

V. Growing Up

Suzanne was born March 5, 1952 in the Lowell General Hospital, Lowell, Massachusetts.* Lowell and Westford are neighboring towns.

I arrived home from the hospital that morning with the news that our fourth child had been born and it was a healthy little girl. Karen jumped with joy that the girls now equaled the boys, and she announced that the baby's name had to be Suzanne. I asked "WHY?" and she explained that it had to be Suzanne and not Susan because all her dolls were named Susan.

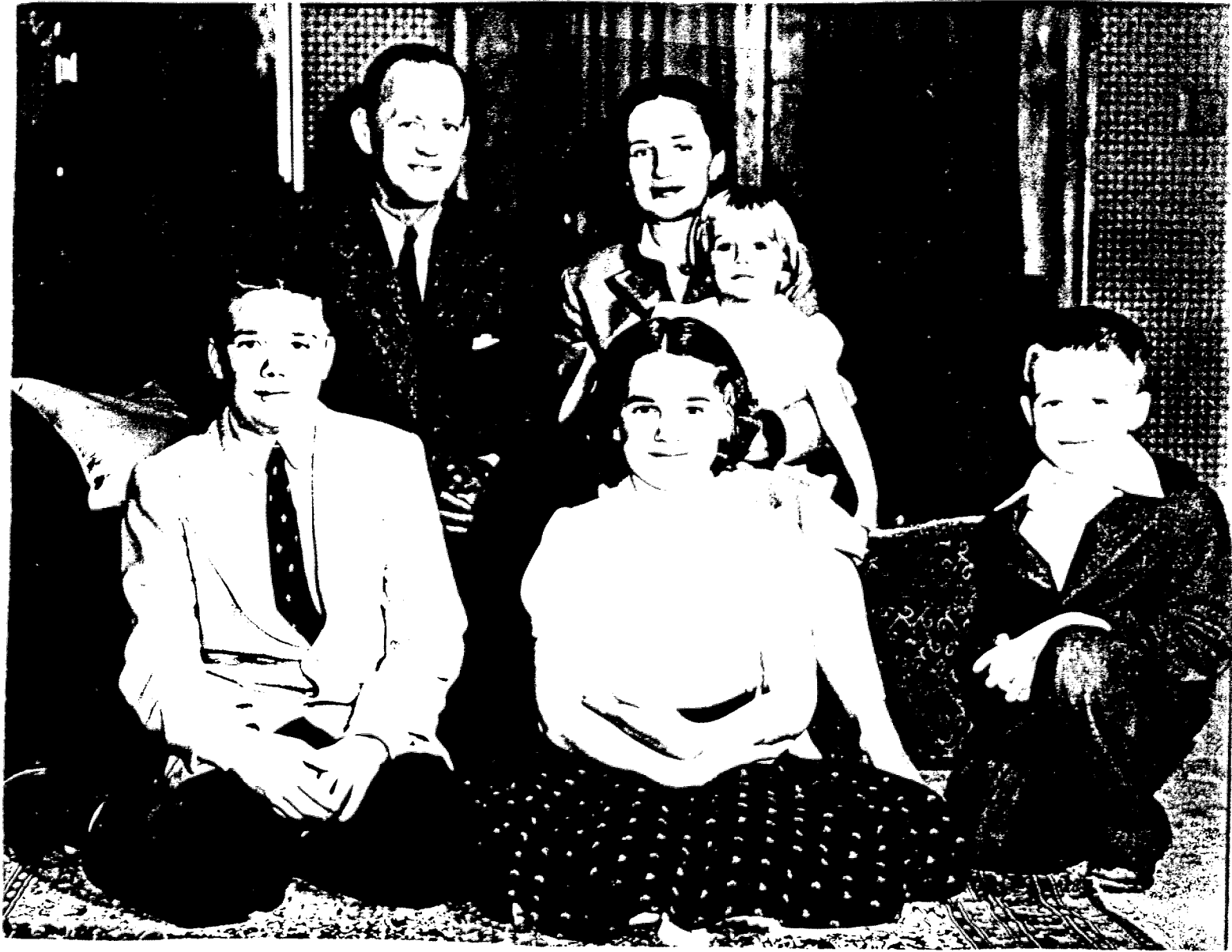
Tah and I were happy to accept this appointment by Karen. We added a family name to make it official:

Suzanne Margaret Flack

Everybody started calling her "Tita" and continue to do so-- except me. I'm the only one to call her Suzanne. This, of course, is to keep her identity clearly separate from the Susan dolls of Karen.

"Tita", of course, means "Little One" in Spanish and that's what Delia called her. Delia was her *ninera* who came home with us from Puerto Rico. She lived with us, "bringing up" Tita for the first year in Westford, Massachusetts.

*Dr. Ralph Cole again supervised the delivery, even though he had "retired" from Pediatrics to concentrate on heart and cardio-vascular research. Tah decided to retire from "Pediatrics" also if Ralph was not going to be available. She had her tubes cut which guaranteed that our family was complete--three boys and three girls!



Teacher's Pet

Karen was in second grade in Westford, Massachusetts. She was a most energetic child and quite bright. Regularly, she finished the class assignments ahead of the rest. What does one do?

She quietly withdrew to the rear of the classroom and practiced her ballet dance movements. This did not sit well with the teacher. So she called Mummy and asked her to please help by controlling Karen.

But Mummy knew her daughter. Karen could not possibly sit quietly at her desk doing nothing for fifteen minutes of each period. So she instructed Karen to take her knitting to school so that she could keep busy after finishing her assignments.

After a few days of this routine, the teacher called Mummy and declared that the knitting must stop. It disturbed the rest of the class. The teacher suggested that Karen could be moved ahead to the third grade where there might be enough challenge to keep her attention and keep her busy. Tah said, "No. That would place her at a disadvantage the rest of her school years. She would be the youngest in class every year from then on."

Tah suggested and the teacher agreed that the teacher should use Karen's talents and energy in helping the slow pupils of the class. After finishing her own work, Karen would work with others as assigned by the teacher.

It worked! Other pupils got needed help. Karen usefully applied her surplus energies. And Teacher's ruffles were smoothed out.

A Brother Can be a Hero

Bobby was seven and Jimmy was eleven. It was a week before Labor Day and we had just arrived to live in Tryon. To our surprise, school had already started. So, to avoid further falling behind, Bobby and Jimmy got ready to go to school on Monday, two days away.

Early Monday morning, the two talked it over and decided to split so that they could check out the alternatives. Jimmy elected to walk while Bobby rode the school bus.

Bobby scooted down through the woods to Route 108 where the school bus reportedly stopped at eight AM on schooldays. He boarded the bus, took his seat and settled in for a one and one-half mile ride to the school. All hell broke loose at the next stop. Some kid boarded and then ordered Bobby to scram out of his seat. When Bobby refused to move, the kid became a bully, grabbed Bobby's shirt collar and threatened to maul him. Bobby felt it was smart to let him have the seat.

Bobby reported on the school-bus adventure while we ate dinner that night. I insisted that he go back the next morning, reboard the school-bus and reclaim his rights. I said that one should never start a fight but he should never run from one either.

Jimmy offered to go with Bobby on the second trip. The two of them nervously boarded the bus and took their seats near the middle. Nothing happened. Noone bothered them. Noone even spoke to them.

That **was** their last bus ride. They both walked thereafter. Jimmy had helped Bobby to restore his confidence. Bobby counted his brother a hero.

No Duty

Karen did not accompany the rest of the family on the move from Westford, Massachusetts to Tryon, North Carolina. At age nine, she had been invited by my sister, Ann, to spend a few months with her family in West Germany. Ann's husband was an Officer in the Air Force and stationed near Stuttgart. Melinda was there, also, a teenage daughter of the Heards. The year was 1955.

During a wonderful experience in Europe--free of daily or hourly parental care and of frequent siblings' abrasions--Karen enjoyed growing up for awhile. She was ready to demonstrate her maturity, and the occasion for doing so occurred on the way home.

A dear friend of ours, Jan Robison of Armonk, NY, invited Karen to accompany her and her daughter, Molly, on their return trip from Frankfurt to New York City. After landing at Idlewild Airport (this was before Kennedy), passengers were routinely required to go through Customs to declare their purchases abroad for import duty calculations. Some \$500 worth of merchandise per person could be brought in duty-free.

Jan had filled out her declaration and the Customs official had stamped it as okay. He turned to the next adult in line, overlooking Karen who was right behind Jan. She was waving her declaration card:

1	Fountain Pen	\$3.00
1	Pair of Beads	1.50
1	Pair earrings	2.00
(Present for Mummy)		
Total--		<u>\$6.50</u>

Jan signaled with a pointing finger towards Karen and a wink to the Agent. He responded in an official manner as he took her proffered card. "Thank you, young lady. Anything more to declare?"

When she said "No", he waved them through, with no duty assessed.

Karen felt grown up.

The Well-Dwellers*William Moody*

Mac Bartol, Tim Brannon, Philip Dusenbury, and Bob Flack were sub-teenagers in Tryon. They regularly met and played together. Eventually, they organized a club, with limited membership and with rules and regulations--the Well-Dwellers Club.

Mummy permitted them to turn a part of our basement into a club room. Philip began to show his artistic potential by decorating the walls. He painted on three walls a silhouette of a barroom brawl. On the other wall he painted a "Kilroy Was Here" act, all in black paint, as suited the Well-Dwellers.

I never learned the complete secret codes for membership. However, it was clear that no girls were eligible. One day another requirement became clear when I overheard the initiation rites being administered to Ned Dick. To be eligible, he had to say a curse word.

He said, "Darn!"

Ned was qualified to be a member of the Well-Dwellers Club.

Did Mummy Invite You?

Mummy was always outgoing, optimistic but realistic in her bringing up of children. She started each of them at an early age practicing habits of cleanliness, for example. Certain habits helped to safeguard against contagious diseases-- always wash your hands with soap before a meal. And to protect teeth, brush them at least twice a day, before going to bed at night and just after arising in the morning. Also, bathe your body head to toe and change your ^{under-}clothes daily, not only for good health's sake but also for social graces.

She also established ground rules for living in a community. Children must not disturb neighbors-- no traipsing through their yards; no bothersome noises like yelling or screaming or lighting fire-crackers. No distributing of school flyers or selling scout cookies to neighbors without prior permission to call.

And, of course, Mummy set rules of safety of conduct to guard against strangers' abuse of children. Without scaring them, she set a standard rule:

"Do not get into somebody else's car unless that somebody has been invited to our house by Mummy."

One day, one of Mummy's friends offered to give Suzanne a lift to the Tryon Country Club Pool because Tah was tied up momentarily with another child. Five-year old Suzanne, in her bathing suit, was jumping up and down for joy at the prospect of going to the swimming pool. She stopped suddenly at the open car door and asked:

"Did Mummy invite you to our house?"

Cynthia (or M.L. or Jane) said, "Yes, of course." That made it okay for Suzanne to enter the car.

She did.

Haircuts

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Jimmy was not so sure that he liked Dad's haircuts in preference to the barber's. I took the position that he could go to the barber, but he must pay out of his allowance. He came back in a few days and announced that I should pay him for letting me cut his hair! Reasoning: I saved \$1.25 each time; therefore, I should be willing to pay $1/2$ of the savings to him.

Later I learned that one of his classmates had planted the idea because that's what he charged his Dad for letting him cut his hair.

Mummy won a golf tournament yesterday--she is champion of Flight "B" at the Tryon Country Club. She won her first round match by 4 and 2, but had to go to an extra hole in each of the semi-final and final matches.

She won because she really wanted to win her first sporting event. Her approach towards sports and card games has rapidly shifted from "It's just a game and should not be taken too seriously" to "I like to win; I hate to lose!"

This change has taken place gradually. It seems that one plays hard to win if he feels that he is good enough to win. He (or she) considers it just a game not to be taken too seriously if he (she) feels inferior in playing the game.

The kids brought home their report cards today. They had all A's, A+, and A- except one B+ on Bobby's card.

I made a hole-in-one on the third hole at the Country Club Golf Course Saturday. It was a good shot, well-hit--no fluke.

Mummy and I went out to bridge Sunday night. Within a half hour Jimmy called to say a fire had started in our bedroom from a faulty lamp cord. The children were watching TV in our bedroom when it happened. The spark had set fire to a basket of papers and a hanging drapery. Each kid acted well in an emergency. Karen cut the switch to the plug, Bobby went for the fire extinguisher and Jimmy doused the base of the fire with water. Suzanne was sound asleep in her room. Karen prepared to call the fire department and Jimmy pulled the flaming curtain down and dumped

it into the bath tub and doused it again with water. Only minor damage occurred. It was a frightening experience--but it was well-managed.

Upon review we decided to correct several errors--we should not store loose paper in an open container near a wall plug. No drapery should hang over a waste-paper basket and plug. All circuits need checking. The fuses are too heavy in amps. We need a rope ladder to escape through a window upstairs. We need larger capacity fire extinguishers on each floor and we need to turn out all lights in rooms not attended or being used.

On the way to work one day I ordered from the Tryon Lumber Company nine 2 x 4's 16' long and 12 pounds of 16 penny nails, to be used in framing the "Sports Arena" for pouring concrete. This order was to be delivered prior to 4 p.m. so they would be on hand when I got home.

Later, on the same day, Tah called the lumber yard and ordered two 2 x 2's 16' long. Previously she had ordered nails, also. Her order was to supply Bobby and Jimmy with materials to build Rover a dog house.

The delivery man arrived mid-day with my order. Tah refused to accept it. She reiterated and insisted on her order which was 2 x 2's. And she did not want nails now. She cancelled what he had just delivered. With a shrug of his shoulders the delivery man returned the 2 x 4's and brought the 2 x 2's and no nails.

At about 4 p.m. as he was unloading the 2 x 2's, I arrived home from work ready to frame the "Sports Arena" floor. The delivery man was unloading 2 x 2's - not 2 x 4's - and he had no nails. He said the lady of the house had earlier refused the 2 x 4's and nails.

Strategically, I withdrew, recognizing that the framing for the "Sports Arena" needed a newly assigned order of priority--perhaps for the weekend?? This would require some tactful negotiations.

Sports Arena

The "Sports Arena" that we were making behind our garage looked good on paper. It became quite a conversational piece at cocktail parties, too.

Our house is on the crest of a hill. To get to it one drives along a gravel lane which follows a ridge, going up from the main highway, and looping back towards the mountains. We are at the end of the lane, and the nearest neighbors with children live some distance away. We are within a 3-minute drive of the Country Club, and about the same distance from the public school.

Nevertheless, one day that winter on one of those "What can I do?" days, we talked ourselves into building a play area. I suppose the oft-mentioned facts that the Dusenburys have a tennis court, The Bosiens a shuffleboard court, The Mahlers a swimming pool, the Browns a place to roller skate had something to do with it. All the pleasant advantages we already had bore no weight at all--complete camping equipment, bicycle for each kid, a hammock, table tennis, wading pool, gold fish pond, long vines in the trees to swing from, the best view of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and six and one-half acres of woods to roam. So it was decided that the "Sports Arena" idea was a good one.

Then began the search for a good location. There is no such place--good location, that is--for such a project. The project planned included a basketball hoop on a backboard, which could also be used for battine a tennis ball against; a handball court and a shuffleboard platform. The base was to be poured concrete and the all-purpose backboard would be plywood.

The project also encompassed a clay tennis court and a swimming pool. After all, we were a family of six who had a very wide taste for sports and recreation. Fortunately, Tah "put her foot down" on the swimming pool. She could envision all four of the children and their friends (at least three each = a total of 16 kids) would spend a good part of their day (and Tah's) in that pool. Furthermore, the Country Club had a swimming pool, open spring, summer and fall with a qualified lifeguard on duty. And that was within walking distance, too.

So, we cancelled the idea of the pool but got on with the tennis court. This court turned out to be most successful--not only for ourselves as a family, but also for our friends who played regularly.

Later, when Bobby was a teenager and he had become a good tennis player, he taught private tennis lessons on the family court--for pay.

*we also built the shuffle-board court, with
a backboard for tennis and a basketball hoop.*

There are times, even today, when people ask me "Why do all of your children work so hard? How did you get them into the Habit?"

My overly-simplified explanation is: "When our kids were in school in Tryon, we gave each of them thirty-five cents a week for allowance; whereas, their friends and classmates received one dollar a week. When any of ours asked for more allowance, we told them they had to work for it. So they looked for odd jobs to earn money to add to their allowance to be on a par with their friends."

Not long after we moved to Tryon, our children were playing in the yard. Up drove a dump truck which dumped a load of fertilizer. Tah had ordered it to help manage and nurture the garden spots around our property. The kids were curious:

"What is it?", they asked.

"Cow manure", was Tah's reply

"What! You paid money for that?"

"Yes, twelve dollars."

"Then, why don't we get our own cow. She'll not only provide fertilizer, but also milk. We can sell her production and that will pay for the feed."

Their thinking was impeccable. However, Tah could imagine who was going to have to feed and milk the animal and collect manure from her. So she responded:

"Maybe. But let's wait until Dad comes home tonight to talk it over."

I had barely got into the door that night when Karen announced: "Guess what, Daddy! We're going to get our very own cow."

"Well, really", I said. "Does Mummy know about this?"

"Yes. She wants us to talk to you about it tonight."

"O.K. Let's talk about it."

With great excitement Karen outlined the project, pointing out the front door to the \$12 pile of manure, which our very own cow could produce for free.

With Tah's approval, I said that going into a family "business" made a lot of sense. It would provide income to the kids, it would teach them to keep books, ^{and} help them to learn about income and costs and profits and losses. However, we needed to find a simple business which they, the kids, could set up, manage, and keep books on. The income would be split among the four of them and supplement their allowances. I emphasized that Tah and I would be willing to help them set up the business, but it would be up to them to keep it going.

After kicking some ideas around, we agreed to set up a chicken and egg business. The children could sell the eggs and chicken manure to Mummy. Jimmy and Bobby discussed the idea with us but really weren't too interested. Karen was raring to go. So she put up her savings to get started and she was the sole owner at first. Suzanne was not old enough yet to understand.

So, I went with Karen to The Farmers' Federation on South Trade Street in Tryon. We had thought that for the first round she should buy three chicks. We actually got twelve, newly hatched chicks when we found that her capital was enough to do so.

Practically as soon as we got home Jimmy and Bobby wanted to buy in to the deal. They began to see good prospects based on the projected P and L. Karen sold each of them a third.

The two boys cleared the woodshed, located just beyond the west end of our lawn, and installed nests for the 12 chicks to live and grow. The three of them worked out a schedule of feeding the chicks and clearing their quarters. They even figured they

should grow their own corn each summer, enough to carry them through fall, winter and spring. (I helped them on this project by preparing a row in Tah's garden and helped plant the corn kernels. The family that fall discovered a major gap in my training as a farmer. The single row of corn grew tall and pretty--but it produced not one ear of corn! Multiple rows are required for cross-fertilization for fruit!)

The chicks grew splendidly. And then after a few weeks, as they matured, it became painfully clear that eight out of the twelve chicks grew up to be roosters!

Tah, who always rescues us from crises, came forward with the suggestion that we seek help from the 4-H club. We did. Paul Culber-son, Polk County Agricultural Extension Agent, got us straightened out by suggesting that the kids go to the 4-H club, which had a sale on of guaranteed layer hens. Paul personally examined twelve hens. He assured the kids that they would all be layers. So they bought them, using the money derived from selling the twelve original chicks to Tah.

Bobby had heard that hens lay more eggs when the days are longer. So during the winter months, he rigged a time switch in the hen house to turn the electric light on at 4 a.m. Result: each of the twelve chickens regularly layed an egg daily--and one of them layed an extra one.

We required the kids to sell their eggs only to Mummy. We did not want the neighbors to be bothered by children "hawking" eggs. The agreed-upon pricing policy was to be at Market, determinable daily if necessary at Cowan's Grocery Store.

The production was so successful that Tah had to buy a large, three-foot high ceramic jug, filled with "water-glass"--which preserves raw eggs--into which she stored the daily thirteen eggs.

Needless to say, we had fried eggs, soft-boiled eggs, poached eggs, scrambled eggs, omelets, meringues, custards, rice puddings----It is not easy to consume thirteen eggs every day on a regular basis for eighteen straight months!

The business thrived. The kids made extra money. They did learn something about "keeping books". They did learn to save scraps from the dining table to feed to the chickens.

A couple of years later the time came to unwind or fold the business. A major problem developed. Mummy's and my plan was to buy the chickens from the kids and let them split up the proceeds for their savings accounts. And we would keep the chickens going in their house until we could work them gradually into the family menu. That prospect caused rebellion. "You mean that you'd eat Helen, Jessica, Emily, etc.?" Absolutely not--each chicken was lovingly named.

Tah bought the chickens. She hired Chester, our handyman, to kill, defeather and put them in the freezer. Tah rotated the chickens into the weekly meals without the children being aware that they were eating pet chickens.

Rover was a mixed breed dog, split among a bulldog, a terrier and an unknown, at a minimum. Oh, but he was devoted to our family. And he was patient - except when he felt that the occasion called for him to defend our property. He especially tried to ward off the milkman. In those early days in Tryon, the milkman delivered milk directly to our refrigerator in the kitchen, picking up the empty glass bottles on the way out and back to his delivery truck.

Rover was allowed to run free around our property, which was at the end of Wilderness Road, with no neighbors close by. So he met the milkman daily. At first, he had tried to keep him from entering the house; he tried to bark him away. When that failed, Rover took his position just behind the milkman with his bared teeth poised above his left calf, and he tracked him to the refrigerator. Not until the delivery had been made and the empty bottles picked up did Rover deviate from his "on guard" position; then he lifted his head and began barking the milkman all the way out and back to his truck.

The milkman never showed any signs that he was aware that Rover was present. It was the most thorough ignoring imaginable! But Rover looked completely satisfied at the conclusion of each act of this drama. The only other thorough ignoring to equal the milkman's was Rover's ignoring of our trying to train him to be civil with the milkman.

Suzanne at age $2\frac{1}{2}$ years had a special relationship with Rover. He was her playmate on the lawn and when she so desired, he was her horse. At play, when Suzanne pretended

to be picking flowers, Rover would smell them and leap with joy if she seemed happy. He would lie down beside her on the lawn and they would roll over and over together. Rover would retrieve anything she threw, including her cookies. But these disappeared into his stomach!

When Suzanne wanted to ride her horse, Rover obliged by squatting so that she could mount from the rear. These rides were never more than a few steps, when they would both roll on the lawn in glee. When she lay down under a camellia bush to take a nap, Rover lay down and served as her pillow.

Bobito, at age 6½, volunteered to take on the job of training Rover to respond to commands. He accomplished what no one else had. I was amazed and impressed. It appeared that Rover had learned to respond to "Sit" by sitting on his haunches. He would "Heel" by walking behind or parallel to Bob. I soon learned how Bobito did it. He determined what Rover was about to do and then commanded him to do so.

Rover was protective of our property against the arrival and entrance not only of the milkman but also of anyone else, if that person had not established a pattern of catering to Rover, by feeding him. Occasionally a good friend of ours, Joe Kerby, would come by to pick me up to go play golf, or to leave something Tah had bought at Joe's Lanier Grocery on the south side of town. One day Joe came and before we and Rover were aware of him, Joe got up the steps and onto the front porch, heading to the front door to deliver a parcel. When we first saw him he was ^{up from} on a table on the front porch with Rover

barking his head off and with his front paws scratching at the top of the table trying to reach Joe.

We rescued Joe and scolded Rover. Our assurances that Rover would not hurt him did not really impress Joe.

A few days later Tah took Rover in her car into town with her to shop. She stopped at the Lanier Grocery to buy something and completely forgot that Rover was with her. He sneaked out of the car when she was not looking.

Tah came home and put her purchases away. Soon a car drove up and as Tah looked out the kitchen window, she saw an unbelievable sight. In the driver's seat of his Cadillac sat Joe Kerby. On the rear seat, alone, sat Rover, upright and patiently and quietly waiting for his chauffeur or some one to open his door.

We never found out how Joe made peace with Rover, but that incident of Joe befriending his enemy, Rover, made Joe a member of our and Rover's family.

Rover liked to go visiting in our neighborhood, especially around the corner to the log cabin where Auntie Nora lived. Auntie Nora's husband was Uncle Prentice Lucky, a jeweller who was a native of the area. He and Auntie Nora had retired in the late twenties and returned to Tryon and had bought a large section of land at the end of Wilderness Road. The reason we called them Aunt and Uncle was that they were the aunt and uncle of Betty Frost, our neighbor and friend. When the big depression of the thirties hit, Uncle Prentice went back into business in the East and retired a second time to the same area here in the forties.

Well, Rover, when things were quiet around our house, would trot over to the Lucky's house. He would go up on the porch and stand on his hind legs so that he could scratch on the window screens to get Auntie Nora's attention. She invariably would let him in. While she rocked in her rocker, Rover would lean his head against her knee and nudge her from time to time to get a pat on the head. After a bit of this the scenario always climaxed with Rover getting closer and closer and finally he would crawl all the way up into Auntie Nora's lap. And he was a lapful, a 40-pounder in a tiny lady's lap, snuggling as close as possible to get more love-pats!

She loved it, too.

One day I got the following letter from a neighbor:

Tryon, N. C.

March 21, 1960

Mr. J. M. Flack
Tryon, N. C.

Dear Mr. Flack:

We have been bothered, off and on, for a period of two years with your dog. About two years ago, one of our daughters was badly frightened by your dog on her way home from school. In discussing this with your wife over the 'phone, we asked her to keep this dog at home. Last summer while you were away on a trip, the dog spent the biggest part of a month on our place. We asked the maid who keeps your children to have Mrs. Flack telephone us when she returned from the trip, which she failed to do. Last Friday afternoon, a small boy, who is a piano student of my wife, was badly frightened in my yard by your dog. We can not tolerate this situation any longer. I hope you will consider this legal notice, that we don't want your dog, ever on our property any more.

I am sorry that we have not been able to settle this before now. I would appreciate hearing from you, if you feel like cooperating in this matter.

Very sincerely,

Clarence Rhodes

Mr. Rhodes, being the official dog-catcher, was leaning over backwards and giving us a second chance to "straighten up and fly right". Upon the advice of our lawyer, Ryan McCown, I wrote the following reply to Mr. Rhodes:

March 24, 1960

Mr. Clarence Rhodes
Route 1
Tryon, North Carolina

Dear Mr. Rhodes:

I am very much disturbed to receive your registered letter dated March 21, 1960 in reference to the nuisance caused by my dog. I am terribly sorry that he has bothered you and assure you that we shall do our very best to prevent him from wandering off to your place again.

In the event that he should escape our controls and appear again on your property, I shall appreciate your telephoning my house so that we may promptly recover him and if necessary keep him on chain or enclosed. I hope that you understand that we should not like to imprison him if we can otherwise control him to your satisfaction.

Please accept our apologies and believe that we do wish to cooperate.

Sincerely yours,

James M. Flack

JMF:dm

The Beat Goes On

The successor(s) to Rover were two beagles, finely bred and instinctive hunters. They were cute but their habits were frightening!

The moment they were turned loose after being fed, they would go trotting off, with noses to the ground for scents, through lawns, gardens and flower beds--ours and neighbor's. To live was to hunt for them.

And, occasionally, one of them would proudly march down the middle of the road, dragging a chicken drooping from his mouth for all to see and admire. With great satisfaction, he would deposit this damning evidence at our doorway. It was difficult to deal with this habit.

Unfortunately, the chickens belonged to the dog-catcher who lived below us. We had made peace with him with respect to Rover a couple of years earlier. Now we had the beagle problem.

This time there was no exchange of letters. Mr. Rhodes solved the problem by appearing at our door about twice a month, demanding \$3 for a chicken "caught by one of your beagles". Whether we saw the evidence or not, we paid the price to keep peace among our neighbors.

Wild Cats and Kittens

A black cat with white paws and undercoating adopted us - well, not exactly us, but rather our dug-out space under a portion of our garage. She made her home behind the stacked firewood. She was a hunter on her own and therefore had no need for human help. Therefore, she avoided all persons.

One day Tah looked up our driveway, which leads to Wilderness Road, and watched the cat make two trips out and back, each time bringing back in her mouth a tiny kitten. She deposited them in the "nest" and began to teach them to be hunters also.

We did not feed them and they avoided us completely. Occasionally, mama cat dropped by my chair as I sat alone on the terrace. She slyly rubbed her head and back against my hand as I relaxed it while reading. She arched her back for the stroking but made all the moves herself. If I moved my hand to pet or stroke, she would dash to safety.

We did not feed mama cat and kittens as we did not want them to become dependent upon us. They looked healthy though lean.

We became afraid of a proliferation of wild cats and kittens. We sought advice from the Animal Shelter people. They advised trapping the animals in a Hav-A-Heart trap and having them spayed or neutered, and then returned to their natural habitat. If this isn't done, they said, there's great danger of these three becoming dozens in due course.

We proceeded on the project of trapping, spaying and neutering them one at a time. The first two went smoothly,

as planned. The third one was the young white one with black spots; and he was a vigorous male. The trapping went fine. The day at the Vet's went as planned. The problems started when we got him back to our house. We decided that it would be hasty, if not cruel, for us to release him into the cold just before darkness fell, so soon after his operation. We, therefore, placed him in our enclosed rear porch in a cardboard box, lined with a cloth, and with a closed lid so that he could sleep comfortably. The plan was to release him the next morning.

The next morning, the lid was open and the cat had escaped. However, he had to be inside the house somewhere. We searched and finally found him upstairs in my study. As soon as I entered the study he literally climbed the wall! I'd often heard the expression but never quite understood what it meant. Now I knew! The cat was so frightened, so emotionally up tight because he was trapped, that he climbed the bare wall with no crevices or cracks to hold onto - just bare beaver board!

Tah came to help me recapture him to take him downstairs for release. Unfortunately, he tore through the towel of protection and bit Tah on a finger.

Now the nightmare began--
After conferences with our doctor, with the veterinarian,
with the County Health Department, and with the Animal
Shelter, we were advised to capture the animal to have it
observed for ten days for signs of rabies.

Easier said than done! That cat would not go re-
motely near a human being after his experience with the
operation. Capture was out of the question!

As rabies is a lethal disease, with no cure once it
manifests itself, it was essential to know whether the cat
had the disease--if so, Tah would need treatment immediately.

The next alternative was to kill the cat on sight.
The Animal Humane Society sent a man in a truck with a gun
to kill the cat. He was instructed to shoot it in any part
of the body except the head.

The cat, with its sixth sense, was not seen for two
days. The man with the gun went home. Five days passed--
five more to go!

On day seven, we sighted the cat in the distance.
It was still alive--good--no rabies--yet. On day nine he
was sighted at the foot of Wilderness Road. He appeared
healthy--thank Goodness!

Day ten came and went. Tah was still healthy.
The crisis was over--what a relief!

We can still observe that cat on his hunting rounds
on our property. He is big and strong and independent.

So is Tah!

Preparation for College

Suzanne was ten years old when we left Tryon to go to New York City. I had to go there to take a temporary assignment. We stayed thirteen years!

We chose to live in an apartment right in the city, while holding onto our house on Wilderness Road in Tryon. Even though in the fall, winter, and spring months our living was in New York, Tah and Suzanne came south annually in late spring to open the Tryon house. I commuted weekends between New York and Tryon.

Suzanne's schooling was of paramount importance. Our first three children had been well-placed in private preparatory schools to provide them with a reasonable opportunity to qualify for acceptance in the college of their choice. So, for the first few months in New York, Tah spent a great amount of time trying to get the school matter settled.

Public schooling was out. Hallways in public schools had to be police-monitored for safety's sake. And, there was no chance that a child could proceed at his/her own pace. All classes were geared to the slowest pupil.

And, of course, the top-quality private schools were in such demand that there was rarely an opening for newcomers. After a lot of patience and good luck, as well as pulling and hauling, Tah got Suzanne accepted for testing and interviewing at the Spence School on East 91st Street--among the very best!

Suzanne passed all entrance requirements with flying colors and became enrolled. We moved to 1050 Fifth Avenue, on the corner of 86th Street, just five blocks from Spence, a safe walking distance.

New York City was and is a tough city to live in. But on the whole, we enjoyed it. It has the extremes--the best and the worst of everything. Some of the best was not far away outside the City. On winter weekends, the three of us went skiing in upper New York State. We had a family membership in the Windham Mountain Club.

Five and a half years after starting at Spence, Suzanne began applying to various colleges for admission in the fall of 1970. This was a most interesting and revealing process. She went about the project in a calm and calculated manner. She seemed to be following guidelines which her parents and her school counselors had recommended: Apply to well-established and highly visible four-year liberal arts colleges. Intensive specialization should not be scheduled until after liberal arts education. Choose colleges which are located in desirable living areas. And apply to as many as five different ones because competition is keen. There's a harsh game of lottery going on in the first round to cull the list of eligible applicants down. Also you will need back-ups.

Suzanne applied to five colleges:

Stanford University
Denver University
Colorado College
University of New Hampshire
Swarthmore College

This is an unusual assortment. The basis of choice began to be revealed as she awaited responses. Well before the critical time of acceptance notices, she asked me to help in any way I could, especially with Colorado College. So, it came out what her first choice was!

We searched the Colorado College Catalog and found that one of the trustees was an official of a New York City Bank. He very generously gave Suzanne an interview in his office and then wrote a letter of recommendation for her to the Director of Admissions. Whereupon she took a trip to Colorado Springs for interviews and testing. That was successfully getting by the lottery process of the early rounds.

Finally, she was accepted!

I learned that Suzanne had received the news of acceptance with tears of joy. When I asked about the other colleges, especially Swarthmore (the outstanding liberal arts college and the college from which her older Brother, Jimmy, and her mother had graduated) she said:

"Oh, Swarthmore is a fine college; but it was just a backup for me."

Upon further perusal, it became clear to me that Stanford, as well as Swarthmore, was just a "backup." The rest of them had outstanding ski facilities nearby. The biggest contributing factor to Suzanne's preparatory training for college may have been:

The Windham Mountain Club!

VI. Moments and Treasures
In Tryon

Dick Jackson, Congregational Minister in Tryon came to call. This was pretty much on target--Rev. Robert Falconer, a 94-year old neighbor who is a retired Congregational Minister had told me Sunday that he'd suggested to Jackson that he call on me and help wipe out my sins. I had remonstrated that I objected, because I enjoyed my sins. Whereupon Falconer reassured me that Jackson would be "a-calling" and he had thought of it because Gladys Culberson had said that I liked Jackson's radio broadcast sermons so much. Falconer declared that Jackson is the best preacher in town. He also declared that he, Falconer, was one of seven living members of his class of '05 at Dartmouth and he intended to become the sole living member some day. Tah and I were, unfortunately, able to announce that he already is one of six because Hereford Elliott had died before Christmas.

Well, Dick Jackson came into the house. After a few minutes of conversational chit-chatting, sparring for a grounds for conversation, I asked where he had studied for the ministry. When he responded "Yale, 1941", we had the basis for a prolonged time. We were at Yale at the same time, my class of 1942 was one year later; Tah's class of 1941 at The Nursing School was the same year as his. It was funny that we knew the same people intimately, but did not recall knowing each other. Too, he had dated Marguerite Curry and Elsie Hodges, each of whom we knew very well, but primarily because we double or triple dated with them and their husbands, Dave Curry and Graham Hodges. He also knew Tracy Strong, whose parents had been missionaries in China.

Dick had come from Montclair, N.J. to Tryon. Prior to that he had been in Durham, N.C., Cincinnati and a tidewater Virginia town in the early 1960's. During World War II he said that he had

been a pacifist, but did not go to camp--rather he continued to preach.

He sounds as though he had been a Militant Minister, and seemingly defines an issue as a controversy which splits a nation. In the early days in the tidewater country he had been told by a resigning member of his church that there were three reasons for his quitting:

1. He and the Minister didn't agree on what the Bible says.
2. The Minister was trying to get niggers to marry all their daughters.
3. Didn't agree on the war.

Deacons met to vote on firing Dick. Finally, they agreed that they disagreed with him but they couldn't fire him for doing what he believed was right.

Later he went to China for four years.

While in Durham a man called Dick up and said he'd like to come to his church. He said, "I'm 29 and black." He had a wife and he had served as a Chaplain in the Army during the war. He was at Duke studying in the Divinity School.

This was the time of the beginnings of the "sit-ins" in eastern N.C. Times were tense. Dick said, "Come on to our church." This caused a number to quit but a lot more joined, especially from Duke. The whole character of the congregation changed. Later the young black wanted Dick to baptize his child in the church. This caused great concern. Even during the ceremony on one appointed Sunday, a woman rose and objected to the baptism in the church. Dick responded with a quotation from the Bible "Suffer the little children to come unto me, etc." and proceeded with the baptism.

Immediately, the congregation dwindled to a handful. After a few Sundays of this, Dick got together with his board of deacons and said that he was considering resigning. A notice was put out that at the next Sunday's service an important announcement was to be made. The church was full-to-overflowing. Dick preached the sermon and at the end said that he had searched the scriptures and couldn't find anything that said he was not to baptize a black person. However, if they didn't want him, he was prepared to resign and "here is my resignation".

After he left the church, the deacons had a meeting and finally voted that they couldn't fire him for doing what he thought was right; only three voted against him.

To establish that he was an activist and against Vietnam, Dick marched with the crowd in Washington.

At the end of our visit he asked what are the issues of the day. He said there do not appear to be any. I pointed out that the terrorists on an international basis is an issue. However, Dick and Tah point out everybody's against terrorism--but this isn't so. Furthermore, there's a real issue over how to deal with terrorists.

There's a real issue developing in the shipment of arms and armament to the Middle East and Africa. So often we don't recognize an issue until it is a conflagration.

What about capital punishment? or abortion? or defense? or need or lack of it for a CIA or FBI?

Later at dinner with the Culbersons at our house, Gladys said that several members of the Congregational Church have quit coming to church because of Dick Jackson's sermon on integration and on raising money for a Negro college--however, Paul thinks they were just looking for an excuse not to come to church.

There are no black members of The Congregational Church in Tryon.

11/13/77

Rituals

A baby was baptized at the 11:00 AM Service today in the Church of the Holy Cross in Tryon, N.C., Gregory Jones Dowdeswell, infant son of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Dowdeswell. The Godparents included Mr. and Mrs. Hugh L. Key, Jr. and Lucy M. Hedden. The Sacrament of Holy Baptism was from the Proposed Book of Common Prayer.

Inasmuch as the child was still of nursing age, the entire procedure was for the adults - mother and father, Godparents and the members of the congregation. The Minister, strictly following the script in the Book of Common Prayer, requested and got commitments from all present (except the baby, of course) to do all that they could to see that the child was brought up a believer and a member and supporter of the Church.

As we found out from the sermon which followed (and it was the best-prepared which the congregation had heard from Tracy Lamar, the Rector) neither he, the baby, nor anyone else can belong to the Church - "It's not an organization or an institution. You can't join it; you can't belong to it in the usual sense. It's the Body of Christ and you can become a part of it and it of you."

A part of the sacrament - or rather the ritual - of baptism is the affirmation readings by the congregation that the Trinity is for real and the re-affirmation that everyone present accepts the Apostles' or Nicene Creed.

All of this set me to thinking - again. Ritualism is designed to indoctrinate adherents to form habits or stimulus-responses which perpetuate the institution or cult. This is true whether it is in the Church of the Holy Cross, Mother

Maria, Catholicism, Protestantism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism or Totemism.

And, if it did not exist, it would be invented because human beings need it. But it's understandable that some persons feel that they cannot maintain personal integrity making the vows or affirming the "truths" when they really do not believe they're true or necessary. Some people refuse to mouth them but continue to support the religion or cult.

But most of those same persons would not want to do away with the rituals. They recognize that many persons are not only consoled but are "uplifted" by their sincere beliefs in the substance of the rituals. For many, it's the rituals which hold things together and give hope.

A Salute to Malcolm

"America the Beautiful" and "Onward Christian Soldiers" were the hymns at Malcolm Sedgewick's funeral service in the Episcopal Church. The American Flag draped the casket. Malcolm's son-in-law, Edgar Mead, in between father Tracy Lamar's reading of the prayers, read the lesson from the Psalms and, in the service for Malcolm Sedgewick, read a brief salute to the man.

Isabel Brannon said: "Of course Malcolm was a good Episcopalian - he just never went to church".

Malcolm, as only his intimate friends knew, gave most of his time - his life - to others by doing things for them or with them for their happiness. Practically daily, he dropped by the Brannons to bring the mail and a paper and to take George for a walk. George, over a period of 6 or 7 years, gradually went blind and for the last 5 years was without sight, but otherwise in good health.

Then, a couple of days a week Malcolm picked up Isabel and George and took them golfing. George, of course, just rode along in the golf cart. Three times a week after golf he took a crippled man fishing or sight-seeing or whatever he wanted to do.

Every Monday he had breakfast with Grace and Knobie Noble and then the three of them went golfing. Grace drove a cart for Knobie. Only since last Thanksgiving had Malcolm begun to show his deterioration - emphysema and low blood pressure began to take their toll. Grace said that he would skip playing a hole now and then as he had trouble breathing.

Malcolm was a member of the Board of Roseland, a black neighborhood recreation center.

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A Service for Malcolm

Malcolm A. Sedgewick
Wilderness Road
Tryon, North Carolina 28782

The lesson is written in the 18th chapter of John beginning at the first verse.

I am the true vine and my father is the husbandman. Every branch that beareth fruit he taketh away and every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth in that it may bring forth more fruit. Now ye are clean through the word, which I have spoken to you. Abide in me and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

Thank you, dear friends, for being here with us on this occasion.

If you have ever had a telephone conversation with Malcolm Sedgwick you know about brevity. I, too, will be brief.

We talked about all the things Malcolm means to us - and you each can add many more.

What can we learn from our loving friendship with him?

He was a proud American who believed in the Constitution and the Law of the Land.

His was elemental courtesy, to be thoughtful of others.

He knew the blessings of friendship - a joy to be cherished.

He believed in a sound mind in a healthy body.

Work when you work, play when you play.

His was sportsmanship in the games he loved.

His was generosity to the less fortunate.

His habit was to inspire others to do better.

Malcolm had a flair for life, and the ability to
live well.

And he could grow old with absolutely no regrets.

"My soul shall be joyful in the Lord."

Thanks be to God.

ETM

Home is Tryon

Why Tryon? How did we choose to settle there in the first place in 1955?

As a two-year-old fledgling company, Indian Head had not only avoided catastrophe (the number one priority) but had started to expand cautiously. Cautiously means with the use of somebody else's money or securities--not our own common stock. We acquired Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company, the producer of the leading brand of sheets and pillow cases under the grand name of Pequot. We issued some Indian Head Preferred Stock for their common, which deal pleased their stockholders no end. Their company's future ranged from uncertain to hazardous. They had recently closed out one of the industry's largest textile spinning and weaving mills located in New England. They had transferred about one-third of the machinery to a vacant mill, which they had bought in Spartanburg, S.C., and they had just started it up. The move was made to escape from high union labor hourly wages in New England to much lower wages in the South. However, they were still saddled with some slow and out-of-date production machinery. They foresaw the need to raise major sums of capital to become, and remain, competitive. Therefore, their Board and

Management were receptive to our offer to bail them out, even with our preferred stock for their common. A deal was struck.

In my role as Indian Head's Vice President in charge of manufacturing, I concluded that I could be more efficient if we lived near our manufacturing operations, which were in Cheraw, S. C., Spartanburg, S. C. and Cordora, Alabama. We had closed out the Nashua, N. H. operation and would continue to close out Pequot's New England mill. So, Tah and I decided we should pull up stakes in Westford, Massachusetts and move South.

In June of 1955, I relocated my office from Nashua, N. H. to Whitney, S. C. where Pequot's mill was in a suburb north of Spartanburg. I stayed in the Franklin Hotel temporarily. Tah held forth in Westford, Mass. One Saturday, in a rented car, I drove north and west on Route 176 to begin exploring the possible living communities in a circle withⁱⁿ a 40-mile radius around Spartanburg. I was willing to put up with a commute up to one hour each way daily. That Saturday morning I was headed to Hendersonville, N. C. about 40 miles away. I never got there.

After crossing the railroad near the center of Tryon, N. C., I was confronted by a Polk County Centennial Parade coming down Trade Street, the main drag. I had to pull over and park. I watched the parade approaching, with false-bearded men in overalls; women in 19th century garb, including ruffles and sun-bonnets; horses pulling wagons and buggies, all trying to represent life in the community in 1855!

I was completely blocked. Up the street, beyond the parade, I could see a sign advertising Real Estate. I walked beyond the parade and found the office open and announced to Tom Costa that I was looking for a six-bedroom house for rent. I explained that we owned our house in Westford, Massachusetts, a house which represented the anchor for our family, especially the children, and to

want to own two houses. He regretted that he did not have such a house to rent. But he did have such a house for sale. And since I was stymied by the parade: "Come get into my car and we'll drive to it to take a quick look", Tom said.

I went with him--and found what we were looking for--at the end of a lovely, tree-lined lane was a large brown house. It had a many-gabled roof, a hand-hewn oak door and a spacious, roomy porch. It looked like a large Swiss chalet. The grounds were overgrown with weeds and vines. The inside needed repairs and paint. But it had lots of charm and character. It was unique and warm--a house we would love.

Tah had expected me to find a typical southern white mansion, with at least four columns. Instead I had found a run-down, but charming Swiss chalet. I knew that she would love it.

She did! After inspecting it, she agreed that we should buy it. (Tom Costa held a second mortgage on the house and he was ready to force it into an auction sale.)

We faced a big question--How would the children react to our leaving Westford? To help them through the transition, we decided to hold on to the Westford house for them to return to later, perhaps.

We placed our Westford house into the hands of a local realtor to manage. He rented it on a month to month basis and sent us the rental payments, minus 10% commission.

After two years of this, our agent telephoned to present an offer to buy which he had received. That night, at dinner, with all six of us present, I announced that I had received an offer from a person to buy the Westford house and I wanted to know how the family felt about it. To a person the kids expressed amazement: "What! You mean we still own that house?"

That settled the question of whether we would injure their emotional ties to their roots. We accepted the offer. We started new roots--Home became Tryon.

Tah's Acre

It looked as though a hurricane had struck. Trees and branches were lying all over the ground; nothing was left standing. It was a nightmare! And it was on the one and one-half acre^{plus} adjoining our property.

This was the scene we faced as we came down from New York City for a summer vacation. A neighbor had sold the timbering rights to that land, leaving the mess after the tall pine timber had been removed.

Tah was upset--she was seething! Nothing had been done--or planned--to clean up the property. Broken branches and trees and stumps were now being host to poison ivy and brambles and vines. The owner of the property was moving to Florida, leaving the cabin and the mess behind.

Tah became aggressive. She bought the cutover property for protection against further despoiling of our view. She hired two men with a truck and a chain saw. For a whole week the three of them sawed, chopped, burned, lugged, carted and trucked away the wood debris. She followed up with a purchase of 500 white pine seedlings from the State Forestry Service. She expected one truckload (perhaps two truckloads?) of seedling pines to be delivered. To her surprise, the seedlings were so tiny that they arrived in two packages by mail!

The four children and their friends were corralled to plant the seedlings systematically (with spoons) all over the one and one-half acre.

This plot is known to this day as "Tah's Acre"--a beautiful pine grove. All of us take pride in the family project.

Mrs. Winifred S. Crum of Lynn, N.C. died recently, as announced in the Tryon Daily Bulletin. Regularly, I had been walking by her house just off Route 108. Her Mark IV Continental had been parked on a 30° slope, angling backwards and left, for three or four years, unmoved and unused.

Then one day the Mark IV was gone. And the house looked empty. Where did she go? Hospital? Nursing home? Did she die? No one in the neighborhood could answer my questions. I was concerned.

Mrs. Crum had been a tenant of ours in the Good Hope Mansion. My acquisition of that property is a story in itself.

Interestingly up until about 1960, Tryon was a community of indigenous farmers, merchants, and a few commuting mill hands--plus seasonal visitors to local inns and owners of second homes. These latter had their main residences in the North--New York, New England and the middle west. Many of those who "stopped off" for a few weeks at the inns were either horse people or transients between the north and Florida. Mimosa Inn, adjacent to our property, was at one time a thriving institution, providing fine room and board for transients or seasonal visitors.

Gradually, the Tryon Inns, Mimosa, Oak Hall Hotel, Thousand Pines, and Pine Crest began to fall onto hard times. Modern throughways, by-passing the community, dealt the crushing blow. Enroute visitors found accommodations more convenient elsewhere.

Finally, Mimosa was scheduled to be put up for sale at auction, the Inn itself plus the pool and bath house with lot, the slave quarters, and the Good Hope Mansion.

I wanted two pieces of property which joined ours and were important to me to protect us. I wanted to buy them before the auction:

1. The vacant .71 acre lot between the Good Hope Mansion and Mimosa Inn and
2. A one-half acre plot which extended in a triangular shape to within 30 feet of our tennis court.

I went to see the agent representing the owners of the Mimosa properties. I offered to buy the one-half acre protrusion towards our tennis court. When I got home, Tah asked me how I had made out. I said, "Well, I did not buy Mimosa Inn." "Well, what did you buy?", she demanded. I had to tell her as she would find out eventually. "To get the one-half acre I also had to buy the Good Hope Mansion to which the one-half acre belonged plus three and one-half acres on the ridge extending north between our property and the Lynn Post Office. But I did not buy the .71 acre lot." I was willing to wait for the auction to bid for it".

As it turned out, with the purchase of the Good Hope Mansion, we inherited the remainder of a long term lease which Mrs. Crum had on the house. In return for a substantial capital improvement of the property, she had negotiated the lease for nominal rent. At the end of the remaining two-year life of the lease, I offered a continuing lease to Mrs. Crum at a market rental price. She turned this down as being too expensive for her capability. She moved to the house off the highway in Lynn.

My major concern was that she might have had no close relatives to look after her in time of need. She was heavily addicted to alcohol.

The announcement of her death stated that she died at the home of a close relative in Hendersonville who had taken her in when she became terminally ill.

I was relieved.

Depths

Christmas Eve, 1972

The spring-like shower started again as we pulled into the Hearon's driveway. Our boots and dungarees were wet and muddy from the bushwacking down the ridge under Tryon Peak. So we had decided to just say "Merry Xmas" to the Hearons at the door - explaining that we were in the neighborhood and didn't want to go by without ringing their doorbell.

Annie answered the bell, dressed in her "Moo Moo", a lounging costume which the 999'ers had joked about in the late 50's. The wives had competed to see who could find the most fascinating "Moo Moo".

Annie's greeting was open "Come on in the house!" When I said we can't come in, but just wanted to wish the Hearons Merry Xmas, she called towards the kitchen for Fanning to come out, and then back towards me in tears said: "There's no happiness in this house this Christmas - if you won't come in, we'll come out to see you."

I signaled Tah to come on in because Annie obviously wanted us to visit. As Tah came in, shoeless, in stocking feet, we overheard Annie call once again to Fanning to come out. He arrived in the hall just as Tah came in - as he walked the distance of the long hall, Annie pointed to a painting hung in the foyer - asking "Do you like it?" "Of course, did you do it? Where are you studying?"

"I'll tell you about it - look at this one." "Marvelous!" Is that acrylic?" "Yes, acrylic. I'll tell you all about it - and look at this one - the very first one I did."

"How long have you been painting?"

"Oh, I started in September." "This year? Just three months ago? Then you must have had hidden talents all along!"

Annie said: "Sit down and I'll tell you all about it - about us."

"Well, you know, there comes a time in your life when you need to - want to - slice it right down the middle" - she cut the air with her hand - "and throw half of it away - just get rid of it - and forget it. Then you try to make sumpin' out of what's left. Well, in September, Fanning was in the hospital and coming out of it. I know of this place in Saluda, called 'Snails Pace', run for people who don't know what to do. I called them from the hospital and asked if they could take me for a couple of weeks. I didn't want to go home, I didn't know what to do. They couldn't that day because they were full but would take me the next day. I went home, packed and went up there the next day and stayed ten full days. The daughter of an Episcopal Minister helps run it. They do a marvelous job".

"What do they teach?"

"They just teach the Bible. You just put your life in the hands of the Lord when you don't know where to turn. I was sick; my husband was sick. You could go to a psychiatrist but how many couches do you need when you're sick? It's best to trust in the Lord and let him help find out what the hell's wrong with you! What do you do? I've decided that I'm not going to give up, not going to let go of good friends like you two and the Maroneys. What else have we got? After what we've

gone through, we just can't give up. We've reached bottom and gotta come back up.

"It was there I started painting. I go back every Wednesday. I look forward to it. Wouldn't miss it for anything. Fanning's been up there with me several times and he thinks it's good for us, don't you, Fanning."

"I think so" said Fanning - the only three words he spoke while we were there, except an occasional "Yeah".

Annie continued: "I went to Austin, Texas a few weeks ago and heard of a "Church of the Redeemer" in Houston that might help me. I flew up to Houston and started trying to find the place. The cab driver never heard of it. Nobody knew how to get there. I was about to give up when somebody said he thought it was 2 to 2½ hours away. But while I was in a small restaurant, the waitresses started telephoning and found the place. Let me tell you, it was the greatest experience I've ever had. The people all came dressed in anything - work clothes, furs, anything. I declare it was one of the best things I ever did." Tah looked utterly confused!

"Annie", I said, "You remember the Life Conference we all attended together, 15 or 16 years ago? And remember the visiting minister a few Sundays later who talked about what Kierkiergard said about conversion? You have to go into the depths of despair ---"

"That's exactly what's happened to us, we've hit bottom, despair, and we've got to come up - out of it."

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As we got into the car Tah said "Shooh-h! Fanning smells of liquor! Didn't you smell it? When I kissed him hello and then again goodbye, it almost knocked me over! I could smell it strong." "Oh, damn!" I said.

Tah said after a 5-minute silence, "You know, we're lucky." "What do you mean?" I asked. "Aren't you lucky I don't drink?" "You think drinking is the total cause of their problem?" "No, but I had to give you some kind of answer. You know, Jane Dusenbury gave up on the Hearons several years ago. She tried to be their friend. She would send clippings of sayings to Fanning, trying to help him, Life Conference style. Then one day Annie referred to her as 'one of Fanning's girls' - so Jane quit. Apparently from what Annie said, Fanning must have had a tendency towards girls before."

Both of us kept our silence the rest of the way home.

Death Was Welcome

Hans Vigieland died alone. His best - and only(?) - friend found him. He'd been dead about 12 hours. And everyone sighed in relief. He wanted to die. He had repeatedly been arrested and charged with DUI. He could not restrain himself and he no longer had any family who cared or who could help. A fine organist, Julliard-trained, but he was weak - an alcoholic.

Treasures of Tryon

Bob Gibbs

In the early seventies, Bob Gibbs retired from the US Department of Interior and moved to Tryon. One of the many volunteer jobs he took on was to lead a crew of teen-agers in cleaning up a ten-acre plot of land, lace it with walking trails and turn it into a park for recreation. This plot had been bequeathed to the Town some 40 years earlier, and it is located behind the A & P in Gillette Woods.

The Town of Tryon had announced a dedicatory ceremony on an October day, at eleven o'clock AM, at the entrance to the Woodland Park. That morning I arrived early so that I could walk all the trails before the ceremony. I finished at the parking lot entrance of the Park and walked up to Bob Gibbs and said:

"Congratulations, Bob. This community will forever thank you for cleaning up this beautiful woodland and for those trails. Now, I suppose that you await a couple of heavy rainfalls to see where the erosion problems are."

"What do you mean?" Bob replied. "We have already had two four-inch rainfalls after the trails were completed!"

"But..but.." I stammered. "I saw no sign of erosion."

Bob replied matter-of-factly, "And you won't." And we haven't--as the succeeding years roll by.

Leonard Porter

Everyone knew him; everyone loved him. Len was Tryon's official "Mr. Fixit" for many years. He could fix anything--mechanical, electrical, wood or metal. And he could bend and shape frames and holders.

Not only could Len bend and shape things, he could (and did) bend and shape young minds. He taught in Sunday School to an enthusiastic teen-aged class. He spoke not only of the Bible but of his life experiences and of his philosophy.

He came from the slums of London where he grew up like a Charles Dickens character. He saw and experienced many and varied things which built in him firm concepts of good and evil, of life's values, and a very strong sense of religion. He was anxious to share all of this with the young. His influence was like the ripple of water a pebble causes when it hits the water.

Both Jimmy and Bobby, when they each became 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ or 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ years old, worked with Leonard Porter as apprentices (with no pay). They loved helping him; they loved listening to his stories; they loved learning from him. They probably learned more of ethics, morals, religion and philosophy from this man who had a sixth grade education than from many of their teachers.

There must be dozens of youngsters whose lives were touched by Len. But not only did he influence the young. He revamped the old St. Luke's Hospital into a Senior Citizens Center. And the Isothermal Community College-Polk County Campus makes its headquarters there. In later years, Len was the Lay Reader in the Church of the Good Shepherd in the black community.

The Chinese bestow an official honor called "National Treasure" upon special people. Certainly Leonard Porter was one of

Tryon's National Treasures.

I REMEMBER

I Remember Jim, Jan and Roy

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You'd think he would have retired. Not
Jim Robison - he's still going strong, 15 years
later!



Indian Head

111 West 40 Street
New York, New York 10018
Telephone (212) 695-1260

Executive Offices

January 28, 1972

Mrs. James M. Flack
1050 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York

Dear Tah:

You are cordially invited to attend a surprise luncheon on March 28 in honor of Jim Robison. That is the day that Jim will retire as Chairman of Indian Head after nineteen years as chief executive officer. Roy Victor, John O'Sullivan, and Charlie Wood are joining me in making arrangements for an informal party which we hope will give Jim a great deal of pleasure.

Because Jim will continue to be closely associated with Indian Head as a Director and as Chairman of the Finance Committee, this will not be a farewell get-together. Rather, it will be a gathering of friends, business associates and close family members to honor him at this significant milestone in his career.

The reception will begin at twelve noon in The Baroque Lounge at The Plaza, Fifth Avenue at 59th Street, New York City. Luncheon will be served at one o'clock. We will plan to adjourn not later than three.

Part of the luncheon presentation to Jim will be a collection of letters from many people whose paths have crossed his over the years. We feel that he will be pleased to have a letter from you. We will be grateful if you will write to Mr. James E. Robison, Indian Head Inc., 111 West 40 Street, New York, New York, dated March 28, 1972. Please mail the letter to me - not to Jim. A label addressed to my personal attention is enclosed. I suggest that you mail the letter unfolded.

Needless to say, we hope that the activities on March 28 will be a complete surprise to Jim, so please do not let the cat out of the bag.

I look forward to hearing from you. A card is enclosed on which to indicate whether you will be with us for the luncheon. I would appreciate a response by February 15.

Sincerely yours,


James M. Flack

Jan wrote us a letter following the surprise luncheon honoring Jim's planned retirement.

Dear Tah and Jim:

I knew it would be a great scene but I didn't expect it to be the best ever! Thank you, thank you dear friends.

The emotional impact has been very great for both of us. I still find it impossible to express what it meant to me to have Jim so appreciated. No one but you could have pulled off the perfect mix of humor, work, accomplishment and the human side of this man.

It was a long winter's work, but if it helps to make up for some of the lost weekends, I want you to know nothing has ever meant as much to Jim as this great tribute.

We both still have trouble realizing it happened to us and not to someone else. You were both just great.

Love,

Jan (Robison)

February 28, 1986

RETIREMENT WITHOUT VACATIONS
Ode to Royal Little on His Ninety-first

Maturity in business was at hand,
With or without plan.
Retirement was the plot--
Ready or not!

Roy was there to pull me ashore,
As he had often done before.
He advised: "Don't let your brain
Go down the drain!

If you retire to the Golf Club
To play Gin, you'll wither on the vine,
And die before you should--
A disillusioned old man.

After sixty-five, the best is yet to come!
Find things that need doing;
Fix up your hometown;
Preserve the irreplaceable"

Thanks, Roy. We owe you a lot.
Tah and I listened. We used your plot.
Your advice was upbeat - full of jive.
We saved our brains; we're still alive.

However, during moments of high speed
I'm inclined to think that I need
To take a job in expiation
So that again I'll have vacations!

Happy Birthday, Roy!
Many happy returns.

James M. Flack

Indian Head decided to give a party at the St. Regis Hotel in New York City, in Tah's and my honor upon the occasion of my retirement in 1974.

After Dick Powers, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer of Indian Head, had mailed the invitations and arranged for Lester Lannin and his band to play, I grew nervous, wondering whether anyone would come.

One day I wondered out loud whether I should suggest cancelling the affair. Suzanne and Karen in one, loud voice said:

"Absolutely not! This is the Coming Out party which we've been waiting for!"

The party was held and a full house was in attendance. I wrote a "Ballad of Indian Head" for the occasion.

A BALLAD OF INDIAN HEAD

— James M. Flack

'Twas early in the year of fifty-three
When four swashbucklers set forth on a spree;
Established a company for profits to make,
Come hell or highwater, their fortunes at stake.

No money at hand, they signed up for debt,
Hocking their total, all they did bet
That somehow or other they'd favorably cope
With swings of the market to fulfill their hope.

The pressure was on them relentlessly
To keep the cash flowing for solvency.
The goals in those days were clear without doubt;
Take our full swings — but do not strike out!

With our debt to equity at twenty-eight to one,
Some bankers were pale if not downright wan
At the thought of advancing more working lucre
To a fledgling which had a secureless future.

But they did; and we did; to our future we rolled,
Rationalizing capital which in excesses untold
Was tied up in industry by barons of old;
Their monuments full of inventory which couldn't be sold.

We merged; we acquired — *their* common for our preferred.
At times we paid cash but stoutly demurred
From issuing our common (to avoid dilution);
'Cause the assets we acquired really begged for solution!

Castrophe avoidance was the first priority;
Maintain operations came secondly.
If energy were left, after meeting these two;
Improvements were in order if confined to a few!

Diversification served us quite well
To dampen the swings of the pell and the mell.
Joint ventures we tried and liked very much;
Developed good deals and patterns for such.

Instructions to divisions were considerate — not rash
Run it your way, but send corporate all cash.
As long as there're profits, you'll have a full say;
But start losing money, you'll lose it our way!

We scratched in our markets for meaningful shares;
And watched competition for treacherous snares.
Our view towards inventory was cautious — not bold;
It's a liability — not an asset — until it is sold!

Then came the day with capital abundant;
Other people's problems looked repulsively redundant.
So, earnings of quality with vigor we sought;
We issued our common for some that we bought.

We grew and we grew — new records each year!
But action in Wall Street grew lesser, we fear.
Shareholders were restless but never irate.
Resolution came in an offer to go private.

The torch has been passed to a new generation,
Whose competence commands new heights of veneration.
The journey's been great for me and for mine;
Godspeed and success for thee and for thine!

We Remember George Gillespie

October 27, 1980

Mr. George J. Gillespie, III
Cravath, Swaine & Moore
One Chase Manhattan Plaza
New York, NY 10005

Dear George:

Your bill of October 16 started us thinking. We have concluded that you, George J. Gillespie, III, are the clear-cut winner of the Flack Award for Merit. This is a once-in-a-lifetime award to the person who has made the greatest cumulative contribution of professional services to the James M. Flack Family. The award consists of a letter of thanks containing the announcement of the award, with references to many of the much appreciated services.

On behalf of the James M. Flack Family, I thank you for the following creative ideas and counsel:

A trust fund for our children--proceeds to each at age 21.

A major gift to each child at age 30; gift tax minimized by a Charitable Foundation.

A \$50,000 life insurance policy, paid up for ten years for each child, at age 21.

Up to \$6,000/year gift to each child or grand-child with low-basis securities.

10-year Trusts for Parents and Nephews.

Unitrust in 1974 and another in 1976, both with 7% payouts, with remainder to local charities.

Our Wills.

Visit our local Foundation in Tryon, plus a whole host of advices and counsels from time to time.

George, the award idea may appear to be in the not-too-serious vein. However, we truly want you to know how seriously grateful we are that you have been there when we needed you the past 18 years or so. We are happy with all facets of financial and estate planning you have provided.

And, we'll be back for more!

Best regards,
Jim & Tah

I Remember Sonya

(Tah's Mother, Sonya Weber)

Sonya, dear, your birthday's here;

Again we celebrate

The fact that you still guide the few

Who solemnly consecrate

Their living all to soon recall

The ever pleasant day,

When we shall all be in reach

To hear the words you say.

Words that measure the depths of treasure

Found in the lore of semantics.

Words that capture experienced rapture

On Candlewood Trails or in Penny's antics.

Words that speak of mice and men,

Or of the world without end;

Or words that flow and show a blend,

When infused with wine or gin.

They're still the cheer of Sonya dear,

And don't we love her so!

We blissfully wish her cheerful bliss!

And love her more, not so!

Happy Birthday, dear Sonya!

For Dr. Ernst Weber's
80th Birthday Celebration, October 1, 1981
At the University Club
New York City

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, ERNST!

'Twas early this century, some eighty years ago
That Honoree Ernst Weber claimed earthly abode.
It didn't take long after planetary debut
For Ernst to discover lots and lots to do!

To herald his feats and make all a believer,
What better support for a born achiever
Than four junior admirers blowing his horn,
As one after another, four sisters were born.

Our hero through school strode tall with enjoyment;
Absorbed syllogisms and formulae with deployment,
Til he doctored in philosophy at Vienna U
And again in Science at the Technical U.

Early on, he impacted Polytechnic's mores;
As visiting Professor he landed on Brooklyn's shores.
He won the President's Certificate of Merit while in residency;
He was promoted to Department Head and then to the Presidency.

Despite patents, citations and honors untold,
Ernst welcomes new challenges to unfold.
Between his challenges, he relishes all gains
From visiting with former students down memory lanes.

Ernst travels and travels throughout his career,
Always in a hurry but showing no fear;
'Cause, whatever the weather, close by his side
Stands Sonya, his Soul-mate, who'll lovingly abide.

Sonya and Ernst, Ernst and Sonya--climbing together far and wide
They'll tackle all mountains--climbing side by side.
Their interests are mutual, their efforts supportive;
They climb to some heights too personal to report!

We have come here together to honor Ernst Weber,
A man for all seasons--a Universal Neighbor;
A Renaissance Man who makes goals to soar.
Happy Birthday, Ernst! And many, many more!

The Flack Family

With Love

I have never admitted it before--even though my siblings repeatedly taunted me and accused me of it--I was Mom's pet. There! I've said it and I'm proud of it.

Looking back on my growing up, I can now identify some parental actions which might have appeared to be favoritism. At the time, when Mom shielded me, I felt that I needed protection from my older brother, Jewel Franklin. He was called Frank for short. And I felt that he looked upon me as his vassal. So, when he shot me in the calf with an arrow, or when he ordered me to haul in more than my share of the firewood, or when he forced me to rake the yard while he played marbles with his neighbor friend, I sought refuge and consolation in Mom's out-reaching arms.

Mom may have been slightly biased towards me, her third child out of four total. Who's to judge whether she were or whether, if she were, she had justification!

I Remember Pop

Cast to a log

Pop was a dedicated hunter and fisherman. He customarily took me along while I was still in grade school. When it was a hunting trip, I did nothing but keep him company. Upon reflection, I think that he took me along because Mom asked him to do so, for whatever reason--perhaps for a bit of peace and quiet at home!

On the fishing trips, I fished along with him. He taught me how to cast with a rod and reel, and how to reel in a trout, thrashing around with the bait hooked in its mouth. These trips started by our arising at between 3 and 4 a.m., and then after breakfast, walking 6 to 8 miles to the overflow ponds or lakes created by flooding rivers. The big-mouth bass were the object, 1-1/2 to 3 pounders.

Pop taught me to cast the bait towards a still object on the water's edge or towards a floating log. The most effective way was to cast the bait onto the shore or on top of the floating log and then let the bait slide softly into the water. As the bait touched the water, the fisherman then should start reeling in slowly. In this way, the tenants of the lake could not be frightened by an unusual maneuver or sound. Rather, the bait, resembling a spider, or a bug, or a small fish, would act naturally and be alluring to a nice, big bass.

One day Pop and I, separated by several hundred feet, had waded out from shore into a pond, armpit deep. He was casting expertly back towards the shore, and I out towards a floating log. I repeatedly cast the fly to land softly on the log, then slide gently into the water, according to instructions, as I reeled it in, while holding my hands, arms and gear high above my head to

avoid splashing the water.

After a while, the log began turning to a length-wise position towards me. This reduced the advantage of my casting to a log at right angles. But I continued to lay the bait on the log anyway, until I noticed that the log was moving also in my direction. And the two knots on the end of the log began to look more and more like eyes. And then I suddenly realized that the log was a live 18-foot alligator and he was coming after that person who had been hitting him with an artificial bait.

I scrambled out of that lake to shore and fished no more that day.

Pop chuckled but he understood.

I Remember Frank

Mom and Pop had four children, one every two years between 1909 and 1916. Frank was the first-born and the first to leave the nest. Shortly after graduating from high school, he joined the U.S. Navy to establish his career. He rose through the ranks to become a Chief Warrant Officer, specializing in Radio Communications.

Frank was in the thick of the South Pacific battles of World War II. He was killed in an airplane crash in the Aleutian Islands. He was a passenger enroute home, following extended active duty in the Pacific in 1945.

My respect for him grew tremendously during my tenure in the Navy. We had not overlapped or come in contact in any official way. However, I came to respect and depend heavily upon the non-commissioned officers of his rank. I discovered that the Warrant Officers really are the backbone of the Navy--they run the show!

Frank's widow, Eleanor, helps us to maintain a sense of continuity and loving memories with Frank, Number One.

I Remember Ruby

Ruby is the number two child of Mom's and Pop's. Even though she married before graduating from high school, she was determined to finish her education. She did. It took a bit longer--what with her having a family of four children and with her having to manage her family's affairs alone for many years. She not only finished high school but also college and graduate school!

Ruby had the greatest familial influence on me, the number three child of the family. She invited me to come live with her in Stephenson (later its name changed to Crosby), Mississippi. I was just starting high school and she was just starting her family. She then had two small children, James Robert and Anelle. She immersed me gently but firmly into a discipline of being a "mother's helper" while being a conscientious student and athlete. Eventually, Ruby became the intermediary who made it possible for me to go to college. At Mom's suggestion, she had gone to see Mrs. Crosby (the wife of the owner of the mill where Pop worked) to borrow \$100 to underwrite my going to Delta State College in Cleveland, Mississippi. (After finishing college I repaid the \$100, but with no interest!)

James Robert unfortunately died as a small child. Ruby's other three children--Anelle, Barbara, and Roddy--grew up in style and presented to Ruby and Clyde most successful husbands and wives and grandchildren.

Clyde Stringer is also a most successful discovery by Ruby. He is her second husband and the lovingly adopted grandpapa of Ruby's children's children.

I Remember Ann

Ann was (is) a hard-driving sister, number four in Mom's and Pop's family. Some of this drive was in her genes. But a lot of the motivation came from her being closely connected with the U.S. Army and Air Force, through Husband Wade Heard's responsibilities and career. He retired as a Colonel, after thirty years of service starting in 1942.

Ann is an achiever in her own pattern. She retired from a professional career as Headmistress of a private Episcopalian school in Florida. She was an athlete and a scholar. She starred as a basketball player during high school and college years.

Wade and Ann had chosen together the field of Educational Administration pre-World War II. Wade switched to the Air Force as a career.

Melinda and Hampton, their two children, are "chips off the old blocks"--both filled with driving energy. Melinda is in a career with her husband, Jerry, at Boeing; and Hamp is pursuing a flying career as an Air Force Officer. He is a graduate of the Air Force Academy.

I Remember Frank Hough

Frank Hough was born in the deep south in 1889, three years after my father's birth. He grew up in a family which had close personal experiences during Reconstruction days following the U.S. Civil War. He recalled those days as though he had personally endured some of the hardships--and perhaps those hardships persisted past the turn of the century when he was old enough to remember them.

In any event, he was an "unreconstructed rebel" in the clearest, most gentle sense. He did not ever speak with emotion about the injustices of the carpet-baggers and scalawags; however, he did want all students in the Shaw, Mississippi school which he superintended to know the factual history of the then current activities and tensions between the North and South. He did not seem to think that there were tensions between whites and blacks. As Frank Hough explained, that may have been because both "knew their place".

In 1973, after Frank Hough's death, his brother, John Hough, wrote some of Frank's former students, teachers and friends, asking them to write a letter on the subject: "As We Remember Frank Hough."

My letter was as follows:

"September 10, 1973

Dear John:

I remember Frank Hough for many fine attributes, but perhaps the most outstanding one was his dedication to and his respect for the worth of the individual. This dedication was not so much exhibited in what he said or in what he lectured; but rather, it was present in the way he lived and the way he related to other people. Everyone who knew him--as a teacher, student, or friend--stood taller as a human being because of his motivational leadership to bring out the best in the individual. He had a way of counseling, of listening, of discussing human problems and finally encouraging the individual to make up his own mind and make his own decision. And then, most importantly, he backed up and supported whatever decision was made.

Oh, but he was firm! And he was decisive himself. He brought things to a head and did not let problems fester. All of us knew exactly where he stood and where we stood all the time. This was an ideal climate for individual maturing and for personal growth.

I was lucky that Frank Hough took me on just out of college. My four years with him in Shaw were as formative of my future as any of the prior years of my life. His competitive spirit and mine blended perfectly. And his willingness to give me as much rope as I sought impressed me and gave me confidence in myself.

Because of Frank Hough, the world of all who knew him is a lot better.

Sincerely yours,

James M. Flack

Mr. John H. Hough

Box 267

Indianapolis, Mississippi 38751"

Dub and Vera (the parents) and Dale, William, Connie and Bernard (the four children in the order of their births).

The Chatham's home in Shaw, Mississippi became my home for four years. I "joined" their family while I was teaching and coaching in Shaw.

Connie's letter to me dated June 6, 1977 is filled with love and heart-break. She, herself, died of cancer three years after writing this. I shall always cherish her letter and the love of the Chatham family.

(The Chathams, as well as all my acquaintances of the thirties, called me "Flack".)

Monday (6/23/77)

Dear Flack,

I've wanted to write to you for some time. I hope you'll forgive me. With the closing of school and trying to help Daddy, I just haven't done all the things I want to do.

You'll never know what it ~~meant~~ meant to each of us for you to come when Mother died. You know Mother and Daddy have loved you so much through these years. Mother just felt you were another son. She often told me about how she loved you, and even tho miles apart, and not seeing you often she felt the same. She loved to talk about those days when you came to Shaw to teach and coach, and lived at our house.

Daddy isn't feeling too well. He is still worn out, and has so many blue days. His sister from Chicago and her husband, and his sister from Memphis stayed with him for 2 weeks. Then he has been with us. He drives to Shaw for a day or sometime we all go for a day and cook supper, but we all come back to my house. He is going to the Doctor this afternoon, and see what is his problem.

I'm so glad my children got to meet you, and that you got to see our children. Laura is so happy in Atlanta with Delta Airlines. She is planning to fly to California soon on a week-end trip. She can fly to New York on a pass or \$8.00 and save the pass for other times. Walter and I can fly for half fare. With 2 in college, and 2 in private school I'm afraid we won't be able to take advantage of that too much.

We've had so many hot days already that I really dread the rest of the summer. The winter, too, was a bad one. So the whole past year has been a nightmare to me. I still get awfully tired, and I really don't get enough rest. I know I should make myself go to bed early, but 12:00 would be early!--I'm a night owl. Then up early for school with 5 or 5½ hours sleep, and work at home and mother sick, I really haven't gotten my full strength back.

Thank you again for coming. I know it was a big effort on short notice, but we'll always love you that much more for being with us--I know Mother knew you were there! Wish we could have had a long talk as I'd so love to hear about your children. Maybe you'd have some snapshots you could send, I promise to return them.

Give my love to Tah--Thank her, too, for making it possible for you to come home.

We think of you often and love you lots.

Love,

Connie

I Remember Hiram Gerrard

My Hero

Hiram Gerrard was my hero in college for the two years we overlapped. We were roommates, teammates and travel-mates. Hiram was the football team's quarterback. He called signals and passed. I carried out his assignments, sometimes receiving his passes, and at other times running with the ball as he assigned.

Delta State Athletic
When he was elected to the Hall of Fame, I sent a telegram to him: *

Mailgram
4/5/78

Hiram Gerrard
Care of Dave Ferriss
Delta State University
Cleveland, Mississippi 38732

Your induction makes Hall of Fame authentic.
Congratulations and warmest regards.
Best to Dot

Flack

*When I had been inducted into the Delta State Hall of Fame earlier than Hiram, I harbored grave doubts about the authenticity of the institution.

84

Anguilla Line Consolidated School District
Anguilla, Mississippi
3 8 7 2 1

Hiram Gerrard, Supt.

April 10, 1978

Mr. James M. Flack
165 Wilderness Road
Tryon, North Carolina 28782

Dear Flack:

Your telegram was handed to me as I sat down to the banquet table at the induction ceremony on Saturday. Needless to say, I was thrilled to hear from you, and your expression relieved some of my misgivings about being included in such an elite group as my predecessors in this Hall of Fame. It was so nice to hear from you, and I hope we will see you on your next visit to the campus.

Dot and I plan to retire on July 1 and probably will move to Marks. I keep in touch with you through Boo some. However, I haven't seen him recently. Dot joins me in wishing you the best.

Sincerely yours,


Hiram Gerrard

ja

Remarks by
James M. Flack

Presentation of the Portrait of
Dr. William R. Bosien
St. Luke's Hospital, Columbus, N.C.
December 7, 1980

I am pleased to be invited to this occasion and to have the opportunity to speak briefly.

St. Luke's Hospital, and the entire community, are blessed to have this splendid portrait in this hall. It symbolizes the man, Dr. William Riley Bosien and his life work in our community, dedicated to enhancing the quality of life through the practice of medicine.

Bill was a very serious and earnest person - where and when seriousness and earnestness were called for. You could count on him for an effective response when asked to perform. As a friend and a patient, I can verify this. He worked hard - as hard and conscientiously as anyone I have ever known. But on vacation he relaxed, in his own style - VIGOROUSLY!! His relaxing or unwinding would wear his companions out!

When we first moved to Tryon 25 years ago, our next door neighbors were Bill and Marian Bosien. Even after they moved up on the mountain, we continued to be fast friends. Our daughter, Tita, and their Cindy grew up together, practically inseparable. We vacationed together - New Orleans, Charleston, and Pawleys Island.

I would like to share with you a situation on Pawleys Island. It's a side of Bill which some of you might not have

seen - it's to me a warm, human and humorous side of Bill which endeared him to us. A feature of Pawleys for us was "clamming". One day Bill called me over to a remote section of the tidal creek and proudly introduced me to a boat - a row-boat - which he had retrieved from the heavy grasses in the marsh. He suggested that we fix it up and use it to scout out good clamming sites. We used the scant materials and tools at hand and stuffed up the holes with marsh grasses, which stuck up like bull-rushes from the bottom. The time came to launch the retrieved boat. We shoved it out into the shallow creek and boarded it. We had canoe paddles - no oars. On a signal we began paddling - Yo Heave Ho, Yo Heave Ho! We two were setting off on an exciting adventure.

The excitement was short-lived. As fast as we paddled, the boat sank - straight down - inch by inch. We gained no lateral distance. Soon we were sitting in a boat half full of water. The bull-rushes had begun to pop out one by one. The boat became two-thirds full, and then completely full. The gunnels sank out of sight. Finally, the water was up to our armpits as we sat in the boat. Further paddling was clearly useless! We abandoned ship - and clamming for the rest of the day.

Bill and I continued in good spirits, even though wet and faced with slogging out of the marsh.

At least once a year for the following 20 years, we laughed at our aborted adventure.

If you look closely at this portrait, you'll see the playful lines of humor at the corners of Bill's eyes - that boat incident helped put them there!

I commend Andy Wetterer for commissioning this portrait and I congratulate Dorothy Quest for having caught the spirit of that marvelously skilled and HUMAN creature - DR. WILLIAM RILEY BOSIEN!

SPOT REFLECTIONS

What Happened to You?

After my retirement began, at cocktail parties among friends, I would occasionally in an off-handed way mention officials in Government whom I had known or overlapped in graduate school:

Gerald Ford, President of U.S., Yale Law School.

Vice President George Bush, Yale, and we both received an award from the National Association of College Baseball Coaches.

Senator Stennis, U. S. Senator, with whom I had discussions on development projects for our State of Mississippi.

Byron "Whizzer" White, Supreme Court Judge, University of Colorado and Yale Law School.

William Miller, President's Cabinet, President of Textron.

Charles Schultze, President's Cabinet, Board of Indian Head.

Cyrus Vance, Secretary of State, Yale.

Roy Little, founder of Textron, progenitor of Conglomerates.

Usually some smart alec would retort:

"What happened to you?"

A Flying Left Elbow
(Not for Publication)

Senior Citizens should not be expected to give exact answers to probing questions about private affairs. I was not too forthright in the following exchange:

"What happened to your eye? It's so bloodshot!"

My reply: "I'd rather not go into that. Let's leave it that it was a flying left elbow during a sex act."

Commitment

The General Westmoreland suit against CBS was a replay of the Vietman era - the whole drama of the suit and trial portrayed the reasons - and characters and why the war was such a farce, such a disaster. It never should have started. There was no serious commitment to win - or even to finish.

It may be that the General is the explanation.

Norme and Betty Frost

The Frosts are the kind of people who, after a three-month camping tour of the West, stop at a campsite in Pisgah National Forest (an hour from home) and spend two days and a night reading their mail - brought to them by their niece, Dorothy.

"Warm Up! Flack!"

In the spring of 1939, I heard the call: "Flack!
Warm up!"

The Coach and Manager of the New Orleans Pelicans
professional baseball team had called out to me.

I was in the bull-pen relishing the moment, dressed
out in uniform and about to be called into the game as a
relief-pitcher. It was an exciting moment -

The New York Yankees at bat;

Two men on base;

One out;

The call one and one on the batter, a pinch-hitter;

The score 2 to 1 in favor of the Yankees;

and I had been called to warm up, possibly to go in to face
whom? Following the pinch-hitter at bat were

"Twinkle-Toes" Selkirk

Phil Rizzuto

Lou Gehrig, and

Joe DiMaggio!!

Probably the most feared batting sequence in Major League base-
ball. It did not matter that this game was a spring-training
game, a warm-up for the regular season. This was a great
moment for me. I had not dreamed of such a start in what
might be a whole new career. How about striking out Selkirk
and Rizzuto? That would be a superb strategy. Get the side
out without having to face Gehrig or DiMaggio 'til the next
inning. That became my game plan.

But, it never came off. The pinch-hitter hit into a double play to end the inning and my warming-up came to nothing.

Shortly after the Yankee-Pelican game, spring training was over and I returned to Shaw, Mississippi, my home base, to resume teaching and coaching.

Soon, however, I gave notice that I would not return the next fall. Instead, I accepted the recommendation of Dr. Weatherford to go to Yale on a scholarship for three years of graduate study in the Yale Divinity School. I entered Yale in September, 1939.

Besides, Boo Ferriss and Bubber Ely (as well as a whole host of my student athletes) were graduating from Shaw High School. It was time for me to move on, too.

The Saplings and Vines Are Gone

Dear Bobby and Jimmy:

I walked through the woods near our house--between home and log cabin.

Memories of our swinging on huge vines flooded me. I also remembered our climbing tall, slender saplings and riding the tops to ground. Then we'd let them swoosh back to erect as we unloaded.

There are no more vines. We wore them out.

And, the slender saplings are now grown--to big trees!

Swinging and climbing is a memory!

Love,

Dad

Team Work

Occasionally we met couples--husbands and wives on the Trail. The husband usually led. And I know why--those early morning cobwebs are a nuisance to the first one through.

"Go ahead and lead, dear; you always set a good pace".

Then, a little later: "Raise your walking stick above your head. Those cobwebs are catching me in the eyes or on the forehead".

Rising to a Challenge

I flunked 9th grade English and that dominated and shaped my life for the next several years.

It became necessary for me to prove that I did not deserve to flunk--that I was as knowledgeable, as intelligent as anyone else in that class.

I retook the exam, passed it easily and proceeded to "major" in English the rest of the way in high school and in College. In my second year in College, I was selected to teach remedial English to needy Freshmen and in my Junior year was awarded the Winston Scholarship in English.

Upon graduation, I got a job as High School Teacher of English and as Coach of four sports, football, basketball, tennis, and baseball. Even after I was appointed Principal and Athletic Director, I continued a full teaching load of English grammar and literature.

There's no telling what I might have become had I not flunked 9th grade English!

While hiking today we met several young married couples. It occurred to me that a revision of marriage vows may be in order.

Therefore, I proposed the following for the female--
"I vow to love, cherish and honor, but not to obey, cook lunch, or to back-pack".

When I proposed this revision to a group of four young people, one of them, a recent bride, said: "I wish he (pointing to a minister sitting on a log) had given me that choice!"

Rationalization

I went to water the tomatoes with anger in my heart. Here, I'd spend an hour holding a hose and directing it inefficiently from plant to plant when I could be spending that time at my desk, or reading or napping. How to price those tomatoes?? Roughly, I figured I'd spend the equivalent of \$50 this spring and summer on them. Tah would spend another \$50, for which \$100 we could have bought six times as many as we'd grow.

In the midst of my anguish, a wood thrush--our wood thrush--sang out, high overhead in the tulip poplar tree, for the first time this year. He put me at ease. I'd gladly spend the \$50 worth of time to have his company!

Basso

Among the many charming assets which the Clouds had were five daughters and a dog, appropriately named Basso.* He was a black Newfoundlander. He was a pet and a friend of the neighborhood. He loved jogging with Tah.

As soon as the family car left home in the morning, he became restless. One day, as reported in the Tryon Daily Bulletin, he'd traced (not chased) the family car to a shopping mall in Tryon and found the car. He didn't merely find the car--and wait for his master or mistress. He'd climbed on top of the car and made himself comfortable to await the return of the maestro.

*The Clouds are a singing family--six altos and sopranos and one tenor.

Life's Early Lessons

The Carolina Wren started her frantic chattering as I approached a narrow pass on the trail. I was out for my regular afternoon walk in the woods, in late spring not far from our house. She seemed to be "talking" to someone else or something off the trail.

Then, she flew right at me, showing great concern--apparently warning me to watch my step--or was she being territorial and ordering me out of the area??

I stopped to watch and try to understand. At that moment, I noticed a rustling in the weeds near the path. And, suddenly, a young wren chick fluttered about six feet at a time, up front towards the mother. Then, two additional chicks fluttered out of the weeds. I understood the situation, and stood motionless.

Mama Wren alternately scolded (or cautioned) me, and encouraged her chicks to scramble to safety. She "spoke" in an entirely different tone when talking to the chicks as against when facing me.

I stood quietly until the family was reunited. When Mama Wren was stationed between her brood and the intruder, she turned towards me and chirped contentedly.

I felt privileged to be a part of the drama in this family's young life.

Territorial Animals

165 Wilderness Road - this is our territory (Tah's and mine). We share it with

- a pair of Carolina Wrens,
their nest this year is in a hanging potted plant
under the eave on the terrace.
- a pair of Cardinals,
nesting in a camelia bush between the back steps
and the garage.
- a covey of Chickadees; and
- the same number of Tufted Titmouse, (or Titmice?)
- occasional Gold-Finches,
just passing through,
- an occasional Thrasher,
- scrounging Robins,
- a pair of Chipmunks,
- frustrated Squirrels, failing to get into the
Hilarious bird feeder,
- a pair of Rabbits on the lawn at dusk, and
- an occasional Fox, looking for a henhouse, which
we don't have.

Otherwise, we are territorial "bosses" at 165 Wilderness Road.

IX. Quality Living

Quality Living

It's quality living when

- you cry as you recall moments of praise, of
urgent victory;
- your oldest son hugs you;
- your youngest says, "Remember, I love you."
- you leap with joy to see the autumn sun filter
through the red dogwood leaves.