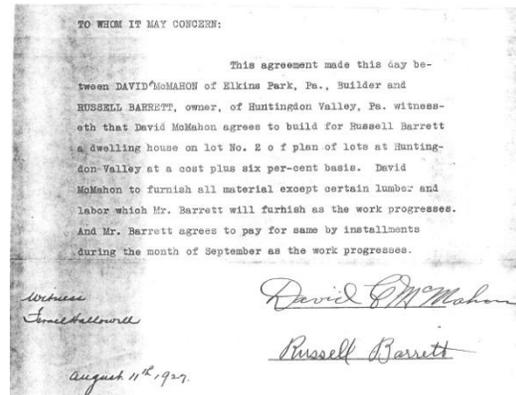


**Franklin Barrett
b. 1932**

My Family

Nothing was here on Barrett Avenue before my uncle and father bought the land. This property went all the way down to the Fredericks Company on Philmont Avenue when Shep and Russell bought it from Frank Pastore in 1920. Shep bought his part of the land from Russell for one dollar in 1927. The property started at the house on the bend up here, Jones, which was the original tollhouse which was moved up here from where it was at the corner of Huntingdon Pike and Philmont Avenue in the '20s. Dolores Ellzy, Mr. Jones daughter, should have the papers about this. I found them in my basement and gave them to her.

[Photo: Agreement signed by Russell Barrett and David McMahon, August 11, 1927, for construction of a house dwelling on lot No. 2]



My grandfather, Shepherd Barrett, always did tenant farming. He farmed and huckstered and did all kinds of odd jobs.

His son, Shep (Shepherd Maurice – not a junior), my father's brother, started out as an indentured servant to Jarrett who owned the quarry on Terwood Road. Shep then was the iceman. Russell, the other son, and my father, both started out as gardeners and handymen. Russell worked for the O'Neils up on the hill on Huntingdon Pike, the house with the columns lately called Mount Jolly, Louis and Charles O'Neil, Sr. That was the summer house for the O'Neils who lived in Philadelphia. They summered out here, and eventually they moved out here. The son lived in the big house just north of Mount Jolly before you get to Buck Road. Then my dad worked for their brothers, William Charles, William Elmer, and William Paul O'Neil. Charles lived here, Paul married and lived in Rydal, and Elmer lived in Jenkintown. Pop did work primarily for Paul after the old man died, but he also worked back and forth between the families.

Oliver Barrett was an uncle of mine. He worked for Charles O'Neil. He did plastering and also worked for Brewster Air which was at the end of the Willow Grove Naval Airbase. He also worked at Sun Ship in Chester during WWII. Oli lived in Meadowbrook, in that long house on the left where you turn in the road to the Meadowbrook train station. That house has been added to on both ends after he moved from there. He also drove for Bethayres Concrete Block, a

company on Philmont Avenue. There was a stocking factory and later a pencil factory (Blaisdell) further on Philmont Avenue near Huntingdon Pike.

Dad and Shep sold a piece of the Barrett Road property to the Fredericks Company that extended that company's parking lot in 1957. Then the school bought the section next to that to make a soccer field. That was mostly a swamp. All that is the land that used to be owned by Frank Pastore. Do you know where Snell Avenue used to be? It may have been called Cypress Avenue. I always called it Snell Avenue because Snell owned those houses there. Old Man Snell owned the property on the corner of Cypress so we referred to it as Snell Avenue. He was a builder and built this church here on Murray Avenue (First Baptist). He was a contractor before 1900. He had a daughter who built the house next to her father's house. There were also two twin houses. Jim Hall lived in one. He worked for Lippincott. The other people who lived there were Laurence Case, my uncle who worked for Smith Dairy, not Schmidt Dairy. He bottled the milk. My aunt Delphine, my father's sister, worked for Mrs. Smith, then my Uncle Case who worked for Lou Wisner, a plumber. The next house was Cornelius Lawrence who worked for Pitcairn, and the end house was Silas Smith who worked for the Bethayres Block Plant on Philmont Avenue. He was the watchman.

On the corner property at the bend in Red Lion was my Aunt Ada Fauntleroy who was my mother's aunt. My mother's maiden name was Wood. It wasn't much of a house. My great grandmother Susan Mosbey lived there. My mother came from Virginia and worked for a time at the Spread Eagle Inn. Then she and Pop got together, and in about 1923 they were married. Then he got on bad times. She went back to Virginia to live with her family. I don't have the letter, but he had written her a letter saying, "I'm down to my last can of corn, and I hope to send for you in a couple of months."

I have a brother Russell, two sisters, Delphine and Hazel. I am the baby and the only one left living. One sister lived in Bethayres on Chestnut Street and lived in the old Chestnut House where the two Chestnut sisters lived. Jim Hall moved down to the house next to the taproom. George and Maggie Lucas lived in the house before Jim Hall. Mrs. Purdue, their daughter, lived in the house next to that. Then James and Annie Jeffries, my mother's aunt, and Uncle Jim Jeffries lived in the next house. Ted Barrett, who worked for Leibold, lived in the next house. And the next house was a family called Washington. Across the street was Hutchie, Herb's father, the father owned the bar on the corner of Red Lion. That house was a twin. On the other side of the twin was George Steinhauer. His daughter Peggy married police officer Don Hessing, and they moved down to Chestnut Street. In the next house was O.C. Jeffries who was brother to Jim Jeffries. After O.C. Jeffries moved out, the Dorsey family moved in. Next to Delphine and Robert was a brick apartment house right across from the taproom with various tenants, one being Edith Trotter Fleming. This was torn down when the round-about was built for the train station driveway and parking.

The Freemans lived here on Barrett Avenue. They bought that property in 1949 from my father and Shep for \$400; \$40 down, and \$360 payable within six months. Russell Fesmire built that house for them. The cellar was dug with mules and a scoop!

The houses at the top of Anne Street were built by Fesmire. The ones on the lower section of Anne Street, the ones with the brick front, were built by Emil Stahl. The little ranch house on the corner here of Barrett Avenue and Murray Avenue was also built by Stahl, a pre-fab.

On Barrett Avenue, the Jones' house was here before any of the others. That house is the original toll house on Huntingdon Pike, dug up and relocated here in the early 1920's and lived in by my grandparents. Shep built his house first, then my father's house came next. After my parents died, I sold the house in 1973 for \$17,900 to James Hayes. A giveaway! This house that I am in now was built in 1957. Russell's house was built in 1927 by McMahon from Elkins Park. Israel Hallowell witnessed the deed on August 11. He was president of the bank here.

My fathers' family lived in Meadowbrook before coming here. My dad's parents, the first Shepherd Barrett, lived in Cheltenham, 2nd Street area and eventually on Washington Lane, then at the Mather estate. The Mathers raised horses. Grandfather Shep had a house back on a lane there. Sydnors and Boyces were back there also. My dad's family came from Delaware, the Smyrna area. My grandmother Delphine, an Oveide, came from Media. Pop's cousins both married sisters. They were both Washingtons who were from Lancaster. The clan came from Delaware, then Chester, then Media, then Lancaster and several of them came this way. There are some Barretts in Frankford and Camden, New Jersey.

I don't know who Frank Pastore worked for in the beginning. I don't know how he got the land. He grew flowers at first. His wife raised and sold chickens and eggs. There were always cows and sheep, guinea hens. He worked eventually for Brewster on Washington Lane. Brewster was a great Republican. He had a big house on Papermill Road. That was the last job Frank had that I knew. I know that his son Vincent had a contract to mow the roadsides.

Growing Up

I grew up on Barrett Avenue, and my uncle Shep lived next door, so I tried to learn how to play the violin from him. I was too lazy to practice! The parsonage for the church here on Murray Avenue was next door to the church, and my cousins, the Trotters, lived there. Mrs. Trotter was my dad's sister Edith. The DeShields kids lived in True Reformers' Hall next door to that. That place was originally owned by a man named Hewlit, a theater owner in Philadelphia. Some of Schmidt's workers lived in True Reformers' Hall.

Rev. P. D. Chandler was the first minister of the church. I was baptized there when J. K. Wall was pastor. He built the addition in the back by himself in the '40s. He was a carpenter for the WPA. The WPA poured the concrete for State Road, and J. K. Wall worked on that. This was before the state paved it over with asphalt.

My father hunted. He hunted right here in the woods where the post office is now, down through the Pennypack area. Also where the Schmidt's Dairy was, and then along Philmont Avenue before the construction came. Of course there was nothing from Red Lion all the way up except woods. The first thing that came there was the Quonset building, the Marine Reserve. It became the Dinner Theater. Drever came in, then Quaker City Gear. Butterworth had been there a long time before including Bethayres Building Block Company.

[Photo: Russell Barrett]



My uncles all had different trades and great work ethics. No one was unemployed. There were not really many work opportunities around. I started cutting grass early for Bertha Crowe, the Fesmires, a lady at the corner of Anne Street, and Brown's Drug Store. Mostly with a hand mower. Then I worked with my father who worked for Paul O'Neil who married one of the Lippincott daughters. He had two large gardens. A lot of grass to cut. There we had a power mower. These jobs had no health insurance. Dad had diverticulitis in 1941 at the start of WWII. He was in the hospital two or three weeks. O'Neil was on the board of directors of Abington Hospital and that somehow helped with his hospitalization. Dad also worked for a family named Mather a few hours per week, and they helped him somewhat financially when he got sick.

No vacations either! The only thing my father did was take off the first day of gunning season. Maybe take off a couple of hours after that. That was all fields over in Meadowbrook where Marshall had a horse farm. Dad would go hunting there. The family didn't go on vacations. Church picnics were what we did.

Sometimes on church picnics, we would go to the parks, Menlo Park, Willow Grove Park, and Dorney Park. When we would go, the pool would be empty. Woodside Park was no swimming for Blacks. No signs. Just an empty pool. Thursday was the picnic day. That was the day the parks would reserve for our church picnics. The reason for Thursday was that Thursdays were the maid's day off. So almost every church had maids that worked for private families, and that was the day off. So all the parks emptied their pools on Thursday. So I never learned how to swim. The Pennypack was the next best thing, but I wasn't allowed to go there because those were the polio days. Somerton Springs no. The Boulevard pool finally, so that's where my kids went swimming. Down the shore there were certain beaches reserved for Blacks. There was no such thing as going into restaurants. Diners, we could go into diners.

Education



[Photo: Franklin's Lower Moreland High School yearbook photograph, 1950]

I didn't have much interest in school. I took the Commercial Course. The General, College Prep, Academic and Commercial courses were offered. The teachers I remember in grammar school were Alice Ridgway in second grade, Mrs. Williams in fourth grade, Miss Neilson in fifth grade and Mrs. Markley in sixth grade. They corrected my behavior and so forth. In junior high, Mr. Wilkinson was a music teacher. In high school, Charlie Shafer was a great influence, as well as Mr. Slaybaugh and Mr. Cataldo's uncle, Mr. Palmer, who taught me an appreciation for classical music. Bertha Crowe taught English, and Mr. Slaybaugh was the science teacher. Franklin Hoke, his mannerisms, his diction, his enunciation, his stature, a man who could pass for a college president, he was the superintendent. Miss Neilson was a disciplinarian. We could hear her disciplining students from our fifth grade class. I used to see her driving around, about fifteen miles an hour. She couldn't make it today driving!

I took the Commercial Course in high school because I was buffaloeed into thinking that that was the best I could do, I guess. The General Course was the lowest level, then the Commercial Course, then the College Prep Course. I learned to type which put me in good standing in the Military. I went to college on the GI Bill. Mamie Tilghman Price took the Commercial Course too. Other Black students in the high school were Trotters and Henrys. I participated in the band as a drummer. Also I was the manager for the basketball team. I went out for football, got hit hard, and that was it! There wasn't much else to do, the drama club. I was in the choir. Barry Braun and I participated in the District Chorus in Ambler. Barry and I took the train to Ambler. Once I went to summer school for math.

There were no camps, things like that. We just played in the woods and ran wild, rode bicycles to Jenkintown. We would ride down the pike to Meetinghouse Road. There was a Sears in Jenkintown on the next corner after the bank that had bicycle parts. On Saturdays we would take a train to Noble and walk up to the Hiway Theater. On Saturday night we would go to Jenkintown for groceries. There was a Food Fair, Acme, and A&P. Then the Willow Grove Park was exciting. We would take the train to Noble and then take the bus to the park. They would have a carnival there in the last part of August. There would be lions, motorcycles, fireworks. Great entertainment. I didn't get to Atlantic City until my sister got married.

In 1997 I was selected as a recipient of the Lower Moreland Hall of Fame award. Approximately three years later my niece Valerie Thompson Brodie also received the Hall of Fame honors as an outstanding Lower Moreland graduate.

My parents shopped at the American Store up at Red Lion Road. Sometimes they would go to Jenkintown to the A&P Store. Mom made root beer on the Fourth of July. We would listen to radio shows, The Shadow, Phantom, Tom Mix, and Smiling Jack Armstrong. The most entertainment was just simple things, playing in the woods with my friends.

In Lower Moreland schools sometimes a little racism would show itself. I didn't go on the senior class trip. It would have meant living in separate hotels. There were some minor problems but not very often. There were only two Blacks in my class at graduation. Of course there was no dating. At dances, we would just hang out. There was a Canteen during WWII. We just hung out there too. Being Baptists, our mother didn't appreciate dancing!

Who were my white friends? Arthur Tinari would have me over to his house. I was friends with Bill Lodge and Tom Messina. Bill's father was the engineer up in Bryn Athyn and ran the power house. Bill took over the power house and Uncle Shep worked there. Everyone remembers the coal pile. This was the power plant for the whole Bryn Athyn School. The castle and Glencairn had their own power supply.

My good friends were my cousin Richard Trotter, Bob Bailey, the Dorsey boys, Billy DeShields. When I came out of the service and went to college, there wasn't much time for socializing. Kenny Dorsey got a managerial job at Budds, Carl Dorsey became postmaster at Abington, Richard Trotter went to business school in Philadelphia for a while, then to the post office in Bethayres and then in Jenkintown.

I worked for Leedom Coal & Lumber Yard. Fred Wyncoop was Weighmaster. The coal had to be put on the truck and weighed. I had gone to work at Parkhouse Grocery in Abington. This was right before I was inducted in the service in 1953, and I thought I could make more money driving a coal truck.

Military Service

I went to France during the Korean War. I was scheduled to go to Korea. But in France, the GIs in the transportation companies were Black, and the army wanted more integration. So because I could type I was sent over to France because I didn't need to be trained. They wanted the kind of person who could get along well with other ethnics. I was in the forefront of that. That worked out. I stayed in France for six months.

[Photo: US Army, 1953-1956, France and Germany]



Then I went to Germany to a quartermaster school. I was the company clerk in the personnel office. This was when they began using computers. Before that they had files with holes, You stick a pin through holes and the desired file would be lifted out. This was all done manually. But then keypunch came in. I was in the service for two years. I wanted to become a helicopter pilot. Vietnam was just starting. I thought about going there but I heard about the natural environment there, bugs, snakes, swamps. I decided against it.

A Return to Civilian Life

I came home and enrolled in LaSalle Evening Division. This was in 1956, a busy time, marriage, building the house, etc. So I went back to Parkhouse driving a truck. I worked six days a week and went to school three nights a week. I got a B.S. in Business Administration in six years! I took Statistics one summer to get it out of the way. It was tough until I caught on to what it was about.

I started working for Lit Brothers after I got out of college. I wanted to work in the one in Willow Grove in the old row of stores there. My wife worked there. They didn't want both of us to work there so they offered me work in Trenton, Camden, or Atlantic City. I knew what was happening in those cities, so I took a test for the state entry level jobs and I went to a job in Public Assistance for three years. I worked in a Hispanic area in North Philadelphia and projects on Diamond Street. I had the Northeast Nursing Home. Then they wanted me to become a trouble shooter back in North Philly. I didn't want that.

I applied for a program for my Masters. I enrolled in a PEP program, Professional Education Program. They would pay 90% of your salary and your tuition. They had a pecking order that I didn't realize. They needed professional social workers, so they would sponsor you. They wouldn't sponsor me because I didn't make the pecking order, so I left and went to Byberry Hospital and became a case worker there. That's when I got my Masters. After that I went to work in the state prison at Graterford Prison. I felt safe there. Nobody had a weapon there. I retired in '86, but I still work there part-time three days a week as a chaplain. This gives me Friday, Saturday and Sunday to do my church activities. This works out very well for me.

Religion

I was called to Newtown to pastor in 1962. I was the pastor in Newtown for 38 years but I was ordained here at First Baptist on Murray Avenue because it was my member church. I went to LaSalle and the University of Pennsylvania. I have a Masters in Social Work. I worked in Christian Education as a teacher. I ran summer camps. Vivian Freeman was one of the teachers who helped at a camp in Buckingham. I was tutored by a moderator of the Suburban Baptist Association and pastor of Salem Baptist Church in Jenkintown. He tutored me for ordination. Baptists didn't necessarily have to go to a seminary to be ordained at that time. This has changed in recent years.

How did I become pastor of the Newtown church? I knew a lady from Yardley church, rode the train with her, and she knew I was in Christian education. The pastor of her church spoke Spanish and would go to New Jersey in the summer to pastor to the migrant workers. I went over and spoke at that church in his absence a couple of times. Macedonia Baptist in Newtown didn't have a pastor. They had heard about me and knew about me from what we call The Suburban Baptist Association. The Association of Churches goes from Bristol to Pottstown down to Bryn Mawr. So I spoke at the church, and they asked me to come and be their pastor. I had to qualify for ordination. Once you are called to a church, then ordination is almost a must. I retired four years ago. I still speak there occasionally. I do weddings and funerals but no baptisms. The young pastors do that! (Baptist baptisms involve immersion in water).

In Newtown, the racial divide was very sharp. There was the working class, service class, that worked at George School, Friends School, and private families and chicken farms in the area, and then there was the other class. You didn't go in the white barber shop or any pool. That was 1962 on. We had a few church members that were stalwarts in the community. One of the pillars of the church was a couple who cleaned the bank. That was status.

There was a new church built in 1953 before I came, and the members had dinners and things to raise money for this new building. There was a family that lived across the street named Chambers, a big estate across State Street from our church. One of the ladies of the church was her personal maid. She would always sell Mrs. Chambers the tickets to our dinners and things. So one day, Mrs. Chambers said, "My goodness, how many more dinners do I have to buy? How much money does your church need for this building? Find out for me." It was thirty thousand dollars. So she said, "I'll call my lawyer." And she wrote out a check for thirty thousand dollars and paid the mortgage off!

There was also a white Baptist church in Newtown. It was First Baptist and we were Macedonia Baptist. Just a block apart. We never did joint services with them, only with the Methodist church. We formed a ministerium and rotated pulpits and joint services. One was on Martin Luther King Day. The Methodist church was always the church we would get together with. Even in Huntingdon Valley on Murray Avenue, the Methodist church at the end by Red Lion Road, they would join the Black churches. When I got to Newtown, the pastors at the Methodist and Lutheran churches were friendly. We just closed ranks. But the minister at the First Baptist backed out of the ministerium and went out on his own. Eventually they sold their building and moved up to Washington Crossing and changed the name of the church. It's no longer "Baptist". It's like what happened in Huntingdon Valley, more like non-denominational.

The Black Experience

How was it in the 60s for me? Well, we tried to establish a union, PSSU, AFSME in 1962 when I was working at Public Assistance. We took buses to Harrisburg for union recognition. When I went to grad school in 1969 at the University of Pennsylvania there was a lot of movement there with Black students. A couple of sit ins, things like that. I was in the school of Social Work. I

never got involved in much because I was living out here, and I didn't get involved in campus things. I was so anxious to get my degree, I guess I side-stepped the marches and boycotts. I just didn't have time for this. I was married and raising a family then, older than many students. I started pastoring in 1962 when I graduated from LaSalle, so that took time. Through church work, we managed to support the NAACP. We were active in that.

When Black men in Newtown went to a barbershop, they went to one in Trenton, even though there were several in the area. I always went to Jenkintown, Crestmont, Willow Grove, that catered to Blacks. The only time my hair was cut by a white person was in the service, and that was an easy cut. All off!

In the service, some white southern boys had never integrated. But it all worked out because we were all privates. It was 1953. Now when you went off base you would take the bus. We went down to Montgomery. Going down from the base in the bus was fine, but coming back you had to sit in the back of the bus. When we went down to Jacksonville, Florida, everything was separate. When we went overseas to France, they were just starting to integrate. White guys were coming over to integrate the companies. The Corporals and Majors were white, the captain was Black, lieutenants were mostly Black, and warrant officers were Black.

I missed something by not growing up "citified", but I'm glad I grew up here. I probably would have been in some kind of trouble. This was better for my sons. I feel kind of privileged. But there were no gifts. Everything had to be worked for. Richard Trotter, Carl Dorsey and I all drove for the same grocer, Parkhouse in Abington. That was about the best we could do at that time. Then things began to change little by little. Carl went with the post office here and transferred to Abington and became postmaster there. Then I went to college and into the ministry.

When I worked at Parkhouse driving the truck, I thought to myself, "Why should I be driving a truck? I should be working inside." Well, that caused quite a storm with some of the workers. So I asked the owner who referred me to Mr. Parkhouse, telling him I now had a college education. I did it for a while, but one fellow in particular made me feel very uncomfortable. He would drop things around me, frozen food cases. It wasn't good. So I went back to driving a truck.

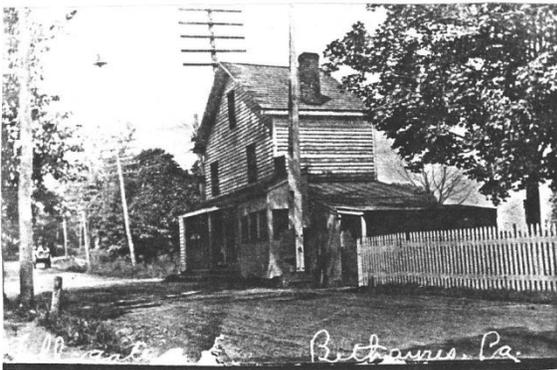
I was going to stay in the service, but didn't. I went to LaSalle, got good grades and followed a six year program to get the degree, all the while driving a truck six days a week to do it. I had a plan of being a minister for a long time. I don't know if I feel held back. I believe there was a ceiling, and I probably sold myself short because of race. I wanted to be a helicopter pilot. I have no regrets. I wouldn't want to live anywhere else for many reasons. Ease of ownership of property was one of the reasons. Weather was another. Here nobody bothers you.

Life wasn't always easy. Still isn't, really. I don't really have to work now. But I get up at four in the morning three days a week to go to the prison (Graterford). My hours are seven to twelve. Working there is tough. Just so many needs. There are women guards which make it double tough. When the Eastern State Penitentiary closed, everyone went to Graterford. Graterford has over three thousand prisoners.

More About My Family

Shep was 76 or 77 when he died. He is buried in Willow Grove. Pop and Mom are buried in Hatboro. My mother's name was Mary Zelena Wood. My brothers were Russell, Delphine and Hazel. Russell is buried outside of Pottstown, almost to Douglasville. Hazel is buried in Hillside Cemetery in Glenside. Delphine is buried over in Philmont at Forest Hills. Delphine had Robert, Jerald, Valerie and Cheryl Thompson. Every Saturday before Christmas, Delphine's children come here. Every Christmas we go to Hazel's daughter Linda's house. Hazel's children are Patricia, Linda, Karen and Earl Jr. Russell had two foster children. Dora lives in Montana and Theresa lives in Tennessee. My own sons, Tommy is in Phoenix and Ralph is still in the Navy in Virginia, a Lieutenant Commander, and conductor of bands. My daughter Lydia lives in Huntingdon Valley and works in Bryn Athyn. She once lived in Australia. My wife Ruth and I visited her there in 1997. Now that's a long plane ride! Ruth and I were married on January 1, 1969 at Salem Baptist Church in Jenkintown by Dr. Robert J. Smith, Sr.

Shep and Russell had the "toll house" moved to its location here on Barrett Avenue so their parents, my grandmother Delphine Oveide Barrett, could have a place to live. My grandmother died right in the church here. Had a heart attack. Doc Olds, who lived on the corner across the street where Verizon is now, came over and pronounced her dead.



[Photo: Toll House located at the southwest corner of Huntingdon Pike and Philmont Avenue. A family named Severns lived in this house in the early 1900's]

My grandfather worked for Lockheim (Welsh Road and Walton Road). He died of a stroke. Lockheim was involved with Zenith products. I was disappointed when that house was torn down. Leedom lived next to the Lockheims on Walton Road up on the top of the hill where the sheep used to be. He owned the lumber yard on the Pike. I worked for him too. We hauled coal, lumber.

I worked for a guy in Elkins Park. He was in the cement and flagstone business. In the wintertime, he was going to Florida to work. That was when I was aware of segregation. I said,

“Where would I go?” He told me to find a Black family to stay with. That was when I went to work at Parkhouse until I was ready to go in the service. After the service, I didn’t go back to work at Parkhouse right away. I didn’t do anything for about a week, and my father said, “You’re not going to live around here without work. Parkhouse is waiting for you.” So I went back to Parkhouse. I was able to get money together. I even sent money, \$20 a month, to my mother for her needs. Now when I went to get this property, my mom came to me with money. I said, “Mom, what’s this?” Here it was all the money I had sent her. She saved it for me. So that and the tip money from my Parkhouse customers at Christmas was how I saved.

I remember Mom’s Luncheonette in the Huntingdon Pike and Philmont Avenue intersection. It was run by Joe Simon’s mother. A person named Feichthaler took it over.

Do I remember Black’s Garage? Black ran the gas and mechanic service and Stalford had used cars with the garage and a mechanic. The mechanic was Detky. Richard Trotter’s father and Uncle Bagley did the bus mechanical work on the Reading buses there. Then Detky bought a Getty garage up in Richboro. He had two boys, Andrew and Howard.

[Photo: Black’s garage that occupied the site where the Toll House formerly was. It was a garage for the Reading Bus Lines in the 1920’s and 1930’s, a pool room during the depression, a restaurant and an automobile sales agency]



I have some of Shep’s peach stone collection. He also carved violins, saxophones, and piccolos, all kinds. He used very fine knives to do the peach stones. Shep played so many instruments, especially the cello. He played in the community orchestra that met upstairs in the Red Lion School auditorium. Shep gave me the gift of music appreciation.

My brother Russell was born in 1923; Hazel was born May 2, 1925 and Delphine was born November 25, 1926. I was born November 21, 1932.