SOME MEMORIES AND FAMILY STORIES

Birth and Baptism

On a stormy Saturday afternoon, March 27, 1926, at one-twenty o'clock I was born. My mother, Ruth Simpson Clift, had a difficult time that I think is not surprising since I weighed eleven pounds and was twenty-one inches long. They named me Wallace Bruce after my father. The delivery was made in the front bedroom of our home in Robert Lee, Texas, with the local doctor and his wife in attendance, C. E. Eaton and his wife Pauline. They said I was blue at birth and the doctor and his wife worked with me for three hours getting me to breathe. Mother liked to say "Wallace was born dead." It was probably a good thing that I was born at home with a doctor known to all in the town and who would keep working on the child of his neighbor.

Mother told me that they were all so busy with me that they had sort of ignored her. When Aunt Bert came in her room she asked her whether it was a boy or girl. She said Aunt Bert sort of "huffed' and dashed out saying "I haven't had time to look!"

Aunt Ninkie and Aunt Bert were there with my father—all pretty nervous about my mother and me, but obviously I came through all right and so did mother, though she had to stay in bed a number of days. I don't know where my sister Dorothy Simpson Clift Davis was that afternoon. They say I smiled at two weeks and laughed out at one month—I believe I must have been very welcome! I was the first grandson of my maternal grandmother, Cora Bellenger Simpson.

My parents were married August 15, 1915, my grandfather presiding. The story is that my father made several trips buying nails at grandfather's hardware store before he got around to asking for mother's hand in marriage. Marvin and Lena wondered what Bruce would do with all those nails! Grandfather Simpson was apparently a fairly daunting figure. The Clift Store (McCallum Reed) and the Simpson store were both on "main street" with one block between them. Aunt Irene had married Mr. McCallum, a man older than her father. The grand house that Mr. McCallum had built in Robert Lee probably was built soon after the turn of the century, if not before. It later became the home for Bruce and Ruth and the house where I was born.

My father tried to volunteer for World War I in 1916 or 1917 and he was told to go home and take care of his family. My sister had been born July 31, 1916. Uncle Marvin was in the Army and was very ill in San Antonio during the flu epidemic that raged during that war.

My parents had decided to name me Wallace Bruce after my father. However, my Grandfather, William King Simpson, a retired Methodist pastor, wanted me named William after him. He said I could still have the same initials, W. B., for William Bruce. My parents bravely resisted despite the fact he was a bit of patriarch both in the family and in the town where he was known as "Brother Simpson." On Easter Day, April 4, eight days after my birth, my parents presented me for baptism at the Methodist Episcopal Church, South (across the street at the other end of the block from our house). Grandfather duly asked, according to the ritual, "What will the child be named?" And my parents answered "Wallace Bruce." My grandfather dipped his hand in the water of the baptismal font and placed it on my head and said: "I baptize you William Bruce in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost." There was nothing my parents

could do but they still registered my birth as Wallace Bruce. Years later when I was in seminary in California, Bishop Hines answered my first Ember Day letter with a letter to me addressed to "Dear Bill." Later, I told him about my baptism as he had never heard the story and mentioned his response to my first Ember Day letter. I suggested that perhaps he had a "pipeline to heaven." He did not think it was an interesting or amusing incident and simply said, "my secretary should have known better."

When I graduated from C. D. S. P. in May 1960 Bishop Hines assigned me to two mission churches in Houston, with congregations one black and one white. We did not have a house for my first Sunday to serve so Bishop Hines invited me to stay with them. Jean and the children were in Austin. Helen Hines was a very gracious southern lady. After dinner she asked if she could draw my bath! I said no I could handle that. The guest room was furnished with *antiques.* The next morning I got up and was reading either the Bible or the Prayer Book and I sat in a rocker to read. It broke! I was so embarrassed. When I went downstairs and said what had happened. Helen said, "Oh don't worry it was very old." Ugh!

Years later I made an Advent retreat at the Benedictine Monastery in Pecos, New Mexico. I never mentioned that baptism story, but for many years they sent me their mailings addressed to "Dr. William Clift." With them I didn't try my "pipeline to heaven" query but not long after my first book was published they corrected their mailing label.

Early travels

I apparently got a taste for travel very early. My baby book says that I made my first trip when I was six weeks old on May 13—to San Angelo, 30 miles away, but it was a dirt road and probably took awhile. Before the automobile my family said it took two days by horse and buggy to go to San Angelo and people camped at the "Pecan Mott", a shady tree area about half way. It seems I won a blue ribbon (and a $40 baby buggy!) for being "the fattest and finest" baby at some festival in San Angelo—probably a livestock show! On May 30 (according to my "Baby Book"), I made my second trip, to Fort Chadbourne to visit Aunt Toddie who lived on the old Clift homestead, about 20 miles away. Then on July 15 of my first year, my parents, my sister Dorothy and my Simpson grandparents went to Millsap to visit Bellenger relatives and then on to Dallas, Texas. Later that same year they took me to Del Rio on the border and then to the Davis Mountains in the western part of the state.

It was said (by her two daughters) that my grandmother was already packed whenever anyone said "go." When I was about 10 she took me to a Methodist camp meeting near Alpine in the Texas Rockies. Then a few years later I went with her to visit her stepdaughter, Aunt Daisy. After we were driven to Bronte we went in a little two-car train called the "Doodlebug" that ran from Bronte to Altus, Oklahoma. Aunt Daisy was a widow and was living on one of the two farms her husband, Mr. Hunt, had left her in Oklahoma. She had two daughters, Mary Helen and Virginia. Virginia was 18 months older than I was and Mary Helen about 4 years older. Aunt Daisy lived on a farm, but it was not really her forte. The summer we visited she was very pleased to have done some canning. The whole "project" consisted of one quart jar of beet pickles! She had just completed the project shortly before we arrived. She took my grandmother to visit some neighbors, leaving the three of us at the house and while they were away Mary Helen ate

the whole jar of beet pickles. She thought it was very funny and laughed uproariously Not knowing Aunt Daisy and not being so brave I thought she was very courageous and quite a cousin.

Mary Helen graduated from nursing school in Kansas and later married a man named Allen Farris. They lived in Tulsa and I believe she had at least one son. During World War II Virginia worked in a defense factory in southern California where she and Aunt Daisy were living then. She carried messages around the plant on roller skates. I remember thinking how strange and what a job! When they came to visit my grandmother one summer Virginia taught me some great jitterbug dance steps that she had learned. Grandmother approved as we danced in her living room, but she was amazed at what we could do—I was too! Later, Virginia married a man whose last name was Blunschi and they had two sons. He was a Roman Catholic and my Simpson relatives were "surprised" to say the least. Dorothy, Mother and Dad visited Virginia in Georgia when Aunt Daisy was living there with Virginia. Those two cousins kept in touch somewhat in later years with Aunt Ninkie and she set aside a fund for each of them in her will. I imagine it must have been quite a surprise for it must have been many years since they had seen the half sister of their mother.

On another trip, sometime during the mid-thirties I went with mother (and perhaps Ninkie) when they took my grandmother to visit her stepson, my Uncle Mark and his wife, Aunt Lucille. They lived in Norman, Oklahoma. Uncle Mark had a grocery store near the University campus. I remember hearing for the first time an opera aria which their daughter Margaret sang for us in their living room. I thought it a bit odd at the time as you could not catch the words and I was not sure they were in English. Their other son, William Simpson, was a "pulp writer," Aunt Lucille told us. I was not sure what that was but it made an impression. I could not tell whether Aunt Lucille was pleased with his work or putting it down. Later, in their retirement years they moved to Eureka Springs, Arkansas, and the Russells visited them there. It was on that occasion that Nink and Cortsy purchased their anniversary clock and begin the annual clock windings.

While in Oklahoma on that trip we also visited my great aunt Florence who lived in Oklahoma City. She was a widow and the sister of my grandfather Simpson. She had a two story house which was rather new to me. I remember we parked in her driveway beside the house under a kind of roof with a big vine on the side. Grandfather Simpson also had a brother who owned a store in a town about 30 miles west of Oklahoma City but we did not visit him.

Grandmother did not need to travel to visit her other stepson, my Uncle Will for he and Aunt Bert lived in Robert Lee. They built a home in the early 1930s about 3 blocks from our house. I think it was the first house in Robert Lee with "hardwood floors." Aunt Bert was from a ranch family in the county.

Mother's other siblings

My grandmother had four children of her own: Lena Emma (1891)—named after my grandmother's younger sister, Emma; Ruth Jewell (1894)—named after the Biblical character and because her father thought she was a "little jewel'; Marvin Bailey (1897?)—named after two Methodist clergy; and Cora Mae(1901?)—named after her

mother but who died when she was about two years old. My grandmother grieved for her even after I was born and could hear her talk about it.

Lena ("Nink") married Roger Cortez Russell sometime in the early twenties I think. They had a son who was stillborn. He would have been nearly two years older than I. My uncle's nickname was "Cortsy." He had, in his young years, been with the Texas Rangers and had been on a raid chasing a bandit (Pancho Villa?) into Mexico. As a boy I used to wonder what that must have been like. Cortez's father had been a sheriff in another county before they moved to Robert Lee. Nink's mother-in-law (whom she never cared for) was called "Sister Russell" and lived just a block beyond Nink's first house. Two of Cortez's brothers lived on ranches near Robert Lee and he had two sisters who lived in Robert Lee. Carroll and Melrose Russell had two boys, Byron and Morgan. Bailey's wife, Mary Russell was my first grade teacher. His sister Azalea lived in the old Russell house near the school, but she moved away in the early 30's. His sister LaRue lived in Fort Worth and her son Don Smith used to spend time in the summer in Robert Lee. .Later, he was a dentist in Fort Worth. Cortez's sister Mettie never married but took care of her mother until she died.

When I came back from my trip around the world in 1948 I had a lot of slides to show the family. Nink bought a camera soon after that and took many pictures on their trips around the country during the 1950's. Nink and Cortsy drove me to Harvard in 1949. We stopped along the way to sight see. They went on north from Cambridge into Quebec before returning home. It was on that trip after they left me in Cambridge that Cortez had his first heart attack, but they managed to drive back to Robert Lee.

I was very surprised and very pleased when Uncle Cortez gave me my first automobile during my second year at Harvard Law School. He had ordered it delivered to a Ford dealer just north of Cambridge for me to pick up. Cortsy said that for years Nink had been making clothes for Dorothy and he wanted to do something for me. I think they also enjoyed that trip taking me to Harvard. That seemed to get them started on their many automobile trips around the country.

Uncle Marvin was a bachelor uncle in my earliest days. I remember a racing car that he gave me one Christmas. It had a spiral metal stick that you pulled out at the back and then released, causing it to race across the floor! I was delighted.

The Clifts

The Clift family moved to Texas in about 1900 and settled on a ranch of 640 acres near Fort Chadbourne. They had friends from the Chattanooga area who had moved to Texas and who wrote back about it—the McDonalds. My grandfather had been looking for a place to settle and had taken the train to Seattle to explore. When he decided to go to Texas my great grandfather, Captain Clift gave my grandmother Martha the money to buy the land. Apparently her husband ("uncle Willie to his nephews) had spent quite a bit looking over the possibility of settling near Seattle. They arrived by train to Ballinger and then by wagon to Fort Chadbourne. It was a new experience—no servants and the wooden washtubs fell apart in the dry climate. My grandparents, William Clift and Martha Wallace Clift, had 8 children, three girls and five boys. In order of age they were: Jimmy, Oscar, Inez, Irene (Aunt Toddie), Winnie, Bill, Bruce and Roy. Uncle Jimmy was in medical school in Tennessee when they moved, but he never finished and came to

Texas later. The two older girls married men who were older than their father. They were dead by the time I came along and I only knew their second husbands.

Uncle Jimmy married Bertie Clark—the Clarks lived in Fort Chadbourne also. They lived in Robert Lee. Uncle Jimmy ran for a county office and was defeated. It seems to have broken his spirit. They lived 2 blocks west of us and across the street from the Simpson lumber yard. My playmate was Carlene Clark who lived across the street from us and was a year older. She was a niece of Aunt Bertie. Her father, Freeman Clark worked in the Ford Agency. He had been in France in World War I.

Uncle Oscar was a cotton buyer in Corpus Christi. They had a house a few blocks from Aunt Winnie's two story house which was on Ocean Drive overlooking the bay. Martha (named after our grandmother) was about Dorothy's age. Quentin (earlier called "Oscar Junior") lived in Houston for awhile and donated an air conditioner to my church in Houston while I was the pastor at Grace Church. I think he moved near San Antonio later. Jimmy, the third of Uncle Oscar's children lived (the last I heard) in Houston. He owned a plant that sold metal buildings. Allen Davis told me probably sometime in the 1980s that Jimmy had sold his business for a couple of million dollars. Jimmy was a year or so younger than I was. I visited them in Corpus Christi and they visited us in Robert Lee during our grade school years. He was the Clift first cousin that I was most acquainted with.

Aunt Inez 2nd husband was Mr. Cobb—the only name I knew. She had a son and a daughter by her first husband: Margaret and I never met the son. "Niny" was her second daughter with Mr. Cobb. They lived in Eldorado while I was growing up and we visited them there often. Niny was about Dorothy's age. They must have lived in Robert Lee in earlier years for Mr. Cobb is on the cornerstone of the Methodist Church in Robert Lee, along with Dad and Uncle Marvin.

Aunt Toddie's first husband, Mr. McCallum, founded a grocery store in Robert Lee and built the house that I was later born in. After Mr. McCallum's death, my father and Uncle Jimmy were partners with Aunt Toddie in that store which went broke during the Great Depression—they extended too much credit because the farmers needed food. After Mr. McCallum's death Aunt Toddie bought the Clift homestead—perhaps from her mother as Grandfather Clift died in Corpus Christi in 1915. She and her 1st husband, had one child, Willie Irene. She lived in Sinton during the years Dorothy lived in Taft. Aunt Toddie's 2nd husband was Jake Morrow and they had two children: Jacob Bruce and Dean. They lived on the old Clift place in Fort Chadbourne and I visited them many times during the 1930s. Dean was killed in an accident while in the military during WW II. He had been in the CCC, Roosevelt's conservation program before the war. Jacob Bruce stayed on the home place and ranched. He and his wife had several children, the oldest was named Jimmy. Jimmy may still live there. Jacob Bruce died in a traffic accident returning from San Angelo one night.

Aunt Winnie and Jett Madera lived in Corpus Christi in the 1930's. Dorothy went home with them after Christmas, 1936. She had just broken up with Charles, a rancher south of San Angelo. There she met Allen Davis of Taft. They were married February 28, 1937 in Brownwood. Uncle Jett worked for the city or county in Corpus Christi. Their two story home was on Ocean Drive and overlooked the bay. I thought it was grand. The settee and chair from Tennessee were in Aunt Winnie's living room. I have

the chair which mother wanted Bruce to have. One summer when I was visiting in Corpus Christi when I was probably about 11 I was with Aunt Winnie and Uncle Jett when they stopped at a drive in for food and drink. Uncle Jett had a beer and that was the first time I had seen a member of the family drink beer! Aunt Winnie kept up with all her nieces and nephews. I wish I had interviewed her before her death in the late 1960's when I was in Chicago.

I never really knew Uncle Bill. He lived in Winters (near Ballinger) when I was small. He had five children as I recall, one of whom was a policeman in Abilene, but I never met him. When I first lived in Houston (1953-57) I met two of his boys, one of whom lived in Baytown. One of them named a son "Montgomery."

Uncle Roy married Brazoria and they lived in Corpus Christi. He also worked for the city or county there. They had one daughter, Zoe. She married a Naval Officer and they lived in the Seattle area. Aunt Brazoria moved out there also.

My grandmother Clift was called "Mumpsie" by the family. I was too little when she died to remember her. Her name was Martha Wallace and Dad was named for her. She had six brothers, all of whom were Presbyterian ministers. The Clift and Wallace families both lived in Soddy, which is now a sort of suburb of Chattanooga. Martha Wallace's father was the Rev. Benjamin Wallace and her mother was Mary Anderson Wallace. Mother and Dad and I visited the old Presbyterian Cemetery in 1952 as we were returning from Cambridge (they came up for my graduation from Harvard Law School). We visited with Marjorie and her father, "Uncle Tom Newberry," and Marjorie Shelton's daughter, Dorothy Dean. I last saw Dorothy Dean at Melanie's wedding in Huntsville. Bruce has much more data on the Clift ancestors than I heard about while growing up!

On the Clift side there was some separation that came about during the Civil War. My great grandfather was Captain James Warren Clift and my great grandmother was Mary McKenzie Clift. My great, great grandfather was Colonel William Clift and my great, great grandmother was Nancy Arwin Brooks Clift. In 1824 Colonel Clift moved into what is now Hamilton County along the Tennessee River. With a partner, Major R. C. McRae, he established the first saw mill in the area. He and McR\ae had married sisters, daughters of Major Moses Brooks of Knox County. The Soddy Presbyterian history book ("Our Zion," which Bruce got for me) says Col. Clift became the largest landowner in the county. He was commissioned by the U.S. government to remove the Indians from Hamilton County, part of the movement of Cherokees that was later called "The Trail of Tears." Col. Clift had a boat that he moved corn down the Tennessee River to New Orleans and apparently the boat was used with regard to the Indian removal as well. During the Civil War a metal part of the boat was used to make a canon and the bell was given to the Presbyterian Church.

At the time of the Civil War, Colonel Clift sided with the Union along with his two younger sons, Robert Brooks Clift and Joseph J. Clift. The older two sons, James Warren Clift and Moses H. Clift served the Confederacy. During the War men under the command of Moses captured Colonel Clift and his two younger sons. The rift never healed and their immediate descendants were never on the best of terms. There were considerable financial losses by the losers in the War which probably added to the separation. (The movie actor, Montgomery Clift, was a descendant of Moses.) My

grandmother Clift used to tell my mother about her father-in-law's coal mine which she said had a 99 year lease on it. Mother used to wonder when the lease would end as there was supposed to be something for the heirs. There was a lawsuit in about 1951 which I think ended everyone's claims.

Before the Civil War my great grandfather, Captain James Warren Clift, had served in the Mexican War under General Winfield Scott. With the Confederacy he was Captain of Company A, 36th Tennessee Infantry and also served in the 4th Tennessee Cavalry.

The Simpsons

My maternal great grandfather, Needham King Simpson came to Texas during the Civil War to secure some kind of product from the forests in east Texas for the Confederate war effort. After the Civil War he moved his family, first to Arkansas and then on to east Texas .His family had been from west Tennessee, just north of Memphis. He and his wife are buried near Georgetown, Texas. My grandfather, William King Simpson, had at least one sister, whom mother called "Aunt Florence" and we visited her one summer with Grandmother. Grandfather Simpson's first wife was from Arkansas.

At some point I think all three of Grandfather's children by his first wife, that is, Mark, Daisy, and Will, all visited their aunt and uncle in Oklahoma. Uncle Mark stayed there. Uncle Will returned to Robert Lee and Aunt Daisy probably met her husband, Mr. Hunt, in Oklahoma as he left her two farms in Oklahoma. I think Uncle Marvin may also have visited his father's Oklahoma relatives as a young man. On his return from Oklahoma one time Uncle Will gave mother a whiskey decanter—probably chuckling to himself. It is the tall cut glass decanter which I have with scotch in it. Mother always called it a "pitcher" and had it in her china cabinet *sin* whiskey.

Mark was 12, Daisy 9 and Will 7 when grandmother married their father. Cora Bellenger met my grandfather when he was the local Methodist pastor at her home near Weatherford, Texas. By the time they moved to Robert Lee, Mark had left home.

Aunt Daisy lived in Robert Lee for a short time after her husband died. I was very little at the time (or not yet born). Grandfather Simpson had built a small house for her on the same block with his house. Then she moved to Oklahoma; her husband had left her two farms there.

Uncle Will had a grocery store (that did not go broke in the Depression) and stayed in Robert Lee until he sold out sometime in the late thirties and moved to El Paso. He had several ranch properties and some real estate investments in Denver. Uncle Will had two sons, "Ajax" (Wilbur King—a "W. K. Simpson" after our mutual grandfather) and John Roger. John Roger had one son who was only about a year old when John Roger was killed in an airplane crash in New Mexico. He had a military funeral in Robert Lee. I had just graduated from Midshipman School and was in my dress whites for the funeral in the summer of 1945. I remember folding the flag from his casket and handing it to Aunt Bert and Uncle Will. In later years, Ajax married a woman with some children and they lived in Las Cruces, New Mexico. I had my last visit with Uncle Will and Aunt Bert when I stopped in El Paso one time when returning to seminary in California when Jean was staying a little longer in Texas. I always liked Uncle Will.

A few years ago I learned that John Roger's widow, Bennie Helen, had married someone else and moved back to the ranch on the Colorado River just outside Robert

Lee. John Roger's son, I was told, lives in Estes Park, but I have not tried to talk to him yet.

I don't know at what point Grandfather Simpson experienced a conversion experience but it changed his life. Apparently it was a very dramatic one, for the family story was that he "laughed for three days" after that. Whatever the experience was like it must have been one filled with joy. When I heard the story as a little boy I thought: God wants us to be happy. He studied for the ministry and had a nice library by Robert Lee standards. As I was growing up the only other family that had as many books as we did was the doctor in town, Dr. Griffith. Mrs. Griffith and my grandmother were about the same age and good friends. Every summer a Griffith grandson came for a visit and we were friends. Dan Parrish wore knickers, for which I was very grateful as no one else wore knee length knickers in Robert Lee except me. I suppose it was the fashion somewhere in the U.S. and mother and Nink knew it.

After Grandfather Simpson's first wife died he met grandmother when he was assigned a church in Mineral Wells, Texas. He was 12 years older than Cora Bellenger and she seemed to have been the apple of his eye. He called her "Dora." He gave everyone nicknames whether they wanted them or not. One young man he knew in Robert Lee was named Emory Davis and grandfather called him "DooDad" and that poor man was called that for at least a quarter of a century after grandfather died. My grandmother, however, always called him Emory.

Dorothy and I called our grandmother Simpson, "Grampie." Uncle Marvin's children called her "Gammie." She was born in Mississippi. Her father, Chalmers Tarplin Bellenger, "walked home" when the Confederate army broke up and eventually got to Mississippi and married Mary Jane Ray. They moved with their family to Texas in 1873 when my grandmother, Cora Viola was 4 years old. She had a sister, Tura, who was a little older and a younger brother, Chalmers, whom she in later years visited in California. I remember Great Aunt Tura as she came to visit us in Robert Lee at least twice.. Grandmother remembered one thing that happened on the trip to Texas. "Pa," as she said, dipped his hand in the water and told her they were crossing the great river and told her about it. He owned and operated a cotton gin in Texas a few miles southwest of Fort Worth. I have the old wooden box that he used in paying his employees at the cotton gin on pay day. One other memory my grandmother had was that as a little girl she had heard the angels sing in the tree tops. In Robert Lee everyone called her "Sister Simpson."

In her later years Grandmother rented out the two back bedrooms. Each room had an outside entrance on the side of the house. She had a wonderful trait of always seeing the best in everyone. There was a rumor in the town that one of her renters was paying rather regular visits to a woman a block or two away whose reputation was not of the best according to the town gossip. When it was mentioned to Grandmother she said the gossip was quite wrong that he had told her that all he wanted on those visits was "hot corn bread." Grandmother's daughters were more skeptical and of course had a lot to say about "hot corn bread." For the last years of her life Grandmother had a room built on our new house and lived there.

I don't remember where they said Lena (Nink) was born. Grandfather was moved around by the Church. Ruth was born in Santo, Texas and Marvin in Central City, Texas.

Cora Mae, who died before she was 2, was born in Robert Lee. Grandfather was sent to the church in Robert Lee in hopes that the dry climate would help his asthma. They came there in 1900 or early 1901. He retired from the ministry in 1904 and started a lumber yard and hardware store. Apparently he never stopped being a minister and (I think to his children's surprise) he would ask his customers about the state of their relationship to the Lord. I'm sure some of the time they voluntarily came to discuss their problems with him.

Sometime in the first three decades of the century my grandfather Simpson had expanded his store from hardware and lumber to include dry goods (clothing and accessories) which Nink managed. He also started buying land in the county. Then a Chevrolet agency and garage were added. Mother remembers that caskets were made from the lumber yard and she and Nink would help line them with cloth. Sometime in the early thirties they added a funeral home which my father managed. During the Great Depression (the l930's) land was cheap and the Simpsons and Russells made some good purchases. I believe it was in 1939 that the Simpsons sold the dry goods part of the store. I remember the "closing sale" and got to help out some with it with whatever a 13 year old could handle. Nink retired from the store then, but she continued to help keep the books for the business. She took the old thread cabinet from the store, and we now have it in the small bedroom upstairs.

My sister

Dorothy was born July 31, 1916. She graduated from High School in 1933. As I recall the first year Dorothy was at San Angelo College she lived with Mrs. Durham (a Robert Lee person) who had a house about a block from the courthouse. She shared a room with a friend, Christine Glen (who later married Bill Tom Roach and lived in the house between mother and Nink). Christine was later my sister's bridesmaid at the wedding in Brownwood. At some point, probably the second year, Grandmother bought a house in San Angelo in the northwest part of town, across the Concho River from downtown and Dorothy lived with her. I imagine it was while she was in school in San Angelo that she met Charles who had a ranch near Christoval. They were about to be married when Dorothy realized she did not want to and mother told her "well don't do it then." Nink was disappointed. Aunt Winnie invited Dorothy to go home to Corpus Christi with her after the Christmas holidays. It was there she met Allen Davis and they were married about two months later on February 28, 1937.

Allen was manager of three funeral homes on the Gulf coast, just across the bay from Corpus Christi, Texas. I visited them every summer until they moved to west Texas, first to Big Spring and then to Ballinger. Most years there would be other family members visiting there also. One year, Mother, Nink, Grandmother, Tillie, Marvin Albert, Bill, Carolyn and I were all there. Grandmother rented cottages on North Beach and we had a great time. I have a snapshot of Grandmother lying on the beach with 4 grandchildren on her back! Then there was a hurricane report and North Beach had to be evacuated. We all went to Taft, where Dorothy, lived, to ride out the storm. Grandmother stayed with Dorothy and Allen and Patricia. Mother and Nink had one room and Tillie and all 4 of us children had another large room in the old hotel in Taft, a block away. When the storm was at its highest intensity during the middle of the night we all gathered down in the lobby. A big sign crashed down on the front porch of the

hotel, but we came through with only a loss of some sleep. When Marvin Albert and I were discussing that time (as adults), he told me his mother had been "surprised" (and probably both horrified and amused) that Lena and Ruth would not go down to the lobby until they had put their corsets on.

We had picnics on Mustang Island several times. The waves were much higher there than at Corpus Christie. I remember one time when I was visiting, probably about 11 I rode with my brother-in-law from Taft to Aransas Pass and he drove 90 miles an hour. I was impressed. Allen must have been about 30 then. He always had a new car and he loved to drive. I remember that is what we did sometimes in the evening. I remember we drove to an outdoor dance pavilion that was used by Mexicans—great music! *Maria Elena* was popular then.

I was twelve when Patricia was born and it was quite exciting to have a niece. I remember building domino towers for Patricia to knock down. I had a special lever which you were to press for the collapse, but Patricia would not always wait for that. My sister was very important to me and apparently I was to her. In later years when I would come to visit she would say;, "Brother, I am so proud of you." I knew this all along, but I was impressed again with this when I read letters that I had written to her. My nieces, in going through the attic after Allen died, found Dorothy had saved "everything." They gathered up memorabilia that applied to my family and sent it to me. It was a little startling to read what I had written over 50 years ago!

My sister died February 15, 1974. [*My mother collapsed in March, 1974 (a broken heart?) and moved to the nursing home in Robert Lee. She died July 19, 1976]*

Robert Lee

As Anne once said, in her factual analysis even as a little girl, "Robert Lee is a short town." There were about 500 residents during my school days there. Most of the stores were along one block on one side with a few on the other side of the street. Then there was the Simpson store for half a block in one direction and at the other end of main street there was the Clift grocery store. (until the Depression) and across from it the County Courthouse—an old frontier classic two story stone structure (now long gone). All our family and the people we counted as friends lived within two or three blocks of each other. Uncle Will and Aunt Bert's house was about three blocks away. Nink was one block away from the house where I was born and Grandmother's last house was a block away from both Nink and Mother. Uncle Marvin's first house which he built for his first wife was two blocks up the hill from us and later Mother and Dad built a house across the street from that house. There was no pavement then, except for the bridge across the Colorado River. Sometimes the young people would take a radio there and dance on the bridge in the evening.

The house I was born in was built for Mr. McCallum, probably around 1900 or 1905. Mr. McCalum married Irene Clift, an older sister of my father whom we called "Aunt Toddy." After he died she sold it to Dad when he married my mother in 1915. . My "birthhouse" had splendid gingerbread lattice work around the porch and a flower bed along the front. Mother lost her wedding ring working in a front flower bed and did not know where she had lost it. Many months later she found it there—which shows it pays to keep weeding your flower bed.

The house had very tall ceilings (16 feet high, I remember my mother complaining) which made it cooler in summer but hard to heat in winter). For our new house mother took out the columns on either side of the fireplace and made one into some decoration for Christmas—I don't know what ever became of that. (Mother disliked carrying out the ashes from the fireplace and she had a gas heater in "a fireplace" in the new house.) The bathroom had a low ceiling and there was an attic room above it (accessible through a hall closet) where things were stored. You could climb out the window of the attic room on to the roof of a back porch, which my friends and I did when we could get away with it.

When my sister was a little girl, before I was born, Dad either built or had built (or maybe Grandfather Simpson had it built from the lumber yard—Dorothy was the first and very cherished grandchild by his Cora) a one room play house in the back yard. It was tall enough, however, for adults to walk into it. The lot was a corner lot and on the alley side there was a garage and attached to that a small apartment which in my very early days was occupied by an elderly black man that everyone called "Ole Smoky." There was also a vegetable garden (and flowers) and a large chicken yard with a "hen house" along the alley side of the lot. On the other side of our house there was a hedge of pomegranate bushes separating the front yard from the back yard. A picket fence enclosed the lot along both streets. Back of our house there was a smaller house that we rented out to others. It faced on to the street at the side of our house.

In the front yard there was a large "Chinaberry tree" (as it was called). It was easy to climb and with some planks added to the limbs there was a platform one could sit on which I enjoyed. We moved back to that house when I was in the second grade and about 8 years old, having spent a couple of years at my grandmother's house while she lived with Uncle Marvin after his first wife left him. I remember sitting in a swing on the chinaberry tree when I was about 10 years old and wondering about China which I thought about how it must be directly under my feet on the other side of the world. Little did I dream that about 12 years later I would get to wander around on foot by myself in the old imperial palace grounds.

Mother and Dad built a new house two blocks up the street from where I was born. It was finished in 1940 or early 1941 during my Sophomore year in high school. Mother and Nink built and spruced up a lot of furniture for the new house. I think they enjoyed planning and working together more than they realized. They made a panel of plywood covered with some material to fit inside of my metal bed frame and put my name cut out in cork on the headboard.. For the front bedroom they actually built a wood frame to encase an iron bedstead and then covered the panel with cloth. They also made a lamp base out of a Folger's coffee can wrapped in cord and then painted. Dad made a box with a long handle and covered the box in a rug or heavy cloth and filled the box with bricks. We used that to polish the hardwood floors after they were waxed. That was one of my jobs. Our new house had slab doors (no panels) which were apparently quite new then. Soon after that Grandmother ordered slab doors for her house. When Nink built her house the next year she did not choose to have slab doors. (Nink would be no copycat!)

Nink and Cortsy built their new house on the same block the following year. Nink found a house plan which she liked very much. She planned to have the grand

piano which she was buying for the new house to sit next to the wall between two bookcases in the living room. However, after the house was underway she realized that she had reversed the plan and the grand piano if placed between the bookcases would have the pianist facing the glare from the windows instead of having it come over the shoulder, so the piano had to be placed between the two front windows. The organ was added later, after oil was discovered in Coke County.

The yard was surrounded with a cut limestone fence, the same as that in which the house was built. Nink had a fine rectangular fish pond in her backyard. There had been a smaller round one at her first house. Grandmother also had a round fish pond at her house.

Nink and Cortsy were married on December 27 and after the new house was built they started having anniversary parties on that date. While visiting Mark and Lucille Simpson in Eureka Springs one year they had purchased an anniversary clock and so that began the annual clock windings on their anniversary. For one or two years she had a little theater built (about the size of a modest TV screen) and various cutouts of Christmas scenes were placed behind a screen and were visible in silhouette. (During our first years on Columbia Place, we used those scenes at the top of the living room windows during Christmas season decorating.) Also, there was singing of carols and sometimes Jessie Yarborough and Charlotte Wojtek would sing a duet. Various members of the family were chosen each year to wind the clock.

In 1960 Patricia Davis Hammer chose December 27 as her wedding date also. I got to preside at the wedding along with the Methodist pastor in Ballinger. Anne was a flower girl at Tish's wedding. At Rebecca's wedding, July 15, 1967 Bruce was the ring bearer and Melanie the flower girl.

Depression Years

When the Clift family store failed, sometime in 1929 or early 1930, Uncle Marvin distributed some of the Simpson estate and Mother got a service station (across the street from the Simpson garage) and a small farm on which they had to pay off a mortgage ($800 which was a lot of money during the Depression). Dad ran the station for a few years—very long hours. I remember mother would prepare him a lunch in a tin cake box which I would hold on my knees in the front seat while she drove to the station (three blocks away). There would also be a quart of iced tea.

One of my memories about the service station: Uncle Jimmy would be sitting there visiting with Dad at the service station (Mobil) and he would give me a coke if I would stand on one leg while I drank it. I was about 4 or 5. It wasn't easy! Cokes were a nickel then. The cokes were kept in a chest that opened from the top and which had ice and water in it in which the bottles stood or floated.

The long hours at the service station included Christmas Eve. It was always after dark before Dad came home. However, Santa Claus did not come until after dark. My cousin, Wayne, Uncle Jimmy's eldest son had a Santa Claus suit which he wore for our Christmas tree in my very early years. My sister spotted her cousin's shoes one year and it was over for her. One of the earliest Christmas presents I remember was the car that Uncle Marvin gave to me before he married.

On my last visit with Uncle Marvin, not long before he died in May, 1964, (I was already a pastor by then) he told me not to forget to play and indicated he had not done

that enough. When I mentioned that story to Bill Simpson when we were visiting at the reception for Edward DeWees' wedding in San Antonio, Bill said (about his father), "He was good at telling *other* people what to do." Then he added, "I still miss him."

After a few years, Dad sold the station and moved over to work for the Simpsons and help with the store in addition to managing the new funeral business. At some point after Dad sold the service station, I worked Saturday afternoons at the Simpson garage washing windshields on the cars coming in to the service station. They paid me 10 cents for 4 hours work—probably about 1934 when I was eight. Dorothy worked in the Simpson store and was paid $40 a month for rather long hours. Those were "Depression years." After a few years Dad bought the funeral business and then later added a funeral home in nearby Bronte. From my earliest recollection Dad sold insurance of various kinds. He also filled out the various government and commercial forms for people up and down main street as a favor. The forms were not puzzling to him as they were to so many. He was much loved—not just by his family.

The store, "W. K. Simpson & Co.," by the time I came along was owned by Grandmother, Marvin and Lena. Cortez, of course, worked in the store also. Marvin and Cortez each had ranches, the beginnings of which they had inherited from grandfather Simpson. The lumber yard and hardware store were a great help in supplying wholesale supplies for the ranches. Cortez also inherited some land from the Russell family.

Some early memories

In 1926 Grandfather Simpson bought a Chrysler sedan, the finest car in town and he and my Grandmother, with Uncle Marvin and Aunt Ninkie and Uncle Cortsy together with my sister Dorothy all went to California, visiting my Grandmother's younger brother, Chalmers Bellenger, in southern California and continuing on their tour of the West. My Grandfather died in November, 1927. I was a year and a half old, but the family tells the story of how, while he lay in bed with asthma, he would make my Aunt Ninkie hold me up to pull the light switch which I apparently enjoyed—no doubt giving me a feeling of "effectance" as the psychologists would say. My aunt felt I was too heavy to hold up so long, but Grandfather generally had his way. Nink said he would say, "Sister, he wants to." Apparently that settled it. I have realized in later years after my psychological studies that I really had the experience of being "the little prince" though I would not have known that language to put on my experience. I think that childhood experience of being "the chosen one" in that rural community gave me a lot of self confidence—what my daughter Lucy calls "having the rock." My sister who was nearly 10 years older than I had the experience of being the first grandchild of my grandfather's second wife. She had a "playhouse" that was built for her that adults could walk in (if they were not too tall.). By the time I was old enough to remember it, it was a store house and not long after that demolished--perhaps because it was inappropriate in depression years.

My earliest memory is on my third birthday. I remember going outside and running around in the yard thinking "I am three years old" and trying to see what that felt like. Perhaps my analytical approach to life begin even then.

I also remember a trip when I think I must have been about three or four. We were traveling in the big Chrysler to Waco to attend Uncle Marvin's wedding to Doris, his first wife. We got stuck in the mud once on the road and my father had to help the

others get us out. Also, I remember the potted plants in the house where Uncle Marvin was married. I have always been amazed that they went to Bermuda on their honeymoon. Doris left him about a year later. Mother and Nink were horrified when Doris hired Aurelius Lathem's truck in Robert Lee to haul away the wedding gifts and "I don't know what all." Uncle Marvin's two sisters thought she left because divorce was fashionable—at least in Hollywood, but not in Robert Lee! Uncle Marvin very wisely had a lawyer ("Judge Arnold") draw up a divorce settlement and paid her some money (I think it was a thousand dollars—a large sum in those days) to end the matter for certain.

My next memory is probably Uncle Marvin's second wedding which was also held in his bride's home, near Bronte. Mildred Rawlings (Aunt Tillie) had been my second grade teacher until they were married around Christmas time. I must have spouted off in class about her marrying my uncle in a way which was very embarrassing for the very young woman. She gave me a shaking which I long remembered.

Uncle Marvin had built a house in which he and Doris lived. After she left, my grandmother moved in with him to keep the house. We moved in to Grandmother's house at that time and rented our house. After Uncle Marvin married Aunt Tillie we moved back to the house where I was born. Uncle Marvin must have had something of his father in him for he is the one who gave his wife her nickname, Tillie. I think there was a comic strip character called "Tillie the Toiler."

On that first move I remember sitting on the back end of the trailer that hauled some things from one house to the other—that was pretty exciting! I think we lived there about two years. I started school from there and was in the second grade when Uncle Marvin married Aunt Tillie. That would have been in l933. Tillie was my second grade teacher until the Christmas holidays at which time she and Uncle Marvin were married. I had a different teacher (Juanita Barger) for the last half of the academic year. In 1968 I did not attend the 25th reunion of my high school class, but they sent me pictures. Eight of the 17 graduates were there plus Miss Barger (who had taught us only half a year in the second grade!). I was the only Methodist in my senior class but the senior dinner was held in the basement of the Methodist Church. I think there were about 4 Southern Baptists in my class and the rest were Church of Christ or Pentecostal.

Grandmother's house also had a wonderfully large cement porch which was great for running cars and setting up toy soldiers for battles. Both our house and grandmother's house had a picket fence where you could run your cars along the two by four plank near the top and on the inside of the fence. I spent a lot of time there even after we moved back. Marvin Albert and I stayed with Grandmother quite a bit. During my senior year in high school I lived there most of the time as the family wanted someone to stay with Grandmother. I liked getting to drive her car. We also had similar tastes: hamburgers and chocolate malts.

I remember a desk and chair which Aunt Ninkie set up for me at the Simpson store where she had a kindergarten class just for me. I also remember lying on the floor looking at National Geographic maps at Nink's house and she would tell me about Great Britain and the English whom she admired. I do not remember at what age she started giving me piano lessons, but that lasted for a number of years. In her later years we would (for me "try" to) play duets—she at the organ and me on the piano. In earlier years Nink had played saxophone in a local music group and when I was in high school

she gave me her saxophone and I played in the high school band (and later at Arkansas A. & M. and at Notre Dame Midshipmen School). In the 7th grade I had played the cornet and had a special mouthpiece for my overbite, but I liked switching to the tenor saxophone.

I have some memories, but not much, of being in the first grade. My teacher was "Miss Mary" who was married to the younger brother of my Uncle Cortez. I have already mentioned my 2nd grade teachers (Tillie and Juanita Barger). My third grade teacher was "Miss Vowell" who I think may have roomed with Mettie (Cortez's sister). In the 4th grade, (1935-1936), I remember at recess we played "Italians and Ethiopians" which was some version of capture the flag. The "good guys" were the Ethiopians. Mussolini was expanding his empire at the time by capturing Ethiopia. Virginia Walling was my teacher. She was the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Griffith whom I mentioned and, of course, my summer friend Dan Parrish's aunt. Virginia Griffith had married Delbert Walling, whom my mother had once dated before Bruce Clift came along. In the 5th grade I had Miss Eunice McClure whom I know lived with Mettie Russell. My 6th grade teacher was Hyman Teague, who rented Mettie's front bedroom. It was not until years later that I realized why Mr. Teague, when I happened to go ask him a question and stood by his desk while he was seated, put his hand between my upper thighs and felt my leg. My 7th grade teacher was Ray Stark, who rented our rent house which was just back of our backyard, facing on the side street. Mr. Stark taught us to diagram sentences which was a great help when I began to learn the parts of speech in foreign languages. In high school two of my teachers were Jessie Yarbrough and her husband. Jessie was a childhood friend of mother and Nink's, and in later years sang at the Russell clock-windings. [There were *not* a lot of people in Robert Lee, so everybody knew just about everybody!]

When I started to school in the first grade, my sister was a senior that year. During my second year I still had a cousin in school as John Roger was a senior that year. It was not until 1941 when I was entering my Junior year in high school that I had another cousin entering the first grade, Marvin Albert Simpson.

Effie's daughters, Pauline and Louise Roe, were friends of my sister, Dorothy. Louise was a year older and Pauline 2 or 3 years younger. Dorothy and her friends went to a lot of dances at the Roe ranch. (The Roes were Methodists.) Pauline got left out on a lot of their activities. I liked Louise a lot as she would always take up for me when my sister was down on me for something. I named my cat after Louise. I remember they sometimes let me go with them to a swimming hole on the Colorado called "Big Rock." Someone had an old model T and it would be loaded with teenagers and me. There was a narrow two rut road down to the river which was surrounded by tall sun flowers and if you were riding on the "running board" (which early cars had) you got switched by the sunflowers. There was also a swimming place called "Slick Rock" on Mountain Creek but it did not always have enough water.

From mother and Nink I heard the story about how Aunt Bert thought Effie Roe was "making eyes" at her husband, Uncle Will (who ran a grocery store on main street). One day Aunt Bert drove out to the Roe ranch front yard gate and honked. Effie came out to the gate and Aunt Bert did not get out of the car but accused her. Aunt Bert told

the story to either mother or Nink. She said Effie said "I never did but once." Aunt Bert added, "And the bitch admitted it!"

My Simpson cousins, Ajax and John Roger, had graduated from the University of Texas at Austin and that is where I wanted to go. My brother-in-law, Allen Davis, did not think the big University was a good influence for a 17 year old. Dorothy's friend, Winston Gardner, also went to the University of Texas at Austin. I think I was probably the fourth person in Robert Lee to do that. One time Winston had a date with Dorothy and they went out to the Roane place to visit someone (about halfway between what is now the lake and the town). They had a flat tire and they asked my father to come change the tire. Dad had a lot to say about a young man who could not change a tire when he took a girl out.

Uncle Marvin and Aunt Tillie built two houses at different places on their ranch. At the first one, near the bank of the Colorado River they had a tennis court. Tillie's niece, Catherine, and I used to play tennis there. Later, as I recall, it was a court for croquet. Uncle Cortsy's brother, Bailey (whose wife, Mary, was my first grade teacher) lived on a ranch just down the river from there. Mary had a nephew who used to come in the summer for a visit. Also, Cortez's sister, LaRue Smith, had a son, Don, who used to come for a visit in the summer. The three of us, along with some of my friends used to swim in the river near the Russell and Simpson place.. The place would now be at the bottom of the lake. Don Smith became a dentist in Fort Worth. I sent him some photos that Nink had made of the Russell family but I never heard from him, until many years later when he had some question about selling some oil royalty on land in Coke County. I doubt if I quoted Bill Simpson's mantra: "You don't sell royalty" but I am sure I told him I was not selling.

I think I mentioned earlier the big Chinaberry tree in our front yard. One of my playmates from across the street was Carlene Clark. Her Aunt Bertie had married my Uncle Jimmy. One year we "canned" the berries from the Chinaberry tree and buried them in the big sand pile in the street in front of our house. Some months later we dug them up and the smell was awful. I forget how we got rid of them. Her Dad sold Fords; the Simpsons sold Chevrolets. There was some commercial rivalry but the families in both dealerships were Methodists so that helped.

Religion in Robert Lee

When the Simpsons moved to Robert Lee they lived in the parsonage of the Methodist Church, a block off the main street and next door to the Church. Mother said on Saturday nights men from the countryside would sometimes ride by on horses and giving a yell would throw playing cards against the parsonage fence. She and Nink would go out the next morning and gather up the cards to play with. Apparently cards were considered evil—"the Devil's tickets". As I was growing up the ladies bridge club had only Methodists and a few Baptists in it.

When I was a Senior in high school our class wanted to have a Senior Prom in the gym. Mother proposed it at the P. T. A. meeting and one lady stood up and announced "Mrs. Clift, Christians don't dance!" Mother was outnumbered; the Methodists were always a minority.

Mother and Nink, as girls, had a friend (later known as Effie Roe) whose parents had dances which they attended. The Baptists certainly did not approve of dances and I

suppose it was questionable to Grandfather Simpson. He knew the name of one dance, called "Buffalo Girl." They would very carefully not dance when that tune was played. When they came home, he would always asked if they danced the Buffalo Girl and they would say, "No, Papa." I think that was shrewd of Grandfather to let his girls think they were getting away with something—as all young people want to do.

Dad had joined the Methodist Church with his wife. In fact all the Clifts in the county had joined the Methodist Church in either Bronte or Robert Lee. I remember being puzzled about a hymn they sang in Church, but as I supposed I understood it, I never asked anybody about it. Years later, I learned what they were singing. The hymn was called "Bringing in the Sheaves" or at least that was the first line of the chorus. I thought they were singing: "Bringing in the She's". I think I must have wondered: why not the men?

The Simpson family felt very strongly about the Methodist Church. Uncle Will married a Baptist, Aunt Bert. She came from a "good" ranching family—the main qualification for being a "good family" was owning some land. However, the family was a bit disappointed that she stayed in the Baptist Church. Uncle Will largely paid for the new Baptist Church, (now replaced) but as the Simpson family said: "He never went under." That meant he did not submit to another baptism of total immersion. Uncle Marvin, Uncle Cortez and Dad were all involved in building the Methodist Church, which was built some years before the Baptist Church. The cornerstone tells the year and I think it may have been 1927. Grandfather Simpson's descendants continued to provide major financial support for the Methodist Church. In addition, Nink played the piano and organ for 65 years for the Church; and mother taught the adult Bible class for 40 years.

Everybody *who was anybody* in Robert Lee belonged to a church and at least to my family (and to most people in town) it made a great deal of difference which one. There were no Jews in the county. There were no Roman Catholic, Episcopal, Lutheran, Congregational, Disciples, or Presbyterian churches in the county. In Robert Lee there were three kinds of Baptists and three kinds of Church of Christ and from time to time a Holiness Church (Pentecostal), but only one "Methodist Episcopal Church South." The northern and southern branches of the Methodist church came back together sometime in the late 1930s and much later united with the "United Brethren" church and changed their name to "United Methodist."

In Robert Lee "Interfaith marriages" were severely frowned upon. It created a real problem for young people in dating. The Methodist girls I partied with were either too old or too young. In high school I had dates with 2 or 3 Southern Baptists ("the best" of the 3 kinds of Baptists).. There was a young woman whose family lived near Bronte (Methodist) that my mother had hopes about and she later came to our wedding in Austin.

Divisive issues for the 3 Church of Christ congregations were: whether the Bible authorized Sunday schools, instrumental music, common cup or many cups for communion. When the Pentecostals first came to Robert Lee they had special tent meetings as they had no church building. They were referred to as "holy rollers" because of the ecstatic experiences in which people were shaking and falling on the ground. I was told at school after one of the meetings that a classmate of mine had stood at the service and screamed: "Pour the pure blood into Mammy." That was quite different from my church experience. At the Methodist Sunday School we heard about missionaries in

Africa and other far off places. At the Baptist youth meetings they apparently memorized Bible verses.

High School Years

For a year or two we had a scout troop in Robert Lee. That may have been just before high school. One summer I got to go to a scout camp somewhere on a stream between San Angelo and Austin. That was great fun--I still remember the water sports. We could swing out over the stream on a rope and drop in the water. (I don't think the Tarzan movies had come out by then—at least not in Robert Lee.) The scout troop at Bronte lasted a little longer than the one in Robert Lee. My mother saved my scout hat and uniform for years (I later discovered).

In those years we had 11 grades and the last four were called high school. In the seventh grade I had learned to diagram sentences. That proved very helpful in studying foreign languages too. I had two years of Spanish in high school. I was a pretty good typist and the typing room was one of our favorite "play areas." The room had a window into the next room and the teacher in there was supposed to keep the discipline in the typing room as well—an economical idea but it did not always work.

In high school, if you were a boy, you had to choose between playing football or being in the band. I chose the latter and so did my friends who lived in town. Attending regional meetings of bands and getting to play with massed bands was very exciting.

Three of my high school friends were killed in an automobile accident on the highway to San Angelo. I was attending one of the funerals at the Methodist Church when someone, who had a radio in his car told us that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor. I was a Junior in High School. When I graduated the next year there were 17 in my graduating class and my friend, Memory Gramling, who was in the year ahead of me had survived the battle at Guadalcanal. He was in the Marines.

World War II

* Sometime, probably in my junior year in high school, I decided that I would like most of all to work in the foreign service of the government. Perhaps it was part of that longing to travel. Anyway I knew you had to have a good education, preferably in the east. World War II had begun for us, so I decided an appointment to the Naval Academy might be the answer if I could get it. Dad was active in the Democratic party and knew our Representative in Washington. Almost everyone in Coke County was a Democrat. The position of Postmaster was a political appointment and very important one to have during the Depression years as it paid well and was secure as a federal job—unless a different party came into power. When I was six and Roosevelt was elected the Republican postmaster was replaced and our neighbor, Mrs. Gardner, (her husband was Chair of the Democratic Party in the county—I think my father was Chair later) became the Postmistress during the rest of my time in Robert Lee.

By the time I graduated from high school and entered the University of Texas in the summer of 1943 I had an "alternate" appointment for Annapolis which might get filled after the one person ahead of me from our district. My father was acquainted with our Congressman (a Democrat) and had introduced me when we were requesting an appointment.

I was 17 in the March before I went to Austin. As Valedictorian I had a tuition scholarship (worth $25 a semester!--but then hamburgers were only 10 cents). For the

three-week interterm session I signed up for college algebra and made an A. Encouraged I signed up for the regular summer term for a course in physics (as I knew I was headed for the navy as the war was on). To my horror I made a D. My only science course in high school was taught by Moon Mullins, the football coach. He was famous for a particular expression. When you asked him a question he looked rather dumb and always said, rather slowly, "Do-oo what?" General Science with Moon Mullins was not the preparation I had needed.

At the University in Austin, I went to Wesley Foundation activities at the University Methodist Church. The senior pastor was a former lawyer. The pastor who headed up the Wesley Foundation was a pacifist. The university church was a very exciting place for me—so different from the rural church in Robert Lee. They were doing things! Petitions were distributed to get a black admitted to the university for example. They were also reconciling science and religion. One weekend at home I told my parents I did not believe in the Virgin birth and they did not know what to think. They were not ready to say: don't go to church. One Sunday while I was sitting in the balcony of the University Methodist Church I was looking at the pastor down below and thinking about how he had left a law practice to enter the ministry and I started crying. I was afraid someone would see me and I hastily left and went next door to the Wesley Foundation building and went upstairs. I remember looking out the window at the very blue sky and in my thinking sort of tried to bargain with God to let me stop crying, thinking that I would have to be a minister. I did not want to do that at all; I had other plans for my life. I was not sure I could do that, but I told my parents about my experience. My mother was overjoyed. I begged them not to mention it to anyone until I said to, but in a week or so, back in Austin, I had a note from our neighbor saying how wonderful it was that I was going to be a minister. I felt betrayed by my mother, even though I understood how hard it was for her to keep the secret.

I also wanted to be a pacifist but I did not tell them that. My father was chairman of a draft board for several counties and I loved him very much. I could not let people say his only son had a yellow streak down his back, so I gave up the alternate appointment for Annapolis and applied for the Navy V-12 program. It was a college program to prepare naval officers and I wanted to get in that before I was drafted into the army. I had grown up on stories of World War I and I did not want to use a bayonet! I imagined being on a battleship and firing a gun at people 20 miles away.

There was a Navy V-12 program at the University in Austin and I imagined I would get to stay there, but they sent me to Arkansas A & M, at the beginning of March , 1944, just before my 18th birthday. The school was 3 miles out of Monticello, Arkansas, in the southeast corner of the state, 50 miles from the Mississippi river and also from Louisiana.

Mobilization and the war effort had had to be rushed after we were attacked at Pearl Harbor. I found that since I had already had some college (unlike some in the program) I was classed as "irregular" which meant that I could sign up for whatever courses I wished. I took French, German, and 4th year Spanish and World Literature. Then someone in Washington noticed and after a semester I had to take chemistry and advanced physics courses like "heat and thermodynamics" as well as the calculus.

On weekends, when I had leave, I hitchhiked around, discovering a bar in Monroe, Louisiana and on another weekend the Peabody Hotel in Memphis. Everyone was glad to pick up a sailor or anyone in uniform. I caught a ride in Greenville, Mississippi to Memphis with a woman who spent part of the way crying as she recalled the death of Huey Long, the late governor of Louisiana. I was amazed. One weekend I went home with my friend, Rudolf Ritter (who had studied at the Citadel) and had a blind date. I don't remember the girl at all, but she gave me an Arkansas "razorback" and the little pig has been in our creche. I remember one weekend when I had too much to drink in Little Rock. I suppose it may have been a Christmas holiday that I had with leave to go home and I remember catching a ride on the back of a flatbed truck from Texarkana to Dallas. I also took the train part of the way.

During the War a number of things were rationed and one had ration books with stamps. Dad had an extra ration of gas as he operated an ambulance. Jean said that during the war they took the train to New Boston for Christmas, for lack of gasoline.

Three people shared a room at the dormitory at Arkansas A. & M. One of my roommates was from New Jersey and a Sicilian family—a big husky guy though rather even tempered.. The other one was a short guy from Chicago who could out swear the bo's'n mate any day. When we lived in Chicago I heard again that colorful and very distinctive language, and so did my little girls at their school.

In March of 1945 I was sent to a Naval Reserve Midshipman School on the campus of Notre Dame University near South Bend Indiana, (I think my grades may have been better than some who had other assignments.) There are two lakes on the campus at Notre Dame, named St. Mary and St. Joseph. We were not allowed to row on St. Mary but we had our practice rowing on St. Joseph! We had what were for me rather strenuous swimming drills in the gym. We practiced with gas masks in the Women's rest room of the Notre Dame Stadium! During that time I had a training cruise on a ship on Lake Michigan. I learned to fire an anti-aircraft gun and to <u>try</u> to sleep in a hammock. I don't know why we had to have swinging hammocks—they were long out of date for regular ships at sea. But then cruising Lake Michigan was a welcome change from hitting the books and climbing the bulkhead on the track course.

I visited an Episcopal Church in South Bend and liked the experience, although I was not "in" to church very much at that time. It was not a conscious thought in those words, but I think I must have felt I had rather left God behind when I entered the military. I had not said so, but I had given up any idea of the ministry.

We had drills where most people carried a gun, but I was in the band and so marched with a saxophone. I also played in the dance band. One day we were coming in from marching on a field and we saw the flag at half mast and word went back through the ranks that President Roosevelt had died. While at Notre Dame I also remember having one blind date with a girl in Chicago. She was Lithuanian. For me, that was the most interesting thing about her. I thought about her when we visited Lithuania with the Boris family in July, 1997.

The midshipmen were responsible for cleaning their own rooms. My roommate and I happened to have been given a room with an adjoining bathroom. We thought we had cleaned it very well and our beds were picture-perfect. But then the company commander came around inspecting and found that the toilet in our bathroom (for which

we were also responsible) had a brown stain in the bottom. A week or so later, when I was in his presence for some reason, he looked up and said "Oh, yes, you had the brown commode." I hated being remembered for that!

Mother came up on the train for my graduation at Notre Dame. I waited for her at the wrong train station in South Bend. She had had to change trains in Chicago, but she waited patiently and I found her. She liked it when the cadets all threw their hats up in the air. I was commissioned an Ensign and later promoted to Lt. Jr. Grade.

On the way home on the train, mother and I discussed her writing down some of her stories about her mother. Dorothy was very vexed with me for "encouraging" her. Dorothy was embarrassed with what mother wrote and she had to listen to it apparently (while I was away and did not have to hear it). Mother probably embellished her accounts in a Victorian style and she did like to make a good story of something. Anyway, it got destroyed and now I would have liked to see it.

[After having written the above, in the summer of 1999 I found mother's book of stories. We had a small flood on the lower floor and in clearing out an old footlocker I found mother's account which she had written in an old notebook of mine. I have not changed my account of some of the above stories as they are *my* memory of what I had heard, but in some places where we both mention the same incident, Mother's account varies. I transcribed mother's hand written account on to the computer and I have enjoyed reading what she wrote—her memories and the stories grandmother told her.]

At Midshipman School we were given the opportunity to request our next assignment. We could list three choices. I listed submarine duty first as I liked the idea of three months at sea and then a month or more ashore. My second choice was the Naval Intelligence School for Japanese language. I understood it was in Boulder, Colorado. My third choice was an LST, because I liked the large accommodations the officers had on those ships. Our reasons for making the choices were, of course, inadequate to say the least, but then we didn't really know anything about any of them. I got my second choice and learned that the Navy had opened a second Japanese language school in Stillwater, Oklahoma, on the campus of Oklahoma A. & M!

There were some very bright young men at that school. A lot of them had gone to Ivy League schools and had an educational background that I did not have. I began to buy books and try to make up for it. I moved in a circle that liked to party with what we could import in that very dry state.

One of my friends (though not in the party circle) was Jack Roberts. He had been an enlisted man but because of the very good grades he made on the examinations offered to the sailors he was selected for the language school. Jack was from Waco and his father owned and operated the Central Texas Iron Works. His parents had a lovely home which I later visited when we were both in Austin again for a time. While I was at Harvard Law School Jack was working on a Ph.D. in linguistics at Yale. With a date (Lynette) I went down to visit the Roberts family. While studying for the Texas bar exam in Austin I had some visits with Jack and then in 1983 Jean and I visited Jack in Dunedin on the South Island of New Zealand where he had retired. He has visited us in Denver (while visiting his two daughters here) several times. In the spring of 1997 he moved to Queenstown, N. Z., where another daughter lives.

All our teachers at the Naval Intelligence School were either *issei* or *nisei* (1st or 2nd generation Japanese) and they were a very fine group. We respected them and learned a lot about Japanese culture and tradition as well as the language. We had examinations every Saturday and if you did not pass, then off to sea—a very good incentive. We had four hours of class every day and were supposed to spend four more hours at study. We learned kanji as well as the two kana systems of writing. We liked to show off by riding the public bus in Stillwater (on the way to the movies or something) and speaking Japanese to each other.

I had pneumonia while in school there in the winter. I don't remember whether I got to go home for Christmas. I entered the school soon after graduation from Notre Dame, sometime in the early summer of 1945. The bomb was dropped on Hiroshima August 6 and then Nagasaki. The school kept going however as they needed people for military government in Japan. It closed in June 1946 and I was out of the Navy. I was discharged in Galveston and flew home to San Angelo—my first airplane ride as I recall. I remained in the Naval Reserve.

To Japan and Korea

On leaving active duty in the Navy I had accepted an offer to work for the War Department (as it was then called) in military government. I wanted not only "to see the world" but also to use the Japanese language that I had learned. I had assumed I would be an interpreter/translator in Japan and I could have been, but they also offered me a job at a higher civil service level and pay to be an administrative assistant in Korea. I liked the idea of more money and a higher civil service rating and also the "Land of Morning Calm" (as the National Geographic called Korea) sounded interesting. Japanese had been spoken there for 40 years as a Japanese colony. I took the latter, but I had to wait for a ship. There was a shortage of ships to carry troops and supplies for the occupation of Japan and Korea.

That Fall while in Robert Lee the football coach (who also taught high school history) resigned suddenly and the school hired me to teach World History and American History, which I did for a little over six weeks. I have always been pleased that I got one of my students to read *The Peloponnesian War* by Thucydides. I was 20 years old at the time. I got orders to report to Seattle on December 6, 1946. My parents said goodbye to me in Sweetwater, where I took the train for Seattle, changing in San Francisco.

Needless to say I enjoyed that first trip to the West looking at the scenery from the train. In Seattle we were lodged at a small hotel. I met Warren Smith whom I had known only casually at Japanese language school. He was headed for Korea also, as were several others from the language school. We were delayed and had to wait over a week for space on a ship. I took the ferry up to Victoria, British Columbia, and bought some great woolens at the Hudson Bay Company, a heavy sweater which came in very handy later in Korea and some woolen socks. I had high tea at the old Empress hotel and was delighted with the English "bobby' uniform the police wore. Warren liked to visit bars in Seattle and made friends one time when I was not with him with an army sergeant who was in charge of the motor pool that held cars being shipped to Korea. He offered to ship a car for Warren, so Warren bought a second hand Studebaker and left it with him.

Warren Smith was a graduate of Groton and Yale before coming to Japanese language school. His parents lived in Caracas, Venezuela, as his father was in the oil

business there. Warren spoke fluent Spanish and French. We were later able to secure an apartment together in Seoul and eventually that car arrived which freed us from relying on the army motor pool which was available only for work assignments.

The ship took three weeks to reach Japan, swinging north of Hawaii. The ship was slow; it had been a hospital ship in W.W. I and was brought out of storage with the shortage of ships at the end of WWII. On the ship were a number of young military wives going to Japan to join their husbands whom they had not seen for some time. On the ship we had a dance on Christmas Eve and on New Years, but on December 28 a hurricane missed us by about a hundred miles. The seas were fairly rough the night of those two dances but we all entered into the occasion, bumping against the bulkheads from time to time. None of us seemed to mind that.

My chess game improved a lot on that voyage. I was the only partner an older man, also headed for Korea, could find. He was much better and taught me some. Later, in Korea I saw him at times, but not to play chess. We were both in Kyunggi Provincial government—he in the Bureau of Commerce and I was in the Bureau of Education.

When we finally arrived in Japan, we had only a short leave before the ship was to proceed to Korea. Warren and I went ashore immediately and persuaded a train engineer (with our Japanese) to take us to Tokyo. The occupation was still very new and Americans were readily accommodated where possible. We walked down the Ginza which was then still like old Japan, with *yomise* (night stalls) lining the sidewalks between the street and the buildings. I don't remember where all we went, as my memory has merged with my later visit to Tokyo ten months later in November, 1947

The ship proceeded around Japan and through the Inland Sea into the Yellow Sea and went up the west coast of Korea to Inchon. I remember I woke up one morning as we were about to enter the harbor there. They have 33 foot tides there and the tide was out. The ship wiggled around through a channel between extensive mud flats.

In Seoul I was assigned to assist Robert E. Gibson, who was the advisor for the Bureau of Education for Kyunggi Province. Seoul was a federal district with a separate school system. Kyunggi Province surrounded the capitol and consisted of the northwest part of South Korea, south of the 38th parallel. Our largest city was Kaesong very near the border of North Korea. (After the Korea War Kaesong ended up in North Korea.) The port city of Inchon was also in our province and I visited schools there also.

Gibson was a wonderful man, a dedicated educator. He had been in the California school system for years. He was about 48 during my time with him in Korea. When I left in May, 1948, he stayed on for a time. Then he was school administrator for our trust territories in the Pacific that had been liberated from the Japanese. The Trust Territories were under the interior Department of which Ickes was head. Gibson had to appear before one of Congress' communist-hunting committees during the Eisenhower administration. Gibson was a liberal democrat, but hardly a communist, but being Gibson he stood up to them without giving an inch on his positions. He probably enjoyed the experience as he would never shirk a fight. After that he retired to Hawaii, and, as he later told me, bought a house just before real estate sky-rocketed. Jean and I later visited him in his home in Waimanalo, a short drive from Honolulu. His wife, Ida, was English. She was with him in Korea. I corresponded with him in his later years in Hawaii. He lived to be about 95 and was active politically to the end. I remember he told us

something about the "gray panthers" which he had organized in Honolulu—some kind of support group for older citizens.

Gibson and I were in the Kyunggi Bureau for about 8 or 9 months before he was made chief advisor to the National Department of Education. He took me with him as his executive assistant and office manager.

While with the Kyunggi Bureau my job was to go around the province and interview the teachers at all the schools to see what conditions were and to see what was needed. The army provided me with a jeep for those trips. I studied 3 paperback volumes on automobile mechanics and understood the jeep "somewhat" as it was fairly simple. There were no "service stations" along the roads. You were on your own after you left the army motor pool. It was very cold in winter. We arrived in early January and my first trips were in January and February. I would sleep on the floor in a room in the local school superintendent's house. The floors had the *ondoru* heating system. They built fires under the house and it heated the floor (for awhile). I had pneumonia again sometime that winter and was in hospital.

I was in Kaesong on my 21st birthday. All of my friends were back in Seoul. I remember that evening I went out and bought some candy to celebrate the milestone. (It was not very good!) Kaesong is now in North Korea.

One of our schools was in Ongjin which is on a peninsula extending into the Yellow Sea south of the 38th parallel, projecting out from the mainland in North Korea. We had a small school there which I visited a couple of times. The army was allowed to send a convoy through Russian occupied North Korea to reach Ongjin every Wednesday. I took that and then would return to the mainland by way of KangWha Island on a motor boat—a very small one that reminded me of a song current then which had the words, "cement mixer putsy putt." On KangWha I would spend the night at a large Buddhist monastery there—as there were no hotels on the island and it was a tradition for Buddhists to welcome visitors. A small channel with a ferry separated it from the mainland and I could catch a ride with the army from there to Seoul.

In 1987 Jean and I attended an International Congress for Pastoral Care and Counseling in Melbourne, Australia. There we met a Korean chaplain who, when he learned we planned to visit Korea insisted we call him when we arrived at the Kimpo airport near Seoul. I was amazed at what had happened at Kimpo. In 1947 Kimpo was a small village a few miles out of Seoul. After visiting the Kimpo high school I had arranged with the army to send a bull dozer and scrape off a playground for the Kimpo high school, which being outside Seoul was in Kyunggi province. Now it was all a huge airport! Anyway, Kim Ki Bok was chaplain at Yon Sei University and he arranged for us to stay in the university guest house. One evening his close friend, a business man who had paid for the chaplain's trip to the conference in Australia, took the four of us to dinner at a Korean restaurant. During the evening, sitting on the floor around the low table, I mentioned my trips from Kaesong to Ongjin and how little boys had waved at our convoy as we passed through the Russian territory. Our host said: "I was one of those little boys!" We all sat there amazed at how things happened in life. As an adult he had escaped to South Korea.

When we moved to the National Education Department my job entailed assigning the Korean typists to the various American educators working in different sections and

also assigning rooms and desks. Most of the Americans in the Department were experienced educators. They were a little put off by having to deal with a very young man with so much authority over their office life. I learned a lot about civil service and evaluation forms that year! Gibson was delighted with his young men. Warren worked there also and Gibson also came to parties with the rest of the men from Japanese language school. We got a fisheries school opened at Inchon and Gibson wrote a speech in English to deliver at the opening ceremonies (with an interpreter in Korean). He got sick and was unable to attend, so he sent me to go in his place and read the speech. There was a great feast and I have a wide photograph (from an "early" camera the school had borrowed) in which I am seated in the middle, front row, of a huge group. Opening the fisheries school was an important step in reconstituting the infra structure for commercial development. The Japanese had held all the top positions in business and commerce and only 3% of the Korean population had been allowed to go to school.

One evening, not long after we had arrived, three of us were leaving the Officer's Club in Seoul and on the street outside there was a member of the band from Hawaii that had been entertaining at the Club kissing a girl. One of my companions whistled and the player, a black man, took offense and called out his buddies. It was racially motivated. My companions ran and I was knocked down and stomped on. Happily I had fallen on a pile of sand left in connection with some construction. One of my "friends" ran home! The other one found some MP's and they took me to a first aid station. I had some bruised ribs. I have tried to avoid race riots since then!

The high school English teacher at Kimpo High School and his wife took me on a trip down to Kyungju in the south, just north of Pusan where there were remains from the Silla dynasty (9th century). We slept at a Buddhist Temple and then climbed the mountain to visit a Buddhist shrine carved out of a cave. You could see the Sea of Japan from the mountain top. There were also some kings' tombs there which had not been excavated along with a small museum, the remains of a garden with a trough in which wine had flowed centuries before, and an ancient observatory. The trip was one of the high points of my stay. My friend, the Kimpo High School English teacher, was later imprisoned by Sigmund Rhee's rather fascist dictatorship, probably spurred on by the military to hunt for "communist sympathizers."

In June, 1947, I went to a farmer's festival which celebrated the end of the rice transplanting season. There were all kinds of gongs and drums and that is when I bought the large gong which I have. There was much dancing with everyone in traditional dress.

In November, 1947, I had been employed long enough to take a vacation and I took the train to Pusan and a ferry across to Fukuoka, Japan, on the southern island of Kyushu. Then I took the train under the Shimonoseki straits to Tokyo. The train went through Hiroshima but it was night and I did not visit it until later with Jean and the Clifthorne family. In Tokyo I stayed in military government housing. Later I went to Kamakura where a great Buddha sits in a valley, the temple having been washed away some three centuries earlier by a giant tidal wave—a *tsunami.* Then I went to a mountain resort, Hakone, and stayed in a Japanese style inn (*ryokan*). (When we visited the Clifthornes in Japan we stayed in a *ryokan* on our Kyushu trip and also experienced the hot baths, with separate pools for males and females. Later, when Jean and I were on an Elderhostel trip in Japan and had the opportunity to do the hot baths we were the only

two people who did—the other old people apparently did not care to experience naked bathing even with the genders separated.)

On my 1947 trip I also visited Kyoto and the great temple at Nara. There is a great bell on the grounds at Nara which I got to ring by swinging a large tree trunk (suspended by a rope) against the bell. For awhile they quit letting visitors ring the bell, but the rule was evidently modified for in 1999 when Jean and I visited, I got to ring the bell again, though not as loudly! In Kyoto I went to a cloisonné factory and bought the maroon cloisonné vase which we have. Then I caught an army plane flying to Korea. November was a pretty time to visit as the maple trees were turning and rice was being harvested.

In late April or early May of 1948 the United Nations held elections and the Americans turned over some of their duties to Koreans. The United Nations sent a mission to Korea to arrange for the election. The Russians did not allow the United Nations to hold elections in North Korea. Warren and I met with some of the young men working with the U.N. I remember one of them was from France and he kept saying how much Russia and the United States were alike. I was not sure just how that was, but I found it interesting that it was the point of view of the young Frenchman. The Department of Education was to be turned over to the Korean personnel with some Americans staying on as advisers for awhile. Gibson stayed on, but I decided it was time for me to go home and finish college.

To China and Around the World

I wanted to go home around the world the other way. There was only one office in Seoul at the time which could make some travel arrangements, a British firm called Butterfield and Swire. I booked passage on a coastal steamer from Tientsin down the China coast to Hong Kong and from Hong Kong by the flying boats of BOAC. I got free passage on a relief boat from Inchon to Tientsin. It was an LST so I saw the quarters of the kind of ship I had put as my third choice at Notre Dame. The boat was carrying Purina wheat to the nationalists who were retreating before Mao's armies. I stayed at a hotel in Tientsin and then took the train to Peking, as we then called the capitol. I visited the Imperial Palace grounds, the Temple of Heaven, and a Tibetan lama temple and the Summer Palace which was out a few miles from Peking. On some days you could hear the cannons. I could not visit the Great Wall for the Communist armies were too close. Money of the National Government was being carried down the streets in wheelbarrows it was so worthless. I bought souvenirs: some green jade bracelets for Dorothy, a cloisonné vase (large with more brass showing) for my grandmother and a pair of cloisonné vases (blue and white) for Mother and Dad.

[Later insert: Recently (in 2008), National Geographic had a detailed pictorial layout of the "Forbidden City". Mao had intended to destroy it but his aide, Chou en Lai (sp.?) got it locked up and thus preserved. There has been some restoration and now it is open to the public who have passes or are in tour groups with a guide. I remembered how, in May 1948, I had no problem and was totally free to go where I liked. There were very few people walking around as I was. Mao was expected to capture Peking soon so they had other things to think about. It was very quiet as I wandered around. I had time to try to get the famous "9 dragon screen" all in my photo. At the time I did not realize what a treat I was having., but the article brought back many memories.]

Returning to Tientsin by train, I boarded the coastal steamer that I had booked with the agency in Seoul. I shared a cabin with Mr. Blackadder. He had been in the import-export business for some 40 years and was, as he said, "going home to Scotland to die." He had been imprisoned by the Japanese during the war. The ship had 12 European passengers in six cabins. The back end of the ship was fenced off and the ship allowed Chinese refugees to camp out there on the open deck. We stopped in Shanghai, tying up along the Bund. I walked around and rode a rickshaw around the city. Sikhs were still serving as police in the former European sections of Shanghai. Then we stopped out in the harbor of Fuchou, but did not go ashore. Sampans surrounded the ship selling food to the refugees on the back of the ship. They would lower baskets to the sampans.

When we arrived in Hong Kong Mr. Blackadder was greeted by other old China hands from Britain who had been interned with him by the Japanese. They gave a big dinner dance to welcome him. The host was the Hong Kong Harbor Master. He had a daughter who was 16 and he asked Mr. Blackadder to bring me along as a dance partner for his daughter. We were upstairs in a banquet hall of the Peninsula Hotel—a very grand hotel then, but not as grand as it is today.

I was in Hong Kong perhaps as much as ten days. I don't remember what all I did. I went up to the top on the cable track tram and I went to an ivory factory where I bought my ivory chess set. I also bought Nink and Cortsy one of those ivory balls with several balls carved inside of the outside one. I cannot imagine how I carried all those souvenirs in my luggage. I also had a white suit made in Hong Kong which is probably what I wore to the dinner dance.

BOAC had two flights a week from Hong Kong to London and one could take stopovers along the way. In 1948 there was very little tourist business. They flew what were called "China Clippers"—huge flying boats that landed on the water. They did not fly at night. We landed on the river at Bangkok and I stayed at the original Oriental Hotel on the banks of the river, with ceiling fans, and a lovely flaming tree on the grounds. It was a classic tropical hotel of the time—and quite different from the fancy Oriental Hotel in Bangkok today. I was there half a week and had to get a cholera shot while there at a Red Cross place. Then we flew on, stopping in Rangoon, Burma, to refuel. It took four hours so I took a bus to the famous Shwe Dagon Pagoda which had a hair of the Buddha—a very famous pilgrimage site. Then we landed for the night in the river at Calcutta. I did not go on with the plane the next day but did some sight seeing in Calcutta, marveling at the huge statue of Queen Victoria seated on a throne in the park. I remember eating a mango while strolling around the park and I think I had not washed it sufficiently, for I was later very sick.

Then I flew by a land plane to Delhi and stayed at the Grand Imperial Hotel. I got very sick and asked the hotel to send for the American Embassy, but they said they had a house doctor who would come to my room. I was too feverish to argue, but I had some qualms when a tall, over six feet, turbaned Sikh walked in. He had a great bedside manner, however, and told me that he had been with the British army for 40 years and knew exactly what to do for me. And he did. I took the train to Agra to see the Taj Mahal.. I thought about the books I had read as a boy of Richard Halliburton's adventures. He took a dip in the reflecting pool at the Taj Mahal but I did not. I visited

the Agra Fort and looked out the window where Shah Jehan had been imprisoned by his son. He could still see the mausoleum that he had built for his wife.

(I loved the Richard Halliburton books as a boy. In addition to the Taj Mahal he wrote about climbing the Matterhorn, swimming the Hellespont from Europe to Asia and visiting Timbuktu in the African Sahara.)

Then I flew to Karachi, Pakistan, where I could rejoin the BOAC flights. The 1948 war of Israeli independence was on and when I boarded the plane for the flight they had to lock up my camera. We landed in the Persian Gulf in a harbor at Bahrain for refueling and then again for refueling in the Shat-al-Arab river at Basra, Iraq. Then we continued in a circuitous route (to avoid flying over Israel) to Cairo, landing in the Nile.

I had intended to get an Egyptian visa in Delhi, but was unable to. They would not let me go ashore in Cairo as Americans were under suspicion as aiding Israel. There was one Jew on board whose luggage was searched more thoroughly than mine! I spent the night on a BOAC houseboat on the Nile and took off the next morning for Sicily.

Again, I had planned to get European visas in Cairo and the Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo was the first address I had given my parents, but I was not allowed ashore. I gave some money to an Egyptian lad and promised more if he would pick up my mail and bring it to me, but I never saw him again. He probably would not have been permitted to have the mail even if he tried. It was a weekend when we landed at Augusta, Sicily. Although I had no visa, I hoped to be able to stay, and the plane went on to Marseille. I called the American consulate in Palermo, but the consul was out grouse hunting. I called Rome and got a laborer in the basement of the Embassy—no help. I was imprisoned in the BOAC compound. The guard for the compound was named Bruno and he was very friendly. They had helped me with the telephone but that was all they could do. I had to leave on the next plane, three days later.

In France, they gave me three days to get out of France which gave me time to get an Italian visa. I took the train to Monaco and then on down to Rome where I got a French visa and did some sightseeing. I also took the train down to Naples and visited Pompeii. A young Italian who wanted to practice his English offered to go with me to Pompeii and around Naples. Then I took the train north to Milan A man on the train recommended a hotel and I spent the night there. Then took the train to Geneva where I stopped over, buying mother a Swiss watch in a ball on a chain. I had always admired the watch that Ajax had bought for Aunt Bert in Switzerland, so I got one like that. Then to Paris for a few days. It was cloudy and a bit rainy, but I visited a lot of places. Then the train to Amsterdam. I met a Dutch man on the train who invited me to stay with his family near Utrecht. He had a young daughter. He took us to a fireworks festival on the beach—the most extensive one I had ever seen. He owned three perfume shops around Holland. Later he wrote me about considering a move to the Dutch West Indies, but I think he decided against it.

Then I flew to London, stayed in a small hotel not far from the Albert Memorial Hall and did some sightseeing. While in Korea I had thought about finishing my degree at the London School of Economics, but I could not work it out with the necessary papers at that distance, though I looked in on it while in London. I met a young Englishman who shared an apartment with an American from our Embassy. We went to a period play that evening, but I don't remember the name. Then I took the train to Southampton

where I booked passage on the Holland American line—the old Veendam. Then New York and the Statue of Liberty! I was glad to be home, although I had never been to New York before. I had been in many of the world's major cities before seeing New York. I don't remember what all I did in New York. I may have stayed at the YMCA. I know I went to Trinity Episcopal Church and Wall Street and rode the Staten Island Ferry—I think it was a nickel then. I left from Pennsylvania Station and had a roomette on the train to Sweetwater—where my journey had begun.

Home again and Harvard Law School

It was great to be home. There were family gatherings in our backyard. I had a new niece since I left as Kathleen had joined her sisters, Rebecca and Patricia. And I had a lot of slides of my adventures to show the family.

In the Fall of 1948 I went back to the University of Texas in Austin to finish my B. A. degree. I had enough hours from various sources but not enough concentration for a major. I was planning to go to law school, so I decided to major in economics and minor in government even though I had more hours in mathematics. At that time I did not necessarily think about practicing law, but rather working for the government and those subjects would be helpful for that. I also thought I might consider the foreign service. During that year I rented a room in a house across the street from an old estate grounds that later became the Episcopal seminary in Austin. During that year Jack Roberts and I had dinner together fairly often, as Jack had a car. I graduated in August, 1949, at the end of summer school.

In the Fall of 1949 Nink and Cortsy drove me to Cambridge to enter Harvard Law School. We stopped along the way to see things: the Parthenon in Nashville, Jackson's home, the blue ridge parkway and Thomas Jefferson's home. In D.C. Nink was surprised when someone from Korea hailed me on the street. In New York the three of us took a tour on a boat around Manhattan. The Russells drove north from Cambridge into Quebec. I think it was somewhere on the latter part of the trip that Cortez had his first heart attack. It was not so serious that they could not eventually drive home.

My first two years in Cambridge I lived in an attic apartment in a house that Mrs. Day owned. Two other graduate students had rooms there and we all had breakfast together with Mrs. Day in the Breakfast Room, prepared by her Irish cook. She was the widow of a medical doctor. Her son taught at a prep school in New England and visited from time to time, as did her married daughter. Mrs. Day's house has since been taken over by Harvard University. One of my dormer windows looked over the bell tower of the Swedenbourgian church and Memorial Hall.

My last year I shared an apartment in Hastings Hall at the law school—the first semester with an Englishman, Tony, who had just come from working in a colonial government somewhere in Africa, and then the last semester with Stephen Klein who was a year behind me. My party friends were Dick Gordon and Mary (later his wife for awhile), Mary's friend, Lynette, whom I dated, and Henry Horsey who was my Ames Competition partner and fellow member of the Leach Club. I also belonged to the Southern Club, whose most famous member has turned out to be David Gambrell of Atlanta (a former U.S. Senator).

I went skiing in New Hampshire one weekend with Mary, Dick, and Lynette. I liked it but I have not been on skis since then, despite living in Switzerland and Denver.

My frequent dinner companions in Boston were Elliott Goodman and Bart Farber, though not at the same time as those two New Yorkers were not friends. Each had been raised in quite different branches of Judaism.

One summer while in law school I gave my parents a vacation. They went out to Grand Canyon and other places in the West. I was to handle the funeral home and I had a funeral for a family that had lost their little boy. Allen Davis and George Newby helped me of course with the preparation, but I presided at the funeral itself and met with the family. I learned then how close you become to the families you served—and thus something of my father's ministry to the people of Coke County.

In the Fall of 1951 I got orders to report to a destroyer at Norfolk. I was still in the Naval Reserve and the Korean "War" was on. Several of us in the military reserve of one branch or another had received similar letters and one of my professors wrote a letter saying to interrupt a third year law student was disastrous as the 3 years were a sequence and one would have to start over etc. I got a deferment until June of 1952. The same professor recruited for the CIA and mentioned that possibility. The CIA had both civilian and military personnel as employees. I thought I might like that better than the destroyer or whatever at sea, and so began the extensive process of interviews. Before June came the Navy no longer needed more people, but I was intrigued by all the mystery of the CIA and accepted a civilian appointment—pending completion of my security checks. They sent people to Robert Lee to check on me I later found out.

Mother and Dad came for my graduation from law school. I met them at the airport in New York and we drove in my car to Cambridge. After graduation we drove to Niagara Falls. Mother was not in the best of health. Dad gave her a B-12 shot while we were there. Then we drove down to Chattanooga and visited Dad's cousin and her daughter, Dorothy Dean (who is now a friend of Patricia's). We went out to the Presbyterian Church and cemetery near Soddy. The number of Wallaces and Clifts buried there was impressive. Dad had left Tennessee when he was nine years old and been back with his mother in 1914, the year before he married mother. While waiting for clearance I took the Texas bar exam in Austin and then to D.C. where I took the D.C. bar exam, passing both. While in D.C. my law school classmate, Bart Farber, was also there and we often had dinner together. Bart had some trouble finishing the bar exams in N.Y. and D.C. He later visited us in Houston and we entertained him with our friends at a beach party in Galveston. We later visited him in New York. After we moved to Denver he called me once to ask for a recommendation from me for his children to enter an Episcopal school in NYC. The last I heard he was a lawyer with United Artists in New York.

I lived for a few months in Arlington, renting a room in a home. Then I moved in with three other graduates of Harvard Law School and we shared a house in Georgetown. My first work for the CIA was to spend some time reading Russian materials (in translation) in the Library of Congress. That lasted about a month and then I was assigned to an extra secret department that analyzed Russian messages that had been intercepted. I was assigned some personalities to keep track of and also to keep track of Russian oil explorations around Baku. The Russians were experimenting with directional drilling under the Caspian Sea. Later I found that directional drilling was being used in

Texas to drill under neighboring land. The temporary buildings we were in then were located on the Mall about where the Viet Nam Memorial is now.

By summer of 1953 I had had my fill of the CIA and began checking on law firms in Texas. The CIA sent me to the world oil trade show in Tulsa and I took a few days of vacation after that to interview in Fort Worth, Midland, Houston and also the Fifth Circuit in New Orleans. Baker Botts in Houston offered me a job which I accepted. We had agreed I would come about the middle of July so I showed up on Monday morning, July 13. Jean later told me that the recent Texas graduates had told Tom Gee to come on July 14, the day before the "middle of the month" which they had heard was the time a new employee from back East was coming. That way Tom would have a number ahead of mine—all lawyers had a number that sort of placed you in the hierarchy for amenities. So I beat out Tom with whom I later shared an office for a brief period and who was also one of my groomsmen. Tom Gee was later a judge on the Fifth Circuit in New Orleans. When we were leading a workshop at the Cathedral in Houston not long ago Jean and I r had a visit with Tom who came to our program. It turned out to be not long before he died.

For the first few days at the law firm I was seated at a table in the library to work and it was there that someone brought around the only woman lawyer in the firm, Miss Jean Dalby. I was impressed. Mine had been the last all male class at Harvard Law School. That began a whole new ball game, and life, thank goodness, has never been the same. But that is another story.