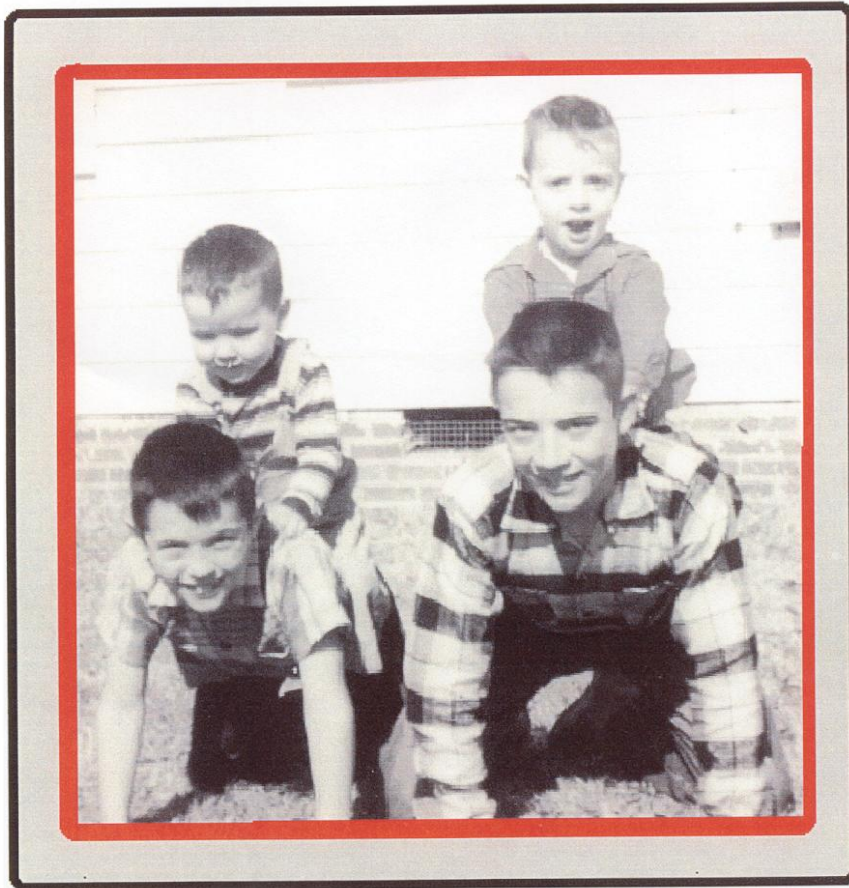


LATER-----YEARS
1943-----1963



REMEMBERING

Years 1943-1963



After writing the book "Early Years" which covered the first twenty years of my life, I decided to write about the next twenty years of my life. Thankfully there are no mysteries surrounding these years, no hidden secrets like you found in "Early Years".

This book covers the years that we were blessed with four beautiful boys. Years that are certainly precious to me. Good years to remember!

Osa Ann Corkill Moore

Years 1943-----1963

Since I wrote the story "Early Years" I have purchased a scanner so please allow me to go back into the last pages of that story and insert a few photographs.



Charles Fred was three weeks old when this picture was made. F.H. had asked for a picture, so Hettie and I took our two babies to Olan Mills Studio in Conway Arkansas and had pictures made. It was very hot that day and of course at that time there was no air-conditioning in either houses or cars. In fact at that time I had never heard of such a luxury and would not have dreamed that some day I would have the convenience of a cool house in the hot summer. On our way home from Conway we had a flat tire and had to pull to the side of the road and change the tire. We were glad that as a part of wartime training, women were taught how to change a tire.

Mother Moore came when Charles was a few days old and spent the day with us. Traveling was not easy, as I have mentioned before. Car travel was limited to absolute necessity so travel was by bus or train. Mother Moore walked about a half mile to catch the bus in Pottsville then Hettie did use some of her rationed gasoline and picked her up at the bus station in Morrilton.



It was later in the summer that I saw Mama and Nida for the last time. We answered a knock on the door to find Nida standing there. After introducing herself to us, she spent the afternoon with us and we snapped this picture. Nida was eleven years old at that time and a beautiful little girl. I realized that she was a few months older than I was at the time we were scattered as a family. I thought she seemed much younger than I had felt that dreadful day a little over nine years ago.



Mama came by later that afternoon and picked up Nida and tried to persuade Maxine to go with them. In spite of the promises of many good things offered to Maxine, she had no thought of going and we sisters did not want her to go. As they walked away, I felt a sense of guilt that I did not feel sad to see them leave. There was sadness because I did not feel the love for mom that a

daughter should feel for her mom. I loved her once and was so torn apart when I lost her. She at that time was the love of my life and I lived for the day when she would come back into my life. But those feelings were gone and I could not be excited about seeing her again. I suppose the feeling was mutual because I don't remember that she was overwhelmed to see the four of us. I have wondered how she knew where we were and I think that she must have gone to great lengths to find us. She said she was visiting friends who lived close by us, but I never knew who they were.

I must say again that I never blamed Mom for what happened and I was never angry with her for leaving us. I know that what she did could have happened to anyone in her situation. I appreciate the good mom that she was when we were little children and that was an important time in our lives. There are times now that I find myself wondering about her. Is she still living? The last time we ask her sisters about her---they had lost all contact with her and knew no more than we do. I do wonder about Nida---where is she? Does she ever wonder about us?

Recently when Maxine and Louise were here (May 1997) Maxine told us that she had heard that before Mama and Dad married, Mom had planned to marry someone else but he jilted her and Dad feeling sorry for her, married her. Maxine would be the one who would have gotten that information since she, while still with Maybelle and Riley, lived for a short time in Cleveland Arkansas where Uncle Edward lived. Uncle Edward was Mama's brother and he would have known the story. Of course there would have been talk about our plight in Cleveland as well as in Morrilton and Center Ridge. This would certainly add more light on the marriage, which was probably a marriage of desperation for her and maybe also for Dad. That would also add another reason why Aunt Betty objected to the marriage and blamed Mama for it.



Charles was five months old when this picture was made in a studio in Russellville, Arkansas. This is the picture that Louise found in one of her magazines in 1964. She saved it for me to see and confirm that it was this picture. We agreed that it was this picture and then failed to save the magazine. This also is one of the pictures that F.H. carried with him throughout the war.

There were many changes made to help the war effort and one was to freeze everyone at jobs that were considered to be vital to the war effort. Hettie being a Public Health Nurse fit in that category. So in June of 1944, in order to avoid being frozen at her job, Hettie resigned and moved to Tuscaloosa Alabama to teach nursing at Stillman Institute of Nursing. I moved with her to take care of Margaret while she worked. Since the car was no longer vital to her work, Hettie sold it and our transportation was now by city bus.

We rented an apartment across the street from the nursing school, which was convenient for Hettie's work. Tuscaloosa had a good city bus service so we used it to do our shopping and any other transportation we needed.

I bought my first bicycle and used it to transport me and sometimes Charles Fred. While Louise was there that summer, she helped with the care of Charles and Margaret and I enrolled at the University of Alabama for the two summer semesters.



Hettie and I took advantage of the activities at the University of Alabama especially the music. We bought season tickets to the Symphony Orchestra performances and took Charles and Margaret with us each time. Charles loved the music and was willing to sit long hours and listen. Since he loved music as he did I searched for a record player for him but there were none in the stores. While browsing around in a junk store I found this one for \$20.00. Charles really enjoyed the music from it.

We lived in a large two-story house that was divided into two apartments. We occupied the downstairs and Ruth See occupied the upstairs. Ruth adored Charles and he loved her. We all attended a large Presbyterian Church and Ruth and I sang in a large choir for a Christmas Contada. I have always enjoyed singing in a choir at whatever church I am associated with.

Charles took his first steps when he was eleven months old. I can't remember the exact first steps of the other babies but this one was easy to remember because of the way it happened. Louise and I were walking along a dirt path near the house leading Charles by both hands when he spotted a cow grazing in a field close by. He turned loose of both of our hands and started walking toward the cow laughing as he walked. Louise and I stood amazed since he had neither taken a step, nor stood alone at that time. He stumbled many times after that but he had taken his first steps.

The war news talked about D-Day that was to come soon. We did not know what it was so we waited anxiously and nervously to find out. We would learn later that it was the beginning of the invasion of Normandy by crossing the English Channel. It was June 6th 1944 when a force of 3,000,000 men began this invasion called *operation overlord*. We were told only of the success of this invasion. It was not until the 50th anniversary that we learned just how devastating it was for both sides, but it was the turning point of the war in Europe.

Every chance I could find I went to a movie, I went not only to see the movie, but also to see the war newsreels. All the news was good news-----as the focus was on the battles won. I always came away from the movie feeling confident that the war would be won and I felt proud to have a husband who was taking part in the winning of it. I was proud

also to feel that I had a part in it with the help that we were called on to do on the Home Front.

As the war raged on it became harder to find the necessities of every day living. If we adults spent our two (per year) shoe ration stamps wisely we could keep shoes on our feet, but for the babies growing feet it posed a problem. We soon solved the problem by cutting the toes out of the shoes when their toes reached the end of the shoe. With little meat to be found, soybeans were introduced in our diet. We tried several ways to prepare them but never really liked the taste of them. Since then the soybean taste seems to have been hidden in foods containing soybeans. Along with the shoe ration stamps we were issued ration stamps for sugar, coffee, meat and flour. We soon learned that we would need to drink tea without sugar, which was hard at first, but when the war was over and sugar was on the shelves of the grocery stores again we continued to drink unsweetened tea.

It was nearing time for school to start and Maxine decided to go back to Pottsville and live with Mother Moore and go to school there. It was a good arrangement for both of them. I think Mother Moore was the grandmother that Maxine had never had. Maxine loved school, was a good student and played basketball on the Pottsville team. I might add that she was a good basketball player. She was fourteen years old at that time and would soon blossom into a beautiful young girl with a figure that as the saying goes "you would die for". Chalmers called her "peanut" because of her tiny waist with a just right size top and bottom.

There were very few toys on the shelves at Christmas time and the few that were there were bought almost before they were set on the shelves. One day Hettie, happen to be in the store when they were unpacking some stuffed toy elephants and she persuaded the clerk to sell her two of them, one for Margaret and one for Charles. This was the only gift they received and we were glad to get them.

It was at that house that I had a frightening experience. I was taking care of the two babies one night while Hettie and Ruth were gone. I had both the babies in the bathtub when I realized that someone was trying to break into the house through one of the front doors. I was alerted of this by the frantic barking and growling of my little dog. I walked into the bedroom to find the shade had been knocked off of the window ---I suppose by the frantic actions of my little dog. I saw the doorknob slowly turning and when I asked who was there, I could hear the low mumble of a man as he tried to open the door. I tried to keep from panicking while I picked up both the little naked babies and started toward the other front door hoping to outrun him. As I cautiously looked to see where he was, I heard him breaking in the back door. I ran out the door with a baby under each arm and went to the neighbor close by. While the lady of the house watched the two babies her husband went back with me to get clothes for the babies and to see if the man had come into the house. It was easy to see that he had broken into the house and left his trail as he went. He had gone into the bathroom and picked up my gold chain and locket that F.H. had given me for graduation and gone on through the house leaving all the doors open. He was caught soon after that while trying to break into the girl's dormitory close by. I



surely did hate to lose my gold chain and locket because it was very valuable to me, but I was glad to get away with my two babies. I was thankful for my little barking dog. To add to the trauma of that night, the neighbor man was a "dirty old man" who made a pass at me on the way back to his house with the baby's clothes. Needless to say that was not one of my better days.

F.H. and I wrote to each other each day. All letters were censored so as not to give away any military secrets but I did know that he was in New Guinea and he sent some pictures of himself and the area where he was. He asked for a picture of Charles and me each month but since I did not have a camera and could not purchase one, I fell short of that but I did have many pictures made at the studio. The camera was one of the many items that were unavailable during the war.



Thanksgiving 1944 was a memorable experience for me and I am sure for Mother Moore. Since Hettie had a few days off from work and could take full care of Nina Margaret, I took Charles and went to Pottsville for the Holidays. We had this picture made just before boarding the train for our trip. Pottsville being a small town was a flag-stop for trains. They stopped only if they had a passenger to either drop off or pick up. Charles and I got off the train and started walking the distance to Mother Moore's house with me carrying the luggage and leading little seventeen months Charles. To my surprise I looked up to see Mother Moore walking toward us humming as she came. She had heard the train stop and started walking toward the train depot hoping it was Charles and

me. It was a good visit not only with Mother Moore but also Louise, Maxine and Margaret Moore.



We were in Tuscaloosa only one year when we moved back to Pottsville. Dad Moore had gotten worse and was too much for Mother Moore to take care of by herself. Hettie took a job teaching First Grade at Pottsville so she could help care for her dad. Since Mother Moore could take over the care of Nina Margaret during the day, Margaret Moore "Meemie" and I rented a Student apartment at St. Teachers College in Conway, Arkansas and went to school the two summer semesters. We arranged out schedule so we could care for Charles except for a few times when I needed a baby sitter. Being on the campus it was easy to find a baby

sitter. Our transportation was my bicycle, sometimes with Charles in the bicycle basket. I enjoyed that summer-----I loved the feel of being a college student.

The war in Europe ended May 7th 1945 and we would start hearing reports of the findings left behind Hitler's path of terror and destruction. We were horrified at the pictures of the emancipated bodies of few who survived the concentration camps and the worse still the pictures of the bodies of those who were killed, we were told four million Jews had been murdered. Indeed Hitler was a monster.

Now the concentration would turn to the war, which was still raging in the Pacific. With the end of the fighting in Europe we felt sure that the war in the Pacific would end in a victory, and we hoped that would be soon. We were now hearing news of the Kamikaze pilots as they went on their suicide missions diving into our ships. We wondered how many more would be killed before the Japanese surrendered. That day came August 6th 1945 when the Atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. As we heard of this mighty bomb that had ended the war we were elated. We did not realize until later years that the enormity of such a discovery would cause us to live in the shadow of fear of it for the remainder of time.



We were back in Pottsville for Charles' second birthday and we celebrated with cake and ice cream. Margaret Moore made this picture on Grandmother's front lawn. Nina Margaret is waiting patiently for the cake to be served. You can see the ARP Presbyterian Church in the background. Both Charles and Bruce were christened in that

church. Sadly the church burned several years ago and probably all of the records with it.

I was with Chalmers and Kaye when the news came that the war was over. I had gone to help Kaye when Sandra was born. While I was there Dad Moore died. I stayed with Kaye while Chalmers went to the funeral and then knowing that F.H. would be coming home soon, I went to Pottsville to await his return.

All mail to and from the soldiers stopped at this point as they were beginning the process of bringing them home. To find out when F.H. would arrive in the States we watched the newspaper listing each day of each ship coming in and the list of the soldiers on it. Finally after many weeks we saw F.H. listed on a ship that was to embark in Seattle Washington. Now it was time to wait for him to contact us after his arrival.

Pottsville's telephone exchange was a small switchboard in the home of Mrs. Choate. The talk was that she listened to all telephone conversations, which actually were few. When F.H. called she came and ask me to go down to her house and take the message-----she did listen. He was on his way to Ft. Smith, Arkansas and he asked me to meet him there.

YEAR 1946



F.H. Osa and Charles Easter Sunday 1946--Pottsville, Arkansas



F.H. with Charles on the mower



FH & Osa



Grandmother Moore



Osa & Charles



Fishing on Nimrod Lake

He was not surprised when I told him that his dad had died since we had our last letter exchange.

I went by bus to Ft. Smith to meet him November 1945 two years and seven months since we had said good bye. I stood with many other wives and loved ones watching as the soldiers got off the train. The scene was a different one from the one we had watched them leave. They had left well groomed with fresh hair cut, polished brass, polished shoes, freshly pressed uniforms with their heads held high. Now they had the look of having been through a war with their wrinkled uniforms their unpolished shoes, unpolished brass and badly in need of a hair cut. Many showed signs of having been wounded or ill. F.H. had lost weight and showed signs of having had Dengue Fever and having taken much atibrine causing his skin to turn yellow. These were soldiers of the winning side I often wondered how the losers must have looked as they returned home. We spent one night in Ft. Smith and then went by bus to Pottsville.

It was past Charles' bedtime when we arrived but we took him out of bed to meet his dad. I am sure it was awkward for both of them, as we all sat and watched Charles sit on F.H.'s lap and Charles remembers that he passed out cough drops to all of us. Actually we all felt awkward. Charles was two and a half years old and had known Daddy only as the pictures I had shown him.

Having spent all of his time in the jungles of New Guinea F.H. was a bundle of nerves as he tried to readjust to civilization. It was not an easy time for any of us as we started the time of finding a new direction and getting our lives together. It was a time for not only F.H. and I to get reacquainted, but for F.H. to get acquainted with his two and half year old son. Charles who had been surrounded with women, who adored him, now had this man called "Daddy" who he had to work into his life. F.H. had not been around children and really did not know what to expect of a child. I had enjoyed Charles as mine and it was not easy for me to step aside at times. Louise had shared in the care and nurturing of Charles through his young life and she and I felt like he belonged to the two of us.



For five years our direction had been to win the war. We had been motivated by a call to duty and we were willing to endure what hardships we might have felt. There were Uncle Sam posters everywhere saying, "Uncle Sam needs you" which filled us with patriotism and kept us motivated with a zeal to rise to what ever we were asked to do. But now the war was over and "Uncle Sam" no longer needed us. We were young newly weds when our life was interrupted by the call to service but now we were faced with finding a new direction for our lives. We have always been thankful for the GI bill that helped to pay for an education for all who wanted to go to college. We talked about that offer and decided that

would be the direction we would take. With some money F.H. had sent home and with savings that I had put aside from my dependent allowance, we had saved enough money to buy the furniture needed to rent a small-unfurnished duplex. We also had enough to supplement the \$120.00 per month we would receive from the GI Bill.



The stores had just begun to restock with a limited supply of furniture and other items. As we looked for the items we would need we saw no cooking stoves but as we talked to the salesperson we found that in order to buy a stove we would need to buy at least two rooms of furniture. We bought the furniture and the salesperson slipped us a stove undercover. By buying the furniture he also allowed us to buy a tricycle which was hidden in the warehouse. Needless to say Charles was delighted to have a tricycle and a sidewalk to ride it on.

F.H. began his college work in Electrical Engineering at Ark. Tech in Russellville, Arkansas the spring of 1946. In spite of the fact that he had very little background in High School (since he really had not applied himself), he did very well in college. He says his salvation was the radio School that he attended before the war that really gave him a direction. Life was simple but good-----we lived on a very strict budget but found money to occasionally go to a movie. We walked the mile or more to the movies with F.H. carrying Charles on his shoulders. It wasn't long before F.H. was on the mend from his weight loss and nervousness. Doctor Teeter had prescribed a daily shot of something (I don't know what) which I was elected to administer "ouch!" I think F.H. was brave to let me do it since I had never before given an injection. At that time we used the same needle until it was dull, boiling it after each use. I think the day I gave the shot with a dull needle was the day F.H. declared himself well enough to discontinue the shots. Dr. Teeter also prescribed one can of beer before his evening meal that helped the pain of the shot.

In spite of F.H.'s busy school schedule we found some time to fish on Lake Nimrod, with David and Joyce Lollis, with Lou and Weldon Davis, with Tommy and Mary Ellen Dunn and with Maxine and Bunn Falls. Sometimes we spent the night there and because of our slim pocket books we didn't rent a cabin but instead we took blankets and slept on the ground under the stars. Every one should at sometime in their lifetime experience the

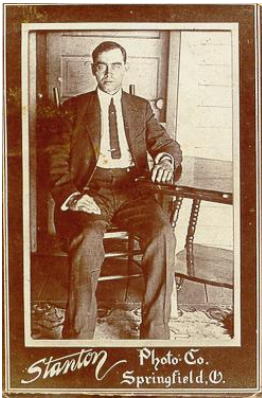


grandeur of sleeping under the stars preferably by a lake with people you love. I find that one of the blessings of writing these manuscripts is that I can recall many heart-warming stories and as I recall them they again fill me with the joy that I felt then, and cause me to realize the wonderful life I have had. The largest fish I have ever caught was caught there while fishing over the Nimrod Dam wall one night. As I sat on the bank with my fishing line hanging over the side of the

dam not expecting to catch anything, I felt a sudden jerk on my pole and then came the realization that I had hooked a huge fish. The tug on my line was so hard that I tried to hand the pole to F.H. but he said, "no, it's your fish you land it". As I struggled to pull the fifty-pound fish up the wall of the dam, I fought hard to keep from being pulled over the wall of the dam. Finally I landed it and we weighed it. *I suppose I should tell you that it*

weighed only three pounds. The picture above is of Joyce & David and F.H. & me made in August 1946. At that time I was four months pregnant with Bruce.

It was the of May 1946 that I got word from Aunt Betty that Dad had been in the hospital in Morrilton after suffering a heart attack and was now ready to be released. I went by train to Aunt Betty's and she helped me make the arrangements to get him ready to go home with me. Since he could no longer work, the family he had lived with and worked



for had no place for him. We knew that he would no longer be able to take care of himself and that it would be the responsibility of his children to take care of him. Aunt Betty told me not to expect any help from Merchia, showing her distaste for him as she told me. We have always wondered why she disliked Merchia so much but we were never told. F.H. and I made room for him in our little three-room apartment. We were thankful that he had a small check coming each month to buy his medication that he needed and give him some spending money. He was able to take care of himself except for the fixing of his meals and washing his clothes. He walked into town each day and spent a lot of time sitting in the porch swing, watching people as they walked by. He seemed old beyond his years of sixty-five when he died in September of 1946. He had a massive heart attack and died before we could get a doctor. Dr. Teeter came and pronounced him dead and then called the hearse. Three-year-old Charles watched as the hearse came and took Dad away. Sometime later he told me that he saw God's car go by the house. It took me awhile to realize that he was talking about a hearse.



Aunt Betty helped me make the funeral arrangements for him to be buried in Morrilton. He was laid beside little E.L. and his mom and dad. Merchia, Louise, Maxine, F.H. and I went to the funeral that was held in the funeral home. There were a few of his friends who had known him through the years, people I did not know. The tears I shed were not so much for the loss of him but for the sad life he had known. He had \$40.00 in his pocket when he died, which except for a trunk that he had carried with him, was the total of his possessions. I wish now that I knew something of how he started his life as a young man. How was his life with his first



wife? Certainly there were signs from my childhood memories of a good life once upon a time. Besides the few pieces of beautiful furniture that we had (which seemed much beyond our standard of living) there were other signs. There were portraits made at studios and there was the remnant of an electric doorbell, which meant that he at one time, had electricity (which was at that time found only in the more affluent homes). There were removable white dress shirt collars and some beautiful tie tacks. There were several well kept ledgers done in his beautiful handwriting, and other items packed away in a trunk as if he had packed away a big portion of his life, perhaps when his first wife died. Among the pictures in his trunk

was one of him, one of his first wife, one of him holding Merchia on his lap and the large one that I have hanging in the hall. On the back of the one of his first wife was written *"This was a friend to me once, guess who? But, has somehow passed away now"*. On the back of the small one to me was written *"To Ocie M."* I don't know whether the "M" was for Maxwell or for Moore.

I recently learned of what must have been another sad time for Dad. While F.H. and I were in Little Rock October 1997 Geneva, Louise, Maxine and I visited Dad's and E.L.'s grave sight in Morrilton, and while reading the inscription on the tomb stone we realized that Dad's twin brother died at the age of sixteen years. We knew he had a twin but had assumed that he had died at birth. Dad never talked about his other life in fact he talked very little about anything.

Several years ago we sisters placed a tomb stone on the grave of Dad and E.L. At the time of their death the only markers were the small markers furnished as a part of the cost of a funeral. They are buried along side Grandma and Grandpa Corkill and Dad's twin brother in the cemetery in Morrilton. We could not find Grandma Batson's grave. She was buried down under the hill obviously reserved for the very poor. I remember at her funeral how the surrounding graves were sunken and unkempt. I noticed the comparison to those graves and those on the top of the hill. As they lowered her body into the ground I heard the distant mournful call of the dove and I felt very sad.

You may remember our visiting the cemetery when we had a family reunion on Petit Jean several years ago. It is just west of Morrilton on the old Highway 64 on the opposite side of the railroad from the interstate. This is a picture of the Woodman of the World monument that is on Grandma and Grandpa and Raymond's (dad's twin brother) grave. On the tombstone is written:



There is a tree in the background making it look as if the tombstone has sprouted leaves ha ha. Since it is made of stone I doubt that it has sprouted leaves.

Oceannah Corkill
Born June 17, 1856
Died February 23, 1903

Raymond Corkill. (Dad's twin brother)
born in 1883
Died February, 18, 1899
Son of TR & O Corkill

We don't know why Grandpa's name is not on the tombstone although we are told by those



January 8th 1947 was another one of my "mountain top experiences" when our second son Bruce Corkill was born. He was born in the small hospital in Russellville with Hettie and F.H. close by. Dr. Brook Teeter was our doctor. As soon as I was sure I was in labor F.H. took Charles by taxicab to Pottsville to stay with Mother Moore and he

brought Hettie back with him. It was late in the afternoon when we went (by taxicab) to the hospital and Bruce was born in the early hours of the next morning. I was put in a room with another young woman who had been there for several hours and was in much pain. When I got back to the room after Bruce was born she was still there and screaming insults at the doctors and nurses for taking me before her and screaming insults at her husband for getting her pregnant. She was also looking daggers through me. I was glad when the doctor had a screen placed around me and ordered a sleeping pill for me. The next day she was back in the room and apologizing to everyone and saying she was ready to have another baby. We were very good friends before our hospital stay was up. Bruce was the love of the Maternity Ward, especially with one nurse whose last name was Bruce. She very often took Bruce from the nursery and held him while she was not working. It was not unusual to see her walking down the hall with him in her arms. After ten days, we went home leaving her in tears because we were taking her baby. It was good to get home and bring Charles home. In this one bedroom, we put Charles' youth bed on one side of our bed and Bruce's bassinet on the other side. F.H. built a stand for the bassinet. He was so afraid that it would get toppled over that when he finished with it, had it been large enough, it could have been used for our first house foundation.

Margaret came with her camera and took these pictures when Bruce was three months old. Charles was almost four years old. They were taken in the back yard of our house in Russellville, Arkansas. The top picture was made when Bruce was four months old.



F.H. graduated from Arkansas Tech, which was a two-year college, in June of 1947 and we moved from Russellville to Fayetteville to enter the University of Arkansas. We rented an apartment in one of the many army barrack, which had been moved to the colleges and universities to be used as student apartments. We were very comfortable there with two bedrooms, a study room, a living room and a small kitchen. We were

among the lucky ones who got one of the few large ones. The study room was well used by not only F.H. but also his engineering student friends who lived in the smaller apartments. Again we lived on a very strict budget stretching the dollar to the limit. We were among many whom were living just as we were-----stretching dollars and cutting corners, which most of the time had already been cut. I had a sewing machine and I loved to sew, so I made mine and the children's clothes, most of them from clothes handed down to me for that purpose. It was during this time that Margaret Moore joined the Salvation Army so she gave me some of her nice clothes. We laughed with our peers at how we had no food for breakfast the first day of the month. We had to wait for the mail and our GI check to come so we could buy food.

Fayetteville is a beautiful place to live with its mountains and it's pleasant climate. The fall colors were a thing of beauty and even now I can draw from pleasant memories of walking with Charles and Bruce on the hillside with the ground covered with the splash of fall colors. The University campus was an array of beauty with Maple Tree leaves covering the ground and the streets. I think this was my first awareness of nature's beauty. We had one big snow while there---more beauty! The dads got together and made some make shift sleds and the children enjoyed the rides pulled by the dads.



When Margaret Moore joined the Salvation Army she gave us her black & white Kodak camera so we took some pictures while in Fayetteville. Bruce was seventeen months old when this was taken. The one of Charles was taken on Mother Moore's front steps when

Charles was five years old. The one of the four of us was taken in April 1949 by Louise and Weldon who were visiting us at that time. The car belongs to Weldon. The building in the background is our apartment. It was here that Charles flew his kite from the small porch. *From the story told in "Early Years".*

We had very little yard space but Arkansas Razorback Stadium park bikes, fly kites and on one occasion Charles when he launched his plane



Charles at 4 years with some of FH's war gear on. Note the shoes with the toes cut out. "War shoes"

ey and
kway
planes



19



at Grandmother

Char

Bruce at seven months at Grandmother's house

1948
visit with the Scroggins at Center Ridge Ark.



Benny Scroggin pushes Charles, David & Dwayne----- -Charles-----They go for a ride in a mule drawn wagon

Fayetteville, Arkansas



Bruce & Charles



Bruce plays with his truck in the backyard



Charles rides his steam shovel while
Bruce rides his bike



Charles, Bruce and friend Samuel in the backyard

time. I read the instructions on how to launch it also the wonders of how well it would fly. As I read aloud to Charles I am sure he thought that there was a possibility that he might lose his plane as it took off into the "wild blue yonder". I watched him as he wound the rubber band to its limits and then held it in his hands to launch it. When he turned it loose it took off, gained height and soared down toward the stadium and then landed in a high shrub just outside the stadium. Charles started running down toward the stadium but failed to see where it had landed. About that time a small plane flew overhead and Charles stopped and looked up at the plane. He then started running back to me pointing at the plane flying overhead and said, "Mom I know we can't get it, there it goes"

The Chandlers who lived next door to us were the only students who drove a car. They



had been able to buy it with the disability payment, which Jim Chandlers had received, from the Government. It was hard for the rest of us to understand why he should draw such a benefit check since he looked to be healthy. But when he was rushed to the hospital with a massive heart attack and died after about a week, we did understand that he was very ill. I kept little Charlotte for Ann and Jim while he was in the hospital. I took this picture of Bruce and Charlotte while I was keeping her.



Several years ago Geneva and E.S had moved to Oakland California When they came back in 1948 I joined them as they visited relatives in different parts of Arkansas. We visited Merchia and Mae in Pine Bluff and met their family for the first time. We visited the Scroggins at Center Ridge, which brought back memories of many days spent there ten years ago. It was now nice to feel that I was respected and admired by Eva Lee. I was no longer her little servant girl at her beck and call. My "fantasies" of those days had come true. I am sure that Geneva had those same feelings as she remembered her days spent there.

In this picture reading from left to right: 1st row--Bruce--2nd row

David & Charles----3rd row Dwayne, Ann & Patsy-- 4th row Charles & Connie.



We had looked forward to graduation time so we could begin out life with a job, and as an Engineer, a good paying job. The semester before F.H. graduated there were many scouts at the university to fly the graduate and his wife to different job locations, each courting them with more attractive salaries and fringe benefits. But sometime within the next six months we saw the bottom drop out of the job market. There were no scouts on the campus at graduation time. There were no jobs. There was gloom among all of us as the graduates went searching for jobs. One of F.H.'s instructors suggested that he look at Arkansas Power and Light in Pine Bluff Arkansas and it was there that he got the job doing what F.H. said he could have done after finishing the eight grade.

The salary of \$225.00 per month was certainly not what we had hoped for but it was more than we had while struggling through school.

Graduation was a big milestone for us, F.H. had accomplished much considering that he had not had a good high school background, that he had been through the trauma of a war, and had a family to care for. He had made the grades to be inducted into the Tau Beta Pie Engineering Honor Fraternity and had done this in three and a half years. Chalmers took time off and came to his graduation. F.H. and I really appreciated his coming.

We moved to Pine Bluff in June of 1949. We rented a duplex on Oak St. near enough F.H.'s work that he could walk to work and near the school that Charles would attend when starting first grade that fall. It was at this house that some kids sent little two year old Bruce under an old building to get their ball that had gone under it. Bruce got the ball but then couldn't get his head back through the space where he had gone under. After efforts to get him out, by me and by others, the wife of a fireman called the fire department. They came with fire trucks and equipment, with their sirens sounding, and got him out by digging out some bricks that were blocking his way out. We were all relieved and I know Bruce was even though he had seemed very calm about the whole thing. I think he was the calmest of all who had gathered there. The fireman praised him for his bravery and scolded us for not calling sooner. Bruce was rewarded with a sucker from the fireman. The above picture is Charles, Bruce and Charles's friend Don Carpenter.



When school started we found it so crowded that the first grade had to be divided into a morning class and an evening class. The children were tested to divide the class into the slow learners and the faster learners. The more advanced children were placed in the afternoon class and that's where Charles was placed. I suppose this was my first experience of the feeling of pride that one feels each time your child shows signs of placing among the best. There would be many more.

We had close neighbors at this place some who were lasting friends. I am sure Charles and Bruce will remember the Throneberrys. They had a son named Pat who was one year older than Charles and the two of them spent much time together. Mrs. Throneberry loved two year old Bruce and he her. He loved to talk with her but would not have anything to do with Mr. Throneberry. She told me that Bruce would knock on her door and say, "is your daddy home"? If Mr. Throneberry was home, Bruce would not go in, but if she was home by herself he would go in and sit and talk with her. It was one of those visits that Bruce told her that his mom was going to have a baby. I suppose he had told others too because the word spread quickly and neighbors started asking me when the baby was due. Well, he was right I did have another baby three years later.

Summer of 1950
Pine Bluff Arkansas



Merchia & Mae Corkill



Bruce and David



Osa and Merchia



Charles on the slide at the park



Bruce on the swing



ES, Bunn and Weldon



Bruce, Dwayne and Charles at the park
Weldon and ES



Bruce



Maxine, Osa, Louise, Geneva-----Bunn, FH,

Although the monthly income was more than we had had in school, the expenses were more. The rent was higher plus the utilities and again we found ourselves struggling to make ends meet. So along with other employees of Arkansas Power & Light who were finding that same struggle, F.H. joined the Army Reserves as 2nd Lieutenant. The requirements were to meet one night per month and two weeks maneuvers in the summer. The extra pay would help and we had no thought of a possibility of war.



We had begun to consider buying our first house and found that the payment on a house would be less than the rent we were paying on the three rooms. So in June of 1950 we crossed that big milestone and bought the house on 29th street. We had applied for a loan of \$8,000.00 to build a house but we were turned down because F.H.'s salary was too low. We paid \$6,000.00 for the one on 29th street. It was a great feeling to own our house. There was little money to do any changes but we did do some. We did our first wallpapering and I made some drapes for the windows. As I write this I can recall the pleasant smell of that house as we moved into it and for a fleeting moment I can feel as I felt at that time. It is a moment in history dear to me as there are many other past moments of my life. Charles and Bruce soon found friends close by. Charles teaming up with Chuck Mays and Bruce with Pat Curry. But our lives were about to be disrupted again with the Korean War. August came and F.H. went to Fort Hood Texas for his two weeks requirement as a Reserve Officer in a Heavy Tank Battalion. While he was there the war was very much in the news and there was talk of sending the Tank Battalion to Korea. Up until then the trouble in Korea had been called a Police Force and had gone virtually unnoticed but now in such a short time it had escalated to become a war to be reckoned with. The American forces were losing the battle and the casualties were heavy. So my heart was heavy during that time knowing that the possibility of F.H. having to go to war again was a reality. I did not hear from him during the two weeks because they spent the time on the Long Horn maneuvers. The candid shot that Duncan used to do the large picture was made on those maneuvers.

F.H. had been home about two weeks when my worst fears were realized. The Heavy Tank Battalion was put on active duty, the first unit from Arkansas to go. We had only a few days to make whatever arrangements we needed to make. We quickly tossed around the possibilities and decided to rent our house that we had been in only two months and go to Pottsville with Mother Moore. She at that time was living by herself and seemed to want us to do that. At that time Hettie had built a little house behind Mother Moore's house and was living there.

F.H. had to report for duty before we could make the arrangements to move the boys and me to Pottsville. We had turned our house over to a Realtor to rent it for us. Louise and Weldon came and helped me pack our clothes and get the house ready to rent, then took us to Pottsville. This was not only a physical help but also a moral support, which helped to dry my tears.

We settled in for the duration of the war not knowing how long that might be. I enrolled Charles in the Second Grade in Pottsville. His teacher was a personal friend of the family.

Since I had access to a piano, I started taking some piano lessons while I tried to adjust to the thought of going through another war.

It was early in October that F.H. called and told me that his tank battalion had been put on alert and would probably be shipped to Korea soon and he wanted me to come for the short time that we might have together. We decided to leave Charles in school until we were sure of what the plan was. So I packed a few things for Bruce and me and boarded the Greyhound bus for Belton, Texas. As we traveled through the night Bruce had caught the attention of many passengers on the bus when he said to me as the bus passed a car, "Mom that's what we want isn't it". Many of the passengers laughed as they said, "yeah me too" Later as I sat thinking about this turn in our lives and what it would mean as we tried to survive another war, I was startled to realize that Bruce was choking with obviously something hung in his throat. As I tried to dislodge whatever it was many of the passengers came to help as one after another took him and tried to help. The bus driver pulled over on the shoulder and stayed there until Bruce was all right. Finally Bruce coughed big and a lifesaver went flying across the bus. Either I had given him the lifesaver or one of the passengers who had admired him had handed it to him. I was too traumatized to know but rest assured I made sure that he didn't get another one on that trip.

We rented a little run down apartment in Belton which was about thirty-five miles from Killeen (Camp Hood). As we waited, word came that because there were no heavy tanks available for the battalion they would not be sent to Korea. With this good news we put our name on the list for an apartment in Killeen which would be close to school and we could then bring Charles to go to school there. Christmas came and Mother Moore came and brought Charles to spend Christmas with us. Charles will remember that Santa Claus brought him a b-b gun and in playing with it he shot a hole in the wall of the house. Parents do foolish things at times and wonder later how they got by without a tragedy. That was one of the many foolish things we would do.

January came and with it the much awaited apartment, now we could move and then go and pick up Charles. We had bought our first car (a new one for \$1,500.00) and now we had only to wait for F.H. to get a few days leave so we could go to Pottsville. Almost as soon as we settled in the apartment I developed a severe case of hives. I had not been bothered with hives since I was five or six years old and had thought that was a childhood problem that would not trouble me again. The Army Doctor treated me with no avail and as I seem to get worse instead of better the doctor suggested that I go to the hospital for treatment. Before I could make up my mind to take his suggestion, F.H. got word that his battalion was to be moved to Camp Polk Louisiana. With that news, we packed the car with our belongings and Bruce

and I went to Pottsville to stay there until school was out in May. The hives left as soon as we left Killeen causing me to believe that I was allergic to something in the apartment. Before we left Killeen I took Bruce out to the entrance of Fort Hood and took this picture of him climbing on the heavy tank that set outside the gate. He had wanted to climb on it but I had been reluctant to let him do it.





It was the middle of May when F.H. got orders to report to Officers Training School in Kentucky the first of June. We took Charles out of school a week early and went to Elizabeth-Town, Kentucky for a pleasant summer. We rented an apartment in an old house in the rolling hills a few miles from Elizabeth-Town. The house had a big yard with plenty of roaming room for Charles and Bruce. Charles will remember falling part of the way through the floor in an old out-building in the back yard. Beneath the old building was a deep hole that he would have fallen into had he gone all the way through the floor. That was another narrow escape from disaster.

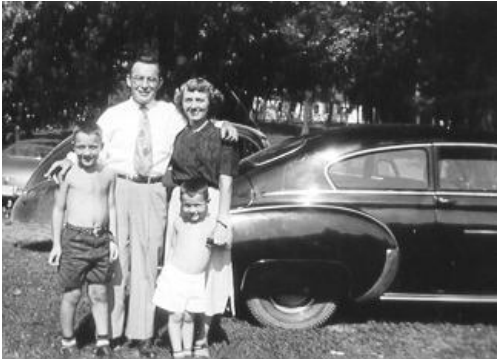
Across the street lived a family with children Charles and Bruce's ages and a big Shepherd dog named "Shep". We loved that dog and he seemed to want to belong to us. We first saw him when he came running over to where we were all sitting in the yard, climbed up in my lap and sat down as if that was where he belonged. He was so insistent at being close to us that he burst through the screen door to come into the house. We all felt sad to leave Shep when we left the last of August.



We saw our first Television that summer. A friend invited us to their house one night to see the 10:00 O'clock news. We drove many miles that night excited about seeing this new marvel that we had been hearing about. We sat down and watched and even though the screen was mostly snow, we could occasionally make out a picture and we thought television was surely exciting and we looked forward to the day when we might own one.

Charles and Bruce loved playing with little toy airplanes, pretending to fly them through the air, landing them and then taking off again while making the sound of a motor. One day as they were playing in the back yard close to the house, I heard the steady drum of their airplane motors as they flew around in the back yard. Suddenly the sound of the motors turned to screams of agony. I ran and as I opened the door both Charles and Bruce ran past me into the house with a big bumblebee after them stinging Bruce over and over again. I swatted at the bee to separate it from Bruce while he ran with Charles to the bathroom and closed the door leaving me with the bee to fight off. I managed to kill the bee and then went to see about Bruce who was in much pain. He had several stings on his body, the first one on his knee being the worst. I doctored him with a paste of baking soda and water, which I hope, helped him some. After we all calmed down enough talk about the incident, Charles told us that his plane collided with the bee and he started running. Bruce saw the bee and started running behind Charles and of course the bee got the one behind. Bruce would have a lasting fear of bees. When we packed the car and left E-Town Bruce wanted to keep the car windows up for fear a bee might come into the car. It was August and too hot to leave the windows up so I assured Bruce that a bee could not come into a fast moving car. To my surprise as we were driving along sixty-five miles per hour, a bumblebee flew into the car causing a panic with all of us. F.H. quickly pulled

to the shoulder of the road and we got the bee out of the car. After that I think we all would love to have left the windows up and face the heat rather than risk another encounter with a bumblebee.



The boys and I went swimming every day in the Officers pool. With the help of the soldiers who loved to play with four year old Bruce, he learned to swim. I had always put a life jacket on him and was surprised when I took it off of him and found that he was a good swimmer. Charles was already a good swimmer.

We did some sightseeing while there, one of the places being the State Park at Hodgenville, Kentucky that housed the log cabin where Abraham Lincoln was born. While there we saw an old black man playing a banjo. We all stood and listened for awhile and neither Charles nor Bruce wanted to leave. I am sure this was the first time for them to hear a banjo. I was so pleased that they both showed early signs of loving music, which would last throughout their lives.



We enjoyed an overnight camping fishing trip with the Flowers who lived in the other apartment in the big house. We camped near the Catalpa trees and used Catalpa worms for fish bait. This picture is a reminder that F.H. caught at least one nice one, but then we also remember the big one that got away. While we were packing getting ready to leave Bruce dropped his fishhook through a small opening in the fishing pier and hooked a big fish. Of course he could

not pull it through the small opening so we all watched as the fish struggled for awhile before it shook itself loose from the hook and swam away.



All too soon that fun summer was over and it was time to say goodbye to Carol Ann and Freddie. The military orders were to report to Fort Hood Texas the first of September. We loaded the car again and went

Summer 1951---Elizabeth Town, KY.



FH in Killeen Texas - Our first car -
The apartment we lived in for a short time.



At Lincoln Homestead Park-Ky.



Fishing in a near by lake.



Bruce and Charles



We lived in a section of the down stairs of this
furnished house. Needless to say we had plenty of
room since we only had what we could carry in our car.
I saw my first dishwasher there. Nice house!
The wheels must have been left there by some other
tenant.

to Texas, stopping one night with Chalmers & Kaye and then for a few days in Pottsville. The night we spent with Chalmers & Kaye brings back the memory of a good laugh we had while there. F.H. and I slept in Chalmers & Kaye's bedroom and had gotten up the next morning and gone out of the bedroom. Chalmers then had gone into his bedroom to get dressed to go to work. Bruce walked to the door and thinking Chalmers was his dad said, "dad, dad, dad" Chalmers realizing that Bruce was talking to him said "boy, I am not your dad." Bruce's response was, "then what are you doing in my mama's bedroom?" I am sure that a good laugh was welcomed at their house because at that time Chalmers and Kaye were having marital problems and Kaye was in tears as she told me that Chalmers had ask her for a divorce.

We were lucky to find a two-room apartment (a small kitchen and a bedroom with one bed) in Killeen. With only one bed we unloaded the car and then went to the army commissary to buy two folding cots for Charles and Bruce only to find that they were out of stock but promised to have some soon. I think the soon amounted to several nights that the little boys had to sleep on the floor before we could get the cots for them.

I enrolled Charles in the third grade at the school that was in easy walking distance of our apartment. Bruce and I enjoyed walking to meet him in the afternoons after school. I am sure that Charles and Bruce remember the free movies from our backyard. The drive-in-movie was behind the apartment with the screen facing our back yard giving us access to a free movie every night. Charles and Bruce took advantage of that. Life was good----we had our family together again but it was not to last long before we were to receive orders to move again.

We had a very frightening thing happen while there. We with friends Bob, Ruth and their two children and a little dog went fishing one warm fall day. Bob knew of a Rock Island that the only access to it was by boat. We rented a boat and F.H. and Bob took Ruth, me, the children and the little dog to the island dropped us off and then went back for the fishing gear. Ruth and I let the children with the little dog roam around the small island while we waited for the men to get back. As we sat there in the warm sun waiting for the men to come back, we heard a child scream and then all four of the children came running to us screaming, "rattlesnake, rattlesnake!" The little girl was hysterical as she ran to her mom-screaming, "rattlesnake". I ran to her and her mom and we looked her over for a sign of snakebite and were surely relieved when we saw no sign of a wound. But then we saw drops of blood on the ground and we knew that someone had been bitten. My heart sank as I looked over at Charles who had been sitting quietly through the panic situation, and saw blood on his foot. With absolute terror, I went over to him expecting to face my worst fear, snakebite, but to my relief I saw only blood on his foot. It was then that the little dog came up to us whimpering and bleeding with a bite on its face. We were much relieved to see F.H. and Bob in sight as they were coming back with the fishing gear. They quickly loaded Ruth, her children and the little dog and rushed to the car with them so they could get the little dog to the veterinarian as quickly as possible. F.H. then came back for Charles, Bruce and me. Needless to say the three of us huddled close together and kept a close watch for snakes while we waited for F.H.'s return to pick us up. The little dog did recover but it was a painful struggle for it. We were told by those who knew the island that it is a bed of rattlesnakes in the fall as they sun among the rocks.



It was the middle of October when we left Killeen to go again to Pottsville while F.H. reported to Fort Monmouth, New Jersey for four months training. It was time to say good bye again--when would the good byes ever end! That was the year that we had a heavy snow in Pottsville on Halloween day. I again enrolled Charles in school at Pottsville. This time he was lucky to get a beautiful young teacher who he loved at first sight and I think the feeling was mutual. Charles ask me one day if he could bring her home with him some

day and I of course said yes, thinking that I would plan the day and be ready for her when she came. My plans would be to have the house straight, some cookies and punch ready and surely put on a clean dress. Well, Charles took my "yes" and acted on it immediately by bringing her home with him that afternoon. I still remember how Mother Moore laughed when we looked down the driveway and saw them coming. We enjoyed her visit but with none of the frills that I had planned. I did agree with Charles that she was sweet and beautiful.



We were happy that F.H. could come home for a week during Christmas holidays. Santa brought four- year-old Bruce his first bicycle with training wheels. Charles had gotten his first one earlier. When time came for F.H. to go to Little Rock to catch his ride back to New Jersey I took him to Little Rock to catch his ride and we spent one night in the Marion Hotel. Before we left Bruce persuaded his dad to take the training wheels off his new bike, "uh, oh".



When I came home the next day I found Bruce with a brush burn covering all of one side of his face. He had fallen on the driveway that was covered with black shale and he had the black shale ground into the brush burn. Hettie had taken him to the doctor and had as much of the shale as was possible scrubbed out of the wound but they could not get all of it. For many years I could see tiny specks of black under his skin.

When Charles went back to his class after Christmas Holidays we were shocked to hear that two of his classmates had died with some mysterious disease. This was quite alarming to all parents and teachers since his class was a small class in a small school.

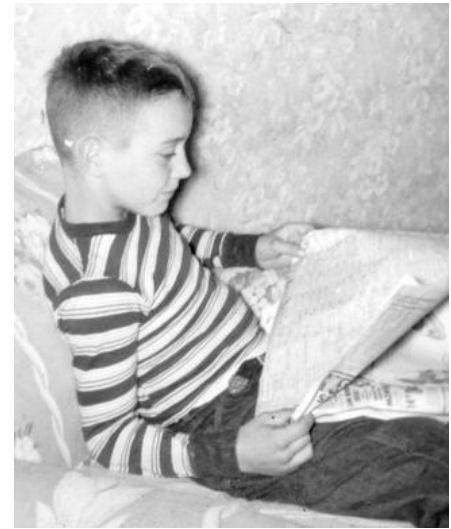
The first of February we packed the car again with only the things we needed and left for Killeen but this time we were not so lucky at finding a place to live. We spent the few days we had before F.H. had to report for duty searching for a place to live but to no avail. With time running out and no new leads on finding a place to live, we decided it would be best for me to take the boys and go back to Pottsville. F.H. would then live on the base in the officers quarters. F.H. drove us to Texarkana where we spent one night in a hotel. At that time we were only beginning to hear about the new facilities for travelers

called motels. The next day F.H. went by bus back to Killeen and the boys and I went back to Pottsville to stay for the remainder of the time of F.H.'s active duty. The war was winding down and we were sure the tank battalion would soon be released.



I was now five months pregnant and I was glad to be back with Doctor Teeter who had delivered Bruce. I was also glad to have Hettie close by when the time came for me to have the baby. The beautiful teacher was glad to see Charles back and he was glad to be back in school there. My sewing machine

had been idle for eighteen months so I was happy to pull it out and start sewing again. After snapping the picture of me at the sewing machine, Margaret snapped this one of Charles pretending to read the newspaper.



Mother Moore was glad for me to take over the running of the house again especially since we now had a car and she and I could go to Russellville to do our grocery shopping. We soon discovered the Dixie Queen which was on our route home so we looked forward to stopping there and buying an ice cream cone each time we went. The boys and I went to Sunday school and church with Mother Moore, Hettie and Margaret each Sunday. The church was just across the road from her house. Charles loved his Sunday school teacher Lillian, who was F.H.'s first wife. Lillian had married again and after divorce she moved back home with her little girl Lovann. Although Lillian and I had been friends the two months I was in school in Pottsville, she and I had avoided each other and had not spoken since F.H. and I married. I had been told that she was very upset when F.H. and I married. One day while shopping in Russellville Charles grabbed me by the hand and said, "come I want you to meet my Sunday school teacher". Lillian and I laughed about the situation we found ourselves in but then we talked for a few minutes and I suppose that broke the ice between us. Later she invited Charles to Lovann's birthday party. I didn't tell Charles at that time about the relationship between F.H., Lillian and me.

We alerted the Realtor in Pine Bluff that we would need our house vacated by the last of May. It was good to be making plans to settle down again. We had not seen our house since we had left it two years ago and we were anxious to see how it had weathered the renters.



I stayed busy with the many things that needed to be done around the house and the yard. Louise and I spent some time together again. On one occasion we went to Buford Arkansas to visit Maxine and Bunn. At that small school in the mountains, Bunn was teacher, bus driver and janitor. He got up early each morning, built a fire in the wood stove, got the old school bus started, picked up the children then brought them to the school and taught them. Then of course took them home in the

afternoon. The house they lived in and the schoolhouse were down in a valley and the only two buildings in sight. I loved the beauty and serenity of the place and as so many times in my lifetime, was made aware of the beauty of this earth.

I awoke early the morning of the 5th of June with a suspicious pain in my stomach, which soon developed into certain labor pains. I called on Hettie to go with me the six miles to the hospital. We had been there only fifteen minutes when Paul was born. It was a little frightening to realize that I might have had Paul in the driver's seat of the car while driving to the hospital. It was also frightening to realize that I might have had him with no one in the room to help me. Dr. Teeter had examined me and told Hettie it would be about five hours before the baby came. The nurse gave me an enema and then left me on the bedpan with no light switch to summon a nurse. Dr. Teeter had gone to lie down for the four or five hours that he thought he would have. Hettie had gone to call F.H. to tell him that I was in labor and she would call back in about five hours. So there I was by myself and with no light to summon for help and I realized that the baby was coming. I started screaming for someone just as Hettie opened the door. She screamed for Dr. Teeter and he was there almost instantly. I was totally confused when I looked down expecting to see a baby and instead saw this big bag that did not look like anything I had ever see before. Dr. Teeter quickly punctured the bag and there was a little black baby. Dr. Teeter quickly picked up the little baby which I saw was a little boy, and skillfully unwrapped the umbilical cord which was wrapped tightly around his neck. He then popped his little bottom and Paul let out a scream that was music to everyone's ears. I am told that when a baby is born in the sack that this is called "born under the veil" and the significance is that the baby is special in some way. Well certainly Paul is special in what he does and what he means to me but then so are Charles, Bruce and Robert in what they do and certainly what they mean to me. I was still uneasy about Paul's color when the nurse rushed him off to be cleaned and dressed, but later when they brought him to me there was the beautiful healthy little boy named Paul Lewis. It was not my intentions but



I saved us the expense of the delivery room cutting down on the hospital bill which, since F.H. was still in service, was paid by the government. At that time hospital and doctor bills looked more like today's pocket change. I don't remember what that bill was but I do remember the doctor's bill for me when Charles was born was \$50.00.

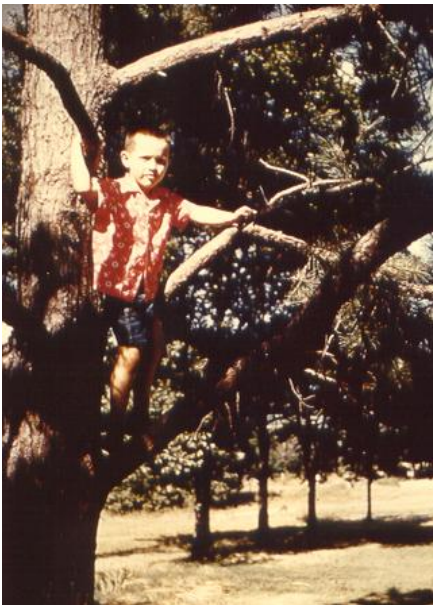
F.H. got a short leave and came home for a few days to see his newborn son and to take us home from the hospital. When we said goodbye this time it was good to know that it would not be for long. We knew that the tank battalion would soon be deactivated and the soldiers would be going home. We were glad to know that we would be back home in Pine Bluff in time for school to start the first of September. Charles would be starting the fourth grade at Gabe Meyer, which was in walking distance of our house.

Hettie took over the cooking and housework while I did very little except to take care of baby Paul. Hettie was always willing to step in and help where help was needed.

Mother Moore took this time to go and visit her brother Robert Cousar in Tucson Arizona. I am sure Hettie had persuaded her to take the trip at that time so she could do

the management of the house without the critical eye of her mom. I am sure her brother was pleased to see her because living so far apart they seldom saw each other.

Charles Margaret and Bruce spent this time playing with Judy and Jimmy Oates who lived next door. They had plenty of playing room with the big yards in front of both houses. Charles, Margaret and Jimmy were the same age with Judy two or three years older. Bruce was the youngest one but seemed to fit in well with the five. I think it helped that FH had put up a sack swing on the pine tree in Mother Moore's front yard for him to spend many hours swinging. It was also an effort to keep him from climbing the tree.



None of us felt that we had to keep a close eye on the five of them thinking that it was safe to let them play. But one afternoon Jimmy went running to his mom to tell her that the boat was on Margaret. The kids had gone in the shed where James Oates (the dad) kept his big wooden fishing boat tied to the side of the shed and Judy had untied it and let it fall. Julia (the mom) knowing where the boat was kept, was panic stricken as she went running out expecting the worst knowing that if the boat was on Margaret then it had to have fallen on her. When the boat was lifted off of Margaret there was sigh of relief to find her with many tear but few scratches. She had been sitting on the ground in line with the boat when it fell on her trapping her in the open space of the boat. Julia, knowing how heavy the boat was, said she fully expected Margaret to be either severely injured or killed. I think Margaret's guardian angel was taking care of her that day.

It was natural for Judy to be self elected boss of the five and because of that, there were some tears shed as she made her demands on the other four. It was because of her many demands that one afternoon Charles, in tears, came into the room where I was taking care of Paul and told me how Judy was picking on him. I took him on my lap and rocked him while I tried to comfort him. As we sat there I thought that this might be the last time that I would rock him. Not only was he getting too big for my lap but would soon reach the age when, like all little boys, would not want to sit on Mama's lap. I should add that that

was not the last time because as I told that story to Charles while he was here in 1999 he sat down on my lap and I rocked him.

As I look at these old pictures I am reminded of the years when, except when they went to church and a few other places, our little boys wore no shirts in the summer time. That lightened the load of many garments of clothes to wash on wash day but needless to say we had little sweaty dirty bodies to wash when the day was over.

I know this was a shock to their bodies when school started. Even though it was very hot when school started the requirement was to wear long blue jeans and shirts. I still wonder why they were not allowed to wear shorts until the hot summer was over.

Needless to say there was no air-conditioning at that time in homes or in the schools in fact there was not even a buzz fan in the schools. Oh, but you, Charles, Bruce, Paul and Robert know that because you went through school with none of those comforts. I am glad that today's kids have the comfort of air-conditioned schools.



Louise came with her little one year old Benny to see our new baby and welcome him into the family. In this picture Benny is handing me a toy for Paul to play with. Julia Oates came to see Paul and to visit with me for a short while. As we sat talking we were both amazed when Paul suddenly turned over from his stomach to his back, he then looked up at the ceiling and his eyes seem to follow the ceiling where it joined the wall as if he was trying to decide where he had landed. Julia said,

"I have never seen a new born baby do that" and neither had I. Was he aware that he had landed on earth? Maybe so. Was he disappointed? I hope not.

We were getting our lives back together, but then we had the set back that gave us all a scare and sent me back to the hospital. When Paul was nine days old I had a slight chill and a little fever. Thinking it was only a little breast infection, Dr. Teeter gave me a penicillin shot but it didn't stop the infection and the chills with high fever got worse. I was rushed by ambulance to the hospital where Dr. Teeter gave me one of the newer antibiotics, in hopes of stopping the infection before I had another chill. But that afternoon I had another chill that was much worse than the one before and Dr. Teeter said my fever "hit the ceiling". Dr. Teeter called Hettie and told her to call the family because I could not live through another chill. Hettie called Louise who lived in Little Rock at that time and she packed her baby (Benny) and came to help and stayed until the crisis was over. The Red Cross contacted F.H. and Hettie called Mother Moore and told her that she didn't want her to come home but she wanted her prayers. In the meantime Dr. Teeter gave me everything that he knew to give to fight infection and one of them worked. I had no more chills. At that time there were several newly discovered drugs for fighting infection and he did not know which one of them worked. This all happened within two or three days time and after two nights in the hospital I was feeling fine and ready to go home.



This picture was taken on the Sunday after the trauma was over. We had just gotten home from church. I remember how good it felt to be in church with family and friends and how thankful I was to be alive to look forward to taking care of my three boys. I felt a spiritual renewal that day as we sang the Psalms from the Associate Presbyterian Hymnal. At that time the Associate Presbyterian Church sang only Psalms and it was in that church that I learned to love the Psalms and I still have one of the Hymnals from the church in Pottsville.

Later Chalmers came and while there, told Hettie that he had almost lost a patient in that same situation. She had had her baby and was fine and her doctor had turned her over to Chalmers while he went out of town for a few days. On the ninth day the woman developed chills and high fever and he, like Dr. Teeter didn't worry about trying to find where the infection was but used all of his efforts to save her life. Years later after we moved to Plaquemine, Walker Lee Waldrep's sister died with the same weird infection.

There was much to be done with five little children ranging from nine day old Paul to nine year old Margaret and Charles. The neighbors helped some with the Presbyterian minister's wife (Mrs. Morris) helping with five-year-old Bruce and the Methodist Minister's wife (Mrs. Shell) took little nine-day-old Paul. Mrs. Shell had lost her little eight month old Paul five years ago with the dread disease Diphtheria so I am sure my little Paul would bring back the memories of her little Paul.

To add to the dilemma of trying to take care of all that needed to be done, Dr. Teeter told Hettie that someone must spend the night with me and talk to me. He thought I might have post-partem psychosis. I am guessing that the reason he thought that is because I

talked to him, which I had not done through two pregnancies. Little did he know that all I needed was for someone to convince me that I did not have polio and I would have been content. In my delirium I had thought I heard Hettie and Dr. Teeter standing right outside my door all afternoon talking about the fact that I had polio and wondering what to do with me. And since there was no quick cure for polio I knew that there soon would be another chill and I knew that I could not survive another one. I needed them to come in my room so I could help make plans for taking care of my three boys after I was gone. So by the time Dr. Teeter came in to see me I was angry with him and I let him know that. He told me that I did not have polio but I suppose he thought that I was not totally convinced so for that reason he wanted someone to stay and talk to me. After Louise took Hettie to the hospital to spend the night with me she went to Pottsville and took care of the many things that had to be taken care of there. It didn't take Hettie and Louise long to convince me that I did not have polio and that was all I needed.

The extreme heat had arrived early that summer and I knew how hard heat is on little newborn babies causing them to break out with a heat rash that deal misery to them. Although Hettie had told me that Paul was broken out with heat rash, I was not prepared for just how bad it was. He was broken out all over his body from the top of his head to the bottom of his feet and some had gotten infected. This is not an easy thing to deal with a newborn because neither holding them, nor putting them on the bed gets them away from the heat. I took the coil seat out of our car and placed it on the bed with only a gauze diaper on it so the air could circulate around him and put the one buzz fan we had on him. Then I cooled him off in a pan of cool soda water every fifteen or twenty minutes. We were all surprised at how quickly the heat rash disappeared.

Since maybe some of you who read this have never heard of a heat rash, I might say that this was one of the miseries of summer time with both adults and children back during the time of no attic fan or air-conditioning. It was caused from prolonged hot days when the beds were hot, at times too hot to sleep on, and your skin stayed wet from perspiration day and night. The rash tiny, little red bumps, burned and itched and was hard to get rid of. Back in my cotton patch days that was one of the miseries we all suffered.

F.H. came home for a few days and took me home from the hospital again. This had been hard for him since the Red Cross had told him that the doctor did not think I would live through the night. So he traveled all night with that in mind, waiting until the bus arrived in Little Rock so he could call home before catching another bus to Pottsville. He called and Louise told him that I had not had another chill and Dr. Teeter was sure that the crisis was over. By this time I felt fine and except for feeling a little weak there were no after affects. I felt so thankful to be well again because even though I was very sick, I was not too sick to worry about who would take care of my children. I knew that I could not live through another chill like the last one that had attacked me. In my mind I kept going over the relatives one by one and realizing that for one reason or another they could not take care of the children. I would then picture this person who I could not name but I knew her and I kept thinking, "Oh, she loves them and I know she will take care of them". I would then begin to rest easy from that worry thinking my problem was solved. Oh, but then I realized that this person that I was thinking of was "Me".

F.H. stayed only a few days before going back to Ft. Hood to go through the mustering out process. It was at this time that the Battalion Colonel wanted to hold the tank

battalion for the full two years, which would have been September. Of course the whole battalion was unhappy about that. As a last resort F.H. wrote one of his many "poison pen

Pine Bluff, Arkansas 1953



Bruce is six years old



He cuts his cake while others watch



Bruce's friends Pat Curry and Bert Robbs . I don't remember the name of the other one.



Bruce feeds Paul some ice cream.



Is this a pose?

letters, as he called them" to a Senator and told him the situation. He stated that the battalion had served it's usefulness and was now wasting tax payer's money by staying the two months, and that it was also causing a hardship on the families involved. The Senator wrote the Colonel and told him to let the battalion go. So F.H. came home near the last of June and we went back to our home in Pine Bluff.

It was good to settle in our house again which had weathered the renters very well. F.H. went back to his job at AP&L. Charles and Bruce went back to playing with their friends Chuck Mays and Pat Curry. Five-year old Bruce and Pat set up a laboratory in our garage with bottles of pretend chemicals, each with a label. "akohol", "idine", "assed" and others. It was during this time that while we were gone for two days, the "helicopter man" landed in our front yard, went into our house, gathered up all of Bruce's little treasures and buried them in our back yard. Pat (the hero) came to Bruce's rescue by telling him where he could find his treasures. *In case you have forgotten the mention of this in my first story, this was one of the many crazy things that Pat would do to Bruce.*

Pat and Bruce did have their differences at times. On one occasion when Bruce had been playing with Pat, I could hear Pat crying as Bruce walked home. When Bruce told me Pat was crying because he had hit him, I suggested that he go back and tell Pat he was sorry. As Bruce walked back home I could hear Pat crying even louder than before. I said, "why is he still crying?" To that Bruce said, "I told him I was sorry and he said I wasn't sorry, so I hit him again".

In order to give F.H. the space that he wanted to grow a big garden, we purchased the lot behind our house. This would be a dream come true for Charles and Bruce; now they could have the place to dig the holes that they had always wanted to dig. With their burning desire to dig holes, F.H. and I had decided that they would surely become ditch diggers when they grew up. After F.H. told them to dig to "their hearts desire" it did not take them long to grab their shovels and start digging. Soon their friends (boys and girls) came with their shovels and they dug and they dug until I looked out and I could see only the top of their heads and still dirt was flying. I was glad for them to have something to do with their time, but I was concerned when I could neither see the tops of their heads nor could I see dirt flying. Maybe now that is one of Arkansas' lakes.

That lot had a big tree on it that we soon found out was dead and needed to be removed because there was danger of it falling on either our house or the neighbor's house. We did not have the money to have it removed and just hoped we could somehow find the money to have it removed before it fell. One stormy night we were awakened with a loud crash. We felt sure that it was the tree and with fear we looked to see whose house it had fallen on. To our surprise it had laid down on the one narrow space that it could fall without hurting anything. I felt that the tree must have been guided by "our guardian angel" and I was thankful.

Charles and Bruce enjoyed making small sail boats out of blocks of wood left from F.H.'s projects. They loved to sail them down the gutter when it rained. One day they were feverishly working on one boat to have readied for the next big rain which was in the forecast. Charles was sawing with the handsaw while Bruce cut the cloth for the sails. Suddenly Charles handed the saw to Bruce and said "Here, keep sawing, I gotta go and let Mama put a band aid on this cut on my knee". Bruce kept sawing while I patched

Charles' knee which was almost an alarming size cut, but I did get it bandaged just in time for Bruce to come in with an identical cut on his knee. Did they finish the sailboat? Well, of course because they each still had one good knee.

Walking on stilts was a big thing that summer with the kids Bruce's age (eight years).



F.H. got out his saw and hammer and made Bruce a pair and soon he could walk on them as easily as he could walk on his feet. He was declared the champion stilt walker. Maybe I should tell you that I am the one who made that declaration.

School started and Charles soon found a football team that he wanted to play with. I knew next to nothing about football and F.H. knew very little but Charles wanted to play and so we agreed to let him play. It was his last game and we had not gone to any of the games and he wanted us to go. F.H. had taken the car and gone fishing so I started taking the easy way out by saying, "Charles, can't you see that we can't go?" He was so disappointed that he could not hold back the tears so I decided that I must go. It was cold and foggy that day but I bundled up little five month Paul, put him in the stroller, got mine and Bruce's heavy coats & caps and we went to the game. I stood there wondering what on earth they were doing, as they seemed to be getting up and falling down over and over again. I was determined to learn more about this game before next season. I took a picture of the game and still have it on a slide although it is hard to see through the cold haze that covered the field that day in 1952.

The next two years of Charles' football years we took more of an interest in his playing and went to the games. We began to hear from the coaches that Charles was an especially good football player and we would see his name mentioned in the local paper as they described the game. 1954 (sixth grade) was Charles' last year at Gabe Meyer, he would now graduate and move on to Pine Bluff Junior High. That year was also a big year for the football team, they had a winning team and were in the City play off. We went to the play off game to see them lose City Championship by one touchdown. Charles was devastated because he had fumbled the ball near the end of the game, which I suppose ended their chance to win the game. I comforted him by saying, "Don't worry about it, everyone else will have forgotten about it by the time they get home". That seemed to help his feelings. Time came and went, summer then fall and time for school to start at Pine Bluff Junior High. Charles came home from the first day of school and said, "Mom I thought you said no one would remember my fumbling the football, well you were wrong". When they found out who I am they said, "Oh, you are the one who fumbled the ball aren't you". I said, "well, I have forgotten it so that must mean something".

It was September and Bruce started to school at Gabe Meyer, he too, was soon put in the top section of his class. At that time the classes were very openly divided into fast learners and slow learners. Like so many children going to school the first year, he did not always want to go to school. I am reminded of this particular day when he cried and I rocked him and wiped away his tears as we waited for his ride to school. I remember because that was the day that little six-year-old Bobby Greenlease was kidnapped from school and killed. It was a big story how this couple went to the school and took him out of class saying that his mom was ill and had asked them to pick him up. The Greenlease's

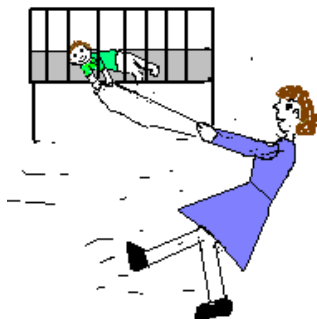
were a wealthy family and Bobby was their only child. The couple took Bobby out and killed him within an hour after they took him, and then ask for ransom money. I kept thinking that I hope little Bobby did not object to going to school that day as Bruce had. The couple was soon found and sent to the gas chamber, but the story of how they took little Bobby out to edge of town and shot him still haunts me.



December 30, 1953 our fourth little boy, Robert Doak was born. He, like Paul hardly gave me time to lie down before he came. He had teased me two weeks earlier pretending he was arriving but after going to the hospital with labor pains and getting ready he changed his mind, so I had to pack up and leave the hospital to wait another two weeks. This was hardest on F.H. since this was the first time that he had had the full responsibility of getting me to the hospital in time. He was a nervous wreck by the time I finally went. We were also sweating out the time and hoping that Robert would come in time to claim him on our 1953 income tax returns. This would amount to about \$120.00 which at that time was a lot of money. He made it by one day.

Mother Moore came and stayed while I was in the hospital and helped F.H. take care of the family. Paul was only 17 months old and like all toddlers are "in to everything" as we said of them. When I came home from the hospital Paul had an ugly bruise on his face and nose. He had pulled the heavy telephone off the high shelf into his face. I am remembering that when Paul was having nose surgery the doctor said that sometime in the past Paul had received a hard lick in his face. This could have been the lick that the doctor was talking about.

I find now that when I keep grandchildren I love the funny things that children say. I suppose Mother Moore loved them too because it was she who told me this story. Bruce wanted to bring his bike into the house and ask for help getting it up the steps. Mother Moore said "Bruce, you can do it just keep trying". Later after he had gotten it in the house, she said, "you see you did do it". Bruce said, "yes, but I had to say a bad word".



I felt a special kinship to Robert when he soon started sucking his thumb. He was the only one of the boys who had sucked his thumb and I was the only one of my sisters who had sucked my thumb. Mother Moore told me to put something bitter on it so he would stop sucking but I refused to do that. He would later add a diaper to hold while he sucked his thumb, which caused him to sometimes be called "Linus", the little character in the "Peanut" funny strip. The diaper got it's start after I had to play "tug-of-war" with Robert each time I changed his wet diaper. Each time I would get the diaper off of him he would grab it and start trying to pull it up to his face. That would develop into a tug of war between us. I am not sure just how many diapers were torn in half before I realized a way to end this war. The battle ended when I started wetting a little spot on a clean diaper and

handing it to him before I started the diaper change. This was the beginning of his security blanket that he would later call his "Pur".

We bought our first TV about this time. It was a big awkward box with a black and white picture and only one station to watch a few hours each day. Each evening we rushed to finish with the necessary work that had to be done so we could be ready to watch when the first program came on. But first came the test pattern so the vertical and horizontal lines could be adjusted before the program began. The shows were few but they were good ones, some of which are now being shown as re-runs. "I Love Lucy" was one of the first ones. We enjoyed surprising Charles and Bruce with the TV I might add especially Charles. Charles had been pushing us to buy a TV saying all of his friends except for Chuck Mays had one. The day came when Chuck also got one and Charles had gone to his house to watch them install it. While he was gone F.H. came home with one that he had bought that day. We had not planned it that way but we were pleased that the timing was just right. When Charles came in with a downcast face and saw the TV in the living room he was elated and so were we.

It is strange now to remember that F.H. did all the buying of large items without me seeing them, but certainly with my approval. I might add that there were not many large items bought during that time because we bought only what we really needed. Of course the television set was a much needed luxury item.

I suppose all families have many times in the child raising years that you have known such fear that you feel like your heart is frozen in time. Such was one day in July 1954. We mothers in the neighborhood had been concerned about a sick looking little dog that at times showed up in our neighborhood. Until we could locate the owner or have the dog removed, we simply called our children to come inside when the dog was seen near. One day I was outside with the children, with seven month old Robert in the stroller, when the telephone rang. I ran into the house to answer a call from Ann telling me that she had seen the dog on the street and that I should get the children inside. As I ran outside to get the children I heard someone screaming "the dog has bitten Robert". I felt like my legs were going to fold under me as I ran to screaming Robert to find that the dog had left a four-inch gash in his arm. Luckily F.H. was home to catch the dog at the risk of being bitten himself as the dog growled and snapped at him. While F.H. was penning the dog I scrubbed the wound and then we rushed Robert to the doctor. The doctor gave Robert a tetanus shot and instructed us to see that the dog was kept up and watched for three weeks. He told us that not only was rabies fatal but it is the most horrible death that a person can go through. We located the owner and gave him instructions to keep it up and watch it. The next day we drove by their house to find the dog running loose in their yard. We called the police and they forced the owner to take it to the veterinarian and instructed the veterinarian to report to us every day. The event got us on the evening news, which was stretched a little when they reported that Robert's arm was "mangled" by the dog. We were relieved when the incubation time of twenty-one days was over and we could relax from the fear that Robert would get rabies. Little did we know that this would be one of three times that Robert would be bitten by another dog and a cat and we would again go through the agony of waiting out the twenty one day incubation period.

The summer of 1954 we bought our first air-conditioner on time payment from Sears Roebuck. It was a window unit that we installed in the living room dining room part of

Years 1953----54 Pine Bluff, Arkansas



Bruce & Charles play checkers
Charles & Bruce



Bruce and Pat Curry start to school



Fred reads to



Paul examines Robert's toes



Grandmother Moore with Paul and Robert
Robert's rose bud from the church



I "gotta um over a barrel" where did I lose it?
Note the diapers in the background.



Paul mows the lawn



Charles at eleven years old

the house. The bedrooms were left to cool by the attic fan. That left the kitchen with no cooling. Needless to say I learned to fix a meal in a flash in that hot kitchen so I could hurry and get in the cool part of the house.

Charles had joined the Cub Scouts in 1952 and went on to Boy Scouts in 1955. He went to Scout Camp that summer and we went to the closing exercise, which was a night performance. There was one frightening moment when during an Indian dance around a campfire one of the boy's costumes caught on fire. To my dismay he started running and the scoutmaster started running after him. I was much relieved when I realized he was running to the lake, which was close by. He jumped in the water extinguishing the fire and received no burns.

There was another Scout outing, which I am sure Charles will remember. The Scoutmaster asked Charles to climb out on a tree limb to retrieve a rope that had been thrown up there. Charles got almost to the rope and the limb broke sending Charles crashing to the ground. I am sure the Scoutmaster was relieved that he had no broken bones but many bruises. Leaving the outing they had to go through a gate that all the boys wanted the privilege of opening and closing and each time they hoped they would be the one chosen for that bit of fun. The Scoutmaster said, "this time no argument, we are going to let Charles open and close the gate". Charles proudly jumped down from the truck and opened the gate, but without knowing it he had disturbed a large wasp nest. He was stung several times before he could get away from the wasp. He came home looking like he had been through a battle.

That summer (1955) was not a good summer for Charles. He started having severe sinus problems sending him to the hospital with pneumonia twice. One doctor's diagnosis was Histoplasmosis, which I learned later, is a fungus of the lungs. I knew not what that might mean but Hettie being a nurse was devastated because her understanding was that there was no cure and that it was always fatal. She did some further study and found that there are two kinds and one is curable. Charles' doctor assured me that that was the one Charles had. Years later Doctor Currier said "no, he did not have Histoplasmosis". Whatever it was when we moved to Freeport it cleared up. We decided it was the salt air and water that he played around in all summer that cleared his sinuses.



It was good to be close to Merchia and his family who lived across town from us. We were able to spend some time together especially when the sisters came for a visit. Merchia always found time to come for a visit with all of us and we loved that. It was good to know May without resenting her as I did as a child. And it was good to know their children Charles, Connie, Ann and Patsy.

I don't remember just when we started being so fearful of that dreaded disease called Polio, but certainly it was our nightmare while Charles and Bruce were growing up.

Since neither the cause of it nor the cure for it was known

we mothers often felt like we were running from our shadows as we listened to the different precautions given by the medical profession. One of those precautions was to avoid letting our children get tired, overheated or chilled, which made it hard in the

summer time when swimming and playing in the water hose was a fun thing for them. I remember many times letting Charles and Bruce play in the water and then being frightened when they came in the house shivering from the cold. We knew that research was being done on the virus and we were anxiously waiting for the cure to be found. When the school term of 1956 started we heard the good news that Jonas Salk had developed a vaccine, which now had a promise of preventing this virus. Of course this was good news to us but then we were told that the vaccine must go through one more testing before it could be released. This testing was to be done with a pilot group and the third grade throughout the nation had been chosen to be that pilot group. Bruce was in the third grade that year and so would be one of the children to take part in this testing of the vaccine. We like all parents of those children, we were faced with the fear that went with taking part in this test. We were told that there was some risk as is with all inoculations. We were very much relieved when the incubation period was over and Bruce was fine. The Salk vaccine was released and polio was stamped out.

1956 we realized that our little two-bedroom house with one bath was too small for our growing family and FH' salary was too small to meet the needs of the family. And so the decision was to look for employment somewhere else. After looking several places of employment we decided to go to work for Dow Chemical Co. The salary looked like a fortune compared to AP&L.

As soon as school was out in June we sold our house for \$7,000.00 which was a \$1,000.00 profit. We moved to Freeport Texas for one year training before coming to Louisiana where the new plant was being built.



At the close of school Charles' class had an end of school function which called for a white sport coat. I priced the white coats and felt that I could make him one for much less than I could buy one. I bought a piece of sharkskin and made him one and he wore it proudly. This was his first man size coat but Hey! Looking at the picture, I think I got the sleeves too short.

Soon after we spent the night with Chalmers and Kaye they were divorced and Chalmers married Ruth. They had built their dream home in Dyersburg and wanted us to come for a visit before we left Arkansas. So we picked up Mother Moore and went to Dyersburg for two days. FH enjoyed fishing with Jimmy on Reelfoot lake, he and Jimmy had always been buddies in fishing and hunting.

Indeed their house was a beautiful spacious house to be admired but when we left to come home, there was a hole in the ceiling that I am sure Chalmers and Ruth would wonder about. When Ruth called dinner she asked Jimmy to bring one of the chairs to the table. He picked up the chair and slung it over his head knocking a hole in the ceiling. Mother Moore and I saw it happen but we kept quite about it and I am not sure that Jimmy even knew he did it.

[4.03] [4.04][4.05][4.06]



There was some sadness about leaving our first house. We had spent many happy times there. We were close enough to my sister's families for us to gather many times. As small as the house was we seemed to always find places for everyone to sleep and room at the table for everyone to eat. It was there that Charles and Bruce rode their

first bikes, It was there that Paul spent his baby years and it was there that Robert was born.

We were delighted to be near the Gulf waters, we spent much time on the beach fishing and enjoying just being there. This was mine and the boys first time to be near any ocean and I loved it from the beginning. I loved the sound of the surf, the aroma of the sea-life and the seaweed as it mixed with the salt water. I loved the chirping of the seagulls as they came close enough to me that I could make eye contact with them I loved the moon over the water at night as it reflected it's rays in the water below. This, I thought is a fulfillment of a longing that I have always felt, and it reached to the depth of my soul filling me with a joy that I can now feel as I recall that time.



We went to the beach almost every day with our picnic lunch and our fishhooks often staying into the darkness. Our friends Jane and Freck Elslander and their little daughter Jana went with us. Very often we had the beach to ourselves which we did surely appreciate years later when we visited the beach to find it so crowded that we had trouble finding a slot to claim for a short time. It was there that F.H. threw out his hook and his line started flying through the air, he was mystified as to why until he realized a sea gull had snatched it and was flying away with it. He cautiously reeled it in and released the sea gull. It was there that a

crab bit Robert. E.S and Geneva were there at that time with their movie camera so they have a movie of that incident. Robert was not only hurt but he was mad at the crab. We caught many nice red fish and enjoyed cooking them with Freck and Jane

It was the first of July when F.H was told that he would need to go to Foxboro Mass. for six weeks training. That alone would have slightly interrupted our beach trips, but to add to the interruption, on our last trip to the beach before he was to leave, I severely sprained



my foot. I was standing knee deep in water holding onto little three-year-old Robert while my feet sank into the sand when F.H. said, "we were told to be careful of sharks this week end, they have been spotted close to the beach". About that time a large fish swam between my legs and got stuck between them. I jerked so hard on my foot that I ripped apart what ever a foot is made of and I ended up on crutches for several weeks. Charles and Bruce took care of the house, the cooking, the washing and the two little ones with very little help from me during that time.

I was back on my feet when football practice started for Charles. Soon after we got settled Charles had insisted that I call someone and find out if he could join the team. I called Coach Anderson and he welcomed Charles into the football team.



Geneva and E.S. came to visit while F.H. was away and we enjoyed the beach with their three children and the five of us.

F.H. came home the middle of August and we with the Elslanders spent many more hours on the beach sometimes late into the night. The soothing sound of the surf and warmth of family and friends was "food for one's soul". But we would soon need to limit our trips and turn our thoughts toward school for Charles and Bruce and work for F.H. It was time for F.H. to start applying what he had learned at Foxboro because there were instrument trainees there who were waiting for his leadership. They would have nine months training before leaving for the Louisiana division.

Bruce joined the Cub Scouts, Charles joined the football team and we (as a family) joined the Presbyterian Church. Paul and Robert tried to find their niche among the many children in that large complex of duplex apartments. Four year old Patrick MaLoney who lived right next door would be the one that would have been voted "the most likely to be remembered". His antics, his vitality, and his strong- will would drive his mom into hysterics at times and would play havoc in many cases.

Patrick chose to have only one friend and that friend was to help him wage war on the entire apartment complex. Every day he and his little friend went through the neighborhood picking fights, and very often Paul was one of their victims. Then one day his friend moved away and it was time for Patrick to pick another friend to be his partner in crime. To my dismay he picked Paul! Paul was reluctant to join Patrick as his friend mainly because Paul and Robert were content to play together inside, so he never went with Patrick on his hunting expeditions but obviously Patrick still considered him his partner whether or not Paul agreed. One morning Patrick, in a panic, banged on the latched screen door and said, "where is Paul?" I said, "Patrick, Paul is still asleep, what do you want?" Without answering me, Patrick jerked the latched door open, pulling the latch out of the facing while taking a part of the facing with it, ran and jumped in the bed with Paul saying, "Paul get up they are after us". I was thankful that the "Theys" did not come running through that door, which could no longer be latched, forcing me to go jump in the bed with Paul and Patrick.

One of Patrick's fun things to do was to have his mom tie a string on an object and sling it around in the yard. His mom (Helen) and I agreed that this was a dangerous thing to do with so many children around and she agreed that she would not tie the string for him again. But after fighting with Patrick about it he would finally wear down her resistance and she would time and time again tie whatever he wanted at that time. One day he came out of his house with a string tied to a large wooden fishing line spool and started slinging it around when it hit Paul on the side of the head. The lick was so hard that Jane who lived across the street heard the lick and came running. I heard Helen screaming and ran out to see what had happened and there was Paul on the ground with a big ugly knot raising on his head. I picked him up and carried him inside with Helen following me

FREEPORT TEXAS



Our apartment in Freeport Texas from June. 1956 to June 1957



Robert and Paul ride the ponies



Bruce and Paul hold the big fish



Paul, Robert and friends. Pat is standing by Robert



Robert with his "Per"



Charles with Marsha Hunt



Paul examines Teddy Bear while Robert holds the phone in case he needs to call a real doctor. Bruce is unconcerned.

screaming. I was glad that Jane was there to help me with not only injured Paul but also Helen who was by this time hysterical as she screamed and lamented tying the string on the spool. I called the doctor and he instructed me to keep Paul awake and watch him. He assured me that seeing a knot is much better than not seeing one. That seeing one means the knot is on the outside instead of the inside of his head. Paul seemed to have no lasting effects from that lick but years after that he still had a little "pea size" knot on the side of his head. I think Helen and Patrick both learned their lesson that day at least that stopped Patrick's slinging objects around.

We were glad to have a little extra money but then as I have learned through the years an increase in salary is never as big as it might seem to be. Our expectations were much bigger than the increase in the salary so we could not do all the things that we had planned and talked about, one being buying a new car. We had talked about our plans before we left Pine Bluff and Bruce had told Pat about our plans to buy a new car. We soon saw that we could not stretch our budget to buy the car so we put new seat covers on the old one. When we went by the Curry's in 1957, Pat said, "Bruce, you did not get a new car?" Bruce said, "no but we got new seat covers". I felt proud of Bruce although we could not get a new car, he was proud of the seat covers. Truly we did need a new car because after being in the salt air and sand for one year the floor of the car was rusted through a few places. One more year in Freeport and we would not have needed brakes. We could have all dragged our feet to stop the car.



It was the last of May and school would be out for the summer and time for us to pack and leave that vacation spot and get ready to move to Plaquemine, Louisiana. Since we would be moved by Paul's birthday, Jane and I planned a big birthday party for him and invited a yard full of friends. I made him a Cowboy & Indian cake, which he loved. It was at the party that I realized that Paul must have made a few rounds with Patrick since he apparently had at least one real enemy. Just as soon as we sang "Happy Birthday" to

him, he took off running and growling chasing this one little boy who was walking by the house. We stood stunned as we wondered what that was all about until he came back with a grin on his face and said, "I beat him up" I said "Paul, why?" His reply was, "I have been waiting until I was five years old so I could beat him up because he has been beating me up". I will now say what I would like to have said then, "good for you Paul".

I knew Paul was not feeling well during the party but I went ahead with it. That night he had a fever and the next day he started breaking out with measles. He was very sick with them and the doctor advised us that we would need to delay our leaving for a few days. It was that day that I had a call from Louise telling me that Merchia had died. I knew he was very sick so was not really surprised but I was sorry that I could not go to his funeral. Even had Paul not been sick I could not have gone with us in the middle of a move. Merchia was only forty-nine years old. The doctors were never sure what caused his death. Seemly it was a liver disease although he never drank so could not relate it to that.

I am glad that I did have a few years living close by him so we could have some time together. But it was hard to realize that our handsome brother who we girls had so much admired was now gone and at such a young age.

The movers came with their barrels and started packing the small items and leaving the beds to last. During their packing Paul had another "wild moment" that put the movers and me in a state of shock. At that time Paul always had a pet frog that I had strongly resisted at first saying, "Paul you must not play with frogs they will give you warts". Later I said, "well you can play with them but you must not bring them inside the house. Then finally I said, "everyone watch out and don't step on Paul's frog". Paul had realized that he had not seen his frog for a few minutes so he thought the movers had packed it in one of those barrels. He dug into a barrel headfirst screaming and slinging packing materials out of the barrel. After I found what he was looking for I pulled him out of the barrel and helped him find his frog. The movers went back to packing.

We left the first of June and as usual we were loaded to the "brim" with people. It is hard now to realize that we were willing to allow extra people in our car every time we loaded up to go on a trip, but we did and so we left Freeport with four adult size people and four children. Jane, knowing that we, by taking the route through Russellville (which was the longest route) would go within a few miles of her home, wanted to take her little daughter Jana and go with us to visit her parents. It was summer time and hot and at that time we did not have an air-conditioned car so without saying, it was not a pleasant trip. Paul was still recovering from measles and needed to lie down and keep his eyes protected from the sun glare. I bought a folding canvas stool and fixed a bed for him in the back seat with Robert, Charles, and me. I also put a screen over the window to keep the sun out of his eyes and kept a cool cloth over his eyes. Fred, Jane, Bruce and Jana sat in the front seat. We did appreciate Jane's Mom having a good meal ready for us when we arrived at her house. We ate and rested for awhile and then went on to Little Rock. It was dark by that time and much cooler so the trip was much more pleasant.

We left Little Rock June 5th, Paul's 5th birthday. We drove through country that we were seeing for the first time as we crossed the Mississippi River at Natchez and on down Highway 61 to Baton Rouge. I had read Historical Novels with the setting in Natchez, Baton Rouge, and New Orleans and it was exciting to now see some of those places. We crossed the river at Baton Rouge and drove down through the sugar cane country. This was our first time to see sugar cane growing. We drove past the mud hole that was to be Dow Chemical Company and then through the little town of Plaquemine until we found the gravel road marked Belleview Road. We soon spotted the Belleview Subdivision where Dow Chemical had built seventeen new houses for their employees. We found out later that F.H. was one of those who were given priority for one of the houses. Many of the Dow employees who came from Freeport found it hard to find places to live. It was obvious that Plaquemine was not prepared for the big influx of people who would move in to work at Dow Chemical.

Our furniture had been delivered and set up in the house as well as the movers knew how to set it up. It was nice to live in a new three-bed room house with central air-conditioning. I must say that the air-conditioning would never work. The repairman worked on it the two years that we lived there but could never get it to work. Since all the other families who occupied the seventeen houses had moved over from Freeport the year

BIG FISH FREEPORT, TEXAS 1956



A good catch of red fish



Written on the back -Last Date



Robert and Bruce with friends



Is this a good pose?



F.H.'s picture used on his resume when applying for a job at Dow Chemical



No Paul, Do like this

before, we were the last family to occupy the one saved for us. It didn't take long for the other sixteen families to come and greet us and make us feel a part of the Dow family. That did though have it's drawbacks as I soon felt a strain of trying to adjust to the pressure I felt with the onslaught of advice from the wives "the must do things". Among the wives was the wife of F.H.'s boss. She introduced herself as such.

The people of Plaquemine seemed to greet us with open arms. We were invited to a cocktail party at the Nadlers and there was much talk among the wives about what to wear which made me nervous. I quickly bought a piece of black file and made me a dress but wondered as I put it on if it was the right thing to wear. The party was such a enjoyable event that the leaders of the Dow wives decided that we must reciprocate with a party. We all chipped in and had the party at the American Legion Hall on Belleview Road. The leaders again planned and decided that we should have a party once a month. It did not take too many months of this for me to decide that this was far too many parties and I suppose others felt the same way because the parties soon stopped. The wives told me that I should hire a maid at least once a week. I had never had a maid and really did not know how to handle one but I tried it to go along with what seemed to be expected of me. So I hired a maid but that ended when I came home one day from a shopping trip to find Paul and Robert crying because they had been locked out of the house.

We had belonged to the Presbyterian Church all of our married life but had heard that there was no Presbyterian Church in Plaquemine. We like the other Presbyterians who had just moved in, chose the Methodist Church. The church was small so it did not take long for us to fill the church to overflowing. Seventeen families joined one Sunday. Others had already joined and more would come later.

One of the first meetings that we attended at the church was the revival service. When we arrived the back pews of the church were filled so the six of us had to sit near the front which made us feel conspicuous enough but before the service was over I am sure we were well noticed. As the visiting minister preached the sermon he kept trying to say "going down the dusty road" but each time he would try he would say "going down the rusty doad". We all sat throughout the service trying to smother back the giggles that just wouldn't go away. As we attended the remainder of the services, we managed to get to church in time to get one of the back seats. It had been many years since I had attended a revival service and I was reminded of the revival services many years ago at Center Ridge when I felt lost and afraid of what was happening to us and I found comfort in the scripture quoted by the minister. "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." "In my Father's house are many mansions if it were not so I would have told you, I go to prepare a place for you and if I go to prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto my sight, so that where I am, there ye may be also" I found comfort in those words when I was but a little girl and I still find comfort in them.

Since the Methodist Church has a policy of moving their ministers often we have seen many ministers come and go. It was soon after we joined the church that Rev. Fraser left. Their two boys were in school at the time they needed to go and make preparations for the move and they ask us to keep the boys. I have always wondered why they picked us when they had known us for such a short time but I took it as a compliment. It would be

the first of other times that we would keep children for the minister and his wife. It never seemed hard at that time to crowd one or two more boys into our house

I know it had been hard for Charles and Bruce to uproot them twice and move them away from friends. Charles had quickly become a part of a group of friends in Freeport and had made a hit with Coach Anderson. Soon after we got settled in our new life Charles' friend Don Causby invited him to visit him in Freeport. We started making plans for him to do that and also for Don to visit us later in the summer. At that time there was very little air travel. Travel was either by car, train or bus so I called the bus station and made reservations for Charles to go to Freeport. When we went to purchase the ticket we drove around the block several times looking for the bus station but it didn't seem to be at the address that I had found in the telephone directory. We finally saw a little Greyhound sign over the door of an old run down building that didn't look safe to walk into. Since I saw no other sign of a bus station, we went inside and were met by an older man who directed us to follow him. We followed him as we worked our way through the narrow isles to a little shelf in the back of the store, which was the ticket counter where we bought the ticket. We would learn later that this was George Viguet's store where he sold everything from "junk to super junk to bus tickets". Actually we would learn that if you are looking for something that you can't find elsewhere, look at George Viguet's and I found that to be true.

While living in Freeport we were warned of hurricanes and told to take warnings seriously and of course were glad that we did not have to run from one while there. Glad to be now living where we did not need to worry about such a storm. We had been here less than one month when Hurricane Audrey hit and we realized the strength of a hurricane. All day the wind blew and it rained like I had never seen before. I stayed busy that day making a shirt for Charles that he had requested. He spent the day doing the housework for me so I could make the shirt for him to have when he went to visit friends in Freeport. That afternoon we heard the news of the devastation of that storm. The storm had hit Cameron Louisiana the night before and killed five hundred people. The storm had come in too fast to give the people warning so that very few were able to get out. We would have other storms in years to come.

To help Bruce fill his time, I registered him in a swimming class for ages ten and twelve at the city pool. He went one day and was told not to come back because he was already a good swimmer. He played some with Butch Smith who lived close but they were not too compatible. We had assumed that Butch was Bruce's age, I suppose because Butch was large for his age. We would learn later that Bruce was three years older than Butch.



Bruce came running into the house one day saying, "Mom, let me have the camera I want to take a picture of a plane that has landed across the ditch". At that time it was quite unusual to see a small plane fly over and I suppose almost never to never see one land. This is the picture Bruce took of the plane.

Paul and Robert had many friends their age

**PLAQUEMINE, LA.
Bellevue Sub. 1957**



Bruce cooks the chickens while Paul swings in the background.



Charles with Paul. The Perry house in the background.



The "rag-a-tag" Bellevue football team ----
Robert, Paul, J.J. Sullivan, Andy and Tom Smith

Maple Street



Paul and Robert 1957



Robert, Paul, Bruce and Charles Christmas 1957



Robert shows Marguerite Sullivan how to hold a football



Charles and Bruce in Freeport Texas---Spring 1957



Robert, Marguerite and Kaye
Easter 1958

living in the Dow houses. There was Andy and Tom Smith, J.J. Sullivan, Michael Campbell and others. When Christmas came that year all the little boys had asked for football uniforms so we had a football team in our backyard.



That summer they played on a swing set in our backyard and on a slide that Jo Sullivan had set up across the street in a vacant lot. It was those two items of play equipment that sent us to Dr. Currier with injuries, which required stitches. Paul fell on the slide and cut a gash in his head at a bad time.

It was while they were in the process of paving Bellevue Road and the rains started and the mud was too deep to get our cars in and out of the subdivision. We were forced to park our cars in the Turnerville Subdivision, which was across a deep ditch that divided the two subdivisions. I

picked up Paul and cleaned the injury the best I could and then wrapped his head in a towel and carried him through the water in the ditch to the car. I took him to Dr. Currier and he put a few stitches in the cut. These were our first stitches for our growing family but then we would have two more such incidents soon.

The rains kept coming causing the workers to delay the paving of Bellevue Road and it would soon be time for school to start and would come the problem of how to transport the children to school. A tractor pulled trailer with a tarpaulin covering it solved the problem. It came by each morning and picked up the children then brought them home in the afternoon. We called it our covered wagon. Soon after that, a bridge was built across the ditch so we could then get in and out of the subdivision.

Sometime that summer I had to make a trip to the emergency room and have a gash on my wrist stitched up. I was putting away dishes and cut my wrist when I tried to catch a falling glass with a plate. They both broke and cut my wrist. Dr. Spedale was on duty that night and he took care of it. When I was asked to fill a form stating just how this happened I realized that they were thinking it might have been a suicide attempt. This was my first time to need stitches.

The third trip to the doctor for stitches was with Robert. The swing set had been patched with a bolt that was too long causing it to stick out on the swing side. Robert was swinging on the glider and side swiped the bolt, which dug a deep trench in his head. By that time the road had been paved and I did have a car but I almost burned it up while going to the doctor. At that time the temperature was below freezing and to prevent the radiator from freezing FH had drained it. In my rush to get to the doctor I put only a small amount of water in the radiator thinking that would be sufficient so by the time I parked the car at Dr. Currier's office the car was smoking. Some kind person helped me fill up



the radiator before I drove back home. It took seven stitches to patch the trench in Roberts's head.

We had heard about the many bayous and lakes in this area that made it a fishing and skiing paradise, so we soon started looking for a combination fishing

and skiing boat. We loaded the family in the car and went to Bonefey's Boat Sales in Baton Rouge and there we found a used boat that by stretching the dollar we could afford. We spent many Saturdays on the Bayou by Jack Miller's place. Charles and Bruce quickly learned to ski and were good at it. We soon became friends with the Perry's and their three older children Cleve, Linda and Dub. They also quickly learned to ski. We enjoyed fishing in the bayous and had many fish dinners from the fish that we caught.

We had heard about Louisiana's crawfish boils, crawfish etteffee and crawfish bisque and would soon go to our first crawfish boil. Margaret and Bruce Lovelace invited the Perry's and us to a boil at their house. It took a lesson or two for us to learn to peel them but we did learn and we all liked the crawfish.

Geneva and E.S. came to see us in August and we of course had to introduce them to a crawfish boil. We got all the makings together to boil them outside and it started raining. We did not know then that you don't boil crawfish inside because of the strong odor of the seasoning. We boiled them inside and forty years later the house probably still smells of crawfish.

The day came to register Charles and Bruce in school. Rosemary Smith and I took Bruce and Butch along with our four other little ones. It was then that we learned the age difference in Bruce and Butch. When they called for the second grade to go to the front of the room to register, Rosemary was surprised that I did not take Bruce and I was surprised that she took Butch. They called for the third grade and I did not go up, when they called for the fourth grade and I did not go up, she said "Osa, are you asleep?" Bruce was in the fifth grade.

Charles came home disturbed about his schedule because it did not include enough college preparatory subjects. It did not include the required subjects for him to graduate from High school in four years. The next day I hired a Mrs. Boudreau to stay with Paul and Robert and I went with Charles to school to see about his schedule. When I met the Principal of the school, I was shocked when I realized that he smelled strong of alcohol and seemed to be unable to know what I wanted. I am sure he realized that too and he called for someone who could help me get the schedule fixed. It was soon after that that he retired and L.J. Raymond came to Plaquemine as Principal and football coach of the High School. However that was not before we had to suffer through a dismal football season with Coach Walker who would be replaced by L.J. Raymond. The football season of 1957 was a complete loss. They lost all of their games and went through the season with only a few substitutes on the bench. I know that was a disappointment for Charles who had played with winning teams at Pine Bluff and Freeport. To add to his disappointment we were unable to go to his out of town games because F.H. at that time was working long hours at the plant and I was too much of a coward to try to go by myself.

I suppose it was about that time that an austerity program hit Dow Chemical and the Louisiana Division got the word that they would close down the operation here in Plaquemine. It was something about not having the money to hire the contractors to do the work that needed to be done. The employees talked this over and knowing that they did not want to shut the operation down persuaded the higher management in Midland Michigan that they would build the plant themselves. All employees from top

management down worked long hours and many months and they got the plant built and in operation by the time the goal had been set to start up the plant.

It was September 1958 and time for Paul to start to school. I was pleased that his teacher was pretty and seemed easy to meet but actually the children were frightened of her. She kept them afraid of being sent to the reform school. But in spite of that Paul did well and soon showed signs that he too would place with the fast learners. He had gone to school only a few days when he came home and announced that he had made straight "A's". He had started learning to make the first letter in the alphabet.

Since housing in Plaquemine was almost none, Dow had asked that those who were lucky enough to qualify for one of the houses in Belleview to plan to live in the house only two years. They had expected that we would be able to build our house in that length of time. Dow had bought several lots in the St. Louis Sub-division for the purpose of selling them to Dow employees. We selected our lot and prepared to build so that we could abide by the two-year policy.

Buck Perry was in the house building business and their reason for moving to Plaquemine was to build the much-needed houses in the area. We were glad to have him build our house and have been very pleased with the soundness of his construction. He started the construction of it in January 1959 and had it finished in time for us to move into it in June. It was exciting to see our house being built from the digging of the foundation to the finished product. Scotty helped me with the picking out of colors, flooring, plumbing fixtures etc. Robert was not in school so he and I went almost each day to make some decision and watch the progress. Robert had one request that we honored. He could not yet reach the light switches so had to call on someone to turn on the lights for him. He requested that the light switches be lowered enough for him to reach. We had him stand on his tiptoes to see how high he could reach and the light switches were placed at that height.

February 10th 1959 was another one of those frightening experiences for me as a mom and I am sure for F.H. as a dad. It was Mardi Gras Day and Charles went to a celebration at the Youth Center that night. I knew he had not been feeling well for several days but I was still surprised to hear him come in a little early. I suppose a mother's instinct kept me awake for awhile wondering about him and then I heard him go to the bathroom and vomit. The second time he went to the bathroom I got up and ask him to not flush the toilet until I saw what he was getting rid of. I was shocked at what I saw because I felt like something was wrong. I would learn later that it was dried blood. I woke F.H. and told him that I was worried about Charles but he assured me that he had probably eaten something that had not agreed with him. Charles went back to bed and seemed to settle down the remainder of the night. The next morning when I started getting the children up to go to school I was frightened when I saw how pale and sick Charles was. As soon as I got Bruce and Paul off to school I called Dr. Currier and he came to the house on his way to his office. He wasted no time in calling the ambulance, which rushed Charles to the Baton Rouge General Hospital. I called F.H. to come home and then made arrangements with friends to take care of Robert and also Paul and Bruce if they got home before we did. Scotty took care of Robert that day and she also took a Mardi Gras costume to Paul to wear in the Gray Monkey Parade.

We crossed the Port Allen ferry that morning in a fog so thick that you could not see anything but fog. Through my tears I prayed as we crossed the river I could think of nothing but either a sever football injury or cancer in the last stages. It seemed it took us forever to get to the hospital. When we got to the hospital we met Dr. Prosser and he told us that he had ordered a blood transfusion for Charles and would wait to run some tests on him. He told us that his first thought was a hemorrhaging ulcer. Since I had thought cancer or an internal football injury it was almost a relief to hear that. But at the same time I felt a sense of guilt of what might have caused a fifteen-year-old to have an ulcer. Dr. Prosser helped by telling me that there is no certainty about what causes an ulcer. He told me that his youngest patient was a five-day-old baby. Now (1998) they have found that a virus causes it and that it can be cured. But that was then and the treatment was an antacid and a strict diet. When the diet called for no acid foods I remembered that the several days before Charles started bleeding and was not feeling well he wanted nothing but tomato juice. He drank a lot of tomato juice during that time which was the very thing that he should not have had.

Charles was in the hospital several days and the tests confirmed that it was an ulcer. He would have to stay on the strict diet and then go in again several months later to run other tests to see how he was healing. We went to the Rhodes Spedale Hospital here in Plaquemine to run those tests. At that time the hospital was an old run down building at the corner of Church and Meriam Street but soon a new brick addition would be built on to the old building. The last time Charles went in for a follow up GI series of test we had the luxury of getting a room in that new addition.



While Charles convalesced at home the teachers sent him the schoolwork he needed to catch up with the days he had missed. It was Science Project time and since a project meant several grade points he wanted to put one together. He had won first place the year before with his "burglar alarm" but not without spending many long hours working on it. This year he was content to just enter one with no thought or winning. I bought him several cans of play putty and with it he molded a heart, baked it in the oven and then placed it on a piece of

plywood. Then with plastic tubes he showed how the blood passes through the heart. To his surprise he won not only first place in his category, but also the best overall. This was one of many Science projects that Charles and Bruce would take part in and would place each year they entered. This picture which was taken by the school is the only one I have. I think this was Charles' 1960 project, "The Electric Eye Door".

As soon as Charles was feeling well enough, Buck hired him to work Saturdays on the building of our house. He would work for Buck on other jobs and I suppose learned much from working and observing. He has certainly done a lot of working with wood during his lifetime. I might add that all four of you have the love of working with wood, which I would say was passed down from your dad.

Bruce anticipating living where he would have much roaming space bought his first gun. He had saved his money but did not have enough to pay the full price of it so he put it on lay-away to be paid out a little each month. We were the first to build in the middle section of the sub-division and for almost a year we could see no houses. We loved this time of isolation and I would say quite and peaceful but I am remembering the tree frogs with their loud call as they spread themselves on the sliding glass door blowing out their bubble throat. They were so loud at times that we could not hear the television so we would take turns getting up and slapping the door to quiet them down for a few minutes only to have to repeat it again and again.

Bruce remembers that he got his gun when we finished paying it out of lay-away for his Christmas present. When he mentioned that recently my first thought was "surely we did not wait that long to pay it out for him " but I do know there never seemed to me enough dollars to meet all the needs of our family and there was much added expenses after buying the house. We had added a few things after the initial plans not realizing that they were adding up to dollars that we might not have.

I felt relieved that now Bruce was away from Dub Perry. Dub was cruel to not only Bruce but also all the boys who were younger and smaller than he was. Bruce had suffered the mental and physical torture of his behavior for much too long before we found it out and had a talk with Scotty and Buck. The talk may have helped some but I do have my doubts. Thinking about that time I am afraid I did not handle it very well. I am glad we found out what was happening because we had thoughts of buying a house in the Belleview Sub-division and that helped us to make the decision to build in the St. Louis Sub-division.

At that time there were houses at the front of the sub-division and it did not take Bruce long to find his friend Joe Wilbert who lived in one of those houses. Together they roamed the area. He was also a friend with Price Gay and together they roamed the grounds of the Gay Plantation home. And then there was the Gay's hired help named Blue who Bruce loved to visit with. He was a kind and thoughtful black man who preached on Sundays and worked around the plantation house during the week.

It was exciting to move into our new home in June of 1959. We had more space than we had ever had and certainly more outside space with roaming room for the boys. There was much to do with curtains to be made for all of the windows. And there was yard work to be done including getting the lawn sodded. We sodded it with St. Augustine grass cuttings from our friend's yards. FH set up his workshop in the garage and I set up my sewing machine. There was little money left after we paid the down payment on the house so we had to cut corners as we had done in years past. Mother Moore came and helped with the cooking while I sewed and worked in the yard.

It wasn't long before we lost some of our isolation when a house was built down the street and then the Vaughn's built their house right beside ours. Many years went by before the houses that we see now surrounded us.

Paul and Robert had no children their age close by so they played together. The game that I remember best is their little cowboy and Indians sets. The game would go something like this:

Me-----Ya'll play with them in your room

Them----OK

They play for awhile making their cowboy & Indian sounds

Them-----Mom, can we put some of the men on the sofa?

Me-----I guess so

The noise becomes closer to me.

Them-----Mom, can we put some of the men on the table?

Me -----I guess so---hummm

The room is beginning to look cluttered and the noise is louder

Them----Mom, can we put some on this chair?

Me-----Oh ----I guess so Yikes!

Them---Mom, can we----

Me----No! That's enough I can't stand any more clutter and noise.

Another game that I am remembering was I guess you would call it "play train". It involved turning the chairs over to become the train cars. The passengers were the stuffed animals and either Paul or Robert. A metal step stool served as the train engine. The engineer, sometimes Paul and sometimes Robert seated himself in the stool and pretended the seat was the steering wheel. Then came the sounds of a train-----the whistle and the bell as the train approached railroad crossing. And then there was the chatter of the passengers on the train with an occasional cry of a baby. This game ended abruptly one day when Robert got stuck in the engine and had to have help to get out. I had noticed that Paul no longer insisted on taking his turn at being the engineer, so I suppose that he had outgrown the space that served as the seat. That day Robert squeezed himself into the seat and started the engine. After being sure the engine was running all right he slowly took off down the tracks and ran his regular route with no problem. The problem came when he tried to get out of the seat and found that he was stuck tight between the metal legs of the stool. I started working at getting him out and was surprised at just how tight he was wedged in the seat. I was glad that he didn't panic during the ordeal as I kept thinking, "*where is the nearest metal cutting place*"? I did manage to get him out unharmed but that ended the "play train game with the old metal stool that once was a proud train engine".

With L.J. Raymond as coach of the Plaquemine High football team the 1958 season was much improved. The team was on it's way to becoming a winning team and the stadium which had been almost empty the year before was filling up again. Charles made the first touchdown that had been made in several years and was presented with an autographed dollar bill by Mr. Albert Dupont. Through the next three years with the team Charles would become the "Star" player and as he was mentioned in the news reports about the team he became "Charlie Moore". It took me awhile to call him Charlie instead of Charles but I did eventually feel comfortable with the change. After all he was named for my Dad and although his name was Charles, he was called Charlie. It was about this time that I started calling F.H. Fred. He was known as Fred at Dow and also with all of his friends. So in order to cut out the confusion I started calling him Fred. But even after all

1957 ---1958
Plaquemine, Louisiana



Maple Street where we lived for two years. In Belleview Sub.



Robert with Santa Claus
Christmas 1958



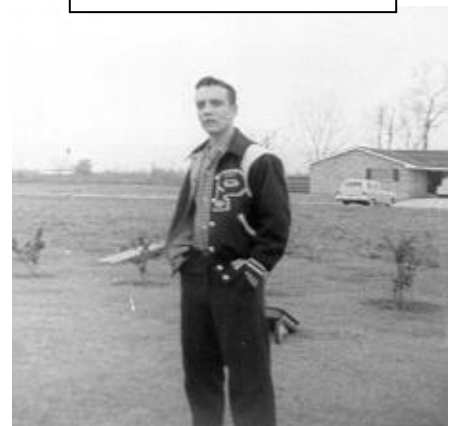
The Boat



Paul rides his tractor



Let's play "London Bridge" will it
fall on Robert or on Paul?



Charlie wears his Letterman's Jacket

COLLAGE 57-58



Robert fishes the Bayou



Paul fishes the Bayou



A good catch

COLLAGE 58-59



Boarding the school bus in Belleview Subdivision 1958 . Bruce, Kenny, Paul, Dub and Charlie. Paul was in the 1st grade. I don't recognize the little girl.



Bruce, Paul & Robert pose on the tractor.



Charlie takes Grandmother Moore for a stroll in our back yard.



Santa brought Fred a gun



Paul & Robert get ready for Paul to race in the Cub Scout races. A friend loaned the car to Paul. Did he win? No

1959
Cardinal Street



Bruce enjoys the space to fly his airplanes



Fred sets up his workshop in the garage



Charlie laces his football shoes



Old Yellow (the cat) came to live with us



Christmas 1959 or 60 Do you remember what was in the packages? I don't remember.



Must have been a date

of these years, to me is F.H. We went to all the games that year and other years throughout Charlie, Bruce and Robert's time in football. Also Paul's time with the band.

As little four year old Robert sat beside me and watched Charlie play football he whispered to me several times saying, "mom, I'm not gonna play football, I'm gonna play in the band." I always assured him that that was fine with me, that I loved to watch and listen to the band. I knew the reason for that decision was that he saw how rough football was. One night as we sat and watched the band marching briskly on the field, Robert whispered to me, "mom I am not gonna play in the band". I thinking that he had decided that maybe he would play football said, "Oh, why Robert." And he said, "because I'm afraid that the one behind me will run over me". It is a blessing to be a mom. I will add that Robert did play football through high school and would soon get the attention of the coaches. Coach Raymond told us that Robert had the "best nose for the holes" of any player he had ever seen.

It was the fall of 1958 when Paul brought me this note from Bruce:

*Dear Mother,
He prencible sad for the ones
who are going out for football to
stay after. I am going to stay and
walk home. You will do better if you
way 100 but I only way about 76
pounds.
Sincerely yours
Bruce
P.S. pray that I make the team*

I prayed and he did make that team and the team throughout his high school days.

Paul spent his first grade year afraid of his teacher and her threats but worse was to come for the next year. As the students talked about second grade teachers they talked about Mrs. Schafer, who was the "mean of all means" and all lived in fear of being in her class. I knew of Paul's fear and I talked with other mothers who's children had the same fear so I waited the first day of school hoping to hear that he did not get picked for Mrs. Schafer's class. While I waited My friend "Tooty" Guidry called and told me that she went to the school because her daughter was so afraid and to her disappointment her daughter Kaye and Paul were picked for Mrs. Schafer. She told me Paul's hand was shaking so that he could not hold his pencil. I tried to dispel Paul's fears by telling him to wait and see maybe the stories told of Mrs. Schafer were not true and at the same time I felt like crying for him because I had gone through fears of teachers in my past. It didn't take long for Paul to love Mrs. Schafer because she seemed to take him under her wing and pay special attention to him. Others said Paul was her "pet".

With the other three boys in school and F.H. taking our only car to work each day, Robert and I were at home alone each day. We did a lot of talking and much of the talking was answering questions of a typical five-year-old. I will have to admit that many of the questions were answered with "I--- don't know" without having really listened to the

question. After many times talking to Robert through the closed bathroom door while I was in the bathroom, I suggested that we not talk while I was in the bathroom. He did abide by my suggestion but one-day while I was in the bathroom I saw a piece of paper come sliding under the door. I picked up the piece of paper and read the note he had written me. It is a joy to me a mom!



Paul had his first experience at acting when he took part in the second grade Christmas school play that called for the red striped pajamas. I am sure this glimpse of acting would later lead to his taking part in the Plaquemine Little Theater. He received many compliments for his playing the part of the father in "Make Room for Ginger." Vanessa will tell you that this was the first time she had seen Paul and she thought he was great! he was very funny! Later he directed the Play "The Wild and Woolly

West." The Drama teacher who assisted Paul told me that he was the best that she had seen at directing. She said, "he gets all that he can get out of an actor and then he leaves them alone." Recently he took part as a dancer in a big production in Knoxville Tennessee.

Sometime during the year before Robert started to school he decided that he wanted to get his own library card so I took him to the library and we talked to the head librarian (Mrs. Melton). She told him that he would have to first learn to write his name and then he could get his card. In a very short time Robert learned to write his name with ease so again we went to the library to apply for his card. Mrs. Melton handed Robert the form with the place for him to write his name and said, "write your last name first Robert" when Robert looked at her with a confused look on his face she said, "write it backwards, your last name first." As I stood and talked to Mrs. Melton I wondered why it was taking Robert so long to write his name so I went to check on him. I looked at his finished form and was totally confused at what he had written until I realized that he had followed Mrs. Melton's instructions to the fullest. He had written his last name first and he had spelled it backwards. He had written "erooM treboR." I love being a mom.



When school started in 1960 Robert was excited about going and was lucky enough to get Miss Lolita Daigre, who was one of the much sought after teachers. She was able to keep good discipline without the scare tactics that Paul's teacher had exercised. It didn't take long to know that Robert too would place among the top students. Miss Daigre laughed as she told me this story of a lesson-learned one day. She asked the students if any one knew the meaning of the word "joint" and

Robert held up his hand. She then asked him to make a sentence with the word "joint" his answer was this, "My dad is going to stop at this little joint and buy him a beer."

We had heard about Miss Daigre's Grey Monkey parade as a part of Mardi Gras celebration and so Robert was thrilled to take part in it dressed as a tiger. He and Paul, with some help from mom and dad, made a little cage and placed it on the little red wagon to serve as a cage for their yellow cat. I made the tiger suit and we were pleased that his was one of the floats that made the local paper. We did have a frustrating moment which turned to anger for us all when we lost the cat at the moment that we needed to go and line up for the parade. As we looked and called the cat I heard it's meow and realized that it was coming from the neighbor's mailbox. Five year old Valerie had stuffed it in the mailbox so Robert couldn't find it. This was one of the many bad things she did to spite Paul or Robert.

Robert was eager to learn not only at school but also on his own by experimenting. One afternoon when I was in the kitchen and Robert was lying on floor of the den, he asked me for a glass of milk. I handed him a glass of milk and as I walked away I turned around just in time to see him pour the glass of milk in his face. I said, "Robert, why did you do that?" His answer was "I have always wondered if you could drink a glass of milk while lying on your back".

The first day of school Miss Daigre instructed us on what materials our children would need. She asked for a small box of crayons not a large one as the children would probably ask for. Robert was willing to abide by that for several months but he then started asking me to get him a large box of crayons. I reminded him that Miss Daigre told me not to get the large box but as he asked me again and again he said, "Mom everybody has the big box", to that I said, "tell me who has them" and Robert said, "Ricky, Dickey, Becky, Vickie, Mickey and Denise. Robert got his large box of crayons.

Paul was in the third grade and old enough for the suggested age to start piano lessons with Mr. Tadlock. He took lessons during the school year and the summers until he started taking band and then there did not seem to be enough time to do both. But those lessons would open a door in his life, which would bring him much joy as he went on to become an accomplished pianist. Mr. Tadlock laughed and told me the story of when he asked Paul if he knew what the word Nocturne means and Paul answered "I am not sure but I know it has something to do with gasoline." Mr. Tadlock also laughed and told me that Paul was the only student that he had taught who sometimes got his fingers hung between the piano keys.

Paul loved the band and received the honor of being chosen as Band Captain. Along with the Band Captain's trophy he received the scholastic trophy. He was also chosen to play in the small stage band. It was with pride as I listened to them play the music of the 40's. Music has always been one of the joys of my life especially when it is my child who is playing the music. I might add that before Paul chose to drop football he lettered his eighth grade year. He then joined the marching band in junior and high school.

When Robert reached the third grade he too took piano lessons until he too joined the band and then there was not enough time to do both. He and Paul enjoyed the band and I enjoyed hearing them play together as they practiced in the living room. Paul played the saxophone and Robert the trombone. I loved to hear them hum the harmony of their

instrument parts of the National Anthem when the television signed off at 11:30 each night. It was an added thrill when Robert joined the Baton Rouge Young Peoples Symphony Orchestra for one season ending with a concert.



Paul and Robert joined the Cub Scouts and I enjoyed being the den Mother for the years during that time. There are many stories to be told about those thirteen little boys who through the six years that I was den mother were in Den # 3 Pack # 23. Most of them went on to lead successful productive lives. But there were some tragedies among them. John was mixed up in drugs, which led indirectly to his death while in his early 20's. Steve committed suicide while in medical school. Johnny drowned in the Mississippi River while still in his late teens. Ricky's family's home burned while he was still a part of the Den and his family moved away. The last time I saw him was when he was in his mid-twenties. One Sunday afternoon Robert answered a knock on the door to find Ricky and his wife. He was under the care of a psychiatrist and in an effort to find out what might have caused his emotional problem, his doctor had sent him back here to try to find some answers. Although he had relatives here, he chose to come to his Den Mother. I could tell him very little because there was much mystery surrounding that family while they lived here.

Several of the little boys went from Cub Scouting into Boy Scouting. When Paul became a Scout he served as our Den Chief and was a big help with the boys. One of the highlights of Paul's scouting was the Canadian Canoe trip the summer he was thirteen years old. I still have some of the relics from that trip one being his food bowl that he called his Doggie Bowl.



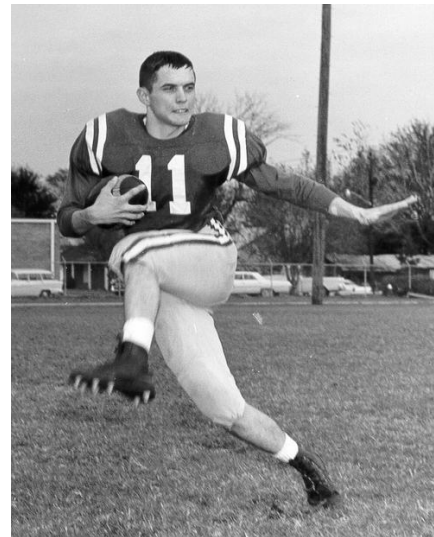
In an effort to promote better attendance at the monthly Pack meetings the Pack leader introduced a stuffed teddy bear that he named "Cubby". The Den with the biggest percentage of cubs and parents at the meetings had the privilege of keeping Cubby in their den for the month. I dressed Cubby and he was a big hit with the boys. Someone who had saved it from the local paper recently handed this picture to me. The picture is evidence that our den won at least one time and Chip Nadler and Robert went to the front to be presented with Cubby. Actually I think we won Cubby many times because our den always had a good attendance at the meetings.

Robert also went into Boy Scouts but didn't go as far as Paul did. They both dropped out when Henry Bowden, who was the scoutmaster, moved away. Paul had received his God and Country before he dropped out.

Henry was a big inspiration to scouting in this area; he had been in scouting for many years. He introduced the model car races, which was a project for the boy and his dad to build together, which after thirty-seven years is still a fun project for the scouts. Henry had taken part in these races before he moved here and he knew how to build a fast racer.



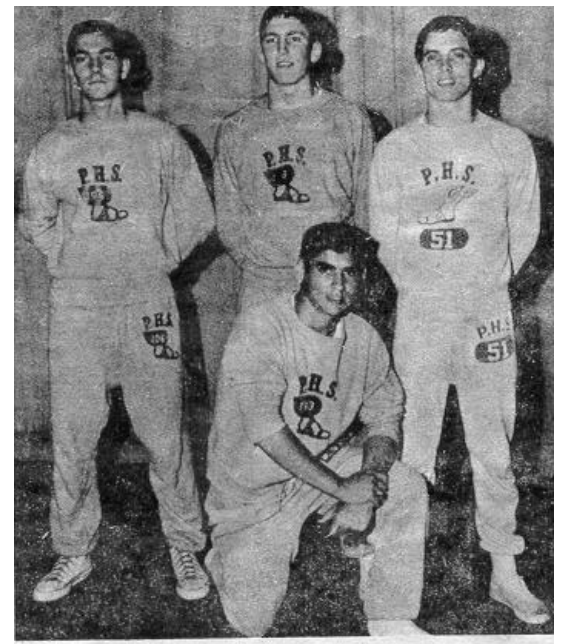
Plaquemine Hi. 1960



Plaquemine Hi. 1964



Charlie throws the discus



Mile relay team--John, Dub, Bruce, Ronnie

With that knowledge he felt a little guilty, so he gave a few hints to the dads on how to build the racer but at the same time being sure that he didn't give away enough secrets that would cause him to lose the race. He had no doubt that his boys would win the races because he had won so many times before against experienced race car builders. And after all, these dads had never before built a racecar so certainly would not be competition with their first try at building one. We all admired the racers that Fred had helped Paul and Robert to build. They were beautiful racers but I can't remember thinking that they might win the race because I knew that Henry was a pro at winning at whatever competition he entered. But the day came for the races and we watched in amazement as Robert and Paul's racers were winning every race that they ran. Robert against the many races belonging to the Cub Scouts and Paul winning against the other Den Chiefs. I am sure that Fred was much surprised because he had no thought of winning against Henry, he was only doing his duty as a dad. I could see that there was some concern on Henry's face as he watched Robert's racer eliminate every racer that it raced against----- but wait, Robert had still not come up against Kirk Bowden and Paul had not come up against Jay Bowden.....That would tell the story! Excitement was running high when the time came for the two winners to run against each other. The winner had to be declared with two out of three races so we watched the second race to see Robert beat Kirk The starting gun sounded for the first race and off they went with Robert winning by two car lengths. Well maybe that was just a farce and the second race would be different. So the second race was run with the same results.....Robert won by two car lengths. Henry was traumatized as he almost refused to believe what he had seen. Now the attention turned to the Den Chiefs race between Paul and Jay. So by now the adrenaline was running high in both the Bowden and Moore family (me included) as we watched a repeat performance with Paul's racer beating Jay's by two car lengths. Henry immediately wanted to know Fred's secret and would not give up until Fred told him. The secret was to use graphite instead of oil to oil the wheels. Up until then everyone had used oil but now everyone uses graphite.

There were many exciting and joyful moments during these years as we watched our boys take part in many school events. We joined the PTC and Fred served as president of it one year. Fred helped build the first football press box. He also served on the summer recreation committee.

Charlie and Bruce received many honors in sports and in academics. Charles lettered all four year and received many trophies for "best of many". He played full back on offense and defensive back on defense. He quickly became Plaquemine's football star as the stadium filled up again after many years of little interest in football. We were thrilled to read many articles in the Morning Advocate covering the football games as they named Charlie as the outstanding player in the game. Then came time to name the All District, the All State and the High School All-Stars naming Charlie on all three. Last but certainly not least was the naming him on the All-American Scholastic team. With all of this we began to hear about scouts coming from different colleges to watch Charlie play with the thought of recruiting him to play college football on a full scholarship. Of course it was a thrill to us to think of having a son playing for a college. Financially we were still struggling to keep our heads above water so we saw that as an easy way for Charlie to get a college education. Later we would realize that there were easier ways to get a college education and we would regret Charlie's playing college football.

I might add that after thirty-nine years since Charlie played football for Plaquemine High he is still remembered by many as Charlie Moore the star football player. His number (33) was retired and a large picture of him was placed in the high school. Since then a big high school has been built and Charlie's picture was moved to hang in that new school.

Bruce also received honors in football. He played four years lettering his senior year. He received the scholastic award and the non-letterman award his junior year. He was switched to quarterback his junior year and a newspaper clipping that I recently found spoke of how quickly he learned the fundamentals of that position. The article went on to say that because of his defensive ability he was switched to defensive back his senior year but would see action in both offense and defense.

Both Charlie and Bruce ran track. Charlie threw discus and ran in relay races. The high light of the track meets while Bruce was in track was the mile relay team who broke the school record his junior year. That relay team composed of Dub Perry, Ronnie Burgess, John Adams and Bruce. One article in the Morning Advocate talked of the team bringing in ten points "with Moore's gritty performance". Bruce ran the anchorman on the team. There are many track ribbons among the trophies from Charlie, Bruce and also Robert later on in the years.

There were many reasons to feel the pride that a parent feels as their children receive honors. Both Charles and Bruce were inducted into the Beta Club, went to Boys State, took part in plays at school, and was president of their classes also president of the Beta Club. Charles was voted King of the senior prom and Bruce was voted into the Senior Hall of Fame and named Mr. PHS. Bruce was presented a silver cup for having the highest grades in College preparatory subjects. Later years In spite of turmoil in the schools Paul and Robert were inducted into the Beta Club and Paul went to Boys State.

Charles took part in a senior variety show presented by the Beta Club. He played the part of Perry Como singing "Mary", he modeled "the dinner dress" and also sang another solo. On another occasion he took part in the comedy "The Womanless Wedding" presented by the football players and coaches.

His junior year Bruce had a leading part in the play "If Mother Only knew". His senior year he had a leading part in "The Path Across the Hill"

Both Charles and Bruce were presidents of their Junior classe and so led the planning of the Junior-Senior proms.

Charles' class chose an Oriental theme and I had the privilege of making Chinese dresses for Scotty Perry and me to wear as we helped serve the refreshments. Fred took part as he dressed for the occasion and pulled the surrey that picked up the King and Queen of the prom. A picture of him pulling the surrey is in Charlie's yearbook but I don't have a copy of it. I don't know why I don't have a picture of me in the dress.



Bruce's class chose the Old South theme and again I had the privilege of making the dresses for Scotty and me to wear as we helped serve the refreshments. Scotty and I struck a



Charles sings "Mary"



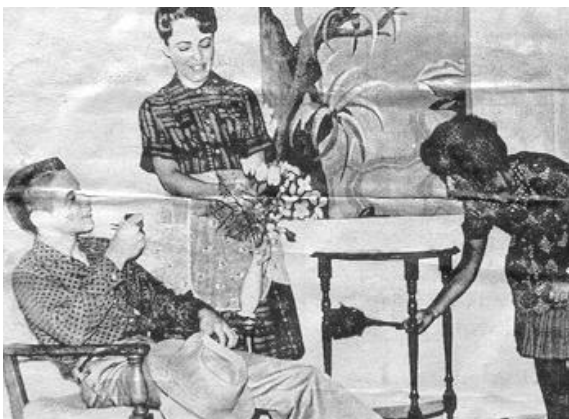
The "Dinner Dress"



Charles sings



"If Mother Only Knew"



"Path Across The Hill"



Bruce's first guitar

bargain in that she bought the material and I made the dresses for the two occasions. Bruce gave me one of the table favors that night and for me it is one of the many treasures of the past.

One of the thrills of having helped with Charlie and Bruce's banquets was the dance with them. I had had only a few opportunities to dance and had always had the desire to dance. I was so very proud to be dancing with my good-looking sons. Thanks Charlie and Bruce.

Still another thrill was when Bruce bought his first guitar and started playing and singing. He formed a singing group with Jhonny Drinkwater, Hollis Landry and an occasional other person and they entertained various groups such as church groups, Elks Club, PTC and private parties.

Actually the one in the picture was his second guitar having made a mistake in buying the first one at a pawnshop for \$20.00. I had gone with him to buy the guitar, which he had seen in the shop, and looking it over it seemed all right to both of us. Well, it didn't have a hole in it and it had a place for strings so what else could you want in a guitar. But it didn't take Bruce long to realize that there was something bad wrong with it. Someone had filed the frets down and it could not be repaired. So Bruce and I went to the music shop and bought the guitar that you see in the picture.

Bruce later had fun with that damaged guitar at the expense of members of the family. We were all gathered in the back yard for fun and food with some guitar music from Bruce. Bruce sat playing the old guitar and was obviously disturbed about the mistakes that he was making (intentionally). He kept struggling to correct his mistakes and saying, "why can't I get it right". Finally in a fit of anger he jumped up and smashed the guitar over the tree that we were all sitting under. Bruce had told me about his plan so I was prepared, but everyone else sat frozen in a state of shock until they realized that it was a joke.

All too soon the time came for our first graduation. It was with pride that we watched Charlie graduate with the many honors bestowed on him. I was reminded of my feelings in 1949 when he was placed in the afternoon class among the advanced students in the first grade. Then again in the fourth grade when he was one of the few students who passed the physical ability test given to the fourth grade students. This was in preparation of starting physical education classes in the schools. I also felt the sadness that I seem to always feel at graduations. It was hard to hold back the tears when the band started playing the graduation march as the class marched into the stadium. I suppose all moms have that feeling.



Charlie had decided to play football for LSU and would now be living in the football dormitory with the football team. Fred and I went to the high school and sat down with Coach Raymond and the LSU official to watch Charlie sign the papers. I was glad that he

would be no further away than LSU so he could come home some weekends.

It didn't take us long to realize that college football was no fun especially for those who were there to get an education. The coach made it hard for the engineering and pre-med. students as he seemingly tried to make it so hard for them that they would drop out of the football program. At one time we suggested that Charlie drop out of football but he was determined that the coach would not run him off.

We bought season tickets and went to all of the games while Charlie was a part of the football team. Although they had winning teams, watching the games was bitter sweet because we knew the behind the scenes of college football and we had a strong dislike for Coach Charlie Mac.

We as parents were invited to eat with the football boys after each home game and we went to each one of the dinners. At those dinners we watched Coach Mac occasionally go to tables and speak to some of the parents but he seemed to always ignore us---I should add, not that we cared. At one dinner as we sat talking and saying ugly things about him, he started moving around in the room and Robert, not dreaming that he would make his way over to our table, picked up his fork and held it up saying, "if he comes over here I am gonna jab him with this fork". We soon realized that he was coming over to our table so Robert had to gradually lower his fork. We did get a good laugh at that game. *Note: I would like to add that in recent years Charlie and Coach Mac have become friends and see each other occasionally. At the only football team reunion that Charlie went to, Coach Charlie Mac treated him like he was his best ever, his pride and joy of all the boys that he had coached. He talked of how Charlie was the only one who went on to receive a PHD.* I couldn't help but wonder if he remembered that Charlie had made Scholastic All-American Team his last year on the team. Coach never acknowledged it at the time and neither did the athletic department. The way Charlie found about the honor was when Bill Black (Buckskin Bill) from Channel seven called me and wanted Charlie to be on TV. I feel quite sure that channel seven had first called the athletic department and Coach Mac with no cooperation from either of them.



At the same time Charlie was graduating from High School, Bruce was graduating from Gay School and Paul, although there was no graduating exercise, was graduating from Grade School and would then go to Gay School.

Bruce graduated with honors and with top grades. Being one of the top students, he was one of the speakers at the graduation exercise. F.H. and I was the picture of proud parents as we heard him speak with confidence and assurance.

Still another exciting hobby that Bruce had was becoming a ham radio operator. I had heard many times of the usefulness of Morse code during World War II so it was exciting to see it in operation. Bruce's had made many contacts within the states and was excited one night when he made his first contact out of the

COLLAGE



Charles & Bruce install Bruce's antenna.



Paul & Robert build the cage for Old Yellow to ride in the Grey Monkey Parade. Old Yellow is content in the cage.



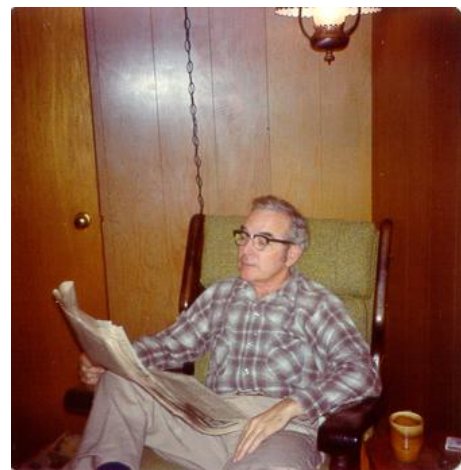
Charles & Bruce



Fred & Osa get ready for a crawfish boil



Buttons with chew stick



Fred reads the newspaper



country which was a ham radio operator in Japan. The irony of this was that it was someone from White Castle who was living in Japan at the time.

After Bruce received his ham radio license he started studying for his General License and then came the waiting time for word that he had passed the test and would be assigned his

call letters. We had enjoyed surprising Bruce with his receiver, which we had bought on "time payment" from Sears Roebuck. It was during track season that he received his license and we had the pleasure of telling him that he had received them. Bruce had gone to prepare for the track meet when the mail came with the good news and we knowing that that was what the letter was, opened it and saw his call letters. We wrote them in big letters on a large card and held it up at the track meet so Bruce could see it---- WA5GKO---- I think Bruce ran faster than I have ever seen him run that night. Maybe that was the night that the mile relay team broke the school record and maybe that was the night that the paper spoke of "Moore's gritty performance".

I might add that when Fred and I opened the letter neither one of us had a thought that Bruce might have failed the test---that was one of the privileges that we had with our boys---they never failed a test---they always made top grades. Now I am thinking suppose he had failed it---I think we would have quietly re-sealed the letter and gone to the track meet with a heavy heart.

I had only just begun to adjust to Charlie going to college when he announced that he was getting married. I felt like I was being pulled along, things were moving too fast and I was not ready to start emptying my nest. Certainly time does have a way of slipping away from us when we are busy taking care of a family and before we know it those little boys are no longer little boys but grown men going out into a world of their own.

Charlie and Kitty were married Dec. 28, 1963 in the Methodist church. Henry Bowden performed the ceremony. They moved into one of the married student apartments on the LSU campus where they would live until Charlie finished his Ph.D. Dec. 1968.

But wait! There were more exciting events between Dec. 1963 and Dec. 1968. During those five years we would be blessed with our first two grandchildren. Rhett Charles born June 6, 1966 and then came our first little girl Daley Osa born May 21, 1968. It was exciting to have our first little girl named Osa. I had grown up not liking my name but I have loved it since it was passed on to Daley.

We would see Bruce graduate from high school and then on to LSU for a degree in Electrical Engineering. After marrying Betty in 1968 he went to the University of Southern California where he received his Ph.D.

Later we would see turmoil and disruption in our schools, our colleges, our homes and in our country. It was the changing of times, which seemed to be an overall movement over which parents had no control. We would know the time as the "terrible sixties" when it

seemed at times that our country would be torn apart. Those were stressful times for everyone but especially those who had high school and college age children. Very few homes were left untouched by this unrest.

Paul and Robert would be in the midst of the disruption in the schools as they finished high school and entered college. I feel fortunate that they weathered those troubled times without getting lost as so many of the young college students did at that time.

Paul would realize his dream of being in the medical profession by becoming a kidney dialysis nurse at which he worked for twenty years. He recently graduated from the Uni. Of North Carolina as a Nurse Practitioner.

Robert joined the other three engineers and chose Chemical Engineering as his profession. He would add a third Tau Beta Pie bent to those of Fred's, Charlie's and Bruce's.

There were many honors and achievements both in high school and college, which I will not attempt to name. I would hear words that I had never before heard-- like "ODK", "Phi Eta Sigma" "Phi Lambda Upsilon" and "Phi Kappa Phi". We were so very proud of each son as he received the award. Many times Fred and I were asked what we did to raise four sons who were all achievers. I told them that we did nothing, that they did it in spite of us and I do surely feel that to be true.

There would be other grandchildren when Duncan Corkill was born to Bruce and Betty and then there was Hannah Diana and Margaret Ella (Molly)

In 1977 Charlie and Kitty separated and were later divorced. Charlie then married Daron Douglas and to them Collin Douglas was born. Still later Charlie and Daron were divorced and Charlie married Donna. With that marriage we would add, as our extended family, Donna's two boys Blue and Jay Headrick.

Robert and Vanessa were married in 1980 and we would be blessed with three more grandchildren: Tyler Robert, Leah Alexandra and Cameron Leigh.

In 1988 Bruce and Betty were divorced and later Bruce married Sharon. There were no children by that marriage but Sharon was a great stepmother to Duncan, Hannah and Molly.

And we have had music! It has been a pleasure to me as each son has a love of music. All four of them have taken the time from their busy lives to take part in singing and playing musical instruments of their choice. For me it is quality time when we gather for an evening of food, fun and music. It is a spiritual experience to hear our voices and the music blend together in harmony.

To add to the joy that I feel we now have grandchildren joining in with their music and their beautiful voices.



These pictures were made at our last gathering October 7, 2000. Charles & Dona and Paul & Amy came for a visit and during that time we enjoyed several family gatherings with food, fun and music. This was our "good bye" song as we sang "God be With You Till We Meet Again". There were other family members there who are not pictured.



Life has not been without its struggles, as our lives seem to have highs and lows, mountains and valleys. Recently our family has experienced one of the deepest of valleys. I was reminded of the song with words that go something like this, "this time Lord you gave me a mountain, a mountain that I cannot climb." But together we are climbing that mountain and it could be that

in a distance I see the top of it. It has been heart warming to see our family come together in a time of crisis and with love and prayer support each other as we work our way through the dark days. It is true that the mountains in our lives bring us much joy and happiness but it is in the valleys that our souls are restored.

With this I will close this story. Maybe later I will pick it up and beginning with the year of 1964 I'll tell the stories of those years. But for now I will close with a prayer that God will watch over us and hold our hand as we walk through the days ahead.

Osa Ann Corkill Moore
September 2000



2001

Oh, but I must mention the wedding bells in 2001

Soon after I closed the book and put it on the shelf to wait to take it to Kinko's to be printed and bound, Paul called to tell us that he and Amy were engaged to be married. We had fallen in love with Amy and were delighted to hear this news. We were surely happy for Paul that he had found his true love.

It was an exciting year while we made preparations for two weddings. Hannah and Tracy were married June 16th and Paul and Amy September 8th.

It was a time for family gatherings, which are always quality times. We gathered in Louisiana for Hannah & Tracy's wedding. We had met Tracy and his little son Caden and it was good to meet his family.

We traveled to Jonesborough Tennessee for Paul and Amy's wedding. It was great to meet Amy's family and friends for three days of fun filled gatherings. We celebrated with food, music, dancing and singing. The highlight of the singing was the singing of the old hymns, some that I had not heard in many years. A great event!

It was certainly a joy to have the family together for both of the weddings.

Then came September 11th

I, like everyone, felt shocked and saddened at what happened on that day and oh, yes fearful of the impact that it would have on our lives in the years to come.

But I did not let it mar my memories of the past months and I will always remember 2001 as a good year. A year of happy times!

With Love,
Mom (Osa)



Mr. Groundhog see his shadow – Bruce age 7 year 1954



Cowboy –Paul age 7 ½ ---1959



Halloween pumpkin –Robert age 4 years
Oct. 26, 1958



Easter Morning ---Charles age 6 years --1950

SCOUTS



Methodist Scouts: Kenny Perry, Kirk Bowden, Bruce Lovelace, Paul Moore, Jimmy Poetcher, Leader--Henry Bowden--- Glen Fredlund. Missing----- Jay Bowden.



Henry Bowden presents Paul his "God & Country" award at the United Methodist Church Sunday night service

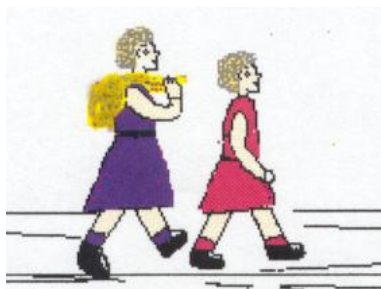
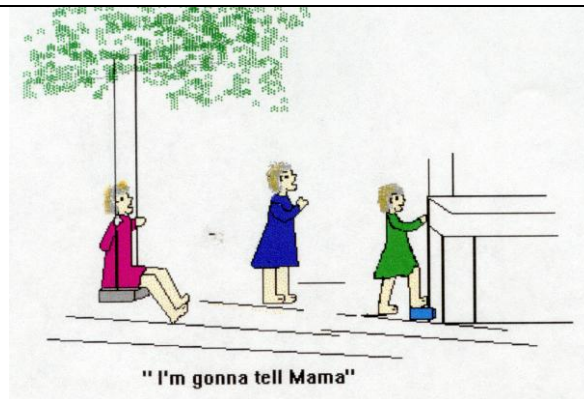


Robert joins the Boy Scouts and is ready for a big adventure

A PAGE FROM THE STORY "EARLY YEARS"



This was our home in Morrilton for six years. We played around the big dug well and the trees. It was here that Louise cut her foot as she argued with us that she could not swing us as high as she could.



I packed my few belongings and left Dell and Anse to go and live at the Harwood's. That was something that Louise and I decided that I should do so we could be close together. I can't remember that the Harwood's invited me but they didn't refuse to let me stay. I realized later that they were glad to have another field hand because cotton hoeing time was close and they knew they could teach me how to use that hoe.



ARP Church Pottsville. Charlie and Bruce were baptized in this church. The church later burned .



Grandmother Moore's house from 1941 - 1953
I was staying here when Paul was born while Fred was at Camp Hood Texas during the Korean war.



F.H. & Osa made at one of the "do it yourself" photo places at a carnival in Morrilton, Ark.
1939 or 1940



SCHOOL DAYS
1941 -1942



Fun in the snow in Pottsville Ar.
Winter 1941 Osa, Louise, Maxine and a friend (Lorene)



Osa graduates
June 1942 -
Morrilton Ark.

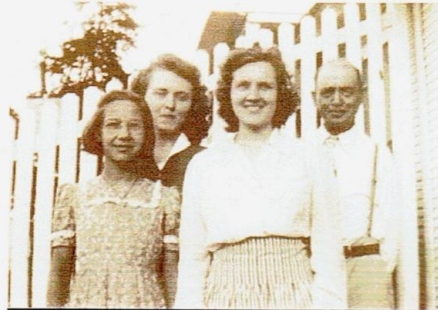


F.H.'s last trip home
before going over seas
World War II
April 1943

SUMMER 1942



Graduation Day June, 1942



Graduation Day
Maxine, Osa, Louise and Daddy



A visit with Geneva
Little Rock, Arkansas



Maxine, Geneva, Osa
Louise



Osa's Engagement
Announcement in the Arkansas
Democrat - August 1942

PICTURES FROM THE PAST



Osa, Merchia, Dad & Louise
Made in Morrilton, Arkansas
1941



The Moore farm home in Pottsville, Arkansas.
This picture was made in 1982



Our wedding day Sept. 12, 1942
The worn out look of it is due to
F.H 's having carried it in his wallet
throughout World War II.



Sunday morning Sept. 13, 1942.
Standing in front of Mather Lodge
on Petit Jean Mountain where we
spent the night.

FAMILY

Gathering at Mother Moore's house Christmas 1952



1st row-----left to right-----Nina Margaret Maxwell, Hettie Ann Mobley, Charles & Bruce Moore
 2nd row-----Hettie Maxwell, Aunt Hettie Oates, Mother Moore, Osa & Paul, Moore, Maxine & Bunita Falls,
 Louise & Benny Davis, Mary Amanda & Robert Mobley
 3rd row----F.H. & Chalmers Moore, Uncle Willie Moore, Weldon Davis, Bunn Falls, Jimmy Moore



Through the years we enjoyed many family gatherings around Mother Moore's big dining room table. We cooks would put both little pot and big pot on the stove and fill that table with good food.

Mary Amanda Mobley is Aunt Hettie Oates' daughter. Aunt Hettie Oates is Mother Moore's sister. I am sure that Charlie and Bruce do not remember Mary Amanda, she is one of my favorite family members. The soldier suit that you have seen Paul wearing in a picture was passed down from Mary Amanda's little son Robert. Mary Amanda's husband Robert was a career army officer.

In this picture Margaret Maxwell helps entertain Paul while I help in the kitchen. Bunita is also helping.

MOM



This is a picture of Mom and Geneva made in 1922. Recently Geneva and Louise discovered the negative of it in a box of things that Hettie had given Louise. Because of the age and the damage to the negative, it was not easy to find someone who was willing to try to develop it but thankfully they did find someone who was willing to take the challenge. The developer was so amazed at the results that he didn't charge for the developing.

Geneva was about a year old, which would mean that Mom was pregnant with me (Osa) at the time.

We are supposing that the picture was made in front of Dad's store in Morrilton Arkansas. We have a few pictures from those years that we consider this one to be a real treasure.

MOM



This is a copy of a picture that Geneva gave me. It is of Mom, her husband Raymond Sutton and our sister Nida. It was made in Oakland California in 1948 or 1949. This was while Geneva and E.S. lived in Oakland.

Recently I found a web page that listed deaths of all recipients of Social Security and I found Mom listed as having died 1979. She was 77 years old at the time of her death. At this revelation my sisters and I were left with a strange feeling like maybe we had just experienced Mom's funeral. We felt saddened by it because maybe deep within us we did want to find a way to touch her again, to feel the mom that we once had. Maybe we wanted to talk with her and find her feelings about us. Maybe we wanted to hear her say that she missed us and would like to have had a relationship with us. Maybe we would have loved for her to meet her grandchildren and feel the pride that we feel in our grandchildren. Maybe we were left with those longings that now could never be fulfilled. But we do now have a closure and yes, we do feel the sadness for a life that might have been.

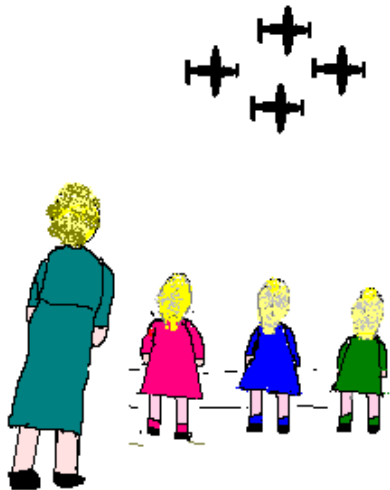
October, 23, 2002

Note

Geneva's grandson, Trevor, was looking for someone to write about World War II, someone who had been in the war. He and Geneva thought about Fred and so asked him to write something about his war experiences. Of course Fred would not attempt it but did help me some in remembering some of the war days. Since it has information not included in the manuscript "Later Years" I am including a copy of it for you.

WORLD WAR II

By
Osa Moore



I was about five or six years old when I heard about the terrible thing called war. Mama had read that some World War I fighter planes were being moved from one storage place to another, and would be flying over our house. This was my first time to see a plane so it was exciting to run outside with Mama and my sisters and watch the planes fly over our house. At the same time it was frightening when Mama told us about the war and how the planes had dropped bombs during the war. She went on to assure us that the war was over and would not come again; and that we were safe.

It would be several years later but war did come again and we would be a part of the war called World War II.

It was during the middle and late thirties that the talk was of the possibility that we might again go to war. I remember scrap metal collectors coming to the farming area to buy scrap metal. Of course the farmers were glad to sell their broken down farm equipment. They needed the money and they needed to dispose of the equipment, but at the same time they remarked that the metal would be shipped to Japan to be made into guns and bullets to turn around and shoot us. I suppose they were right about that.

Although the United States and it's allies had won World War I, the conditions of the Armistice were not enforced and so this gave the losers of the war the opportunity to gain the power unnoticed, or at least unchallenged. Historians don't agree on the exact date of the beginning of World War II; some say that World War I and World War II are part of the same conflict, with only a breathing spell between them.

But it was the invasion of Poland September 1939 that sounded the alarm for us and set us on the path to war. The young men responded with zeal to fight for our country and they started making plans to go to war when they reached the draft age of eighteen.

F.H. was one of those young men who was so eager to go that he joined the Arkansas National Guard before his eighteenth birthday. He was stationed at Camp Robinson Arkansas while he anxiously waited for the time that his guard unit would go on active duty. While he waited, and although he was now eighteen years old, the authorities found out that he was only seventeen years old when he enlisted, so they sent him home. Later the unit was sent to Alaska to fight in the Aleutian Islands. Of course he was disappointed that he didn't get to go with them.

Then came Pearl Harbor!

F.H. was a High School Senior at that time and eager to join some branch of the service. Knowing that he was eager to go, the high school principal told him about a radio school that he might be interested in and he agreed to issue his high school diploma early so he could go to this school.

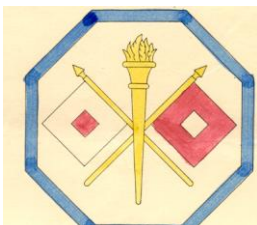
So sometime in the early spring of 1942, F.H. with two of his high school class mates, left for Somerset Kentucky to enroll in the War Department Signal Corps School. After hitchhiking to Somerset, thinking that there would be no problem in enrolling in the school, they discovered that this was a Civil Service School and they would be required to pass the Civil Service examination before they could enroll. F.H. passed the test but his friends failed it so they returned home.

F.H. says he found his niche in the Radio School he loved the studies and found it easy to make top grades as he studied to be ready to take his place in the effort to win the war.

While there he took and passed three courses: **Mechanic Learner, Junior Repairman Trainee and Frequency Modulation**

Thinking that F.H. would not go into service until he finished the Radio School, he and I married in September 1942. We rented a small apartment in Lexington Kentucky and prepared to be together the six months while he finished the course, but it would be only two months before our lives would be disrupted.

F.H. got his draft notice early in November 1942 and although the school authorities said that it was a mistake, they knew that it would not be easy to correct the mistake so they



advised him to report to his draft board. With that advice we left Lexington immediately to give F.H. time to report to Camp Chaffee Missouri for boot training. We were relieved that although F.H. had not completed all of the courses that the Signal Corps had to offer, he was assigned to the 6th Army Headquarters Signal Corp. His job

would be to set up radio communications for the 6th army. This would add credence to the thought that his being drafted early was not a mistake but it was that the 6th Army needed a radioman as they prepared to go into action soon. Since F.H. had the top grades in the class they picked him.

Most of the time F.H. was confined to camp as they made preparations to leave for their assignment. Of course it was a military secret so they didn't know what theater of war they would be sent to. Fighting was severe in both the Pacific and the European theaters at that time so it was frightening for me to know that he was going and so soon after we were married.



It was the last of February 1943 when FH came home for the last time before his unit would be shipped to their destination. At that time we still didn't know where he was to go. We only knew that he would be confined to camp until he departed and that we would not see him again until the end of the war. It was hard to say good bye. I was five months pregnant and did not feel the bravery that we young wives were encouraged to feel ☺

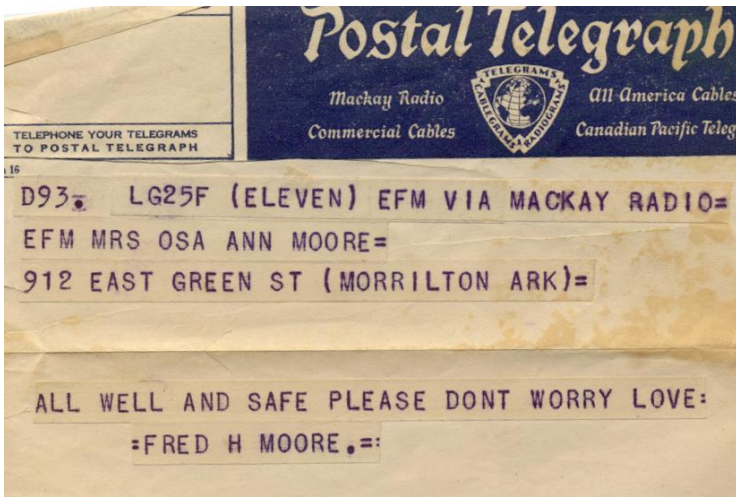


F.H. sent me this card to let me know that he had left and I knew that it would be many weeks before I could expect to hear from him again. His message on the card was, "this is a lovely morning"
Love, F.H.

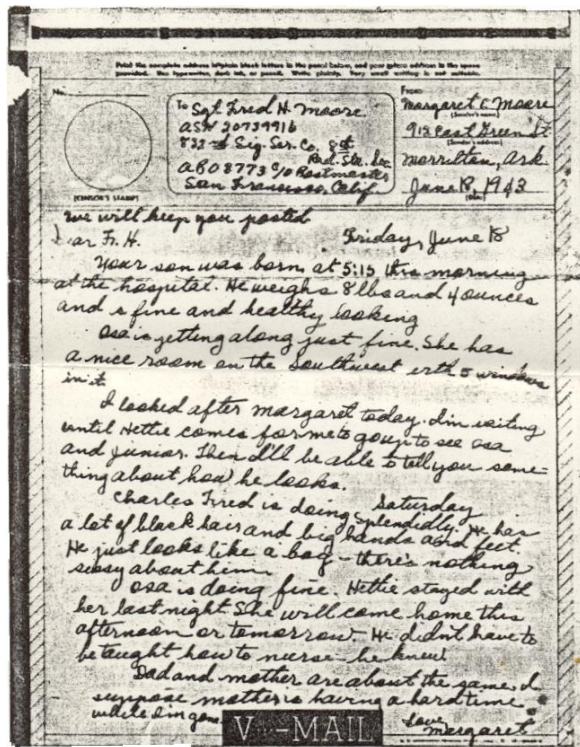
His return address was to be his address throughout the war:

Sgt. Fred H. Moore 20739916
832 Sig. Ser.co 8th Rad. Sta. Sec
A.P.O. 3713
% Postmaster

San. Francisco, Calif.



May the 22 1943 I received this telegram to let me know that he had landed. After that the letters started coming and would come regularly most days. Although the letters were screened I did



know that he was in New Guinea and was well. Letters were precious for both of us during the two and half years that he was away.

When Charles was born Margaret sent this V-mail letter to F.H. to let him know that Charles had arrived

Quote from a letter from F.H.

April 23, 1943 5:00 PM

We sailed under the Golden Gate Bridge on the M.S. Cape Flattery (a freighter loaded with explosives and some troops) We traveled unescorted to Glade Stone Starights (off the coast of Australia. There we were met by a destroyer that escorted us to Townsville Australia. This trip took 26 days.

We stayed at Camp Armstrong Paddoc for three weeks. Then we loaded on a Liberty Ship and went to Milne Bay, New Guinea. We arrived there on the 17th of June and there is where our work began.

Around Sept. 1st we went to Good Enough Island on a small ship where we set up our own radio station there.

After a short furlough in Sidney Australia, Feb. 24, 1944 F.H. talks about joining the 58th Signal Corps for the Hollandia Operation.

Note: Living in the jungles and the tropical damp climate was hard on the soldier's health and for that reason they tried to give them short furloughs.

Quote from a letter from F.H.

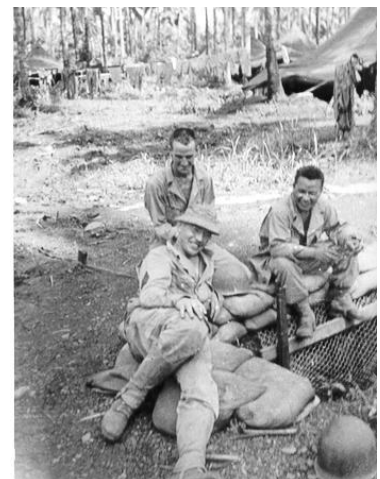
We arrived at Hollandia on the morning of the 24th of April (that would be 1944) but did not go ashore until the 25th due to

exploding ammunition on the beach. One of our dumps was set off by a Jap bomb.

F.H.'s job was to install the radio communications and to keep them



Transmitter shacks and Power house



Hollandia New Guinea
F.H. is at the front of the picture

in running order for the 6th Army. They were set up in shacks a distance away from the main army camp. This was to protect them as best they could from the enemy. They slept on cots close to the radio to be ready for around the clock call.



Soon after F.H. arrived in New Guinea he was walking a narrow path through the jungles and ran face to face with one of the natives of the island. F.H. feared the worst thinking that this must be one of the cannibals that, as a little boy, he had heard and read about. And maybe he is out here in the jungles looking for his evening meal. While F.H. stood facing him and waiting for the ax to fall on his head, the man said, “Good Morning” The natives were friendly people and were awed at these American soldiers.

F. H. and I wrote to each other every day and waited for the day when the war would be over and he would be coming home. He would be coming home to a son who he had not met. Charlie would be two and half years old when he and his dad saw each other for the first time.

On the home front we did our part to help win the war. We learned to condition our lives to adjust to do without items that were no longer available. The shelves, which had just begun to fill again after the years of depression, were now empty. We lived with our ration books and learned to spend the stamps wisely on items that were really needed. There were



many rationed items such as: sugar, coffee, tea, meat, shoes, gasoline, tires and others. We were encouraged to eat soybeans to replace the shortage of meat. We ate them but I will have to say that we never found a recipe that had a good taste. It was much later that the soybean taste was extracted from the foods that contained soybeans. There were war posters that summoned us to answer the call to duty and we willingly responded to that call.



WAR RATION BOOK No. 3

920090 DG

Issued to: Charles J. Moore

Street number or rural route: _____ State: _____

City or post office: _____

AGE: _____ SEX: _____ WEIGHT: _____ HEIGHT: _____ OCCUPATION: _____

WARNING: (Print on ration book to be issued. If each person is unable to sign because of age or incapacity, answer each sign on his behalf.)

LOCAL BOARD ACTION

Issued by: _____ (Local board number) _____ (Date)

Street address: _____ City: _____ State: _____

Signature of issuing officer: _____

OPA Form No. B-128



Each member of the family was issued a war ration book. This one was issued to Charles. It is stamps for the rationed food items.

I think the stamp below is a shoe stamp. By spending our shoe stamps wisely we adults could manage to keep shoes on our feet



but it was difficult to stay within the ration with the children's growing feet.

To solve that problem, when their toes reached the end of the shoe we cut the toes out to give their little feet room to grow.

After the war in Europe ended May 7th 1945 we were sure that the war in the Pacific

would end with a victory and we hoped that would be soon. We were now hearing news of the Kamikaze pilots as they went on their suicide missions and we wondered how many more of our ships would be sunk and how many more of our soldiers would be killed before that was stopped. That day came August 6th 1945 when the Atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. The war was over and now it was time to bring all of those troops home. This would take many months.

At this time all mail to and from the troops stopped and we were told to watch the list of troops arriving at the different ports to find when our soldier would arrive. F.H. arrived at the Seattle port in November and he traveled by train to Ft. Smith Arkansas where I met him and we traveled by bus from Ft. Smith to Pottsville.

Although F.H. had not been wounded the war had taken its toll on him. He had had dengue fever and his skin had turned yellow from the treatment for it. He had lost weight and was nervous from having been too long in the jungles. But in a short time he was well on his way to recovery and ready to move on with his life.

January 1945 F.H. took advantage of the GI Bill and started pursuing a degree in Electrical Engineering. We rented a duplex in Russelville until he finished his studies at Arkansas Tech and from there we moved to Fayetteville so he could finish his education at the University of Arkansas.



Maneuvers Fort Hood Texas
Summer 1949.

F.H. graduated with honors from the University June 1949 and went to work for Arkansas Power & Light in Pine Bluff Arkansas. We were now ready to settle down with our two little boys and live the *American Dream*, but our lives would soon be disrupted again.

KOREAN WAR

F.H. was a reserve officer in the Heavy Tank

Battalion stationed in Pine Bluff Arkansas. The requirements were to meet occasionally and go to a two-week camp each summer. We had taken little

notice of the minor disturbance in Korea that was described as a *police force*. But we would soon realize that it was to be a war to be reckoned with and of course we realized that there was the possibility that the Heavy Tank Battalion might be activated.

The summer of 1950 we bought our first house and had settled in before F.H. was to report to Ft. Hood Texas for the required two-week maneuvers. He had been home about two weeks when our worst fears were realized, The Battalion was activated and sent to Ft. Hood Texas to prepare to go to Korea. The Battalion was the first in Arkansas to go on active duty.

The last of August we turned our house over to a realtor to be rented for the time that F.H. would be in service. F.H. left for Ft. Hood and I took Charlie and Bruce and went to Pottsville to stay with F.H.'s mom. She was living alone and welcomed us to come and

live with her. Almost immediately the Battalion was confined to camp and alerted to be prepared to go to Korea. At that time our troops in Korea were being pushed back and were losing the war so this was devastating news. When F.H. went away to World War II I was prepared because I knew that he would be going, but this was different. Only three months ago I had no thought that we would ever be involved in another war and now he was being sent to the middle of a war that we were losing. The casualties were heavy, body bags were being shipped home. I was crushed!

F.H. called to tell me that they would be leaving and asked me to come to Killeen (Ft. Hood) for the short time that we would have together. Just a short time later they had to cancel the plans to go to Korea because they didn't have heavy tanks to send with them. I was elated!



F. H. leaves for
Ft. Mammoth
N. J. Jan 1952

The next twenty-one months was spent without the fear of being sent to Korea. The boys and I spent some of the time with F.H. as he traveled to different army camps. The Battalion spent some time at Camp Polk Louisiana and then back to Ft. Hood Texas. The boys and I spent a fun summer of 1951 with him at Ft. Knox Kentucky and then went with him back to Ft. Hood only to move again in October. His orders were to report to Ft. Mammoth N.J for officer's training school. Charlie, Bruce and I went back to Pottsville to stay during that time. He had a break to come home for Christmas and then back again to finish at Ft. Mammoth. There

were many good byes but not with the fear that I had felt during World War II and at the beginning of the Korean War.

It was now May 1952 the war was winding down and the tank battalion had finished its assignment, so the men were ready to go back to their homes and to their jobs. Many of the men had school age children and needed to get settled before school started in September. But to their dismay the colonel in charge would not release them until the two years was up which was to be September. To solve that problem F.H. wrote to the Arkansas senator and told him the situation. The senator wrote to the colonel and told him to release the soldiers. So F.H, along with all the other Reserve soldiers, was released the middle of June and we moved back home to Pine Bluff Arkansas.

F.H. would say that just as World War II helped him to realize that he wanted to seek a career in electrical engineering, the Korean war helped him to find a talent that he didn't realize he had. He had been asked to take charge of the Battalion Motor Pool, which was in much disarray. This meant organizing and working with many people. He was commended for a job well done.

June 1956 he went to work for Dow Chemical Co. as head of the Instrument Department at the Louisiana plant. His job was to work with many people as they purchased, installed and maintained the instruments for the plant. He was commended many times for a job well done. I think he retired with the feeling that he had done his job well.

Trevor,

Since F.H. remembers very little about the war years, I wrote from my memory of the war and from the memorabilia that I have kept all of these years. I hope you will find in it some information that you are looking for.

Osa Moore