

Doris's Story

Mr. Hugh Jones was born on April 23, 1894, maybe in Rogersville, Tennessee. Later his family moved into Lee County, Virginia. He was raised around Ben Hur, Virginia, Big Stone Gap, and Cumberland Gap. He was the son of Henry Morton Jones and Edith Cordelia Robinson. They had 6 sons; Charlie, Hugh, App, Luther, Clarence (Doc), and Brad. I can't remember Uncle Doc. He died along with my grandfather, Henry Jones, with pneumonia. And 5 daughters Maggie and Ettie, also Maude, Lyndie, (That is what he called her. Her name was probably Melinda.), and Geneva. Lyndie, Geneva and Maude died with TB, I suppose, because Daddy said one of them coughed her lungs up. These three are buried in Ben Hur, Virginia. I saw their little graves. My daddy, Hugh was punished a lot by his mother for not clearing land and cutting down trees as much as she expected him to. He also worked in an iron ore mine and injured his index finger on a coal box. It was permanently bent from the first joint. As children we thought it was really something to have a crooked finger.

Ollie Manis Jones was born to Vance Manis and Mary (Sis) Quillan Manis on January 18, 1895. She was the oldest of three. She had one sister, Bertha, and one brother Harvey. Her mother died when Harvey was born and her Grandmother and Grandfather, Martin, raised her. They also raised 3 other children that were not theirs; Priscilla Randolph, Jim Estes and Edith. At this time they also had a daughter at home, Sara Kittie. Mama's Aunt Kit helped raise them too. They were Quillans. I was told they were good people. My husband, Ralph, told me he remembered them and that Mr. Quillan sat on his porch and read his Bible a lot.

Hugh and Ollie grew up in the same vicinity and their families came to South Carolina together to find work in the mills. They first settled in Clifton in about 1914 or 1915. They didn't like it, I guess, so they went back to Virginia. They came back and settled in Pacolet, South Carolina. At that time, it was called Trough Shoals. Hugh and Ollie were married on November 7, 1917 at the Union County Courthouse. They boarded a train in Trough Shoals and went to Union, married, and came back on the same day. On April 1, 1918, Daddy was inducted into the Army. On May 31, 1918, their daughter Esther Louise Jones was born. Daddy trained at Fort Jackson in Columbia, South Carolina. He sailed for France in August 1918. He was discharged on June 6, 1919. On June 18, 1921, they had another daughter, Ruby Estelle Jones. And then another daughter on August 25, 1922. Then on September 15, 1923, Mama was seven months pregnant, Esther was at the kitchen table singing "When we all get to Heaven" while Mama was making a rice pudding and Esther became ill. She died with spinal meningitis before night and had to be buried the next day because it was highly contagious and they were quarantined. On November 9, 1923, Nellie Lucille was born. Mama was heartbroken over the loss of her little 5 year old beautiful daughter so she told me this a lot of times. She was so sad and didn't smile until she was somewhere and Harvey White's niece was trying to teach him to spell. So, she gave him a word to spell and he spelled it. She said "What", so he spelled the word again. She said "What, Uncle Harvey!" He said "I've already spelled that word three times and I'm not going to spell it again." So she said, "Spell 'what', Uncle Harvey." That struck Mama as funny and I suppose it was very funny. So Mama laughed for the first time since Esther went away. Mama would still laugh when she told that to me, so I can imagine how funny that would be to somebody with so much grief. This Harvey White was the husband of my husband's aunt: Lillie Carter White.

Daddy and Mama both worked in the mill. Daddy worked two shifts for a long time and drew a pay check for each shift. Mama worked between babies. They worked 12 hours a day. Mama would come home and nurse her babies and then go back to work. Daddy was a loom fixer; Mama, a weaver.

After Nellie, Mama and Daddy had a set of twins on May 3, 1925, girls, of course. Rozelle lived; Maybelle was the smallest baby and died just 2 days after she was born. Mama always thought she was handled too much.

Then they had another girl, Christine, on September 1, 1926. Then another girl on January 28, 1928: Elizabeth. On June 10, 1930, Mama and Daddy had a boy, Charles Hugh. Dr. Robert Hill was here to deliver Elizabeth, but somehow he wasn't here for Charles Hugh; I believe it was Dr. Stone. Anyway, Charles Hugh was turned wrong and they had to use forceps and injured him. Mama took him to Saluda Hospital. He lived six months. He died November 6, 1930. I've always thought Mama had some tough times to face. On December 17, 1931, Mama and Daddy had another little girl: Me, Doris Loretta Jones. She always told me I was the prettiest baby she ever had, but I sure did outgrow it. On May 31, 1933, another girl, Mildred Annette. Annette was a seven month baby. Vinnia Harold had a set of twins and she nursed Annette along with her girls. On February 1, 1935, a boy came, Larkin Dean Jones. He was healthy and beautiful. My parents didn't know what to do with a boy so he wore a buster brown hair cut until he was about 5. I can't speak for the rest of my sisters, but I didn't know he was different. On November 5, 1936, Mama had her last baby, a girl, Sylvia Jean Jones. I was five when she came and I wanted to hold that little baby so much but they wouldn't let me. I still remember that. I really wanted to hold her. All this time, Daddy was working hard. We lived on Walker Street, right up above the mill and the river. We played outside in the summer. We made our own games to play and we would play games outside like jump rope, hopscotch, red rover, marbles and jackstones.

But the babies didn't stop coming. By this time, my oldest sister Ruby was fifteen. When she was sixteen, she married Sam Gordon and on August 28, 1938, Ruby had a boy, Sam Albert Gordon, at home. I can remember Mama putting us children outside to play and Ruby screaming. I didn't know what was going on, but later we had a baby boy in our family because Ruby lived with us. Sam was not a settled person. And on August 27, 1939, she had Gerald Dennis Gordon. On September 27, 1940, she had a beautiful, dark haired little baby girl, Elaine. They lived with us because WWII started and Sam went into the Navy. But before he went into service, Elaine died on February 10. She was going on five months old when we found her that morning. At the time, crib death wasn't too well known so it was said that she just smothered to death in the bed. At that time the bedrooms were cold and we did use a lot of quilts and blankets. It was a very bad time for me. I have never forgotten Ruby screaming at the gravesite not to bury her baby. That has been 70 years ago. Any way, Sam wasn't to be found, so he didn't know until later that his little girl was gone. Ruby ran after Sam and held down a job and raised her two boys with Mama and Daddy's help. Sam's profession was painting and he was very good at it. Ruby worked as a weaver in the mill. Albert and Dennis grew up. Albert married Jessie Mae Cantrell and had 3 boys and a girl. Later in life he married Phyllis Mabry and had another son, Travis. Dennis married Patsy Harris. Their first born, Gerald, died as an infant. Then they had a daughter, Wanda Denise. She lived to be twelve years old. She died February 9, 1976. Ruby lost Sam on March 19, 1980, Wesley on

May 30, 1999. The same year, Jessie Mae died. Dennis died in 2003 and Ruby passed on December 9, 2004. Ruby was a kind and generous person. She worked as a weaver (a very good one) in the mill. She developed Alzheimer's and lived to be 82 years old.

Hazel was nine and a half years older than me, so she always told me she was my second mother. Hazel was nine years old when I was born, so I was her baby. She told me about my falling out of the kitchen window when I was just a toddler and how I cried and cried for her to take me. She would let me light her cigarettes and put some Chuckabury snuff in my mouth when I was nine or ten years old. Needless to say, I started smoking, but not using snuff. When the war started she would take me to Spartanburg with her. Lots of times she would come into the movie theater and get me to go with her and it was a lot of fun for a 10 - 11- 12 year old. I got to ride a bus and that was really something. We had taxis too, that went to Spartanburg when they got a load. (That was 5 or 6 people) The best beef stew in the world, I thought, was at a place on Liberty Street across from the taxi lot in Spartanburg. It was called Liberty Lunch. Hazel married Hollan Hines January 18, 1940. The war started in December 1941 and Hollan went into the army and served four years in England. That was the four years Hazel took me everywhere she went. Hollan came home in 1944 and on February 15, 1945, Steve was born. He was born at 7 Walker Street. She wanted me in the room with her but they never let me stay. The first thing she asked me was if her baby had all his fingers and toes. On October 17, 1947, Pat was born. She had him in her new home. Daddy had to go after the doctor for her. Then about 7 years later Don came on December 8, 1954 and Lynn on April 25, 1956. Then about 7 years later, on August 4, 1964, Chris came; and on April 25, 1966, Mike came. Hazel was about 46 at that time. Hollan drove a Greyhound and Hazel was a house wife and they raised a fine family. Their home was on Prancer Ave; but later, bought a home off Woodruff Road. Hollan died first on January 30, 2004 and Hazel could not live without him, she didn't want to live without him. She died April 4, 2005. She left behind lots of grandchildren and great grandchildren. She had lots of friends and loved to talk.

Nellie was the first one to graduate high school. I didn't know too much about her growing up. After the war started and she was out of school, Daddy let her go to Mississippi to work in an airplane factory. There she met and married Earl H. Holmes. He was in the Army and from Lumberton, North Carolina. She came home and had Earl Wayne, her first child. Earl was still in service and she was living with us. Daddy built another room on our house for her and her two boys to continue living with us (By that time, Billy Hugh was born). When her husband got out of service, he moved them all to Greensboro, North Carolina and that's where she lived the rest of her life. After Billy, she had James Ernest, Brenda Gail, Donald Ray, Sandy and Michael. Earl was not a good provider, so Nellie worked on the 3rd shift in White Oak Mill and raised her children. They all are very good children and gave her lots of grands and great grands. Earl died in March 1997. Nellie lost both her legs due to taking too much Prednisone for arthritis in 2003, before she died on May 27, 2007. She was a very good sister and mother.

What I remember most about my childhood with Rozelle was that she had charge of us while Mama worked on the 2nd shift and she would make us come in from playing and wash

our feet. She also looked after me when I started school. Rozelle married Wilbur Whitt and had 3 daughters: Judy, Diane and Jenny in about 3 years. When Jenny was about 17, Rozelle had a son, James Wilbur Whitt Jr. They all married and had her lots of grands and great-grands. At this writing, she is in poor health. Wilbur died May 2, 1975. She has been a widow for about 34 years.

Christine married Talmadge Scott Poole on December 12, 1945 (I think). Sometime after the war, Talmadge was in the hospital at Camp Croft and I went with Christine to see him. He was shell shocked or something like that. Anyway, he got better and she had Linda on Feb 12, 1948. She was the first baby to be born in this house I'm living in now- the one Daddy built during the war. Daddy bought the land where he built his house and Dean's home for \$500.00. It was called the old Lipscomb homeplace. We moved into it in January of 1948 and Linda was born in February. She was the only child Christine had. Christine worked in the mill and Talmadge also had a grocery store on Highway 29. Later, they divorced, but she never stopped loving him. She died with pancreatic cancer on November 30, 1999. She spent her last years working at Timken and she was loved and missed by all who knew her. She was a beloved sister.

Elizabeth was a baby twice. She was born before Charles Hugh and after he died she was the baby once again. I always heard she had a terrible temper and would hold her breath a lot when she was a baby. There was four years difference in our ages. She didn't like school at all, so she didn't get too much school learning. She went to work at sixteen in the mill. She met and married Willard Spurlin and they had two sons and two daughters; Harold David, Kathy, Roger, and Janice. After Janice was born, she had to have surgery, twice. So we, my Mama and Daddy, kept Janice until she was over a year old. She and Willard worked in the mill. They divorced in 1974 and she remarried. She was married to Johnny Adams. They lived in Starr, South Carolina. Elizabeth has lots of grandchildren and great-grands.

Annette was born May 31, 1933; Eighteen months younger than me. We played Cowboys and Indians and Nyoka the Jungle girl when we were growing up. She didn't like school either, so she didn't go very far. She went to work in the mill, saved her money, and with in a year or so, she bought her a car. She was not even seventeen, but she learned to drive and she took us (Sylvia, me and her) everywhere. We would go to Jonesville to Bogan's Drive- thru, and to Spartanburg to The Steeple and The Beacon. We would go to drive- in theaters and we flirted with boys a lot. We had friends in Jonesville and Pacolet. Annette was very kind and free- hearted to us. In 1957, the old mill closed at Pacolet and Annette got a job at Beaumont Mill in Spartanburg. Annette had a son in 1960, Clint. Later she worked at Cedar Hill. She married James Floyd Thompson (Skinny). She bought a big two story home on Highway 150. Annette and Clint lived with Mama and Daddy until she married Skinny. Clint married Jane Sprouse and had 2 girls. They gave him and Annette two grand daughters and two grandsons. They are all doing well.

Dean grew up with all us girls. He almost hung himself under the house with a yarn swing when he was a boy. He was three years younger than me. I can't remember too much of his

childhood, but when he was about to graduate from high school, he and Shirley were married. He was a very good brother to me. He would do anything for me; even go to the store to buy "personal items" for me; ride me and let me ride his bicycle. I remember going to work on the 2nd shift on the back of his bicycle. He worked in the mill and became a loom fixer (like his Daddy), and Shirley became a very good hair dresser. They had two girls, Debbie and Cindy, and a son, Ricky. He built a home close to Daddy's house and have had a very good life together. At this writing, Dean is fighting cancer; doing good though.

Sylvia is Mama's baby. Sylvia was the second child to finish school. She had a very sheltered life because she was Mama's baby. We all loved her very much. She and Annette went places a lot and she met Wade O'Shields and married him. She had a beautiful baby girl. She and Wade divorced, and Sylvia and Karen, her baby, lived with Mama and Daddy. When Karen was about 10, Sylvia married Shelton Motts and has been very happy with him. Karen married Tim Longshore and had two boys, Michael and Jeremy. Michael married Sara Wood and had 2 boys, Jackson and Hunter. They all live in Pacolet in homes they built.

Since I'm writing this, I know a lot about me.... I was born December 17, 1931 and even my birth messed up the family's Christmas dinner. I had pneumonia when I was a baby and the doctor gave me up to die, but I didn't. When I was five years old and Sylvia was born, I wanted to hold her real bad, but they wouldn't let me. I started to school when I was almost seven because of my birthday, and I was real smart, but afraid of being away from home, so Rozelle had to look after me. She was in about the sixth grade. We had to walk the Hotel Hill twice a day because we came home for lunch. Rozelle would run off and I had to run real fast to keep up. I remember one time; I lost one of my shoes and had to get it on my way back to school. When I got used to being away from home and I grew a little bigger, I really enjoyed school. I got my hands spanked with a ruler in the 2nd grade because we were supposed to wait for the teacher to say start and I didn't wait doing an arithmetic test. I knew how to add but I wanted to be really good and fast. Needless to say, I didn't ever get spanked again. I was always shy and couldn't get in front of the class to do anything orally.

When I was about eight years old, I was getting up with Daddy early in the mornings. On February 10, 1941, He was starting a fire in our stove, we burned coal, and Daddy asked me to go into the room Ruby was sleeping in with her little four month old daughter to check in on the baby. I did what I was told, but later on that morning after we went to school, Elaine was found dead in the bed with her mother. I've wondered if I really did check on her or if I just looked and thought all was ok.

When I entered high school in the eighth grade I could have belonged to the Beta Club, but we couldn't afford it. But before that, Daddy took me to Aug W. Smith and bought me a brand new Girl Scout uniform and I stayed in the scouts a good while. My Daddy gave me a bag of fruit one time when I was in the bed sick. He would also let me walk with him to the company store on his payday and would buy me some candy. He walked and I had to run to keep up. He would also give me 15 cent every time the movie changed. Yes, we did have a movie theater in Pacolet Mills. It was in the bottom level of the hall. We would go in the hall and buy a popsicle for five cent. We weren't allowed there because of the pool table, but we slipped in anyway. But I was the one who ran to the store everyday to buy tea and lemon or fatback

meat or anything Mama needed. Most of the time they would give me a quarter to buy meat. I would buy 15 cents worth and buy me 3 bananas for a dime or go to the other side of the store and buy ice cream and a Pepsi for 11 cent. I got by doing that. But one day, Mama made me go back to the store because she said I didn't have a quarters worth of meat. It just happened; I had the dime in my pocket. So, I pretended to go back to the store. I gave her the dime and told her Mr. Holmes said he made a mistake. If they ever found out what I was doing, they never let on. I would also run my hand in my Daddy's pocket as he laid on his stomach across the bed taking a nap. Whatever change I could get hold of, I kept. I never did get caught doing that. I also went under our neighbor's house on the way to the store and smoked cigarettes. Thanks to my sister, Hazel; she got me started. I would make Annette, Dean, and Sylvia smoke with me under our house so they wouldn't tell on me. I don't know how I got away with that because Mama was always kissing Sylvia and I don't know why she didn't smell the cigarette. Anyway, the neighbor's wife was ill in bed and he found out what I was doing and told my Daddy on me. I got a very bad whipping, but I didn't stop smoking.

I can't ever remember getting a doll for Christmas but we got a pair of skates every year. There would also be a box of apples; big apples placed in sections and a bag of oranges. Mama would bake about eight or nine cakes. Daddy killed hogs in the winter and we would have a ham. And a long table full of good food; plenty of tea with lemon. We had a long table with a bench on the back side of it. Christmas was a wonderful time for us. Mama was a good cook. We always had plenty to eat. I can't ever remember leaving anything on my plate, but we had a slop bucket on the back porch and we had hogs that were big and fat. Daddy also had chicken houses on both sides of our house. It was just a natural thing for Daddy to go out and get a chicken, put its head on a chopping block and raise the axe and cut its head off and throw it down and it would flutter all over the yard. He would dip it in boiling water and hand it to one of us to pick. We picked the feathers off and didn't think a thing about it. The same with hogs; Daddy had a tripod thing that he hung a hog on. They would scrape it, cut it open, and then lay it on a table and cut it up. We had a black pot and boiled out lard and made cracklins. We would have sweet meat and gravy that night. We had a built in place under the house with a table or maybe you might call it a shelf with hams and shoulders covered with salt. That's how we preserved our meat. For breakfast we ate soakies a lot. That was a biscuit opened in a saucer with coffee poured over it and sugar on top. And gravy and biscuits- always biscuits. For supper, we had a cow most of the time, so we had sweet milk and buttermilk and cornbread. If we didn't have a cow, Daddy bought milk from Charlie Mulwee. For dinner, Mama always had a good one. Always cornbread or biscuits, sometimes both; always 3 or 4 different dishes. She made us sweet bread. We had chicken and dumplings, fried chicken, gravy, potatoes, dried beans. I remember getting sick after eating butter beans and I never ate them anymore. Mama had beef roast, green beans and very good dressing a lot on Sundays. I remember her leaving us 4 younger children at home some Saturdays while she went to Spartanburg shopping. We would have peanut butter and saltine crackers, pork and beans, and iced tea for lunch and I really loved to eat that. She would bring home candy corn or something similar for us. She would divide it out evenly between us. She always treated each of us fair. Mama also worked on the second shift and Daddy on the third. In the summer we would play outside until dark, then come in and wash our feet (because we went barefoot) in one tin tub filled with water on the back porch. I can remember my Daddy bathing me in a tin tub in the kitchen; that was before I was old enough to go to school. Then as I got older, on Saturday, we got a bath whether we needed it or not. Our house overlooked

the river and the dam. Lots of times I dreamed of falling in the river but would always wake up before I hit the water. We lived there until I was sixteen years old, then we moved (at the time I thought out of civilization) where I live now. Daddy bought the land from Harvey White as I mentioned earlier and started building a house around the year 1944 (wartime). It took him four years to build it. (A Forest Kirby helped him) He dug a well outside the back door and hit a little water but not enough. Annette and Dean was about 8-9-10 years old and they helped him dynamite and haul dirt and I don't know what else they did because I was busy going to school and I didn't help do anything here. I really didn't want to leave my home. Anyway, we moved here when I was 16, in February 1948, and it broke my heart to leave 7 Walker Street. But now I wouldn't take it for a hundred mill houses. It's home. Before I left Walker Street, I was beginning to grow up. We, Elizabeth, Christine, and us younger ones, would sit on the front porch and sing. After the older ones went to work in the mill and I was about 12 or 13; getting to be a teenager, the Jetts lived below us and the Shehans lived several houses out the street and we would all play together. I ran all over the place and I guess I was probably running after the boys because I ran Ray Shehan all over the place for a kiss but he never gave it to me. I think we might have been playing post office. Anyway, we had a lot of fun.

I remember growing up on Walker Street. We played in the yard or under the house. A cousin, Catherine Parker (Aunt Ettie's daughter) would walk out the street to our house and play with us. But as she got older, she lost the ability to walk. She had a sister, Mary Sue that was in a wheelchair at a very early age. But Catherine was able to start high school with my help in the 8th grade. She was confined to a wheel chair shortly after 8th grade and never walked again. To visit Catherine and Aunt Ettie was an uplifting experience. All I remember about my Grandma Jones was that after she became a widow she would go around and live with her children. There was no such thing as social security and an elderly person did not have any income at all. One day we all (Mama, Daddy, Grandma, and us children) were in the back yard under the chinaberry tree shucking corn. We had a wood stove and Grandma told me to go in and see if there was a fire in the wood stove. I was about 6 or 7 and the only way I could tell if there was a fire was to put my hand on top of the stove. Guess what. There was a fire and I burned the palm of my hand.

I remember Grandma and Mama turning the feather beds upside down on the beds and they would look for chinchies or bedbugs and when found, kill them by hand, We had them because sometimes the sheets would have little spots of blood where they would bite and leave evidence of being there. Mama always kept our beds clean. She not only washed our sheets, she ironed them. There wasn't such a thing a Clorox or any strong liquid that would disinfect and kill germs then. But I remember later, when I was big enough to wash my own dresses, I wanted to whiten the white collar on a green dress. So, we did have Clorox sometimes. Mama's daddy and Uncle Bill came to see us one time. All I can remember is they wore a long white beard. Mama's only brother, Harvey, lived around Spartanburg but she would not let him visit us. He drank a lot and she would not let him come around us drinking. I remember him writing, maybe once. He was sober then. When he died there was no one but Mama to bury him and at that time we all had jobs so we all went in together and had a funeral service and buried him at White Rose Cemetery in Pacolet Mills. I think Aunt Lou and Uncle App had a burial plot there that they let Mama have.

When a storm would come up, Mama would make us sit down, be quiet, and the older ones would sing hymns. We played jackstones in the hall and cut out Author Cards to play the

game. You would put the same number on 4 cards, up to a certain number (that I have forgotten) and draw from each other until you got a book (a set of 4) of cards. Whoever had the most books won the game. It was fun. Also on pretty days, Daddy would play ball with us. We climbed trees and played. Growing up was good, even though we had to bring in coal and stove wood, and get up lessons; homework after school. I rolled my hair about everyday either on paper or bobby-pins. I listened to "Your Hit Parade" on Saturday nights and "Let's Pretend" on Saturday mornings. I also like "The Lone Ranger" and "Amos and Andy". I enjoyed copying songs out of "Your Hit Parade" magazine on another piece of paper, just to have something to do in my spare time. Some of my favorite songs before I was 16 were: "Golden Earrings". Some words I remember are: "There is a legend the _____ know is true that when your love wears golden earrings, he belongs to you. "Anniversary Song": "Oh, how we danced on the night we were wed; we vowed our true love though a word wasn't said." "If I Loved You": "If I loved you, time and again, I would try to say all I want you to know. If I loved you words wouldn't come in an easy way. Round in circles I'd go, longing to tell you but afraid and shy. I'd let my golden chances pass me by. Soon you'd leave me, off you would go to a distant land, never ever to know how I loved you... if I loved you." I think that was my favorite. Also, "Till the End of Time"; I can't remember too many words, but: "As long as there's a spring, a bird to sing, I'll go on loving you..." I think I have always been a dreamer or something.

I also ironed work clothes for my older sisters for money. When I was about twelve, I kept Ruby's two boys while she worked on the second shift. Later, I kept another sister's children and finally I turned sixteen and Daddy got me a job in the mill. I was in the 10th grade, but the money I was making was more important than an education, so I dropped out of school. I worked ten years at Pacolet Mills and then took a beauty course in Spartanburg. Annette made that possible because she had a car. The mill closed after I went in debt to buy beauty shop equipment. So, I went to Greensboro to work with my sister, Nellie to pay off the debt. I worked 18 months at White Oak Mill and lived with Nellie. While at home I could use a whole banana to make a sandwich, but at Nellie's, we made about seven sandwiches with one banana. She had five boys and two girls, so with me, she had ten in the family. We always had a good dinner on Sunday. When Sylvia had Karen, I came back home and got a job at Beaumont with Annette. While working at Beaumont, Annette became pregnant and had a son, Clint. We were all living with Mama and Daddy, working in the mill on the 3rd shift. I didn't work long in the mill because I had a beauty shop built and went to work in it. The beauty shop was in the front yard almost, so I was home during the day with Karen and Clint. I helped out as much as I could and did my work by appointments when Karen and Clint started to school. I took them in my car and picked them up in the afternoon. I bought one after I learned to drive Annette's car while working at Beaumont Mill in Spartanburg. Dean had three children so I took them; also Albert's three children. About that time my life wasn't going too good. I was in a rut and didn't know how to get out. So, one day I was discouraged. I asked the Lord to just let me die. I remember, I was in the beauty shop, praying to die. Well, the Lord didn't take me but he revealed to me to stop thinking of myself and start thinking about all the wonderful children that surrounded me. That was the best summer of my life. I took them swimming, to the movies, to Hardee's. We all had a wonderful time- Karen, Clint, Debbie, Cindy, Ricky, and I think maybe Wesley and Tammy. I'm not sure about them. By me working very close to home and living at home, I was very close to my

mother. She cooked dinner for Daddy and me everyday on Sunday, especially. We would sit at the table and talk and talk. There is one thing though, I wish I could change. I smoked. Mama never saw me smoke a cigarette. She didn't want me to smoke and I thought I respected her enough not to smoke in front of her. But I couldn't be where she was too long at a time because I was addicted to cigarettes. So it made me very irritated if I couldn't smoke. So I think my relationship with my mother would have been much better if I had smoked around her. But, after she went to be with the Lord about six months later, I asked Karen to pray that the Lord would take the want of nicotine out of my body and he did. It has been 46 years now and I never have wanted a cigarette since. The beauty shop was built in 1962. Karen was born in 1959; Clint in 1960. Annette and Sylvia worked on the 3rd shift and slept during the day. I worked in the beauty shop and Daddy and Mama and me enjoyed Karen and Clint.

What I remember about my aunts and uncles, Daddy's brothers and sisters:

Uncle Brad was a jolly man. He had three girls and a boy: Louise, Frances, Jack and Nellie. Uncle Brad told me one time that if you let the first rain in May fall on your face, the freckles would disappear. I had freckles but they never vanished and I did what he said. I was in school with Jack and Annette with Nellie Keith. They didn't like school at all. Uncle Luther laughed a lot. He would visit Daddy occasionally. He and Aunt Maggie (he married Maggie Scales) had five boys: Lewis, Henry, Liston, Delano, and Steve; and four girls: Grace, Ophelia, Laverne and Myrtis. Uncle App married Lou Gallaway and lived in Union. I can't write all their children's names because they didn't visit us enough for me to know them. Uncle Charlie lived in Fort Mill. He was married twice. His first wife took her own life. They had a daughter (Myra). He married Lily and had another daughter. He did well in the Laundry business in Fort Mill. He came to Pacolet about once a year.

In August 1967, Mama died. Daddy did the best he could to keep everything going. Later that year, Daddy had to have a double hernia operation and since I wasn't married and still living at home, he deeded me the house. He thought he might not survive the surgery. But, he did and lived to be 93 years old. He left us to live with Annette once and then with Rozelle. He had a female companion that kept him company until she died; and he passed away January 31, 1988. Daddy tried to cook for me. The children were in school. I took them and picked them up. In October of 1968, Ralph Hogan walked down the aisle at church and when he passed me, the Lord spoke to my heart and said to me "That is the man you are going to marry." And I remember thinking "Lord, if it is, help me to love him, because he isn't my type." Well, I was doing his Aunt Addie's hair at that time, so I mentioned to her that I was getting old enough (I was 37) to start thinking about settling down and Ralph was a good man. (Ralph had lost his wife in January) So in November, Ralph called me for a date. I asked for a rain check. I didn't want to be too anxious. But on January 24, 1970 we were married. But to be truthful, I knew my child-bearing days were running out and I really did want to have a baby of my own. Well, it didn't happen. I couldn't seem to get pregnant. I took two rounds of fertility pills. At 41, I gave up on the pills but I prayed and prayed and prayed for a baby. Amanda was born on October 28, 1973. Ralph was 57 and me, almost 42. Never was there two people any prouder than we were. She was beautiful- long, black hair, then red, then blonde; very long and she wore long curls a lot; a very happy good baby. She started to school at four years of age and went all the way through school with a 90 average. She was in Atlas.

She excelled in everything she wanted to do. At 14 months, I weaned her and it broke my heart. That was the first apron strings I had to cut. When she was about 11 or 12, she preferred her friends over her mama- I had to cut more aprons strings. I was told that if I ever got her over "fool's hill", she would come back to me (she would love me again). And that was true. She married Erik Slusarczyk on June 23, 1995. He is the love of her life, and she, his. Her Daddy went to be with the Lord on February 17, 2003. He was 86 years old and raised his baby to be 30 years old.

Amanda and Erik became parents on July 23, 2008 to a very precious little girl, Caroline Rose. She is 14 months old now and the happiest baby. She takes that after her mom. Amanda was a very happy baby. I keep her on Wednesdays and Thursdays and every other Friday. I still do about 12 people in the beauty shop. I am still in good health. I go to Hardee's every morning for breakfast and I can still drive myself here and there. I have a wonderful family and good health. What more could I want? The Lord has blessed me. He said "I am come that ye may have life and that ye may have it more abundantly." AMEN

(Doris Jones' dad was Hugh Jones. His story can be read on this website at:)

<http://pacoletmemories.com/HughJones.pdf>