

September 24, 1995

My Dear Allison:

In 1937 your grandpa was 19 years of age, two years out of high school, loafing about the little railroad town of Lansing. For recreation, he hopped slow-moving freight trains, rode a bicycle, went swimming in Rock Creek a mile north of town, went fishing, listened to Amos and Andy, Fibber McGee and Molly, and the Lucky Strike Hit Parade on the radio. You could have justifiably called him a snaggle-toothed ne'er-do-well with little to look forward to, and no goal in mind. Oh, he did work a little when it was available in those depression years -- clerking in a grocery, loading lumber into a rail car, or driving a truck.

My sister, Jewell, the oldest of the eight children, had at that time received some college education and was teaching in the public schools. She said one day, "Bill, we're going to have your teeth fixed and send you off to school". So, I went to a dentist in Harriman, got myself a presentable smile, enrolled at Tennessee Wesleyan College in Athens, Tennessee, and earned in two years what they called a Business Diploma. This gave me a boost from the truck driver, grocery clerk and lumber-handler category. And without my presentable smile how would I have ever won the heart of your grandma Ann, and become the proud grandfather of beautiful grandchildren such as you? Borrowing a phrase from the Bible, "These are my beloved grandchildren, in whom I am well pleased". This had to be the defining moment in my life.

I can think of no one person or circumstance that shaped my personality. I'll just say that my parents were avid church goers, disciplining their children strictly, but with much love. I attended Bible school during summer vacations, and Tennessee Wesleyan College was (and is) a church-sponsored college where completion of Bible studies was a requirement for graduation. I am sure I entered into these studies with some reluctance at the time, but they have served me well.

Good luck on your Project. I enjoyed the sharing of these reflections with you.

I love you,

*Grandpa. Scott*