

JAMES PAUL JOHNSON, JR

XFD. 7763

I. CHARLES U - Head of clan

A. THOMAS GAY U, SR

1. WILLIAM BARNES U

Q. THOMAS HOMER U

i. ROSA MAY U

(I) JAMES PAUL JOHNSON, JR ↗

"JAY"

(A) ROBERT SMITH JOHNSON (ADOPTED)

see Inmate  
File for  
Indication



JAMES PAUL JOHNSON PGI XIIA-7763

Subject: Thanks  
From: phil@upchurchstory.com  
Date: Sat, Jan 10, 2009 11:45 am  
To: xj50@yahoo.com

①  
10 JAN  
2009

Hi Jay---

This is to thank you for your two checks which arrived on the 5th. You are now enrolled as a subscriber for the UB for 2009 and we appreciate your contribution for the memorial to Mary Alice-may she rest in peace. Your check for the Upchurch Collection Endowment at N. C. State University will soon be sent to them along with my matching check. I hope we can continue to build the Collection and the Endowment. So far I am quite pleased.

I trust you will have noted that the last UB included details on the descendants of Thomas Gay U., Jr., the brother of your Great grandfather William Barnes U. I had long sought to do this and the Internet made it possible.

It seems strange for me to be communicating by email when it has been my practice to send a handwritten note. If you are using a friend/relative to participate in your email transmissions I want to thank them.

With all best wishes for a great 2009.

Phil Upchurch

Subject: J. Paul Johnson  
From: Johnson Robert <xj50@yahoo.com>  
Date: Sat, Sep 12, 2009 9:26 am  
To: Phil Upchurch <phil@upchurchstory.com>

②  
12 SEP  
2009

I regret having to tell you of Dad's death on Monday Sept 7 Labor Day 2009. He took ill suddenly on Sat the 5th, hospitalized the 6th and succumbed to pneumonia at 5pm Monday. He was buried in Oakhill Cemetery in Cartersville GA. next to his wife Mary in her families' plot. He was 95 years old.

Phil, I want you to know that he had your letter and memoirs on his desk. It was the last thing he was reading before he was sick. I know how much he enjoyed Upchurch family ancestry. Your correspondence was a source of joy to him.

Thank you for your letters and memoirs. I hope you will send me future "chapters" as they are written.

Bob Johnson  
205-587-3853  
205-444-0755



Today writes him a letter so that we maintain contact. One day I hope to meet him.

Since you shared your story with me I will share a part of mine with you. So far there are about 200 pages and it looks like there will be about a thousand pages when I finish. Enclosed are drafts of three chapters: Prologue, my memory Alchemy, and Childhood memories. Maybe you can get a crushle out of this. It needs polishing.

The title "FROM CITY SHADOWS" came from the fact that I was raised in the County but not far from the city of Raleigh.

I am pleased to know that you are "hanging in there" at 95 and trust that the days, months and years ahead will be kind to you. I treasure the friendship we have developed

Fondly

Phil Upchurch

JAMES PAUL JOHNSON, JR

(1-a)

7-01-09

REC'D  
6/5/2009

DEAR PHIL,

THIS IS A SKELETON OF MY LIFE STORY  
AS I REMEMBER IT. I SAY SKELETON BECAUSE  
THE 'MEATY' PARTS ARE NOT MENTIONED TO  
AVOID HURTING ANYONE'S FEELINGS, CRITICISM, AND  
PLAIN OLD SECRETS. YOU MAY FIND A PLACE  
TO PUT IN STORE FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

I THINK MY HEALTH IS FAIRLY GOOD FOR  
MY AGE (95). I CAN WALK WITH A WALKER.  
MY HANDS SHAKE SO I CAN HARDLY WRITE.  
MY HEARING IS POOR AND SO IS MY SEEING.  
ABOUT 3 1/2 YEARS AGO I CONTRACTED CONGESTIVE  
HEAR FAILURE AFTER A BOUT WITH BRONCHITIS. I  
WEAR A PACEMAKER AND AM IN THE CARE OF  
HOSPICE. I LIVE WITH MY DAUGHTER, SUE, AND  
HER HUSBAND RICHARD MADRAS. THEY TAKE  
GOOD CARE OF ME. WE LIVE IN CALERA, AL.,  
ABOUT HALF WAY BETWEEN BIRMINGHAM AND  
MONTGOMERY.

THANK YOU FOR THE NICE STAMP UP PUT BY  
THE UD. I HAVE ACCUMULATED THOUSANDS  
OF STAMPS, BUT I AM FALLING BEHIND IN  
CLIPPING THEM.

I WROTE TO YOU SOMETIME AGO ABOUT  
MY COUSIN, THOMAS STACEY UPLORA BUT FAILED  
TO GIVE YOU HIS ADDRESS. I'M SENDING IT NOW



HE IS VERY INTERESTED IN THE UPCHURCH  
FAMILY HISTORY. HIS ADDRESS IS:

△ THOMAS S. UPCHURCH  
147 FRANCIS STREET  
BOWDON, GA 30108

△ AFTER I READ THE UB, I GIVE IT TO HIM,  
WHEN I'M GONE (TO WHEREVER) HE MAY  
WANT TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE UB.

I HOPE YOU CAN READ THIS.

AS EVER, YOUR COUSIN

Paul Johnson

J. PAUL JOHNSON  
1084 LONG BRANCH PKWY.  
CALERA, AL. 35040

REC'D  
6 JUL 2008

## As I Remember It....

James Paul Johnson, Jr.

Memory is a great thing, and the longer you live the more of it you have. Also, the longer you live the more likely you are to forget. So before I forget, let me tell you my story.

My parents were both born in Carroll County, Georgia. They were married at a rather young age. They both were from farming families and that's how they began their married life. I don't know much of their farming, but it lasted only a short time. They were the parents of five children, not counting twin boys who were stillborn. My oldest sister, Bonnilyn, was born in Carroll County, Ga. in September, 26, 1910. My twin sister and I were born December 14, 1913. The twin boys were born sometime between those dates. My daddy, James Paul Johnson, was twenty years old and my mother, Rosa May Upchurch was nineteen when Bonnilyn was born. My twin sister, Carrie Helen (Kay) and I, James Paul Johnson, Jr.(Jay), were born in Birmingham, Alabama. I'm sure the move to Alabama was an effort to improve their economic life.

My earliest memory was when I was about two and a half or three years old. We lived in a rented house in Ensley Highlands, one room of which was for us kids to play in. The weather suddenly turned bad. We had lightning and of course loud thunder. I remember mama gathering us together like a hen with her chicks. Of course we were scared but not hurt. Our neighbors who lived across the street had a nice house with a staircase going up stairs. I would have liked to slide down the hand railing but was not allowed to, of course. One summer day while we lived at this house, Kay and I were playing on the front porch. We were barefooted and the sun was hot on the porch floor. We would run from one end of the porch to the other on the hot floor. At the end of the porch was a handrail on which we pushed with our hands to get a good start back. On my last run I pushed up rather than back and went headfirst over the railing and fell to the ground, about six feet I think. I fell on something hard and nearly cracked my skull. My neck was so badly hurt that I was forced to stay in bed for several days. I am still affected by a stiff neck.

For some reason, we moved to another house. This time we moved into a duplex house. Our house neighbors were named Lovingood. We had never lived this close to our neighbors, and we didn't like it. Therefore, we stayed there only a short time. I remember we had a cook stove that burned coal. About every week my mother cleaned the soot out of the flue so the fire would burn better. That was a dirty job that we hated. But I liked the stove because it had a warmer oven which kept our left over food warm and ready to eat at any time.

We moved from the duplex to a house on Bush Avenue. The house was roomier and I



liked it. One reason, I suppose, was the street car which ran on Bush Avenue. We sometimes went to town on the street car. On one occasion, upon getting off at our stop, I put my hand on the side of the car as it pulled off. I thought I was perfectly safe, but Mama didn't. I'm sure I had had spankings before, but this one I remember well. Several notable events happened while we lived here. This time the accident happened not to me but to my twin Carrie Helen. (She was not known as Kay until later)) It was winter and we had a nice coal fire going in the living room fireplace. We had rocking chairs in the living room and as kids do, we were standing in the chairs trying to see who could rock the fastest. Suddenly, my sister's chair turned over and she fell into the fireplace and burned her face badly on the hot grate. Her scarred face was noticeable for some time, although it is barely visible now eighty-five years later. The famous frog house event took place while we lived here. You know what a frog house is. We learned to make them with damp sand. You pack the sand around your foot and slowly pull your foot out leaving a hole that a frog would be proud to live in. We had very little sand in our yard. But we, Carrie Helen and I, found something just as good as sand. One day coming home from grocery shopping, Mama left some of the groceries on the front porch while she busied herself in the house. Amongst the groceries was a bag of corn meal. We figured that if a frog liked a sand house, he would like a meal house better. So we proceeded to make frog houses. When Mama came to get her meal, we knew we were in trouble. We paid for our transgression, but we ate biscuits instead of cornbread. It was while we lived in this house that both of our grandpas visited us at the same time. It was the first time I remember seeing them. Grandpa Jim (James Thomas Johnson) and Grandpa Tom (Thomas Homer Upchurch) rode the train from Georgia and stayed a few days with us. While we lived on Bush Avenue we learned that there are some things that must be avoided at all costs. There was a steel manufacturing plant near our home and they used water to cool and temper the steel they made. The water after cooling the steel was allowed to run away from the plant in a small branch. We were warned over and over again to never go near that hot water ditch. We could see the steam rise from the branch but were never able to test the water.

We were nearly five years old when we moved from the Bush Avenue house to McDonald's Chapel. Very soon after getting settled in we were awakened one morning by loud ringing of metal on metal. It seemed everyone was making all the noise possible. We went out and asked what was going on and we were told that World War I was over and that the armistice had been signed. Even though we had no radio or television, news traveled fast. We had no telephone but some one near must have had one. We were glad the war was over because we hated the Kaiser.

It was when we lived at McDonald's Chapel that I discovered reading. For some time my interest was in reading the comics. At first Mama or daddy would read them to me, but I soon discovered there was a correlation between words and the action of the comic

characters. Very soon I knew a lot of words by sight. When school started in 1919, I was ready to go, but Mama told me I was not old enough. I begged and begged until finally she gave in and told me she would not go with me but I could go and talk to Mrs. Upton, the principal. One condition. Both Carrie Helen and I would have to go together. Looking back, it's hard to believe that Mama would let us go by ourselves to the school (about a quarter mile away) since we were not yet six years old. So off we went to school. When we got there, Mrs. Upton received us cordially and asked if we could read. I said, "I can." She gave me a first grade book and I read for her. Then she asked Carrie Helen to read. Now, I found out then that she was not interested in school, and she read not a word. Mrs. Upton said "I think you are not quite old enough for school. Come back next year." So we had to wait until we were almost seven before going to school.

Our mother, Mama May, had beautiful hair. It was red, not bright nor dark, but just the right shade of red. She wore her hair twisted in a ball on top of her head. She even had a "rattail" of artificial hair she used to roll into her hair to make the ball bigger. It was, of course, the same color of her real hair. In her later life, her hair faded to become light red and eventually turned to almost white. I remember when we were in school at McDonalds' Chapel, she went to the PTA meetings. Soon they elected her to be president of the PTA. She didn't want the job, but kept it one year. They were never able to persuade her to be president again. At that time she had four children who kept her very busy at home. She was a good seamstress and made most of the clothes the girls wore. She did not like to sew for boys, so my clothes were mostly store bought. I made a good many trips to the mercantile store to buy thread, pins and needles she needed. Sometimes the thread didn't match the cloth and I had to go back and swap the thread.

Our Dad worked for the Tennessee Coal and Iron Co. (TCI)). I think his first job was that of an ambulance driver, but that didn't last long. His next job was that of a hooker. In the yards of the steel plant were large cranes used to lift, move, and unload heavy pieces of metal. Each crane was serviced by a couple of hookers who fastened the cable slings to the load and then to the crane hook. After working as hooker for a year or two, he was made a crane operator. He worked as crane operator until about the time I entered high school. One crane he operated was mounted on a flat railroad car. It was used in the construction of the 'highline' which was a railroad track leading from the mouth of the ore mine to the blast furnaces with no stops between. The highline track over-passed all roads. When that work was completed, daddy set his eyes on being a locomotive engineer. To be an engineer, of course, one had to learn the trade. A job of fireman finally became open and daddy got it. The fireman had to keep the fire hot to make the steam needed to power the engine. He worked the 'extra board' for several

years. This was necessary because attrition was so slow. Engineers had the best positions. They might die but would never quit, nor retire voluntarily. I think senility forced most of them to retire. Daddy finally made the engineer's extra board about the time the great depression hit the world. He never lost his job but was able to work only one or two days a week for two or three years. More about the depression later.

Two summers, while I was in grade school, I spent on the farm in Georgia. The trips were arranged for several reasons: to relieve the crowding at home, to give me experience in farm living, and to get me to know my relatives better. I stayed mostly at my Upchurch grandparents' home. Maynard and Dan, my two uncles were there. They were near my age and knew the ins and outs of farming, such as how to avoid real hard work. Grandpa was wise to them and, by close supervision, was able to get some work out of them, and me. Our jobs consisted of hoeing, chopping cotton, and pulling weeds off of terraces. Fun things to do were to go washing in the creek, go to camp meeting, and raid watermelon patches. When I had about worn out my welcome at Grandpa's, I would go visit Uncle Homer and Aunt Una Upchurch. They were farmers, too. Their sons, Harold and Wayne, were a little older than I was and Christine was a little younger than I. Donald was not old enough to go to school. Our tasks here were about the same as at Grandpa's. I would also visit Aunt Jackie and Uncle Walt Tarpley. More farming, but I enjoyed all of it. On my last trip, I stayed a week at Grandpa Jim Johnson. He was retired and lived in town (Carrollton, Ga.) I had nothing to do there and time dragged on. I remember he gave me a brand new pocket knife. You guessed it. I cut myself, but not bad. I had a good time in the 'country', getting to know my cousins, uncles, aunts, grandparents and other relatives we had heard about but didn't know.

It was at school at McDonald's Chapel that I began to despise my name. Now I had two perfectly good first names, James Paul. No one ever called me by either name, but just the initials "J. P." That was all right until I started school. The boys in my class made that 'P' stand for something else. I didn't like it, but found that my best defense was to ignore it, and sure enough, about five or six years later I got it shortened to 'J'. (After moving to another school)

Now it was in my first year of school that I played baseball for the first time. I had watched the other boys playing and I knew I could hit that ball. I kept trying to get in the game and finally, to get rid of me, they let me bat. Sure enough I hit the ball and it was fair. I ran to first base but the ball beat me there and the Umpire called me out, very loudly. Well, I didn't know the rules of the game and I thought I was out of the game for good. Tears came in my eyes and I left the game and never played again. I should have kept playing for on the school's team was a boy about three years older than I who

became a major league player, and not an ordinary player but one who led the National league in batting in 1944. You may have heard of him, Fred 'Dixie' Walker. His younger brother, Harry 'The Hat' Walker, led the same league in batting in 1947. Dixie played for Brooklyn and Harry played for St. Louis.

While I failed at baseball, academically I passed. Partly because of over crowding in the classroom and my good grades, I was allowed go from the first grade directly to the third grade. While I could handle the class work, I was not able to keep up on the playground. I was small for my age and being so I was sometimes left behind at recess. During our early years, Carrie Helen was bigger and stronger than I was.

She was not only a little heavier than I, but also more agile. She could easily kick the back of her head with her foot (how else), while I had a hard time just straightening my arms and legs. Many times on the playground when I got into trouble, she was right there at my side. She was able to handle the problem. Unfortunately, she was not chosen to be double promoted with me to the third grade. I believe it was for the better that we were separated, because, although we are twins, we are quite different. I think she was intimidated in the classroom by me. After our separation, she did better in school.

During the summer of 1922 I had a traumatic accident. It was a hot summer, and in those days we had no refrigerator but we did have an ice box. Every day the iceman came and put ice in the box. We used the box to keep our food from spoiling and to cool our tea at supper. The ice came in a fifty pound block. We kept an ice pick handy to chip the ice with. The handy place for the ice pick was sticking in the wall next to the ice box. Unfortunately, it was a little higher than my head. After playing in the yard, I came into the house to get some ice to cool me down. I could barely reach the ice pick and had no problem getting a chunk of ice. My problem was to put the ice pick back in the wall. I tried but my effort was weak and the ice pick fell out and onto the floor. I pick it up and stuck in the wall again. When I started away I felt something wet on my face. When I wiped my hand across my face I found blood on it. Now I did not feel the ice pick hit my eye, but I know the point of it did severely damage my eye. We had no way to get to the doctor, but one of our neighbors had one. The doctor came out to our house and took me and Mama to the hospital. I remember it was a roadster car with only one seat, and I sat in Mama's lap. It was my first automobile ride. There was nothing they could do for me at the hospital except to stress on me the importance of lying on my back until the eye healed. Healing took about six weeks and that's a long time for an otherwise healthy boy to lie on his back. I was left there by myself most of the six weeks. Because transportation to the hospital from where we lived was hard to find, I would have a couple of visits by Mama and Daddy a week. When I was released from the hospital, I had to be carried by Daddy. I was too weak to walk. They wouldn't let me read in bed because it might cause some damage to my eyes. However, when I got home to my surprise Mama had saved all the newspaper comics. What a

treasure.

It was at McDonald's Chapel that we learned to ride the bicycle. Daddy had a bicycle which he rode to and from work. On Saturdays he would let us ride it.

Bonnilyn learned to ride first. I remember she liked to sing while riding, and her favorite song was 'I'm Bound for the Promised Land.' Carrie Helen and I had a hard time learning to ride. Daddy's bicycle was man-sized. Now Bonnilyn was big enough to sit on the seat and ride, but there was no way a six year old could ride that way. Somehow, we learned by putting the right leg under the crossbar. It wasn't easy but we were proud when we learned.

Our sister, Bobby Ruth, was born the year we started to school. It was a big surprise to me. Mama was not feeling well so they called the doctor to come out. He carried a little black bag with him. When he left he still had the bag with him. I went to see Mama and there she was holding the baby. I asked her where the baby came from. She said the doctor brought it in the little black bag. I couldn't imagine how he did it, but I could see nobody wanted to talk about, so I kept quiet. One time, about two years later, Bobby got her head caught between two posts in the hand railing around the porch. We tried hard to get her out but couldn't. Bobby was crying and I know she was hurting. Then someone thought of prying the posts apart. To do that we needed a pry pole. Just then someone yelled, 'go get the ax'. Bobby knew what an ax was used for and she began to scream, 'don't do it, don't do it'!. She thought we were going to cut her head off to get her out of the railing. Fortunately, we didn't have to resort to that extreme action.

During our growing up days we moved often, sometimes for more room, sometimes for cheaper rent, and at least one time for the dislike of our neighbor. We always rented. Daddy liked to be free to move on a moment's notice. That was one reason we never owned a home. Another reason was that Daddy felt uneasy about committing himself to a long term mortgage. He finally bought a home after the children were grown. Until we came to McDonald's Chapel, we usually had a spare room for the children to play in during bad weather. While we lived here, Aunt Mattie Bell, Daddy's sister, came for a visit. She found a job as a sales clerk in a department store and stayed with us for a couple of years. She took our playroom for her apartment. I remember she had a boy friend and they made a trip to Chattanooga and came back with pictures of them on Umbrella Rock. I never thought then I would some day live at the foot of Lookout Mountain very near Umbrella Rock.

We moved again. This time to Stacy Hill, not far from McDonald's Chapel. We still attended the same school. The house was small, but we had lots of outdoor room. At

this house, as well as at the former house, we had an outdoor toilet. It was inconvenient, but we were used to it so not many complaints were heard. We had to draw our water from a well. This was all common practice in our small neighborhood.

We also had a spring where we could get good water to drink. We used the spring mostly for keeping food cool, especially milk and butter. Yes, we had a cow which my mother milked twice daily. We had no pasture but none was needed. In those days, the law allowed free range for cows. We turned our cow loose in the morning and she came home at night. Instead of fencing the cows in, people with gardens had to fence them in. Our cow wore a bell around her neck, and we knew the distinctive sound of her bell and could go find her if she didn't come home. Having a cow saved on the grocery bill.

By this time, Aunt Mattie Bell had left us, but we had another roomer. Mama's brother, Uncle Ralph, came to live with us. He was about 21 years old. He got a job with TCI and eventually became an electrician. He lived with us about three years. When Uncle Ralph came we needed more room. It so happened that shortly a larger house in the same community became vacant. We moved into it. Now it was in this house that my youngest sister, Margaret Ann, was born in 1923. I thought the Stacey Hill community was a good place to live. There were other children our age who lived there. In those days, without television, or even radio, we had to entertain ourselves. When the weather was pleasant, we would meet after supper in a central place and play games and even sing songs.

Mr. Penney, one of our neighbors, had a chicken and hog farm. He also had several boys and girls. I enjoyed helping those boys gather eggs. They had thousands of laying hens and each was banded with a number. It amazed me how those boys knew each hen by its number. All the nests had trap doors, and the hen could not get out until some one came to get the egg and release the hen. The hen's number was marked on the egg and records were kept. The hens with the best laying record were used for breeding purposes. That was my first lesson in accounting. Each Saturday, Mr. Penney would go to Birmingham and pick up food scraps at hotels and restaurants to feed his hogs. On one occasion they invited me. It was about a four hour trip.

Some of the chores we had while growing up do not apply today. Our Saturday job was sweeping the yard. Today most homes have grass which must be mowed. We had a dirt yard which had to be swept because sticks and leaves would accumulate during the week. Sweeping the yard was assigned to Kay and me. I took the job seriously and swept everything off the yard, even the sand. Kay swept her side of the yard lightly and finished in half the time it took me, and her side looked better than my side. Live and learn. Another chore was to churn the milk to make butter. We had a barrel-shaped churn which was mounted on a frame with a hand crank. The sour milk was put in the

churn and sealed to prevent spilling. By turning the crank, the milk splashed from one end of the churn to the other. It took about thirty minutes to get the butter which was then molded into nice round half-pound cakes. The first time I remember oleo being sold as a substitute for butter was in the 1920's. To protect the dairy farmers' sale of butter, it was unlawful to sell oleo colored like butter. Oleo was white, like lard, but in the package with the oleo was a small package of coloring you could use at home to mix in the oleo to make it look like butter. Some people said they could taste the difference, but many of us could not tell butter from oleo.

A task that fell to me was bringing in kindling and coal for Daddy to build a fire every morning. Now that sounds like it would be easy, but it wasn't. The coal we bought was delivered to the yard, but the kindling, used to start the fire, had to be found. Fortunately, more things were shipped in wooden boxes than in cardboard boxes. I wasn't the only kid looking for kindling. I likened my plight to that of the Israelites in Egypt in Moses' day. They had to hunt straw to make bricks, and I had just as a compelling command to bring kindling to make fire. As the only boy in the house, I was assigned all the dirty chores. In a home without in door plumbing, some arrangements must be made for convenience. It was sometimes too dark, too cold, or too rainy to go to the outside toilet. So we had a chamber, we called it a slop jar, which was kept under the bed for convenience. Some one had to empty that jar every day and I was the one chosen to do it. To most of us it was no problem, but to me it was drudgery. I shouldn't complain because I was building character. On wash day, usually Mondays, we had to fill the galvanized tubs with water. This was not a bad job if we had running water in the house but much harder if we had to draw the water out of the well. We usually washed clothes outdoors where we had more room and not mess up the house. Mama did the washing. We just filled and emptied the tubs. We slept on cotton mattresses and on sunny days we would sometimes lay the mattress in the sun all day. The sun can make a cotton mattress sleep like a feather bed. I usually slept on a folding cot with a thin mattress on it. I liked that cot.

We usually had three meals a day. Breakfast was informal. Daddy went to work early and was gone before we got out of bed. We children had biscuits and white gravy, which I liked very much. We were even allowed to have coffee. We carried our lunch to school in a brown paper bag. Our supper was more structured. We never came to supper without first washing our hands and combing our hair. We were required to be at the table when supper was served. If we weren't there we could not eat later. Nobody left the table until all had finished eating. I liked being all together once a day. We all had our places at the table and it hardly ever changed. I'm sure we had enough chairs for all of us, but I sat on a wooden box which was just the right height for me. One thing I didn't have to do was to wash or dry dishes. Those duties were performed by my sisters. Before eating, Daddy always asked God to bless the food. If you have heard



me giving grace, you know how he prayed. I learned from him. We were taught to respect our elders. It was 'yes sir' or 'nah sir' or 'yes ma'am' or 'no ma'am'. 'Yes' and 'no' were not accepted.

It was while we lived at Stacey Hill that Uncle Ralph bought a car. It was a new 1923 Ford touring car. He kept the car a year or two and then sold it to daddy. It was our first car and we kept it for about ten years. Uncle Ralph's girl friend, Myrtle Fletcher, lived in Georgia. They wanted to be married, but first he had to save enough money to go out on his own. That happened soon after we made our next move. That move came early in 1925. We moved to fiftieth street in Wylam, which was not a long move. It was a larger house than we had ever had, and it was painted white. The last three houses we lived in were unpainted. So our family has always referred to this house as the White House. When uncle Ralph and Aunt Myrtle were married they moved into a house in the same block our house was in. Their house was referred to as the 'shot gun' house because it was long and narrow.

I was in the sixth grade when we moved into the White House in early 1925. I entered the seventh grade in September and was promoted one semester to the eighth grade in January 1926. Due to crowding in the classroom, I was graduated to high school in May, 1926. I have always thought I missed something by being on the fast track in the seventh and eighth grades. I started to high school in the Fall of 1926 when I was still twelve years old. I had no problems in high school, but I was not an outstanding student. In my second year I joined the ROTC. I was issued a surplus World War 1 uniform. We learned the manual of arms and had a rifle, but no ammunition. We were drilled and stood for inspection. Our company was in the Armistice Day parade downtown Birmingham in 1927. When the Officer in charge of the ROTC found out that I couldn't see in one eye, he let me finish the year, but would not enroll me the next year. I studied math English, civics and history. The last two years I took bookkeeping, short hand, and typing. I was not involved in sports because of my paper route and because I was not large enough. In the four years of high school, I missed only one day. On March 4<sup>th</sup>, 1929, the day President Herbert Hoover was inaugurated, I realized I was going to be late getting to school. The penalty for being late was one hour of detention after school. Rather than take the penalty, I went home. The next day Mama wrote an excuse note to the teacher. It ruined my attendance record, but I got my papers delivered on time. I finished high school in May, 1930, during the depth of the Great Depression. Employment was hard to find, but I got a temporary job in a lumber yard. It lasted about a week before I was laid off. At the end of the year, Mama and Daddy decided to send me to Grandpa's farm where I could work for board. I got to Grandpa's on my 17<sup>th</sup> birthday. By then the crops were already gathered and stored. We did have a lot of fire wood to cut and split. It takes a lot of wood to heat an un-insulated house, but it sure feels good to sit and warm yourself by the fire.

The depression was so bad that Daddy was able to work only a couple of days a week. His pay was not enough to support us, so the decision was made to move the family to the farm. Several years earlier, Daddy had helped Grandpa through a financial problem and Grandpa gave him title to fifty acres with an old house on it. This was the place we were to ride out the depression. I moved there in December, 1930, and Mama, Kay, Bobby and Margaret waited until school was out in May, 1931, before they moved. Daddy stayed in Birmingham and lived in an old railroad caboose which was on a side track. Bonnilyn had a job with Provident Life Insurance Company and lived in an apartment. Every two or three weeks, Daddy would come by train to Bremen, Ga., and I would go to Bremen in the 1923 Ford 'cutdown' and bring him home. Before Mama came to the farm, Uncle Charles repaired the old house, cleaned out the well, and built an outhouse. We lived in this old house about five years.

Crop farming usually begins in February or March, depending on the weather. Because I didn't know much about farming, I worked with my uncles and cousins. Uncle Charles was the overseer. He told us what to do and when. There were four of us boys about the same age. Maynard and Dan Upchurch, my uncles, and James Upchurch, my cousin, and I made up the crew. First, we broke up the ground with mule-drawn plows. Next the ground was laid off in rows with a plow that left furrows about two and a half feet apart for cotton and a little wider for corn. Other crops were peas, peanuts, cane for syrup, water melons, and a garden. During the growing season, we plowed mainly to control the growth of grass and weeds. We stopped plowing in mid July because the plant roots might be disturbed. Cotton seed was always sewn thicker than needed to insure a good stand. Chopping cotton was done with a hoe to take out the unwanted plants so the ones left standing would have more room for development. After the crops were laid-by, we caught up on other work, repairing fences and buildings and getting the barn ready to store the fruit of our labors. This was also rat killing time. The corn cribs were almost empty. As we moved the corn, ear by ear, we finally cornered the rats and killed them with sticks. Those that escaped were fair game for the family cats.

Harvesting began in the early fall. Fodder is the leaves on the corn stalks. We pulled the fodder from the corn stalks and made it into "hands" When your hands are full, you stick the fodder behind an ear of corn and bend the stalk over to hold it. The hands of fodder must dry about a day before you make them into bundles. Fodder must be handled carefully to keep it from shattering. For that reason, we worked with it after supper when it was less likely to shatter. On a moonlit night, gathering and hauling fodder was fun work. We would have an extra meal around eleven o'clock. We fed the fodder to the mules for its fiber content.. After the fodder, we gathered the corn and put it into the crib. Corn is a universal food used to feed the family, mules, horses, pigs and cows. Dogs and cats won't eat it. Cotton is gathered later in the fall. I found cotton

picking to be the most disagreeable task on the farm. I could not get my hands to work together. If I concentrated on my left hand my right was idle and vice versa. I could pick about 100 pounds a day. A good picker could easily pick 200 pounds. We picked in a group, and those ahead of me would pick a stretch of my row so I could stay with the group. Not only was I no good picking cotton, my back nearly killed me. It takes about thirteen hundred pounds of seed cotton to make a five hundred pound bale of cotton. The seed weighs more than the cotton. After the cotton crop was gathered and ginned, we again started cutting, splitting, and chopping wood for winter heating and cooking.

After school was out in Birmingham, Mama brought Kay, Bobby Ruth, and Margaret to Georgia. We all moved into an old house across the branch from Grandpa's house. The house was erected just before the Civil War. The builder must have gone to war and never returned to finish the house. It has a breezeway through the middle of it. One side is complete, the other side only framed in. We lived in the completed side which consisted of three rooms. The large room in the middle had a fire place and we used it as the main room. It had two double beds and chairs to sit in before the fire. The small room on the south side was the kitchen. It contained a wood stove and dining table and chairs. The room on the north side was even smaller than the kitchen. It contained one double bed and not much else. An uncovered porch on the south side served as a place to wash our teeth, hands and feet before going to bed. We lived in this house about five years.

After farming three years I had an opportunity to continue my education at Bowdon College. During the Depression a lot of college-aged young people were unable to afford to go to school. Consequently, college professors lost their teaching jobs. In 1933, as part of President Franklin D. Roosevelt's National Recovery Act, small two-year colleges were instituted at various places around the country. One of them was the reopening of Bowdon College which had been closed several years earlier. Students were able to pay their tuitions by working at the school. I applied and was accepted in the fall of 1933. I was assigned the job of janitor. I kept the school clean and fires going in the classrooms. Another student was also a janitor and we worked together. The first year I drove to and from school in an old 1927 Ford coupe. The second year I moved into the school dormitory. The dormitory housed boys in one wing and girls in the other wing. The second year I played football. We barely had enough men to field a team. Even so, I played only part-time as right guard. Our team won only one game that year and lost six. Our team played the soldiers at Ft. Benning and a college team in Tampa, Fl. The subjects I studied included English, mathematics, history, chemistry, and Latin. After two years, I graduated in the spring of 1935. I needed a job so I went to summer school for six weeks and got a certificate to teach school. Teaching jobs were not hard to get because the pay was so low. I was hired to teach the fifth and sixth grades at the Clem elementary school in Clem, Ga. The pay was \$50.00 per month and

the school term ran seven months. I never could have it made through the year without the help of Uncle Shields and Aunt Evie who let me stay at their house in Carrollton. Uncle Shields even let me drive his old Whippet automobile to and from school. I was also the basketball coach. We had a losing season but we did make it to the county basketball tournament. I liked to teach school, but even though they asked to come back for another year, I refused because of the low pay. Now, Georgia teachers are paid better than Alabama or Tennessee teachers.

When school was out at the end of March, 1936, I went back to Grandpa's house and helped with the plowing. After the crop was laid by in July, I went to Birmingham. Mama, Kay, Bobby, and Margaret had already gone to Birmingham. We all lived together in an apartment with Bernard and Bonnilyn. Dad soon rented a house in Central Park, thus relieving the crowded condition of the apartment.

I started Comptometer School in mid July and finished it in six weeks. The comptometer is a calculating machine on which you can add, subtract, multiply, and divide. It was a very efficient machine and was used in offices until computers took over in the early 1970's. It is now a dinosaur. After finishing the comptometer school, I soon got a job with the Resettlement Administration which was a federal program designed to build housing for low income families. I worked in the time offices at Trussville and at Bessemer. I also worked in the main office in downtown Birmingham for a couple of weeks. While I was in the comptometer school, I applied for employment with the Tennessee Valley Authority. I filed it and forgot about it. In January, 1937 I got a letter from TVA saying that if I wanted a job with them, I would have to pass a clerical test. I already had a job but I wanted a better job. I wrote to TVA accepting the offer. TVA sent test papers to a local business school. I took the test and passed. They offered me a job at Chickamauga Dam which was then under construction.

After accepting the job with TVA, I was directed to report to Chickamauga Dam on Feb. 19<sup>th</sup>, 1937. The dam was under construction on the Tennessee River north of Chattanooga, Tennessee. I had never been to Chattanooga. On the map it looked to be a short trip. I had no automobile, so I decided to travel by train. It seemed to me that the train would be faster than a bus, but I was wrong. The train stopped at every crossroad, picking up mail, milk and other farm products at one stop and off-loading them at the next stop. The trip took about seven hours. We finally came through Lookout Mountain tunnel.

The train backed into the terminal station (The Chattanooga Choo-Choo) and I walked to Market Street and found a room in the Key Hotel. I had never slept in a hotel before. I found a restaurant and bought my supper, a hamburger. I was tired and slept good that night. The next morning, I got up early and went across the street to the bus station.

The ticket agent said there would be a bus to Chickamauga Dam in about an hour. I used that hour to get my breakfast at the bus station. I was a little uneasy going to work my first day, but I made it just fine. I went to the personnel office where they got the information they needed from me. I was assigned to the time office where I worked about two weeks checking the accuracy of payrolls. TVA had brought in a comptometer for me to use. The work was easy, but I figured I earned my pay of \$105.00 per month. When I had proved myself in the time office, I was moved to the accounting office in another building. I was better suited for accounting than timekeeping. I was soon busy posting entries into ledgers, keeping equipment records, and generally substituting for absent clerks. I tried to learn all I could. When I came to Chickamauga, the project had been in progress about a year. I worked at Chickamauga from February 1937 until April 1941. I was the last construction worker to leave the project.

I lived at several places while in Chattanooga. The fellows in the time office were kind enough to recommend a boarding house on Oak Street where I stayed two weeks. I really didn't like the boarding house, so I found a room in a house on High Street and ate my meals in cafes around town. At about this time I bought my first Krystal burger at the corner of 7<sup>th</sup> and Cherry streets. They cost five cents each. I endured the loneliness of the rented room for about two months. One day at lunch time, I was eating my main meal at lunch in the cafeteria, I struck up a conversation with a boy who was a cook in the cafeteria. He told me he lived with his mother on Cameron Hill and that they had a room for rent. He talked me into moving in and riding to work with him. It was not as good a deal as I first thought. The cafeteria served four meals a day and he often had to work the evening shift, leaving me to find another way to work. Also, walking up to the house almost to the top of Cameron Hill was tiresome, especially in the summer. This was before air conditioning. People would sit out on their lawns under an umbrella, fanning themselves. Cameron Hill is not as high now since they cut about a third of it off to build the condominiums. One day while I was going home, I met Bill Hearn, a man I remembered from Burwell, Georgia. He had a room with an elderly couple in an apartment located about where the First Baptist Church now sits. He asked me to share a room with him as it would be cheaper for both of us. I agreed since a move would eliminate the hard climb up the Hill. It was while living in this apartment that I finally accumulated enough money to buy my first automobile. It was two years old, a 1935 Chevrolet, for about \$500 dollars. I liked the car and kept it for over three years. I never liked to live with Bill, so after several months I found a room in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin. He was from England and had the British accent while she was from Mississippi and had a southern drawl. I liked her better because she was so good to me. She fed me breakfast as part of my rental fee. I started going to the Frye Institute (free) for recreation and weight lifting. After working out, I would eat a couple crystal burghers for supper. It wasn't enough but I made it do. I supposed Mrs. Hamlin noticed I was losing weight for she began to increase my breakfast intake. She would

serve me cereal, eggs and bacon, hot rolls buttered rolls and jam. I lived with the Hamlins about three years. The Hamlins had a daughter, I cannot remember her name. She was a student at UT and belonged to the Alpha Delta Pi sorority. She was like her father and didn't appeal to me. One day I announced that I was going to Birmingham to see my parents over the week end. The next day Mrs. Hamlin asked me if it would be alright if her daughter went with me. I had no excuse to say no, so I said yes. I think Mrs. Hamlin wanted to put us together to see what would happen. Well nothing happened. She was too much like her father to suit me. She stayed with a friend, and I picked her up and brought her back to Chattanooga. I'm sorry to say that my breakfasts were some lighter from then on. During the last year of work at Chickamauga, five of us men rented a house in North Chattanooga. Four from TVA and one worked for Texaco. We hired a cook and housekeeper. We took turns keeping the ledger of expenses. At the end of the month, we shared evenly the cost for the month. It was a pretty good arrangement, although not like home. There was never any left over food to eat. The cook took it home with her.

In April 1941, all construction work at Chickamauga was complete and I was transferred to Knoxville where I worked in the plant accounting branch of the Division of Finance. I was not accustomed to the way they worked. It seemed to me that they were very particular and took their time in getting the work done. They usually had a backlog of several months' work at any given time. I can't say it was bad management, but it was so different in the construction offices where we couldn't afford to get even one day behind. Luckily, I stayed about a month until construction started on the Hiwassee Projects. I was sent to Hiwassee Dam where we set up an office to serve the accounting needs of Ocoee Dam #3, Nottely Dam and Chatuge Dam. I worked at Hiwassee Dam, near Murphy, N.C. for about nine months. I was a junior accountant and my boss was the project accountant. He was a rather loud and gruff sort of person. He and I had our differences and finally we had a showdown involving the Personnel Officer and several supervisors in Chattanooga. Since I would be easier to replace than my boss was, I was given my walking papers. Fortunately, I had accumulated over sixty days of annual leave. I left the Project about a week after the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. I went back to Birmingham and stayed three or four weeks. I was getting restless, so I called the Plant Accountant in Chattanooga, who was in charge of all TVA construction accounting. He had been at my dismissal hearing and I thought he was more favorable to me than to my boss. He told me that TVA was going to start work on Fontana Dam soon. At this time there were no offices at Fontana and told me to report to Fort Loudon Dam where a temporary office was being set up.

I worked at Ft. Loudon Dam for about three months while a road was being constructed to the Fontana Dam site. The road was only graded, not paved, and it was raining the day we moved in. It was the muddiest place I had ever seen. I had rubber boots on and

the mud almost came over the top of them. Fortunately, I left my almost new 1942 De Soto in Lenoir City. TVA built a good many tents for us to live in. The tents were built on wooden decks and four bunks each. It was not long until mobile trailers were brought in. Each trailer bunked two people. After moving into the trailer, I felt it would be safe to bring my car in, too. The road was still unpaved, but TVA stationed a bulldozer near the muddiest place. If you got stuck, the tractor gently pushed you out of the mud. I seldom needed to go off the project.

After Pearl Harbor, the USA declared war on Japan, Germany and Italy. I registered for the draft but never thought I would be called up. To test my theory, I tried to enlist in the Navy but they said I didn't qualify. I then went to the Marines and they turned me down as I thought they would. I didn't try to enlist in the Army, I just waited. Sure enough, my number was called up for service in November, 1942. I was inducted in the army at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. During my interview, they asked what my job was. I confessed to being an accounting clerk. They wanted to know what office machines I was familiar with. I told them I could use a comptometer, adding machine, duplicating machine and typewriter. When they heard 'typewriter', they told me they had just the place for me. I was assigned to the recruiting office at Ft. Oglethorpe where I stayed until June of 1943. It was a typing job. Each recruit's vital statistics were written on a form by the recruiting officer. The army wanted the information typed on another form. We had about fifteen typists and a crew of auditors to check for any mistakes that might have been made. When a typist hit the wrong key, he had to start over on a new form. No typos, erasers, or misspelling were allowed. The average number of forms per typist was about eight a day. One day I decided to make no mistakes. I typed very slow and deliberate. At the end of the day, one of the auditors came to me and said "I found no mistakes on you today" I told him to look in my wastebasket. He looked and said "I don't see anything." I said it was because I made no mistakes. It was hard for him to believe and just as hard for me to believe. I never was error-free after that. I was at Ft. Oglethorpe about six months and during that time I made two trips to California and back. When the recruits were assigned to California, they went by train and each car of the train needed a supervisor who could keep order and see that no one left the train. I was chosen to go twice, and enjoyed it very much.

In the summer of 1943, the army started a program to train men who had the educational background to go to school for specialized training. The program was referred to as ASTP (Army Specialized Training Program). I was qualified so I applied for it and was chosen to go. I was sent to the University of Florida and entered the civil engineering program. All the students were enlisted men ranked from private to master sergeant. Of course, rank didn't matter, but grades did. If you failed, you went back to the 'army'. The school lasted until May 1944, and by that time the war was about over, and even with our 'specialized' training we didn't seem to fit anywhere. Before we left school, I heard



someone say he was going to apply for a degree. I had not thought of that. I had two years schooling at Bowdon College and two at Florida. I applied for my degree, also. More than year later, while I was in the Philippines, the University of Florida notified me that they were awarding me a degree in civil engineering in absentia. When I got home after my discharge from the army, my degree, my sheepskin was waiting for me.

Some of us ex UF students were sent to a camp in Louisiana. While waiting for an assignment we were kept on a tight lease, I suppose to keep us from jumping ship. I remember having to pull KP duty quite often. There were German prisoners in our camp. They had free range of the camp, while we were restricted to a certain area. Finally they issued us rifles and were teaching us to disassemble and reassemble them. On the first day of this training, I was called up and reassigned to a topography unit in Portland, Oregon. Someone else had to reassemble my rifle.

Several ex UF students went with me to Portland. Our first duty was KP. The lower the rank, the more KP duty you get. There were four of us on KP and we all had degrees. One man had two degrees. Why did they send us to college just to work KP? Well it didn't last long. We were soon assigned to the map making unit. The work requires two good eyes, which I didn't have. After a week, the captain in charge decided I wasn't goofing off and put me to work sorting and filing films and pictures. It so happened that the old sergeant, who was 42 years old decided to retire. I was then sent to him to learn to run the small PX for our unit. This job I liked. The sergeant retired and I got his job, not his rank. I was promoted to Private First Class while I was in school in Gainesville.

The army allowed us to work another job while not on army duty. I got a job working in a sawmill. I worked two shifts. It was hard work and I decided I didn't need money that much. I did get my social security card there. At that time TVA was not covered by social security. In May of 1945, our unit was ordered to go to Manila, in the Philippine Islands. I still had not had basic training, which was required to serve overseas. Several others in our unit were also unqualified for the same reason. In order to keep our topographical unit together, we were sent to the mountains of northern Oregon for two weeks basic training. It was light training, but I finally qualified with the rifle after scoring 'maggie's drawers' on my first try. 'Maggie's drawers' was a term that was used when you missed the entire target. On my next try, from a prone position, I got all my shots on the target. We had to run the obstacle course, which required us to crawl over and around obstacles while live ammunition was being sprayed just over our heads. It was a minimum basic training course to qualify us to go over seas. We went to San Francisco to board a boat, but while waiting for the boat, we were pressed into service to fight a forest fire. We mainly set backfires and were never real close to the large fires.

We boarded a mid-sized boat and on the first day I got a little seasick. The Pacific ocean was rather calm when we got out of sight of land and I was soon over my seasickness. When we got to Manila, we found the army construction forces had built tents for us to live in. They also built a mess hall, PX, and offices for our unit. The PX was about four times as big as the one we had in Portland. It had a huge walk-in freezer, beer coolers, and a Coca Cola machine. The PX was open to any army personnel, and to the Filipinos. We hired Filipino girls as cashiers. Our trade was mostly beer, tobacco, and toiletries. Beer was rationed at one bottle a day. I devised a card system by which I could keep up with the rationing. It was just a paper card made on a copy machine. It had the days of the month on it and a very secret mark on it so that I could see that it was legitimate. I had very few attempts to forge the card. I didn't drink beer so I sold my ration to "two beers" Mears, the post's sot, for a pair of shoes. The shoes were too small for me and I gave them to a Filipino man who was real glad to get them. The younger Filipinos spoke good English. But the older generation did not. One day one of the Filipino cashiers asked me to come have dinner at her family's house. I was a little uneasy but I accepted. She lived about half mile from our camp. Her family was made up of three generations living in a two room house built on bamboo stilts about six feet above the ground. The dining table was large enough for eight people. Several older people sat on their heels and waited for us to finish eating. The food was fairly good, although I never knew what I ate. We had meat and vegetables and iced tea. What the meat was, I didn't know and I don't remember the vegetables. There were no street lights and the road was not paved. I remember it was dark and I was glad to get back to the post.

I was in Manila until December, 1945. In November, when the war was dying down, a lot of servicemen were getting out of the army and going home. I was finally able to get a promotion to Technical Sergeant because of vacancies created by NCOs' going home. I was asked to enlist for a longer term but I refused. I left Manila in December, 1945 on my way to be discharged from the army. We boarded a large ship, previously a luxury liner but converted into a troop ship, and proceeded across the Pacific ocean and the equator to Panama. The canal locks were barely large enough for the ship to pass through. We went through the Gulf of Mexico and north along the east coast of the United States to New York City where we disembarked. From New York we were dispatched to various camps in the US to be discharged. I was sent to Camp Shelby in Mississippi.

After my discharge I went to Birmingham and rested for a couple of weeks before going back to my job at Fontana. I didn't get my old job back because the dam was completed. I was assigned to the Cost office which was part of the accounting office. My work consisted of preparing the final cost report for the project. While I was in the army TVA

had built a village for the employees to live in during construction. There were no more tents or house trailers, but army-like barracks for single workers and houses for married families. In fact they build a village consisting of stores, filling station, post office, school, community building and ball fields. It is still there and is operated by a private organization. It is now a good place to spend a vacation.

Soon after coming back to Fontana I met my future wife. She had been working in the time office, but was transferred to the accounting office to operate the bookkeeping machine. She was attractive and we had similar backgrounds. We both had experiences living on the farm, college educations, military service, and work for TVA. Her name was Mary Alice Smith and we began seeing each other after work at the tennis court, movie house, boating, and dance hall. She planned a trip to Cartersville to see her family. I also planned a trip to see my folks in Birmingham. She had no car so I asked her to ride with me to Chattanooga where she could catch a bus to Cartersville. We arranged to meet at Chattanooga on the way back to Fontana. A couple of weeks later we both went to Cartersville for me to meet her family. After that trip I was hooked. Two more weeks and we went to Birmingham to visit my family. All went well and when we got back to Fontana, we agreed to be married on labor day weekend. The word got out in the office that we were to get married on labor day weekend. Just to prove the rumor wrong, we postponed the wedding a week. I didn't want a big wedding and she agreed with me and we went to Chattanooga and were married by a Justice of the Peace in Rossville, Georgia on the 16<sup>th</sup> day of September, 1946. We have never regretted this action. Our first meal as a married couple was in a drive in restaurant in Brainerd. We ordered chicken-in-a-basket. We sat in the car and ate it. We had no honeymoon.

About two weeks after our marriage, Mary was transferred to Watauga Dam but I remained at Fontana until January 1947. We met every weekend at Elizabethton, Knoxville, or Chattanooga. It was a long three months, but we lived through it. I was transferred to Watauga in January 1947. We rented an upstairs apartment in Bud Smith's house near Sevier Gardens, a new subdivision of Elizabethton.

Mary worked until about November, 1947, when she retired from office work and began housework. After a year of marriage it was apparent we could not have a child of our own so we agreed to try to adopt a baby. Mary's retirement was made for two reasons. First, I felt I was being held away from promotion because of the governmental rule that husband and wife could not advance in rank if one or the other was working at grade 3 or above. I was on grade 3. Next, we wanted to adopt a baby and it would be much easier if she were home to take care of the baby. As it worked out, we achieved both goals. I was promoted and we adopted a baby. Mary came to know a woman judge in Elizabethton who handled welfare cases. The judge agreed to let us know if she came

upon a need for a home for a baby. In about three months she contacted us, saying she knew of a baby who needed to be placed in a home. If we were interested she would bring the child to us. When we saw the baby, we were pleased. We were never told who the parents of the baby were. The baby was brought to us on Friday, April 1, 1948. She was six weeks old. We named her Mary Sue. We had no crib so we put her in a drawer pulled out of a chest we kept clothes in. We loved her from the first time we saw her. We had just bought and moved into a new house in Sevier Gardens, a stones throw from where we lived with the Bud Smith's.

After Sue had been with us about a year and a half, the judge, who brought us Sue, asked a favor of us. She had two children, a boy and his sister, who needed a place to stay until she could find a permanent home for them. Their mother had left them to their father who was old and needed to work and couldn't take care of them. We agreed to take the boy who was nearly five years old. He was malnourished, ragged and dirty. We cleaned him up, bought new clothes, and fed him a good diet. After two weeks he looked pretty good. During his early life, we figured he had had very little supervision. To get what he wanted or needed, he had learned to lie or steal to get it. When the Judge had not found a place to put him, we decided to adopt him. He was not all that hard to handle and we thought he would grow out of his bad habits. We named him Thomas Allen.

We let it be known that we were still looking for another child to adopt. One day in July, 1951, while Mary with Sue and Tom were visiting in Cartersville, I got a call from Knoxville saying they had a baby boy who needed a home and, were we interested. I told the person calling that we were very interested but I couldn't make the decision without consulting my wife. He asked me to let him know as soon as possible. He sent us a picture of the baby boy. When Mary got home and saw the picture, she was ready to adopt again. We relayed our decision to Knoxville and they asked us to come and see the baby. We went to Knoxville and registered at the Farragut Hotel. The social worker brought the boy to us to keep all day but not for the night. They wanted us to have plenty of time to talk it over before giving them our answer. We had already decided to keep the baby but we agreed to wait until the next day to take him home. We named him Robert Smith. On the way home Mary drove the De Soto and I held Bob and he held on to me. We thought he had not had much personal attention given to him lately. Our family was finally complete.

Mary was a Baptist and I was a Methodist. We decided it would be better if we both belonged to the same church, so I went with her to the First Baptist Church of Elizabethton. I liked it and joined and was baptized. I can't remember the preacher's name, but we liked him. When Kay and I were about seven years old, Mama told us it

was time for us to join the church. We lived in McDonald's Chapel and we went to Sunday school and church regularly at the Methodist Church. We did as we were told not realizing we did not know Christ as our Savior. When we moved to Wylam, we joined the Wylam Methodist church, and from there to Shiloh Methodist church in Burwell, Georgia. It was at a camp meeting at Shiloh that I realized I needed Christ in my life and I surrendered to Him there. Since I was already a member of the church, I didn't have to join again.

We bought our house in January, 1948. It was a new frame house but rather small. It had a large yard for the children to play in. We paid \$5,500 for it, and when we sold it we got \$6,000. We didn't make a profit because I screened both porches, put asbestos siding on, and had it wired for 220-volt electric heating. We did have free rent for nearly seven years.

While we were in Elizabethton, I worked on the Watauga dam, helped renovate Wilbur dam, worked at South Holston, Boone and Patrick Henry dams. South Holston, Boone and Patrick Henry were all about thirty miles from Elizabethton. We had no problem finding others to carpool to work so the expense was not great. In the summer of 1953 I could see that we were nearing the end of construction in upper East Tennessee and I wanted to sell our house while we were still there. Luckily, the TVA village was beginning to have many vacancies. I applied for and got a TVA owned house where we lived the last year. The weather in Elizabethton was nice in summer but very cold in winter. Our new house was heated with a potbellied stove in the living room for three years before we put in electric heat. Every spring I had to lug that heavy stove up the stairs to the attic, and every fall I had to bring down again. It was cheaper than electric heat but a lot more trouble.

Mary's mother, Ella Mae Smith, died in January, 1947, from a stroke, and her father, Webb Hartwell Smith, died in October, 1951, in a tractor accident. After his death, Mary inherited part of her father's farm and we built a concrete block building (20 by 40 feet). Mary's cousin, Garnet Smith, built it to our design. It had a front porch and a fireplace and windows. We used it to vacation in. We had a well drilled and an out house built. We named it Slumberwood. We used it very little for its intended purpose, but it came in handy when we had to move from Elizabethton. I was transferred to John Sevier steam plant near Rogersville, Tennessee, in the fall of 1954. Mary and our three children moved to Slumberwood and I went to the dormitory at John Sevier, 222 miles from Slumberwood. I drew a plan to build a house at Slumberwood. Garnet Smith built it for us. After two or three months and \$12,500, we moved in. Now we had a pump in the well, eliminating the hand over hand drawing of water which Mary disliked so much. I was working on the Boone dam final report while at John Sevier, and I didn't know where I could go when I finished the report. I considered looking for a job in

Cartersville because we liked Slumberwood, but I couldn't find anything suitable. Just as I finished the Boone report, TVA started building an addition to the Johnsonville Steam Plant. They asked me to be the Cost Engineer on the project. Even though leaving Slumberwood was painful, we decided to go work at Johnsonville.

Our son, Tom, started to school in 1951. We lived outside of Elizabethton, so he had to go to the county school in Happy Valley a short distance from our house in Sevier Gardens. We always took our children to Sunday School and church. The children Tom's age had toys to play with while the teacher gave them the lesson. When he was old enough to go to school, he didn't want to go because he didn't know where they kept the toys. He soon learned there were no toys in Happy Valley, which was a small school, but they gained fame in the early 1950's when they won the state high school basketball championship. Tom was in the second grade when we moved into the city of Elizabethton. He spent his fourth and fifth years in the Cartersville schools. One day when he was ten years old, he and another boy crossed the four-lane highway which ran through our farm. Tom almost got across but was hit by an automobile. His leg was broken. He wore a cast for several months and when the doctor took it off Tom continued to limp. The doctor finally told him he would give him a fishing rod and reel if he would walk without limping. Tom stopped limping right soon.

Sue finished two years of school in Cartersville. She liked school. Mary taught in elementary grades and took Bob with her even though he was not old enough to be enrolled. He learned to play checkers at an early age, and he played checkers with the boys at recess, winning most of the games.

When the John Sevier steam plan was nearing completion, TVA emptied the dormitories and closed the cafeteria and commissary. I found a place to live in a private home in Rogersville, Tennessee, the nearest town to the steam plant. I lived there about one year, making the trip back and forth to Cartersville every weekend. There were no superhighways in the early 1950's. I went down US 11W to Knoxville, then over to Maryville, and down US 411 to Cartersville. I drove our 1953 Ford station wagon.

TVA transferred me to the Johnsonville Steam Plant in July, 1956. The plant was already built and we were adding Units 7 through 10. We lived in a small TVA house in Camden, Tennessee, for three and one half years. We moved our church letters from the Tabernacle Baptist Church in Cartersville to the First Baptist in Camden, Tennessee. Tom and Sue entered school and Bob enrolled in the first grade. Tom became a Boy Scout and I volunteered to be the assistant scout master. We went camping on the Kentucky Lake, a twenty mile hike, and a camping trip in the Great Smoky Mountain National Park where a bear tried to steal our food. Luckily, we heard him rattling pots and pans and were able to drive him away. While there we hiked to the top of

Clingmans Dome, the highest mountain in Tennessee. Mary taught school one year in elementary school. She was not reelected because she insisted that the playground should be supervised. Some of the other teachers complained about having to give up their coffee breaks to provide a safe playground. Mary took some college courses at a college in Huntington, Tn. After I came home from work she would carpool with another student for night courses. She got credits toward her degree, but not enough to get her a degree.

After the work at New Johnsonville was completed, we moved to Sheffield, Alabama where I was Cost Engineer at the Colbert Steam Plant. The Colbert plant was already in operation and we were adding a fifth unit. We bought a house on Alabama Street and joined the First Baptist Church of Sheffield. Our children started to school in the middle of the year, but they adjusted themselves pretty well. Sue made friends easily wherever we lived. Bob learned to play the trombone, and after he learned to get on and off the school bus with his books and trombone he became adjusted. Tom learned his way around town and seemed to be adjusting to his new surroundings. Even I took piano lessons to fulfill a long time desire to play music, but, alas, I found that I have no ear for it. While in Sheffield, Tom and Sue got their drivers licenses. I built a patio in the backyard. It was made of concrete blocks embedded in sand. I painted the house white. It took me several months to finish because I had to paint after getting home from work. Colbert Steam Plant was about twenty-five miles away. To lessen the cost, several of us formed a carpool. Mary was uncomfortable when I left for work sitting beside a pretty girl in the car. She should not have been because no one could ever attract me as she did. My friend from other TVA projects, Ed Hochnedel, worked at Colbert and we often would play golf at the course in Tuscumbia. He was a better golfer, but I still liked to play with him. He was honest in keeping score and never used foul language. Why do some people use bad language when it is much more tasteful to use polite language? I was first ordained to be a deacon at the First Baptist of Sheffield.

We had problems with Tom in Sheffield. He went to school the first year we lived there, but the next year he came across a blank report card and decided he would not go. Every morning we sent him to school with books and a lunch. He never even registered for school. He would start to school but would instead go to the bluff overlooking Pickwick lake and spend the day with a couple of friends fishing and swimming in the lake. At the end of the month he would bring us his report card all filled out for me to sign. He did the same every month until the semester was over. One day Mary happened to be at the school and she asked the teacher how Tom was doing. Mary knew something was wrong when the teacher answered, "Tom who?". We had been duped. Later, we enrolled him in the Tuscumbia school. Later, his teacher called us and said we should ease up on Tom and not keep him locked in his room. Of course we denied it. Later the teacher changed his mind about Tom. He called us and apologized and said he had



found out that Tom spoke from both sides of his mouth. He suggested that we talk to a psychiatrist which we did. The psychiatrist talked to Tom first. I don't know what Tom told him, but I got the impression that the psychiatrist believed Tom more than he believed us. I've lost faith in psychiatry. Mary and I decided there was no use in sending Tom to school. He already knew enough to make his way if life. Later Tom "borrowed" my red Studebaker and went back Camden and to the Boy Scout campsite. I don't know if he went alone or with someone else. When he came back a day or two later, my Studebaker had its front bashed in. He said he hit a tree. It was possible that he did for the brakes one that car were bad. A friend of mine at church helped Tom get a job in a business in Tuscumbia. After the first day he prevailed on me to buy him a used car to go back and forth from work. The next day he went work and didn't come home. He was gone several weeks. The next time we heard from him, he was in the army in Louisiana. I don't know what happened to the car. I was glad he was in the army because he would surely learn some discipline and maybe overcome his wanderlust. I was wrong. Two or three weeks later, we heard from him. He was in jail in West Virginia. He had obtained a rental car in Louisiana and deserted the army. I don't know the offense he committed, but to keep him from being charged with auto theft I agreed to go get the rental car and take it back to the car rental place in Louisiana. Tom was back in Sheffield in a short time. The army discharged him, not with honor or dishonor, but because he was uncontrollable. Tom was nice looking and had fairly good manners. The girls liked him because of his looks and manners, and he was daring. He met and courted a young girl, Brenda Head, who lived in Tuscumbia. Very soon they wanted to get married. Tom was seventeen years old and had to have parental permission to marry. I told him that he was not ready for the responsibilities of marriage, but Brenda's father came to me and begged me to approve the wedding. I told him that Tom had not demonstrated his ability to support a family. Mr. Head said that he would help them get started. So I agreed to help also. They were married and Mr. Head found a small apartment and we furnished it with the bare necessities, a stove, bed, washing machine, and tables and chairs. After a couple of weeks, Tom had enough of marriage and he left not to come back while we lived in Sheffield.

We finished installing Unit 5 at Colbert Steam Plant in early in 1964, although a few of us stayed on to write the final cost report. As usual, I had no idea where I would work when we finished the final report. Two new projects were scheduled to start soon. One was the Browns Ferry Nuclear Plant in Athens, Alabama. The other one was the Nickajack Dam near South Pittsburgh, Tennessee. I was chosen to go to Nickajack. We could have lived in Sheffield and commuted to Browns Ferry. For me to work at Nickajack, we had to move. When Sue became sixteen years old in February, 1964, she got her Alabama driver's license easily. The trouble was that she had no car. On special occasions, we let her drive our car. After Tom wrecked the Studebaker, I traded it for a 1955 Oldsmobile, and when the 1959 Ford station wagon developed transmission

problems, I traded it for a 1962 Volkswagen van.

We moved to Chattanooga in late June, 1964. It is about 25 miles from there to the Nickajack project. We looked at places closer to my work site, but decided it would be better for Sue and Bob to go to school in Chattanooga than in Jasper or South Pittsburgh, Tennessee. We found a new house on Pan Gap Road in Tiftonia. We bought it from the builder who developed the subdivision. It was a small house, but with three bedrooms and a carport. Soon after we moved in, we converted the carport into a room that we used as a den. We erected a wall in the den to form a storage room, where we put the deep-freeze chest. In place of the garage door, we installed a glass wall with a sliding door. It was a comfortable house with electric ceiling heat and an air conditioner installed in a wall.

Sue and Bob rode the school bus to Central High School in Chattanooga and I joined a car pool to go to work. I drove my car once a week. We lived in the Eastern Time zone and I worked in the Central Time zone. Therefore, I left home at seven in the morning and got to work at seven. It was different in the afternoon when I got off work at four and got home at six o'clock. Thus, we lived for about three and a half years.

I was the Cost Engineer at Nickajack. My supervisor was stationed in Knoxville. He had charge of all accounting for construction costs for all TVA projects. As Cost Engineer I was in charge of all clerical work on our project. This included the Time Office, the Warehouse, and the Cost and the Accounting Offices. Supervising these was easy because all the key employees had prior experience on other TVA projects. My biggest problem was revising the budget every three or four months. I did not like the work because of the uncertainty of my estimates. I worked closely with the project Engineer and the project Manager. I must have done all right because I was offered a job in Knoxville budget office. I declined the offer because I didn't like budget work and we didn't want to move from Chattanooga.

Our office at Nickajack was given the job of accounting for the removal of the Hales Bar Dam. When Nickajack Dam was finished and it's lake filled, the Hales Bar Dam, powerhouse and locks would be useless and a hindrance to navigation. The Hales Bar lock was destroyed, the dam and spillways were removed deep enough to allow boats and barges to override them. Two of the newest generators were removed and used at Nickajack The powerhouse was left standing. Our office also set up the construction accounts for the Pump Storage Plant located near we lived in Tiftonia.

Our daughter Sue was married to Ed Roberts soon after she finished high school in 1996. Ed was drafted in the army for service in the Vietnam War. He was sent to Fort Campbell, Tennessee, for basic training. When he finished training, he was assigned to

guard duty at the Arlington National Cemetery. Sue went to live in Arlington, Virginia, while Ed was stationed there.

Soon after we moved to the Pan Gap Road, we transferred our church membership from Sheffield Baptist to St. Elmo Avenue Baptist. Rev. McKnight Fite came to visit us soon after we moved in. We liked him, and so we joined his church. We were members of SEAB from July, 1964 until March 2003.

While I was working at Nickajack, the Chattanooga TVA Credit Union, to promote itself, offered prints by notable artists to any member who could get a TVA employee to join. I got enough new members to join to be awarded four prints. The pictures needed frames, so I made them. The frames are not professionally made but they look all right after being painted. I also made a bookcase out of particleboard. I drew the plans for the 3-shelfed bookcase, and had the lumber merchant saw the boards to the proper length. I put it together and painted it at home. In another spurt of activity, I put bottoms in two wooden chairs that had been part of Mary's parents' home. I used plastic-covered clothesline for one chair and strong cord clothesline for the other.

During my employment at Nickajack, a controversy arose as to which labor union the Cost Engineers should belong. When I was first employed by TVA, employees were not organized and represented by a union. As a result of having no union, we were working 44 hours a week, five days at eight hours and four hours on Saturday. Often times we were called in after supper to work a few hours. However we didn't get paid for overtime work. When the union was formed in the late 1930's, I joined. Our union was associated with the OEIU, (Office Employee's International Union). I was an Accounting Clerk then. When I came back to work after my discharge from the Army, I became a Cost Engineer and joined the Engineer's union. The Engineer's Union wanted us out of their union, because they thought we were keeping them from demanding higher salaries. They called the Cost Engineers glorified clerks. The dispute went on for years before the two Unions agreed that the Cost Engineers belonged in the OEIU. At Nickajack I was told I was out of the Engineer's Union and that I should join the OEIU. I considered myself to be an engineer since I had a degree in Civil Engineering, so I refused to join the OEIU. Now TVA considered union membership to be a positive factor for employment. That meant when Nickajack was finished, I would not be given preference for work at another project. I was lucky, though. The Plant Accounting Branch of the Division of Finance offered me a management position in the engineering section to understudy the work of a manager who was nearing retirement. I transferred to the Chattanooga office in July of 1967. I worked in the Edney building, learning the procedures and the work that was going on. I made regular trips to all the construction projects to see that costs were being collected as

was needed for the Plant Accounting Office . When, a couple years later, the Head of the Engineering Section retired and I took his place. In the Spring of 1970, the Plant Accounting Branch was moved to the Haney Building where I worked until I retired in December, 1978.

In 1967 our church decided to buy a house for our pastor. The parsonage our preacher was living in was too small for his family. I was on the property committee and went with other members of the committee to look for a suitable place. One of the houses we looked at was on Ochs Highway. Its location was good and it was large enough, but the committee thought it needed too much repair. We decided to buy a house on Tennessee Avenue instead. I thought the Ochs Highway house was a good buy. After talking it over with Mary, we went to see it. It was owned and occupied by Mrs. Lewallen, who wanted to move downtown in the St. Barnabas Apartments. She agreed to sell for \$15,000, so we bought it. One thing I didn't like about the place was the driveway into it. You either had to back out between the two stone pillars, or turn around in the yard and drive out. To solve the problem, I had the driveway extended down to Alabama Avenue where we could easily get onto the Ochs Highway. This was done before Mrs. Lewallen moved out. She didn't like that bulldozer in her yard at all, nor did she like me afterwards. We bought the house in June 1968 and moved into it in September. We hired Mr. Hartline of Chattanooga Valley to renovate the interior. We had new wallpaper put on the walls, carpet on the floors, a new electric fuse box, new lighting in the bedrooms and kitchen , and a concrete floor in the basement. Mr. Hartline also tore down the old servants house which was in bad repair. He built a two-car carport where the old house stood. Mary and I painted the door and window frames and the beams in the living room. After we moved in, we made other improvements, such as paving the driveway, painting and carpeting the sleeping porch, painting the house white, installing bookcases in the living room, and replacing all the windows in the house with doubled-paned glass windows. I suppose we spent \$25,000 on improvements. I feel it was worth the cost as we lived in the house nearly thirty-five years and sold it for \$160,000 in 2003.

When Sue and Ed Roberts moved back to Chattanooga after his discharge from the army, they moved into our Tiftonia house which I still owned. Soon it became apparent that they were not compatible. They were divorced and Sue moved to our house in St. Elmo. Sue got a job at a company called Eightco. There she met Bobby Reynolds. After a short courtship, they were married. I had rented out the Tiftonia house, so Sue and Bobby found their own place to live. Laurie was born November 28, 1970, and Bryan April 1, 1974. They next moved to a house adjacent to the parsonage where our preacher lived. I bought a house in Brainard from Mrs. Love whose husband had recently died. She wanted to move nearer to her son's home in Birmingham. I then sold the house to Sue and Bobby without a down payments. Just monthly payments.

Sue changed jobs and was then working for BellSouth. Sue and Bobby began to have disagreements and were soon divorced. Sue met Richard Madaris, who also worked at BellSouth. After a brief courtship, they were married. They applied for a transfer to Lafayette, La. Where they lived until being transferred again to Nashville, Tenn. After thirty years of service, they retired and moved to Milton, Fla., where they built a house. When hurricanes began to threaten them, they sold the house and moved to Birmingham help care of Mary and me. Richard, Sue and I live in Calera in a house built by Bob in the Long Branch subdivision.

Bob graduated from the University of Chattanooga in 1971 after three years. At the time he was dating Brenda Isbell who was also attending UC. She graduated a year after Bob. Soon after Bob graduated, he told me he and Brenda wanted to get married. I had no objections, but reminded him that he needed a job first. He said he would fix that, which he quickly did. He got a job at Citizen Savings and Loan and he held the job for more than a year. After Brenda graduated in 1972, she was employed as a high school math teacher. Bob was unhappy that he was bringing home less money than his wife. He soon found a better job at the First National Bank. He has held banking careers in Tennessee, Florida, and Alabama. He retired at the age of 50 as Senior Vice President of Compass Bank in Birmingham. He and his son now are now in the real estate development business in Shelby County, Alabama.

After 42 years of federal service I retired in December, 1978. The ecstasy of retirement lasted about two weeks. I still had an unpaid job at the church. In 1970, at a Deacon's meeting, we discussed the finances of the church. I made the remark that the church had a good budget, but the church members were not being fully informed. That was a mistake on my part, for they right soon asked me to devise a reporting method. I made a sample report for review by the Deacons. They liked it and asked to take over the booking which was then being done by the church secretary. I took the job and was elected to be treasurer the next year. I kept the job until we moved to Birmingham in 2003.

Soon after I retired, I joined the Senior Citizen's organization. I learned that they co-sponsored, along with the IRS, the program of tax counseling for the elderly. In January, 1981, I enrolled in the tax preparation class which was taught by an IRS agent. The class lasted about six weeks after which you became a Tax Counselor for the Elderly. About twenty people volunteered for the class. We worked at several locations in Chattanooga. The taxpayer had to make an appointment to have his return made. Mary helped by taking calls and making appointments for the counselors. We worked two days a week during tax filing season. A Tax Counslor would make fifty or sixty returns each year. Our work was a free service for our customers. I worked as a counslor for seventeen years.

I learned to make baskets at Senior Neighbors. It was taught by a woman who was very good at basket weaving. The cost was minimal (only the costs of materials we used). I had always wondered how a basket was made and now I know. All the parts of the basket were bought and we learned to put it together. Later, at home I learned to make baskets with honeysuckle vines and wild grape vines. I enjoyed gathering the vines and processing them about as much as I liked to make the baskets. The vines had to be boiled, the bark removed, and the knots trimmed. We had plenty of the vines in our own yard. A large tree behind our carport had a lot of wild grape vines in its branches, but I couldn't climb the tree. I wished that tree was on the ground so I could get the vines which would make good frames for baskets. Finally, I got my wish. While we were away one weekend, a storm came through and blew the tree down. It fell across the carport and demolished it. Luckily we were driving the car and the only damage was to the carport. The tree missed our house by about ten feet. While Mary called the insurance company, I grabbed my vine cutters and went to work. That was about fifteen years ago. I still have some of the vines. I have taught Sue to make baskets and she is using some of the vines.

While I did a lot of voluntary work after retirement, Mary did more. She was one of the schedulers for the Tax Counseling for the Elderly, she worked for years as a telephone counselor for Contact, and she worked at the Ministry Center at our church. The Hamilton County Baptist Association sponsored the program and chose our church to administer and dispense the food to needy people in our area. Mary also taught Sunday School classes and worked with Women on Mission in nearly all the churches we have belonged to. Although not voluntary work, she taught school in Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama. She joined the Navy and served as a Wave during World War Two. Mary was at her best serving others.

In 1996, Jack Pinion, a member of our church who was studying oil painting, started a painting class at the church. He persuaded about eight people to join the class. Jack was a good painter, but we were pretty much on our own. He told us what tools and paint we needed to start painting. He gave us each an outline of a picture. We were told to trace the picture on the canvas, using carbon paper. After the image of the picture was on the canvas, we started painting. It was almost like painting-by-the-numbers. I found out that I was not a talented artist, but I enjoyed doing it. I call what I do 'mechanical painting'. Over the last twelve years I have mechanically painted between ninety and one hundred pictures. I have given most of them away. I still have a few that no one seems to want.

Stamp collecting is one of my hobbies. I started collecting soon after I started work with TVA in 1937. It was a modest beginning because I knew nothing about stamps. One

day as I was walking on Seventh Street between Market and Cherry Streets, I saw a small shop with stamps in the window. I was curious so I went in and talked to the Dealer. He told me a little about what his business. One thing he told me was that he had a stamp auction going on all week. He gave each bidder a number to use instead of his name so no one would who was making the bid. The stamps offered were in cellophane envelopes stuck to the top of a sheet of paper. Under the envelope were lines on which the bidder put his number and bid. There were 15 or 20 stamps in binder he kept on his table. At five o'clock on Fridays, he rang a bell and bidding stopped. The high bidder could pick up his stamps any time after the bell but before the next week's bell. The stamps were used and bidding usually was less than fifty cents. The stamps I bought were common stamps of the nineteenth century. Many of the stamps I bought for small change now have catalog values of several dollars. I saved a good many stamps while I worked at Chickamauga Dam, but when I left Chattanooga I gradually gave up collecting. After Mary and I married and were living in Elizabethton, I started again. My intent was to collect two of each used stamp I found. After a while this became troublesome, and about the time we moved to Sheffield I began to save every stamp I could find. I bought new stamps from the Post Office by the pane (usually fifty stamps). Tom Shaver, who worked with me in Chattanooga, also collected stamps. When he died, his wife asked m to sell his stamps for her. They were new stamps nicely mounted in two albums. I contacted several stamp dealers, and the best offer was 80% of face value. I showed Mrs. Shaver the offers I had received. I then offered to by his collction for \$400.00, which was just a little more than face value. She accepted my offer and I still have his albums just as I bought them. My best source of used stamps was Citizens Saving and Loan in Chattanooga. I rescued some good stamps from waste containers in the Post Offices in Chattanooga. I estimate I have over 200,000 used stamps and about \$4,000 (face value) of new stamps. Citizens still send me about fifty stamps every month.

We lived in the house on Ochs Highway from September 1968 until February 2003. We still owned the house on Pan Gap Road, and I bought a duplex house in East Brainard. Both of these houses were rented out. Also, we bought a house in Brainard which we sold to Sue. When Sue moved to Louisiana, I bought it back. We rented the Brainard house out, too. I thought I could make some money out of the rentals, but I didn't. I made a little on the sale of the Pan Gap house and Sue's house. I broke about even on the duplex. I was glad to get out of the rental business.

After the year 2000 (Y2K), I began to think about aging. What would we do if we were too old to drive. I was in my late eighties and thought, as all men do, that I was a good driver. Then I thought if I got in a bad accident, I would be blamed because of my age. I might lose every thing we have in a law suit. When Bob came to see us little later, he suggested we move to Birmingham so that he could better look out for our



needs. Mary didn't want to because of her friends at church and because of her voluntary work at Contact and Ministry Center. I had several reasons to want to move. We had to hire someone to mow the yard, trim the hedge, and clean the leaves out of the rain gutters; Mary had to have help cleaning the house, and we needed many repairs on the house. A big factor in my wanting to move out was that I last would have to give my job as treasurer of the church. After having that job for thirty-two years, I was ready to retire again. The money we would save on yard work, house cleaning, property taxes, and home insurance would go a long way toward paying rent on an apartment. Mary agreed the move would be a wise decision.

Sue and Bob helped us pack and move. In fact, they did nearly all the work. We gave the piano to one of our neighbors, the Blacks who had children interested in music. We also left a lot of books that we didn't have bookcases for. Before we moved we had sold our house to another neighbor, the Pettits, who intended to make the house into a bed and breakfast tourist attraction. As soon as we were settled in the apartment, they wanted out of the deal when they found out the property was not zoned for business. We agreed to let them out of the contract and we returned their earnest money. Before the week was out, we resold the house to a real estate investor who completely refurbished the inside of the house.

We lived in the apartment nearly five years, during which we both had health problems. Mary developed a blocked artery in her left leg. Surgery was required to repair the artery. In 2006, we both had bronchitis. Mine developed into congestive heart failure. I was in the hospital a short while, and when I got home, Sue told me the doctor said I would live about two weeks. He put me under the care of Hospice. I don't know what we would have done without Sue who had moved from Florida to an apartment near ours. She and Richard moved mainly to help take care of us, but also to get away from the constant threat of cyclones. Even though I was given a short time to live, I never felt near death. More than two years later, I'm still here. Mary did not fare as well as I did. She fell three times and I couldn't get her up. I called Sue and Bob and they got emergency help. The last time she fell she broke her hip. She got the hip repaired but was never able to walk again, even with physical therapy. We brought her back to the apartment where she was bedfast until her death about a month later on August 2, 2007. She is buried in Cartersville, Georgia, in the Oak Hill cemetery.

I lived in the apartment until the end of September, 2007, when I moved to the Long Branch subdivision of Calera, Al. My grandson Scott and my son Bob, has built houses here. I lived in one of the houses Bob built. Sue and Richard also live here on the main floor. I have a nice apartment in the basement.

I am scheduled to have my heart pacemaker replaced on June 5<sup>th</sup>, 2008. I have had the

old one about seven years. I hope the new one will last a lot longer.

This sad tale is not all I remember, but the rest is left for you to speculate about.

I miss Mary.

Paul Johnson  
5-14-09

## OBSERVATIONS OF AN OLD MAN

I'm not so much wiser for my old age, but I'm much more careful.

Conversation is both talking and listening in about equal proportions.

Your audience is making up its mind even while you speak, so be terse and let your listeners put their own spin on what you say.

When one person does all the talking, it's not conversation, it's boredom.

Never repeat yourself; you might get it wrong.

Can anything be both good and bad. A contest won is good, lost is bad.

You grow older, you grow uglier.

Life is made up of decisions with only two possible answers; yes or no. If you can't believe it, ask your computer.

If you follow all the rules you won't get into trouble.. But it's a dull life.

If you don't follow the rules, generally you suffer. But sometimes you profit greatly.

A perfect picture. You can't paint one but you can see one. Just go outside and look at nature.

In a painting, the more you leave for the viewer's imagination, the more he will look at it.

You want to lose weight? Don't cut down on lunch; leave it off altogether.

Medicine does very little for the common cold, but you can love a cold to death. If love is warm, then warm (love) your body and your body will take care of the cold.

The most effective lie requires a bit of truth.

Don't retire from work until you are financially able. The ecstasy of retirement lasts about a week.

When you retire, do something to please yourself and benefit others. In that way you will be benefiting yourself and pleasing others.

One fourth of the people in this nation are savers and three fourth spenders. That's why we have so much debt.

A successful artist should not paint his subject as he sees him, but as his subject sees himself.

You want more, give more.

To tell the truth is the best policy, but sometimes a little flattery helps.

Every day, do something you really don't want to do

A person is illiterate who must rely on cursing words to convey his or her thoughts.

A successful liar must believe his own lies.

The end of the beginning is usually the beginning of the end.

A good woman will lead us down the right path of life. A good man can hardly stay on the path.

If you go to a lot of funerals, it's better than going to your own.

You know how good you feel when you help someone, so if someone wants to help you, accept graciously so he can feel good too.

God can and will forgive mistakes, so don't fret over them.

I'm not an artist. I'm an impossibilist who's paintings are described as impossiblistic. They are rendered in the recently declaimed style of impossibilism. Impossiblistically speaking, my art is impossible.

In a way, a church is like a bank. You can't get anything out of either one unless you put something in.

Praise is worth more than money. Give and receive it graciously.

God made the world because He was good at it. Find out what you are good at and then get busy.

If your feet are cold, cover your head.

Why are your faults obvious to me and mine so hard for me to see?

Accountability should be basic in anything you do.

If you don't want to do anything, any excuse will suffice..

The older you get, the easier it becomes to break bones than habits.

### J. P. Johnson's Paintings

	Date Painted	Description of Painting	Location of Painting
1	July, 1996	House on Lake, boat and pier	Here?
2	July, 1996	House on Lake, boat and pier, No.2	Ed and Karen
3	July, 1996	Duck, Decoy and Vase	Bryan and Dawn
4	August, 1996	Cattails and watch	Bryan and Dawn
5	September, 1996	Reindeer	Bobby Reynolds
6	October, 1996	Hayrake	Bob and Brenda
7	December, 1996	Snow Scene on Lake	Bob and Brenda
8	January, 1997	Lighthouse and Boat	Bob and Brenda
9	January, 1997	Cardinals on Bucket	Richard and Sue
10	March, 1997	Barn and Mountain	Bob and Brenda
11	June, 1997	Lighthouse and Sunriae	Eddie and April
12	July, 1997	Meghan on Stairs	Bryan and Laurie
13	July, 1997	Flowers and Hummingbird	Kay
14	July, 1997	My Grandmother	Dean and Kelly
15	July, 1997	Copy of Van Gogh painting	Here
16	August, 1997	Flowers in Basket	Here
17	August, 1997	Meghan in Overalls	Bryan and Laurie
18	December, 1997	Barn and Rail Fence	Ed and Karen
19	March, 1998	Olivia	Kay
20	March, 1998	Basket Weaver	Bryan and Dawn
21	May, 1998	Sue	Richard and Sue
22	May, 1998	Marilyn Monroe (Warhol)	Bryan and Laurie
23	June, 1998	Laurie	Bryan and Laurie
24	July, 1998	World Flags	Bobby Smith
25	July, 1998	Dancing Couple	Ed and Karen
26	July, 1998	Richard	Richard and Sue
27	August, 1998	Red Barrn	Carson and Paige
28	August, 1998	Arthur and Margaret	Arthur and Margaret
29	September, 1998	Miss Beason	Maggie
30	October, 1998	Mary (lace Collar)	Here
31	October, 1998	Brenda	Bob and Brenda
32	October, 1998	Bob	Bob and Brenda
33	October, 1998	Mary	Bob and Brenda
34	November, 1998	Self portrait	Richard and Sue
35	November, 1998	Self Portrait	Bob and Brenda
36	January, 1999	Marilyn Monroe (Postage Stamp)	Ed and Karen
37	April, 1999	Barn and Silo	PCR
38	July, 1999	Pansies	Teresa
39	July, 1999	Miss Beason	Maggie
40	August, 1999	Maggie (with ring)	Dean and Kelly
41	August, 1999	Jonathan	Dean and Kelly
42	August, 1999	Covered Bridge	Bob and Kirby
43	August, 1999	Sorrow and Sokace	Here
44	September, 1999	Chess Players	Bryan and Dawn
45	September, 1999	Fingerprint	Here
46	September, 1999	Lilly and Candle	Here
47	October, 1999	Log Cabin	Bob and Brenda
48	October, 1999	Our House (Mary and Jay)	Richard and Sue
49	January, 2000	Church in the Wildwood	Richard and Sue
50	March, 2000	Dolls	Meghan
51	October, 2000	Loons	Dean and Kelly



### J. P. Johnson's Paintings

52	December, 2000	Church (walk over creek)	Dean and Kelly
53	December, 2000	TAG Motor Car	Arnold Adams
54	May, 2001	Our House (Front View)	Here
55	June, 2001	Model "T" Ford	Dean and Kelly
56	August, 2001	Wave on Leave	Richard and Sue
57	September, 2001	Rainbow and Barn	Arnold and Gloria
58	September, 2001	Smith Homeplace	Phil and Jane
59	October, 2001	Three Pitchers	Sonya Harris
60	October, 2001	Early Patriotism	Macie
61	March, 2002	Mary (in bed)	Here
62	April, 2002	Train	Darlene
63	May, 2002	Ice Skaters	Chelsa Buchanon
64	May, 2002	Vase of Roses	Don and Betty Givens
65	September, 2002	Woods and Lake	Dean and Kelly
66	October, 2002	Smith Cotton Gin	Authur an Margaret
67	May, 2003	Cody Doyle (baby)	Teresa
68	June, 2003	Cat and Basket	Authur and Margaret
69	July, 2003	Urban Housing	Dean and Kelly
70	August, 2003	Spring Flowers	Paul and Jenny
71	August, 2003	Holly Berries	Eddie and April
72	September, 2003	Wild Flowers	Queen
73	September, 2003	Peaches in Glss Bowl	Scott and Tori
74	February, 2004	Red Umbrella	Ed and Karen
75	April, 2004	Old Home Place	Richard and Sue
76	May, 2004	Pot of Tea Roses	Bob and Joyce Ensor
77	July, 2004	Nancy Matilda Upchurch	Bobby Upchurch
78	August, 2004	Snowy Mountains	Here
79	September, 2004	Touring Car	Dean and Kelly
80	February, 2005	Daddy Paul	Kay
81	February, 2005	Mama May	Here
82	February, 2005	Ella Mae	Here
83	February, 2005	Grandppa Jim Johnson	Here
84	March, 2005	Mama May (Red Hair)	Here
85	June, 2005	Grandpa Tom Upchurch	Dean and Kelly
86	December, 2005	New Orkeans French Qtr.	Here
87	April, 2006	Taj Mahal	Paul and Jenny
88	April, 2006	Self Portrait	Richard and Sue
89	June, 2006	Kelly and her dog (Max)	Dean and Kelly
90	July, 2006	Dancing Couple No.2	Bob and Brenda
91	August, 2006	House (with Wagon Wheel)	Roberta Hawkins
92	August, 2006	Grapevine	Robbie McCrary
93	November, 2006	Baskets	Candy Mitchem
94	July, 2007	Yellow-bellied Sapsucker	Paul Miller
95	November, 2007	Our LongBranch Home	Richard and Sue
96	August, 2008	Mur's Tools	Dale and Annette
97	November, 2008	Barack Obama	Here
98	December, 2008	Meghan Camp	Meghan
99	January, 2009	Samantha	Dawn and Bryan
100	March, 2009	Pre-teen Queen of Ringgold Ga.	Macie
101	April, 2009	Macie Cody	Macie

## Auto Cost

	Fuel Cost	Maintenance Cost	Other Cost	Depreciation	Total Cost	Gal/Fuel	Miles Driven
1950 Pontiac	603.29	304.22	133.13	820	1860.64	1928.5	28100
1950 Chevy P/U	210.59	113.18	191.25	393	908.02	690.1	9500
1953 Ford Ranch W.	1722.37	935.12	447.06	2542	5646.55	5519.6	104000
1953 Studebaker	145.91	252.21	84.62	380	862.74	489.6	380
1955 Olds	1267.32	1026.17	806.58	510	3610.07	3587.6	54027
1959 Ford Station W.	957.62	64.83	526.23	2315	3863.68	2826.3	55800
1962 VW Bus	312.28	424.25	353.98	775	1865.51	969.4	27500
1966 Buick LaSabre	2098.82	1044.33	832.21	3851	7826.36	5596.7	6979
1968 Opel	410.52	874.62	1464.23	2000	4749.37	1139.7	37800
1968 Chev P U	289.63	547.26	1340.45	1632	3809.34	798.6	18456
1971 Olds	3455.66	2174.12	1371.05	4548	11548.83	6817.8	75200
1976 Chev	240.01	158.67	56.09	0	454.77	212.4	2038
1979 Olds Diesel	3966.58	4982.62	2194.71	9820	20963.91	3848.1	78773
1984 Chrysler	7298.01	7777.33	4335.32	15909	35319.66	6190.9	110297
1987 Mazda P>U>	1139.05	752.41	3367.61	8739	13998.07	1100.1	24091
1994 Buick	3367.11	2433.86	7196.72	20413	33410.69	3183.8	65100
2001 Buick	1817.39	3219.08	6533.42	20011	31580.89	1196.6	29252