

LOVVORN FAMILY

○ Item in It 21 APR 1980 James Carl Reed D R M

M. E. UPCHURCH (Martha)
married W. J. LOVVORN 15 Oct 1881
in Carroll Co Ga.
-thus she is linked to LOVING &
LOVVORN family - subj our next book.

The question as of 21 JUL 2002 is - Did JCR ever
produce a LOVVORN book? - R M

13 MAR 1983

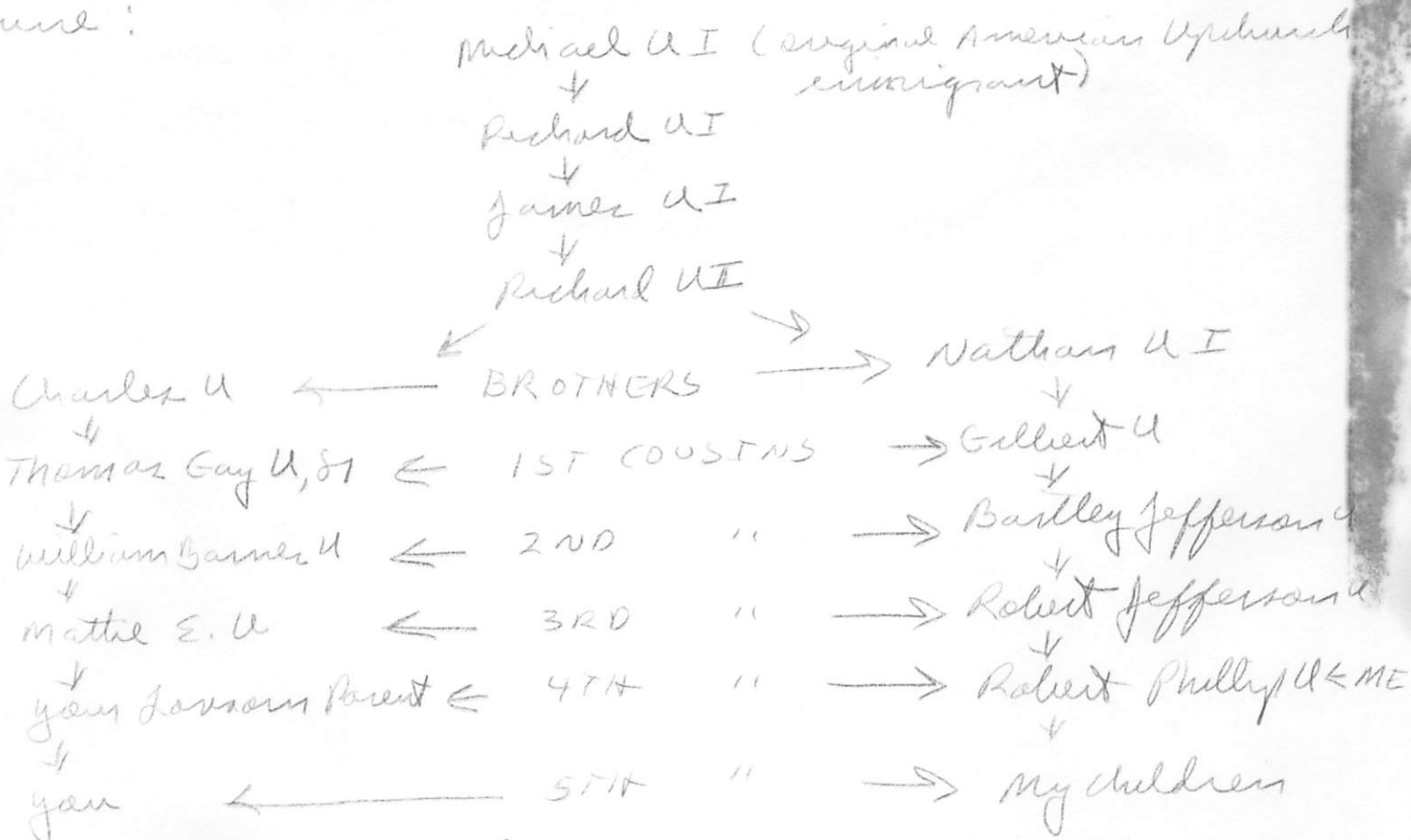
MRS JO LOUVORN AUCHEY
RT 1, BOX 123
COMER, GA 30629

Dear Cousin Jo,

Thanks for your letter which arrived 7 FEB 1983.
Only today was I able to find time to catch up on
correspondence.

The obituary for William Jefftha Lowvorn is
great and I have extended all of the details.

Here is an outline ~~for~~ of your Upchurch line and
mine:



So, you and I are 4th cousins, once
removed!!

Regarding the Fossom family I need details on the children of William Jephtha Fossom, Sr. I have only the names as follows and they could be wrong:

1. Minnie Fossom
2. Ruth "
3. Barner "
4. Kayd "
5. Lucy "
6. Mary "
7. Homer "
8. William Jephtha "

I need - full names, birth date, birth place, marriage date, marriage place, death date, death place, place of burial, full name of spouse with date & place plus same information on children & grandchildren & great-grandchildren.

I will be happy to supply any specific details on the Upchurch line which you desire. If you subscribe to the Upchurch Bulletin you get the full treatment.

Your ancestor Charles U. (Head of clan; A 5th Generation U.) spent his early years in the Moccasin Creek area of NC (he was a brother of my gggf) and late in life about 1830 moved to Henry Co, GA along with his son Thomas Gay U. Sr. The details are still unfolding.

Hope to hear from you soon!

Sincerely yours,
Phil Upchurch
{ROBERT PATRICK UPCHURCH}

BETTY JO LOUVORN

(3)

Rt. 1, Box 123
Comer, GA 30629
February 2, 1983

Dear "Cousin",

I was delighted to learn from Virginia Berry of your interest in the Upchurch line. I have done genealogical research on my Lovvorn line and my husband's line. Unfortunately, I have nothing on the Upchurch. I have always meant to follow up on it; but demands on my time have prevented this so far.

OBITUARY OF WILLIAM JEPHTHA LOUVORN SR

Enclosed is an article which is about all I have. I do have a contact in Bowdon, GA that might be able to help. Mrs. Frances Jackson, who is a Lovvorn descendent. Bowdon is a very small community in Carroll Co. Georgia. Do you have any information that you could supply that would be a starting point? If so, if you would like, I will try to pursue from this end.

We do have some common ground. I worked for nine years for the Engineering Experiment Station of Georgia Tech (Southwest Georgia Area Office) and am presently with the USDA Forest Service, located on campus at the University of Georgia. My husband retired from teaching in the Technical School in Albany, GA about three years ago and we moved to the Athens area. That precipitated my entry into the "wonderful world of computers" and so I am attending classes in addition to working full time. You can see how my research has been put on the shelf. Perhaps with your interest, I can make the time.

Sincerely,

Jo Lovvorn Hughey

Jo Lovvorn Hughey

BETTY JO LOUVORN (4)

29 JAN 1983

MS BETTY JO LOUVORN HUGHEY
ROUTE 1, BOX 173
COMER, GA 30629

Dear Ms Hughey

Virginia Perry tells me that she has written to you about my interest in the Upchurch family and that you are interested in the Louvorn genealogy and that your grandmother was Mathe (Upchurch) Louvorn. This makes you and I 4th cousins (I'll be glad to send a sketch).

Virginia has agreed to send me various bits of information including details of the ~~of~~ she has requested from you. She seems very reliable and if you send them to her I am sure she will send them to me. However, since you are an active worker it seemed well for us to be in touch - and Virginia had send me your address.

Some flyers on my Upchurch Bulletin are enclosed.

I mentioned to Virginia that I met Dr Roy Lee Fossom in Raleigh, NC when I was in high school and he had a great impact on my life. Essentially, he has been a 2nd father for me and I am most grateful.

Please let me hear from you. I hope we can exchange information. Sincerely yours
Phil. Upchurch / sent card

① See file 23 MAR 1990 Garner W. Lowvorn DR 04

Bruce Lowvorn is son of Homer Lowvorn,
gr of Matthe E. U of the Charles U/Thomas Bay
U, Sr subdan. Bruce was the City Manager
of Lagrange, GA for many years and if
still alive probably lives in Lagrange, GA.

② 1 APR 1990 - obtained number for Bruce Lowvorn
from information. It is: 404-882-6761

18 MAR 1990

MR G. W. LOWORN
MILL STREET
BOWDON, GA 30108

Dear Mr Loworn,

I am writing to you at the suggestion of Mrs Elaine (Capehart) Casner of Roswell, GA. She has been helping me assemble details on the Upchurch Family. Attached are my Upchurch notes are enclosed. Elaine tells me she was a classmate of your sister Jean, and that she has many good memories of Fournier's Mill in Bowdon, GA where your father Rob and her brothers James and Byron worked. Could you give me the names of the father of these three brothers?

I am especially interested in learning more about the family of William Upchurch and Mattie E. (Upchurch) Casner. Mattie was the daughter of William Casner Upchurch. William Upchurch Casner, a Baptist minister, was born 17 SEP 1866 and 2 FORT ST FIVE (Lawrence, GA). Can you give me the name and address and/or phone number of any of the descendants of this couple? Anything you can provide will be appreciated.

Sincerely yours
Phil Upchurch

[ROBERT PHILIP UPCHURCH]

① See pg 19 FEB 1990 Elowie NMN Copeland DRBM

I. Ros Sannors

A. G. W. Sannors ↑ - possible correspondent

B. Jean Sannors

II. Lynn Sannors

III. James Sannors

. These three brothers worked in Sannors's Mill at Bowden, GA. I was a school mate of Jean Sannors. The wife of James Sannors taught me typing in high school.

For more details you might contact:

G. W. Sannors ↑

Mill Street

Bowden, GA 30108

1-404-258-3370

This is a 1980 address

REC'D
26 MAR 90

MR. G. W. LOVVORN
MILL STREET
BOWDON, GA 30108

March 23, 1990

Dear Mr Upchurch,

Δ + Δ + Δ

Pas was my father. Lynn, Garland,

Δ + Δ

James, and Stewart were his brothers.

Δ

Gaines William Lovvorn was their father.

Δ

We lived next to Uncle Gep in the early twenties. His two sons

□ + □

were named Homer and Hoyt but I

can't remember the girls name. Beth

Δ

lays are dead. Bruce Lovvorn the

□

son of Homer has been the city

manager of La Grange, Ga. for years

but I haven't heard from him for

four or five years. If he is still

alive he should still live in La Grange.

Δ

Mary Lovvorn, the daughter of

Δ + Δ

Henry D. Lovvorn, uncle Gep's brother

is alive and lives at 701 Maple St.

Δ

in Carrollton, Ga. She should be able

to give you some information on the

family

Sincerely yours

Gaines W. Lovvorn

GAINES WILLIAM LOVDON

① See ~~pt~~ 23 MAR 1990 Gaines W. Lovdon to RPA

I. Gaines William Lovdon

A. Ros Lovdon

1. Gaines W. Lovdon

B. Lynn Lovdon

C. Garland Lovdon

D. Stewart Lovdon

2. James Lovdon

① See Pt 23 MAR 1990 Garrie W. Lovvorn A RP4

I. Garrie William Lovvorn

A. Rex Lovvorn

1. Garrie W. Lovvorn

B. Lynn Lovvorn

C. Garland Lovvorn q

D. Stewart Lovvorn

E. James Lovvorn

① see ltr 23 MAR 1990 Garner W. Lovvorn to RPU

I. _____

A. William Jephtha Lovvorn and
 Mattie E. U., dau of William Barnett
 of the Charles U / Thomas Bay U, S
 Subclass

B. Henry O. Lovvorn †

1. Mary Lovvorn - lives in
 Carlotta, GA - may be
 able to give family
 information

① See pts 13 APR 1983 Virginia Shusley Hamrick DRP4

Hewett Lovvorn was lost in the European theater in WW II. He was one of the 9 children of William Burner Lovvorn, son of Mattie E. U of the Charles U/Thomas Gay U Sr Subclass.

① See obit of William Jefftha Lovorn Sr died 7 FEB 1983
Homer Lovorn, son of ^{William} Jefftha Lovorn Sr, was
living in Cedartown, GA, when his father died
on 19 MAR 1946. Homer is son of Minnie E. +
gr of William Barnett of the Charles A. Thomas
Gay U Sr Subdan

② See It 14 MAR 1983 Virginia Hamrick to KPM plus
Photo File 83-10

Homer Jefferson Lovorn is shown in 1907 in
the Friendship Community on Rt 100 midway
between Cone Spring + Cedartown GA in NW GA
(Polk Co). He appears to be about age 15 hence
b ca 1892

① See file 18 JUL 1980 Mary Jo U to RPL
Hoyt Louvorn is ~~son~~ ^{John} of Mattie U b 1861,
gr of William Barner U of Charles/Memor
Gay U.

② See Obit of William Jephtha Louvorn Sr d 7 FEB 1983.
At the time William Jephtha Louvorn Sr d
19 MAR 1946 his son, Hoyt; was living in
Atlanta, GA.

③ See file 14 MAR 1983 Virginia Hamrick to RPL + Photo
file 83-10.

Hoyt Louvorn is shown in 1907 as a teenager
in his father's front yard at Friendship in NW GA
(Polk Co) midway between Cave Springs and
Cedar town.

① See #18 JUL 1980 Mary Jo U to RPY
Inez Lowvorn was dau of Mattie U b 1861,
gr of William Barner U of Charles / Thomas
Guy U.

② See #14 MAR 1983 Virginia Hamrick to RPY.

Virginia sends a 1907 photo of the William Jephtha
Lowvorn Sr family in Pelk Co, GA (NW GA). Dan
Inez Lowvorn who md — Stockard was not
in the photo. The family had moved to their
site to be near Inez who was deaf and who
went to the state school for the deaf at
Cane Springs, GA. The family home was
midway between Cane Springs & Cedartown, GA.

③ Note: From 2 & from the obit of William Jephtha Lowvorn, Sr
it is obvious that Inez Lowvorn md J. E. Stockard.
When W. J. L. Sr died in 1946 Inez was living in
Atlanta, GA as Mrs J. E. Stockard

④ See Notes of RPY Call 1 APR 1990 to Mary Lowvorn
Inez Lowvorn had two sons.

① see Ltr 19 FEB 1990 Elsie NMN Copeland to RPH

I. Ros Lounson

A. G.W. Lounson - possible correspondent

B. Jean Lounson

II. Lynn Lounson

III. James Lounson ↑

These three Lounson brothers worked in Lounson's mill in Bowden, GA. I was a school mate of Jean Lounson. The wife of James Lounson taught me typing in high school.

② see Ltr 23 MAR 1990 Gaines W. Lounson to RPH

I. Gaines William Lounson

A. Ros Lounson

1. Gaines W. Lounson

B. Lynn Lounson

C. Garland Lounson

D. Stewart Lounson

E. James Lounson ↑

JAMES LOVVORN

○ The Cary News 5 JUL 1987 Cary, NC

True and Jane Morse of 215 Dutchess Drive
announce the birth of a son, Nicholas James
Morse, June 22, at Rex Hospital.

He weighed 8 pounds, 3 ounces.

Grandparents are James B. and Janet A. Morse
of St. Louis, Mo. and James and Elizabeth
Lovvorn of Chattanooga, Tenn.

JAMES L

① LOUVORN

① see notes of RPA call 1 APR 1990 to Mary Louvorn
in Canellton, GA.

she says the best information on Louvorn
is to be had from:

James F. Louvorn

6430 PAWPAW Trail

OLTEWAH, TN 37363

615-238-9499

He is collecting information for a Louvorn book

JAMES L

LOUVORN

(2)

5 APR 1990

MR JAMES L. LOUVORN
6430 PAWPAW TRAIL
DOLTEWAH, TN 37363

Dear Mr Louvorn,

As you will see from the enclosed literature I am keenly interested in the entire extended Upchurch Family. Of special interest at the moment are the descendants of William Jephthah Louvorn and his wife nee Mather E. Upchurch. I have some details but have not found it easy to upgrade the Master Outline for this family. I understand you are collecting information on the Louvorn family. Could we help each other?

Separate from the above, I have had a long-standing special relationship for over 45 years with Dr Roy Lee Louvorn of Raleigh, N.C. If you are interested I can share the nature of that relationship with you.

Miss Mary Louvorn of Carrollton, GA gave me your name and address she is a niece or grandniece of William Jephthah Louvorn.

Sincerely yours
Phil Upchurch

[ROBERT PHILIP UPCHURCH]

① See ~~LA~~ 19 FEB 1990 Elsie NMN Copland DRPM

I. Rex Lonnor

A. G. W. Lonnor - possible correspondent

B. Jean Lonnor ↑

II. Lynn Lonnor

III. James Lonnor

These three brothers worked in Lonnor's mill in Bowden, GA. I was a school mate of Jean Lonnor ↑. She would spend the night with me when the creek rose and prevented her from going home from school. The wife of James Lonnor taught me typing in high school.

LARRY LOVVORN

LARRY

LOVVORN ①

REC'D
5 JUL 2002

200 Bridge Pointe Drive
New Bern, NC 28562-6419
Ahoylovv@cconnect.net
June 30, 2002

Dr. R.P Upchurch
351 Shetland Valley Court
Chesterfield, MO 63005-4840

Dear Dr. Upchurch,

Thank you for your letter of 7 June concerning your thoughts and gratitude towards my parents. I know that for all of my memory I have heard your name mentioned favorably and fondly in our household. Your period at NCSU on the faculty coincided with my formative years in Raleigh and also while I was at NCSU as a student. I also worked in forage crops research for my high school and college years under U.O. Highfill and Dr. Woodhouse.

I am going to Raleigh tomorrow and will share the letter with Daddy. I am also going to share it with my brothers, Lee and Brian, and our children. I think they too will appreciate your comments of Dad and "Grandy" – he is an institution in our family and we are all grateful he has lived over 92 wonderful years and is still full of fun and vigor. He has affected many lives over the years, including students, family and pure strangers, and we continue to become aware of more instances over time.

Thank you for your testimonial! I hope your and Mrs. Upchurch are well.

Sincerely,



Larry Lovvorn

3

200 Bridge Pointe Drive 6419
New Bern, NC 28562-4917
ahoylovv@cconnect.net
May 18, 2004

REC'D
24 MAY 2004

Dear Friends of Roy Lovvorn;

As many of you know Dad has suffered from Parkinson's for several years. In fact, this was the reason he moved into the Supportive Living Center at Springmoor two years ago. During his stay there he has enjoyed much support from the staff and the daily activities with the other residents have been rewarding.

Late in 2003 he began having some stability problems, and since then has fallen several times, requiring assistance to get up. In early March he had a fall that broke his hip, causing a stay in Rex Hospital of a week while he had a partial hip replacement. The trauma associated with this surgery also triggered some effects of Parkinson's that he had not had previously, namely confusion and lack of total mental clarity.

Upon returning to Springmoor he was placed in the Recuperative Wing of the Stewart Health Center, where he received much Occupational and Physical Therapy, along with a great coaching job by the nurses and aides that fed and dressed him. He has made some progress both physically and mentally and is now able to feed himself, but is still unable to get out of a chair by himself, dress, and do other personal functions. As a result, in consultation with the professional staff at Springmoor, the decision has been made to move him into the Health Center as a full time resident until sufficient progress has been made. This will mean he will move out of his apartment and make it available for another resident who is in need.

The new address for mail is as follows:

Dr. Roy Lovvorn
Stewart Health Center, Room 215
1500 Sawmill Road
Raleigh, NC 27615

There is a phone in the room and the number is 919 848-7671. The phone is right by his chair but he does not answer it, thus phone calls will only be answered if someone is visiting.

Members of his family make weekly visits to see him and encourage him on his accomplishments. There is progress being made, albeit slowly. He has not given up the desire to walk on his own and that is very important. Cards of support are welcome and are read and discussed with him by family and close friends.

Sincerely,


Larry Lovvorn

ROY LEE LOVVORN

○ FROM: RPA/SSU NC. Sojourn 27 MAY - 12 JUN 2004
 Record of visit to Roy Lee Lovvorn on 9 JUN 2004

9 JUN 2004 (TUE)

RPA & SSU breakfasted at Brown's; at 8:00 AM headed to
 Sprungness in Raleigh. Visited ^{with Doug & Edythe} Doug & Edythe
 Chamber in their Apt. # 1413 (919) 848-7413 8:45-9:15. Then RPA & Doug
 went to see Roy Lee Lovvorn age 94 while SSU waited
 in the lobby. RL was asleep in his chair with
 mouth open & head to one side. He is gaunt
 but still retains his features of earlier years. Doug
 woke him up. He remembered that Doug had told
 him last week that I was coming. His mind
 is obviously still quite functional but he has
 trouble speaking. He expressed some thoughts
 which I could not understand. Doug understood
 better than I. I expressed to RL my deep appreciation
 for his help when I was just a teenager. We
 departed after about 8 minutes. A future visit
 by me would be pointless so I do not expect
 to see him alive again.

ROY LEE LOUVORN

○ Obituary in The News & Observer SUN 27 MAR 2005
Raleigh, NC

Dr. Roy Lee Lovvorn

RALEIGH - Dr. Roy L. Lovvorn, age 95, of Springmoor Retirement Community in Raleigh, died March 26. Funeral services will be held at



Springmoor Retirement Community at 2 p.m. on Tuesday, March 29. Burial will follow at Montlawn Memorial Park.

Dr. Lovvorn was born in

Woodland, Alabama on January 24, 1910, and was a graduate of Auburn University, the University of Missouri, and the University of Wisconsin. He began his professional career with the Missouri Agricultural Extension Service and the US Soil Conservation Service.

In 1936 he accepted a position as assistant professor in the Department of Agronomy at what is now North Carolina State University. He resigned in 1950 to accept a position as Director of the Division of Weed Investigations, US Department of Agriculture, Beltsville, Md.

In 1953 he returned to NC State University as Director of Instruction in the College of Agriculture and Life Sciences. He was named Director of the Agricultural Experiment Station in 1955 and served in that capacity until 1969, when he resigned and became Administrator of the Cooperative State Research Service, US Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C. He retired from that position in 1976 and returned to live in Raleigh.

During his professional years he received many accolades and honors, including Tar Heel of the Week in the News and Observer, Man of the Year in Service to North Carolina Agriculture from the Progressive Farmer, and an International Gamma Sigma Delta award for Distinguished Service to Agriculture. His life is chronicled in *From a Log Cabin to the Nation's Capital*, an autobiography.

Following retirement he traveled with his wife Virginia in a number of countries, many where he served as a consultant in agricultural research and some for personal enjoyment. He remained active in the Raleigh Community, serving on numerous boards such as the Wake County Library Commission, President of the North Carolina Chapter of the National Association of Retired Federal Employees, and others. He was also very active at Springmoor Retirement Community, serving as President of the Residents Association and as manager of the Community Store for several years.

He was a member of Alpha Zeta, Gamma Sigma Delta, Phi Kappa Phi and Sigma Xi, as well as a fellow of the American Society of Agronomy and the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He was selected for membership in the Cosmos Club of Washington, D.C. for his many scientific contributions and accomplishments. His membership in the Rotary Club of Raleigh covered more than fifty years and he was honored with a Paul Harris Fellowship. He also was a long time member of the NCSU University Club and had served on the Board of Deacons of Pullen Memorial Baptist Church and Greystone Baptist Church. At the time of his death he was a member of Greystone Baptist Church.

Dr. Lovvorn was preceded in death by his wife of 67 years, Virginia, who died in June 2003, after suffering from Alzheimer's for many years. He was a loving caregiver to her for many years.

Surviving: three sons, Larry and wife Linda of New Bern, NC, Lee and his wife Nancy of Marietta, Ga., Brian and his wife Cindy of Penrose, N.C.; seven grandchildren, Yvonne of Boone, N.C., Lisa of Manassas, Va., Lee of Holly Springs, N.C., Amy of Decatur, Ga., James of Frederick, Md., Mark of Raleigh, N.C., and Ginna of Atlanta, Ga.; four great-grandchildren, Logan, Trey, Darby, and Nia; and several nephews, along with his faithful companion and supporter, Mildred Fosnight. For years he has been known by Grandy to one and all.

The family will receive friends from 7 to 8:30 p.m. in The Great Room at Springmoor Retirement Community on Monday March 28.

Memorials may be made to the Roy and Virginia Lovvorn Endowment Fund, Friends of the NCSU Library, Box 7111, NCSU, Raleigh, NC 27695-7111; Springmoor Endowment Fund, 1500 Sawmill Road, Raleigh, NC 27615; Greystone Baptist Church Building Fund, 7509 Lead Mine Road, Raleigh, NC 27615, or to the charity of one's choice.

Arrangements by Brown-Wynne Funeral Home, Millbrook Road. Tributes may be sent to the family at brownwynne.com.

ROY LEE LOUVORN

① ~~item~~ Rec'd 10 FEB 1992

Roy L. Lovvorn
302 Springmoor Drive
Raleigh, NC 27615

A note from ...

2/4/92

REC'D
10 FEB 1992

Phil,

Jim Harris lives only
a few weeks after his
cancer was diagnosed.

Sincerely

R.L.

Doug Chandler is trying to
teach me to play golf.

... Roy Lovvorn

② RPL attended the memorial
services for ALLS meeting
with family & friends on
the evening of 29 MAR
2005 at Springmoor in
company of Douglas
Chandler. Attended the
funeral service at 2 PM
on 30 MAR 2005 - also
at Springmoor.

In Memory
of

Dr. Roy L. Lovvorn

January 24, 1910
March 26, 2005

Memorial Service
2:00 p.m., Tuesday
March 29, 2005
Springmoor Auditorium

Interment
Montlawn Memorial Park
Raleigh, NC

Officers
Rev. Phyllis Mayo
Dr. Dennis Herman

ROY LEE LOVVORN

**A SERVICE OF WITNESS TO THE RESURRECTION
IN THANKSGIVING FOR THE LIFE OF
DR. ROYL LOVVORN
Springmoor Auditorium
March 29, 2005**

Prelude

Call to Worship *from I Corinthians 15*

This is the Gospel of Christ on which we take our stand:

Christ died for our sins... he was raised on the third day...

he appeared to Peter and then to the Twelve.

If Christ has *not* been raised, our preaching is useless and so is your faith.

But Christ *has indeed* been raised from the dead,

the firstfruits of those who have fallen asleep.

For as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive.

Hymn

"The Strife is O'er"

page 172

Greeting

Prayer

Words of Comfort and Assurance

Psalm 46: 1-4, 10-11

Psalm 116: 1-2, 5-7, 12-16

Jeremiah 17: 5-8

Solo

"The 23rd Psalm"

R. Carmichael

Words of Thanksgiving for Roy's Life

Matthew 23: 1-3, 5, 8, 10-12; Galatians 5: 16, 22-26

Prayer of Thanksgiving

Words of Hope and Resurrection

I Corinthians 13

John 14: 1-6, 15-19, 27

Hymn

"Because He Lives"

page 407

Benediction

WORSHIP LEADERS

Rev. Phyllis L. Mayo, Springmoor Chaplain

Dr. M. Dennis Herman, Pastor, Greystone Baptist Church

Mrs. John Cameron, Pianist

ROY LEE LOUVORN

REC'D
12 SEP 1988

September 8 1988
ROY L. LOUVORN
302 SPRINGMOOR DRIVE
RALEIGH, NC 27615

Dear Phil,
your recent letter was
hand delivered as you requested
by our near neighbor. We have
found them to be an interesting couple.

I read with interest and
almost envy your description of your
new job.

My father died in 1985,
at 95, and left me one half of his
quarter section, which I have
planted to pines, but it is a
mere garden in comparison to
your plantation in Missouri.

Good to have the report
on your children. We have one recent
graduate from a university, that
being Larry's eldest daughter. He has
a 5th year student at Appalachian.

Virginia continues about the
same, but is gradually getting worse.
Of course we are thankful for
Springmoor.

In my old age I have taken
up golf, par golf at the Faculty
club, and I have lowered my
handicap from 26 to 14. But that
is still not very good. I see Berg
and Sam Dobson but not real often.

It was good to hear from you.

Sincerely,
RL

ROY LEE LOUVORN

20 AUG 1988
PO BOX 3304
TUCSON, AZ 85740

Dr Roy Lee Louvorn

Dear Dr Louvorn,

Your note is being sent to you through our mutual friend Jane Ruth Nunn. She and I have a great mutual interest in genealogy and have enjoyed corresponding immensely. She calls me "AC" for "Almost Cousin". Our roots are both in Wake Co, NC.

It has been several years now we have visited NC and we long for a visit. We may yet plan one for this fall. Right now we are focusing on our 40th wedding anniversary which is tomorrow. We have been celebrating all week with roses one day, lunch out another, etc - nothing big. It has been and is a wonderful marriage.

At the University I have embarked on my last "five year plan" although I could stay longer. This deals with a project on creating and exploring a desert legume collection. I am now Director of Alumni Affairs and Director of Arboretum Affairs. Will spend about 50% of my time on desert legumes. I am encountering many genera that I first learned under you in forage crops and also

some that I got to know in the wood

Our land venture in Montgomery Co, MO continues to be very exciting and is something that will occupy my time in retirement along with genealogy. We now have four farms in hand totaling 580 acres and I want to build up to 1500-2000 acres to have a unit that can be operated economically and independantly. Now we have two operators that farm on shares.

From time to time a message reaches me that Virginia is not doing well. I know that you have depended on each other and that it means a lot to be together in a setting where you can continue to care for each other in various ways. I hope she is doing well as this reaches you.

Our children are doing well. Nelda is here in Tucson where her husband Ken is a mining engineer. Their family is complete with two lovely girls and a one year old boy. Our oldest daughter Betty is still with Merivante in St Louis she & Rob have a 3 year old son. Our son Barry is a second year law student at St Louis University and still single at 28. With a law degree, an MBA, a CPA and 5 years experience in Price Waterhouse he should be ready for something. I am sure he will do well.

In closing I express again my deep appreciation for your support and guidance over the year. You have helped me more than you can know.
Sincerely Phil Upchurch

ROY LEE LOUVORN

2073 MIRAVAL QUINTO
TUCSON, AZ 85718
JANUARY 13, 1979

DR ROY L. LOUVORN
809 RUNNYMEDE ROAD
RALEIGH, NC 27607

Dear Dr & Mrs Louvorn

It seems that I get to Raleigh 2-3 times a year at least. With all the relatives to contact and so little time available it has been impossible to visit our many friends. I have called your home on the last couple of trips but could not make contact. I'll keep trying.

A special reason for writing at this time concerns my interest in Upchurch genealogy. It is my main hobby at the present - it is fascinating - and almost becomes a disease!

I have encountered a JEP LOUVORN who married a MATTIE UPCHURCH probably in Georgia or Alabama. I don't know the key dates but Mattie had a brother Thomas Homer Upchurch born 8 OCT 1859, died 29 AUG 1947. Do you have any knowledge of a JEP Louvorn or do you know of any of your relatives I might write to about this?

We would be delighted for you and Mrs Louvorn to spend some time in our home. We have lots of room. Come and see Arizona! Phil Upchurch

ROY LEE LOUVORN

March 5, 1978

Dear Phil,

We enjoyed our visit
with you and your son a few
nights ago.

The enclosed letter will
be of interest to you. It is
from "Alton", a younger
brother of my daddy. Write
him directly if you think he
can be of any help. He is a retired
school teacher —

W. A. Louvorn
Woodland Fla. 36280

Sincerely
R. Louvorn

ROY L. LOUVORN
809 RUNNYMEDE ROAD
RALEIGH, NC 27607
Phone 781-1855

ROY LEE LOUVORN

30 MAY 1983

Dr ROY LEE LOUVORN

Dear Roy,

We have just finished having my sister Pat and her husband with us from NC for a two week visit. It was a most pleasant two weeks and we enjoyed taking them to see a lot of sights including the Grand Canyon.

Now I have gotten back to some genealogical matters and in particular have looked up "The Family Letter" sample which happened to be in my files. The matter of the origin of the name LOUVORN is listed even more specifically than I remembered - see #3 on page 1 and the last # on page 2 - and as a bonus it even has your name on page 2!!! If you want to write to the publisher I am sure they have the same address as they have since sent me other kinds of materials.

The new job is going very well so far.

Sincerely yours,
Phil Upchurch

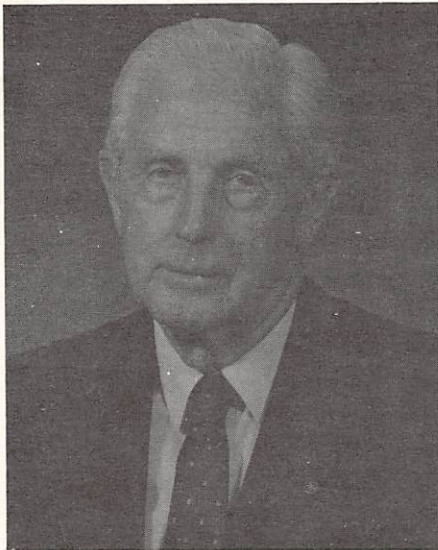
ROBERT PATRICK UPCHURCH

ROY LEE LOVVORN
FROM JESSIE RUTH BAUCOM TO RPU IN WEN
LETTER OF 11 APR 1989

North Carolina
Retired Governmental
Employees' Association, Inc.

Director - Roy L. Lovvorn

Know Your Director



Roy L. Lovvorn

As with many of the Association's members and directors, Roy L. Lovvorn of Raleigh can string education degrees behind his name with the best, but other incidents in his life often push aside his memories of mortar boards and academic processions.

Still, the number one recollection does deal with the educational process -- his being convinced by an Auburn agronomy professor, D. G. S turkie, that he (Lovvorn) had the ability to continue into graduate work. This, to a young Alabama boy with the limited resources available in the Great Depression, was a revelation that shaped his entire career.

As a result, following his receipt of the B.S. in agriculture from Auburn in 1931, he went on to get his M.A. at the University of Missouri in 1942. Of course, as many Tar Heels know, he was director of the Agricultural Experiment Station at North Carolina State University from 1955 to 1969.

From 1969 to 1976, he was administrator of the cooperative state research service of the U.S. Department of Agriculture although his official retirement was January 1, 1975.

It was after his retirement that he did "a good bit of consulting" overseas, and he and his wife, Virginia, were fortunate enough to host several group trips to Europe, Hawaii, etc. In this category, he said, another of the highlights of his life came about when he and his wife spent three weeks in Australia and New Zealand.

"It was really exciting for both of us," he exclaimed, "as we'd never been in that part of the world before. We actually 'lived' for a day or so with a family in Australian and New Zealand."

Yet, when asked his most memorable experience, he came up with a post-

World War II assignment from the Pentagon.

In August, 1945, as the war was ending, he was called by the government and asked to go to Florence, Italy, to teach servicemen at the GI Study Center there, one of three established to keep the men busy till time to come home.

Reporting to Washington National for a flight en route to his three months assignment, he discovered he was to be the sole passenger on a four-motor Military Air Transport Service (MATS) plane which was being used to return servicemen to the States after the end of the war. Result was he flew in style to Casablanca with a full crew aboard, including a serviceman acting as steward seeing to his, and his alone, enjoyment of the flight.

"I've been around the world three times, but never had that kind of service before or since," he chuckled.

Biographical

Roy L. Lovvorn was born January 24, 1910, in Woodland, Alabama. He is married to the former Virginia Brown and they have three sons, Larry of Fairfax, VA, Lee of Orlando, FL, and Brian, who lives in Hendersonville.

He is a member of the Cosmos Club of Washington, DC and Rotary Club of Raleigh; a fellow both of the American Society of Agronomy and American Association for Advancement of Science; has received an international award from Gamma Sigma Delta, and is an honorary member of the American Home Economics Association.

Dr. Lovvorn has been a member of the Association since January, 1975, a member of the board of directors since April, 1984, and has been treasurer and a member of the executive committee since June, 1985.

ROY LEE LOVVORN

REC'D
18 JAN 2003

810 Springmoor Drive
Raleigh, NC 27615
January 2003

Dear Friends,

Thank you for sharing your Christmas greetings with me. I thought that in response I would give you an update on my family and me.

During the first quarter of 2002 I moved into the Supportive Living Center at Springmoor Retirement Community and my new mailing address is above. Here I get three meals a day, have constant staff on duty, and activities centered on the residents of the Center. I have found this to be a fine place to be. The only thing I miss is the interaction with other residents that I had previously received at meals in the Main Dining Room. There are, however, many activities I attend with the rest of the residents so I am not isolated. My Sunday School class provides me with Sunday activities including lunch as a group.

My health is not what it used to be and I use a walker to get around. I have found that my mobility is much better with the walker and I use it for my daily walks. The walks take me around most of Springmoor and continue to provide me with daily exercise.

The doctor has advised me I have the beginning stages of Parkinson's. I began taking regular medication for the first time in my life at age 92. We have had to adjust the types and amounts of medication but hopefully the right balance has been achieved.

Virginia continues in the Alzheimer's Unit of the Health Center with little change. She eats all that is put in front of her but is generally not aware of what is going on around her.

My family all enjoyed our annual outing at an NCSU football game in the fall. We had almost 20 Lovvorn's there and always enjoy this event. It was even better this past year because of the success of the Wolfpack football team! In late January the family will once again convene for my 93rd birthday and our 67th wedding anniversary. 20 Lovvorn's are expected to share a meal at the University Club and church the following day. We always have a grand time at these gatherings.

Larry and Linda live in New Bern, NC; Lee and Nancy in Marietta, GA; and Brian and Cindy outside of Hendersonville, NC. Their children live in Manassas and Richmond VA, Raleigh, Holly Springs and Sugar Grove NC and Athens GA, and all the "cousins" get together each summer for a weekend of fun with their families. I now also have a great-grandson and a great-granddaughter.

I hope you enjoy a prosperous 2003,

Sincerely,
Roy Lovvorn

Mr. R. L. Lovvorn
810 Springmoor Dr
Raleigh, NC 27615

ROY LEE LOVVORN

REC'D
1 JUN 2002

810 Springmoor Drive
Raleigh, NC 27615
May 24, 2002

To Family and Friends of Roy and Virginia Lovvorn:

Daddy and I would like to give you an update on his recent activities and new address. This is not the normal time for seasonal pleasantries, but in light of the changes we felt this was the appropriate time to share this information.

Earlier this year Daddy made the decision that being 92 years of age carried with it certain privileges he should exercise. These being to get 3 meals a day provided by others (with the meals being served to him at the table), and a degree of caring not previously available in his apartment. Arrangements were made with Springmoor Retirement Community where he lives, and in March Lee, Brian and I, along with our wives, moved him several hundred feet down the hall into the Supportive Living Center.

The new mailing address is above and the phone number is now 919 848-7287. If you stop by to pay him a visit his apartment number is 287 in the Supportive Living Center area of Springmoor.

In the Supportive Living Center, which has about 30+ residents, meals are served in a private dining room. The staff comes around shortly before each meal and reminds the residents of the pending meal. Daddy is now seated with a couple of long time friends and is enjoying the camaraderie. In addition, the staff "looks in" on the residents periodically during the day and is available to assist in a variety of areas. Life is good!

My mother continues in the Springmoor Health Center and is now the person who has been there the longest. Her health continues to be about the same and Daddy does her laundry and pays her a daily visit. The value of being in the same retirement community is reinforced each day because of the closeness of their two living areas.

Sincerely,


Larry Lovvorn

ROY LEE LOUVORN
MICHAEL ENTERPRISES
P. O. BOX 35804
TUCSON, ARIZONA 85740

14 FEB 1992

DR ROY L. LOUVORN
302 SPRINGMOOR DRIVE
RALEIGH, NC 27615

Dear Dr Louvorn

I was kind of you to send me the note about the passing of Jim Nenic. Sallaine and I have sent her a card and I penned a few words. They were a loving couple and I am sure she will miss him very much. Jessie Putty and I have a deep mutual interest in genealogy and our ancestors lived side by side in Wake county starting 150 years ago. Please tell her that I asked about her.

Dr Louvorn, it seems that I have not learned a lot since you took me on in the early 40's (50 years ago !!) as a high school drop out. I am still inclined to over commit and then try to make a lot of things happen. It is still a joy to see so much unfold even if everything visualized does not happen.

My work as Director of Development has me running in 14 directions with a lot of associates involved as well. The work is becoming more and more productive. The related job as Director

of Alumni Affairs for the College is also exciting and rewarding. I have cranked up a new major annual conference for the College to be held in Tucson each year to showcase our College and to improve our relations with clients. The first event is 27-29 FEB 92. Along with this I have started a new Sustaining Members Program for the College and also a new Lifetime Award for individuals and organizations. We will give 25 such awards on 28 FEB and then give each year thereafter. As Director of Arboretum Affairs I oversee the Boye Thompson Southwestern Arboretum. The most exciting part of the University work is my Desert Legume Program started in 1988. I'll send you copies of Aridus the quarterly bulletin for the program. You will no doubt identify with many of the genera involved. I have now started an endowment for this program for its long term care.

The genealogy work is going very nicely. Thanks to a lot of help from Sallaine. This is the thirteenth year of publishing the UPCHURCH BOWEN and as of June I will have identified and published on 30,000 members of the family. The farm in Missouri (FINE ACRES FARMS) is doing well. We now have five farms for 700

over and are looking to buy several more tracts in the next year or so. We need 1500 acres to farm efficiently. We have just consolidated our loans with more favorable interest rates.

As matters stand now I will return from the University no later than July 1995. These plans could change one way or another. We will probably move back to Missouri to be close to the farms.

Our children are doing well. Bongy finally married last September - a fine young lady. He is still Vice President of Merchants Bank & Trust Co in St Louis. He has started to work on his PhD at night.

I hope Mr Lowman is doing well under the circumstances.

Do give my regards to Doug, Sam and others when you see them.

With deep appreciation for the support you have given me over the years

Sincerely yours
Phil Yelch

ROY LEE LOVVORN

○ FROM: AG ILLUSTRATED VOL 3 NO 2 WINTER 2006
THE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE, AUBURN UNIV, AUBURN, AL



SCHOLARSHIP ENDOWMENT—Larry Lovvorn, son of the late Roy Lee Lovvorn, signs an agreement establishing the Dr. Roy Lee Lovvorn Endowment for Scholarships in the College of Agriculture as his brother Lee, right, and CoAG Development officer Mark Wilton look on. The endowment was created through a gift of \$30,000 from the Lovvorn estate. The late Dr. Lovvorn was a 1931 graduate of Auburn University in agriculture science who went on to have a highly successful career that included serving as director of Weed Investigations with the U. S. Department of Agriculture in Beltsville, Md.; as director of instruction in North Carolina State University's College of Agriculture and Life Sciences; as director of the North Carolina Agricultural Experiment Station from 1955 to 1969; and, finally, as administrator of the Cooperative Research Service, USDA, Washington from 1969 until his retirement in 1976.

REC'D
6 DEC 2005
BY RPA
FROM DSC

NOTE: THERE IS
A COPY IN
SPECIAL
COLLECTIONS AN
N.C. STATE UNIV

**FROM A LOG CABIN
TO THE NATION'S CAPITAL**

**THE LIFE STORY OF
ROY LEE LOVVORN**

August, 1990

SPRINGMOOR LIBRARY

DEDICATED TO MY SEVEN GRANDCHILDREN

YVONNE

LISA

CHIP

AMY

JAMES

MARK

GINNA

May their lives be as rewarding as mine has been.

FORWARD

I sometimes ask myself why write my memoirs. Movie stars, politicians and other celebrities write their memoirs to insure themselves a place in history or to satisfy their own ego. Neither is my reason. My grandfather Lovvorn often talked to me about his early life and I found it very fascinating. He often spoke of the fact that his father and oldest brother were Confederate soldiers in the War Between the States (Civil War). His other brother volunteered in the Union Army - father against son - brother against brother. Somehow it never occurred to me at the time to ask him why. By the time I thought of the question he was no longer available for the answer.

Perhaps by the time my seven grandchildren approach my age they may have questions about my early days. If so, maybe this book will be of interest to them. At any rate that is the reason I am writing it.

I have been especially fortunate in having as the typist Miss Sherlyn Harrell. She is not only an excellent secretary but is able to read my handwriting. I am most grateful to her. Any errors that you may find are mine, not hers.

Roy Lee Lovvorn
302 Springmoor Drive
Raleigh, NC 27615

August, 1990

**FROM A LOG CABIN
TO THE NATION'S CAPITAL**

**THE LIFE STORY OF
ROY LEE LOVVORN**

August, 1990

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CHAPTER I. GROWING UP IN ALABAMA

Abraham Lincoln and I had two things in common. We were both born in log cabins and we both eventually went to Washington, but with greatly different responsibilities. He was President of the United States and I was the head of an agency within the Department of Agriculture. But that is getting ahead of my story.

At the time my father (Joel Albert Lovvorn) and my mother (Martha Maud Hinton) married they moved into a small log cabin on my grandfather Lovvorn's farm near what was then Lamar, Alabama. The cabin has long since been destroyed, and furthermore there is no Lamar. Even when I was a small boy Lamar consisted of only one store with a post office in the rear.

I am told that shortly after I was born my grandfather gave my parents a 40 acre farm. He also gave an adjacent 40 acres to my dad's brother and his married sister. Uncle Buddy Merrill and Aunt Ethel (Papa's sister) soon built a house on their acreage, which was one fourth of a mile from our residence. During those early years I was a constant visitor of Aunt Ethel and was always very fond of her. I can't remember the exact date, but while I was still a small boy my parents bought the Merrill farm, because he was a school teacher and moved to be near his school. Thus we moved into the house that was to be my parent's home until they died, he in 1985 at 95 years of age and she in 1988 at 96 years of age.

This location is within one half mile of the village of Woodland, which came into existence after the demise of Lamar, and within one half mile of Zion Baptist Church where I became a member at age 12 and remained until 1936 when I moved my membership to Pullen Memorial Baptist Church in Raleigh, North Carolina, where it is till this date.

My family consisted of my sister, Levis, two years younger; my sister Ruth, five years younger; and my brother Mark, eight years younger. Two others followed but one was born dead and the other lived only a couple of days.

We were considered middle income families within the neighborhood, some were richer, some were poorer. Even so our standard of living would be considered below standard today. We had no inside plumbing; water came from the well on the back porch and a spring nearby where the "weekly washing" was done. The facilities there consisted of the traditional wash pot and two or three large tubs, plus a smooth wire used for hanging the clothes to dry.

We had no electricity until the "New Deal Days" of the mid thirties. It was then that the Alabama Power Company built a power line by our house - and only then to get ahead of a proposed line by the Rural Electrification Authority. That of course changed many things, including refrigeration, electric fans, irons, etc. The only trouble was that I had been gone some six or seven years.

Although we had little money we always had plenty to eat. Most of it was raised on the farm, including corn for corn meal, potatoes (sweet and white) and the common garden vegetables. Fruit, both apples and peaches, were eaten in season, canned and dried for out-of-season eating. My mother kept a flock of chickens for meat and eggs; the eggs were eaten and also exchanged at the local grocery for flour, sugar, salt, pepper, but not much else. We always had two milk cows and in that way one was always "fresh" so we always had plenty of milk and butter. Likewise, we usually killed two hogs each year for the family meat. The first one was killed about the time of the first freeze in the fall to be certain it would not spoil since there

was no refrigeration. After being "salted down" it was hung in the smoke house for curing.

Our cash income came from cotton which was a labor intensive crop - lots of hoeing in the spring and picking in the fall. Chemical weed killers were unheard of as well as mechanical cotton pickers. Once a bale of cotton had been picked we youngsters were allowed to go see it ginned, an exciting time plus being off from work.

A major part of the farm was devoted to corn - for home consumption as well as feed for the mules, the cows and the hogs. There was always a watermelon patch, a pea patch, sweet potato patch, and a sorghum patch from which syrup was made.

Life was not always easy, but we had lots of fun because we had a close knit family. Forty-hour work weeks were unheard of. We began field work shortly after "sun up" and worked until "sun down" - thus in the late spring and summer those were long days. Neither did we finish the work week until Saturday night. We only got off Saturday noon if it became necessary to go to town for supplies. Mamma would ring the dinner bell at 11:30 A.M., we would unhitch the mules (take out as we called it), take them to water, feed them and then eat our main meal, consisting of hot vegetables, hot corn bread and cold milk. We did not have meat every day, but occasionally. The evening meal, supper as we called it, was leftovers from dinner. After dinner Papa would rest for about 30 minutes until the clock struck one o'clock and he would announce "time to go to work" and off we went.

Sunday was truly the Sabbath. We did not work on that day; I was shocked years later to see farming operations in Missouri on Sunday. We went to Sunday School and Church when it was held, but in the early days we did not have a minister every Sunday. The afternoon was a time for play. Fortunately there were five of us boys in our immediate neighborhood,

somewhat related and usually on friendly terms. We all had home made basketball courts in our pastures, home made bats for baseball, and so we had good times. Our parents did not even allow us to fish on Sunday. We had no bicycles, but we did improvise other play items that were exciting. One was a board with barrel staves on the bottom for sledding down steep bluffs along the creek. Pine needles spread over the track would allow us to achieve tremendous and dangerous speeds. Just because we couldn't fish on Sunday didn't mean we couldn't fish. There were always rainy days and after the crops were "laid by" that afforded time for fishing in the nearby creek. Sunday afternoon was also a favorite time for swimming in the same creek - nude, of course.

We were fortunate to come along at a time when a new consolidated school was built less than a mile from our home. It consisted of 5 teachers with grades one through 10. I enrolled the day the new school opened. Each teacher taught two grades, and with one exception I had excellent teachers. My ninth and tenth grades teacher, a Mr. D. C. Holmes, was also the principal. He had a very positive influence on my life as well as being an excellent instructor.

School basketball was played outdoors because we had no gyms. Neither did we have a coach for much of the time, but we still won some games. I was not good enough to make the team. Box suppers were favorite social functions - favorite for the school to raise money and favorite for the boy to bid on and hopefully buy his favorite girl's box.

My Grandmother Hinton (Grandpa Hinton died when I was six years old) lived about three miles from us, as did a number of her married daughters and their children, our cousins, who also went to Woodland School. They rode the school bus but we were too close so we had to walk. We often visited

them overnight by going home with them from school. I must also add that our road was not paved and we often had a muddy walk, as well as a rainy walk. Unlike the present practice of my grandchildren being picked up after school, that was never the case with us.

I was seven and a half years old when I started to school - that was when the building was completed. So I finished the tenth grade at 16 years of age. It was necessary to transfer to the Randolph County High School at Wedowee to graduate from an accredited high school. This I did by enrolling there in the fall of 1926, and graduating in May of 1927 as valedictorian. My senior class consisted of 19, six boys and 13 girls. (My sister Levis and brother were also valedictorians, but at Woodland because by that time it was an accredited high school.) I had excellent teachers at RCHS, especially Mr. W. C. Edge who taught chemistry, physics and mathematics, and Miss Mae Foster who taught English literature. Both of them were great inspirations to me.

Our transportation consisted of a rubber tired buggy, pulled by one mule. We had a two-mule wagon, of course, for hauling. Papa bought his first car about the time I enrolled in RCHS. Grandpa and Grandma Lovvorn who lived in Wedowee had already owned an automobile so I had learned to drive from my uncle who wasn't much older than I was.

From the time I was in the seventh grade it had been my ambition to study agriculture at Auburn (the Alabama Polytechnic Institute as it was officially called then). The two options that I knew about were County Extension work and being a Vo-Ag teacher, and so I assumed that once I graduated I would pursue one of those in Alabama. Little did I ever dream of the life that I was to follow. I knew my resources were limited, but fortunately for me, during my senior year at RCHS my Uncle Henry Stewart (the husband of Pap's sister Carrie Lee) offered to help finance my stay at

Auburn. As it developed, he resigned his County Agent job in South Carolina and bought a farm in Alabama during my first year, and I got the sad news that he could no longer help me.

It was off to Auburn in late August and little did I realize that as a 17 year old boy my days with my family, except for short visits, were over. Going off to college was exciting! New friends, new surroundings, and new challenges. During my first year I "batched" with four other boys, three I knew and one I did not know, from Cleburne County who turned out to be my roommate and a lifelong and trusted friend.

During the first semester I was taking a course in Corn Production under Dr. D. G. Sturkie, and at the close of class one day he asked me to come by his office. The conversation that followed was to greatly influence the rest of my life. I not only worked for him the three and half years as a student assistant, but also during the summer as a full time employee. The pay was great (20 cents per hour the first year, 25 cents the second and 30 cents during my junior and senior years). This contributed significantly to my necessary expenses, and in addition opened my eyes to the field of agronomy and encouragement to go to graduate school and prepare myself for a profession in the field.

Mr. R. Y. Bailey, the Randolph County Extension Agent, resigned his job in late August, 1927, and accepted a job as a research agronomist on the staff at Auburn. I had been in 4-H Club work under him and I'm sure he was responsible for my job with Dr. Sturkie. I shall ever be eternally grateful to both of them.

I only stayed with my fellow "batchelors" my freshman year, having decided to better my living conditions. I took R.O.T.C. all four years, the last two paying the impressive sum of nine dollars a month. Also,

during my last two years I waited on tables at a good boarding house for my own meals. By the time I graduated in May, 1931, I had earned all of my expenses except for \$700.00. I might add that the college catalog published an estimate of \$500.00 per year.

Although I attended all the home football and basketball games, I did not have a lot of time for socializing with the other students. I did however participate in many student activities and graduated with honors. I was elected to Scabbard and Blade, Gamma Sigma Delta, Phi Kappa Phi, and Omicron Delta Kappa and Spades during my junior and senior years. Some were on the basis of scholarship and others purely academic.

During the second semester of my final year I made applications for an assistantship at several mid western universities, but before I heard from any of them I received a telegram from Professor M. F. Miller of the University of Missouri offering me an assistantship in soils at the fabulous salary of \$1,000.00 per year - more than I had even hoped for. Dr. L. D. Bayer had gone from the faculty at Auburn to Missouri a few months earlier and obviously was a big factor in my getting the assistantship. There was one catch - they wanted someone May 1 because of pressing field work. Dean Funchess was kind enough to arrange with my professors for me to take my exams the last week in April. And so I was off to Columbia, Missouri, and come May 19 while my classmates were graduating at Auburn I was in the corn field one thousand miles away. I was thankful for Dr. Bayer's influence, and again, little did I realize that our paths would cross again years later.

CHAPTER II. MY FIVE YEARS IN MISSOURI

I finished my last exam and left Auburn the next morning, April 30, at 4:00 A.M. Telling all of my friends goodbye was an all night job. As I boarded the train and began the ride to Atlanta I had very mixed feelings. Of course I was elated about my journey ahead but also sad about leaving a place that had been a wonderful four years for me, and also sad that I hadn't even had time to go by home and tell my family goodbye.

I arrived by train to St. Louis and transferred to a bus for the final ride into Columbia. The highway between the two cities, U.S. 40, crossed a relatively level countryside, and coming from the rolling Randolph County hills I was impressed by what appeared to be wonderful farming country. I was to learn later, however, that that was not the best part of Missouri.

My advisor, Professor M. F. Miller, immediately placed me in a physical chemistry course for summer school. I soon learned that Missouri was hot and physical chemistry was hard - and not especially to my liking. Most of my other courses for the next year and a half were in soils and I enjoyed all of them very much.

Another aspect of my life in Columbia was the Gamma Alpha fraternity, an organization of graduate students and junior faculty representatives from various schools and departments. This was an entirely new experience for me and a very stimulating one. In my later years at North Carolina State University I often wondered why a chapter was never established there.

My research work for my thesis consisted of experimental plots on three different soils, one about 30 miles north of Columbia, one about 30 miles east, and one 40 miles south, plus some experiments in the greenhouse during the winter months. The research involved effects of nitrogenous fertilizer

on the yield and protein content of crops. Determining the protein content necessitated long hours in the soils analytical laboratory. This was usually done on weekends and holidays. I had arrived the first of May and did not go home until August of the following year, thus taking advantage of August when school was on vacation and also at Christmas.

I finished the work for my Master's degree at the end of the first semester of my second year, which was late in January. When I enrolled at Missouri I fully intended to go for my Ph.D., but the depression eliminated that option. The Soils Department was considerate enough to allow me to remain on an hourly basis until I could find a job.

That job opportunity came quickly in late February when I was recruited, along with three other graduate students, to promote family gardens among the unemployed. I was assigned Scott, New Madrid, and Mississippi Counties in southeast Missouri. For \$125 I bought a four-year old Ford roadster and began my 300 mile trek to Sikeston in early March, 1933.

In all candor I must admit I was not interested in or qualified for work in vegetable crops, but it was a job! I soon established contact with the local County Extension Agents and got along very well.

I lived in a good boarding house and roomed with Howard Turner, a person my age, a graduate of the University of Illinois who was employed as a farm manager by the Doane Agricultural Service, a St. Louis firm. Within two months his company offered me a job to manage some 100 farms in the five county area around Sikeston. The pay was less, \$90 per month, but the job offered far more security and also more in line with my training and interest. At that time I traded for my first new car, costing \$525 plus my old one. The two of us had an office together. Monday through Friday we

traveled muddy roads throughout southeast Missouri and Saturday mornings we prepared our reports for the home office.

Sikeston was a town of some 6,000 friendly people. Howard and I had new cars, and so we were enjoying the good life. But it was not to continue. Jobs were opening up in Extension, and come mid December, after a trip home, I found myself in Ray County, Missouri, as Assistant Agent. Richmond was and is the county seat, located about 40 miles east of Kansas City. The U. S. Department of Agriculture was implementing its agricultural adjustment program; in Missouri it was referred to as the corn-hog program, whereby farmers were paid to reduce their production with the hope of increasing their income. My new salary was \$125 per month and I felt flushed! But again, it was to end in six weeks.

At that time Missouri did not have Extension Agents in many of the Ozark counties, and February 1, 1934, I was transferred to Lebanon, Missouri and given the responsibility of both Camden and Laclede Counties. Thus with only six weeks of training I was moving up in the world! The work was interesting, but I missed the social life of Sikeston, and especially Howard Turner.

Just when I began to feel comfortable with my job, I received a telephone call from the state office in Columbia inviting me to return to Richmond to meet with the local board to be considered for the County Agent position. Again I had mixed feelings. I knew Ray County was a better agricultural county by far, but I had grown to admire these Ozark farmers. Also, the scenery was wonderful, including the Lake of the Ozarks which was in Camden County. My sister Levis visited me that spring after her school year ended. She was the first member of my family to visit me in Missouri.

Nevertheless I went; again never dreaming of what future changes in my life would come about because of this move.

Things were really popping when I reached Richmond. Chinch bugs were doing serious damage to grain fields and the office was crowded with employees completing farmer contracts to be sent to Washington for farm subsidy payments. For the first time I felt like an executive. After the contracts were delivered to the state office I took a few days off and drove to Alabama, making the entire trip from Richmond to Woodland in 17 hours.

Soon after I moved to Richmond I was invited to join the local Rotary Club. I knew little about Rotary, but since my predecessor had been a member I assumed it was the thing to do. Right it was and I have been active in the organization for most of the years since. The club sponsored a picnic at the beginning of the school year for the teachers, and during the evening I met a Virginia Brown, a returning English teacher from Jefferson City. You couldn't say it was love at first sight, but we were married January 26, 1936, 17 months later! Robert McMillan, in writing a sketch about me in the Pullen Memorial Baptist Church a few years ago said: "the greatest thing Roy ever did was marry Virginia", and after 54 years of being married to her I fully agree with his comment.

In the fall of 1934 I was offered a job as an agronomist with the Soil Erosion Service, U. S. Department of Interior, Bethany, Missouri. The job appealed to me because for the first time I would become a professional agronomist, and so come January 1, 1935, I report to my new job on the Iowa-Missouri line only to find you can't begin work for the federal government on a holiday. So I take up my fifth residence in Missouri at an annual salary of \$2,600. Within a few months the entire organization became the Soil Conservation Service of the U. S. Department of Agriculture as it is to

this day. My job consisted of establishing a nursery of all the soil erosion prevention plants we could obtain plus establishing several experimental-demonstrational grasses and legumes. Two recent graduates from Iowa State University were assigned to me. Both of them were splendid workers and first class boys. I now felt that I was truly an agronomist.

Bethany is only 90 miles north of Richmond and I was spending about two weekends a month at the Richmond Hotel! We finally decided that January 26, 1936, would be a good time for a wedding in the Baptist Church in Jefferson City, the home of her parents. No members of my family were there, but lots of my Missouri friends were, so I felt I was well represented. My best man was Dwight Smith, a fellow Gamma Alpha member and also an SCS employee on the Bethany project. After the wedding her parents had a reception at their house. As the crowd began to thin out, someone told me "Floyd Ingersall said Virginia's bag could be picked up in Union, Missouri". Union is 80 miles east toward St. Louis and we had hotel reservations 60 miles south in Rolla. I remember so well Virginia's mother saying "you know they are kidding. It's bound to be here somewhere". I knew better! He was one of the ushers, a roommate at the Gamma Alpha House, and I had been his best man about 6 months earlier. At that time I had played a trick on him so I knew I now had to pay. When we got to their home the porch light was on because they said they were expecting us. Needless to say, we arrived in Rolla late and cold - sub-zero weather.

At the suggestion of Virginia's Aunt Temple Powell, we honeymooned in New Orleans, with a stop over in Auburn, and a visit with my family in Woodland. My parents and sister Ruth had visited me in the Missouri Ozarks in the summer of 1935 but they had never met Virginia. On the way back to Bethany we visited her parents and got almost home when we became snow bound. After all, it is cold in that part of the world in January.

Housing was tight in the little town of Bethany (3,000 more or less) because of the large influx of SCS employees, but I was fortunate in being able to lease a small apartment over a hardware store and so married life began!

Shortly after we returned to Bethany from our honeymoon I received a letter from Professor C. B. Williams, Head of the Agronomy Department at North Carolina State College, as it was called then, stating they had a vacancy, asking if I would be interested, and saying the salary would range between \$2,500 and \$3,000 per year. It seems that J. F. Lutz, a member of the department and a person I had known as a graduate student at Missouri, had recommended me. I'm sure Professor Williams did other checking, but I was never asked for a single reference. (Obviously this was before the days of affirmative action or of the present day faculty involvement process.) Nevertheless I was offered the job and our first visit with Virginia's parents was to inform them we were moving to North Carolina. I will never forget the expression on her dad's face. I'm sure it had never occurred to him that we would ever leave Missouri. But for me it was a dream come true; I had no hesitation in accepting a salary of \$2,750 and leaving one that was to become \$3,200 the next month. Since my days as a student assistant at Auburn working for Sturkie I had aspired to be on the faculty of a Land Grant College and this was my first opportunity. We left Bethany and the SCS with some regrets, of course, because we had many friends there and the job had been most rewarding. We terminated my employment at the end of February, spent the night with Virginia's parents in Jefferson City, and began a thousand mile trek to a new state, a new environment, and a real excitement about a new job - even though we knew little about the institution or the position.

CHAPTER 111. WE MOVE TO NORTH CAROLINA

Checking the road map in Jefferson City, it looked like a two-day trip. Louisville, Kentucky, looked like about the half way mark and we arrived there on schedule. My error was in failing to anticipate the mountains and crooked roads ahead of us. So, instead of making it to Raleigh the second day, we got to Asheville by dinner time. After eating and gasing up I asked the attendant about the road ahead, and what a misleading answer because he said "good". By the time we descended the crooked road to Marion we knew it was time to stop for the night. About two o'clock on March 6, 1936, we reported to Patterson Hall on the State College campus.

During the drive to North Carolina we speculated on the type of living conditions we would find. We had assumed that since Raleigh was a much larger city than Bethany we would have no trouble finding an apartment in a traditional apartment building. When we entered Patterson Hall, we first looked up Fulton Lutz, and after introducing us to Professor Williams and the departmental secretaries, he told us he had an apartment for us. He immediately took us to 303 Hillcrest Road to meet Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Graeber, some fellow church friends of his who had just bought the house. Their plans for us consisted of a sun room, a bedroom, a small kitchen with a refrigerator in the back porch to be shared between the two couples. Since it was so unlike what we had dreamed of, I'm sure the disappointment showed on our faces. We expressed our appreciation, but told them we would look around a little. The next morning we sought out a realtor, and the first thing he told us was he had nothing to rent and that if we had something we had better take it. Needless to say, we did. The Graebers had no children and treated us like we were part of the family. They were extremely helpful in many ways and we had a pleasant year as their tenant. That fall my brother Mark enrolled at

N. C. State and he also rented a room from them and ate some of his meals with us. Incidentally, he stayed only one year, having transferred to Auburn the next year.

My position in the Agronomy Department was a newly created one and consisted of two functions. The peanut and soybean breeding work was transferred from Mr. P. H. Kime, who had become a full time cotton breeder. I was also expected to initiate a forage crops research program. I had little space in the building, no equipment, and a very small budget, but I did have enthusiasm! W. W. Woodhouse also joined the department the same year to conduct research on the use of fertilizers being developed by the Tennessee Valley Authority. We soon developed a team approach, his on nutritional requirements and mine on ecology and management. This was a congenial arrangement and continued until I left the department in January, 1950. After one year I was offered the option of devoting full time to forage crops research or full time to peanut and soybean research. I readily accepted the forage crops work, a decision I have never regretted.

As soon as I became settled in my research work I began to make plans to go back to school for my doctorate. After some correspondence and discussions with forage crop leaders at Cornell University, Rutgers, and the University of Wisconsin I settled on Wisconsin, and so during the summer of 1937 I attended summer school there. I took two courses, one in botany and one in agronomy, but my primary reason for being there was to make plans for doing part of my research for the thesis back at N. C. State. Virginia spent the six weeks in Missouri with her parents while I lived in a dormitory on the Wisconsin campus, my first and only residence in a college dormitory. My main contacts were with Dr. O. S. Aamodt, head of the agronomy department, and H. L. Ahlgren, at that time an instructor but one being groomed for greater responsibilities. By the end of the summer sessions decisions had been

reached as to what research could be done at N. C. State and what must be done on the Wisconsin campus, and that I would work toward a joint major in botany-agronomy. My two major professors were to be Dr. Ahlgren and Dr. B. M. Duggar in plant physiology. I would have a minor in soils with Professor Emil Truog as my minor professor.

Our first pasture research was begun in the spring of 1937 on some rented land on P. P. Youngblood's farm near Wilson's Mills in Johnston County. I had also inherited a forage crops nursery at the Lower Coastal Plain Experiment Station near Willard that had been started by a USDA researcher before being transferred to Beltsville, Maryland. Soon after establishing the series of plots near Wilson's Mills Landino clover (a large white clover from Italy) and tall fescue (a much larger and more vigorous grass than Meadow fescue) became a part of our vocabulary because of work being done elsewhere. Thus began a most exciting time in my professional history. With expanded work at the Willard station, at Raleigh, and in the mountains, we demonstrated that both species could be successfully grown in our state. The success of our pasture program was a real stimulus to the livestock industry and continues to this day. One of the early co-leaders was D. W. Colvard in the department of animal industry and our paths were to cross again in later years.

At the time I joined the department Mr. Williams was nearing retirement and, although he was a wonderful gentleman he was no longer a strong leader. However, excitement was ahead! The college gave me a year's leave of absence in September, 1940, to return to Wisconsin. We arrived there about three weeks before courses began and all that time was spent studying French, one of the requirements for a Ph.D. Virginia was a great help because I had never taken a French course in my life. I had taken some German back at N. C. State. We rented a small apartment with an elderly couple near the campus.

The house was also home for three other couples doing graduate work -- all like us - on very limited incomes. These friendships have continued to this day.

The course work was heavy but extremely interesting, and the new friends we made were to be friends for life. It was a new experience to see people fishing in mid-winter on an ice covered lake by boring holes in the 16-inch ice. It was also the first time we had seen bonfires on an ice covered lake. Our first snow came at Thanksgiving, and after digging our car out a couple of times we gave up and left it buried until spring. By this time World War II was raging in Europe and the news every morning was how many bombings the Germans had given Britian.

We returned to North Carolina in June, 1941, to find our graduate student had handled our research in a commendable manner; but, I was soon busy again. The bombing of Pearl Harbor December 7 meant the United States was at war, and the college, like all of our society, must adjust to it.

About the time I went to Wisconsin in 1940 Dr. L. D. Baver came to N. C. State as head of agronomy. He was a man of tremendous energy, enthusiasm and ability, and proved to have a great impact on the department. By 1942 he had been named Director of the Agricultural Experiment Station, and Ralph W. Cummings, an N. C. State graduate and professor at Cornell University, was made head of the department.

We returned to Wisconsin for the second semester, 1941-42, primarily to finish my thesis, since the course work had already been completed. After some discussions with Hank Ahlgren and some revisions in the manuscript it was finally approved by my committee and submitted to the graduate dean. My final oral examination by my committee consisted mostly of questions on my thesis. (I had passed my preliminary examination the spring before which was a subject matter exam by my committee of H. L. Ahlgren, B. M. Duggar, Larry Graber, Emil

Truog and Emma Fisk.) So, in June of 1942 I walked across the commencement stage to have my hood placed on me by Dr. Ahlgren - my first commencement participation since I did not actually participate in my graduation at Auburn or Missouri. The day was saddened, however, by the reality that many of my classmates would go directly to war.

At the time I graduated from Auburn with a B.S. degree in agriculture I also was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Field Artillery. At that time I had every intention of remaining active in the reserves, but pressure from school work at Missouri prevented my following through. As a result, at the end of five years my commission expired. After Pearl Harbor the war department took the first step toward reactivating my commission, but I heard nothing more from them. Hopefully my research was useful in the food needs of the country while at war.

In 1939, with some reorganization in the department, I was asked to teach the course in Pastures and Forage Crops, a course given each spring. Between that date and 1950 I had several graduate students that attained their masters' degrees. My only doctoral students were Roy Blaser and C. M. Wilson. Blaser came to us from the University of Florida, later went to Cornell and spent most of his professional life at Virginia Tech, where he had a distinguished record in forage crops research. Wilson returned to Auburn but later went with the fertilizer industry.

In 1948 Ralph Cummings left the department to become Associate Director of the Agricultural Experiment Station, and later Director. W. E. (Bill) Caldwell was named head and I was asked to assume the position of associate head, in charge of agronomy teaching. (Prior to that time Dr. G. K. Middleton was advisor to the crops students and J. F. Lutz for those majoring in soils.) With the influx of students following the war we had approximately 100

students majoring in agronomy, and advising that many students greatly reduced my time for research, but it had other rewards that was to have a bearing on another decision that I was to make about five years later.

When I joined the department in 1936 it was small. We were all in Patterson Hall along with several other departments. As the department grew in quantity and quality, we were relocated in Ricks Hall, and as we expanded more some of us, including the forage crops unit, moved to the 1911 Building, a building originally constructed as a dormitory.

Many events in my life have come unexpectedly and one of them came in the summer of 1945. Shortly after the Japanese surrendered I received a call from the Pentagon Building asking if I would be available for three months to teach U. S. soldiers at the Army University Study Center in Florence, Italy. The college gave me permission and I was on my first overseas venture. I had never been in an airplane, to say nothing of being outside the U.S. Furthermore, I was the only passenger from Washington, D.C. to Casablanca, Morocco. Don't misunderstand me. They were not going for that purpose but to fly soldiers home. My teaching load consisted of two classes daily, so it allowed plenty of time for coffee and doughnuts at the canteen and free movies at the local theatre. The school closed just before Thanksgiving, and after spending the holidays in Naples and the Isle of Capri we were loaded on a naval aircraft carrier to be home for Christmas.

Virginia and Larry, who was born November 5, 1943, spent the time in Jefferson City while I was in Italy. It was the longest time we had ever been apart and the only time since Larry had arrived.

During the war years many items were scarce. One of them was baby food, and as I traveled over the state I often would luck into some at some remote country store. By the time Lee was born February 28, 1948, food was no problem, but other items were. Because of gasoline shortages we sold our

automobile and could not buy another car until 1949. During those years Virginia would go to Missouri to visit her parents by train and the crowded conditions of train travel were something to behold.

After living one year with the Grabers our long time friends, Egbert and Louise Peeler , built a new house at 2707 Bedford Avenue and rented us their three-room upstairs apartment. Living there was joy - for six years. After finishing my school work in Wisconsin we rented a five-room house at 2627 Van Dyke Avenue which was our address for another six years, and our home at the time Larry, Tim and Lee were born. At the time Tim (as Virginia referred to him during pregnancy) was due she developed toxemia and he was born dead February 24, 1947. He is buried as Timothy Lovvorn in Montlawn Cemetery. Lee was born one year later, February 28 to be exact. The rent was exorbitant - \$50 per month, but we needed more room for an expanding family. (We paid the Peelers \$35 per month and they provided the heat and electricity.)

During the summer of 1949 I attended the Fourth International Grassland Congress in the Netherlands and the following week the meetings of the British Grassland Society. After the formal meetings four of us from the U. S. visited their grassland research center at Stratford and accidentally had the opportunity of a lifetime. We had lunch with the King's brother! - a party of eight in a private dining room.

We spent the weekend in London, and during a visit to Kew Gardens on a Sunday afternoon Dr. M. A. McCall, Assistant Chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry, U. S. Department of Agriculture, broached the subject of my taking a job as Head of the Division of Weed Investigations at Beltsville, Maryland. Somehow my trip through the world famous plant collection was ruined. My mind was in a flutter! As the leader in forage crops research as well as having the responsibility of agronomic teaching, I felt I had every right to be

content with my position in life. I was happy with my work, and furthermore we had lived in Raleigh 14 years and loved the college and the community and had many friends there. At the same time the opportunity of heading a national program of a rapidly expanding weed science field was intriguing. The government has a reputation for moving slowly, but during the fall months the decision was finalized and Christmas, 1949, found us packing in the anticipation of moving.

CHAPTER IV. NEW OPPORTUNITIES IN MARYLAND

The Agricultural Research Center of the U. S. Department of Agriculture is located about 15 miles northeast of Washington, D.C. and within one mile of the town of Beltsville, Maryland. The Center is located on both sides of Highway U.S. 1. The plant research is on the west side of the highway and is called the Plant Industry Station. When people refer to Beltsville, they more likely are referring to the Center rather than to the town.

I reported to the Plant Industry Station the middle of January, 1950, leaving Virginia and the two small boys to finish packing. Within two weeks I had located an apartment in a new apartment complex just west of the University of Maryland. This was done with the assistance of Johnnie and Emeline Foster. We had known them in Raleigh before Johnnie had taken a position at Maryland.

My position at Beltsville was Head of the Division of Weed Investigations, Bureau of Plant Industry, with a salary of \$8,800, approximately \$1,000 more than I was making at N. C. State. But the difference in salary was not the reason for changing jobs. The opportunity to head a national program in an expanding weed research field seemed a real challenge to me. Although I had done a limited amount of weed research through graduate students, I could not bill myself as an accomplished scientist in this field - but I thought that if the officials there believed I could handle the job, then I would give it a try. The idea of leaving research and becoming a manager or administrator of research did cause me some concern because I had never really aspired to become one. At that moment I was determined to return to the field of research if for any reason I was unhappy in my new role.

I soon learned my world had changed! As a professor I largely developed my own agenda; I could write to whom I pleased, seal the letter and mail it. I could make speeches wherever and whenever I pleased without approval from anyone. Before I could appear on a program now, I had to have the manuscript reviewed and approved; certain letters, especially those involving policy, had to be approved and some had to be even signed by my superiors. There were adjustments that I soon made and eventually they posed no problem.

In my new role I inherited a staff scattered from New Jersey to Arizona and from Georgia to Montana. Most of them were located at land grant colleges, working under a memorandum of agreement with the Agricultural Experiment Station. In this set up I got my first exposure in learning how cantankerous some station directors could be. You must remember that at that time I had only known my director at N. C. State. I must hasten to add, however, that later in my professional career I came to admire and respect them, and as a whole they are a wonderful group of individuals.

To get to know my staff required lots of travel and most of it was done by train, although I also flew when necessary. Not only was it exciting to become acquainted with my staff and to learn firsthand of what they were doing and of the wide range of their problems, but also seeing these United States. I had been in the south, northeast and midwest, but had never been in the west. The contrast in the green landscape below the irrigation ditch and the barren desert above the same ditch was most startling. The Rocky Mountains, the Plains of Montana, and the vast cotton fields of irrigated California were eye openers to a boy that grew up on a small farm and attended college less than a hundred miles away.

The research from the War Department's biological warfare provided much spinoff in the field of plant growth regulators that was useful in developing chemicals useful in weed control. I found myself in constant communication with the chemical industry that was developing these weed control chemicals. Many of these individuals were very capable and I formed friendships with some of them that survive to this day.

The weed researchers organized themselves into four regional conferences that met annually. One of my duties was to attend these four meetings, usually lasting two to four days, and to appear on the program. A pleasant by-product of the northeastern meeting that met annually in New York City was to attend some of the stage shows in early January. Their carryovers from their Christmas programs, especially the Rockettes at the Rockefeller Center, was a beauty to behold.

Back at the office I always found plenty to do. There were always letters to write, reports to prepare and telephone calls to answer. I did find, however, that the other project leaders at the Plant Industry Station were mature, capable and cooperative individuals, and again, friendships were formed that continue throughout my life. During that time I was elected to membership in the Cosmos Club of Washington because of two such friends. This membership was to prove even more enjoyable later in life as you will learn in subsequent pages.

One of the great differences between university life and federal government life is best exemplified in hiring people. I had plans for a young, well trained weed scientist to initiate a research program at Beltsville, to answer many letters from individuals seeking information, and to serve me as an unofficial deputy. To employ such a person I learned he must be on the list of the Civil Service Commission's eligibles. The

process proved to be long and tedious and really taxed my patience. But I was eventually successful in hiring a young man on the staff at N. C. State, Warren C. Shaw. He did an outstanding job and remained in that area of work for his entire career.

Early in the spring of 1951 we bought and moved into a new house at 6910 40th Avenue, Hyattsville, Maryland. This was the first house we had ever owned. The down payment of 25% of the purchase price was made from savings plus "cashing in" our equity in the N. C. State retirement system. We made this decision without hesitation because at that point in time we had no reason to think that we would ever be returning to employment in N. C. How wrong we were! But, hindsight has always been better than foresight for me.

Larry began his first year in school in the fall of 1949 in a private school because he was not old enough to enter public school. By the time we moved to Maryland he could continue in University Park elementary school. Brian was born June 12, 1951, in George Washington University Hospital in downtown Washington. Our race to beat the stork with the busy eight o'clock traffic was an experience we will never forget! After his delivery the pediatrician called me into his office to tell me he was born with a cleft palate. Frankly, I did not know what he was talking about because I had never heard of one. But I was to learn later that the deficiency is quite common. Fortunately, and I mean fortunately, we had an excellent surgeon who completely corrected his palate.

Just before Brian was born we had the sad news that Virginia's father had died in a Kansas City hospital. It was doubly sorrowful for Virginia because of her pregnancy; she was not able to attend the funeral. Shortly afterwards her mother paid us a month's visit which helped to heal the

sorrow in the family. It was also the beginning of a number of her visits with us that continued until her health began to fail years later.

Both Virginia and I were raised as Baptist and it was only natural that we should continue, but when we moved to Maryland we found the Riverdale Presbyterian Church far more interesting. Shortly afterwards we joined, after having been a Baptist for 28 years.

About midsummer of 1953, while visiting the head of the Botany Department at North Dakota State University, his secretary came in and said I had a telephone call. My first thought was that maybe something had happened to the family, but to my great and complete surprise it was Dean W. Colvard on the line. He had just been made Dean of the School of Agriculture and wanted me to join him as Director of Instruction. This came almost as a shock, but my response was "I'll have to think it over". I did think it over long and hard. Such a move would have been a change in direction. Dr. C. H. Bostian was leaving the position to become Chancellor of the College and of course it was a real honor to be even considered for his replacement. Upon my return to Beltsville and talking it over with Virginia, as well as my superior, Virginia and I spent the weekend in Raleigh, visiting with Colvard, Bostian, and the Director of Extension, D. S. Weaver, and Ralph Cummings, the Director of Research. In many respects I was having the hardest professional decision of my life, but we finally decided to return to N. C. State. One of the factors that weighed heavily in the decision was consideration for our boys. We decided that Raleigh would be a better place to rear a family than a suburb of Washington. From the standpoint of living conditions, as well as the professional opportunities, it turned out to have been a wise decision - and one we never regretted. So the last day or so of August we found ourselves loading our

furniture on a moving van and heading "back home". Our house was placed on the market August 1, and fortunately for us it sold just a few days before we departed. In many respects it was a sad trip back to Raleigh because for the first time our boys were old enough to be involved. They too were leaving their home and their friends. One specific is worth recording. Loading was a long hot day as weather can be in the Washington area in August. Furthermore, we were not very pleased with the slowness of the moving crew. Also, I suppose we were more emotional than we had realized - leaving our job, our friends, and the first house we had ever owned. As we were driving down Constitution Avenue (there was no beltway then) late in the afternoon, Lee asked why we had sold our house. After explaining to him (5 years old) that we were moving to Raleigh, he remarked "but we won't have a home to come back to". I must admit it brought tears to our eyes! Years later, when I have occasion to be on Constitution Avenue, that emotional memory would always come back to me.

CHAPTER V. WE RETURN TO NORTH CAROLINA

Ruth Colwell was considerate enough to arrange for us to rent an apartment on Glenwood Avenue, and so when we arrived back in Raleigh in late August, 1953, we had a place to land. The apartment was not centrally air conditioned and September is a hot month in North Carolina. Several families living in the same building had children the same ages as ours and they were all quite comtable - in fact too much so at times because during our dinner hour it was a common occurrence for them to be peeping through the window, wondering when our boys could come out to play.

When I reported to my office on the first floor of Patterson Hall I had gone full circle because it was where I had begun in 1936. But my role was quite different. My nearly four years away from forage crops research had convinced me that I could be professionally happy in administration, and, again, I was ready for a new and challenging venture. My last two years (1948-50) in the agronomy department had given me experience in counseling students and so this part of my duties presented no difficulties. Dr. Bostian was most helpful in acquainting me with the many other aspects of the job.

During my years in the agronomy department I had been a member of the American Society of Agronomy and attended their annual meetings in various cities in the U. S. Now my position as Director of Instruction meant that I would be attending the annual meetings of the National Association of State Universities and Land Grant Colleges. This organization opened windows to a new world for me because it was through this experience that I became acquainted with others throughout the nation involved in the same work.

One of the many pleasant duties of my job was to participate with Dean Colvard in teaching a one-hour course called "Introduction to Agriculture" to the freshmen enrolled in the school of agriculture. As it turned out, I did

most of the teaching because he usually was busy with other duties. This was one hour each week that I thoroughly enjoyed; I still have men (we had no women students in agriculture then) come up to me and remind me of the course.

I was in the office working one night in April of 1954 when my neighbor knocked on my office door to tell me that my brother was in a serious condition in an Atlanta hospital. By the time I got home my brother-in-law called to tell me he had died of a cerebral hemorrhage. I caught a one o'clock plane that night for Atlanta and to be met at the airport by my mother and brother-in-law. With three small boys we decided it best for Virginia to remain home with them - a decision she has always regretted. Here was a young man having gone through World War II in the Air Force with nine bombing operations over Germany and yet had to die so young and suddenly. The loss of my only brother was a low point in my life.

During the fall of 1954 the college was approached by what is now called the U. S. Agency for International Development regarding a mission in agricultural development in Peru. Ralph Cummings was requested to make the preliminary investigation. Come January 1955 he was headed to Peru along with several other scientists from the school of agriculture. Before he departed Dean Colvard asked me if I would be willing to take his place as Director of Research during the two years that he was to be in Peru. My answer was to the effect that I would be willing to serve where he thought best. We both were assuming that it would be a two year assignment, but how wrong we were. Little did I imagine at that moment that I would be Director of Research for the next fourteen years! At the end of his two years in Peru Cummings joined the Rockefeller Foundation in India and I was given the option of returning to the Director of Instruction or remaining as Director of Research; it was an easy decision - I remained in research. What was particularly gratifying

about the situation was that I later learned that all of the department heads voiced their approval of my continuing in my present role.

The term "director" was really a misnomer. In the field of scientific research you do not direct anyone. Actually you are more concerned with coordination of research, in developing policy, and identifying needs and providing a climate that stimulates others. The secret of a research organization is to recruit well trained, capable, and ambitious young people and help them understand the research needs of your constituents.

Being a director of an agricultural experiment station is not an easy life. I was, first of all, a part of State College and had to maintain working relations with my superiors. Secondly, I had to work with and through the department heads in developing an esprit de corps with the staff. In addition, I had to develop and maintain the confidence and respect of the various agricultural commodity groups within the state - not always easy. We also received some 25 percent of our budget from federal funds and that placed additional restrictions and demands on me. Nevertheless it was an exciting and rewarding job. To be the leader of an organization that was generating new information for families that translated into higher standards of living always gave me a great feeling as well as a grateful feeling.

I was indeed fortunate to serve under two great deans of agriculture, Dean W. Colvard during my early years and H. B. James during my later years. Both were different but capable and very supportive. As director I was also responsible for the research in forestry and home economics - the latter at the University of North Carolina-Greensboro campus. Both Dick Preston, Dean of the Forestry School, and Naomi Albanese, Dean of the School of Home Economics, were wonderful people to work with. I cherished my association with each of them. Unfortunately Dean Albanese died last year.

In my new position I still attended the meetings of the Land Grant College Association but with station directors from the 50 states. Again, they increased my horizons. Experiment station directors meet by regions some two or three times each year, and in that way I got to know and appreciate my peers and to form friendships for life. There were also national committees that I was privileged to serve on, providing professional development as well as travel.

Once I was named permanent director I was given the additional duty as campus coordinator for our Peruvian program. (The college later established a campus wide position for international programs.) This meant that I would be going to Peru from time to time in the interest of our staff. Little did I think then that later I would travel in all of the continents of the world.

In 1963 I was asked to join a team of four (three from the U.S. and one from England) for a review of the agricultural research program of India - a project sponsored by the Rockefeller Foundation. We visited many of their research centers throughout the country, wrote a draft of our recommendations and returned home six weeks later. This report was reviewed by leading Indian officials. Early in 1964 we returned to that country to revise our report, based on local comments plus our reflections. The report turned out to be a landmark and had a great impact on the country's capacity to produce its food needs. And my first trip around the world! We stopped in Hong Kong on the way over and London on our return.

In 1965 I participated in a U.S.-Brazilian seminar on increasing the efficiency of research that developed into workshops in that country in 1967 and 1969. Virginia's aunt Temple had often remarked that she wanted to provide the means for her to accompany me; the opportunity came in 1969 when

she went with me to Brazil with stopovers in Peru and Panama - her first foreign travel and a wonderful experience for both of us.

From 1964-69 I served as a member of the Board on Science and Technology for International Development, National Academy of Sciences. One of my duties was to serve as a member of a review team for a study on agricultural research needs in the humid tropics. This involved visits to Columbia, Peru, Bolivia, Brazil and Trinidad. This proved to be the forerunner of the International Research Center in Colombia.

The passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 had a great impact on how publicly supported institutions were operated. It changed drastically recruitment procedures. We could no longer hire as I was hired. Although it did create delays in recruiting, it was necessary legislation and society was better served because of it.

I was working in my office one night in early 1969 when the telephone rang. It was John Sites, the director of the Florida station. He said "a bunch of us are in Atlanta and we want to know if you would accept the Administrator position of the Cooperative State Research Service if it were offered to you?" I was absolutely flabbergasted! I knew there would soon be a vacancy in this office in Washington, but I also knew how critical some of my colleagues had been with the one presently in that office. My comment was "I can't commit myself to your question, but I'll seriously consider it - should it be offered". I was sure it would never be offered. I was to learn later that all of the state experiment station directors and the deans of the forestry schools were contacted and I had received their endorsement. While I was wrestling with the possibility of being offered the job I received a telephone call from the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture asking me to come to Washington for an interview. The responsibilities were frightening but

challenging. To head the organization that administered the federal funds to the state experiment stations, schools of home economics, and forestry schools was something I had never dreamed of. As the director at North Carolina (now N. C. State University) for 14 years I was happy, had no serious problems that I was aware of, and so I had to ask myself why leave a good thing for an unknown. But my answer to myself was "why not"? Things were going pretty well for me. The North Carolina Crop Improvement Association honored me in 1964 in recognition of outstanding service in the promotion of the certified seed program; I was the Progressive Farmer Man of the Year in North Carolina Agriculture in 1959; and received the Gamma Sigma Delta International Award for Distinguished Service to Agriculture in 1968. I had also been made a Fellow in the American Society of Agronomy. The university was considerate enough to grant me a year's leave of absence just in case things didn't work out. This time our family situation was quite different; Brian would be graduating from high school in June. Since I was 59 years old we made no plans to sell our house but would be returning to it and to Raleigh in a few years. I would be reporting June 1, and Virginia would be coming after I found a place to live - but to the Nation's Capital we were going! Had the boys still been in public school I doubt that we would have made the move.

CHAPTER VI. WASHINGTON CALLS

The administrator's office of the Cooperative State Research Service (CSRS) was located on the third floor of the northwest corner of the Department of Agriculture building. From my window I could see the mall, the Washington monument and the tidal basin, home of the Japanese cherries. It was a wonderful view and often at the end of a busy day I would reflect on the day's activities as I looked out of my windows - to the north and to the west.

Because of my rank - GS18 and the highest in the Civil Service ranks - I was provided with a parking space. (There are other higher ranking positions that are political appointments that come and go with changes in the administration.) I soon learned, however, that it was easier to ride the bus than to fight the Washington traffic from our apartment in Alexandria, Virginia. The metro transit system was not completed until after I retired. Today it would be much easier. I would get up at six o'clock in order to have at least an hour in the office before most others reported - mostly to dictate letters. I also found it necessary to remain a little while after closing in the late afternoon in order to read and reflect on the correspondence of the day.

With one or two exceptions, I inherited a competent and dedicated staff which made life much easier and comfortable for me. Most of the subject matter specialists I had known through their systematic reviews of our program back in North Carolina. Nevertheless, there were many adjustments that I had to make. I found that much of the correspondence addressed to the states was prepared by other staff members for my signature. I soon learned to read these letters very carefully before signing and mailing, because if errors were made, the buck stopped with me, not with the ones preparing the correspondence. Most of this correspondence was addressed to station

directors and they had no hesitancy in calling me at the office or at home. In other words, I was just a telephone away from the fifty experiment station directors or the deans of the schools of forestry - most of their calls were pleasant, but not all!

At the time I reported to CSRS, June 1, 1959, C. M. Hardin was the Secretary of Agriculture. I had known him as the president of the University of Nebraska. He was a low profile operator, a real gentleman and a wonderful man to work under. He held staff meetings about every two weeks, mostly to brief us on doings at the White House and on the "Hill" (the Congress). My immediate boss was Ned Bayley, a very tense person who could handle the technical problems better than the diplomatic and political ones. He presided over the science and education agencies (including CSRS) and we met every week. Some of the meetings were interesting, some boring.

About half way through my tenure C. Hardin resigned and Earl Butz, former dean of agriculture at Purdue University, succeeded him. He was more politically oriented than Hardin but always protected us whenever he could. In due time Bob Long replaced Ned Bayley as my boss. His background was with the Bank of America and he knew little about agricultural research, and even less about the state experiment stations and how they related to the national network. Nevertheless, he was a highly intelligent man and a rapid learner. It was a pleasure to work under him.

My external duties included membership on ESCOP (Experiment Station Committee on Organization and Policy), and participation in the Committee of Nine and the Advisory Committee to the McIntire-Stennis forestry programs. All of these met from two to three times a year, sometimes in Washington, but often not, and had to do with policy matters between the federal government and the Land Grant universities.

The experiment station directors met in four regional groups twice each year. I was acquainted with those in the southern region, and soon came to know and appreciate those in the other regions. In these small groups all had the opportunity to "let off steam" and to tell me what was wrong with the federal government. My predecessor was an extremely learned man and capable of instant recall of many scientific facts and figures, but he had never been an experiment station director and had some difficulty translating federal policy to state people. My own position was not easy; I was a federal employee and was expected to be loyal to my employer (which I was), but at the same time I could see and understand the state's point of view as well. I'm sure the fact that they had nominated me for the position made life easier for me. I must say that not one ever tried to put political pressure on me - something for which I have always been thankful.

During the regional directors' summer meetings their wives attended. This provided Virginia an opportunity to get to know many of them. I'm not sure I can remember all of her travels with me, but I do recall that she went to Durham, New Hampshire, New York, Indiana, Bismark, North Dakota, Logan, Utah, Spokane, Washington, Hawaii, New Orleans, Louisiana, Gainesville, Florida and Puerto Rico. Some of these travels were by air but some were by car. Two in particular were very special. We were to attend the western meeting in Logan, Utah, so the Utah Director, Ken Hill, and his wife invited us to spend the weekend with them in the southern part of the state - absolutely beautiful. Following the meeting in Spokane we rented a car and drove through the Cascades to Seattle where we boarded a plane for a week in Alaska. Director Drury and his wife showed us much of their beautiful state while I conducted a review of their research program. We spent one night in Valdez, a town much in the news of late because of the oil spill.

One of the least interesting of my many duties was appearing before the appropriations committees in the House and the Senate in defense of our budget. It placed a tremendous load on my shoulders because I was always conscious of the fact that these fifty state programs were looking to me for a substantial portion of their research budget. It was always a relief each year when these two congressional hearings were over.

During my time with CSRS the Congress increased their support for the so called 1890 Land Grant universities - the predominately black institutions. This greatly increased our internal work but also necessitated some restructuring of our relations with them. Again, new horizons were developed; their increased funds have enabled them to develop programs I had never dreamed as being possible.

The Congress also passed legislation making Guam and the Virgin Islands (Puerto Rico was already included) eligible for federal funds for agricultural research. This too proved to be a most interesting and satisfying experience.

Since Brian graduated from high school in June, 1969, and elected to remain in Raleigh, Virginia and I rented an apartment in Alexandria overlooking the Woodrow Wilson bridge on the Potomac River. This proved to meet our needs very well, including a beautiful view of the river. The kitchen was small, but even so Virginia prepared many dinners for visitors from many states and some foreign countries.

With Virginia's university background she instigated an organization of CSRS wives patterned after the university Woman's Club. The idea was very popular and the group was still meeting at the time we retired. We also made much use of the COSMOS Club in entertaining visitors for lunch as well as dinner parties, some purely social and some for professional purposes.

Although we had no members of our family with us, we were close enough to have them visit us from time to time. The grandchildren enjoyed the apartment

swimming, the zoo and the many other attractions of the fascinating city of Washington.

We first began attending the First Baptist Church in Alexandria but lost interest when they changed ministers. We never moved our Pullen membership, but usually went to the Presbyterian Meeting House in the historic part of the city. The minister was extremely stimulating.

Not long after we moved to Alexandria Virginia's mother's health began to fail and she made several trips to Missouri. She was there September 29, 1970, when she called to tell me her mother had died. She also lost her Aunt Temple during the time we lived there.

June 1, 1975, I flew to Olympia, Washington, to meet with the forestry deans regarding some legislation being considered by the Congress. I did not sleep very well but went for my walk the next morning before our session began. It proved to be difficult because of shortness of breath. Nevertheless I presided at the all-day workshop without any apparent trouble, but on our way to the Weyerhaeuser headquarters for dinner I became extremely nauseated and by the time we arrived I was sick - and I mean sick. I was transferred to Seattle where the doctors determined I had suffered a myocardial infarction (heart attack). Virginia was in Missouri at the time and the hospital called her the next morning. She and Lee arrived about the same time - she from Kansas City and Lee from Raleigh. Fortunately I received excellent medical attention and was able to return home in about one month. Virginia had a small apartment in the hospital building and I was able to move in with her in about two weeks. How fortunate I was to be near Seattle; one week before I was in Cairo, Egypt, attending a workshop! My recovery was gradual but encouraging and by mid August I was back at work. Since I was 65 years old I asked my physician if I should retire and his answer was "no".

The hospital staff outlined a strict diet for me plus a regular walking schedule. In a general way the diet has been pretty well followed, but the walking schedule has been followed - 3 miles per day. I have so much to be thankful for because 15 years later I am still walking.

Late in the fall of 1975 I told my superior, Bob Long, that come June, 1976, I would be 66 years old and that I planned to retire. I thought it was time to spend more time with my wife and family, especially my grandchildren, and furthermore CSRS needed new leadership. I had had seven most interesting and rewarding years, had seen the good and the bad in government, but on the plus side I had friends both in Washington and in every state that I could call on a first name basis. Come June 11 I had 20 years of federal service and so I walked out. In planning my retirement I asked those in charge that there be no gifts. Rather than the "gold watch" I was handed four volumes of letters from my associates. These were and are priceless! The forestry deans, the 1890 officials, and the CSRS staff all gave me plaques that I proudly display on my wall.

As we approached the retirement date, the decision to do so began to weigh on me, and probably on Virginia also. We had enjoyed life in the Washington area. We had many friends, we enjoyed the beauty of the city, including the magnificent monuments of Jefferson, Lincoln and Washington, to say nothing of the tidal basin with its cherry blossoms in the spring. During our working time we never had enough time to enjoy all of the attractive programs at the Kennedy Center. With the three theaters in the Center there was always something great being staged.

We spent the summer doing many things we had never gotten around to, including a trip to Woodstock, Canada, in the hopes of learning more about her maternal grandparents, stopping off at Niagra Falls on our return. Unfortunately we had no luck in searching for her Canadian roots. We also

made a trip to Richmond, Missouri, to visit her Aunt Willa, who at that time was in failing health; she died two years later. So October found us packing and moving back to 809 Runnymede Road, Raleigh, NC. Glad to be home.

CHAPTER VII. RETIREMENT

During my last few months with CSRS I made inquiries into possible participation in international organizations concerned with the world food problem. I did that for several reasons. I was deeply concerned with food shortages in the less developed countries and perhaps my experience in research management might enable me to make at least a small contribution. Secondly, I like to travel and to interact with other cultures; and thirdly it might offer me an opportunity to participate in the international arena on a part time basis, having had extensive experience at the state and national level.

My first opportunity came with an international program located in Washington. Shortly after my retirement I was asked to serve on an interim basis as Director of International Programs, National Association of State Universities and Land Grant Colleges. The previous director had retired and they were in the process of recruiting another. The only problem was that by the time the offer came we were in the process of moving to Raleigh, so I took the job on a three days per week basis, commuting to Washington from Raleigh each week. I did this from November 1976 through March 1977, but by that time the weekly trek to Washington had gotten old.

Also, at that time USAID asked me to spend a few weeks in the Bahamas evaluating their program in which Pennsylvania State University was the contracting university. The project was located on Andros Island, the largest of the Bahamas, and was not as glamorous as Nassau. Even so, I spent the last week writing my report in the U. S. Embassy in Nassau. I always regretted not having Virginia join me for that part of the trip.

In March of 1977 the Director of the Virgin Islands Experiment Station asked CSRS for my services for a couple of weeks to not only review their

international operation but also to assist him in developing a strategy for relating to his clients - since the station was new and relatively unknown. This was a delightful two weeks; Virginia went with me; we had a pleasant hotel on St. Croix and an opportunity to also travel to St. Thomas and St. Johns. The islands are small; the climate pleasant and the people friendly. I almost envied the director's job!

In November, 1983, CSRS asked me to return to the Virgin Islands for a systematic review of their research. I was pleased to see the progress they had made.

About all I knew about Sri Lanka was what I had read in the National Geographic and so I was pleasantly surprised when the Academy for Educational Development, a Washington based consulting firm, asked me to join a five-man team to visit that country in November, 1977. Three of the members were from Cornell University and long time friends of mine. USAID was considering a loan or grant to strengthen their College of Agriculture of the University of Sri Lanka, located near Kandy, about 50 miles up the mountain from Colombo, the capital. My specific assignment had to do with helping them develop a plan for an experiment station. The dean of the college of agriculture was a very unusual man - trained in England, a man with a vision and very appreciative of any external help that he might get. The sad part of the story is that he died of a heart attack shortly after we returned home. Although I had no future role, I am happy to report that USAID, acting on our recommendations, did later finance the project.

We lived in a boarding house run by a lovely woman and her husband. She seemed to take great delight in telling us about her country and showing us some of its many temples. In spite of the country's poverty it is beautiful. The climate at Kandy was delightful, much more pleasant than that in the humid capital on the coast. This trip was my first time to see tea plantations and

to visit the processing plant. About 70 percent of the people are Sinhalese and 22 percent Tamil. When I was there, their relationship was peaceful, but unfortunately such is not the case now. It makes me sad every time I read of strife between the two groups.

My assignment in Liberia, West Africa, in June, 1978, was the leader of a three-man team to help their government make an assessment of its technology needs. One member was an engineer and the other was a rural development specialist. My area was agriculture, forestry and natural resources. Liberia is a most interesting country because of its history - our leaders in 1820 sponsored the return of freed slaves, and until the revolution of 1980 it was governed by those returnees. Their first 10 or 12 presidents were born in the U. S. Even 150 years later these returnees were clearly identifiable by the "natives". As you can imagine, their research facilities were extremely modest. During my stay there I visited the Firestone Rubber Plantation, the largest in the world, established in 1928. Monrovia is the capital, named for President Monroe, and many of the streets are named after U. S. presidents. Their present civil war is most discouraging and I often wonder about the safety of my local associates. The sad thing about the present situation is that the country will be the loser regardless of who wins the war.

My friends in the International Agricultural Development Service (IADS) in New York called in early 1979 regarding a two-team party assessment of the agricultural needs of Western Samoa. From that moment a possible trip to the South Pacific seemed romantic! Al Johnson, former director of extension at Cornell University, was my associate. The survey was financed by the Asian Development Bank. We landed in Apia, the capital, late Saturday night and went directly to a previously arranged first class hotel. The next morning I decided to explore the town, only to find hangars for the government

buildings. What a shock, until you remember that Western Samoa is not much larger than Wake County, NC. Actually, the country consists of two islands with Apia being the only town - no city. Being a tropical island we enjoyed the fruits of the land - papayas, mangoes, bananas and other delightful fruits. The native homes were no more than a thatch roof with no walls. The people were either barefooted or wearing flip flops. Their main cash crops were coconuts and bananas that were mostly exported to New Zealand. Our contacts were mostly with the Ministry of Agriculture and the College of Agriculture. Interestingly enough, the Ag College was a part of the University of the South Pacific with the main campus on the island of Figi, some 700 miles away. Our trip included a visit to that campus. Thus ended one month of a dream of a life time!

My trip to Pakistan was sponsored by the World Bank and began in early October, 1979. The team was truly an international one with members from New Zealand, Australia, Ireland, Sweden, the U.S. and the leader from England. We traveled in all four regions of the country, even going to the Afghanistan border. Some of the living accommodations were acceptable and some were absolutely terrible. Pakistan is a poor country, yet Islamabad, the capital, is relatively new and quite attractive. The best memory of my month in that country was from my contacts with the other team members - a truly remarkable group. (I was fortunate enough to see the New Zealand representative when Virginia and I visited his country in 1984.)

The year 1980 began with a bang. In January I was asked by the Multinational Agribusiness Systems Incorporated, a Washington based consulting firm, to serve as leader of a four-party team to conduct a feasibility study for agricultural research in the outer islands of Indonesia, Kalimantan and Sulawesi. These two are the less populated of the 3,000 islands of the country. I met my team in San Francisco, a fisheries specialist from Auburn

University, a forester from the University of West Virginia, and an anthropologist from the University of Washington. I had never met any of them. The anthropologist was a Japanese American, born in Japan but educated in the U. S. She had done her thesis problem in Indonesia so she had a fair knowledge of their language. We assembled in Jakarta, the capital, a modern city, where we got our instructions from USAID before departing to the hinter lands. Our travels included air, car and boat, in areas where there were no roads. Air travel also included landings where there were no runways. Rice is their main crop, but I also became acquainted with cloves and other spices that were foreign to me. We were fortunate in being associated with a capable USAID agricultural officer and a cooperative Indonesian contact person. While in the capital we lived in style, but on the outer islands we lived primitively. Even so, our seven weeks passed quickly because everything was so new and different. I returned to Washington with a deep tan in late February; in time to attend my parents' 71st wedding anniversary.

Before I retired I listed my name with the International Executive Service Corps (IESC), a New York consulting firm (now in Stamford, CT) that functions entirely with volunteers. Their funds come mostly from U. S. companies having an interest in developing countries. They pay no salaries but do provide all expenses, including those for the spouse. I had met some in different parts of the world and had always told Virginia how they were housed in the best hotels available. So, when they asked me to go to Panama in July, 1980, for six weeks to make a study of the Ministry of Agriculture, looking toward other volunteers for more specific assignments, I could visualize us living in the best hotel in Panama City. When we arrived we learned most of the Ministry employees were in Santiago, some 150 miles to the west on the Pan American Highway where we would be located. Santiago is a

small town with few English speaking people and limited motel accommodations. The Panamanian government assigned to me a local employee who was a graduate of Louisiana State University. She spoke good English and was excellent in terms of making my necessary contacts and interpreting for me, but at five o'clock her day was over and we were on our own. We did go into Panama City about every two weeks to visit with other Americans, to pick up our mail, etc. It was a pleasant assignment; we visited most of the subdivisions of the Ministry, including travel throughout the country. We were continuously told that because of the internal politics there would be no follow up, which turned out to be the case. Being a tropical country we enjoyed the many tropical fruits so we lived well. I attended Rotary in both cities, and once each month the small club in Santiago (32 members) have their wives attend and this was a delightful experience for both Virginia and me.

Come October I was off again, but this time without Virginia. The IADS recruited a six-man team to make an indepth study of the agricultural research program in the Philippines, sponsored by USAID. The team included Jack Rigney, a long time associate at N. C. State, and Al Moseman, my boss while at Beltsville, Maryland, 1950-53, so it was a great group to be associated with. There are 7,000 islands in the Philippines so, of course, we did not visit them all. After an orientation we were divided into two groups to visit the main research centers and the agricultural universities. My group drew the northern part of the country (Luzon) and the extreme southern part (Mindanao). The recent earthquake that killed more than 1600 people was centered in Baguio where we spent two pleasant days. The state of Mindanao also currently makes news because of its anti governmental activities. We felt no danger when we were there, but in retrospect we may have been less secure than we realized. Our last week of the seven weeks' assignment was spent in Los Banous, completing our recommendations and defending them before the authorities. The

Philippines have been so closely associated with the U. S. until you hardly feel you are in a foreign country. On our last day there a typhoon struck and we were one day late in leaving.

Egypt is one of the U. S.'s greatest recipients of foreign assistance and consequently our government has a large AID program there. In March of 1982 I was a member of a group of some 15 to 18 people that spent seven weeks reviewing their entire government and hopefully making recommendations for improvement of its operation. I was paired with Omer Kelley to evaluate their agricultural research management. This involved visiting the Ministry (federal government) institutions as well as the major agricultural universities. Unlike many developing countries in which I had worked, Egypt has large universities and many well trained people. Their professors have been trained in European universities as well as the U. S. In fact, they have a surplus of such people. Even so, it is a very poor country and the research equipment was woefully inadequate. Friday (their Muslim sabbath) was our day off, and on those days we visited many of the ruins, including the pyramids, the famous burial grounds for their ancient kings, Aswan dam, and their many mosque. We were based in Cairo and my hotel room view was looking directly across the Nile river. The river runs north into the Mediterranean Sea and to go north you go "down the river" and to go south you go "up the river". We had excellent living accommodations in Cairo and Alexandria, but we dared not eat from the carts along the street. I returned home in March.

My month in the Dominican Republic in September, 1983, began by myself but Virginia joined me after I learned there would be little traveling and that my hotel in Santo Domingo was very satisfactory. In fact, we had a delightful view from our window looking at the Atlantic Ocean. One of the amusing things

about the hotel was the four man band that played at the swimming pool late each afternoon. Breakfast was served outdoors by the pool - an inspiring setting! My mission was to explore the Land Grant College concept for them. The president of the country had studied at Texas A&M University and heard about the land grant universities in the U. S. I visited three of their small agricultural universities as well as the limited research being done within the Ministry of Agriculture. I also conferred with a number of influential citizens within the country before developing an organizational structure that would hopefully enable them to cooperate better and to utilize their limited resources more effectively. I had the honor of formally presenting my report to their president. I had the feeling though that he was more interested in it than was our own USAID people in his country. Even so, we had a most enjoyable month in the small country - only a short flight from Miami.

I have previously referred to IESC and my visit to Panama. They called early in 1984, asking if I would be available for a land use study in Haiti for a semi-private corporation. The land had previously been used for sisal production, but with the synthetic production of fibers the world demand for sisal fibers had almost disappeared. The land was semi-arid, poor and offered very little opportunities that I could conceive. The possible uses of castor beans, cassava, pigeon pea, cowpeas and sorghum were considered. The best possibility, however, seemed to be a tree like legume called Lecaena. It could be used for charcoal, something in great demand in Haiti. Under the terms of my IESC agreement the Haitians were to provide assistance that never materialized and so after one month the project was terminated by mutual agreement. We had expected to be there two months. We had a first class hotel in the mountains above Port-au-Prince that we enjoyed very much. We also made friends with some American missionaries that we still correspond with. Haiti is considered the poorest country in the western hemisphere and

it certainly looks that way. Its poverty is a complex situation and our limited experience would suggest the people are part of the problem. Nevertheless I feel terribly sorry for the people when I read of their continuous struggles and the lack of stability of their government.

Not all of our traveling since retirement has been on business. While working in my basement one afternoon in the fall of 1982 Allan Montgomery, President of Southland Travel in Birmingham, Alabama, called me to ask if Virginia and I would be interested in hosting a group to Europe in March of the following year. After explaining that he did all of the promotion work we readily accepted. What a wonderful break for us! In March, 1983, we hosted some 40 people to France, Switzerland, Austria, Germany and Belgium. We had a delightful group, mostly from North Carolina, and a happy two weeks for us - especially since all expenses were paid by Southland Travel.

During the same summer we again served as hosts for a group to Hawaii, visiting three of the main islands for eight days. It was not our first trip there, but nevertheless most enjoyable.

But our greatest travel bonus came the next year! We were asked to serve as hosts for a three weeks' tour to New Zealand and Australia. Neither of us had ever been to either of these "down under" countries so we were overjoyed with the opportunity. The trip was made in January - mid-summer for them. One of the highlights of the trip was an overnight stay with a New Zealand sheep farmer and his family and an overnight stay with an Australian family primarily interested in small grain. New Zealand is a beautiful country and populated with friendly people. Australia is an interesting country, also populated with friendly people.

We completed our travels with Southland when we returned to Europe in the spring of 1985. This tour included England, France, Germany, Switzerland and

Holland. This too consisted mostly of wonderful North Carolinians. We shall always be grateful to Southland Travels for these most enjoyable experiences.

Bryce Younts, Director of Alumni Affairs at NCSU, and his wife led a group to Bavaria in September, 1979, and we were fortunate to be among them. Bavaria is a beautiful country, with flowers in all of the windows. Even though we were to see the country again in 1983 and 1985, the first time is the one that is most impressive.

We went on one other NCSU alumni sponsored tour - this time on a Caribbean Cruise with Al Lanier and his wife in April, 1981. This was our first cruise (and our last) but a delightful one for eight days, beginning and ending in Puerto Rico, but including a different island each day with traveling being done mostly at night. The food and entertainment are fond memories we shall never forget.

People often ask me, of the countries I have visited, which I like best. Speaking strictly as a tourist, it would be a toss-up between Switzerland and New Zealand, with the slight edge to New Zealand because of the English spoken. Of the less developed countries I would have to say Western Samoa - small, beautiful island, friendly people, delicious fruits and a culture so completely foreign to me.

In 1984 Dr. Robert Bilbro diagnosed Virginia as having Alzheimer's disease so this necessitated some changes in our plans for the future. For one thing, we had no idea how rapidly her health might deteriorate, so we played it safe by arranging to move into a retirement home. We moved into Springmoor in June, 1985, a decision we have never regretted. It is a life care community with health care facilities; this gives us security that we cherish.

CHAPTER VIII. REFLECTIONS

At the time I made the outline for this book I had intended that this chapter would be one of reflections, but, as I read what I have written, I realize it must also include some items I overlooked. So now it will be one of reflections, omissions and perhaps somewhat of a summary.

In reading Chapter VII you may have gotten the impression that all I did after retiring was travel. Far from it. Immediately I was initiated back into Rotary and have continued to attend regularly and enjoy it. (I was first a Rotarian in Richmond, Missouri, in 1934.) I am now a Paul Harris Fellow in the organization, which means I have contributed \$1,000.00 for scholarships for the student exchange program. Rotary being an international organization has clubs all over the free world and it has been my privilege to visit a number of them. These were: San Jose, Costa Rica; Santiago and Panama City, Panama; Lambayeque, Peru; Rio de Janeiro, Brazil; London, England; Cairo, Egypt; Jakarta, Indonesia; Monrovia, Liberia; Ottawa, Canada; St. Croix, Virgin Islands; Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic; Port Au Prince, Haiti; and Western Samoa.

For several years I have served on the Wake County Library Commission, an experience that has proven to be very stimulating. A few months ago I resigned because of Virginia's health, a decision I hated to make but found it necessary.

Shortly after returning to Raleigh I was elected to the board of directors of the North Carolina Retired Governmental Employees Association, and for several years have served as treasurer of that organization.

Both Virginia and I are members of the National Association of Retired Federal Employees (NARFE) and attend the monthly meetings of the local chapter. After serving as chapter president I was elected vice-president of

the state federation of chapters. For the past three years (1987-1990) I was the Alzheimer's Federation Coordinator, a money raising program for Alzheimer's research.

Of course we returned to Pullen Memorial Baptist Church where we first joined in 1936. I have served several terms as a member of the Board of Deacons, having served as chairman under three ministers. I joined the church when I was 12 years old and religion has always been an important part of my life.

My family was not an especially emotional one but we were close nevertheless. I suppose I was closest to my mother during my younger days but perhaps closer to my dad in later years. Both of them were solid people and wonderful parents. When I consider that they never went to school beyond the seventh grade, I am even more appreciative of their impact on my life. They provided much guidance, but also allowed me to make many decisions, a situation I appreciate more now than I did while they were living.

All of us have our "ups" and "downs" but mine has been far more ups than downs. The death of my only brother at age 36 was certainly a sad chapter in my life. Later, of course, my younger sister died, and only during the past five years my father and then my mother died. I was indeed fortunate to have a father who lived for 95 years and a mother for 96. Not many people I know have been so fortunate. Then, too, Virginia's father died at the early age of 67 and her mother and two aunts between 1970 and 1978. Two years ago her younger brother died, having lived only three years longer than his wife.

Both of my parents enjoyed good health except for their final two years. During those times I made several trips to Alabama to be with them and to assist in their care. My sister Levis bore the brunt of that

responsibility, first with my dad and later with my mother. She did a yeoman's job in caring for each of them and I shall forever be grateful to her for what she did.

On the fortunate side has been the many individuals that have had a positive influence on me and provided much guidance for me. I shall not attempt to name them all, but certainly R. Y. Bailey, my 4-H club agent, and Dr. D. G. Sturkie, my employer and counsel during my four years at Auburn University, were largely responsible for my going to graduate school and becoming a professional agriculturist. My major professor at the University of Missouri, M. F. Miller, a grand person and almost like a father. Then there is L. D. Baver, first at Auburn, then at Missouri and later my boss at N. C. State University. I owe so much to him. My two major professors at the University of Wisconsin, H. L. Ahlgren and B. M. Duggar, one near my age and practical, the other more theoretical and nearing retirement, both had a profound influence on me. I feel fortunate indeed in having studied under them.

I am also fortunate in choosing the profession that I did because it brought me in continuous contact with the pick of our society. My associates at N. C. State, at CSRS, and in the Land Grant Colleges throughout the country provided an environment that has no equal. Certainly I could not have dreamed of a better life.

No man is self made. We have all had help from our associates. In my case secretaries have played a key role in whatever success I have achieved. When I was made station director at N. C. State I inherited Mrs. Katherine McKimmon. She was not the best typist in the world but her other attributes far outweighed her weaknesses. When she retired, Ora Crawford assumed her position and a more dedicated and loyal secretary never existed.

Upon moving to Washington and joining CSRS I was just as lucky. First there was Mrs. Peggy McCann, a lovely lady, a good secretary, and a knowledgeable person in the affairs of government. During my latter years in CSRS Mrs. M. T. (Midge) Jackson was my secretary and she had all of the fine qualities that I have identified with all three of the above. Unfortunately she is the only one still living. Of course, many other secretaries have also been of tremendous help but I cannot name them all.

When I look back over my eighty years, I realize how lucky I was in coming to N. C. State in 1936. It was almost like buying a pig in a poke for both parties. There was no visit, no interview - just an exchange of a couple of letters. But they say the proof of the cake is in the eating, and good eating it has been.

Having been born in 1910 I have witnessed most of the twentieth century. I began life with no electricity, no telephone, no radio or television. Now all are every day necessities. I began life with the horse and buggy on unpaved roads. Airplanes were unheard of and cars were certainly uncommon. Today, paved roads are everywhere and always clogged with cars. Travel by air is common place, whether it be from one city to another or around the world. I can turn on my TV and see the happenings of the day, both at home or in the most distant spots on the globe.

Auburn is approximately 75 miles from where I spent my boyhood, and at that time I had never been to my state capital, 125 miles away, to say nothing of Birmingham or Atlanta, less than 100 miles. My 80 years has taken me to every state in the union plus Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands and Guam. It has also taken me to all the continents except the polar regions.

The greatest single influence on my life of any one individual has been my wife, Virginia. She has stuck with me through thick and thin, through

good times and bad times, through happy times and sad times. She not only gave birth to three wonderful boys but devoted her life to their upbringing. Her score would be A+ in every respect, and so you can realize what a shock it was when our family physician diagnosed her with Alzheimer's disease in 1984. But, like any other crisis in life, you make the necessary adjustments - and that is what we have tried to do. The boys and their families have been very supportive; and Springmoor Retirement Center has met our needs very well. I also have the satisfaction of knowing that should I not wake up tomorrow she would be provided for - and that is a great feeling.

① See file 18 JUL 1980 Mary Jo U. & RPM

~~Marianne~~ Ruth Lowvorn is dau. of Matthe U. b.
1861, gd of William Burner U. of Charles/Thomas
Gay U.

② See file 14 MAR 1983 Virginia Hamrick to RPM

Virginia sends a 1907 picture of the William
Jeptha Lowvorn, Sr family. Dan Ruth Lowvorn
is not present. She and _____ Hatcheson.

③ From ② and the obit of William Jeptha Lowvorn, Sr,
it is obvious that Ruth Lowvorn and
Dewey Hatcheson, when W. J. L. Sr d. in 1946
Ruth was living in Buchanan GA as
Mrs. Dewey Hatcheson..

① See Hq 23 MAR 1990 Garner W. Lovvorn DRP4

I. Garner William Lovvorn

A. Rox Lovvorn

1. Garner W. Lovvorn

B. Lynn Lovvorn

C. Garland Lovvorn

D. Stewart Lovvorn P

E. James Lovvorn.

W ALTON LOUVORN

28 JUN 1980

MR W. ALTON LOUVORN
WOODLAND, AL 36280

Dear Mr. Louvorn

About a year ago I wrote to you asking for any information you might have on Jap Louvorn who married Mattie Upchurch. In an earlier letter to Dr Ray Lee Louvorn you had provided some information and has indicated you might be able to get more. I am writing now to learn if you have any more information. I would be most grateful for anything you could supply provided herewith in a stamped self-addressed envelope.

I trust this finds you in good health.

Sincerely yours

Phil Upchurch

[ROBERT PHILLIP UPCHURCH]



Jan 28, 1999

Woodrow al 36280 (2)

Dear Roy Lee,

Have your letter of Jan 21. regarding information on Jep Lovoom - He was a Baptist preacher at Wedowee and Antioch Church for several years. He lived in Georgia, and is buried about 5 miles from Cedartown, at a country Church. He did marry Mattie Upchurch but I do not know about - Thomas H. Upchurch. But he probably lived in that area of Georgia - Jep. Lovoom was married just north of Bowdon at Burwell - He had a daughter that was Deaf & Dumb so they moved to Cedartown to place her in a youth school. He had a son who was a salesman (flour) who traveled all over Country. His name was Barnes Lovoom. → Δ

Will get more information if possible. Went to see Herman this P.M. doing pretty good - Melvin and Annie are in

OVER →

- Covered Parking
- Restaurant and Lounge
- Air Conditioning

Home at Roanoke. They are happy and content, which is a big item. ♪ your letter got side tracked, am sorry to have been so long in answering. ♪ Lila has rheumatism in hands - ♪ Come to see us.

ALTON

W. ALTON LOUVORN

④ 2073 MIRAVALE QUINTO
TULSON, ARIZONA 85718
MARCH 10, 1979

MR W. A. LOUVORN
WOODLAND, ALABAMA 36280

Dear Mr Louvorn

Dr Roy Lee Louvorn, your nephew, has recently exchanged correspondence with you regarding Jep Louvorn and Mattie Upchurch. This was because I had asked Roy certain questions and he was kind enough to ask you for information. He has sent me a copy of your letter of February 28, 1979 to him in which you provide certain information. For this I am most grateful. Dr Louvorn also suggested that I might wish to write you for more information and so I am doing so.

First ~~let~~ let me explain the relationship between Dr Roy Louvorn and myself. When I was about twelve years old and a poor country boy living near Raleigh, NC (about 1940) I applied for a part-time job with North Carolina State College. Dr Louvorn hired me to work for him. I stayed with him through high school and college, got my M.S. degree under him

and then worked for him as a junior faculty member for nearly two years until he moved to Washington in 1951 and I went to California to take my Ph.D degree. Roy essentially became a second father to me and we have had close relations every since. He has been very supportive of my career and I deeply appreciate what he has done for me. You can be proud of your nephew Roy.

The first Upchurch to come to America was Michael Upchurch who came to Virginia from England in 1650. All Upchurches in America descended from him and there are about 20,000 of us. We have some of the groups well documented but the groups in Georgia and Alabama need to be studied more. I will appreciate any additional information you can supply.

Can you tell me how Jep Townson was related to the rest of the Townsons? In fact I would appreciate it if you could give me a sketch of the Townson family as far as you know it.

Any information you can supply on the descendants of Jep Townson and

Maggie Upchurch will be ⁽⁶⁾welcomed. I understand they had seven children. If you know the address of one of Jeff's descendants who might be willing to correspond about family relationships this would be most helpful.

The matter of studying family history is a fascinating undertaking. One learns so much about history and gets to know some very nice people. I could spend full time doing it. Currently I am with the University of Arizona and serve as head of the Plant Science Department. This keeps me quite busy but I work on the family history at every opportunity.

I do hope to hear from you and will share anything that I come across which might be of interest.

Sincerely yours
 Robert P. Upchurch
 ROBERT P. UPCHURCH

① See obit of William Jephtha Johnson, ~~SI~~ vid 7 FEB 1983
 when William Jephtha Johnson SI d 19 MAR 1946
 his son William Jephtha Johnson, Jr was
 living in Daytona Beach, FL. Jephtha Jr is
 son of Mennie E. U, gr of William Barner
 U of the Charles U / Thomas Gay U SI
 Subclass - William Barner U III

② See ~~for~~ 14 MAR 1983 Virginia Hamrick to RPU & Photo
 File 83-10.

William Jephtha Johnson, Jr is shown in the photo
 in 1907 in Polk Co, GA (NW GA) in the Friendship
 Community meeting between Cone Springs & Cedarbottom, GA
 He appears to be about age 3 hence he ca 1904.
 [Note that Virginia claims he had no name only
 the initials W. J. - RPU]

③ See ~~for~~ 13 APR 1983 Virginia Shirley Hamrick to RPU

My mother's youngest brother, "W. J." was simply W. J. even though
 there may have been reference to him as J. I recall my
 mother saying he had initials only. That used to be fairly common
 in naming sons W. J., known as "Bill" later on in life, or later
 Griffin, GA, and I don't know how to find out any more about
 him. He lived in FL and was wintering in N. GA during the
 late 50's with his bride, his fourth wife, when he became sick
 and died. She was from Griffin and he was hospitalized, died and
 buried in Griffin. W. J. did not have children. I do not
 recall who he had married.

WILLIAM BARNES LOVVORN

XID-4690

① See 28 FEB 1979 let W. Alton Lovvorn to Ray Lee Lovvorn

"He (Jep Lovvorn) had a son who was a salesman (floor) who traveled all over the country. His name was Barnes Lovvorn."

② See Obit of William Jephtha Lovvorn Sr rec'd 7 FEB 1983 when William Jephtha Lovvorn, Sr d 19 MAR 1946, his son Barnes Lovvorn was living in Columbia, SC.

③ See ltr 14 MAR 1983 Virginia Hamrick to RPU.

She sends a 1907 picture of the William Jephtha Lovvorn Sr family which does not include son William Barnes Lovvorn. He apparently was old enough to have left home. Virginia reports that William Barnes Lovvorn "was just younger than my mother" [hence he must have been b ca 1886 - RPU].

WILLIAM DANIEL LOUVORN

① See Obit of William Jephtha Fournier Sr rec'd 7 FEB 1983

Colonel William Daniel and Sarah Delilah Burden Fournier had a son William Jephtha Fournier Sr b. 19 SEP 1860 (Lamar, Randolph Co, AL) who m'd 29 OCT 1881 Mathe E. U, dau of William Barnett of the Charles U / Thomas Gay U Sr Subclass. Jephtha had one bro, the Rev R. M. Fournier of Richland and one sis Mrs C. C. Menz of Bowden.

WILLIAM JEPHTHA LOUVORN: PGI XID - 3154

① See Attachment to 18 SEP 1978 Jt Belle West to RPH
Jep Fournon and Mattie U. They had 7
children. Mattie U was dau of William
U b 1830 & Civil War of Charles / Thomas
Gay U Clan.

② See Jt 28 FEB 1928 W. Alton Fournon to Roy Lee Fournon
for more details on Jep Fournon. ↑

③ See Jt 21 APR 1981 Thomas Ralph U to RPH

"My Aunt Mattie E. (Upshur) Fournon b 8 FEB 1862
& 16 JUN 1949. Her hus William Jep. Fournon ↑
was a Baptist member. He was b 17 SEP 1860
& 19 MAR 1946. They are both bur in
Cedar Creek Baptist Church Cemetery 6 miles
west of Cedarburn, GA."

④ See Jt 14 MAR 1983 Virginia Hamrick to RPH + Photo File
83-10 & 83-11

William Jephtha Fournon is shown in 1907 in both photos
with his family. 83-10 is in front of a house which he
built & 83-11 is a store across the road which he built
& operated. This included a cotton gin & a corn mill.
This was located at Friendship midway between
Cedarburn & Cane Spring in NW GA in Polk Co. The
house was originally one story but Jephtha added
a 2nd. The house burned in 1979. It had been called
Fournon's Mill until he sold it to Sutton (before
Virginia was born).

⑤ See Jt 13 APR 1983 Virginia Shirley Hamrick to RPH - "my mother's youngest
brother 'W.J.' was simply W.J. even though there may have been
references to him as JR. [Hence no SR - RPH]. My gf was in Louisiana
as well as numerous

⑥ See pg 23 MAR 1990 Garner W. Louvorn DDP4

I. _____

A. William Jephtha Louvorn

B. Henry O. Louvorn

1. Mary Louvorn - lived in
Caholton, GA - may provide
family details.

We lived next to Uncle Jop (WJL) in the
early twenties. He had a son Homer Louvorn
who had a son Bruce Louvorn who
was city manager for LaGrange, GA for
many years.

(3)

WILLIAM JEPHTHA LOVVORN

William Jeptha (W. J.) Lovvorn was Moderator of the Polk County Baptist Association a total of 11 years. He served in this capacity in 1903, 1905-06, 1908-10, and 1912-16. His service represents the most years anyone served as moderator of the association.

Mr. Lovvorn was also quite active in other areas of associational work. He was present at the organizational meeting in 1893. In 1908, he was elected as "Evangelist for the Association", which was in effect the second Colporteur of the association. Four times he was called upon to preach at the annual meetings. Furthermore, he gave numerous reports at these sessions. He also served as Pastor of Friendship, New Harmony, Lime Branch, Mountain Home, and Oak Grove Churches in Polk County.

Mr. Lovvorn was ordained to the ministry by the Bowdon Baptist Church in 1892. He attended school in Bowdon and later enrolled in Mercer University. In 1900, he moved to Cave Spring to be near his daughter enrolled in the Georgia School for the Deaf. This move brought him to the Polk County area. He served as a trustee of Hearn Academy.

In addition to the ministry in Polk County, Mr. Lovvorn also pastored churches in Floyd County and Carroll County, and in Alabama.

Mr. Lovvorn was born September 19, 1860 near Lamar, Alabama. At the age of seven, he moved with his parents to Bowdon, Georgia. On October 27, 1861, he was married to Mattie E. Upchurch. To this union eight children were born. On March 19, 1946, Mr. Lovvorn died after quite a distinguished ministry. He is buried at Friendship.

*Rec'd by RPU on 6 NOV 1982 It's from James Paul Johnson, Jr.
He got this from Virginia Hamrick Berry, a god of
Uncle Jeph and Aunt Mattie.*

MARCH OF TIME

BY V. D. WHATLEY *Bowdon Paper*

REC'D 7 FEB 1983 FROM
BETTY JO LOUVORN

"It is appointed unto men once to die".—Heb. 9:27.

Rev. William Jeptha Lovvorn

The son of Colonel William Daniel Lovvorn and Sarah Delilah Burden Lovvorn was born at Lamar, Randolph Co., Ala., Sept., 19, 1860. Married to Miss Mattie Upchurch October 27, 1881, the ceremony performed by Rev. Samuel Little. Joined the Bowdon Baptist church when a young man. Ordained at the Bowdon Baptist church in June 1892; the ordination sermon being preached by the late Rev. F. J. Amis. Died in Carrollton, Ga., Tuesday 11:30 a. m., March 19, 1946. Age 85 years 6 months.

Funeral services at the First Baptist church of Carrollton, Ga., Thursday 2:00 p. m., March 21, conducted by his pastor, the Rev. H. B. Benson, assisted by the Rev. E. J. Kilpatrick, pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle of Carrollton. Pallbearers at the funeral and graveside were: Messrs. Linto Brock, James Berry, Jep Hamrick, Lynn Hutcheson, Robert Hutcheson, Bruce Lovvorn, Handley Lovvorn and Roy Stockard. Burial was in the family lot at Friendship Church cemetery, 4 miles northwest of Cedartown, Polk county.

The funeral services were brief and simple just as the deceased would have wished. The songs, "My Hope in Christ" and "It is Well with my Soul", were softly and touchingly rendered by Mrs. Harold Burns, Mrs. Selby Cramer, Mrs. W. E. Reese and Miss Mary Lou New. Mrs. W. Fred Gunn was pianist. The scripture lesson embraced the 23rd Psalm and passages from John 14 and Paul's letter to Timothy. The ministers paid beautiful tributes to the long and useful life of their beloved comrade. The graveside services were conducted by Dr. Walter L. Moore, pastor of the First Baptist church of Cedartown, and Hon. John W. Sutton a close friend of the family.

Survivors include his widow; four sons, Barnes of Columbia, S. C., Homer of Cedartown, W. J., Jr., of Daytona Beach, Fla., and Hoyt of Atlanta; three daughters, Mrs. W. R. Hamrick of Cedartown, Mrs. Dewey Hutcheson of Buchanan and Mrs. J. E. Stockard of Atlanta; one brother, the Rev. R. M. Lovvorn of Richland, one sister, Mrs. C. C. Morris of Bowdon; a number of grandchildren and great grandchildren and numerous other relatives and thousands of friends who deeply mourn his passing; one infant son and a daughter preceded him in death.

A Prince in Israel

Bro. Lovvorn was Moderator of the Carrollton Association in 1921 and 1922. Preached the Introductory Sermon at Whitesburg in 1897 and at Providence in 1927 and at the Carrollton First in 1931; also the Missionary Sermon at Shady Grove in 1900 and at Bethel in 1921. In addition to his Mother Church, the Bowdon Baptist, where he joined, and was ordained, and served as pastor in 1900 and 1901, he was pastor of various other churches. Married many couples and preached many funerals. Attended Sunday School and prayer meetings and visited hundreds of sick rooms. Preached under bush arbors, and helped organize churches; attended the Ministers School at Mercer.

Our Friend

We met him in 1890. He was with us in the old College. Patronized our school. Our pastor. Our friend and brother for more than half a century. We attended his funeral; saw beautiful flowers on his casket; heard the songs and prayers and tributes by his preacher-comrades who know as no one else the sad and glad side of the minister's life. We stood by his grave on the hillside, nature's quiet sanctuary at Friendship, near his old home and saw his body, worn out by long service, placed beside that of his daughter, Mary, where it will rest undisturbed by the arts of man or the storms of nature, until the bugle blast from the skies pro-

claims that time will end and eternity begin.

Jep, as we always called him, was born on the farm. He loved nature. He saw sermons in the hills and trees and rocks and streams. He loved rural people. Like the Saviour, many of his prayers were in the groves. I've never known a preacher whose heart was closer to the rural church. There as a ministerial architect his carving may have been equaled but never surpassed. He applied spiritual values to the solution of life's problems, and while he made mistakes—all men do, yet he lived in the cadences of divine love. To me, his name will always stand high and shine bright in the doctrine of grace and faith. Jep wa a Chritian and that means eternity with God.

Man is as ancient as Eden and as modern as tomorrow. The truly great never loses the greatness of humility. For man to so live as to lead others to Christ, and to help them constantly grow better, is probably the most worthwhile service on earth. Jep was a life-long searcher after truth, and truth is the silver thread that girdles the universe.

Life is momentary. Before crossing the bar he wrote a poem of love in the Book of Life. He faced death with a faith that never wavered and a serenity that was marvelous. In life he stood for God and in death God stood for him. On March 19, 1946 he laid down in dreamless sleep in the sure confidence of a full and perfect life in that City Beyond the stars. As the years silently file over the isthmus of time may all look unto Him who said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me".—John 12:32.

WILLIAM JEPHTHA LOVDORN

XID-3154

Filed by RPA in Sta 13 APR 83
From Virginia Sunday School
This is in handwriting of
Minnie Lee
Lanahan,

William Jephtha Lovdon was born

Sept. 19, 1860 near Lamar Ala. Randolph Co.

At the age of seven he moved to Bowdon with his parents, Col. & Mrs W.D. Lovdon where he received part of his education. On Oct 27th 1881 He was married to Mattie E Upchurch at the home of the bride with the Rev S.B. Little performing the ceremony. His sister and brother-in-law Mr & Mrs C. C. Morris were present at the wedding. He continued to live in Bowdon until 1888 moving to his farm near Mays Ga. he lived there four years, moved back to Bowdon to give his children the benefits of ^{into} schooling. In later years he returned to his farm and in Dec of 1900 he moved to Cave Springs to be near his daughter while she attended the school for the deaf. In 1892 he was ordained to the ministry at Bowdon Baptist church, The late Rev. Frank J. Amis preached the

ordination sermon, His first pastorate
was Lost Creek church in Ala and the
Antioch church near Carrollton. He served
many churches in Ala, Madama, Newell Lamar
and others, that I can not remember.

He was pastor there, also Rockville, Whites-
burg, Bremen, Temple, Buchanan. He served
churches in Polk and Floyd Cos was on
the board of Trustees of Kern Academy
in Cave Spring. After he entered the
ministry he went to school in
Bowdon later he attended Mercer University

He organized the Baptist church at
Stausas, preached under bush arbors
and in the school house until a
church could be built.

In 1918 he moved to Carrollton living there
until he passed away Mar. 19, 1946. His
wife followed him June -16- 1949,

There were eight children born to them
W. B. Lovorn who lives in Columbia S.C.
W. J. in Daytona Beach Florida
Hoyt in College Park

W

J

LOVVORN

(7)

My Records 11 NOV 1998

LOVORN, W. J. ↑

Marriage

Wife: **Martha E. UPCHURCH**

Marriage Date: 27 Oct 1881

Recorded in: Carroll, Georgia

Source: FHL Number 341903

Dates: 1877-1887

LARRY

LOUVORN ①

UPCHURCH

351 SHETLAND VALLEY COURT

CHESTERFIELD, MO 63005-4840

(636) 530-6022

7 JUN 2002

LARRY LOUVORN
200 BRIDLE POINTE DRIVE
NEW BERN, NC 28562

Dear Larry,

Thank you for sending me the 24 MAY 2002 update on your parents. This caused me to recall once again the great debt I owe to your father, As Reg Lee Louvorn. Even today I tell people he was like a second father to me. Although I have told him many times how much I appreciated and benefited from his mentorship it is hard to believe that the message has gotten through. It, therefore, occurred to me to tell you the story. I am sure he helped many people along the way but surely there is no one that had their lives impacted as in my case. His family has many reasons to be proud of him.

In the spring of 1942 when I was barely 14 the loudspeaker system at Hugh Mason High School in Raleigh, where I was going to school, informed all home rooms that the Ag Experiment Station at N. C. State needed workers. A group of us responded. Some were assigned to Dr Paul Harvey but several, including myself, were assigned to Dr Lounsbury & the forage crops program. I was a frail and awkward but willing worker and was soon offered encouragement by Roy and his colleagues, Dr Woodhouse & Doug Chamberlain.

My work continued part-time for two years - winter & summer - until in JUN of 1944 upon completion of 3 years of High School I took a full time job as a "technician" with the forage crops program. This lasted until the fall when, after taking a college entrance exam, I entered N. C. State as a freshman on 31 DEC 1944. The job with forage crops continued and allowed me to pay expenses. I stayed on for a Masters under Dr Lounsbury and got both my BS & MS in JUN of 1949.

At that point I took a Research Instructor position to serve as "Operations Manager" for the three paragon crop professors - Lowman, Woodhouse & Chamberlee. This lasted until DEC 1950 when I left to take my PhD at the Univ of CA - Davis under paragon crop Professor Maurice Peterson. Roy had about that time taken over the weed program at Beltsville & offered me a job as Weedy Control in TX while I was at Davis and then another job on Halogen Research in Utah when I finished my PhD. Instead I took a weed position as Assistant Professor at NC State in 1953 - was there until 1965 (mostly two years out in the Air Force) - then 10 years with Monsanto in St Louis - then 19 1/2 years at the Univ of AZ until 1994 and since then retirement in MO in which I busy myself with Yulinski family history and with our farms (we have just brought #14).

Now to backtrack. When Dr Lowman took me under his wing as a green, unpolished country boy at age 14 he had

4-

(4)

a lot of work to do. He did many things to make me into a civilized person. He & Mrs Taverner served as polished examples of life in the city. Venturing in their home and being invited for dinner from time to time was a real treat.

And yet Roy could be firm - and from time-to-time one learned that he had to work to control his temper. I can even now remember specific events where I did something wrong, counterproductive or just plain stupid. He would guide me back to the straight & narrow path sometimes with a stern warning and sometimes with a gentle hint - just as a real father would do.

In addition to helping me grow up from a roughshod country kid to a functioning adult Mr Taverner gave me moral support throughout my career. At every step of the way over decades he showed his confidence in me and made me believe in myself. While he no doubt helped guide many others I cannot believe

his mentorship had a greater impact than in my case.

I have endeavored to express my debt of gratitude to your Daddy from time-to-time. I recall one specific event probably 20 years ago when our paths crossed in Washington. He & Mrs Lounsbury and I had a lovely dinner at the Cosmos Club and I expressed appreciation for his mentorship at that time - but how inadequate our feels.

Sony, I just want you and all the Lounsbury family members to have this testimonial as to how great an impact your parents have had on others. The world needs more people like Roy & Virginia Lounsbury.

In Gratitude.

Sincerely yours

(Signature)

Phil Upchurch

{ROBERT PHILIP UPCHURCH}

① See #19 FEB 1990 Elsie N.M.N. Capeland DRPH

I. Ros Lovvorn

A. G.W. Lovvorn - possible correspondent

B. Jean Lovvorn

II. Lynn Lovvorn D

III. James Lovvorn

When these Lovvorn brothers worked in Lovvorn's mill in Bowden, GA. I was a school mate of Jean Lovvorn. The wife of James Lovvorn taught me typing in high school.

② See #23 MAR 1990 Garner W. Lovvorn to RPH

I. Garner William Lovvorn

A. Ros Lovvorn

1. Garner W. Lovvorn

B. Lynn Lovvorn D

C. Garland Lovvorn

D. James Lovvorn

E. Stewart Lovvorn

① See file 23 MAR 1990 Garner W. Lovvorn to RPU

I. —

A. William Jephtha Lovvorn and Mattie E. U
 dau of William Garner U of the
 Charles U / Thomas Gay U, Sr Subclass

B. Henry O. Lovvorn

1. Mary Lovvorn - presently lives
 at: 701 Maple Street
 Carrollton, GA

she should be able to give
 family information

② Notes of RPU call on 1 APR 1990 to Mary Lovvorn
 at 404-832-8988.

— she was pleasant and gave info about the
 — family of her Uncle Jeph Lovvorn

△ Jeph Lovvorn had two sons

□ William Garner Lovvorn had a son
 named Robert Lovvorn

△ Minnie Lee Lovvorn had a son killed
 — in an auto accident

△ + △ Virginia Hamrick and James Berry

— Mary says the best source of Lovvorn
 △ information is: James L. Lovvorn

— 6430 PAW PAW Trail
 — COLTEWAN, TN 37363
 — 615-238-9499

— He is collecting Lovvorn information for a
 — book.

① See file 18 JUL 1980 Mary Jo U to RPH
~~Mary~~ Louvorn was dau of Mattie U b 1861,
 gr of Melbain Barner U of Charles/Thomas
 Gay U.

② See file 14 MAR 1983 Virginia Hamrick to RPH + Photo
 File 83-10.

Mary Louvorn is shown in 1907 in the photo 83-10
 as a little girl about age 6. This home is at
 Friendship on Route 100 midway between
 Cedar town & Cane Spring GA in NW GA in
 Polk Co. with Mary in her M & F & her gm.

③ See file 13 APR 1983 Virginia Shirley Hamrick to RPH

Mary Louvorn, the youngest of the family, died in FL
 during the 1920's from appendicitis. She was unmd.
 She was supposedly a very beautiful young woman. She
 had dark skin and dark hair.

① See file 18 JUL 1980 Mary Jo U to RPU
Minnie Louvorn is dau of Mattie U b 1861, gd of
William Burner U of Charles/Thomas Gay U class

② See file 14 MAR 1983 Virginia Hamrick to RPU + Photo
File 83-10

Minnie Lou (Louvorn) Hamrick about age 22 is
shown in 1897 in yard of the home
of her father in the Friendship Community mid-way
between Cave Springs and Cedartown GA (NWGA
- Polk Co). Hence Minnie b ca 1885.

③ From ② & the obit of William Lepta Louvorn Jr
it is obvious that Minnie Lou Louvorn and
W.R. Hamrick when W.F.L. died in 1946.
Minnie was living in Cedartown, GA as Mrs
W.R. Hamrick.

④ See file 13 APR 1983 Virginia Shirley Hamrick to RPU
Minnie Lou Louvorn b 25 SEP 1882 d 17 NOV 1973 and 25 OCT 1903
(Friendship Church, Polk Co, GA) William Oscar Hamrick b 2 SEP 1875
d 5 NOV 1955.

⑤ see notes of RPU call 1 APR 1990 to Mary Louvorn
Minnie Lou Louvorn had a son killed in
an auto accident

① See Notes of RPL Call 1 APR 1990 to Mary Fournon

I. Charles U (Head of Clan)

A. Thomas Gay U, Sr

1. William Barner U

a. Mattie E. U

i. William Barner Fournon

(F) Robert Fournon ↑

① See Itz 19 FEB 1990 Elvire NMN Copeland DRB

Γ Note - This entry arises as a result of prior comments about her association with the Louvorn Family who lived around Bowdon in Canell Co, GA - RPA

I. ROS LOVVORN ↑

A. G.W. Louvorn - possible correspondent.

B. Jean Louvorn

II. LYNN LOVVORN

III. JAMES LOVVORN

The three brothers named above all worked in the Louvorn Mill at Bowdon, GA. I do not know their father's name.

I have a lot of memories of Louvorn Mill. Jean Louvorn would have to spend the night with me when the creek rose and prevented her from going home from school. James Louvorn's wife taught me typing in high school.

② See Itz 23 MAR 1990 Garner W. Louvorn DRB

I. Garner William Louvorn

A. Ros Louvorn ↑

1. Garner W. Louvorn

B. Lynn Louvorn

C. Garland Louvorn

D. Stewart Louvorn.