

I was born Mary Margaret Fatout at St. Vincent's Hospital in Indianapolis, Indiana on March 29, 1922; the second living child of my parents, Marie Audrey (Be Best) and Hugh Daniel Fatout. The middle child - between my brother who was five years my senior - and I, died a few hours after birth. My maternal grandfather was a medical doctor and delivered my brothers and I - unusual even in his day. He took care of our medical needs until shortly before his death when I was mid-way through high school. I've often thought I received better medical care as a result then that which I gave my children. With a doctor's training in observation and the natural tendency to frequently see grandparents, his observational opportunities were bountiful.

I grew up in a two story brick house sitting far back from the street in the north side of Indianapolis. This house was designed by an architect friend of my father's. A street car line was on that street. We moved into that house in the late fall of the year my brother started first grade and I was a toddler. Not being ready for occupancy in September, my parents enrolled my brother in the elementary school we would both attend and he either walked a very long way or took street cars until we moved in. Two car families were a rarity in those early days of the automobile. The usual only car the father used to get him to and from work. Consequently, we walked to school with much more frequency than my children ever did. This, for us, was four or five blocks. One particularly rainy day when umbrellas, rain-coats and boots were not much protection, I was one of the many sent home to get into dry clothes.

Both sets of grandparents lived in our area. My father was the third of four children- he had a brother and a sister older and a brother younger than he. His parents lived about four blocks from our house next door to his sister and her husband and two daughters. His sister's oldest daughter was a year older than I; the youngest was three or four years younger than I. His oldest brother also had two children - a boy, the oldest of us six cousins, and a girl a year younger than I. Dad's youngest brother was the only sibling living out of town. He was an English professor at Purdue University 60 miles away in Lafayette, Indiana. He brought his bride to call when I was in elementary school - they never had children. There was much interaction in this group. There were yearly family reunions when I was young held in the country on a farm.

The three of us cousins that were close in age were friends as well as relatives. We attended the same elementary and high schools and did many things both with and without family functions together, spent nights in each other's homes, etc.

Dad and his older brother were Civil Engineering graduates of Purdue. My uncle ended his career as a self employed contractor. Dad spent his working career as vice-president of the Hugh J. Baker Company dealing in structural steel. Dad's father, a road engineer, died when I was about five of heart related problems. His mother continued to live in her home but was tremendously afraid to be alone, especially at night. Having a daughter next door was of small comfort. She was hesitant to baby sit with my brother and I when we were too young to be left alone because our home had so many windows on the ground floor - she was certain someone would break in. One such night, my brother had to make the rounds to be sure doors were locked and lights out after our grandmother had retired because of this fear of hers - and she was there

to stay with us in our parent's absence.

After my grandfather's death, my grandmother took in boarders to keep from being in her home by herself. Soon she stopped taking in boarders at which time my cousins took to spending the night with her. She eventually moved in with my aunt and her family, renting her house until the mortgage was paid off when she sold. Dad's younger brother was also a Purdue graduate; obviously not in engineering. His personality and abilities lie in a different field.

My mother had one brother who also lived in our area. He was a chemical engineering graduate of Purdue and worked with Eli Lilly, a pharmaceutical firm, in Indianapolis until his retirement. He didn't marry until after my mother when my brother was two or three years old, even though he was the oldest. Mother and her sister-in-law had talked of each having a child at the same time. This didn't quite work out as planned as their daughter is three months older than I! My mother was hoping my brother and I would share a birthday - this didn't come to be either as our birthdays are two days apart (plus five years). This side of my family also had family functions. The last few reunions were at my grandparent's and were my grandmother's family. Being one of eight, she had more relatives with whom to reunion than did my grandfather who was only one of three. Both of his brothers were pharmacists - the professions of all three fit in well together.

Healthwise, I had the usual childhood diseases. Scarlet fever, whooping cough, and one other that eludes me struck at the same time. I was in early elementary school and missed much school that year. Those were the days when a communicable disease quarantined the household and a sign stating the disease was posted on the front door. Only one sign was posted for me, however; it was felt not necessary to post three! An early injury resulted in a life-long weak knee. I fell off my bicycle onto concrete pavement. Thinking the resulting soreness was normal, not much was made of it until more than enough time had elapsed and it wasn't getting better. My grandfather referred us to a bone specialist who determined that the fall pushed the knee cap of my left leg against a blood vessel causing it to bleed into the joint. That blood had to be drained - that needle seemed excessively long and big at the time! Not to have done so would have resulted in a permanently stiff knee. Twice more during my elementary school years things happened to again cause this bleeding into that joint necessitating draining. I broke the little finger of my right hand during elementary school which made writing most difficult. I broke a bone in my ankle in high school. I was a privileged character at that time with elevator privileges only "handicapped" students had in that three story high school.

Not too long after my birth, the great depression hit. As I've heard so often since, we didn't know, as children, how hard up financially our family was. We were able to stay in that house we moved into when I was almost too young to remember living anywhere else. We never were downright hungry, always had clothes. Conversations among my parent's contemporaries through the years indicated more than personal experience the trauma that must have been theirs. My father handled his mother's business affairs as well as his own managing to pay off the mortgage of her home and business debts his father left.

Church always has meant a great deal to me. We attended a down-town church - Central Christian. In high school years I visited a Christian Church mere blocks from home, but it never seemed the same. My mother joined that church when she was 7, and she was married there. The group I was most often with in high school were the young people from church. Being a down-town church, the congregation was very much a mixture. Many members moved to the suburbs but continued attending there. And there were those residing in the immediate neighborhood.

Another circle of friends centered around a group of Dad's college fraternity brothers. Those that were in Purdue at the same time that settled in Indianapolis continued a close relationship. The adults met twice monthly in each other's homes for dinner and an evening of bridge. Periodically on Sunday evenings the families would gather for a meal and an evening of socializing. There were several summer vacations taken together. At the Sunday evening affairs, the adults would gather in one area to talk and the children would play games - cards, charades, hide and seek, etc.

My brother and I were not too close as children. For one thing, five year's differences didn't seem to lend itself to having much in common. Add to that the fact that our temperments were very different. He was quick - physically as well as mentally. Academically he showed off to much better advantage than I. He was active in many sports - and was good at them. When I was just beginning to date and my contemporaries were not yet old enough to drive, my brother took my date and I to the same dance he and his friends were attending. I overheard one of his phone conversations with a buddy when he stated "I have to take my sister!" Since we've both been married - when the age gap wouldn't have made so much difference - we've lived 500 miles apart thus not presenting many opportunities to become closer!

My brother was Robert Hugh Fatout and was born March 27, 1917, also in Indianapolis. He was one of those people who could do many things well. He seemed driven to be constantly busy. He was active in boy scouts, participated in track in both high school and college. Neighborhood boys his age gathered often at one of our neighbors. The back yard was given over to a basket ball court - never did grass grow in that back yard. So close knit were this group of boys, that they called themselves King's (after the family that owned that house) Back Yard - shortened to KBY!

Bob, as he was known to the family, was also a Civil Engineering graduate of Purdue. Many had not recovered from the results of the depression at this time - including my parents. When Bob was ready for college, my parents gave him the choice of delaying college a year, because of their finances, or helping himself. Bob chose to help himself and start right away. He, too, was able to go with Hugh J. Baker upon graduation. World War II came up and he served his army time with the Rainbow division. He was wounded in France and soon was discharged. He married Dorothy Durham December 15, 1945 - seven months after my marriage. Reflecting during their engagement, they determined that their first contact was in the second grade in Elementary School #70! Dorothy attended Butler University earning a Home Economics degree. They were married in her Church - the Universalist! Their first home was a rented apartment. They then built, then later built again.

Bob and Dorothy's first child, Richard Allen (Dick) was born June 10, 1947 at the Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis - only seven weeks after our second child, a girl, was born at the same hospital. My husband was transferred shortly before our daughter was due, and I went to my parent's at this time. My sister-in-law and I shared a bit of our pregnancies together. Their second child, Marjorie Ellen, was born February 4, 1950. Because Dick was unable to talk distinctly yet, he could not say Marjorie. She soon became known to all by his derivative of Marni. Marni was born on our Grandmother Fatout's birthday. Bob and Dorothy were to have attended a birthday party for her that day - they never quite got there! Both Dick and Marni attended Indianapolis public schools. Dick served in the air corps in his early adulthood and was in Vietnam for awhile. He never attended college. He moved to Denver, Colorado after his army tour where he met and married Terry Hebron on June 21, 1975. Her family were Phoenix, Arizona residents where their wedding took place. Two children came to them in due time - Erin Leigh on April 19, 1978 and Thomas Hugh on May 24, 1981. Dick became a contractor. Marni attended Butler in Indianapolis, as did her mother, but never graduated. She held several jobs in Indianapolis, one of them taking her to Chicago. She, too, moved to Denver, where she met and married Gene Bars, a real estate man, on September 23, 1978. They don't plan a family.

As to schooling, I attended Elementary School #70 at the corner of N. Central Avenue and E. 46th Street. I did attend kindergarten one year in a church across the street from this school. Six grades at #70 were strictly elementary. Grades 7 and 8 were housed on the second floor and were considered junior high with changing classes. I guess I was as unlike my brother as it was possible to be. The semester system was used at that time, the second semester beginning after Christmas. I did skip the second semester of of of my early grades. Consequently, I entered high school in the middle of the year. I elected to stay in high school a semester after completion in order to start college at a more appropriate time. Later, academics didn't come nearly as naturally to me as they did to my brother - my report cards seemed more often a disappointment to my parents. I did not seem driven to be busy every minute as he was; athletically, it seemed I had two left feet! I was much more content to take life slower and to have more time to myself. High school years were spent at Shortridge at E. 34th Street and N. Illinois. I attended a junior college for women, Stephens, in Columbia, Missouri. Christian College for women and the University of Missouri were also in Columbia. After Stephens I attended Butler and lived at home. At Butler I pledged to the Alpha Chi Omega sorority and was subsequently initiated. I never seemed to be "called" to a career; in fact I never really made up my mind what I wanted to do. At Stephens I thought I'd like to be a librarian; at Butler I changed to Home Economics, then to Business. Looking back at thoughts and report cards, the later produced better grades and more interest. While at Butler, I accepted an engagement ring and came to feel my studies were not leading me to anything I craved doing. While an Associate of Arts resulted from Stephens, and two more years were spent at Butler, major changes did not build up enough credits in one field for a Bachelor's degree.

One spring holiday week in high school, I did go on a history department sponsored trip to Washington DC. The high school was built in a square around a center courtyard. The corner rooms on the second and third floors were study halls - immense rooms twice the size of regular classrooms. In the front corner of these rooms were cages containing

reference books. Students maintained a "C" average, could man these booths to check reference books out and back receiving a small wage for doing so. I did this a semester or two and used the money I earned to finance most of that trip to Washington - I felt ten feet tall! While at Butler, I worked at a local department store downtown. One assignment was in ladies' lingerie. I had met what was to become my husband; he met me at work one evening to take me out. I was busy with a customer when he arrived; to know he was there in that department was something in itself. When a fellow sales clerk asked if she could help him, it was downright funny! I later worked as a stenographer for the Riley Memorial Association - a company dedicated to maintaining and keeping open for visitors the home of James Whitcomb Riley.

Girlhood activities included girl scouting. We met in a church across from Elementary School #70 - the same one where I attended kindergarten. A couple of summers I attended girl scout camp. One of these times, some of Dad's fraternity brother's daughter attended the same session. Knowing I would know someone there in advance was nice! Several summers I attended a Church camp. In fact my Church partially paid the fee for several of us to attend several summers. I was also a Job's Daughter while in high school - an organization for the daughters of Masons. This group rented cottages at Lake Tippicanoe several summers. I was slated to be nominated to an office that progressed through other offices to being Honorary Queen - the highest office in that organization; I was equally devastated to have to turn it down. I knew at that time I would be attending college out of town thus not being able to serve that last office or two. Many summers there were also family vacations - some of these with my father's fraternity brother buddies and their families. Being affected by both hay fever and asthma with August his worst month, his preference was to go to some cooler climate in August - preferably someplace where golden rod was not in bloom! When several such families went someplace, it was very enjoyable.

Looking back, it seemed I knew many people generally, but few well. One of my few "best" friends was also a member of Central Christian Church. I've known her family virtually all of my life - they have become as much family as my own. She was an extrovert - never at a loss for words, the life of any party, scatter brained - lots of fun and a good friend. Her parents lived out from town where the available high school was a rural one. Her parents wanted a college preparatory course for her and elected to pay tuition for her to attend the same high school I did. We were part of the same general group both at Church and at school and she ended up my cousin-in-law. She introduced me to her cousin from New Jersey when we were in high school and he later became my husband.

I was expected to do at home. Keeping my room was a fixed thing. I'm sure my mother would have liked me to do many other things. I found it hard to do any chore to please her, however. Reflecting, I believe it was her artistic flare, which I did not inherit, that drove her to a mode of homemaking that I found it hard to follow - even accept. She had a good color sense, knew exactly what accessories to choose for what spot. Her aspiration was for her home to look like a magazine cover. This didn't make allowances for dust, out-of-place anything, clutter. Grounds design must blend in and have the same magazine cover appearance!

Hostessing Dad's fraternity brother twice monthly adults only dinner and cards as well as periodic Sunday evening family affairs on a rotating basis as well as garden club and other assorted activities, meant entertaining was expected also. On these occasions, the table was set with great care and it too looked like a picture. These were the days when we could not afford the kind of help that would make this kind of homemaking easier. While I was quite young, we had young girls in college who would do domestic work in return for room and board. Mother undertook the vast majority of these chores - it always seemed to me she felt no one could accomplish what she pictured except her. "Spare time" for her was close to non-existent.

Dad, while more easy going with not nearly the attention to the appearance of his home than my mother, also seemed to have a need to stay busy. His job was not an 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. one. It involved checking on construction sites, a deadline for finishing plans, professional type meetings, clubs, etc. Outside of that he bowled, played golf, was an active Mason, and regularly spent a Saturday night "with the boys."

Dating through high school and college was fun. I never went steady and felt, for the most part, I was thoroughly enjoying who I was with and where we went. These were the days when the lone family car had to be shared many directions - boys often did not have any other way to take a girl out except the street car! Many accessible places were reached ~~in this manner~~. There were many dances - school, Scottish Rite Cathedral, clubs, etc. These were interspersed with movies and other school and church functions.

The fall I was to enter Stephens, my girlfriend Izzy began talking up her cousin from New Jersey. He was coming by way of her house to enter Purdue. His friend would be with him to also enter Purdue. We did go out that fall just a few days before I left for Columbia. The evening was fun. Izzy, as I have indicated, has always been a spark plug in any group. Her cousin and his friend turned out to be the same sort of people. Although I enjoyed that evening tremendously, at the time it was just a passing moment. For one thing, I already had a fella, albeit not a steady one. For another, we were still to be 500 miles apart - he in Lafayette, Indiana and I in Columbia, Missouri. Vacation times were also at great distances - he in New Jersey and I in Indiana! We did keep the mails busy and kept in contact. When I finished Stephens and started Butler, distance fell to 60 miles. After being initiated into Alpha Chi Omega, I was able to stay in the chapter house at Purdue while visiting there.

I first met my future mother-in-law at Purdue. She had come to visit her son and was going on to Indianapolis to visit her relatives. My future father-in-law was also a Purdue graduate - in electrical engineering. His job for many years was with Bell Labs in New York; it was this job that took him east and to this part of the country that he took his bride. He originally also from Indiana growing up in the rural area surrounding Richmond. Frequent trips to Indiana were natural! My future father-in-law was the baby of five. His only brother had nine or ten, two of his sisters had several children each. My future mother-in-law was among the youngest of eleven. Relatives were numerous!

That first meeting of my mother-in-law was strained. Johnny was an only child on whom his parents doted. I had the distinct impression she had come to Lafayette that week-end to enjoy her son all to herself. Unbeknown to her, there was a girl with whom she had to share his time. She was very quiet the whole week-end initiating no conversations and responding only to direct questions in the shortest number of words.

The romance thickened. It was during this week-end that his mother also visited him, that Johnny asked me to visit in his home in New Jersey during the Christmas holidays - and to accept an engagement ring while there. My heart said yes to both. However, I knew I would be most welcome if his parents issued the invitation. I felt that a relationship that had deepened to this extent should be obvious to such doting parents of an only child. I couldn't imagine a mother not seeing that her son was so interested in a girl that he was on the verge of popping the question. She went from Lafayette to Indianapolis where she was as close as a telephone - I heard nothing! Johnny repeated his invitation a number of times; I hedged an equal number. He finally voiced his concern that perhaps I did not want to visit. I then told him my problem - the want was there, but that I needed to know from his parents that they wanted me. This had the effect I anticipated -

he promptly wrote his mother, who had returned home by that time, and she soon wrote. It would have meant much more to me to have had that invitation come voluntarily.

World War II was brewing. Engineering students were draft exempt as long as grades remained satisfactory; Johnny had problems with calculus. Being a sequential course of study, failure meant he could not continue. He transferred to Indiana University in Bloomington; but no longer being an engineering student, he was soon called into service.

Flight training in the air corp followed and Johnny eventually earned his wings as an Army Air Corps pilot. I visited him several times during his training. Flight training finished, he was sent to India. When the monsoons prohibited bombing missions, he flew gas to our forces over the hump into China. I accepted my ring in December of 1943, before he entered the service; he arrived back in the states in April of 1945 and we were married May 6.

There were many parties leading up to the wedding - Dad's fraternity brother's wives and children my age; my sorority group, various friends. It was a festive occasion. Izzy was my maid of honor; Johnny's co-pilot was his best man. The service was in my church; the reception at my parent's home. Fortunately it was a pretty day as people were encouraged to be in the yard. Honeymoon was spent at the student center at Purdue. Izzy was a student at Purdue at the time - I can still hear her squeal when she spotted us the first time!

Johnny was to report to Camp Dix for redistribution - and fully expected to be redistributed. Instead, he was offered a separation which he accepted with haste. This presented a problem - here he was with a new wife and no job!

Our first couple of months was spent with my in-laws! Even at that time, I felt job hunting would be easier for him in familiar territory. But it was a different life! Having had a brother with whom I shared my parent's attention, and having parents with other interests, I, of necessity, learned to do for myself and entertain myself. Being an only child of doting parents, Johnny had to struggle to do for himself! His every want was their command! I suppose all brides expect to establish their own routines, and I was no exception. However, I was a guest in the home of my in-laws having to adjust to their routine. I was not allowed to dust, vacuum, prepare meals; even darning socks was a "mother's joy" - a job I later would have gladly delegated, but as a new bride was anxious to do. Hesitant to assume duties that possibly would have been unwelcome, I continually asked what I could do to help - just as continually I was told to go do what I wanted!

The society of the east coast at that time was also different. It hinged on protocol; associating with the "right" people whose backgrounds must be well known generations back; being in the "right" clubs, etc. I often heard the story of how hard Johnny's folks tried to buy property in order to build a home; how long it took the townspeople to accept them and allow them to establish a home in that town! This was an attitude and home routine familiar to my husband; but in which I felt I was almost intruding.

A job finally came about with American Airlines. We left for

Memphis, Tennessee, to, finally, establish our first home. Johnny had another cousin living in Memphis, so we didn't arrive there complete strangers. This cousin was the child of one of the oldest of his mother's family; he being the child of one of the youngest, this cousin was old enough to be our parent. He was married but had no children. It was a comfort to me to have someone on whom to call and I availed myself of that a number of times. Particularly his wife was a true southerner - slow moving, easy going, a decided southern drawl. Our first home was in a house converted into apartments. We did later buy a house, but had to leave it almost right away - American transferred Johnny to flying out of Newark and New York. It was this house that got him his final service discharge. To get a mortgage in those early post war days, an honorable discharge was a necessity!

Once more we doubled up in housing. Housing was extremely difficult to find. So we were again with my in-laws until a new apartment complex was ready to move into. We occupied that apartment less than a year when American had to furlough many of its pilots; again a job hunt ensued and again it was in familiar territory for Johnny. After what seemed like forever, he was hired by Trans-World Airways and we moved to Kansas City, Missouri. In Kansas City, TWA reserved three buildings of an apartment complex for its employees - a delightful thing to do! After two and a half years TWA had to furlough. After a couple of months of searching, a job with Delta Airlines developed and we moved to Atlanta in November of 1949. We lived in East Point and southwest Atlanta for 20 years before moving to Stone Mountain.

My vocation became homemaking. Children began arriving soon which seemed to give me my direction toward homemaking rather than a career away from home. Looking back, I now believe that was where I was meant to be; why I possibly couldn't find my niche in school training. Although I went through periods of feeling I should be prepared for something in the event I was left without a husband and the need for an income, I never aspired to work outside the home. Fortunately that need never arose.

Our first child arrived while we were in Memphis on March 25, 1946. We named him James Walter - Walter for my father-in-law. Jim has always been an easy going person. He was a real tow-head as a little boy, although his hair in adulthood has become sandy. Academically, if schools offered only history and literature, he would excel! It was such things as mathematics and grammar, in the interest of a balanced education, that was his undoing. In grammar school, teachers often related that they would find, in the midst of a math lesson, that Jim had a book spread in his lap reading! He spent a couple of high school years at, what was then, Georgia Military Academy in College Park. We hoped the military atmosphere and discipline would strengthen his motive to at least try in his weak areas. That did not spur his discipline and he returned to Sylvan High where he graduated in 1965. After high school, he entered the job arena and has held a number of jobs. He had one interlude at DeKalb Community College. Again, in history and literature he had no problems; but he fought math, science and grammar tooth and toenail! He spent some time in the counselor's office looking over information on jobs and their availability. Things in which he was interested - history, archaeology - had more college graduates than there were available jobs. He maintains that, had availability been greater, he would have struggled on. However, he was putting himself through and was running out of money. And he never grasped why math and science if his job was in another direction. He has been

a meet cutter, a driving instructor, gas station attendant, a clerk.

Our second child is Kathleen Susan (Kathy) born April 29, 1947 in Indianapolis. American Airlines transferred us east a month before she was due. I'm afraid my mother-in-law's toes were trampled when I chose to go to my parent's until after her birth. My mother had come to Memphis when Jim and I left the hospital; Johnny's mother was scheduled to come with the second one. Conversation fragments later made me aware she fully expected me to go with my husband when we were suddenly transferred. I've learned that seldom do preferences prevail. I certainly would have preferred not to have moved at that time; nor would I have preferred to be in with either sets of parents. Being at my parents 500 miles away from my husband for the birth of our child was not my preference. Having a two story house put my mother on a schedule she would have preferred not to have. New mothers at this time were hospitalized for a week; the family doctor that attended us after the death of my grandfather kept new mothers in bed a second week with not even bathroom privileges - a hard job for my mother! However, that doctor with whom I was familiar was much more comforting to me than the family doctor attending my in-laws who would have been a stranger. Kathy came out of the hospital with intestinal flue - an added care. My father walked the floor with her many nights, then worked all day.

Neither would life have been ideal as a brand new mother in the home of my in-laws. My mother-in-law had very strong feelings about what new mothers should and should not do - sometimes these thoughts conflicted with doctor's advise in which case she fully expected her thoughts to prevail. And my impression deepened that she expected me to look after two children as she did after one - no cry left uninvestigated; children were, in no circumstances, to be anywhere by themselves; always a watchful adult hanging over their every move.

Jim, Kathy and I left for New Jersey when Kathy was a month old. I felt these two children were not mine after two months with my parents, and two more with his. My in-laws stored their dining room furniture in their basement in order to set up a bedroom for us next to their kitchen. Jim was put in an upstairs bedroom on the other side of the house - an arrangement about which I was not consulted. This was meant to be a pleasant surprise for me, but I was offended! To assume grandparents would tend the oldest to leave a new mother to her new baby was a kindness to them; to me it was assuming I didn't want the care of my oldest. After less than a year in our New Jersey apartment, we were disrupted again with a job-hunt and a move.

Once more, I took my children to Indianapolis while Johnny house hunted in Kansas City which took another couple of months.

Kathy was as different from Jim as she could be. She was quick -- physically and mentally. She constantly, and obviously, strove to do what she saw anyone do. She seemed especially pleased when she accomplished what her brother had a hard time doing - and actually gloated. In high school she almost felt a pretty smile would merit a good grade - academics were quite easy for her. She had one year at West Georgia in Carrollton where this attitude strengthened; but she found grades did not depend upon smiling prettily at the professor. She chose to go to work after that one year and was with Hartford Insurance for some years. Hartford would pay for completed courses with acceptable grades for those courses pertaining to the employee's job. It was through this means that Kathy got her bachelor's degree in busi-

ness from Georgia State. She chose the hard way to get it - she worked a full day; a couple of quarters she also took a full academic load and made good grades. She eventually also became a certified financial planner. Of our four, Kathy had the most going for her - looks as well as ability in many areas - but knew less how to handle it. She now lives in Boone, North Carolina.

Charles Daniel (Danny), our third, was born in Piedmont Hospital in Atlanta May 23, 1952. He is our "special" child. Quite normal at birth, he developed water on the brain - doctor's think because of a blow to his head between nine and twelve months of age. He did sustain a fall during that period - I bathed him in the kitchen sink and dried and dressed him on a table. I reached for a diaper and he rolled over on to the floor. Medication drained the liquid from his brain over a year's period, but damage was left. Not knowing if damage occurred, or how much, we enrolled him in public kindergarten at 5. He spent a second year in kindergarten during which he was tested. As he result of this testing he was assigned to special education classes at a time when this program was just beginning to develop. He was in a private school in College Park for a couple of years. Most of his elementary years he was in Fairhaven School in north Atlanta - a school managed by the Atlanta Association for Retarded Children, as it was then. That school eventually closed as public education classes proliferated and made this school unnecessary. From Fairhaven, he entered a high school program in which he continued when we moved to Stone Mountain. From his graduation from Hamilton High in Scotdale, he went to Goodwill Industries on Glendale where he spent two years. From there he was employed by Bonanza Restaurant as a bus boy, then by Doctor's Hospital in Tucker in their food services department. In late summer of 1982 he entered a new state program in semi-indepent living. He rented an apartment and had counselors to guide him in meal planning, budgeting, housework, etc. He is able to drive. As time goes on, we are increasingly aware that we will not be around forever to guide him. To have this program develop at this time was a good thing. He will always need someone in the background guiding him, but is developing his skills before parents aren't there to help in any way.

Cheryll Ann came to us December 8, 1955 and was born at Crawford Long Hospital. I have long felt we put her to a disadvantage in enrolling her in kindergarten so soon. At that time students could enter kindergargen if their birthdays fell before the end of the year - she was not quite 5 when she started. All through elementary school, teachers told us it was Christmas before she could settle down; that this was more lack of maturity then mental ability. Grades in elementary and high school were not good. When it came time for college she finally got with it academically. She picked out Georgia Southwestern in Americus and wouldn't look at any other! Her first quarter ended in academic suspension. Rules of the school were that a failing student could re-enter after a two quarter absence. She spent these two quarters at DeKalb Community College raising her grade average and Southwestern re-accepted her. She graduated with a degree in Early Childhood Education with a grade average much better than high school. She went on to earn a Master's degree in the same field with an even higher grade average. She teaches in Montezuma in a black school which has been an experience. She continues to live in Americus. She does call home frequently and seems to enjoy Christmas and summer visits home.

Civic Organizations membership has been spotty. I occasionally attended a civic group in southwest Atlanta; but, because of small children, didn't take an active part. Particularly in southwest Atlanta, I was active with my sorority alumnae. That group were all young mothers and this was the one thing we all did for us. In Memphis I was active with the sorority alumnae group also. Before that, in Indianapolis, before I married, I was active with the Stephens alumnae group. Places we have been since haven't had an active Stephens alumnae group; in the case of Atlanta, the existing group met in north Atlanta. Distance and the cost of baby sitters prevented me then.

Church has played a greater part in my life than other organizations. As a child, I was crushed when the car broke down, for instance, and we could not get to Church. One of my earliest memories was such a time when the car would not start. I stood at the kitchen clock at a time when I could not yet tell time trying to determine the last possible moment when we could conceivably get there. As I've previously stated, the group I was with most in high school was the church young people - this was my "crowd." I was regular at Church at Stephens. Since our marriage, we have attended church. Johnny was raised a Methodist, I a Christian. What mattered most to me, even before our children arrived, was that we attend together. Consequently we have attended both denominations. Since coming to Georgia, this has been Methodist. In our early marriage I attended functions of the women's groups. It seemed in southwest Atlanta I felt more a part of that group and was a circle leader while there. Since we have been in Stone Mountain, I have held several offices. The biggest was presidency. I also have held an office in the district organization. In the Church structure, I have been the Health and Welfare representative for a number of years. In this capacity, I have coordinated monthly visits to Wesley Woods Health Center on Saturday for a social hour, and on Sunday for their chapel service. I liked this so well, I spent time volunteering in their therapy department. I also represent our church in the Christian Association for the Retarded - also as our Health and Welfare person. This association is a group of 12 Tucker area organizations, mostly churches, who manage a group home for four retarded men.

Prayer life is of increasing importance. For so long I took happenings for granted, somehow knowing they were from and of God. Prayer I am continuing to find out, increases this awareness and sharpens it.

An avocation has been music. I took piano lessons as a child. I had one semester of piano and one of harp at Stephens. The piano teacher told me I should pursue music - at the time I didn't feel I had much musical capability. I now wish I had listened and taken him seriously. I have always been drawn to music - perhaps this was the career I should have sought in college. My parents gave me a baby grand piano when I graduated from Stephens. When I married, we couldn't afford to transport it - wouldn't have had room for it if we could have afforded to. That piano was finally sold and we had four growing children which left little for me to pursue anything just for me. It certainly would not have been justified to spend money for lessons with as little practice time as I had available. I did begin lessons again when our youngest was in high school. My husband gave me a spinet organ for a birthday one year, and I soon also began organ lessons. These were alternating - piano one week, organ one week. I still did

when
we got
another

not think I wanted to devote the necessary practise time for two lessons a week. I have dropped the piano and added a theory class and ensemble group through Life Enrichment. And I am in a handbell choir through my church.

Grafts have always been an interest - particularly knitting and crocheting. These are things I pick up in the evening while watching television. I've knitted each of my children an afgan. I have put a few items in a shop at Wesley Woods which have sold.

Among things in the back of mind to do someday is geneology. I have not yet spent the day in courthouses hunting up marriage, death and property records. I have assembled pictorial family albums for each of my children. As our parents died and we have fallen heir to their photo collections, I have put them together. My own album has them grouped and labeled. One of my grandfather's brothers died a bachelor. As his closest living relative, my mother arranged his funeral and disposed of his belongings. Among these was a box full of photos that she said were very interesting - none labeled. She often bemoaned the fact that she might have thrown away pictures of people she might of treasured, had she known who they were. However, when she died, she had not labeled either! She did have hanging over her bed both sets of her grandparents in lovely oval wooden frames. When my father remarried, I appropriated these feeling that a second wife would not be interested in her predessor's relatives pictures! My maternal grandmother's brother was still living and was able to identify many of my mother's family in her photo collection - among them a picture of my mother as a child. I would otherwise have thrown it away not knowing who that little girl was! From these, I've had some duplicated for my children's albums. And I have developed above my bed a pictorial family tree. Of course my husband and I - shortly after our marriage - are there and our four children as high school graduates. On my side, I have my parents, both sets of grandparents, all four sets of great-grandparents and one set of great-great grandparents. On my husband's side, we have his parents, both sets of grandparents, and a set and a half of great-grandparents. My step-mother is also there. All of this I have found fascinating. Some one of these days, I will be in the courthouses too!

There were celebrations and memorial vacations. Christmas was always a big time at our house. Santa Claus not only brought gifts; he also decorated the tree which usually touched the ceiling! With my father's family, we usually played Santa Claus delivering each family's gifts on Christmas Eve.

Summer vacations were interesting. Dad's fraternity buddies often teamed up and went to the same place. This afforded us other young people with whom to be. This was truly an extended family sort of thing. After one of these times, my parents and I went into Canada at Sault Ste. Marie. This was my first venture outside the country.

After my marriage, vacation periods were spent with our parents. Being an only child, Johnny's folks would have been horrified had we not gone to them on vacation. Many times we did stop on the way to go through a museum or old house. The last few years vacations have been cruises which both of us have enjoyed tremendously. Until five or six years ago, I could not get Johnny to even look at a cruise brochure - he was so hung up on airplanes, he didn't want to think cruise ship!

Our introduction was one starting in Copenhagen going around the western coast of Europe departing ship in Athens, Greece. Stories I had read of ship board life excited me very much - but not till after that trip did they excite him. That trip convinced him cruising was a good way to travel. The most appealing aspect to him was that there were ports of call where land tours were available - that this was a traveling hotel and one night stands with all the unpacking and packing was eliminated. And we need not go on the same land tour; knowing it was a guided tour by someone who knew the language was a secure feeling. Since that cruise, we have cruised every year.

My hopes for the future? Hope for guidance as to which of the many interesting things should I do? Interest in geneology has been mentioned. I have become service oriented and have become aware of the many volunteer opportunities there are. Wesley Woods Health Center has a hospice program, hospitals always need volunteers, and shelters for battered women and abused children plea for help. This DeKalb County history course through Life Enrichment has made me aware of the Historical Society and its need for volunteers - to be a hostess at one of their facilities would interest me tremendously, or to help in the office. I would like to read more about the places we visit. I would like to sharpen my musical skills and knowledge. My problem is time. Somewhere I will have to choose.

My impression of ancestors? Parents I have covered. My maternal grandmother was a finicky housekeeper. Her house always looked spotless - my mother's housekeeping habits were influenced by this I'm sure. This grandmother spent winters of her last few years in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. Apparently, even at that time, this was a retirement community. Summers she spent with us. Her health had gotten so she shouldn't reside alone. My paternal grandmother was a tiny woman. Her parents were immigrants from Germany. They didn't meet until they were in the States. They married in Philadelphia, then moved to Indianapolis where he was a shoemaker and gardner. This grandmother often told that she and her siblings were rewarded for speaking German in their home. There is a street on the west side of Indianapolis named for this early family.

I have a silver tray with sugar and creamer with the initials of my maternal grandmother's parents. This grandmothers siblings gave their parents an engraved tea service for their 50th wedding anniversary in February of 1911. The tray has engraved on the back the names of these siblings, along with the date. When they died, the service was divided among these siblings - the tray, sugar and creamer have come down to me.

The dry wit of Dad's English professor brother stands out as does the great humor of his older brother. My maternal grandfather's brother was the pharmacist at the Indiana state mental hospital in Richmond for so long he thought of that hospital as home. As a bachelor he did have living quarters available to him at the hospital. When Johnny's father retired from Bell Labs, he moved back to the outskirts of Richmond, and we visited Uncle Harry a few times as we visited. Dad's sister was always one that kept up with family and what they were doing. Her youngest daughter has kept this up. I visited with my maternal grandmother's sister in New Castle, Indiana a number of times and enjoyed those trips.

Advise to descendents? I feel so strongly for myself that marriage and family is right for me, and that children can become a comfort in

later years. My children have not chosen this way - I wonder if, someday, when it is too late, if they will wish they had a family. Yet, I know, this is their decision and not mine to choose. I would hope they would be supportive of their retarded brother after we are gone - he will need all of the support they have to give. Hopefully, this will give them compassion for others - an honest interest in the welfare of those around them. I believe all of my children, at this point, are honest people and would wish this to continue. I would hope my two oldest ones would reactivate an interest in Church activities. While they were living at home under our guidance, they were expected to go to Sunday School and Church and to be active there. The oldest two have not been active since they were out on their own - I believe this can give them comfort and support which they can get nowhere else. I would hope they could strengthen a feeling that all people have worth. Perhaps I have not been the best example to my children in this - in looking back through their growing up years, I may have given them another outlook. More maturity has led me to believe this - I would hope that maturity would come to them sooner than it did to me.

Writing this has been an experience for me. The outline given us in the DeKalb County History course through Life Enrichment has helped me organize my thoughts. These thoughts may be scattered yet; they would have been more so without the suggestions outlined.