

WALL OF HONOR



*Aaron Lorch is our 4th Honoree for the Wall of Honor
October 20th 2013*

WALL OF HONOR

P. K. Burleson

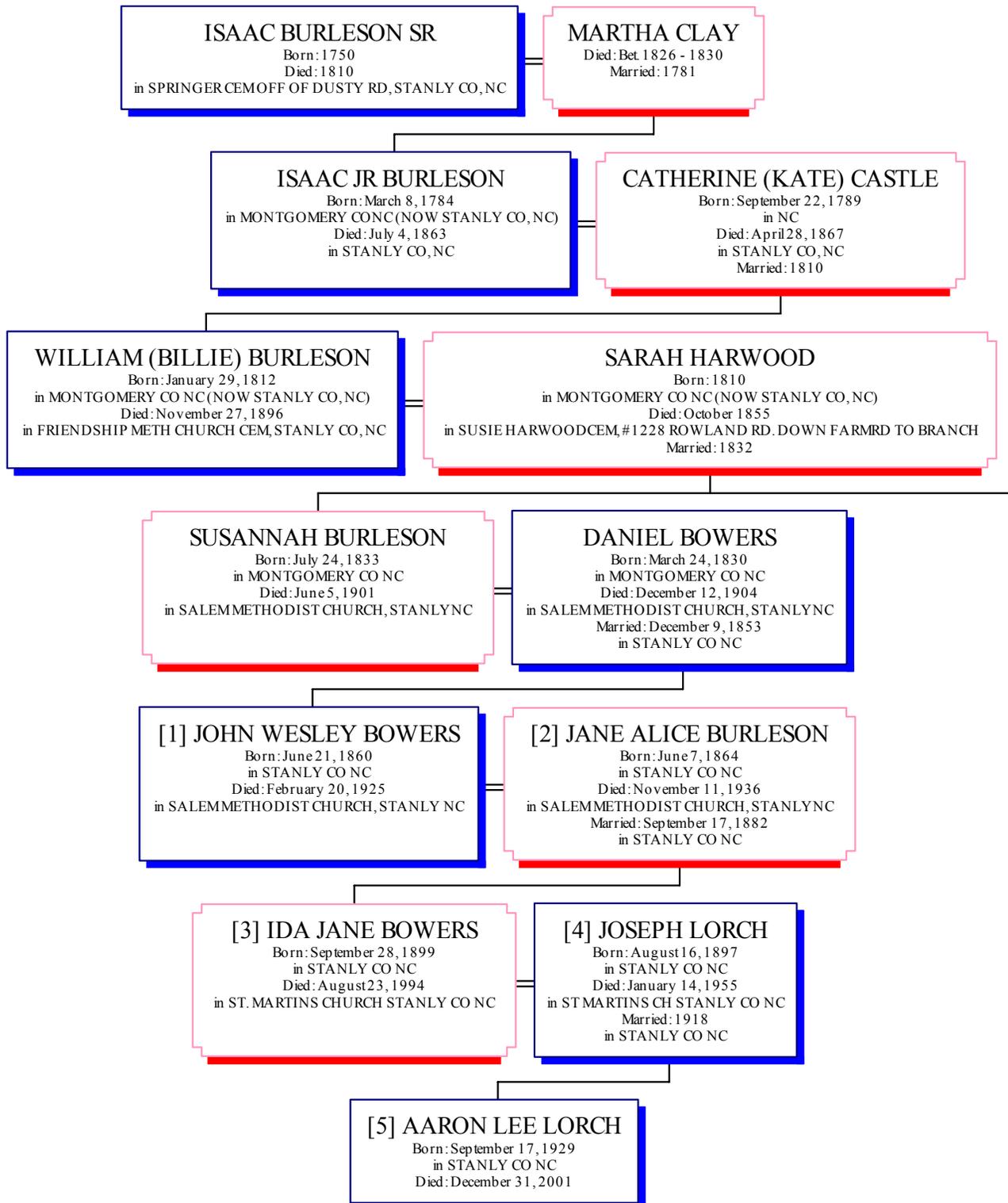
Thurman Burleson

Lena Burleson

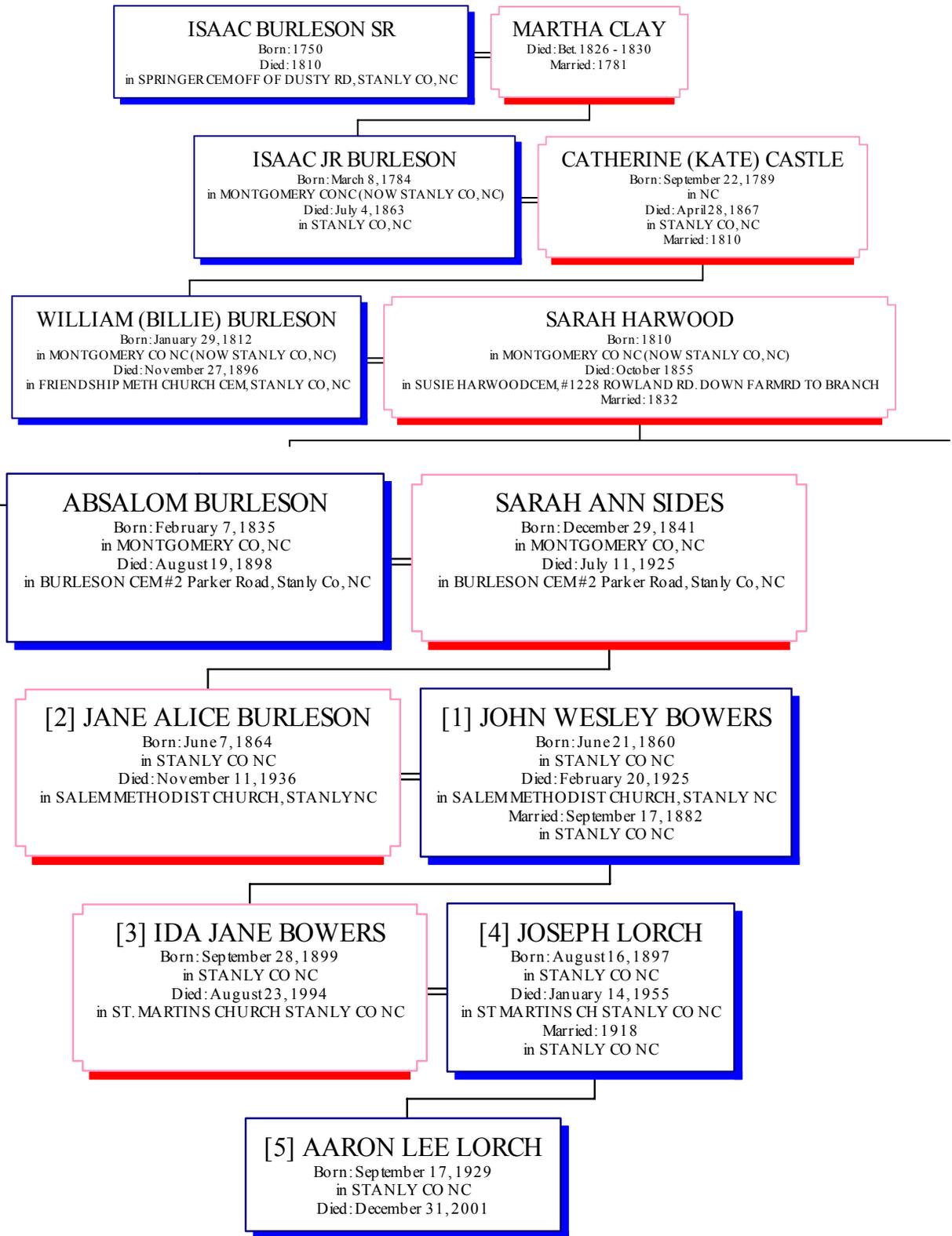
Aaron Lorch

Aaron Lorch has Two Burleson Family Line

Direct Descendants of ISAAC BURLESON SR



Direct Descendants of ISAAC BURLESON SR



Matthias Lorch Family

L/R Joseph, Matthias, Henry, Anna Marie Lebherz, Matthew, Annie & Barbara Lorch



Aaron's
Father,
Joseph

The youngest son, on the left is Joseph Lorch, Aaron's Father

Matthias Lorch Family

By: Aaron Lorch

Matthias Lorch was born in Winterlingen, Germany on August 27, 1857 to Johann Christian Lorch (Aug 6, 1812-July 18, 1890) and Barbara Maier (Nov 23, 1818-Dec 28, 1907). As a young man, he was drafted into the German Army, where he was compelled to serve three years. About the same time, a friend of his was drafted also, but he deserted the army, and ran away America.

After Mathias served his tour of duty, he received letters from his friend (Fred Beck) suggesting he come to America. He did sometime in the early part of 1880s. He spent most of that time in Illinois. He applied for citizenship in Marshall County, Ill, in February of 1885. For whatever reason, I don't know, He went back to Germany soon after that, and got married to my grandmother on Nov 12 1885. She was Anna Maria Lebherz born May 8, 1856 to Josef Lebherz and Magdalena Faigle. After their marriage they had three children born in Germany, Annie and a twin named Josefin, and a son named Henrick. Josefin died at 6 months and four days old.

Henrick was born may 25, 1889. In the later part of that year, (1889) they came to America, this time he came to stay the balance of his life. They produced three other children, of which my father was the youngest. His name was Joseph (named after his Maternal G-father). Dad was born on Aug 16, 1897, and grew up to marry my mother, who was Billie Burleson's G-grand daughter. Billie's oldest child of record, Sussannah Burleson married Daniel Bowers who served in Confederate Army during the Civil War. My Grand-father, John Wesley Bowers, was born in 1860. He was the fourth child of Daniel and Susannah. The other children (my father's siblings) were, Matthew, and Barbara, in addition to Annie and Hendrick (Henry) founder Lorch Plumbing & Heating Company in Albermarle NC. I have some pictures of most of their homes. None ever lived extravagantly, some could have if they chose to. They were just plain conservative people. Mathias and Anna Maria both died when I was just a young boy. I have a memory of them, but I wasn't old enough when they died to really appreciate the hard-ship they must have went though to come away from their families in Germany. I have some old letters from Germany that I have never found anyone to translate for me. I hope to find someone who can one day.

Old train ticket recalls long trip 82 years ago

by Marvin Eury Staff Writer

Article in the Stanly News & Press

What memories can often be found in the most unusal places. Take for instance, an old yellow piece of paper seven inches long and two and a half inches wide Donna Rowland ran across the other day. At first glance it looked like a coupon from a sack of flour or a clipping from a magazine. But Donna took a second look and found that it was an "emigrant ticket" for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company dated Dec. 26 1889. The ticket had been punched and stamped at "The Immigrant Clearing House" in Castle Garden, N.Y. and the ticket holder was assigned to Passenger Department 20. If the ticket could talk, what a story it could tell about early railroad travel, and about new arrivals in the United States. Donna in the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winfred Rowland of 205 Eva Drive and the ticket was used by the grandmother of Winfred in 1889. She was the former, Miss Maria Liphurst who arrived in New York and rode the train to her new home in "Bloomington, North Carolina" which for the young folks was a place near what is now Millingport, four or five miles from Albemarle, off Highway 27. Miss Liphurst was from a village in Germany called Winterling. She married Matt Lorch and the couple had two children, Henry and Annie. It appears by the ticket that the early traveler got off the train at Salisbury. Cities listed at the top of the ticket were Salisbury, Lixington, High Point, and Greensboro and the stub noted "Station named in large type of at the extreme top of this ticket" and the initials "BC" were punched in a line under Salisbury but beside High Point. The "emigrant ticket" was "good only when officially stamped and dated for on continous passage and "to the station on Richmond & Danville Railroad". One can only guess how long Miss Liphurst (Mrs Lorch) was on that "continuous journey" but several weeks ago, The Souther Railwas had a couple steam engines on a sentimental journey from Alexandria, Va. To Altanta, and printed in conjunction a June 21, 1896 timetable for a New York to New Orleans sleeping car service. According to that schedule, a steam engine train would leave Pennsylvania Railroad Station in New Yourk at 4:30 pm and after taking on and letting off passengers in Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and Danville would arrive in Salisbury at 8:17 am the next day. That's 15 hours and 47 minutes.



'Emigrant ticket' dated Dec. 26, 1889

... Used by grandmother of Winfred Rowland of 205 Eva Drive

Volume V. No. 1

“Recollections”

Is Dedicated to the Honor and Memory of Aaron Lorch

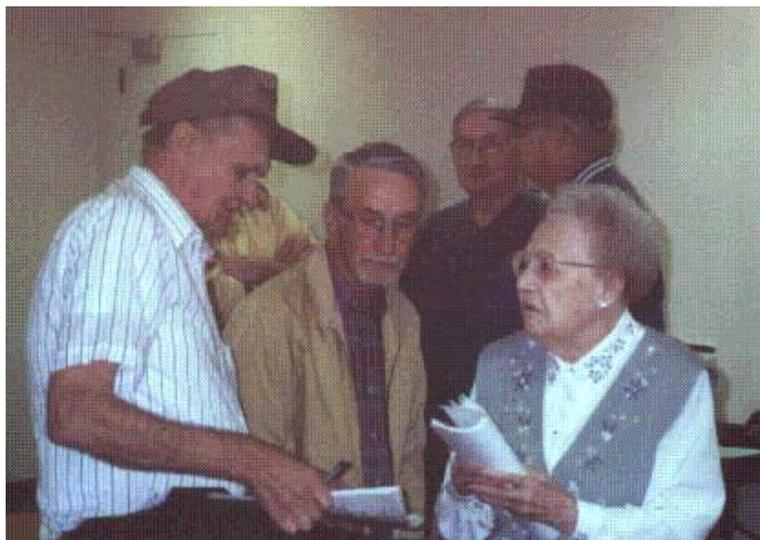
The Burlson Family Research Group lost one of its Charter Members this year.

Aaron Lee Lorch

September 17, 1929 – December 31, 2001

I remember when I met Aaron, it was at the first meeting of the BFRG. Everyone was trying to figure out their different ancestry lines, and even though I did not know Aaron before that night, we found out that we were third cousins. Aaron's last name was not Burlson, he descends from two Burlson lines. His grandmother was Jane Alice

Burlson, daughter of Absalom Burlson. His great-grandmother was Susannah Burlson, who married Daniel Bowers. Aaron always wanted to make sure his children knew about their family heritage. He worked hard researching the heritage of the Burlson Family. He spent many hours in the Register of Deeds and Clerk of Court Offices looking up old land records, wills, marriage licenses and death certificates. He was a driving force in getting Isaac Sr.'s grave site cleaned up and a fence built around it. He was always ready, willing and able to do anything needed for the BFRG.



Aaron at a BFRG meeting, doing what he loved to do, discussing and explaining certain aspects of the Burlson Family History.



One of the things I like best about my work in the BFRG is the opportunity it gives me the to meet many distant relatives. I only knew Aaron for six years, but in that all too brief time, I saw a man that loved his family, dedicated to his community and church, I am proud to call him my friend. We will all miss him.

By J.D. Burlson





My Friend Aaron As told by Coolidge Eudy

Aaron Lee Lorch was a pack welder and a farmer. Coolidge shared that he had known Aaron for over 50 years and not once did they have an argument...that says something! They had met soon after World War II when Coolidge got out of the Service. They spent much of their free time playing guitars together and singing Gospel, Bluegrass and Mountain music. Coolidge remembered how they used to go down to Rock Creek and play at the park there. One time, when the kids were small, they had gotten together for some chicken stew and guitar playing at Coolidge's house. They had such a good time that Jane, Aaron's wife, had to come and fetch him to come home - it was 1:00 AM on Sunday morning! Coolidge said Aaron had wanted to play guitar one more time, but due to his failing health, he didn't get the chance. Aaron was always good for his word and Coolidge felt he would have fought for him if the need had ever arose.

Aaron was a very caring man. Recently, when Coolidge had knee surgery, Aaron sent him a card and told him he was praying for him. Even knowing his own health was failing rapidly Aaron was thinking of his friend and his well being ...that says something too!

Aaron was a very active member in the Burleson Family Research Group. J. D. remembered the very first meeting when Aaron along with J. D. Burleson, P. K Burleson, Tony Burleson, Alvin Burleson, and John Hoyle Burleson first got together to get the group going. He was also instrumental in putting the fence around the Isaac Burleson Cemetery on Dusty Road. Aaron arranged to have the PCV pipe donated for the fence. He helped run the hole-digger for all the posts as well as pour cement to hold the pipes. He and Coolidge went back the following week and painted the posts.

Aaron was born on September 17, 1929 and passed on December 3 I , 2001.

Services were held at Pleasant Grove Baptist Church on January 2, 2002 and Aaron was laid to rest at St. Martins Lutheran Church Cemetery in Albemarle, NC where other family members are buried. We will all miss Aaron, especially his best friend Coolidge.



Coolidge and Mary Ruth
Austin Eudy

Isaac Burleson Sr.'s Grave Site
Dusty Road, Stanly County, NC

Aaron
Lorch



Saturday December 4th, 1999

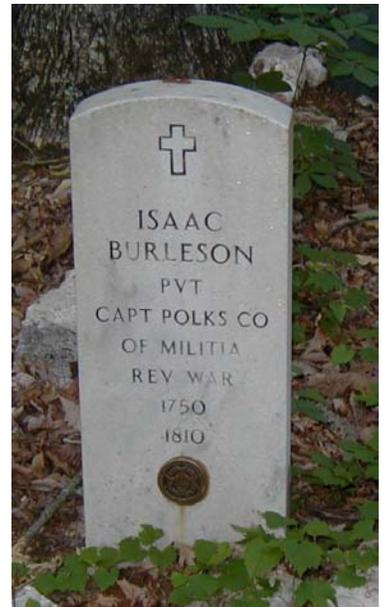
L/R Alvin and Louise Burleson, JD Burleson, Daniel Burleson, Coolidge Eudy, John and Nancy Woodward Burleson, PK Burleson, Richard Burleson, David Almond, Jeff and Justin Burleson, Claude Burleson, Larry Burleson and Aaron Lorch.

Aaron worked very hard of this project and he was always available when work needed to be done. He is very much missed at the BFRG

Protecting burial sites

The Burleson Family Research Group met Dec. 4, 1999, at the burial place of an ancestor, Isaac Burleson, who fought in the American Revolutionary War, to erect a fence around the gravesite in order to protect the headstones from curious animals in the area. His grave is in an ancient family cemetery located on Dale Burris' farm on Dusty Road near the Red Cross community. A large number of people came out to help and when they finished all their hard labor, there was a beautiful fence of black posts with silver chains looping between them surrounding the many graves. The funds for this project were raised at the last Burleson Family Reunion, which is held the third Sunday in October in the DAV Building at Burleson Square on N.C. 24-27 Bypass. The BFRG will meet Monday at 6 p.m. in the downstairs meeting room at the library. For more information, call John H. Burleson at 982-0680 or Aaron Lorch at 474-7805.

HONORING THE GRAVE OF A REVOLUTIONARY WAR PATRIOT





FRONT ROW: BARBARA ANN LORCH, REV M.D. CLINE & WIFE ESTHER LORCH CLINE, BERTHA MAE LORCH ANDREWS WHITE DRESS: MARGARET LUCILE LORCH PAGE

BACK ROW: JANE EVELYN HINSON LORCH, AARON L. LORCH, JOSHUA DANIEL LORCH, MELVIN WESLEY LORCH

SITTING: IDA JANE BOWERS LORCH (*Aaron's Mother*)

(*Aaron's Father*) Joseph Lorch is Killed by Falling Tree on Friday

Joseph Lorch 57, of route 4, Albemarle, was found dead about 1PM Friday in the woods near his home where he had been felling trees with a chain saw. His body was found pinned underneath a tree and it is believed by investigating officers that he was trapped and crushed by a falling tree. He was a sawmill man by trade. The accident is believed to have occurred about 10AM, Friday.

Mr. Lorch was the son of the late Matt Lorch and was married to the former Ida Jane Bowers who survives. A member of Williams Street Baptist Church, he was superintendent of the Sunday School Department and an active and faithful member.

Other survivors include four daughters, Mrs JA Andrews of Albemarle, Mrs MD Cline of Lawrenceburg, TN, Mrs Raeford Page of Albemarle, and Miss Barbara Ann Lorch of the home, four sons, Melvin, Aaron, Josh, and Joe Jr. all of Albemarle, 11 grandchildren, two brothers Henry Lorch and Mathew Lorch, both of Albemarle and two sisters Mrs RA Cox and Mrs JA Rowland, both of Albemarle

Funeral services were held Sunday at 3PM at Williams Street Baptist Church conducted by Rev Paul A. Gales, assisted by Rev OH Bolch. Burial followed in the St Martin Lutheran Church Cemetery. Pallbearers were members of Men's Bible Class of William Street Baptist Church and flowers were borne by members of the Intermediate Sunday School Class.

JOSEPH⁴ LORCH (MATTHIAS³, was born August 16, 1897 in STANLY CO NC, and died January 14, 1955 in ST MARTINS CH STANLY CO NC. He married IDA JANE BOWERS 1918 in STANLY CO NC, daughter of JOHN BOWERS and JANE BURLESON. She was born September 28, 1899 in STANLY CO NC, and died August 23, 1994 in ST. MARTINS CHURCH STANLY CO NC.

IDA JANE BOWERS
w/ Michael James Cranford



Ida Lorch & Tyson Tine 1981



Five Generations
Ida, Bertha Mae, Phyllis Andrews Michael, Donna Michael
Cranford, & Emily Cranford



*Descendants of
AARON LEE LORCH*

1. AARON LEE⁵ LORCH (JOSEPH⁴, MATTHIAS³, JOHANN CHRISTIAN², JOHANN JAKOB¹) was born September 17, 1929 in STANLY CO NC, and died December 31, 2001. He married JANE EVELYN HINSON July 1, 1950 in WILLIAM ST. BAPT CHURCH, ALBEMARLE, NC, daughter of JOHN HINSON and ANNIE CRAYTON. She was born May 23, 1931 in STANLY CO NC, and died April 22, 2012 in SPRING ARBOR OF ALBEMARLE, NC.



Aaron and Jane Evelyn Lorch's 50th Wedding Anniversary
With their children L/R Richard Lee, Lana Sharon,
Jane Evelyn, Aaron, Kathy Ann, and Donna Jo.

More About AARON LEE LORCH:

Burial: ST. MARTIN'S LUTHERAN CHURCH CEMETERY, STANLY CO, NC

Fact: Vol V No 1 page 121

More About JANE EVELYN HINSON:

Burial: ST. MARTIN'S LUTHERAN CHURCH CEMETERY, STANLY CO, NC

Children of AARON LORCH and JANE HINSON are:

2. i. LANA SHARON⁶ LORCH, b. April 18, 1951.
3. ii. KATHY ANN LORCH, b. August 30, 1953.
- iii. RICHARD LEE LORCH, b. December 28, 1955.
4. iv. DONNA JO LORCH, b. September 4, 1958.

Generation No. 2

2. LANA SHARON⁶ LORCH (*AARON LEE⁵, JOSEPH⁴, MATTHIAS³, JOHANN CHRISTIAN², JOHANN JAKOB¹*) was born April 18, 1951. She married (1) DAVID RAY SMITH June 20, 1970 in CANTON BPT CH. He was born August 13, 1950. She married (2) GLENN MCNEILL, April 14, 2004.

Children of LANA LORCH and DAVID SMITH are:

- i. LANA MARIE⁷ SMITH, b. July 18, 1971; m. KENNETH WAYNE WALLACE.
- ii. HOLLY LEIGH SMITH, b. March 7, 1977.
- iii. MICHEAL CAIN SMITH, b. April 24, 1974.

3. KATHY ANN⁶ LORCH (*AARON LEE⁵, JOSEPH⁴, MATTHIAS³, JOHANN CHRISTIAN², JOHANN JAKOB¹*) was born August 30, 1953. She married (1) DALE PRESLAR June 13, 1971 in CANTON BPT CH. She married (2) PATRICK MACNISH 1990.

Child of KATHY LORCH and DALE PRESLAR is:

5. i. KIMBERLY DALE⁷ PRESLAR, b. March 29, 1972.

Child of KATHY LORCH and PATRICK MACNISH is:

- ii. RYON SHEA⁷ MACNISH, b. April 29, 1993.

4. DONNA JO⁶ LORCH (*AARON LEE⁵, JOSEPH⁴, MATTHIAS³, JOHANN CHRISTIAN², JOHANN JAKOB¹*) was born September 4, 1958. She married (1) TIM TAYLOR. She Met (1) MARK YATES.

Child of DONNA LORCH and MARK YATES is:

- i. KAICEE ANN⁷ YATES, b. February 28, 1995, MECKLENBURG CO NC.

Generation No. 3

5. HOLLY LEIGH⁷ SMITH (*LANA SHARON⁶ LORCH, AARON LEE⁵, JOSEPH⁴, MATTHIAS³, JOHANN CHRISTIAN², JOHANN JAKOB¹*) was born March 7, 1977. She married ALAN LAYNE BASS July 15, 2000.

Child of HOLLY SMITH and ALAN BASS is:

- i. DRAKE KAYNE⁸ BASS, b. September 24, 2012.

6. KIMBERLY DALE⁷ PRESLAR (*KATHY ANN⁶ LORCH, AARON LEE⁵, JOSEPH⁴, MATTHIAS³, JOHANN CHRISTIAN², JOHANN JAKOB¹*) was born March 29, 1972. She met JERRY PARADISE.

Child of KIMBERLY PRESLAR and JERRY PARADISE is:

- i. HANNAH GRACE⁸ PARADISE, b. June 4, 1999.



Aaron and Jane at one of the BFRG Meetings



Aaron and Jane Lorch
at one of the BFRG Meetings, With Sharon



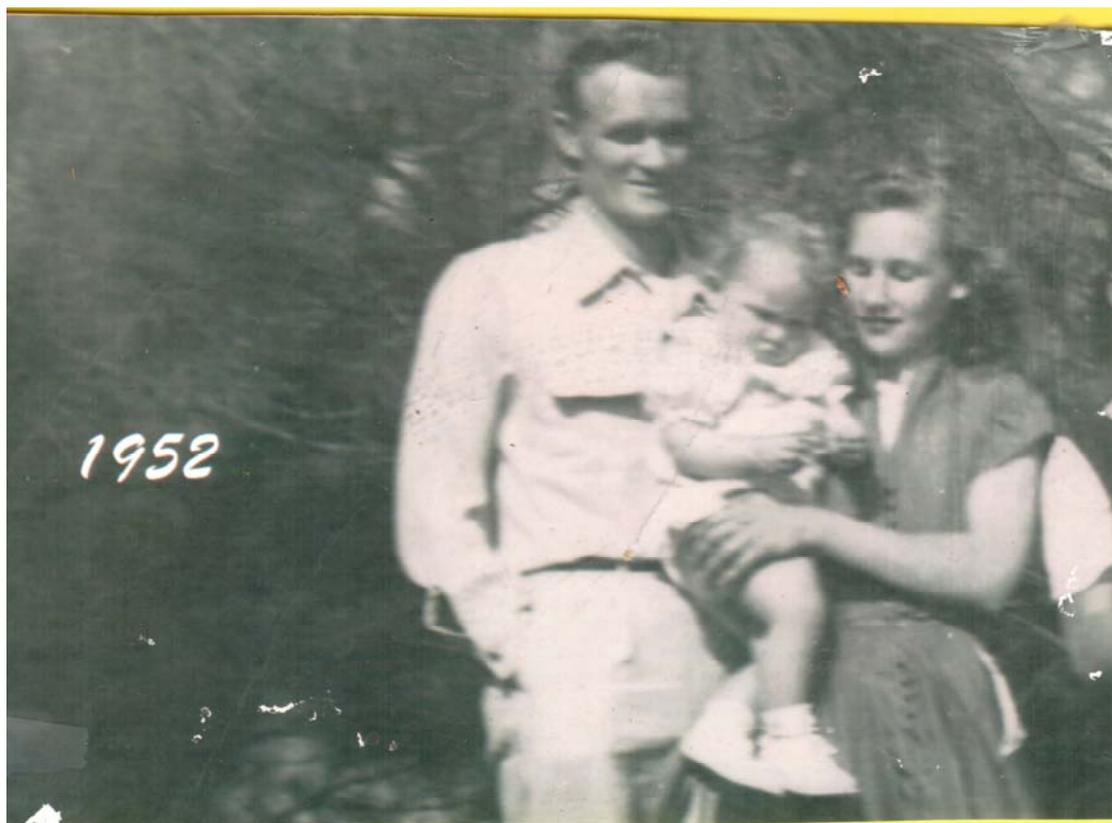
Aaron and PK Burleson
Both Charter Members of the BFRG



Aaron Lorch at one of our BFRG Meeting doing what he was very good at, explaining some aspect of Burleson Family History. Aaron spend costless hours in the County Register of Deeds and Clerk of Court Offices researching Burleson History. We still have folders of paper copies of deeds and Birth Certificates that Aaron copied and provided to our BFRG Data Base.



Early pictures of Aaron and Jane Lorch and family





Josh Melvin Aaron Jr.

Josh, Melvin, Aaron and Jr





Aaron and Jane and Jane's brother, Bud
Hinson and his wife Lilo

My Dad

A Loving Son,
Aaron

Dad was the youngest member of German Immigrant parents. His parents came here in 1889 to find freedom from a military minded Germany. After serving three years in the military, Granddad brought his wife and two of the eventual five children to America. Dad was born on August 16, 1897.

His parents were farmers, so he became a farmer, too. Later in life, he would be in the timber harvesting business which is also agriculture. Dad, either out of necessity, or the love for it, was an extremely hard working person. I guess it was more love of it than necessity. I remember one of my first jobs, other than work for him, required me to work on Saturday mornings. I wasn't real happy having to work on Saturday, so Dad volunteered to work in my stead a few times when he had nothing else to do for that day. That would not be surprising, except he didn't want pay for it. He just loved to work, and at the same time, to do something for me.

I often think of how I didn't know how much he loved me, and what a great person he was, until that cold windy day in January, 1955 when he went off to work, and was killed accidentally while doing what he loved to do-work. He had discovered that he could work alone on a very dangerous job, cutting trees. He had a one man saw, chain saw, that is, which is very common now-a-days, but in those days, they had not been available too long. He had hired help, but none was there yet that morning when he was killed. He had cut one tree which had lodged against another. In an effort to bring down the lodged tree, he was attempting to cut the one holding the one that was lodged. Wind, or maybe a slight movement of the tree he was cutting, caused the lodged tree to break loose and fall on him. I doubt that he ever knew it was falling toward him. For his sake, I hope he didn't realize it after it was too late to do anything.

At the time Dad died, I was already married and had went to work in textiles. I felt guilt for having quit helping him in his work, but I know now I needed to be in some other occupation then because I had a family of my own to support. He was a huge loss to me, but now I realize he must have died happy, because he was working, and outside of going to church on Sunday, work made him happier than anything else. Dad, if you can hear or know anything about us now, I want to say "thanks for being my Dad, and life is winding down for me, so I'll soon be in there here-after myself. So long for now, and love, always".

Aaron Lorch

By Sharon

Aaron Lorch, started family life at the young age of 20 when he married Jane Evelyin Hinson Lorch who was 19, and their love was one of a lifetime. They had four children, little doorsteps, two years apart by the time they were 26 and 27. They were good parents based a lot on the way they were raised themselves.

Daddy always believed that the mother's place was in the home with the children. He allowed Mama to work only a short time after I was born and then he insisted she be home and that he work and handle the financial responsibilities. Daddy was a blue collar worker, but if he had been given the opportunity to do so, I know, as intelligent as he was, he could have been a great success at anything he would have attempted.

Daddy and Mama both emphasized the importance of our education and good morals. We grew up appreciating family and life in general. We grew up modestly, but I never remember feeling a lack of anything or jealous of anyone, because we were happy.

We grew up on country music with albums of all country music singers, and with Daddy playing his guitar frequently. He entertained us, neighbors, and friends as his talent was self-learned with his rhythm and determination. From what I understand, he courted Mama with his playing the guitar and singing. His favorite singer was Hank Williams, Sr., and he actually sang very similar to Hank.

Daddy always kept our minds challenged with board games. He played even up until shortly before his death. We played Scrabble with him each time we were with him (We took turns staying with him once we were informed that he was terminal so Mama didn't have to face it alone). We children all still play games .

Daddy grew up on a hill on the Austin Road, and he always made his home on a hill. His favorite places to go were the mountains. Mama would pack a picnic lunch and we would go to the mountains for the day. I don't believe he missed one year without going to the mountains during my lifetime.

The coast was also one of Mama and Daddy's places to go. Daddy loved to fish and enjoyed deep sea fishing. Mama had actually lived at the coast in her younger years so visits there were good because she had an uncle, aunt, and cousin who lived at Carolina Beach.

Family was always important to Daddy. Relatives were at our home or we were at their homes, really often. After we children grew up and moved , Daddy and Mama always looked forward to us coming to visit. I have a lot of fond memories of being with



family.

Daddy could talk with anyone and could discuss any subject as he kept well informed through the newspaper, radio, and TV. His favorite hang outs used to be Endy Lunchonette (which is no longer there) and the Handi-Mart on the Hwy 24/27 Bypass.

I know Daddy really enjoyed working on the genealogy as tracing the descendants and history consumed a lot of his time during his retirement years. I remember when during my dating years, Daddy would always be reminding me that I may be related to some of the guys at the school I attended, after we moved to Frog Pond. I have discovered, while reading the genealogy, that I am related to some people I didn't realize were relatives. I appreciate all the work that has gone into this search of family history and I know how important it became to Daddy.

We lost Daddy at the young age of 72 to lung cancer. We had him almost six months after he was diagnosed with the cancer; however, we were very fortunate because the doctor told us he may live only two weeks. We spent every precious moment with him that we possibly could, and he was so humble and appreciative. He was always the leader and Mama was so lost without him. I don't believe she could have ever loved anyone else. Daddy was the love of her life from the age of 15 and they had just celebrated 51 years of marriage when Daddy was diagnosed.

Sometime after Daddy passed, we found tapes of Daddy playing the guitar and singing, and a folder labeled "Life's Stories". Mama wasn't even aware that he had made the tapes or typed the stories. What wonderful remembrances we have of him.

Mama was never quite the same after Daddy passed. She did love him so much that she never did associate with any other man. We lost her last year at the age of 80 after declining health. I played Daddy's music for her every day for a little over a month before she passed.



Me and My Guitar

By Aaron Lorch

I don't really know when I first started to love music and singing. I suspect it was something I got from both my parents; Mama maybe a little more than Dad. I can remember her playing an old organ that Grandmother Bowers had when I was really small. She also sang a lot without any music. At any rate, I began singing before I could ever dream of owning a guitar.

When I was about twelve years old, I played with some neighborhood boys who had an aunt who knew a few chords on a guitar. I was so interested, that she took time and patience enough to show me three chords. I guess that's all she knew. About that time, my older brother ordered one of Sears & Roebuck's guitars. He never really cared much for learning to play, but I did, so I suppose I used his guitar more than he did. I have not been without at least one for very long. Guitar has been one of the strongest loves of my life. I guess it rates along with my wife and children.

My first playing was during the early years of Roy Acuf. Jimmy Rodgers was well known then, but Roy's sound was more appealing to me for an unexplained reason. As we went into the forties, we had Earnest Tubb and then in the late forties there came this guy by the name of Hank Williams who it seemed everybody loved to hear, but somehow I felt he was some way or other more to me than others. When Hank died, I felt like part of me died along with him. It was such a tragedy to lose a talent like him at such a young age. I don't think there has ever been anyone near his talent in that field. Now forty-eight years after his death, we still hear his songs rerecorded, and even original records. Funny thing is, his own recordings still sound modern. I guess that tells how much influence he had on music. Not only country music, but most other types of music were influenced by his work.

In music, there has been many near greats down through the years. I guess I would have made every effort to get in the entertainment business myself had I not married and committed myself to a family. Knowing what little I did about the business, I knew I didn't want to subject a family to the hardships of getting there. Hank's death had a bearing on my decision not to try that route. I read too many stories of his sad life with a wife who must have made him miserable. Whether she did, or something or other else did, I felt he was as miserable as any human could be. Possiby that was why he died so young.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Aaron Lorch

One family who lived in the area that I was born and raised in, was named Burris. They were an influence on my life. The oldest son married and lived next door to us, even closer than his parents did. He was almost like an uncle to me. His name was Fred. Fred cut my hair when I was a kid. I remember going to his house and getting my hair shortened. His children were near my age. We spent many hours together, playing and also doing his chores. Those are memories I'll keep.

Claude was another son, younger than Fred. He stayed home until I was nearly grown. His father was an invalid. Claude and his mother, Hulda, farmed the land for a living. Mr. Burris had bought the farm before he became disabled. I, at times, helped Claude work. He paid me 10c an hour to help him work. At one point, he owed me 30 or more hours, and offered to trade me his 22 cal. rifle for the money. I jumped at the deal. Man, I really enjoyed my time with that rifle. I became somewhat of an expert shooter with it. He taught me how to be a safe and good shooter. Of course, I had to be a safe shooter to gain Dad's approval.

As time went by, Claude began to play the guitar and fiddle. Having begun to plink the guitar myself, that gave Claude and me something else in common. We began to practice together. Later, we started to play for the local dances. We spent many Happy Hours playing together.

After both Claude and I were married and had families of our own, we still kept our association live. Our wives became good friends, also. We spent many get-togethers down through the years. Claude and I, at times, went hunting and killed wild game to make the stews. Marie, Claude's wife, is an excellent cook, especially stews. All our children got along spendidly. Since they had four, and we had four, it's amazing that they did get along to well.

We, on one occasion, took two cars, and went on a trip into the mountains. That was a fun time for the children. Actually, I think we all had a great day of it. It got kind of hectic keeping the kids from danger. You know kids never seem to realize how dangerous things can be. Of course, we came through without an accident. We took picnic lunches with us to cut expenses all we could. During the fifties, we didn't have lots of money to spend on pleasure, but we enjoyed the simple things of life just the same. Somehow, I believe that was better for all concerned than how folks live now-a-days. Somehow

though, I wish we had had plenty of money so that we could have had more times we could travel and see things the children would have enjoyed.

Now-a-days, we are getting too old to go and do things together. Maybe it's all because we don't try to. I think at times we are only as old as we think we are. At least, that's what some say. We do still have our memories. One memory that stands out in my mind is the apple cider (wine) we made. Claude's family had a huge apple tree that had loads of apples on in this particular year, and Claude asked me to help him make some apple cider. In those days, farm families made their own apple vinegar. We made several gallons of cider, which we put in a barrel to become vinegar. We decided we would set aside a few gallons for apple cider wine. We added sugar needed to make it ferment, and hid it in his corn crib. The thing we feared would happen did. Claude's nephews found it, and drank most of it before we realized they had found it. We salvaged a little of it for the annual corn shucking. That turned out to be my first high on alcohol. I haven't ever forgot the night of the cornshucking. This being in my teens, I walked to the event (about a half mile) with two of my cousins. I drank more of that wine than I should have. I allowed the cousins to see that I was slightly intoxicated. Boy did I ever catch the dickens afterwards! So much for education!

As a teen, after obtaining the 22 rifle from Claude, he would take me hunting. He hunted with a scatter gun, and I with the 22. When the dog was chasing a rabbit, I could not likely hit it running, so that was understood to be his shots. He taught me how to shoot a rabbit sitting still, in the head, so as not to damage the body meat. We always ate what we killed those days. Rabbits and squirrel was a good part of our meat diet in those days.

After one of our hunting trips, we hadn't found much game when we tired out and came back to Claude's home. While standing in the yard, I saw what I thought was a sparrow hawk, and threw up and shot at it. It turned out to be a deadly shot. The bird fell in the edge of the yard. Claude's dad, who I explained was an invalid, looked out the window and saw what I had shot. He identified it as a whip-poor-will. He was very saddened that I had killed it. He told me he loved to hear it call at night. I won't in my life forget how sorrowful I was over that bird. Many times after work, when I helped Claude, he would suggest we go to Big Bear Creek and take a bath. We took soap and towels and walked down through the woods to our lake. The water was cool and refreshing after working in the hot weather. After thirty minutes of playing around in Big Bear Creek, we were refreshed enough to go on to all our after-work chores. I didn't have near as much responsibility as Claude did. He always had to do the nightly chores by himself. whereas I had brothers and others to share all night-time chores with. I didn't realize then how tough it must have been for Claude.

