who owned the Ford place, knowledgeable people who had been to college. Fay & I could hold our own with them. We had a lot of fun. Our pastor & his wife were Mr. & Mrs. Watts who were our special friends.

At school Fay & I were special teachers because we took part in the school activities. I went to all the basketball games as her scorekeeper. Another couple from the church was Paul & Willie Fry. He was organist at the church and music director at school. Willie was Eng. Teacher. Paul had his chorus do musicals every year. He really knew how to get the kids to sing and he liked Fay and I to come to the

rehearsals to give him suggestions on the costumes, acting etc. He did an especially good one that Fay & I helped a lot with that was a "Gay Nineties Review." The whole town bragged on that one.

One story the kids at school told on me as long as I taught happened the first year I taught. I was little about 5' high and weighed barely 98 lbs so I looked as young as the kids. One night as we were going into a basketball game. The girls said Miss Berrier we dare you to go in as a student. I said OK let me in the middle of you. When I got to the gatekeeper he said "student?" I said "yes". He let me in and the girls behind me giggled. After I was in he said, "she wasn't a student was she?" I think they told him I was a teacher but he went along with the story anyway.

My teaching position was 8th grade math. I had been certified in Eng. but the state was adding a 12th grade to high school and the extra grade was being placed in between the Jr. High & High school as the 8th grade. So I was given all the 8th grade math classes in that school. It was that year that I learned to enjoy teaching math better than I ever enjoyed Eng. and I taught math for at least 20 of my next teaching years.

So much went on in the 40's it seems like a decade much longer than 10 years. With the allies already in Europe at war many commodities were in short supply so our gov't began to issue ration stamp books for sugar, meat etc. and gas and whatever the armed forces would need. Schools were set up to distribute these and teachers were the dispensers. Kids were let out of school in afternoons to free teachers to do that. I've often wished I had kept at least one ration book as a souvenir but I didn't. I remember especially d. day June 6 1944 when the allies invaded Europe. It was an emotional time in the states. Churches were opened for prayer and people went in day and night to pray.

To those of us living at the time it seemed as if the time from Dec. 1941 til Aug. 1945 was a life time.

These are events and incidents I remember. Luther was called into the air force as a navigator, stationed in England, and sent on bombing raids over German munition plants, Daddy went to work in the Martin Bomber plant in Baltimore making B-17's. One of my classmates at Catawba was in Gen. Jimmy Doolittle's squadron that bombed Tokyo. Another classmate, a girl, ferried bombers from plants in Marietta and Baltimore where they were made to the West Coast for use in Asia.

We could get no nylon stockings for nylon was being used to make parachutes. Lucky Strike changed the color of their cigarette packs to white and whether you smoked or not you knew the slogan "Lucky Strike green has gone to war." School children brought their change to school to buy war stamps. Our beloved Franklin Roosevelt died at his vacation home in Warm Springs, Ga. As the train took his body to N. Y. for burial crowds lined the railroad all the way.

Harry Truman, the V.P. became President. Eastern N. C. was filled with army camps and in towns like Albemarle every week end soldiers swarmed into town to go to the USO's for entertainment. All of the auxiliaries held programs at the various civic halls. Girls like Fay & I would go there and drink coffee & soft drinks, eat donuts & cookies and listen or dance to the "juke" box. Sometimes Ft Bragg & Camp McCall would send army trucks to the towns to bring the girls to dances at the camps. All of these events were highly supervised & chaperoned with very strict rules. Considering the times these events were fun.

Fay's boyfriend, George Stovall, was stationed in N. Africa with a quarter master corps under Colonel Tom Wolf, who had all gone from Albemarle early in the war. Fay wrote him every day and sent him cookies once a week. Some cookies got there some did not. Fay and I took two long bus trips during this time. One was to West Va. to visit Fay's brother & his wife. We visited a glass blowing factory there. The other one was to Charleston, S.C. to see the tourist sights in Charleston. Both trips were a lot of fun for us but everywhere buses, hotels, etc. were crowded with armed services personnel but we got along fine and had fun.

When the war was over in Europe, the Albemarle unit that George was in was sent to the States to a camp in the mid-west. Fay went out there as soon as George was settled and they were married. So I was again without a roommate. By that time Ina had graduated from Catawba. She went to Baltimore to marry Martin, whom she met at Pfeiffer. Daddy & Mother objected to her going off alone up there to marry but they let her

go anyway. Martin was still in service so she came back to Albemarle to teach and live with me still at Molly Wolf's. When the war in Europe ended, Truman decided to drop the atomic bomb on Japan. So 1 plane, the Enola Gay, went to Hiroshima dropped the bomb and got back safely with all its crew. What a celebration that was in the states and then the U. S. dropped a 2nd one on Nagasaki. The bombs were so horrible, Japan surrendered with that. After the way ended, Martin came home to live with Ina 'til the school year ended.

After that began the third part of my life in the 40's. The happy part. Many businesses were beginning full time operation again. One of those was A.T.&T. long lines who was laying coaxial cable for T.V. all the way from New York to Miami up & down the east coast. Cable crews were working and one of those crews was working in Albemarle. The telephone crews had their meals at the café where I began to eat when I first went to Albemarle. Ina & Martin ate there with me too. One night the 3 of us were eating in a booth at the wall. The telephone men came in and sat at the counter. Ina & Martin had teased me about "catching" a boy friend among the cable splicers. One young man looked over at us and Ina says to me "there is a cute one if he looks again, wink at him." So he looked and I winked but he didn't look again, so I thought the end. The next day when I was in the café for lunch, I left walking back to school and just as I got to the steps at the front of the school, the same young man pulled over to the curb in a car and asked, "Hey, teacher, you want a ride?" Since I was already at school, I stepped over to the car. Jack began to talk and made a date with me for that night. Thus began my relationship with Jack McClung and it lasted through 47 years of marriage. Ina & Martin left Albemarle that spring so Martin could go back to school on a plan offered to service men. I stayed in Albemarle. That summer the P.E. teacher who took Fay's place at school and I had become friends. She and her boy friend Keith Almond whose father owned a poultry farm and Jack & I double dated; our favorite thing to do was to go to Morrow Mountain to cook out. Keith could get us chicken any time & Jack could get steaks. The telephone co. had their store room in a room in Ketner's Grocery in Albemarle. Jack was the storeroom manager and Mr. Ketner would let Jack have steaks. Mr. Ketner was the same man who started Food Lion as Ketner's Stores. So the four of us had much fun cooking out and playing at Morrow Mtn. State Park. Also Jack had a Ga. Cousin, Jimmy Williams, working in Albemarle with A.T.&T. He was married so he and his wife spent a lot of time with Jack & me on Sunday afternoons or eating together. Pauline was a good cook and she and Jimmy liked me. They were the only members of his family I knew and Jack only knew Ina & Martin in mine. After about 2 mos. in Albemarle the cable crews were sent to Titusville, Fla. Jack and I were heartbroken that he had to go. Jimmy & Pauline were sent to Fort Lauderdale Fla. Jack promised to come back in the summer. Clara, my teacher friend and I got jobs at the girls camp in Hendersonville N.C. Camp Bear Walla. As soon as school was out we left Albemarle for camp. Jack came back a week after he left but when he went by home to get me I had already gone to camp. He picked up Luther, who was home from the war, and came for me. The camp director let me resign so I went back to Lexington & Jack & I married within the week and headed for Titusville. We did stop in Ga. to meet his parents.

At that time Titusville was a very small town. The splicers moved every time it was too far to drive to work. So in a few weeks we were back with Jimmy & Pauline in Ft. Lauderdale. From there to Marathon on the Keys we really seemed to be on a vacation. Pauline had to go home because she at that time was 8 mos pregnant. Jimmy's landlord was fishing boat captain, and one day he took us out deep sea fishing. Jimmy & Jack hoped to get a sailfish. We did not though a couple were sighted. I caught a big tuna. I've forgotten the weight, it was as long as I was and we also had a good catch of dolphin. Shortly thereafter we all moved to the Keys. Looked nothing like today. One grocery store, a fish camp, and a community Hall where community gatherings were held and Sunday morning church. I was the only one on the island who could play the piano, so I was the church pianist. Jack & I lived in our house trailer but the single telephone men and some who were married lived in huts. To get a hair cut the men had to go to Key West or Homestead. It was a desolate place but the fishing was fun_ and both the atlantic side & the gulf side of the island was pretty. The gulf side always was full of fancy yachts. Once we saw Robert Ripley's Believe it or Not yacht. We fished off the 7 mi bridge and always caught such eatable fish as red snapper and yellow tail.

One day Jimmy & Jack talked me into going with them to Bay Hundai bridge. There we walked on the cat walk under the bridge to the middle to sit on one of the bridge columns about 8 ft wide but I know not how high. I know the bridge was the highest on the keys and ocean going vessels could pass under it. The job the telephone co had was to replace the cable under the bridge. They hired a boat to patrol so if any men fell off they could be picked out of the water. The water was so clear we could look down and see big fish like

barracuda swimming under us. Jimmy kept telling me not to fall because if I did those fish would eat me before they could get me out. I was too scared to fish and I don't remember if they caught fish or not. It was an experience I haven't forgotten.

We left the Keys and lived all in Central Fla. around Kissimmee, St. Cloud and Orlando. From Orlando we moved to Frankfort, Ky. I had to drive our car, a new 1947 Mercury coupe, Jack had to drive a telephone truck. I have never driven much but after having driven from Fla. to Ky. through the Cumberland Mtns, I was a real pro and Jack trusted me to drive anywhere after that. In the next few months we lived in several towns in Ky. and several towns in the Mississippi Delta. Every town had it's own experiences and tales to tell. To us we liked living in Mississippi and Ky. though many people could not understand it because they had heard bad things about those states. Wrong. Those people were delightful to live with. In Ky we got to visit the beautiful horse farms and got to tour the Calumet Race Stables. Amazing pastures and stables. Durant, where we lived in Miss. was 80% black_in the heart of cotton fields, but we enjoyed Miss.! After that we were sent to Chester, S.C. In Chester Jack's boss' wife, Mary Lewis and I stayed together. We knit a lot, Mary was an expert knitter & taught me much. She wanted to find some antique soup tureens so we toured the antique shops and she found some beautiful ones. After all this traveling Jack decided to transfer from A.T.&T. to Southern Bell. He could get a good deal to do that so he transferred to Southern Bell in Columbia, S. C. for us to begin the 50's.

When we moved to Columbia we went to church at Washington Street (Methodist). It was a very old beautiful church and when it was built a balcony was built for the slaves to worship there with their masters. When the slaves were freed, they no longer worshipped there but the balcony stayed. The pastor at the time we went there was Dr. Wallace Friday a well known Methodist minister who was the author of many devotional books published by the Meth. Church. We also met at that church, a friend of mine from Pfeiffer. We visited her and her husband many times, Jennie Mae and LeRoy Curtis. They had no children like us. Jack's sister & her husband lived in West Columbia at that time so we decided to look for a house to buy in W. Columbia.

We found a realtor in W. Columbia who was handling new houses for a developer building small (5 room) houses in the Guignard estates. Most of the buyers on the street he showed us were Veterans getting G. I. loans for their 1st house. We chose a house at 1226 G. Ave. It was selling for \$11000. Both Jack's parents and mine advised us to wait until houses came down that that was too high a price. With Jack's G. I. loan we could handle the price easily. So we bought. Houses haven't quit going up yet!

Since the buyers on our street were Veterans who had married during the war or shortly after we had neighbors from several states. Utah, Maine, Ga., N. C. Conn. and a few from other towns in S. C. We quickly came a neighbors, getting together for cook-outs and ice cream socials. Since Jack & I had been living in rented apt's and hotels since we married, we had no furniture. When our house was ready we bought 5 rooms of new furniture. The salesman said "new house, new furniture, new wife? Jack answered "No, same wife." We had been frugal with our money so we could pay for our furniture. We had bought a new 1947 Mercury coupe before we left Fla. so we had no debt except our house, and in a short time we paid that off as well. Many months we made 2 payments. All extra payments were taken off the principal so that made the loan go off fast. Our closest friends were the Moyes next door and the Swetts across the street. They remain my good friends. Only Jack & Rodney Sweet have died and the Moyes come by to see me some. But Miriam Swett is in bad health and can't travel.

Ben Moyer was the football coach for the Brookland-Cayce High School so every Fri. night the Moyes, the Swetts and the McClungs would all go to the football game. Every Fri. Ann, Miriam or I would make a fresh coconut cake and after the game we would go to one of our 3 houses, drink coffee, eat cake and hear Ben's report of the game we had just seen.

Jack & I went to Brookland Meth. Church where we made some more new friends. The Rawls, the Kleckley's and our pastor & his wife George & Mary Baker. George & Mary remained our very close friends 'til they died in their late 80's both of them after Jack died.

Across the road from us George & Jo Pair lived. George was the elementary school principal of a country school out from West Columbia on Platt Springs Rd. He got after me to teach 3rd grade at his school. It was

in an old Plantation house. Must have had 10 rooms plus because we had 2 classes each grade 1 – 5 and every room had a wood stove for heat. Never have I seen such good teaching as went on in that old school building almost sitting in sight of the S. C. capitol building in Columbia. My certificate had expired but I could use it as an A certificate if I could take the Nat'l teacher exam and pass it with an A. I did that easily and began the school year for George as a 3rd grade teacher. It was easy to switch from Jr. High because I had heard Ina talk so much about teaching 1st grade that I copied her in many ways. There was 1 piano in the school and I asked George to put it in my room because no other teacher could play it. After I saw my students liked music I ordered some rhythm band instruments for them. Even tho they were older than most rhythm band students, they had never had any so they were eager to play. The gov't had built a trade school within walking distance of our school. The home ec teacher in that school was in our P.T.A. and the mother of one of my students. She wanted to have her students to make uniforms for the rhythm band. Since her school was operated by the gov't for Veterans she could get money to buy cloth for the uniforms. She did a super job to design & supervise making the capes & caps. How proud those little folks were!

Dr. Busbee was the State Supt. of Education. George was so proud of our school, he asked Busbee to come out & observe. Busbee brought the music supervisor with him. George brought them to my room. When they came in George asked the students "What does Mrs. McClung do that you like most?" With one breath the kids yelled "math." All the 3 visitors were astonished. Not to be out done however George had us play the rhythm band. Because George and I could talk school at home in our yards we decided to try some innovative things. We bought some reading machines for my class and that really helped the reading. Another thing, at the end of the year, I would be promoted with my class to the 4th grade. We had heard that would be beneficial for the kids to start in the 4th. We could scarcely believe the difference it made. They were ahead of the other 4th grade all year. Mr. Busbee was so impressed on his visit that he got a new modern school for Platt Springs Rd. The children were so happy about their new school and so were their parents. Before I leave the school I have to tell about the favorite food in that school cafeteria. The cooks were excellent. The schools at that time got surplus food from the gov't, one food was butter. With the butter we had a lunch of hot biscuits with molasses & butter. The biscuits were always delicious so I had butter biscuits for my lunch but the kids poured molasses in their plate & "sopped" butter biscuits with the molasses. Another favorite was what they called red rice which was rice covered with stewed tomatoes. It was a real treat for those students.

We were close friends to Jake & Margaret Rawl and Jake talked Jack into joining the Masonic Lodge. I got disgusted with that because it took so much of Jack's time. Jack kept trying to tell me how good an organization it was. Because it is such a secretive organization I was never quite convinced. I liked what Jack did with George Baker. They hunted and raised bird dogs (Pointers). In fact when George left Brookland & went to Manning S. C. as the pastor we visited them a lot so the men could hunt. Some of George's parishioners were Plantation owners and Jack had his first experiences hunting quail on horse back. Jack & George had dogs that would go with the best_ so that made them proud.

One morning Jack & his hunting partner a real "country boy" from West Columbia were having breakfast in a café noted for attracting hunters. A stranger came in and asked to sit with them. As they talked Jack & Wes invited him to go hunting with them which he did. He was Havilah Babcock they learned, a professor from U.S.C. Dr. Babcock is a writer and has a set of 5 or 6 books on quail hunting & some fishing. Jack managed to get a set of them for both Bill & Tom. I still have one called "quail hunting and such". Jack's favorite is "My Health is better in November". Dr. Babcock is dead now.

The most important thing that happened to us in the 50's was the birth of our boys Bill in 1955 and Tom in 1958. Jack and I had such fun with the Cutler boys, we got Ina & Martin to let Billy stay with us some. We liked that & we thought Billy did too. When Bill was born Mama 'Clung stayed with us to "take care of Jack" while I took care of the baby. In 1952 we saw our 1st T.V. program the Republican convention in Calif. to nominate Dwight Isenhower. The reception was so snowy you almost had to imagine the picture. The Whitfields one of our neighbors had a set. In the summer of 1953 I had mumps & Mama 'Clung came to stay with us. I had to stay in bed until all the swelling was gone, so Jack got a T.V. for Mama 'Clung and me to be entertained. He got an expensive set and the T.V. man installed it so we had very little snow. Of course it was black & white as were all sets. Our favorite show was an afternoon variety show featuring Tennessee Ernie Ford.

When Bill was born the S.S. class I taught (people our age) were so happy for us because we had been married 9 ½ yrs they showered us with presents. It was Christmas time so we gave many of the duplicate things to the Salvation Army for children who had nothing compared to us.

At that time Miriam had 2 little girls and the Moyes had twins, Paul & Cindy in March after Bill was born. With new babies our activities changed somewhat. The children played together in our fenced in yards. Ann was the principal of the nursing school at Baptist Hosp. in Columbia. Miriam and I stayed home and tended our babies. Then in 1958 Tom was born. Ina, bless her heart brought her 3 little boys and came to stay with us while I was in the hospital. The morning I came home from the hospital there were 8 little boys in our back yard_ the oldest was 10. Mama 'Clung came and stayed with us after Ina had to go home. The boys favorite play ground was the back yard. Jack always had bird dog puppies for them to play with. We brought a little bantam rooster from Daddy's that became Bill's special pet a sand box to drive trucks an bulldozers in and a swing set that Tom was a real acrobat on. He was more athletic than any child who played in our yard.

Daddy retired from the garage and almost had a nervous breakdown. Mother needed somebody to help her take care of him so Jack & I decided to move to N.C. Jack got a transfer to go to Sou Bell in Winston but we had to go by way of Kings Mountain, N.C. Living in Kings Mountain was so pleasant we were tempted to stay. Dr. & Mrs. Mauney rented us our house, a big nice country home next to them. They owned the textile mills in Kings Mts. Dr. Mauney was a vet who inspected the turkey farms in Monroe for the gov't. They offered to give us land on their farm to build a house if we would stay. They had a pond near our house they wanted us to build near. Next to our house was a pony pasture where they kept 2 ponies for their 2 teenage boys. Bill & Tom liked watching the ponies named Salt & Pepper. The Cutlers, Luther & Evelyn, and Mother & Daddy visited us there and John & Jennie got to come home & they visited too just before they had to go to Japan. John was in the Air Force & Charlotte was about 4 yrs old. The Cutler boys liked riding the ponies and Jane rode too. Bill got to go to a very good kindergarten in Kings Mtn.

In the late summer of '59 Jack was sent to Winston so we moved to Lexington, rented the "Brown house" about a mile from Daddy's while our hose was being built. With Bill & Tom to play with and watching our house "go up" Daddy improved quickly. In a while he was over his depression. Daddy gave us 3 acres of land on his Goose Creek farm. He promised it to any of us who would build there but Jack & I were the only ones who accepted his offer.

From June 27, 1946 when Jack and I were married, Dec. 8, 1955 when Bill was born July 30, 1958 when Tom was born until the boys left home we enjoyed the most peaceful, and happy years of life despite the turmoil that went on in the world around us. Jack and I had learned to trust in God, rely on our faith to see us through and we were active in our church and prayer life and George Baker taught us to tithe. We have relied on our faith in God to see us through the difficult days that followed in the 70's, 80's & 90's.

In the sixties & early 70's we had some interesting experiences though in the world around us there were civil rights struggles and also the Viet Nam war.

One summer we took the boys on vacation to Kitty Hawk to see the Wright Bros. museum and the memorial there. They we went to Ouiedo, Fa. to see Mama 'Clung who lived there now and visited Cape Canaveral to see the space rockets being readied for a trip to the moon. You were allowed to tour the launch pads and hangars for the rockets then. We got to see one of the rockets being pulled along the tracks from the hangar to the launch pad. What a huge thing it was! It was fascinating to see the flimsy Wright brothers airplane and the magnificent space rockets all in one summer vacation.

In those years Disney began building their big entertainment center. Ouiedo where Jack's mother lived was very close to Orlando so we toured over there when they were laying out the place and then went back to visit when it first was opened as Disney Land.

Another thing in the 60's we camped with Ina and Luther's families. Our favorite place to camp was Ponderosa Camp Ground at Myrtle Beach. We would get 3 sites together and when we got all our campers set up we practically had a "city." We entertained ourselves besides with the beach and sea-shelling by

playing cards, singing and Ina's boys usually had a sail boat. Our children were teenagers and had no trouble finding things to do.

In May 1961 we moved into our new house. With the money we had from the sale of our house in Columbia, we only owed \$4000_ not much of a debt. Mr. Brown, the county school superintendent, knew our family and got me to teach again because there were vacancies in our county. This time I went back to my 8th grade math at Linwood with Mr. Huss as principal. He had been my teacher. My room was across the hall from Mr. Huss' office. Bill was in the 1st grade and one day I heard his teacher come in the office and ask Mr. Huss if she could re-test Bill on an I.Q. test her class had just taken. Mr. Huss said to her, "Don't you worry about that boy, his family tests higher in IQ tests than any family ever in this school since we've been giving tests." I later learned that Bill and later Tom tested 140+ on their tests. Jack & I always said to Bill & Tom in encouraging them to do well, "You are smarter than the average Bear, you know" a quote from Yogi bear in their T.V. cartoons.

The schools began to consolidate all over the county so Linwood became part of Central Davidson Junior High. It was there Mr. Buck became my Principal and I again had a principal who was a personal friend. We pioneered a program called individualized instruction and our program at Central became a model for the whole county. Jack & Mr. Buck became very close friends. I was at one time president of the Davidson County Education Assoc. I didn't like that job because there was so much jealousy among teachers it was hard to get anything accomplished.

Outside of our family life the country was having to deal with Civil Rights, the assassination of Pres Kennedy, whose death affected the nation as deeply as Roosevelt's had done during the war. Then Martin L. King Jr and Robert Kennedy were assassinated. There was bickering & dissension by young people who refused to serve in the army to go to Viet Nam. The youth became so rebellious they refused to obey parents. The boys grew long hair, the girls & boys dressed like tramps, they began to use drugs, practice sexual promiscuity, live together in communes and were called hippies and flower children. Bad days! We were glad our boys were younger than most of these rebels.

.In the latter 60's mother was sick. She got knocked down by an old Ram on the farm and he broke her knee which never quite healed and then later she had stroke. She was paralyzed after that until she died and her mind was bad. Daddy took care of her at home and did a remarkable job. I had to go over at least twice a day to help him change her bed or whatever he might need me for. Those were difficult days. I was torn at times with whether to stay & do for my family or go help Daddy. Jack was so good to help me. He was coaching and helping the boys in little league games so he would go with the boys while I went to Daddy's. Those were the days when I learned 1st hand "that you do what you have to do, when you have to do it, whether you like it or not." Choices were difficult. We could always depend on Ina to come and stay some in the summer and on weekends but she was the only one to do that with us. The grandchildren never did understand why Grandmother called them Luther & John instead of Bill & Tom. Ina & I understood when she didn't call us right. She never misnamed Daddy nor Jack. One night I was helping Daddy change her bed and dress some of the sores on her deteriorating body. Luther came in about midnight to stay a while with Daddy and told me to go home. About the time I got home Luther called back to say Mother had died. What a difficult time that was for all of us. People would say to Daddy "Mr. Luther time heals all things." His answer was "but I don't think I have enough time for this to heal." Thus ended the 60's but little did we know what trouble still lay ahead for us. It was Jan 20, 1972 when Mother died some of the last of '69 and early '70 all seemed to blur together.

On Dec 31, 1970 Wanda & Bill married. There was so much ice that day only a few of the guests could come. The wedding was at Linwood Church and after the wedding there was too much ice to go where the reception had been planned. So the closest kin came to my house and Evelyn & her girls and Ina helped me put together food for a reception. Despite the ice outside we had fun & warmth inside.

In the early '70 the boys were getting up into High School. Mr. Buck wanted us to take our individualized instruction to High School so I moved with him as Eng. teacher. Really I was to use my reading machines to teach the students who were far behind in reading. As 10th or 11th graders reading on 5th & 6th grade level. With the elementary grade methods that I used and with books on low level-high interest, it was amazing at

the progress some of them made. Bill graduated in 1974 and started at N.C. State. In 1975 Jack had his first heart attack. That was the first real set back we had had since we married. Jack had been transferred from W.S. to Salisbury and his Dr. Newman, who was a Catawba graduate, took real good care of him but the telephone co. told him he would have to take retirement. Tom graduated in 1976 and Jack & I wondered how we would keep both boys in college. I kept teaching, the boys both got good jobs, Jack got good retirement pay and social security pay for the boys as long as they stayed in college. So we managed better than we ever expected. We said, "God looked after us," and He did.

Sometime in those middle 70's, Daddy fell and broke his hip, after he left the hospital he went to Raleigh for rehabilitation and to make his home with the Cutlers. He would come home and stay with us in the summer and when school would begin, He would go back to Ina's. His eyes began to fail and he eventually became completely blind. Since he could no longer read Ina got him earphones to listen to his own private radio programs and got him books on tapes from the library to "read" and that's how he passed the time. In all those years he was so agreeable never quarreling with what Ina & I did for him. Martin & Jack helped us by helping him dress & shaving him.

Bill graduated with his engineering degree from N.C. State and got a job with Amoco Oil Co in West Texas. The oil industry was booming and they hired engineers and trained them to be petroleum engineers, which they did with Bill. They sent him to Andrews, Tex. near the New Mexico border, an oil rich little town filled with Mexicans. Jack & I visited him there and were excited to see that part of the country. We liked that desert area and were fascinated by the new to us, wild life there. Prairie dogs, road runners, blue quail, etc. and tumble weeds & cactus like we had never seen. Bill took us through the oil industry historical museums & told us about the operations. He worked in the fields with the drillers. After he got settled he began to think about marrying his college sweetheart Elizabeth Langhans, which he did in Aug. 1980. Her father was a Professor at Cornell Univ. so Tom, Barbara Bynum, Barbara Cutler, Jack and I all went to Ithaca for the wedding. Our trips up & back were delightful because we were seeing parts of the country new to us Southerners. The Langhans were gracious hostesses, the wedding in the Cornell Chapel was beautiful and we all had an enjoyable experience.

In June 1981, we all went to Judy & Tom Meltons wedding in Raleigh and in Sept 1981 Tom & Barbara Bynum were married in Mt. Holly, so the whole family was together again for a joyous occasion. All the weddings were beautiful and in that short time, our N.C. State graduates were married. All 6 of them had been together in college and had fun at each others weddings.

Tom took a job with Ralston Purina in Raleigh & was soon transferred to their plant in Ill. When they married Barbara left her meat inspecting job in Clinton N.C. to move with Tom. Jack & I helped drive a U haul to take her things to Ill. Tom Melton decided to go to the U. of Illinois to work on his Master degree so again Judy & Tom Mc and their spouses were close to one another.

In June 1983 I retired from 30 yrs teaching and Daddy was living with us. One evening Jack & I left him at home to go bream fishing at Fitz's pond. Daddy assured us he would listen to his radio & be fine. In about 30 min, we had a big string of bream. So we rushed home to show Daddy our fish. In the short time we were gone, Daddy had quietly died in his recliner listening to his radio. The funeral was at Linwood and he was buried by mother in the cemetery there. A new preacher, Don Noblitt had been at our church 2 days when he had to conduct the funeral of one of the most revered members of our church. He did a remarkable job and I recall he said at the service "I didn't know your father, but I know the greatest thing he left you are memories and they will remain with you to sustain you the rest of your life." How true! Daddy's grandsons were his pallbearers and he loved them so, he would have been proud.

Again my life changed. With Jack and I both retired, all our parents dead, we were free to travel. With the boys both far away. One time we went from Ill. thru Okla. to Odessa Tx where Bill now lived. Sightseeing all the way. Later Bill moved to Houston and lived near the Wild Geese fly way. Jack & Bill hunted geese every morning and always got some because there were thousands feeding there all the time. John was born in Oct. 1987 in Odessa so, of course, we went to see him. He looked as Liz said like a "clone" of Bill.

After Tom & Barbara moved to Ill. Barbara took a job in health insurance with State Farm. In the middle 80's they offered to send her to Austin Tex as manager of their health ins department there. It was such a good opportunity Tom quit his job with Purina and they moved to Austin. In a few month they built a house in Georgetown Tx. Now with both boys in Texas we could see them both in one trip. In March 1988 Sarah was born. Now we had 2 grandchildren and Jack was pleased to have a little girl like he had wanted for a long time. As John and Sarah grew they were so nearly the same size, they looked like twins. One of the happiest experiences we had was the Sun. that John & Sarah were christened in the Meth. Church in Georgetown. They were so pretty and when the minister presented them to the congregation, they both smiled. They looked so sweet everybody oohed & aahed over them. Barbara & Tom had lunch at their house and we all had one of our most memorable times together.

Back home we had become close friends to the Noblitts. Since Jack retired he made wooden crafts in the workshop in the basement. He was quite good and I painted them for him. Ruth & Don got to helping us with them. Ruth would sell them. We were adding on to the church so the money we made we gave to the building fund and we made literally hundreds of dollars. We and the Noblitts got to making trips together using some of our craft money for expenses. We went to Charleston, Savannah, from Richmond Ova to Hazel, Ga on the Blue Ridge Parkway getting off along the way to visit craft shops and the like. Hazel, Ga was nothing but a craft town. We went to Glendale, N.C. to see the cheese factory and the paintings in the 2 little churches there that are significant because they are unique.

Then we had a really bad bump in the road. Jack's heart problems began to worsen and he had to have by-pass surgery. The boys came home to be with us during the surgery and a few days prior. Don & Ruth stayed with me almost all the time. The surgery went well but a few days after we came home, he had to go back to the hospital because the incision got infected. Then began a 3 mos stay at Baptist Hospital most of the time in intensive care. Dr. Wallenhapt, Jack's heart doctor made arrangements for me to have a room, like a hotel room, so I could stay at the hospital. I had been staying from 7:00 AM til 9: at night anyway. A lot of driving for me but I couldn't stay away. Don & Ruth were there the biggest part of every day and Ina came at one time and stayed with me in my room there because the room had 2 beds and it didn't cost us for her to stay. Jack's breastbone had to be removed and replaced with a muscle flap from his stomach. A rare surgery for that hospital. Dr. Wallenhapt asked if they could make a video of the procedure and let interns watch so they could use it in the school of medicine. The doctors and heart nurses liked Jack so much because he was so agreeable and loving patient. We became like family to them and they to us. Some of the nurses still keep in touch with me after all these years and came to the wake for Jack at the funeral home. Nobody ever got better hospital care than we did.

Jack finally got home, back to his woodworking and to his daily morning coffee club visits at Whitley's. The men there, Gene Whitley, Lamar Moore, Dale Tysinger and Bob Timberlake really helped him recuperate. They would come by to get him to go with them on short day trips. Especially Bob and Lamar because they always had places to go. That is when our family became close friends of the Timberlakes. I began making fried pies for them to take on their trips. Those pies got to be such a favorite that I still am making fried pies on occasion for them.

In 1989 the Dr. found that Jack had prostate cancer. He had surgery and the Dr. told him he was clear of the cancer, but that psychologically defeated Jack for the first time during all those years of heart problems. "He kept saying cancer kills you." Our last Christmas, 1989, Jack was too sick for us to visit the boys. On New Year's eve he had so much heart pain we had to leave home about 11:00 for the hospital. Dr. Agner in Salisbury, who had treated him during his first attack in 1972 determined he had an annuerism that they couldn't treat. So he called Dr. Wallenhapt at Baptist to me the air ambulance so he was transported by helicopter. Don & Ruth were with me in Salisbury so they drove me to Winston and stayed til the boys came. The doctors in Salisbury called the boys so both Bill & Tom and their families came as quickly as they could. I knew Jack couldn't live so I prayed he would be alive when the boys came and God answered our prayer. Bill came about 20 min. ahead of Tom and Jack was awake recognized Bill & said a few words to him. He was asleep when Tom came and I said Tom you must wake him up. Reluctantly Tom did but Jack recognized him and said, "Son you did come." To this day Tom is glad I insisted he wake his Daddy. I guess Jack was just waiting to see Tom because shortly after that he died. Dr. Wallenhapt and the nurses that night were so kind and comforting. Jack's eyes were put in the eye bank but we never knew who got to use them.

For the next few days our house overflowed with friends & family from 3 states. On the day of the funeral our church and neighbors supplied enough food to feed that multitude at my house before they had to leave. The memorials poured into the church. Don & our church treas. were amazed at the amount. Many of the memorials for \$50 or more. Enough to put a covering over our stained glass windows at the church.

Thus in 1991 I had to begin life without the dear loving husband I had had for 45 years. The '90s have been mostly sad & you don't remember sad things very well. In Apr. of '91 Tom & Barbara's little Charlie was born, so I went to Texas to stay with them for a while. Charlie was such a sweetheart and he loved to be rocked and sung to by his Grandma. Sarah was a big little girl now and would talk and play with me. In May 1992 Sam was born in Houston so I went there to stay with them a bit. Now I had 4 darling grandchildren and the 2 new babies helped the hurt I felt from the loss of Jack.

Bill's job changed now, Amoco sent him to Bolivia in S.A. So of course he moved his family with him. The first place they lived was La Paz in the Andes mountains. I visited them there and the sightseeing trips they amazed me. The culture there was different from ours, but the people were kind and I came back home satisfied they would be safe there. Then they had to move to Santa Cruz Bolivia. The Christmas of that year '97 I believe Tom and his family & I all went down so we could have Christmas together and what a wonderful time we had. Bill & Liz had maids, a gardner, a driver and a big house. They were perfect hosts and took us to see amazing things in Santa Cruz. A trip to the zoo with the S.A. animals & birds, a day trip to the rain forests and eating at exotic S.A. restaurants. Christmas of '98_ Tom's Abbott company had transferred him from Texas to California. Morgan Hill near San Francisco. So we all had a good Christmas with them. Bill & Liz had to divide their time to spend some days with the Langhans at Liz's brothers. I stayed on and Tom & Barbara showed me that part of California. Again people & culture & country-side I had never seen before. I am lucky to have children who are so good to me.

The most imp. purchase I made since Jack died is a home computer. The best toy since I got my organ.

In 1999 I began to have the first health problems since Jack died. I had to have hip replacement surgery, which took a year of recuperation. Now I have macular degeneration in my eyes and am slowly losing my vision. I have wonderful nieces and nephews who help take care of me since my children can't come home often. Billy & Johnny always check on me and take care of what I can't do for myself. How wonderfully I have been blessed. I still live alone and with some hired help I do very well. It is reasonable to believe that I have more years behind than I do ahead of me. But I like to think my life has been worth something to those with whom I have come in contact along with way and that I have been faithful in serving God. As Tom Brokaw termed us in his book by the same name, I have been part of The Greatest Generation and now I look forward to the time I might be privileged to live in the 21st century and to marvel at the technical knowledge of this generation.

Laura, this event I absolutely should not have left out.....it was the greatest thing we had ever seen.

In 1969 when the moon landing was to take place we were scheduled to be at Carolina Beach camping. We wanted our boys to see it on T.V. so badly, Jack bought a battery-powered portable 14" T.V. to take with us. At the time of the scheduled launch everybody in our area came to our camper to watch. We had the only T.V. We were all spellbound when the launch began and when it landed we were so amazed we all were silent 'til Neil Armstrong spoke. "One small step for man one giant leap for mankind." Then we began to discuss what we had seen. One or two people remarked that they thought the gov't had faked the T.V. picture. But most of us were so proud that our country had been the first to land on the moon that we dismissed such nonsense. Little did we realize that what we had witnessed that night at our camp site was the beginning of even greater space exploration.