The Presbyterian Orphans' Home at Barium Springs, North Carolina

An Album of Memories

Charles M. Barrett
Editor
Class of 1948

Henry M. Harris
Publisher
Class of 1961

August, 1994
Raleigh, North Carolina
### CONTENTS

#### SECTION IV - 1933

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SENIOR CLASS ROLL</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS HISTORY</td>
<td>215</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS WILL</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS PROPHECY</td>
<td>218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS POEM</td>
<td>219</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS SUPERLATIVES</td>
<td>220</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHRISTMAS: BABY COTTAGE</td>
<td>221</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DEPRESSION'S IMPACT ON BARIUM</td>
<td>222</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EDITOR'S REMARKS</td>
<td>223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BARIUM TO NEW YORK BY TRAIN-PULLMAN CLASS</td>
<td>224</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REPORT TO THE REGENTS</td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL REP. AT BARIUM</td>
<td>226</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HONOR ROLL</td>
<td>227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ROSTER OF CHILDREN</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### SECTION V - 1934

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SEVERE WINTER STORMS BEGIN</td>
<td>247</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SENIOR CLASS ROLL</td>
<td>248</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS OFFICERS</td>
<td>250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS SUPERLATIVES</td>
<td>251</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS HISTORY</td>
<td>252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS WILL</td>
<td>253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS PROPHECY</td>
<td>254</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GRADUATION CEREMONIES</td>
<td>255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REBEKAH CARPENTER ARRIVES</td>
<td>256</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REBEKAH CARPENTER: SOCIAL WORKER</td>
<td>257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1934 REVIEWED</td>
<td>258</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1934 SUMMER PROMOTIONS</td>
<td>259</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HOMECOMING PLANNED</td>
<td>260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ORPHANAGE CHILDREN CONTRIBUTE</td>
<td>261</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AN INSTITUTIONS VALUE</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BARIUM'S RATING</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VILLAGE OF YOUTH</td>
<td>264</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### SECTION VI - 1935

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SENIOR CLASS ROLL</td>
<td>277</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS HISTORY</td>
<td>278</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS WILL</td>
<td>279</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS PROPHECY</td>
<td>280</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WOMAN'S BUILDING NEWS</td>
<td>281</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HONOR ROLL</td>
<td>282</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MUSIC NEWS</td>
<td>283</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANNUAL CAMPING TRIP</td>
<td>284</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BARIUM BOYS CROSS CONTINENT</td>
<td>285</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SCHOOL YEAR OPENS WITH ADDRESS</td>
<td>286</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHRISTMAS 1935</td>
<td>287</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**Note:** The table above provides a summary of the contents of the document with page numbers for each section. The document appears to be a yearbook or a similar publication, covering various events and activities from 1933 to 1935.
CONTENTS

SECTION VII - 1936

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SENIOR CLASS ROLL</td>
<td>299</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS SUPERLATIVES</td>
<td>300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS HISTORY</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS WILL</td>
<td>303</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PIANO RECITAL</td>
<td>306</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS PLAY</td>
<td>307</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GRAMMAR SCHOOL PROGRAM</td>
<td>309</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BACCALAUREATE SERMON</td>
<td>311</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GRADUATION EXERCISES</td>
<td>314</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE DINING ROOM</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SCHOOL BEGINS</td>
<td>325</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BARN BURNS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE DAIRY DEPARTMENT</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE TRUCK FARM</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE FARM</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE ORCHARD</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HEALTH CARE</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SOCIAL CONTACTS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE UTILITIES</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

SECTION VIII - 1937

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SENIOR CLASS ROLL</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS OFFICERS</td>
<td>364</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS HISTORY</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS WILL</td>
<td>365</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS PROPHECY</td>
<td>369</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SENIOR CLASS PLAY</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CIVIC CLUBS ENTERTAINED</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE SEWING ROOM AND LAUNDRY</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE SCHOOL</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HOUSE MOTHERS (MATRONS)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HONOR ROLL</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MUSIC CLUB</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MUSIC RECITAL</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HOMECOMING ADDRESS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ONE DEATH IN TWELVE YEARS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>377</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>379</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>382</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>392</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>399</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>405</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>406</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>407</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>408</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>411</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

SECTION IX - 1938

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SENIOR CLASS ROLL</td>
<td>414</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS HISTORY</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS WILL</td>
<td>415</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS PROPHECY</td>
<td>418</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HAY PRODUCTION</td>
<td>421</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REV. TOM COOK ARRIVES</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CAMP FELLOWSHIP OPENS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CAMP FELLOWSHIP NOTES</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAGAZINE IMPOSTER</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STAFF CHANGES</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANNIE LOUISE COTTAGE NEWS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALEXANDER COTTAGE NEWS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SYNODS COTTAGE NEWS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TRUCK FARM NEWS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INFIRMARY NEWS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>423</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>425</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>426</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>428</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>431</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>432</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>433</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>435</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>436</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>437</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>438</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>440</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONTENTS

SECTION X - 1939

SENIOR CLASS ROLL
SUPERLATIVES
CLASS HISTORY
CLASS WILL
BARIUM ENTERTAINS CIVIC CLUBS
GRADUATION EXERCISES
BARIUM CHILDREN ATTEND CONFERENCES
MEMORIES
MEMORIES
NICKNAMES

SENIOR CLASS ROLL
CLASS HISTORY
CLASS WILL
GRADUATION EXERCISES
R.E. JACKINS
RELIGIOUS LIFE AT BARIUM
EDUCATION
THE CAMPUS AT BARIUM IN THE 1940'S
MATRONS

SECTION X1 - 1940

SENIOR CLASS ROLL
CLASS HISTORY
CLASS WILL
GRADUATION EXERCISES
R.E. JACKINS
RELIGIOUS LIFE AT BARIUM
EDUCATION
THE CAMPUS AT BARIUM IN THE 1940'S
MATRONS

SECTION X11 - 1941

SENIOR CLASS ROLL
CLASS HISTORY
CLASS WILL
CLASS PLAY
BUILDINGS IN PROGRESS
GRADUATION EXERCISES
"CHARLIE CHAPLIN" VISITS STATESVILLE
CHARLES LINDBERGH DEFAMED
MAN EXECUTED FOR MURDER
MAGAZINE RACKET CONTINUES
32-PAGE HISTORY OF BARIUM ISSUED
BARIUM GIVEN REGISTERED CARNATION BULL
"CHATTY CHATTER"
ANNUAL FOOTBALL BANQUET
NO DEATHS SINCE 1933
MEMORIES

HELEN PRICE
JOSEPH B. JOHNSTON
ALICE JONES CLENDENIN
ERNESTINE GARRETT YOUNG
NELSON FARMER
NANCY STAFFORD
JOE BEN GIBBS/JOHN N. McCALL
CHARLES M. BARRETT (ED.)
CHARLES M. BARRETT (ED.)
CHARLES M. BARRETT (ED.)
CHARLES M. BARRETT (ED.)
"BARIUM MESSENGER"
"STATESVILLE LANDMARK"
"STATESVILLE LANDMARK"
"CHARLOTTE OBSERVER"
"RALEIGH NEWS & OBSERVER"
"BARIUM MESSENGER"
"BARIUM MESSENGER"
"BARIUM MESSENGER"
"BARIUM MESSENGER"
BILL LINDSEY
MARY ANN McCORMICK COX
# CONTENTS

## SECTION XUI - 1942

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SENIOR CLASS ROLL</td>
<td>524</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS SUPERLATIVES</td>
<td>525</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FOREWARD</td>
<td>526</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;THE SPOTLIGHT&quot;</td>
<td>527</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS HISTORY</td>
<td>528</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;CHARLOTTE OBSERVER&quot;</td>
<td>529</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS WILL</td>
<td>530</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;CHARLOTTE OBSERVER&quot;</td>
<td>531</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ROBBERY ATTEMPTED AT BARIUM</td>
<td>532</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;BARIUM MESSENGER&quot;</td>
<td>533</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SUSPECT CAUGHT</td>
<td>534</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SCHOOL CHILDREN GIVE PATRIOTIC PROGRAM</td>
<td>535</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GRADUATION EXERCISES</td>
<td>536</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WAR NEWS</td>
<td>537</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GRADUATE TELLS OF PLANE CRASH</td>
<td>538</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ACHIEVEMENTS OF 1941 - 1942</td>
<td>539</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CATECHISM ON BARIUM SPRINGS</td>
<td>540</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JOSEPH B. JOHNSTON</td>
<td>541</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## SECTION XIV - 1943

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>FORWARD</td>
<td>556</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;THE SPOTLIGHT&quot;</td>
<td>557</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SENIOR CLASS ROLL</td>
<td>558</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS SUPERLATIVES</td>
<td>559</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;THE SPOTLIGHT&quot;</td>
<td>560</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS HISTORY</td>
<td>561</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JAMES STAFFORD</td>
<td>562</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS WILL</td>
<td>563</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JOSEPH B. JOHNSTON</td>
<td>564</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A LONG-AWAITED MEAL</td>
<td>565</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JOSEPH B. JOHNSTON</td>
<td>566</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLASS PLAY</td>
<td>567</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SENIORS GRADUATE</td>
<td>568</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DIRECTIONS FOR SUMMER VACATIONS</td>
<td>569</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JOSEPH B. JOHNSTON</td>
<td>570</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JIM JOHNSTON CHATS WITH ENGLAND’S KING</td>
<td>571</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JOSEPH B. JOHNSTON</td>
<td>572</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FRED LOWRANCE’S DEATH ANNOUNCED</td>
<td>573</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;BARIUM MESSENGER&quot;</td>
<td>574</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALUMNI ENDORSE BARIUM EXPERIENCE</td>
<td>575</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARY ELLEN STRICKLIN</td>
<td>576</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LETTER OF THANKS</td>
<td>577</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## SECTION XV - 1944 - 1953

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THE POST-WAR YEARS</td>
<td>582</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RAE POWELL JOHNSON</td>
<td>583</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE
PRESBYTERIAN ORPHAN'S HOME
AT
BARIUM SPRINGS, N.C.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS
"AN ALBUM OF MEMORIES"

My first acknowledgement certainly goes to my wife Barbara, who has lived with this project for more than 10 years. She went with me to Barium Springs back in the late 1970's, and made the photo copies of the MESSENGER pieces which I have used. She has also proof read the manuscript, correcting many errors which I had overlooked. A debt of gratitude goes to Earle Frazier and his staff at Barium. Without his support and encouragement, it would not have been completed. A special thanks goes to Bette Chastain who typed most of the original draft for us, and to my former secretary of many years, Grace Hocutt of Raleigh, who typed the rough drafts back in the early 1980's. Certainly gratitude goes to all the contributors whose names are given with their contributions. The same is to be said for the Alumni History Committee, most of whom were contributors. A very deep acknowledgement goes to my friend, Dr. David Olson, Chief Archivist for the North Carolina State Department of Archives and History, who saw the importance of preserving a vital part of this State's history in child care and agreed to microfilm OUR FATHERLESS ONES and THE BARIUM MESSENGER. Thanks, too, to the staff of that agency who were there to help when I needed to find the microfilm of old State newspapers and copy articles from them. Much gratitude goes to the Alumni Association as a whole, and to individual members who have continued to be encouraging and supportive over these years. I am grateful to all the Presidents of the Alumni Association who have been supportive of this effort: Paul Barnes, Jerry Young, Joe Ben Gibbs, and certainly Randy Shaw, our current President, who has been a big booster here in these final days of production to get it finished by Homecoming 1994. A very, very, special debt of gratitude goes to Henry Harris who devised a plan to get the project completed, and done with consummate quality. Henry has met regularly with me in getting the format of the work in shape. To him goes the major credit for the layout and design. He also did some of the editing.

A considerable thanks goes to his associates and staff members at the IBM Corporation who did the typing and printing, Dorice Crosby and Joe Blackmon. I really cannot say adequately the amount of gratitude I owe to Henry Harris and his organization. Many, many thanks, Henry!

Finally, a large thank you to the Board of Regents of Barium Springs Home for Children who agreed to assist in getting this project completed, and did,
through the typing of the first drafts. And, to the family members who are still
among us and to those who have gone on, thanks for letting us open imagi-
nary boxes of memories and pore over them. I feel so very fortunate to be
one of you, and have gained a renewed respect and admiration for all of us
from this experience. May God continue to bless us.

Charles M. Barrett
Raleigh, June, 1994
INTRODUCTION

"When the facts are known, historians will be out of business."

These are the words of Princeton University historian Dr. James McPherson, winner of the 1989 Pulitzer Prize for his work "Battle Cry of Freedom". These words of this highly respected and esteemed historian were spoken at a gathering of The North Carolina Civil War Roundtable in 1991 at which the editor of this publication was present. In his address to this group, Dr. McPherson offered another example of his stated truth. Predictably, it was a Civil War story.

"Some years after the conclusion of the war, a group of former Confederate officers was heatedly discussing the cause of Lee's defeat at Gettysburg. Listening to the discussion a few feet from the group was General George Edward Pickett, who had commanded the ill-fated charge up Cemetery Ridge, a charge which bears his name. Pickett had graduated West Point in 1846, but was not in the upper ranks of his class, and was not known for his wit nor his perception.

One officer suggested that the Southern troops' need for shoes which they sought in the Pennsylvania shoe town put them at a particular disadvantage. Another allowed it was because "Jeb" Stuart, Lee's eyes, was away on a cavalry mission. A third insisted that it was because Lee had lost his battle plan. The group, gaining no consensus, finally turned to Pickett, the only one of the group who was actually at Gettysburg, and asked him for the cause of Lee's defeat. His reply revealed the historical perspective of one who was there. To the question, he replied, "I always thought the Yankees had something to do with it."

Dr. McPherson's point is well taken. There is no such thing as THE History. There are histories, and as the books on the shelves of any library will reveal to the interested, histories - like perceptions, for that is what a history is - vary; they tell many versions of the same periods, events and personalities.

There is so much to say about our Home, our Orphanage, The Presbyterian Orphans' Home at Barium Springs, the way it was, the way it got to be. We have said some here, there is much more which could and should be said, but there is a limit to all of that. (This book has to end somewhere.) There is so much to be said, because the orphanage is probably the most misunderstood of all society's institutions. To my mind, it is without a doubt the most mythologized. Even the old "Insane Asylums", the "Snake Pits", the "Gooney Roosts" got better P.R. than orphanages. Indeed, many times the orphanages were viewed to be the same as those asylums, almost.
It all started and stopped with Charles Dickens. The seed plant was Dickens' 1838 novel *Oliver Twist*, in which Oliver is a resident in a British almshouse. That story was premised on Dickens' knowledge and experience of his father's stay in a debtor's prison, and Charles having to earn a living as a boot-black during that time. It turned his whole world black, and his name went into our language as a synonym for pain and trouble: "He got the dickens beat out of him", and "I'm in a dickens of a mess." To this day, the Dickens image floats into focus whenever the word "orphanage" enters a conversation. Many of us who grew up at Barium Springs have a totally different image, and that is what this book is about: our image of Barium Springs.

"Well, is this to be some sort of brief promoting orphanages?"

No. And who are you, and where did you come from?

"I'm your shadow, and I'm with you all the time. I'll be asking you questions as you go along. You will know when I am talking, because I'm always in quotes."

O.K., suit yourself. No, this is not to be a brief promoting orphanages. I will say, however, that I believe Mr. J.B. Johnston, Kate Taylor and Buck Jackins could have done a better job with Ted Kennedy than Rose and Joe did. And, I do think Charles Murray has some thoughts about orphanages in today's world that need serious consideration.

"Who is Charles Murray?"

He is a Harvard sociologist who believes there is an important role for orphanages to play in dealing with the monumental mess of American children today.

"Then, is this to be a document in which you attempt to correct and/or clarify all the historical misconceptions and impressions about orphanages?"

No. Certainly not all of them, but some of them; and most especially the misconceptions put forth about Barium Springs, the one I know.

"Oh, so you consider yourself to be an expert, an authority?"

Insofar as my own experience goes, yes-I-am! I am an expert on what I re-

"Do I detect a bit of an edge in that response? Are you getting a little touchy?"
Perhaps, and if there is an edge it is in response to the years that we have had to listen to others attempt to tell our stories, interpret our lives, tell us what we did and did not experience. Listen to what Dr. Jack McCall, professor of psychology, retired, at Southern Illinois University, Edwardsville, and a 1942 Barium Springs graduate, has to say about that, about our experiences and how we viewed them. (From a 1992 letter to me. Ed.)

"Indeed, no 'experts' ever asked any of us about orphanage life, nor did they evaluate our personalities and compare findings with cohorts from broken families who were not institutionalized.

The professionals, who ought to know better, overgeneralize from a paltry few, largely inadequate studies; I ought to know. It is unwise to dismiss the validity of our experience for answering certain questions about orphanage life.

While taking a course in psychology at UNC-Chapel Hill, I had to endure a professor's generalization that all orphanage reared youth are severely handicapped emotionally. He based this on a one-year study of orphaned infants confined to cribs with no tactile stimulation from caring adults. I asked him if there wasn’t a risk of overgeneralization to other institutions and he almost crucified me. We learned not to ask more questions."

"So, you and Jack are put off by the fact that there has been little or no real research into finding out what orphanage life really was like, and whether an orphanage upbringing really was a significant factor in the individual’s later performance in life’s many roles: work, marriage, civic, social, political, rural, urban, male, female, etc."

Well, that and the fact that in the face of the absence of research, the professionals continued to make public pronouncements as to the horror of orphanages; policies were introduced which were based on such pronouncements; actions were taken from such pronouncements; and, as Jack points out in his account of the UNC-Chapel Hill psychology professor’s behavior, they jealously guarded their "authority", an authority like you. It was a shadow authority. As Jack points out, there was the one study. I believe it was done by someone named Spitz on "Hospitalism", a sliver of a piece of research, and those people were generalizing all sorts of things from that and their biases. No one ever asked us about our experiences. Wonder why? Wonder why those folks held on so tightly to their "authority"? Do you suppose it says more about them than us? I think so.

"Who was there to do all this research which you two believe should have been done?"
That is an excellent question. Believe it or not, during the time we are talking about, principally the 1920's and 1930's, and later years, but in this case the years of Joseph B. Johnston's reshaping of the orphanage at Barium Springs, one of the world's pre-eminent sociologists was right here in North Carolina, at the University of North Carolina. His name was Howard Washington Odum. Yes, you read it right, pre-eminent in the world. Dr. Odum had been lured to Chapel Hill by University president Chase in the 1920's. Odum's name and reputation drew any number of other scholars to Chapel Hill. Odum served on Women's Club advisory panels on issues related to their work with orphanages. And, he and his group studied prison inmates, mill workers, mill villages, farm workers and released convicts, but to my knowledge never did any comprehensive study of orphanages. What makes that even more surprising to me, given his reputation and the monumental work he did in Southern Studies, is the fact that at that time, North Carolina had more children per-capita in orphanages than any other state in the U.S. No one ever asked us about our experiences, but they continued to give opinions as to what they were and how they affected our lives and personalities. Yet, they had no research to back it up. Again, let's listen to Jack on the subject.

"Personal reminiscences by participants are important in their own right. Related to this is the more specific question...What kind of Administration did Jos. B. Johnston provide at Barium Springs-what impact did it have on our personal development? The chances for professional assessment of our development are now past. Given this missed opportunity, our own recollections are all that remain." This book contributes to these "re-mains". "This question is not really answered in Keith-Lucas' text.*"

"Are you attempting to get me to conclude, since you don't have any drawer full of research for your point of view either, that orphanages in general, and Barium Springs specifically, were all these wonderful, problem-free wonderlands and that absolutely none of the bad things that have been said about orphanages are true?"

Absolutely not, and as to whether I have any research, I thought I had already made that clear. I am my research. My research is empirical. I was there, remember? So was Dr. McCall. So was Joseph B. Johnston. No, I am not attempting to do in reverse what the experts have done. There have always been horrors in child care; there certainly are today. And, I am sure that from our Barium Springs graduates there are some who will "at the drop of a hat" unleash a torrent, a litany of abuses inflicted on them. That is their story. This is my story. Such is the nature of histories.

There were horror stories of orphanages in that time. There were the "Orphanage Trains" out of the large northeastern cities. These were trains loaded with abandoned or orphaned children from the streets and agencies of those cities who were shipped out to the midwest to live in virtual servitude to farmers, many of whom wanted only cheap labor or worse.

There was the abominable selling of children from Tennessee by the female judge and her co-conspirator welfare worker. (It was stated in a televised dramatization of that sorry story that the children adopted by "Mommie Dearest" Joan Crawford were sold from Tennessee by that duo. Dick Powell was another customer, so reported.)

The abuses of the Catholic orphanages are well documented. The Mt. CASHELL orphanage in Canada where the boys were sexually abused. Similar stories have come from orphanages in Australia about priests and nuns.

Then, of course, there is the very, very wealthy orphanage in "Chocolateville", Hershey, Pa. Can you believe it, an orphanage that owns a candy factory? At least, that's what I'm told. And, there is the famous "Boys' Town" in Omaha, Nebraska, of Father Flanagan, Spencer Tracy, Mickey Rooney fame. But, I am sure that both of those could present someone for whom the experience was shattering and a torment.

Barium Springs was certainly not flawless. I have heard rumors over the years about this and that. The Home has had scandal: an alcoholic on staff; girls reporting staff to be making uninvited sexual moves toward them; boys were sent away to Jackson Training School; girls were sent to Samarcand, I suppose. Some boys and girls were just sent away, or refused re-admittance once they had been away. Nevertheless, on a scale of 1-10 as an orphanage, I'd give Barium Springs a 9.5. That is on a scale that measures the "goodness" of an orphanage, 10 being the highest score.

"I think I've got it. The people in this book are both the authors and subjects of the book, and their stories are positive toward their lives and memories at Barium Springs. However, don't you think you're a bit too old to care this much about your childhood? I mean, shouldn't you just put all that behind you - the orphanage and all that - and get on with your life?"
Spoken like a true orphanage authority/expert. In one statement you manage to separate us from the rest of humanity and deny us a privilege or effort open to anyone else; namely, finding out what we remember and saying what we think about it. In true authority/expert fashion, you have told us what we “should” feel and do. Furthermore, you are clearly not paying attention. You said you were right here with me; well, keep up. Since you give indications of being a slow learner, let me try to explain this in anecdotal form.

Suppose you went to a big family reunion at Sugaw Creek Presbyterian Church in Charlotte. Someone there would be the designated family historian and genealogist, and it is that person’s job to dig and bug the other family members for their memories of this person and that person, that event, those times, particularly as far back as can be remembered, when they were young!

Since our youth was in an orphanage, your question suggests that we should be different. We shouldn’t care about our identities, our experiences, our youth. No, we are not too old; indeed, the time when you are too old is when you can’t remember your youth. The point you experts seem to miss - you just don’t get it - is that Barium Springs Orphanage was our experience; it was our life; it was our youth, and that is true whether you individually or collectively agree that it was, or whether you individually or collectively think it was a good life, the best life, a horrible life, a boring life, a fun-filled life, an abusive life, an exciting life, an authoritarian life, a life of toil and drudgery, a life frittered away in meaningless athletic activity, or whatever. It was our life, and we will say whether it was good or bad, or had this or that influence on us or any influence at all. We, not you, will be the ultimate judges of that, because we are the walking evidence. In TV parlance, “We can walk the talk. You can just talk the talk.”

“Whew! Help me off the floor! You really wound up for that one. But, wow. You are clearly all ‘hot and bothered’ by that. I mean, do you really see that expectation of “difference”, and after all these years. Is it still there?

Yes, of course it is. You really don’t pay attention. I’m repeating myself. Listen, suppose you had lived a lifetime of hearing people tell you and others what an ugly house you lived in, and how your parents and grandparents didn’t measure up, particularly when it came to looking after you, and all the while you knew that none of it was true; and furthermore, you knew that none of those making the remarks and observations had ever been to ask you whether any of those things were true. That’s what you hear. Ask any Barium man or woman how many times in their adult lives they have been told they were, ”Just like everybody else.” What arrogance to attempt to define another. But it’s done. At a fund raiser in Raleigh I attended with Earle Frazier and a few other alumni, a total stranger rushed up to me from across the room and gushed, ”I used to live in Iredell County and the Barium boys used to come
and play with us, and they were just like everyone else.” I looked at him and thought, I hope not.

Yes, it is still done. You see, there is a mindset which says that orphans have no identity; hence, it is anyone’s right and, indeed, responsibility to give definition to the orphan, to tell him/her that he/she is “Just like everybody else.” Many experts/authorities have this mindset, even those who claim otherwise.

There is something about the authority/expert types that they seem almost fearful of what knowledge we who were reared in the orphanage might have, our experiences. Sometimes I think I can even see it in their eyes. I suppose that is why so much effort is given to calling us this and that with labels; it is sort of a way to retain the image they hold for themselves in their own minds. This was brought into clear focus for me while preparing this book.

I had stopped by to see a member of the Board of Regents to get a clarification on some logistical detail related to this work. I had barely gotten my question asked when I was swamped and silenced with his “expertise”.

He was familiar with this orphanage in that state and that orphanage in this state, and he knew orphanages! I left that meeting with the understanding that I had just dealt with an “expert” who knew his orphanages! En route home I kept asking myself, “What is behind all the verbal artillery? Why did he appear to have a compelling need to prove himself to me-prove what? Am I some sort of threat to him because of my experience?

“I believe you’ve said about all you need to say on that. Why don’t you move on now?”

Good, you are paying better attention. Yes, that’s enough so long as I repeat something I said in 1983 in the piece I did on Mr. Johnston and which relates to the identity issue. He never said to us, “You’re as good as anyone else, and certainly not, “you’re just like everyone else!” Such a comment would have been totally out of character for him. What “everyone else” was, made little or no difference to him. He did not look at himself, his life, us, nor Barium Springs in terms of “everyone else”. Sociologists looked at us in terms of “everyone else”, but he did not. The fact that he took a train-load of orphans to New York in Pullman cars in the bottom-out year of the Great Depression shows that. He believed in us as individuals. Given his love for Barium Springs and his pride in us, he might ponder, “I wonder if those kids are as good as my kids? Umm...Probably not.”

“Now you’ve gone and done it. You are confusing yourself and possibly some of your readers. One minute you are talking about your objections to being singled out for your orphanage “different”. The next minute you are taking pride in, if not flaunting, your orphanage “different”. Now, which is it? How
do you expect the authority/experts to get it right if you can’t decide yourself. And you say you’re an expert/authority on your experience?!”

And there you go again, spouting off like an authority/expert. What? Do you feel threatened? Oh, so it’s not one way, and one way all the time. That’s what bothers you. That makes it neat for your “sociological/categorical/if-we-can-name-it-then-we-own-it” mentality. Well, since I have become convinced that you are a slow learner, let me reach back for another anecdotal response.

Remember when President Kennedy stood toe-to-toe with Khrushchev on the Cuban missile crisis, and the Russian backed down and removed the missiles? We were mighty proud of that Kennedy that day. Then, remember back in the 1970’s, a place called Chappaquiddick and Teddy Kennedy, the President’s brother, and his lame excuse for the drowning of Mary Jo and his part in it? We were ashamed of that Kennedy that day. And so it was with that family. We see them in all different shades of humanity, sometimes noble, sometimes sleazy and trashy. We definitely do not see them in one dimension. I am saying of us orphans, don’t try to put us into one box either. Do you think you have that straight now? On the other side of that, if you want to know us, introduce yourself and ask about us. Don’t try to tell us who we are; we’ll tell you.

“This is the weirdest ‘Introduction’ to a book I have ever read. Why don’t you offer some opinions on U.S. foreign policy? You’ve talked about everything else.”

Well, I warned you that there is much to say about orphanages and many misconceptions to try to clear up, and you just don’t know what kind of person or event you might have to draw on to make your point. Sit tight. There’s more.

“But, hey, wait a minute. You can’t just go on and on with this stuff. You yourself said that this book has to stop somewhere. The reader is going to be so worn out from this ‘Introduction’ that he/she won’t want to read the book itself. Since I’m your shadow, I know things about you, and it is my duty to remind you of your objective. You wanted some space in this ‘Introduction’ to respond to Alan Keith-Lucas’ book, Meeting the Needs of the Times: A History of Barium Springs Home for Children, 1891-1991,” and the use of your writings in that book. If you are going to do that, you had best get to it, because this is getting to be right long.”

Yes, I do want to do that, and I’ll get right to it. First, I was surprised to see my material in Professor Keith-Lucas’ book. I asked him at the book-signing, January 20, 1991, the Centennial Celebration, where he had obtained my writings, and he responded that he thought I had given them to him. I had
not, and how he got them has really become a moot point, since he did get them, did use them, and they are in his book. The full text of my writings are in this publication, for which they were originally intended.

It bothered me that so many of my pieces were used in his section on Mr. Johnston's years, particularly since he called his book an objective book, based on, "...what actually happened," as he put it."...He says that he does editorialize some and that the reader is under, "...no obligation to agree" with what he says. That statement pretty much cancels out the taxonomy in his "Preface" of only four possible histories of orphanages, a taxonomy which I felt was a bit patronizing with the use of loaded words such as "souvenir", "propaganda" and "coffee table". For, to exercise that promised obligation not to agree introduces a 5th history to the list, and then a 6th and so on, each with its own editorializing, "propaganda", "souvenirs," or whatever. My writing is very subjective by intent. "What actually happened" is best told by one who was there to participate in its happening, or at least to witness it. (What was happening on the beaches at Normandy on D-Day is best described by one who was on the beach at Normandy on D-Day, not by someone who was sitting miles out into the English Channel.) There is nothing "official" about my writings, and I have to agree with Dr. Jack McCall that Keith-Lucas' book does not really answer the primary question, "What kind of administration did Jos. B. Johnston provide at Barium Springs-what impact did it have on our personal development?"

I do not feel that it is unseemly of me to evaluate Professor Keith-Lucas' book in this "Introduction". 1.) He joined this book and his in his "Preface". 2.) He used direct quotes of mine, and descriptions to which I felt a very personal attachment. 3.) He analyzed my comments, thoughts, and feelings to structure points not related nor intended by me to the usage made. (4) It is one of the stated objectives of this book in fact the primary objective, that we who grew up at Barium Springs, and who know "what actually happened" tell our own versions, and confront those who would attempt to tell our story for us, those who put words into our mouths, if you will. Indeed, the fact that he nor anyone else sought permission from me to use my material, and the way in which he dictates the limits to historical recording, makes me wonder whether we have really moved very far from the old-fashioned, authoritarian "Big Boss" of the orphanage which the reformers so want to be rid of. Too, I have to wonder, if I were not an orphanage-reared person, would not greater, customary courtesy have been extended to me? Humm? You asked me if the orphanage "different" is still there. Now, what do you think?

Quickly, to the history itself. I don't believe the story he offers about the two white children and the black woman in Charlotte in 1883 to be the very beginning of Barium Springs. I asked him about that when I visited him in his home after the 1991 Centennial celebration. (It was not my first visit to his home.) He told me on the latter visit that the story of the two children and the
black woman was in the records of the Second Presbyterian Church in Charlotte. That I don't doubt, but here is where my attitude on "official records" shows. I don't believe the records. I believe we have here a case, pure and simple, of "race baiting." To refresh memories of the story, supposedly two well-placed Charlotte ladies decided one pleasant afternoon that a good place to take a carriage ride would be through the Negro section of Charlotte. They arrived there and discovered two white children in the care of a black woman. Quickly, they did the right thing—for them—and separated the races, the white children went with them, and the black woman stayed there with her race. His version is that they returned to the Church, told of this event, and the congregation was immediately moved into action to "do something", about this; this must not happen again. What must not happen? Race mixing, that's what. We must build an orphanage to prevent it. Question: Do we have an actual event, or just a "story" of an event. I say "story".

"O.K., now. Back it up. What's the story?"

I'll have to walk through a bit of history, so bear with me. The Civil War was eighteen years in the past in 1883. The Ku Klux-Klan in its original form had come and gone, ending with the 1871 passage of the Federal Force Bills. (Remember here too, that during the Reconstruction period the occupying Federal troops forbade most North Carolinians from serving in the U.S. Congress, in the State Legislature, or even in county and city governments. They instead installed many freed blacks, northern carpet-baggers, and southern scalawags into the places of governmental representation.) Well, that all came to a halt in 1877, the year the Federal government pulled its troops out of the State. That was six years before the ladies took their carriage ride, a brief six years. Predictably, when the Federal troops left the State, the white people roared back with a fury called "White Supremacy".

The "White Supremacy" movement was really just picking up steam by 1883, because it did not peak until some twenty years later, and in fact has never died completely. That movement carried one basic fear: miscegenation, and therefore, one mandate: Races don't mix! And, if you are seen or even rumored to have been seen with a person of the opposite race in other than the accepted mode; for whites a superior mode, for blacks an inferior mode—you would be severely dealt with. Blacks were beaten or lynched, whites were beaten and ostracized for real or perceived infractions. And again, I remind the reader that the people setting this standard were the State's leaders, its publishers-Josephus Daniels of Raleigh's "News and Observer" was an ardent white supremacist—as were many other editors, doctors, lawyers; they were not the fringe of society. The husbands of the two Presbyterian ladies, possibly, were advocates. From that day to this, but beginning in that day, "race baiting" has become a predictable way to achieve a desired action or inaction from groups. Politicians have been elected by it, laws passed or killed, causes
forged and furthered, and quite possibly a Presbyterian congregation galvanized into action. Oh, no. Not the Presbyterians! Think again.

But I have other, what you might call forensic, reasons to disbelieve the story. 1.) None of the other histories of Barium Springs report that story. Why? I believe it is because they knew their North Carolina history, particularly those who wrote the histories in the early days and who would have had fresh and immediate awareness of such a tale. In other words, they knew that even though it may be in the records of the church, they also knew that it probably never happened. 2.) Everyone in the story is nameless. No one had a name, what an oversight. 3.) Furthermore, it did not make the paper. I can assure you that an event like that in 1883 would have made the paper. The newspapers of that day were hard up for news. They even printed the names of the people who checked into the local hotels and the trains that brought them. They were quite big on church news of any sort. Whole sermons were picked up and front-paged. Then, there would be editorial sermons on those sermons. I assure you that the names of those two ladies would have been given, along with their husbands' names and their respective stations in the Charlotte community. The horse would have had a name. Here I correct myself when I said none of these people had a name. The black woman was identified as, you guessed it, "Mammy". The deceased mother of the white children would have been named, with a tender account of her struggle against all odds to care for her young brood. The name of the despised and no-count father of the children he had abandoned would have been given along with some threat of retribution. Most certainly, there would have been a lengthy, detailed, and most sympathetically understanding account and explanation as to why these Christian, God-fearing women decided to drive a carriage into the Negro district.

"All right! Now that you have done all that explaining and understanding, tell me this: Suppose it was 'race baiting'. Why did the race baiting take place?"

For the same reason it always takes place, to get action or inaction. There must have been some members in the church who wanted to get a Presbyterian orphanage established, and they wanted some support to get it going. They wanted action. They wanted action which would ward off the implied threat of the story, race mixing.

"But why at that particular time? What was the rush? Couldn't they do a feasibility study, form some committees, do a lot of consensus building, get involvement and planning, and all that group stuff?"

I suppose, but they didn't. I think it was simply a case of "Keeping up with the Joneses", only in this case the Joneses were the other denominations, the Masons and the State. The Masons had opened an orphanage at Oxford in 1873, and Mills was looking to build one at High Point, which he put at
Thomasville for the Baptists, and the State had a mandate from its new 1868 Constitution to provide for orphans, and I believe the Presbyterians just wanted a piece of that action. You see the same thing happening today with pre-schools, day-care and the private schools. The race bait just gave a big initial thrust and got the attention, heart, mind and soul of the group.

I want to come back to the section of Keith-Lucas' book which deals with Mr. Johnston's years, but I want to go on and address a few other parts and end up with Mr. Johnston.

I want to take some quick glances at policy, physical plant, and perhaps some other changes which are reported in Professor Keith-Lucas' book, and try to give some thought and reaction to them as an alumnus who still returns to the campus as it is today.

On page 70, the 1965 action by the Board of Regents to pretty much shut down what was left of work life at Barium is reported. The print shop and dairy had already gone, and now the orchard, big farm and truck farm were on the block, about to go by the way, cease to exist as a major part of the Home's operation. The Board concluded, "The basic purpose of the Home is rearing children and large farming is too large a job for children." Essentially, the Board is saying that rearing children and work are mutually exclusive!

That was truly a drastic action for the Board, for it was the first major step away from the Home's bed-rock mission: to take helpless, dependent children and by teaching them minimal skills through work requirements, turn them into independent, self-supporting adults. Since the Home's founding in 1891 and the terrible days of child labor, Barium Springs had provided a model, an example of how young people could be taught responsibility and self-reliance through work. We were not abused in our work, and our work was not too hard. And, yes as Keith-Lucas marvels, we remember our work; it, too, was a part of what was beautiful at Barium Springs. (I have to wonder how many Regents told their children that work was a 'dirty', four-letter word?)

Today, with so much juvenile criminality, it is interesting to note that the prisons across the country-filled with young people are introducing the military-style boot-camp regimens to teach responsibility, self-discipline, and a little co-operation. Those are lessons a Barium boy would pick up in a week, having the responsibility of milking a couple of cows on schedule, grubbing stumps, or setting out tomatoes.

Albert McClure. I didn't know Mr. McClure very well. Professor Keith-Lucas apparently did, and thought quite highly of him. He is enthusiastic in his descriptors. He refers to, "...the greatness of the man", as a man with,"...fruitful ideas", "...that truly humble Christian", a man who was, "...deeply religious by nature", "...a very considerate man", "A fellow of infinite wit." Yet, on the other hand, he is described as a, "...strict Sabbatarian - he would neither let..."
a child leave the Home nor return from a visit on a Sunday.” “He found de-
legation very difficult...it is reported that he personally supervised the planting
of every bush or shrub on campus.” I do not know whether he couldn’t dele-
gate because he couldn’t trust, but those characteristics reveal a controlling
person to me. The Sabbatarian who views Christian nurture in the form of rote
memorization of the Catechisms sounds to my ear like a throw-back to the old
Puritans, rather than a nurturer of twentieth century youth mid-way through
the century.

I dislike some of what Mr. McClure did at Barium Springs. Some I just don’t
understand, particularly the actions surrounding the razing of the original
Little Joe’s Church.

What I dislike came to me one rainy day in a telephone call from Becky Carp-
enter. She called to alert me - it was really more of a plea - to see if I could
break away to come to Barium to rescue some of the Home’s artifacts. Spe-
cifically, she referred to stacks of “The Spotlight”, boxes of photographs, and
the athletic trophies which had been in a case in old Rumple Hall. She said
that Mr. McClure had ordered all those things out, to be discarded. Awaiting
their fate, the items had been taken to the abandoned laundry building which,
when I arrived in the rain, stood wide open. The front door was open as were
the industrial-style windows—a blessing—for the pushed-out windows pre-
vented the rain from entering. The items were tossed onto one of those large
work tables which equipped the laundry, and the table was shoved against the
left wall inside. Fortunately, she had also called Donnie Bolton in Troutman
who had come up and managed to save most, if not all, of the trophies before
they disappeared. I collected a complete set of the yearbooks, and grabbed
up a few of the photographs and headed back to Raleigh.

I will break off here for a moment to say something about Becky Carpenter.
Mr. Keith-Lucas seemed surprised that my single reference to her was the
Thanksgiving fundraisers she used to take some of us on. I made no mention
of the huge case load she was carrying, etc., was his complaint. I did not
know her in that capacity, hence, I did not write about that. Yes, I knew what
she did, but that is not the way we interacted with her. The girls had much
more contact with her than did the boys. She would let some of us wash her
car sometimes on Saturday afternoons for a little money. (Didn’t she always
drive Plymuths, or did she once get a Chevrolet?) She sang soprano in the
church choir. (Johnnie Burgin Clendenin could do an exact “Miss Carpenter
singing ‘Onward Christian Soldiers’”.) She monitored gum chewing at church.
I was in my late forties at a Homecoming and about to enter Little Joe’s with
a piece of gum in my mouth. She stopped me and ordered it out on the spot.
Out it came. She was no shirker of her duty. She was well liked by all, a small
woman with boundless energy. She took children to the doctor and dentist
and corrected their grammar enroute. For whatever reason, she learned that
she could trust me. Apparently she needed to talk to someone and felt that
she might as well talk to me. I was working at the Camp as a lifeguard. She came to the Camp and we were seated under the pavilion, and she began to unload, to vent. It was some disagreement she was having with Mr. Johnston, and I long ago forgot what it was. To my surprise, she told me a few things about other children who were there. I never mentioned those things to anyone, and that was the only time that ever happened. For she, even in retirement, still managed to keep a little of that professional distance between herself and us. I miss her a lot at Homecoming. I wish we could all stay young.

Little Joe’s Church. Plans to replace old Little Joe’s Church had started before Mr. Johnston arrived at Barium in 1922. Even then, it was considered to be too small, and the thought was to convert it into some kind of music building or other general use. Such planning continued on the back burner through his administration, even though substantial funds were raised to construct a new church. Finally, in the mid 1950’s old Little Joe’s was torn down by Barium workers, including the boys who had to clean the bricks which were sold to someone nearby to be used in the construction of his house. I do not know who bought Little Joe’s bricks. The foundation for the building, I am told, is still in the ground. W.A. “Bill” Johnson obtained the stained glass window in the rear of the church and it is installed in a church in Fayetteville today.

The decision was to go to the north end of the campus, where the small cemetery is, and construct a large, urban-sized church and classroom complex. That is the decision I don’t understand. According to Keith-Lucas, and to the naked eye, by design, the population of the Home was reduced, and further reductions were planned, consistent with the new modes of child care, etc. The buildings to house the children were reduced in size to accommodate fewer children in more “family-like” settings. Everything on campus was being reduced. Fewer children, smaller buildings, fewer buildings, BUT a MUCH LARGER CHURCH, a city-size church out in this beautiful, pastoral setting at least five miles away from any concentration of Presbyterians, or enough lost souls to convert. Where did they plan to get their members? To me, the condition of that church today says that it was a mistake to destroy the old Little Joe’s. Buildings can be repaired. That old church would be perfect for that Home today, and for us on Homecoming. I just don’t understand why everyone seemed so eager to tear it down. Furthermore, to build that large church flew in the face of basic budgetary planning for an institution. Example: If you add a dormitory on a college campus, you have to plan for increased usage of all other facilities, dining hall, laundry, library, athletic facilities, etc. Conversely, if you reduce in size, as Barium did, you plan reductions in all areas. Why the huge church?

A part of orphanage “mythologizing” is to seek to show dramatic and significant changes by contrasting “this” with “that”. Mr. Keith-Lucas has a clear
bias in favor of McClure. I have no problem with his bias; mine is toward Mr. Johnston. I do have a problem with his examples of “progress”. On page 61 of his text, Mr. Keith-Lucas states a necessity to, “read between the lines” of Regents’ reports to understand the Board’s conflict with Mr. Johnston. Where I come from, which is Barium Springs under J.B. Johnston’s administration, “reading between the lines” was a matter of perception; i.e., the person doing the “reading” could “read” about what he or she wanted to read. Official records are not between the lines. They are the lines. On page 69, a consultant is quoted that 1961, “...showed a vast improvement over the situation 10 years before, ”a comparison which sets us up for “this” and “that”. Let’s look at a few “this” and “thats”. A few are truly absurd. Take the one for instance, on page 69. He says the children are “individualized”. That process, he says, is particularly noticeable in garment availability. “Little redheads were no longer clothed in shocking pink, or whatever else came to hand...” Clothes of, “russet browns and greens...enhanced their coloring.”

“...No longer clothed in shocking pink.” Where did such a story come from? When did Keith-Lucas observe, or a consultant report that little red-headed children at Barium Springs were limited to “shocking” pink clothing? I don’t even know what “shocking pink” is, unless he refers to women’s undergarments. There were plenty of girls at Barium with beautiful red hair - and I assume he means girls only; however, he doesn’t limit the pink uniform requirement to that sex. Perhaps he thought boys, too, were required to wear pink, were they carrot-topped - and I don’t recall any one of them ever saying anything about a “pink” requirement as a dress code.

As to “individualization” of a child through allowing him/her to have a say in what they wear, I don’t doubt. But to paint “that” period as one during which children could not select their own clothes and wear them when they so chose is blatantly false. (One of the funniest experiences my sister and I had there was when our mother decided to open charge accounts for my sister at Efird’s and Rayless’ Department Stores in Statesville, so that my sister could get clothing she liked and needed. It was a short-lived venture. Mr. Johnston found out about it when my sister took one of two other girls with her on a “shop ‘til you drop” outing. Our mother was severely scolded for the deed, and deservedly so.)

Mr. Keith Lucas is focused on the clothing issue again on page 66 when he speaks of McClure’s dinner-time announcement of “the program” for the evening during the summer months. Anticipating his announcement of “the program” each evening, girls developed the habit of putting a minimum of four changes of clothing out on their beds before dinner, since “the program” could vary from a hayride to a concert.

We were not that regimented. We certainly did not have anyone give daily “program” announcements at dinner (we had supper). It was assumed we
were self-reliant enough to devise our own programs, and we did. We were not so passive that we had to be entertained. We learned to entertain ourselves. Come to think of it, I believe games like mumbly-peg, king-on-the-mountain, "land", rag ball, first-bounce baseball, crack-the-whip, even hide-and-seek, and surely Union Hardware skates, all left Barium with Mr. Johnston. Oh yes, we went on hayrides; we would even double up two wagons behind a tractor. And, as for concerts and celebrities on campus, Keith-Lucas mentions a 1951 performance by Max Rubinoff on campus, described to be "...cultural opportunity few...in Children’s Homes could have experienced." Well, we did. We experienced many cultural events of a very high quality. Regularly we were transported to Davidson College to hear concerts. Just as regularly were we carried to Statesville to hear the budding North Carolina Symphony when Benjamin Swalin scheduled in there. (In the 1970’s, my work allowed me to be one of those who accompanied the North Carolina Symphony to New York for its debut at famed Carnegie Hall. The Duke University Chorus went also to perform the choral work, "Sabat Mater" with the Symphony. I had sung and toured with the Davidson College Male Chorus, so I could enjoy with those college students what an exciting time that was. We entered Carnegie Hall through a picket of "Free the Wilmington Ten" marchers. I sat in a box above and to the left of the stage. During that whole concert my mind turned to Barium Springs and the wonderful cultural opportunities I had been given there. I thought of those early Symphony concerts at, I believe, D. Matt Thompson school in Statesville. I remembered riding in a truck to Davidson to hear unbelievably beautiful music. I thought most especially of Miss Laura Gray Greene and all that she had taught me. I also thought of Earl Berg, the chorus director at Davidson and of James Christian Pfhol, the Moravian, energetic band director and organist at Davidson. I thought of the little St. Cecelia music club at Barium at which we would give brief reports on famous composers’ lives. I thought of the music recitals we gave, and rehearsals for the annual "Christmas Cantata" and the "Easter Music". I thought of the extensive tour our glee club took into West Virginia with a very young Rachel Hickman Spencer. I thought of all those shows we used to do for the civic clubs, with music and skits, of the school operettas with crepe paper pinned and pasted to newsprint to construct costumes. I thought of the senior plays and of the individual girls and boys who sang, and the beautiful voices they had, of Elizabeth McKeithan and her beautiful voice, of all the students who played for church services.)

Yes, we had cultural opportunities, and we took full advantage of them. Ours was more participatory than passive. I have this one question. When was the last time a Barium Springs girl or boy graduated from school at Barium or Troutman who could: 1) Sing a solo in a church service and 2) Play a piano for the hymns and special music in the service? There were several of us who could do that. Culture at Barium did not arrive with Albert McClure.
Insofar as celebrities on campus went, we had Clyde R. Hoey, Governor of North Carolina, as commencement speaker one year, and I do recall that Post Master General James A. Farley got off the train there once.

On pages 67 and 68 Keith-Lucas draws a comparison which I will call "the grateful orphan" vs "the new breed of child". In this comparison, as in other places in his writing, is revealed the need for the research for which Dr. McCall called. Mr. Keith-Lucas paints us as "grateful", very grateful to be in the orphanage, and we are "very careful to please everyone". Why were we so very careful to please everyone? In Professor Keith-Lucas' opinion, we were very careful to please everyone, "...so as not to be turned out." Question: Where is the evidence to support such an assertion? What evidence is Professor Keith-Lucas able to produce which supports his claim that we at Barium Springs under Joseph B. Johnston's administration showed a spirit of cooperation, were generally courteous, polite, and for the most part had good manners, out of fear? Where is his evidence? What research has he done to warrant such a conclusion? Mr. Keith-Lucas uses the word "grateful" to conjure up an image of obsequiously mewling children cowering before a ruthless workmaster upon whom they are totally dependent, and are therefore "grateful". How is his image of grateful-out-of-fear children reconciled with his lone positive descriptor of Mr. Johnston as, "...a man who appealed to children"? (P.35). Is he telling his readers that we were grateful to a man who appealed to us, but we were really fearful of him? I get the impression that Mr. Keith-Lucas didn't think much of Mr. Johnston. He also had a pretty low opinion of those of us who grew up during Mr. Johnston's era.

Question: Why is being grateful conditioned on fear? Why does he connect standard good behavior with being "careful to please"? Could it be that he simply does not want to admit that children need and seek discipline, control and guidance from their elders? We were taught good manners, courtesy, politeness, good sportsmanship. Yes, we were grateful and continue to be grateful for what Barium Springs was and what it did for us. If there is a deep sociological mystery in that, you are welcomed to go dig it out. I don't even want to know. Show me a family which does not have boundaries for its children, boundaries beyond which even the children are not welcomed in that home, and I will show you total chaos. Barium Springs was not chaotic.

Mr. Keith-Lucas contrasts the "grateful-fearful" orphan with his "...new breed of child. "This new breed is described to be resentful at being in the institution; he wants out. He, therefore, is not grateful and I believe Mr. Keith-Lucas sees that as a positive. His point is obvious. People who seem to be happy in institutions, and who even express gratitude for having been in institutions are, in his opinion, misguided and confused souls; whereas, those who want out of institutions and who resent being there are examples of mental well-being and stability. (Tell that to the next prison escapee you run into.) It depends on the institution and the people who run it!! If pleasing out of fear
was taught at Barium Springs, I didn’t learn it very well. I did learn to stand on my own two feet, however.

I want to touch the case of the purloining purser, the problem which Professor Keith-Lucas is careful to point out “antedated Mr. McClure’s coming.” I think I knew Mr. Johnston well enough to know that had he had knowledge of her activities he would have put a stop to it. He definitely would have shouldered the responsibility. He was that kind of man. You see, where Mr. McClure was unable to trust, Mr. Johnston could. Furthermore, the actions taken are interesting as related to the Board’s desire to have more positions for preachers at the time. I will underline for effect and comment no further. The Reverend R.S. Arrowood was dismissed as Business Manager and replaced by a Professional.

In 1960, I attended a large civic or church dinner at the big Methodist Church in Charlotte on Trade Street, just across from the location of the old Barringer Hotel. (We were living in Charlotte at the time. Just before we sat to eat, I glanced around the room, my eyes stopped at the kitchen doorway. There in that doorway, wearing a full apron, stood that woman. She just looked at me steadily for a moment, turned and went into the kitchen. She did not reappear. I wondered if she was able to get Octagon soap coupons there. (It’s an “inside story”.) (Ed.)

And, incidentally, the photograph on page 48 is that of the dismissed Reverend Arrowood, not Mr. Reverend Tom Cook.

Finally, I want to address a comparison which Professor Keith-Lucas makes in which he quotes me and ascribes feelings to me and my fellow orphans based on what he says that I have said and meant. As has been shown, in other examples, Mr. Keith-Lucas is attempting to get his point across by forcing attitudes and feelings onto his subjects, appearing to validate such attitudes by quoting or appearing to quote the subject’s own words. I will attempt the same.

On pages 40, 41, and 44 is a connected story which illustrates my point. I will attempt brevity. On page 44, Mr. Keith-Lucas describes a young man who visited him. I think Mr. Keith-Lucas is describing me. The details of the “young man” are basically correct to me. The sister, age of admission, etc. (I actually entered at age 2.5 rather than 3 years, but at least Mr. Keith-Lucas is consistent. All his other references to my dates, entry, exit, dates of written material are incorrect.) I do not, however, remember my visit the same way Mr. Leith-Lucas does. I visited him in 1961 following a report in the Raleigh “News and Observer” of his “Study of Barium Springs”. In that report he had said that no child should ever be admitted to an orphanage under the age of five years. As this document attests, I then, as now, had and have a compelling interest in my youth and the nature of my upbringing. I wanted to know
what happened to those of us who suffered entry under that fifth year. That is the question I put to him as soon as I entered his home. As I recall the visit, it was he who provided the descriptors, "inability to feel", "manipulate adults", "play the game" in answer to my question. I also seem to remember "become robots". As to my sister, and my being "very bitter" at her being a nonconformist and loaded with personality in contrast to my being a malleable drone, I will let others be the judge of that. (I will say that in the entry documents in our file, a screened and edited portion of which I was given on request several years ago, such an observation is made, I suppose by Mr. Johnston, since Miss Becky wasn't there yet. The remark said something like "Charles will adjust better than his sister." I don't know whether Keith-Lucas had access to our files or not.) I do regret that my sister left; I have never been bitter. Mr. Johnston is the person who dismissed her. Mr. Johnston is also the man who taught me the importance of boundaries and standards which, if not followed, lead to chaos.

The story of the young man follows a paragraph in which Mr. Keith-Lucas challenges my perception of security, certainty and absolute sureness-of-purpose as factors in assuring a happy environment for growing children. His eyebrows are raised high in doubt when I assert that it was beautiful to know that good was good, and bad was bad, with no gray areas. I stand by my assertion that children are happiest when they feel security, certainty and sureness-of-purpose.

Mr. Keith-Lucas has a point he wants to make with the juxtaposition of my claimed happiness in absolutes and his "revelation of the real me" as the angry and bitter young man. (On the next Geraldo!). His purpose, as he follows the "young man" story, is to attempt to show Mr. Johnston to be some kind of flake who went about writing "admittedly propagandistic" pieces about some children's "Camelot" called "The Village of Youth", a village where children had laughter, had fun, were kind, where living was a cooperative affair, and it was a lovely place to be. Not true, Keith Lucas says, and to "prove" it is not so, he offers the angry and bitter "young man" who certainly contradicts any sunny picture of Barium Springs. (Later on Keith-Lucas states that I "fondly" recall experiences of physical abuse. He refers to a remark I made about Kate Taylor's method of punishment with a radiator brush, that thinking of her and it now brings a smile to my face.)

What is real is, the real Professor Keith-Lucas comes clear here. Mr. Keith-Lucas finds it unacceptable-no, abhorrent-that the children at that despised orphanage dare claim to have been happy to have had fun, to have laughed. We see here how Charles Dickens image goes on and on.

Turn back to pages 40 and 41. Mr. Keith-Lucas addresses a remark I quoted from him, a remark made on that 1961 visit. He said to me that we were reared like British royalty. He gives a clarifying explanation that he had in
mind a school called Gordonstoun where Prince Charles was educated. (To make my point here, I remind the reader that Mr. Keith-Lucas described Mr. Johnston’s “Village of Youth” to be “propagandistic”. Now Mr. Keith-Lucas is ready to describe an institution which, in his mind, is the equivalent of, the same as, Barium Springs. That institution is Gordonstoun.) The list of descriptors of that institution: 1. lack of creature comfort 2. absence of heat 3. ever-open windows 4. constant subjection to corporal punishment. The constant subjection to physical abuse is what I supposedly “long for”, fondly. (Next on Oprah!) Wow, what a weird person I am painted to be. I am bitter and manipulative, I am imprisoned in absolutes, and now I am a masochist who fondly longs for a whipping. For the record, I was never whipped at Barium Springs, and I didn’t experience, nor did I witness, anyone else being whipped. The times I was physically punished were very few. Every now and again Kate Taylor would administer the old radiator brush dusting, air out your pants, and Faye Stevenson would sting my forearm with a ruler. Buck Jackins did flatten me once and slammed a door on my hand. Neither time was I injured nor particularly humiliated. I knew who Buck was and was never surprised by his behavior, nor did I take it all that personally. A heavy ring protected my hand from injury. Buck was Buck, and we all knew that. He had no surprises. He was one of us.

But go back to those descriptors which he says describe Barium Springs, to be the same as Gordonstoun. No heat, ever-open windows, corporal punishment. Barium Springs was not like Gordonstoun. Yes, around 1915 there were some newspaper reports about the sorry state of affairs at the orphanage. There were reports of large numbers of broken windows. But Keith-Lucas’ remark was about my time there. Mr. Keith-Lucas should know better. Barium Springs had an excellent steam plant. All of the buildings on campus were comfortably heated. The availability of adequate steam heat from a central plant, as well as enough pumps to provide potable water were two of the significant factors in the Home’s ability to expand. Furthermore, Mr. S.A. Grier had been employed to oversee all those utilities, and he did an excellent job.

Open windows? Not so. Even at Synod’s Cottage where Scotswoman Kate Taylor insisted on plenty of “frrresh airrr” and lowered the upper part of the windows in the sleeping wards several inches, even in the dead of winter, the building stayed warm. Overheated buildings was more of a problem than underheated.

The real question, to me, is “Why does Mr. Keith-Lucas insist on seeing the orphanage that way?” I wonder if it is something as simple as the fact that it is what he is familiar with. He says that British parents beggared themselves to send sons to such establishments. Did he attend one, or does he, perhaps, resent the fact that he was unable to go to one? I don’t know, of course. I do know that the image he puts forth of the quasi-sadistic school
and quasi-masochistic students who fondly long for corporal punishment has a distinctly Kiplingesque stiff-upper-lip-tally-ho British "Pub and Club" ring to it, and Mr. Keith-Lucas is British by birth.

Whatever Gordonstoun is, or any other orphanage, it is not Barium Springs, and that is the point of this book. We were at Barium Springs, and we will tell you what actually happened at Barium Springs. Furthermore, Mr. Johnston did not write propaganda any more than Mr. Keith-Lucas writes propaganda. Mr. Johnston saw Barium Springs as a "Village of Youth" where children were laughing and having fun. Mr. Keith-Lucas saw Barium Springs as a dreary institution. I was there, and I agree with Mr. Johnston's view.

One more thing, in the "Appendix", World War II did not end in 1946. World War II was concluded aboard the Battleship "Missouri" in the Bay of Tokyo on September 2, 1945. That is not a matter of perception; that is a matter of record.

"Now that you have said all that, are you not concerned that you will upset a good many people? I mean are you showing respect and gratitude to those Presbyterians who sent money, which they really didn't have to spare in the 1930's, up to Barium Springs to support you?"

I can assure you there will be those who will not care for, nor agree with, what I have said. On that I take the same position Professor Keith-Lucas did, "They are under no obligation to do so." It is all a matter of perception. I can guess that some of those who will disagree most will be fellow graduates of Barium Springs, and for the same reasons I disagree with Mr. Keith-Lucas: He can't tell my story; I can't tell their story. As is said, "Perception is in the eye of the beholder." As to disrespect and failure to show gratitude, I plead "not guilty" on both counts." In truth, I have shown the greatest respect. I hope that I have demonstrated that the money those long-gone folks sent to Barium Springs to support me and others went for a good cause. It provided me with a basic education and taught me some life values which I have tried to pass on to my children, and for that I am most grateful. I left Barium Springs, gained further education, started to support myself and pay taxes, married a breath-takingly beautiful lady who is very intelligent - (The intelligence jury went into seclusion when word leaked that she had married me, and no verdict has yet been reached), reared and educated three children with her, and now help old ladies across the street, and I always carry a clean handkerchief. I believe self reliance is the way to show respect and gratitude. And, while we are on the subject of respect, let us in fairness ask whether we who grew up at Barium Springs during its orphanage years have been treated with respect with all the smearing of that Home, our Home? Has Joseph B. Johnston's service and memory always been treated with respect? I am much more concerned about that in this book than whether I have bruised an ego or two.
There is one characteristic about Mr. Johnston that we who were there with him could see, but apparently it was not visible to others, particularly the many preachers who wanted him replaced with one of their own. That characteristic was his enormous and abiding faith in Jesus Christ. That man was a believer in the strongest meaning of that term. To me, much more so than any preacher I have ever heard or come in contact with. Furthermore, he applied his faith to everything he did. He lived it.

It was he and Mr. Grier who taught me what I know about faith and belief and what is good. Sometimes, when thinking about him, I remember that when God decided to send His Son to earth to redeem us, He could have gone over to "Heavenly Divinity School" and selected some promising young fellow who would make a great name for himself as one of the high priests in the temple, a preacher. He didn’t do that. He went over to the Vocational Education Department of Heaven and selected a promising young carpenter, a young carpenter with great faith and love. I somehow think that God was following that same thought pattern when He sent Joseph B. Johnston to Barium Springs. Rather than sending a preacher, He sent a merchant.

WHO ARE YOU?

On that January day in 1991 which was celebrated as the beginning of Barium Spring’s Centennial Year, my wife and I crashed a by-invitation-only luncheon at the dining hall. Our appearance was unintended and an embarrassment to us. The reasons as to how that all happened are too lengthy to go into here. I, since, have felt that God had a hand in my being there. I call it God’s sense of humor, for here I was at the luncheon being introduced to Alan Keith-Lucas’ book and seeing my name and quotes splashed all about it. Good grief, I’ve thought, you should have been there! God apparently agreed. After the luncheon, we were exiting the building and encountered Mr. and Mrs. Price Gwynn, III. He was Moderator of the church’s General Assembly. They were standing at the exit door. Mrs. Gwynn paused and asked, “Who are you?” The symbolism did not escape me. Here I was on the site of old Rumple Hall, the center of my world for 16 and a half years, on a piece of land I had walked, run, skated, chased, been chased, been hot, cold, seen in snow, fall colors, the green of summer, heard the laughter of many other children as well as my own, and this total stranger wants to know who I am. I would like to have been able to say “Price, you and the Missus jump up in the front. Toss those Roman serial numbers in the back of the pick-up, and we’ll drive around awhile and I’ll tell you who I am.”

Her question is so much of what it is to have been reared in an orphanage. There was always that question. At the Baby Cottage: “Well, who do we have here?” At Synod’s Cottage: “Who in the world do you think you are?” At Lee’s, Alexander and Jennie Gilmer: “Yea, who sez, you? Well, who are you?”
At the Quads: “What in the Sam Hill! Who do you think you are?” And it was assumed that none of us knew the answer to that question.

As I have shown, strangers have told us we were “Just like everybody else.” The psychologists have told us that we were many things, mostly negative, and the sociologists have chanted “Ditto, ditto” to all the psycho-babble. In the end, we have decided that we knew ourselves and our stories better than anyone else.

Charles M. Barrett  
Class of 1948  
Entered July 7, 1932  
Graduated May 18, 1948  
Raleigh, North Carolina  
June, 1994

Henry M. Harris  
Class of 1961  
Entered July 7, 1949  
Graduated May 6, 1961  
Raleigh, North Carolina  
June, 1994

(Henry Harris was the last Barium boy to receive a Barium Springs High School football letter “B” sweater. After him, the school closed and was consolidated with Troutman High School, later South Iredell. Ed.)
AN ALBUM OF MEMORIES

THE
PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME
AT
BARIUM SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA

SECTION I

THE BEGINNING
In traveling, you hear and see so much of the wonderful, that in short time you become very incredulous about most things you hear and see.

Lounging about my hotel with nothing to do, I accidentally heard a man say that there was a poison spring in an adjoining county. He did not seem to know what poison spring it was, but thought it was arsenic. Having a few days of leisure, and the spring in question being distant only about thirty miles by rail on the Atlantic, Tennessee and Ohio Railroad, now a branch of the Richmond and Danville, I concluded to investigate the spring and see for myself. On arrival at the depot, Troutman's, I learned that I had a mile or more to travel before reaching the springs - seven in number - six besides the poison - on the hillside of a little creek. The poison spring is a large basin in a rock. It is transparent and nearly tasteless. It is certainly poisonous, but not arsenic. It holds about 150 gallons of water, and has no outlet. It never overflows and if bailed out, it will refill in some 12 hours. It seems to fill up from an aperture in the bottom of the porous rock. I learned while there that Prof. Ledoux had analyzed it and represented it as containing carbonate and sulphate of barium and a trace of sulfuric acid. Bathing in the water leaves the skin soft, smooth and clean. It is especially recommended as effective in the cure of scrofula and cancerous sores, old ulcers and all diseases of the skin. There are quite a number of living witnesses to testify to its efficiency as stated. It is peculiarly and singularly affected by electricity. During the prevalence of thunder storms the water immediately around the orifice turns to a deep indigo blue, extending upwards from the bottom three or four inches, while streaks of the same dart through in every direction. The water is used, and has been for perhaps a century, by the people in the surrounding country, and its curative qualities are well known. The springs are in their natural condition - no improvements or accommodations for boarders.

Granite of a very superior quality for building purposes can be obtained in abundance in the immediate vicinity.

It is regretted for the sake of suffering humanity, that some party does not own these remarkable springs who was able, and would improve them and make accommodation for boarders, for of all classes of disease, physicians seem to know less about cancerous sores and diseases of the skin, than any other, and these have the reputation of being the perfect panacea for all such diseases. The present owner, I learn, is not able to improve them, but I learn that he
would sell them for a moderate price. He affirms the waters cured him of consumption, and that he would not live without them.

This is certainly a fine country in many respects, if capitalists would take hold and develop its resources. To one accustomed to the busy cares of city life, with all its bustle and follies, it is a perfect treat to get out among these people and witness such moral happiness and contentment, and I would suggest to all such who are in need of rest and want a little quiet, to avail himself of a trip to these springs, and if he desires to invest, he may make it profitable in a pecuniary sense, as well as pleasant recreation.
BARIUM’S SPRINGS HAVE A TROUTMAN COMPETITOR

About the “Strohecker Springs”

The people have been asking and wondering and I have come out from “along the cool sequestered vale of life,” to say that one of the Strohecker Springs has been analyzed by the State Chemist at Raleigh. Said analysis has seal of office attached and is open to inspection. You can see it and read it yourself. Its mineral constituents are the same as the well known Barium Water. Any citizen of Statesville, or his friends anywhere in the world, can have one gallon of the water free of charge. The use of the water can speak for itself. You can test its strength, its healing and tonic virtues, and any other water of like kind and satisfy yourself. Dr. T. E. Anderson tasted the water of this spring and said, “I can taste the mineral in this water. I am pleased and more favorably impressed when I have seen this spring than by anything I have read about it.” And he is an intelligent citizen of your town. Others who have used this water speak of healthy effect upon themselves.

The chemist writes that the waters have alkaline as well as chalybeate qualities. The spring flows from a solid rock into a rocky basin, holding about thirty gallons. It is clear as crystal and throws off a rapid running stream. I am informed by competent persons that its strength can be diminished or increased by filtering process, etc.

You are invited to visit this spring (it is close to the Orphan’s Home) and judge of its merits for yourself. If there is anything in you that the Strohecker Barium water cannot reach, then try the Strohecker boiling spring and less than ten minutes, you will belch it forth. These waters are free to sick, disabled and aged ministers.

(The enthusiastic salesman is not identified.)

This colorfully interesting sidebar to Barium’s story was provided by Henry Troutman of Troutman, his “Ancestral Village” or “Diminutive Municipality” as his kinswoman, Ruth Troutman Clark, used to, with great affection refer to it. Henry expanded his Iredell County experience by choosing to go to school with us at Barium Springs. He graduated in the 1950’s. His choice forever puts him into the category of wise men.
"THE HOTEL DANCE HALL AND GROG SHOP"
1891

THE BARIUM MESSENGER
JUNE, 1924
by
W. D. Toutman*

"Editor, Messenger:

Invariably when passing Barium Springs Orphanage I fall into a reminiscent mood. I look in retrospect on days and times and conditions as they existed there not so long ago. Certain changes have taken place which always remind me of that passage about the plowshare and the swords and the reaping hooks. There was, you see, a big old vacant hotel building which stood up near Synod’s Cottage which was for several years used as a dance hall exclusively.

Then, right in front of the big school building there was a wooden shack which served as a grog shop. In other words it was the cheaper sort of a cheap barroom. You could go up and have a bottle filled with whisky for .25¢, and you were at liberty to drink all you wanted and to use all the profanity you could think of. You could become intoxicated and quarrel and fight, with no officer of the law to say you nay.

‘T’will take somewhat of a stretch of imagination to get at the moral effect of the dance hall and grog shop on the now quite peaceful community of Barium Springs. But then the Presbyterians came into possession of the old dance hall, and Father Boyd came up there with a family of 25 to 30 fatherless boys and girls. The first day Father Boyd arrived the sword was beaten into a reaper: the dance hall was converted into a sanctuary; the brothel and shop no longer cluttered up the fair surroundings. While the influence in the community of this dance hall lasted for years; yet, from the first day the change began and every day the children of the institution have listened to some portion of scripture and some prayer to the Supreme Being. Each day of these many days, also, the influence of the consecrated men and women has been leaving impression indelibly on the community. But ‘twas like growing an oak. It took time.

The Orphans’ Home in the beginning had a hard time, a hard struggle for existence. The Superintendent had almost insurmountable objects to surmount. He had difficulties to overcome of which the latter day superintendents know nothing.
When they prayed for daily bread, 'twas not a mere lip service as in the days of plenty when scarcely anyone knows there is such a thing as a wolf to howl hungrily at the door. The enterprise was in its infancy and people just hadn't waked up to the necessity of ministering to the parentless as now they do.

*W. D. Troutman was a frequent correspondent to the STATESVILLE LANDMARK and to THE BARIUM MESSENGER, writing folksy remembrances and observations about the Iredell communities. His ancestors founded the town of Troutman; his home was the two-story frame, white house which stood at the fork of US 21 and Perth Rd. in Troutman. More of a connection to Barium Springs, he was the father of Ruth Troutman Clark and Katherine Troutman, both of whom taught school at Barium, beginning during WWII years. Ruth Troutman Clark became a life-long friend to me and my family. To her I owe my love of words, spoken and written. She used to say to me, "Cholly, a good paper is not written; it's re-written!" In that sense, W. D. Troutman is responsible for this document. To him and Ruth, my thanks! CMB, Ed.
"Presbyterian Orphanage Burned"

A Part of the Contents Saved But the Building a Total Loss

The Orphans’ Home of the Synod of North Carolina, located at Barium Springs, 5 miles south of Statesville, was destroyed by fire last Thursday afternoon at 1:30 o’clock. The fire caught between the ceiling and the roof, from a flue, and was the result of defective masonry. So soon as advised of it, Rev. R. W. Boyd, the superintendent of the Home, ran upstairs with an axe and knocked off the ceiling and plastering at the spot where the fire was at work, hoping to reach it and extinguish it with water, but the fire was too fast for him, and Mr. Boyd, soon seeing that he had undertaken a losing fight, abandoned it and set to work to get the children out of the house and to save as much of the furniture as possible. The children were removed in safety, and by the active help of the neighbors who gathered, in a good deal was saved from the building, though it burned rapidly and there was little time for work. A piano, organ, the range, a good deal of bedding, some furniture, and some groceries were saved, but many of these articles in a badly damaged condition, the furniture being broken as it was tumbled out of the window. Practically nothing was saved off the second floor. In a room on this floor, the winter clothing of the children had been neatly packed away. All of this was burned and only a few of the orphans are left with a change. There was an insurance of $3000 upon the building and $400 up on the furniture.

The children, of whom there were 32 in the Home, were kindly taken into the houses of the people of the neighborhood, and of Troutman’s, as was also the family of Mr. Boyd, and provided for until arrangements could be made for getting them together again. Rev. Messrs. Rumple and McClelland, of Salisbury and Statesville and Col. John L. Brown and Mr. Geo. E. Wilson, of Charlotte, of the board of regent held a meeting here Tuesday, and rented for temporary use the Sigmon house on the Lewis Ferry Road, on the southwest side of town, and a house of Mr. J. T. Stevenson just opposite. Possession of the Stevenson home has not yet been secured, but as many of the orphans as the other will accommodate are quartered in it, and the remainder of the children are distributed among charitable people in Statesville and in the neighborhood of the burned orphanage.

What steps will be taken in the matter of re-building the Home is a question to be determined hereafter. Meantime, the little children need everything, and
we shall fall entirely short of our duty if, today, while making acknowledge-
ment of gratitude to our beneficent and most merciful God, we do not divide liberally what He has given us with the fatherless and motherless children.
The regents of the Presbyterian Orphans' Home met in this city yesterday. All were present except O.D. Davis of Salisbury. The board was organized by the election of officers as follows: J. Rumple, D.D., president; John E. Oates, Treasurer; Rev. W. R. McClelland, secretary.

The superintendent and officers of the Home were elected as follows: Rev. R. W. Boyd, superintendent; Mrs. R. W. Boyd, matron; Miss Blanche Boyd, Teacher.

It was reported that the Home at Barium Springs was consumed by fire on last Thursday. Several offers of help, both temporary and permanent, were made.

J. H. Mills, of the Baptist Orphanage at Thomasville, tendered the use of one of the buildings, or to take a number of the orphans, without charge. Thanks were returned for this generous offer, and the president was directed to write a letter to Mr. Mills.

Dr. Hill tendered the use of Floral College buildings (Floral College is what is printed in this news account. It is my assumption and guess that Flora McDonald College was the offer. Ed.) temporarily, without charge. The president was directed to write a letter of thanks to the trustees.

The Statesville Development Company offered a free site for a building, and the offer of certain adjoining lands at a reduced rate, with the assurance that Statesville would give a liberal subscription. The thanks of the regents were tendered to the development Company and to the people of Statesville for their liberal offer.

The whole subject of rebuilding and preparation of plans of the new building, were referred to the executive committee, to collect facts and arrange plans, and report at a future meeting of the regents.

Rev. W. R. McClelland reported that two houses in the suburbs of Statesville suited for the purpose had been rented, and that Mr. Boyd was collecting the orphans there, and that in a day or two all would be moving on again as usual.
"Charles Price, the Colored Orator, on His Race"

Charleston Special to N.Y. Herald

Dr J.C. Price, president of the colored college at Salisbury, N.C., (Livingstone College), and one of the foremost orators of his race, has just delivered at Chester, S.C., a speech that is attracting great attention. He puts himself squarely against the increasing current in favor of emigration. In his speech he says:

"I have no faith in the doctrine of assimilation. The ancestral pride of the white man, the growing pride of the Negro, forbid that this amalgamation take place save on the high ground of matrimony, and there is only one inter-marriage out of every 200,000. Some blacks want this. They say that their color is against them. If they could only be changed all would be well. I believe that color has nothing to do with the question. Black is a favorite color. A black horse we all admire. A black silk dress is a gem. A black broad cloth suit is a daisy. Black only loses its dignity when applied to humans.

"It is not because of his color, but because of his condition, that the black man is in disfavor. Whenever a black face appears it suggests a poverty-stricken, an ignorant race. Change your conditions; exchange immorality for morality, ignorance for intelligence, poverty for prosperity, and prejudice against our race will disappear like the morning dewdrops before the rising sun.

Others would have us disappear by emigration. Your distinguished Senator just introduced into Congress a measure intended to help us move away. (The Senator was Wade Hampton. Ed.) As for me, I don’t want to go. "(No. No!" from the audience.) The sunny Southland, where lie the bleaching bones of my fathers, is dear to me, and I, too, feel to the manor born. This soil is consecrated by the labor of my ancestors. Talk about Ethiopia, talk about Africa, but I believe that God intends the Negro race to work out here in the South the highest status he has ever attained. If anybody wants to go to Mexico or Kansas or anywhere else, let him pack his trunk and go of his own free will. Let Congress appropriate if it wants to. I will respectfully ask it to take back my part."
"It may be that God means us to go someday, but that is not the way and this is not the time. Remember, friends, that long ago two little barks came to America. One landed at Plymouth her load of freemen, the other came to Jamestown with a freight of bondsmen. Two separate civilizations sprang into being from these two ships; but we are away from home. The red man alone is at home here, and he won’t be much longer if they keep pushing him westward into the Pacific. When Congress legislates the black man back to Africa it would be just as wise to legislate the white man back to Europe. When one goes the other ought to go, too. I am here to stay; I have an unbounded confidence in the future of the Southland. Her broad rivers, her rich fields and well-stored mines will one day produce the richest harvest of prosperity the world ever saw, and I want to help reap it and enjoy it."

"What though a man be killed now and then? He who would try to crush us deserves the pity - not the crushed! Though a hundred men fall around me I will stand firm on the rock of my faith with an unshaken hope."

"The Negro is an imitative creature, and this is a sign of much hope. The Indian always does the opposite from what he sees the white man do. Hence he has gone down. It is just the reverse with the Negro. A white man gets a house painted white with green blinds; the Negro does the same. It may be built in the Gothic order, with rafters in view, but it’s a house. This promises well. Some imitated Greece; England imitated Rome; America imitated England. It’s a help everytime, and the Negro is following right on in the white man’s steps."
"THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS"

A CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

W. L. D. (Bill) Johnston

"Suffer little children to come unto me"

Foreword

This 1928 SPOTLIGHT* Breathes The Glory of Barium Today, A Barium Inspired By The Vision Of Her Past And Secure In The Courageous Flame Of Her Destiny.

Alma Mater

Our Alma Mater 'tis of thee, each heart with gladness sings,

We love thee best of all the rest, our home at Barium Springs.

Our sons so brave and true, to honored places come,

No daughters fair can yet compare, with thine, old Barium Home.

(Chorus)

Our dear old Barium Home, when after years have come,

We’ll think of thee where e’er we be, and love old Barium Home.

When parted long from thee and time has tinged our hair with gray,
When memories come of thee, Dear Home, Heaven bless us still, we pray.

When our lives are old, we still would have our children’s children tell

In tender tones of days by-gone, how we love thee well. (Chorus)

"The Spotlight" was the school yearbook. Ed.
Our home was conceived by a small group of the Women of the Church in Charlotte. Summarizing an article by Julia Goode Eagan published on November 19, 1933 in the Salisbury (N.C.) Sunday Post:

"...Back in 1883, 50 years ago, a small group of Presbyterian women in Charlotte, with the aid of George E. Wilson, R.B. Alexander and others, first undertook the establishment in North Carolina of an orphan's home for Presbyterian children. A building, limited in accommodations, was secured in Charlotte, and the widow of the late Rev. P.T. Penick was put in charge. The number of children seeking refuge in the home increased rapidly, and this group of women, who had inspired and begun this home, soon placed it under the broader protection of the Synod.

For eight years after it's humble beginning, this Presbyterian Orphans' Home functioned in Charlotte. In January 1891, it was removed from Charlotte to Barium Springs. This spot had at one time been a health resort, because of the alleged curative effects of its mineral waters.

A two-story wooden hotel, with porches upstairs and down, running the length of the building, accommodated the guests. This old hotel was secured, put in good condition, and its name changed to Barium Springs Orphans' Home. About half the 25 children who composed its body in Charlotte removed with it to its new quarters. Others rapidly began to apply for admission. One night, some 11 months after the removal from Charlotte, the old transformed hotel-orphanage burned literally to the ground. Rev. R. W. Boyd, superintendent at the time, gathered up his little band, and sought temporary shelter in Statesville.

This fire, seemingly such a misfortune for the home, was in fact a great blessing, for it served at once to focus the interest and sympathy of Presbyterians of the state upon this phase of their church work. Immediately money for re-building began to come in. New buildings arose one by one, the cottage plan being adopted. From that day to this, the different units of the orphanage set-up or plant have taken the form, for the most part, of memorials by the donor to some loved one.

First among those memorials was "Annie Louise Cottage," the munificent gift of George W. Watts, of Durham, and named in honor on his only child. "Synods Cottage," the second built, was made possible by contributions from the Presbyterian churches in North Carolina. Mr. Watts had also built and equipped an infirmary, one ward for which the Home was indebted to H. H. Orr, of Charlotte. For his son, it was called, "Lewis Orr Ward". So urgent were the petitions for admission at this time, that 15 little girls were housed for
a time in the infirmary. Upon the site of the old hotel, Rumple Hall was erected next, named in honor of Dr. Jethro Rumple, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Salisbury, and author of a well known "History of Rowan County". From the very beginning of Barium Springs, the Home had no more ardent champion than Dr. Rumple. He was whole-heartedly devoted to its cause, and at the time of the completion of this building was President of the Board.

Still the cry for more room kept rising. Through Dr. Rumple, in 1900 the interest of Mrs. S.P. Lees, a Southerner living in New York, was enlisted. Her gift, "Lees Cottage," was set aside for larger boys. "Boyd’s Cottage," the superintendent’s home, bears the name of Rev. R. W Boyd, first superintendent of the home after its removal from Charlotte. Mr. Watts, of Durham, again manifested his interest in the home by matching dollar-for-dollar the amount raised by the church for Boyd’s Cottage. In 1902, J. C. Burroughs, of Charlotte, donated Burroughs Cottage as a memorial to his daughter, Mrs. Carrie Burroughs Dula. The Alexander industrial building was the result of a bequest by the late S. P. Alexander, of Charlotte, and in it were carried on some of the most necessary and useful activities of the home. Judge George Howards, in 1903, erected Howard Cottage as a memorial to his wife, Mrs. Anna Stamps Howard.

A canvas of the state in 1913 resulted in money for a school building at Barium Springs. That building, named in honor of its largest contributor, John F. McNair, was called the McNair Building. A new infirmary was built in 1916, the gift of James and William H. Sprunt, of Wilmington. Lottie Walker Cottage, the largest on the campus at the time it was built, was erected and equipped by the women of the Synod, with an original capacity for 66 girls. In 1925 came Jennie Gilmer Cottage, the gift of C. W. Johnston, of Charlotte, P. Pearsall, of Wilmington, in addition to the proceeds from a legacy of Miss Virginia Gilmer, of Greensboro. To C. W. Johnston, of Charlotte, the Home was indebted for its well equipped new laundry, as well as for the sewing room with its complete furnishings.

The attractive baby cottage was a new departure for Barium. Before its erection, only children over six could be admitted. With its completion, as a gift from Mr. and Mrs. Stowe, children two years of age could be received. The building was arranged for 24 babies, but its first month found 25 pleading for admission. From time to time as new buildings were added, additions and remodeling made the older ones more adequate. Barium Springs Orphan’s Home was particularly fortunate in its handsome women’s building; and in the possession of its splendid athletic field. This last, as well as the equipment in the printing office, was due to the generosity of Mr. Sloan, a North Carolinian
who lived in California. "The Barium Messenger", sent out monthly to some 20,000 friends of the Home, and the creditable annual, "The Spotlight", were produced by the boys in that printing office.

The fine character of Barium Springs’ graduates has been instanced any number of times by the records which they have made since leaving the home. For example, at Davidson College, in the early 1930's, Julian West, a Barium Springs boy, became president of the student body, and a member of the Davidson varsity football and baseball squads. Another Barium graduate, A.J. Potter became vice president of the Davidson student body, and a member of the varsity football, wrestling, and track teams. Charles Fort, still another Barium Springs graduate not only starred scholastically, but was captain of the Davidson wrestling team and a member of the varsity football squad. His twin brother, Ben, also from Barium, excelled academically at Davidson, graduating in three years.

How were children from an orphans’ home able to go to college? The Southern Presbyterian church had a nominal student loan fund, but for the most part, girls and boys leaving Barium Springs were only able to go to college through the generosity of friends of the home who personally advanced money for individual scholarships. Every scholarship advanced reflected credit upon Barium Springs and upon the college attended, and also brought gratification and satisfaction to the donor.

A word about Little Joe’s Church, which stood between the office building and the high school, is needed. In 1905, little Joe Gilliland aged 6, and his little sister Janie, aged 7, were brought to the home. Joe, who had a warm heart in a frail body, soon endeared himself to everyone at Barium. He had a remarkable personality for a child, with a sense of the fine and beautiful. He loved particularly to study the stars and to listen to music. Above all, he had a great ambition. "When I get a big man," he said over and over, "I’m going to build a church with a porch to it." One Sunday morning, when he had been at the Home for some three years or more, he became suddenly ill and died. In going through his simple possessions after his funeral, a little purse was found among his treasures -- a poor, little, worn, leather pocketbook! In it were found 45 pennies -- pennies which little Joe had begun to save toward the building of his dream church -- "a church with a porch to it". The story of his pennies went abroad, and when the new church was completed in 1907, it was lovingly known as "Little Joe’s Church."

No doubt for Barium Springs the year 1933 was crucial -- her circumstances were straightened, her income was cut, her work curtailed; yet, with the true Christianity which makes her possible, and the American morale which carried
her on, Barium Springs faced the future with hope. Her faith and her people upheld her.
A few important events that influenced the life of our home.

1. 1883 - The action taken by a few women of Mecklenburg Presbytery to establish the home for orphans in Charlotte.
2. 1883 - The home was placed under the care and protection of Synod.
4. November or December 1891 - The destruction of the home by fire.
5. This fire ignited the spirit to the Presbyterian Church to build this wonderful and beautiful home for children.
6. 1918 - The population explosion of orphans due to World War I and the influenza epidemic.
7. 1918 - 1929 - Technological developments and new inventions made it possible for all these children to receive proper physical care.
8. The 1929 stock market crash.
9. World-wide depression. The Golden Anniversary of Barium Springs Orphans' Home was celebrated in the depth of The Great Depression.

These events did affect the life of our home, but we really did not think about being poor. Like most children in a loving environment, we were kept busy and had more fun and real pleasure than anyone can believe.
As we celebrate this Centennial year, let's all remember that our Home is an institution of the Church and that God is our Father, Creator, Friend Protector and Saviour. We praise God for His unspeakable love and care.

The climate and soil at Barium Springs are well suited for producing a wide variety of farm products in such abundance. This production did not come easily. By the grace of God and the sweat of many, the land was cleared; trees, stumps, roots, vines and rocks were dug up and removed. The fields were terraced, tilled, planted, fertilized, and harvested by all of us. Many have spoken of the joy of eating fresh fruits and vegetables they helped grow, gather and prepare. Food tastes so good to active, growing children, and all seemed to relish the meals, even those who helped prepare and serve the home-grown food. This environment also produced strong, healthy bodies, a team spirit, and appreciation for the benefits of working and sharing. Skills were developed early in life, as well as responsibilities. Pride and joy of personal accomplishment and rewards through joint efforts built what became known as the "Barium Spirit". This was felt by all at Barium Springs: in athletics, school, church, shop, farm, dairy, dining room, kitchen, laundry and sewing room, swimming pool, and yes, even in the baby cottage. Morale, courage, confidence, initiative, trust, humor, patience and humility developed under rough conditions and firm but loving discipline.

By the early 1930's, over a thousand acres had been acquired, and there were sixteen brick buildings on the campus before 1930. Over three hundred and fifty children were being cared for. "The Spotlights" of the late 1920's listed the campus buildings something like this:

SYNOD'S COTTAGE (41 small boys. Where we keep the noise);
LEES COTTAGE (42 Tator-bug cowboys and the Candy Store);
JENNIE GILMER (36 large boys and Gymnasium, Farm, Fun and Football);
LOTTIE WALKER (62 girls and Domestic Science - Divorce Eradicators);
ANNIE LOUISE COTTAGE (42 little girls. The Dimple Factory);
MANAGER'S HOME ('Oakland' Squirrel Heaven, Full of Johnstons);
RUMPLE HALL (40 girls, 14 grown-ups, The Eat Factory of the Filling Station, "We Never Close");
INFIRMARY (8 girls, Medicine, Mumps, Measles, Teeth, Tonsils, Temperature);

BABY COTTAGE (30 little chaps, 9 older girls. Come and see us);

HIGH SCHOOL (4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 grades. Library, Books, Brains);

ALEXANDER (39 boys. Cow Butlers, Milk, Marbles, Music, Print and Shoe Shop);

BOYD COTTAGE (Home of School Superintendent, Test Factory and Grading Department);

BURROUGHS (Office, Counseling and Commercial Departments. Bills, Blarney, Blisters);

LAUNDRY AND SEWING ROOM (The race track. Can the sewing room make them as fast as the laundry wears them out?);

LITTLE JOE’S CHURCH (Inspired by Little Joe Gilliland’s pennies -- It is the treasure hour of precious memories).

Remembering the early years, an old friend writes:

"Life was hard. Like most rural life in this century, the children were isolated from the rest of the world. Living conditions were primitive. Discipline was strict and sometimes harsh. Much effort and time was spent just trying to survive. Cleanliness was difficult because the water was rusty and had to be treated with water softeners before soap was effective. The water was muddy following heavy rains and the red soil caused mud to be tracked in during wet weather. When the weather was dry, red dust was everywhere. Those who had shoes had to take them off before coming indoors. When coming in from the farm and dairy, the boys would smell like mules, cows and pigs, and it took a lot of scrubbing before we were allowed in the dining room. A large bell in the tower at Rumple Hall called us for all activities: work, meals, school, church, and even announced time for bed and time to ‘rise and shine’. Before 1920, we were as regimented as the army. We stood for inspections, there were bed checks and roll calls. It seemed we lined up for everything, even when we had company. Some of the boys and girls, who were good, gave recitations from the Bible and recited questions and answers of the
Shorter Catechism. I was so bashful I wanted to hide when visitors came."

Alexander Cottage, you remember, was constructed as an industrial building. It was the shoe shop and maintenance building. It later housed the printing office and printing presses. It was not built as a cottage but was pressed into emergency housing (that lasted for years) for thirty to forty "cowboys". These boys had to get up before dawn to care for and milk the cows. There was a milk herd of about forty Holsteins, and beef herd of Red Poles and Black Anguses.

One of these cowboys remembers "The little gray mule that pulled the milk wagon: this mule knew the route and did not even have to be driven. When this mule was used to haul hay and silage, we sometimes had to borrow a horse, Old Sue, from Mr. Lowrance to handle the milk wagon. Sue was an old mare that had a 'club foot', or more appropriately a 'big leg'. I was told that Sue had been bitten on one of her front legs by a snake. This did not keep her from working, but she had a swelling between the hoof and knee that never did go down."

Another boy who lived at Alexander belonged to the fence gang. "We plugged the holes and repaired the fences where the beef cattle and calves would try to leave Barium property. I always had to carry the post hole digger. The long walks through the woods and streams were fun, but not with a post hole digger. I’ve often wondered why we didn’t ride like real cowboys. We at least could have used a pack mule to tote our heavy tools. At the time we must not have been very smart, because if I had it to do over, I’m sure we would figure out an easier way."

"I was eleven years old", remembered the late Dr. George Dewey Barnhill "The first person I saw was Ned MacKay. I came to Barium Springs on a bus, alone. I felt so alone". Dewey spoke of his life in school and on the truck farm. He recalled days planting fruit trees, vegetables and melons, and of picking, peeling and canning fruit. He remembered how good the fresh peaches, pears, and apples tasted. He remembered also unloading coal from a hopper car at the boiler room and the black eye he received from an older boy. He was modest when talking about his athletic accomplishments. We know he was on championship teams. He recalled how Mr. R. G. Calhoun influenced his life and how much he admired and respected this fine, dedicated member of the Barium faculty.

John Craig’s life was short. He was so small that he was almost a dwarf. However, as a high school student, he was outstanding. He was outgoing. He
was a cheerleader, motion picture projectionist, editor of "The Spotlight", cashier and manager of Barium's money exchange.

When Barium Springs Home for Children had its own money this script was called "funny money". I think the term came from the time a Barium child walked to the store in Troutman to purchase something and was told the Barium money was "phoney".

Barium money was created to give each member the experience of earning and handling cash and to know the value of everything they received. Everything each child received, even pencils, paper, clothes (even the ones made in the sewing room), food, toilet articles, et cetera, were charged and paid for with "funny money". When a family member was frugal, he or she had Barium script that could be converted into real money.

During this period, a number of new enterprises sprang up. You could purchase anything from shoe strings to chewing gum with "funny money". My brother Jim started a business that outgrew him. He ordered several large, beautiful Belgium hares. We ate rabbits, and Jim cured rabbit skins until his business just "outgrew" him.

The Barium brother who shared this with me asked that his name not be used because he thought he bragged too much:

"Do you remember the excursion trip the whole Barium family made to Montreat? It seems like there were nine or ten cars on the train. I do not know who financed this trip, but it brought joy and wonder to lots of children. It was very special to me because Mr. Johnston gave me the best job at Barium as 'lifeguard'. He saw me dive off the high tower into the cold water at Montreat, and he said he wanted me to climb back up on the tower and watch the children and be a lifeguard. Later he gave me a book on life saving that was published by the Red Cross. Bob Johnston, Buck Jackins, Walter Fraley, Walter Beattie, Reid Brown, Charles Hunt, Thad Brock and Bob Estridge were some of the boys who helped pour the concrete for our swimming pool. They also helped build Jennie Gilmer Cottage. My job was to take care of the swimming pool and to see that no child got into trouble there. I had plenty of help cleaning the pool on Saturdays, especially if the weather was hot.

Mr. Ben Dixon MacNeill, famed N.C. author, drove the most beautiful car I have ever seen. It was a Duesenberg Phaeton, about a 1925 or 1926 model. When he frequently came to Barium, he would let as many of us get in as this car would hold, and it was a very big car, and off we would go to Statesville or
Troutman for an ice cream cone or RC Cola and moon pie. Talk about heaven -- how much closer can you get?

Mr. MacNeill gave the boys at Jennie Gilmer a radio and record player. This was the first store-bought radio I remember hearing. Mr. MacNeill was killed driving this car sometime shortly after this. It must have been in 1926 or 1927”.

Paul A. Horne shared the following thoughts:

"Before Mr. Johnston became superintendent of Barium, orphanages were looked upon as institutions for corporal punishment and incarceration of those children who, through no fault of theirs, were forced out on the streets and upon society. In order to keep them in check, cruel and unreal punishment was often inflicted. When Mr. Johnston came to Barium, he set the pattern for child care for the nation. He saw us children with no parents, or only one parent, who were in need of love, concern, and care as children of God, and understood the unfortunate position we found ourselves to be in, through no fault of our own. He sought to put into action Christ’s words, ‘Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven’. Yet, with all his best efforts to make Barium a home with love and care and Christian concern, there are those who are ashamed to be associated with Barium. This happens because of our different personalities and the different outlooks we have on life. Often those we love the most and help the most are the ones who are least appreciative of what is done or has been done for them. I could give you any number of examples of boys who would fall into this category, and maybe one or two girls.

I vowed as a child of twelve that I would never be a preacher, and that I would never go to Davidson College. I was sincere in that statement and fully meant to fulfill this personal promise. But when I let go of my selfishness and sought to be the best God intended me to be, my rash statements returned for me to eat, and I saw how foolish I was to make such final statements before I really allowed the Lord to reveal His will for my life. Mine was not a sudden decision to enter the ministry. Through the influence upon my life by the many people who showed Christian love and concern for me, and as I participated in the work of Little Joe’s Church, the Holy Spirit led me into the path of living God had prepared me to fulfill. I have not regretted the answering of God’s call to me to be His servant in the capacity of a minister of the Gospel. I still fall short, but with His love and forgiveness I continue to grow in His Grace and Knowledge.
About the work of Barium at this time -- What better work can Barium be about? The children there now are those who are victims of society, just as we were in our time.

Many of the Alumni want Barium to be the same as it was when they were children there. You and I both know this cannot be. As times and needs change, they must be met with solutions of the present. I feel that Earle Frazier is doing a good job and has the concern and welfare of the children at heart.

Any good history is one which records both good and bad events. There is no need to dwell upon the bad, but it needs to be recorded also. The testimony to the work of the church at Barium is in the lives of the many who are able to overlook the bad and allow the good to be the source of life which they seek to remember and live by.

I thank God daily for Barium Springs Orphanage, which took me in at a time in my life when there was no one who was able in my family to give me the love, care, and Christian nurture that I needed, and to go to the expense, concern, and care to give that which was needed, from the depth of their hearts. We did not all turn out to be the same, nor get the best out of life that perhaps we could have. The Lord placed me at Barium for the training and disciplining which would be necessary for me to have in order to be able to fulfill His purpose for my life. There were many there who influenced me but your Mr. Johnston gave me the encouragement to do better than I was seemingly doing on several occasions. He was a father to me. Miss Mary Turner (Mrs. Mary Bondurant) filled the mother spot in my life. So we, who look at the prospect of Alumni vanishing who were there when we were, must realize that the examples we set for the generations coming after us will have the influence of the love, care, and Christian discipline of Barium Springs as we have been taught it, shared it, and practiced it in our lives. Barium is Home to me and shall be as long as I have breath in my body. I shall ever sing the praises of God for placing me at Barium at that stage in my life when I needed to really know His love, concern and Christian discipline. His will be done.”

Dalma Lee Jessup has many pleasant memories of Barium:

"On a January day in 1927, Clayborne, Wilma and I arrived at Barium. Clay went to Synod, Wilma and I entered the Baby Cottage. Girls lived
upstairs; boys, downstairs. I didn’t like this arrangement because I didn’t want to be separated from my twin sister. So, at the first opportunity, I went upstairs and opened the door into a large living area. The girls were sitting in a circle and Mrs. Purdy was telling them a story. I spotted Wilma and went over and sat beside her. The other girls began to giggle, but Mrs. Purdy called them down and proceeded with her story.

In time I went to live at Synod. Here I learned to play bad ball, marbles; and I remember Miss Taylor taking us to the swimming pool on summer afternoons. I learned to dog paddle in those days. I remember losing my toy steel marble. The following night, I dreamed where I had lost it. Early the next morning, Miss Taylor allowed me to go look for it. I found it exactly where I dreamed it was.

I remember Mr. Johnston coming up on campus -- with that long crooked chin and a broad grin on his face, with all of us kids hanging onto him.

I remember going to Little Joe’s Church on Sunday and having a hard time keeping my eyes open as Mr. Brown preached his sermon.

I remember moving on to Alexander. There I learned to milk cows with names like Mabel, Tarbaby, Midnight and Daisy. I remember going over to the five-mile pasture to look for some cows during a thunder storm.

I remember going to the movies on Saturday afternoons, afterwards going to Purcell’s Drug for a nine-cent banana split or to Hefner’s Cafe or Troutman’s Cafe for a hamburger or hot dog with coke. I remember then heading for the “bumming” corner, hoping to get there before someone else, to hitch-hike back to Barium.

I remember playing mumble-peg. Norman Potter was the ‘champ’. I remember jumping off a haystack and running a pitch fork through my arm. I jerked it out and ran all the way to the Infirmary. Miss Moore treated me.

I remember Wednesday evening prayer meetings, and afterwards -- “Gang Busters” on radio. I remember Mr. Johnston’s Sunday School lessons-- always very interesting--jingling loose change in his pocket while teaching.

I remember Buck Jackins in charge of the dairy--later in charge of about everything. He was known as Captain, or ”Cap”. I still call him by that name.
I remember moving on to Jennie Gilmer. There I began to think seriously about girls. Helen Moore was 'my girl'. We dated mostly down at the new school building.

I remember football practice, football games, basketball games, wrestling and track meets. I used to wonder what Barium would be like without sporting events.

I remember Captain 'holding court' -- somebody had broken into the fruit basement. Campused for two weeks! I remember so many Christmases, receiving our gifts several days before Christmas so that we could enjoy them during the holiday period.

I remember graduation night. After receiving my diploma, I thought: 'God! I'm going to miss this place.' The next morning I boarded a Greyhound bus. That was a very sad day, about as sad as that day twelve years before when Clayborne, Wilma and I arrived at Barium, leaving our mother behind.

I loved Barium and the friends I knew there. They remain in my memories to this day and will be there all of my life.

Bradley Jean Manus Salazar shared some very vivid memories:

"All the money in the world couldn't buy my memories of Barium Springs. Sometimes I lie awake at night and relive those wonderful days over and over in my mind. I wish I could be back for just one day and see everyone and everything the way it was then. I wish I could walk into the office and see Mr. Johnston sitting at his desk or Miss Carpenter coming out of her office. I wish I could hear the bell ringing calling us to meals. I wish I could see the truck loading up, heading for the camp on the river. I wish I could walk into Little Joe's Church on Sunday morning. These wonderful memories will be with me forever.

I was older than most children when I went to live at Barium. I was twelve in January 1942, and along with my little red-headed brother Ken and my little blond brother Billy, we arrived at Barium in March 1942 from Charlotte. Ken was ten and Billy was eight. I honestly don't remember my first day at Barium, but I do remember that we settled down fast and soon felt at home with approximately three hundred other children. I loved Barium from the beginning, and I don't remember ever feeling homesick.
My first memories are Rumple Hall, Mrs. Purdy, and hundreds of glasses to wash. I wanted to clean off tables and set them up, but this was not to be. Mrs. Purdy had other plans for me. I was immediately put to work washing glasses. Glasses, glasses, glasses! I never saw so many glasses. I can still see and smell the orange powder we used to wash all those glasses with. But it wasn’t all that bad. We laughed and cut up when Mrs. Purdy wasn’t watching. My other memories of Rumple Hall are Saturday nights. We had a room at the end of the hall with two or three ironing boards and a radio. Saturday night was the time to get ready for Sunday. We took our baths and waited in line for the ironing board so we could iron our dresses for church on Sunday. We would iron away and listen to the “Hit Parade” on the radio. As far as I can remember that was the only radio on the floor. But the thing on all our minds was looking forward to moving to the Women’s Building. The big day finally arrived when we were old enough to move to the W.B. What excitement!

As much as I enjoyed living at Rumple Hall, living at the W.B. was even more exciting. We were finally growing into young ladies. We were looking forward to going to high school, football games and boys. Life at the Women’s Building meant working in the kitchen, house and laundry. When we became seniors, we worked in the sewing room. By this time I had finally acquired a radio of my own. During the war years, I would get dressed for school each day listening to Edward R. Murrow broadcasting the war news from London. I can still hear his deep voice on that little radio.

I was at Barium during the war years and for three years after the war ended. I remember seeing all the boys go off to war. Some of them never came back. Some of the girls were in the service, too. There was hardly a weekend that some of the boys didn’t come to Barium to visit -- all in uniform. Sunday mornings I looked forward to. After breakfast, we would all push our chairs back from the table, and Mr. Johnston would tell us all about the war news and where all our boys were stationed and what they were doing. Another wonderful memory was the sports at Barium. Though I was not very athletic myself, I loved all the sports, especially the football and basketball games. I looked forward to the basketball tournaments, for that meant lots of excitement for a week or more. I always helped make the sandwiches we would sell at the games. I remember putting large slices of ham on the bread which we would sell for 25¢. In light of today’s prices for ham sandwiches, this brings a smile
to my face. The football games on cool, crisp autumn Fridays seem like it was only yesterday.

These are but a few of my memories. Each person who had the wonderful opportunity to live at Barium has his own special memories. We were given a Bible when we graduated and asked to write in the back of the Bible what Barium had meant to us. I wrote the following on May 17, 1948:

WHAT BARIUM HAS MEANT TO ME

The Christian life people lead at Barium Springs has impressed me most during my stay here. The basic Christian principals learned at Barium will always influence my life, I am sure.

As I sit here writing this on May 17, 1983, exactly 35 years after I wrote the above in my Bible, I am more convinced than ever that the words I wrote in my Bible that day mean as much to me today as they did when I wrote them. I thank God for a wonderful place like Barium Springs, for the fine Christian people like Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, Miss Carpenter and all my teachers and other people who helped to mold my life and give me a start in life. I will remember them and Barium forever."

Gwyn Fletcher

"Life In An Orphanage: It Builds Fine Men and Women"

"No! No! No! Not breakfast in bed again; I’ll get up this morning and eat, then I’ll go to the farm to work. Orphanage life is not like this, but some people seem to think so. It is neither as good nor as bad as outsiders think.

I went to Barium Springs Orphanage in 1932 from Winston-Salem, and no child has ever entered the home before or after who was more homesick than I was. At this time, I was a skinny, sickly boy who really didn’t know what orphanage life was all about. I remember the superintendent, Mr. Joe B. Johnston, saying many times, 'If someone would sneeze in Statesville (five miles away), Fletcher would run to the Infirmary at Barium and be sick.'

I believe, now that I look back, that I was more afraid of the children when I entered Barium than anything else. It took me more than eight months to get accustomed to the life and children. Miss Taylor, my first
matron, told me she had a harder time getting me started than almost any child she had.

After becoming accustomed, and before I became of age (eleven) to work, we would play most of the day, but life at Barium only begins when you start to work. I began my work on the truck farm, which was not too hard, but I did not like it much. Work hours at Barium ran in the summer from 7:30 a.m. until 12 and from 1 p.m. until 5:00. During school time, we worked from 3 p.m. until 5 p.m. On Saturday we worked from 7:30 a.m. until noon.

Soon, 'Captain,' who is R. E. Jackins, in charge of all the boys at the home, realized my feeble efforts at truck farming and moved me to the orchard group. This only lasted six months, and then I was put on the dairy group. This seemed to suit me until I reached 15 years of age.

When I started to school at Barium in the second grade, I really began to know boys and girls I was to associate with for the next ten years. In most orphanages you run around with the children of your own age. The class I began with had about 27 students, and by the time we reached our senior year, we had gained in population to 41 to be the largest class ever to graduate from Barium.

The school work at the home was like that of any high school in North Carolina; we had as hard a time with algebra and English, and some would flunk a grade and some would leave the home by adoption, and all we still remember very well. We were required to take two years of Bible which is not required by public schools. I think the teachers took more of a personal interest in us than is taken in public schools, this due to the fact that we all lived as one big family.

There's one thing that happened at Barium that I'm still very proud of -- in my last three years in high school, I did not miss a day of school. Not a record, I assure you, but I'm still proud of it. My work on the dairy consisted of milking twice a day, pitching hay, repairing fences, cutting silage, and -- not the least -- scrubbing the barn. I guess the most hated work on the dairy was the 5 o'clock-in-the-morning milking time, during the eight months of school. All in all, this work was very interesting and healthful, because if there is anyone who can drink a lot of milk -- I can!

My last work group at Barium was the plumbing and electrician group. I think basically I liked this work better than any work I had yet done at Barium. There was a 'minor point' worth mentioning here: it seemed the
year I began to work in this group that almost all pipes at Barium had been in the ground between 20 and 25 years; and if there was any gold around Barium or on its property, I'm sure the boys who worked in this group between 1938 and 1941 would know about it. I know now that I can be classified as an 'experienced' ditchdigger. I did learn very much about electricity from Mr. Grier, who was boss of this group, and which knowledge I used later to work my way up to electrician mate first class in the Navy during WWII. The groups that I have mentioned are not the only work groups at the home. A few more are the farm, printing office, shoe shop, carpenter work, and truck delivery group. For the girls, of course, housework, kitchen, laundry, sewing room, and baby tending. All of these groups have very competent men at the head of them, and Barium usually tries to fit you to your suitable group.

How do we make spending money? Many of you will want to know this. The work hours that I have described were used; when you finished your day's work and your group boss had some extra work to be done, you could do this for 25 cents an hour. Saturday afternoons offered very good opportunities to get extra time. In the summer time, the swimming pool was cleaned every Saturday afternoon, and this worked about 20 boys. I made most of my money by firing the kitchen boiler, getting up at five o'clock in the morning every fourth week. I made two and a half dollars a month. This was during my last three years at Barium. All seniors during their last school year are paid $10 a month by the home.

The sports program at Barium is probably the most enjoyable of all the 'lives' you lead. In this field, you start young and by the time you graduate you have as many sport years back of you as many pros have. The sports program includes football, basketball for both boys and girls, softball, and wrestling.

I began my career in sports when I weighed 70 pounds. I played on the 85-pound team in football. The football teams that you advance to are by weights -- 85 pounds, 100 pounds, 125 pounds, 'B' team and the varsity. My years on the 85-pound team introduced me to football, and by the time my 'gang' reached the varsity we had started a string of victories that Barium Springs and most of North Carolina was to look up to for many years to come.

Our 85-pound record was two wins and two defeats. The next year on the 100-pound team, we began to roll with 11 wins and one tie -- 413 points for us, 19 for opponents. This was the year of 1937. In 1938, we moved
to the 125-pound team -- eight victories, one tie, scoring 274 points to our opponents 6.

In 1939, I played in only two football games; it seems I passed through that well-known awkward age this year. The two games I played in were against Children's Home of Winston-Salem, which defeated us 40 to 0 (very awkward) and Lexington, which defeated us 7 to 0.

In 1940 I caught up with my old gang again. We had another very good year. We won eight, tied one, and lost one. The loss was to Lexington, 13 to 0, and the tie was with Central High of Charlotte, 13 to 13.

In 1941, Barium finally had her dream team. For 20 years, Barium had been playing football but never had it won the conference championship. We did that year! Maybe this was not the best team Barium ever had, but I like to think so, because it was my last football year.

Here are the scores and the teams played in 1941:

Barium 47; Morganton 0
Barium 0; Central (Charlotte) 0
Barium 13; Mills Home 0
Barium 57; Spencer 0
Barium 21; Children's Home 0
Barium 21; Gastonia 0
Barium 14; Albermarle 6
Barium 38; Hickory 6
Barium 26; Lexington 0
Barium 19; Salisbury 0
Barium 52; Statesville 0

Total Points: Barium 310; Opponents 12.

These scores are not bad for a high school which has approximately 100 students, counting both boys and girls. Let me name this 1941 team for you, because these are the boys I grew up with and it is possible that you have some of them somewhere: McCall brothers (Jack, Tom, Billy), George Lewis, Woot Davis, Jack Weeks, Joe Ben Gibbs, William Billings, Ernest Stricklin, Billy Lindsey, Dick Parrish, Donald Bolton, Lacy Beshears, Capt. Hugh Norman, Grover Ingram, David Burney, Ed Williamson, William Wadsworth, Mott Price, Ben Lewis, Paul Burney, and myself, Gwyn Fletcher.

Barium not only played football, but many of you can vouch for her feats in boys' and girls' basketball, and wrestling. Our girls won the basketball
conference championship in 1939 and 1940, and the boys won in 1940, 1941 and 1942. The wrestling team has always ranked high in state competition.

(Indeed, it is only in wrestling that Barium Springs High School is listed as a State Champion in any sport by the North Carolina High School Athletic Association, that in 1938. Ed.)

Our social life at Barium was not lacking either; we could date the girls and we had almost all types of regular high schools socials. We had two weeks’ vacation in the summer if you had a family to take you, and if not Barium owned a camp on the Catawba river where we got two weeks’ vacation. I had many good times there.

Although I have shown my own life through Barium, most all of the students followed the same pattern in some way. I am more than proud to connect my name with Barium Springs and I hope I am worthy of it. Your life with the orphanage does not end when you leave or graduate, but in your striving for success in life ‘on the outside’ everyone at the home pulls for you and will go out of the way to help you.”

James and Ann Shroyer wrote:

“The happiest years of our lives were spent at Barium Springs. We thank everyone who made it possible for us to stay there and all the nice things they did for us to make us happy.

My most precious memories are when Mr. Johnston taught us the Bible every Sunday in the dining room. Then he read us letters from the boys and girls in service, and the monthly letters he sent out to them each month.

I think of Christmas when we had the big tree in the school house and we all met and sang Christmas carols, and each received a fruit basket.

I like to think of the long walks he took us on Sunday afternoons and how he kept up with all of us and taught us about nature. The song we sang was ‘Over the river and through the woods to our Barium home we go!’

My husband, James Shroyer, likes to remember the good days of football and basketball.

I also like to think how Mrs. Johnston let me help her each Saturday with her housework and go grocery shopping down in Troutman. I think how some of the boys would hide and not go to church on Wednesday nights. We told Mr. Johnston they went to the Second Presbyterian Church, which was the boiler
room, and smoked cigarettes. My own life at Barium was affected by the challenge to join in the exciting Age of Discovery. Many of you have written about how you loved the walks in the woods. We were challenged to look and see, to find something new; to see the differences in the flora, all life, birds, animals, insects, the land, soil, rocks, water, air, clouds, sun, stars and even the microscopic world. A drop of water under the microscope became as full of life and wonder as a circus to me. Many of you who were children in the first fifty years of our home remember when Byrd flew over the North Pole, Lindbergh crossed the Atlantic and Admiral Byrd later flew over the South Pole. We were thrilled because we knew we were lucky to be living in this age. Some of you may even remember seeing the Hindenburg or the Graf Zeppelin fly over Barium Springs. Many people helped me set goals and inspired me at Barium Springs. Among them were W. C. Brown, J. H. Lowrance, H. L. Thomas, R. G. Calhoun, Ernest Milton, Miss Laura Gray Green, Miss Rebekah Carpenter, and my mother and father.”

Ernestine Garrett Young wrote to me in a letter dated June 12, 1983:

“I remember when we used to go to the silent movies in the school auditorium on Friday nights and Miss Green played the piano during the movies, mostly western.”

Jack MacKay mentioned the social life and events we shared with our immediate class mates. Jack’s class has stayed in close touch all the years since they left Barium. We think of many good times, but we seem to have forgotten the struggles we endured because of the hard times. Thinking of social events, we had fun in school plays, glee club performances and even solo comedy acts we put on at the high school auditorium. Occasionally a vaudeville troupe would give a performance at Barium and the high school auditorium would overflow with children. On one occasion there was a ventriloquist, with a dummy that looked like Charlie McCarthy. The performer may have been Edgar Bergin before he became famous. Wilson Lowrance was sitting on the stage with his feet hanging off the edge. There were several children sitting in a circle on the stage close to the ventriloquist, and the little dummy would ask each one some question like “Where in the world did you get all those freckles?” Wilson was the closest one to the little dummy, and after he would make some crazy remark about the ventriloquist he would turn his head, as if to distract the performer, and say to Wilson Lowrance, “Hello Skinny.” Every time he would do this all the children would nearly die laughing. Everyone forgot Wilson’s first name after this. To this day Wilson Lowrance is remembered as “Skinny.”

A motion picture projector was acquired early in the 1920’s and the first pictures were crude. The first cartoons were silhouettes showing matchstick like
people and animals with no background. About 1925, Felix the cat and Bimbo
the dog were the characters and sometimes there was a bouncing ball over
words to songs like "My Old Kentucky Home" for a sing-along. Miss Green
would play the piano, with just the right timing, so that we could sing the
words just as the ball bounced over them. Later we had serials that left the
hero in a runaway wagon just as it went over the cliff. Of course, the wagon
was loaded with explosives and the hero tied down the villain. We had to wait
a week to see how William S. Hart or Tom Mix got out of this situation. He
always did the next Friday night, but would manage to get himself in another
fix at the end of each episode.
Walt Disney had created Mickey Mouse by 1930. We all went to Charlotte in
1929 to see Al Jolson in "The Jazz Singer" -- the very first talkie.

In 1933 I took a car load of high school boys to see the World's Fair in
Chicago. There we saw the first movie in technicolor. It was a musical "On
With The Show" starring Bettie Compson and Joe E. Brown. The worst time I
had with these boys was trying to keep them from jaywalking Michigan Boule-
vard and from going to see the Sally Rand display with the fans made from
ostrich feathers. We did not see any gangsters or even a single speakeasy.

Jack MacKay visited me on May 25, 1983. Jack said he believed one of the
best things that was initiated at Barium Springs was the student loan fund that
encouraged members of our family to continue their education. Jack MacKay
is a professional engineer and retired vice president of American Cast Iron
Pipe Company. He is a graduate of Campbell College, Danville Military Insti-
tute, attended the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, and received Civil
and Aeronautical Engineering degrees, as well as a graduate degree of Profes-
sional Engineer from the University of Alabama. Jack lives in Birmingham at
3201 Brookwood Road.

THE MIRACLE OF GOD'S PROTECTION

Do you remember singing "God will take care of you"? He has. He really has.
While you were at Barium Springs, you could have drowned in the swift,
muddy waters in the shoals of the Catawba river at Camp Fellowship or the
waves of the Atlantic at Wrightsville or Myrtle Beach or gotten cramps in the
cold water in the lake at Montreat. Have you thought of the safe trips you
made to athletic events on roads and in cars over fifty years ago? You may
have been in a car with Mr. O'Kelly or me or some other person who had
vision problems before tests were required for driver's licenses.
Under God's protective care, we developed strong convictions and a unique
sense of values: love of God, our fellow man and country. We remember the
days of our youth as a time of security, joy, fun and a time of close tender
friendships. Times of hardships, sadness and hurt have faded from most of our memories or are considered now as fires that have helped mold our characters. As children of the Barium Springs Home for Children, we are truly the product, by the Grace of God, of the Synod of North Carolina, Presbyterian Church U.S.

A THANK YOU NOTE

We must all express publicly our true appreciation for the very special help we receive. First, I thank God for giving me the desire, strength and endurance at this time of life, when my health and infirmities of family members made this project seem impossible. Thank you, Barium Springs Alumni Association, Paul Barnes, Paul Horne and all members of the Centennial Committee for the spiritual, financial and physical support to make this Centennial Celebration a reality. We all are grateful and indebted to Earle Frazier and his staff for making our homecoming a joyous occasion each year, for feeding us, and for keeping our home so beautifully. This is no small accomplishment while still caring for the children and fulfilling the responsibility of continuing the mission of Barium Springs Home for Children. Last, but not least, I will always be grateful to each of my Barium Brothers and Sisters. I pray that God bless and keep you....forever.
MEMORIES OF ANNIE HARTSELL GRAY
Class of 1915

I entered the Home at Barium Springs in 1908 at the age of 11 years. James Perry Gray (Jim) was a student at that time and worked in the Printing Shop. He left the Home in 1912 and finished school at Mount Ulla, N.C. Then went to work on "The Salisbury Post" as a printer. He returned to Barium in 1914 as Editor and Publisher of "Our Fatherless Ones." He taught printing to several boys who went into the printing business after leaving the Home. Among them, Loy Hartsell, Ashley Jackson, Ben Long, and many others.

I graduated in May 1915. Mr. W. T. Walker was superintendent. We only had 10 grades. I worked in Mr. Walker’s office; I went early in the mornings, cleaned and built fires in the fireplaces before school. I had a $1.00 Ingersol watch with which I knew when to ring all the bells for school and other activities. We all had chores to do and were taught responsibility. We had good times also. One of the highlights was on Sunday night; (sometimes) the Lees Cottage boys were allowed to come to Howard Cottage to sing with us girls.

The first couple, reared at Barium, to marry in Little Joe’s Church was James Perry Gray and Annie Eugenia Hartsell, August 18th, 1915. Rev. Walter Miller Walsh, Pastor, and Rev. David Pullen, a Barium graduate, performed the ceremony.

Jim continued printing "Our Fatherless Ones" until the shop was destroyed by fire. We then moved to Statesville, where he was news editor of "The Statesville Daily & Landmark." We were always interested in Barium and attended all the games which Jim wrote about for the paper.

Jim was the first president of the Alumni Association. Also, he and I were jointly awarded the first Ace Medal.

We have many happy memories of Barium and will always be grateful for what it did for us.
AN ALBUM OF MEMORIES

THE
PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME
AT
BARIUM SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA

SECTION II - 1920 - 1928

$100,000 BUILDING PROGRAM PROGRESSING
ONE CHILD IS WORTH $4,000.00
GIRLS TREATED STRICTER
GIRLS BLAME YOUNG MEN
MY FAVORITE MATRON
THE GOOD LIFE AT P.O.H.
JOSEPH B. JOHNSTON
IMPRESSIONS OF BARIUM SPRINGS

62
"$100,000 Building Operations at Barium Springs Progressing"

First Floor of Original Rumple Hall and Both Wings Will Be Thrown Together In Large Dining Hall - Modern Kitchen Is Being Constructed.

(Special to Daily News)

Statesville, Feb 5 - The $100,000 building operations which have been under way at the Presbyterian Orphan’s Home at Barium Springs for several months are progressing in a very satisfactory manner, with carpenters, plumbers, plasterers and other workmen busy, and with the larger boys in their overalls engaged in doing their varied chores and duties around the perimeter, this noble institution on Saturday morning presented an appearance which reminded one of the "busy bee", but with added noise which means growth and expansion.

The interior of Rumple Hall is now undergoing reconstruction; the south wing is complete and occupied, while the north wing is ready for plasterers. From the exterior, the two handsome wings add much to the appearance from an architectural standpoint.

The first floor of the original Rumple Hall and both wings will be thrown together into one large dining room which will accommodate 500 to 600 at a meal. Until the other sections of the dining hall are complete, the large family dines in the south wing. The 250 eating at one time occupy every bit of the available space. But the writer, who enjoyed a wholesome breakfast with the orphans on Saturday morning, found the old saying, "There is always room for one more" to hold good in this case. "I would never have been able to crowd them in here Superintendent Hyde said at the breakfast table, "but I used to be very fine at the game of chess". (?) But the writer can bear testimony that the "sardine" stunt was done perfectly, for the children were happy and full of the buoyancy characteristic of a family of healthy boys and girls around a well-regulated home table. At 6:30 when the breakfast bell sounded, the children from the different cottages filed into the dining room, all standing until the blessing was invoked by the Superintendent; At 7o’clock, after a well balanced and perfectly prepared meal, which included milk and a cereal for each one, in abundant supply, , all arose and joined in singing a hymn, then they united in repeating from memory the 131st Psalm. Then came the Scripture reading and prayer by the Superintendent, after which the children
filed out in an orderly manner to their respective buildings. It is a positive inspiration to mingle with this big family and to look into the faces of the bright boys and girls who are given every advantage of a modern, Christian home, and who are given a choice to make the most out of life.

--Rumple Hall For Girls--

The second floor of Rumple Hall, including both wings, is being utilized for rooms for the girls. Just after breakfast, we looked through the building. Each wing has seven rooms nicely furnished, well lighted and ventilated, and supplied with baths, including a shower. The second floor of the original Rumple Hall, with its six bedrooms, is being rebuilt and two baths are added. Besides the 20 bedrooms and baths on the second floor, a play room 30' X 33' with seven windows and three doors, occupying a front overlook, is being finished.

Excavation has been made for the kitchen on the west side of Rumple Hall, to be equipped with steam cooking and electric appliances and modern refrigeration. It is expected that the dining room will be finished and ready to be occupied within a month, and that the kitchen and everything completed before the contract limit June 1, 1922. In passing around through the building, Mr. Hyde called the writer's attention to the excellent manner in which the plumbing company had been handling the work, and the extra effort put forth by the workmen to save the occupants from inconvenience during the time the changes are made in the old building.

The Woman's Building, which stands to the east of the Statesville-Charlotte highway and north of the Superintendent's home is now nearing completion. This handsome structure has been erected by the women of the Synod of North Carolina, and it stands a fitting monument to the devotion of the good women of the Presbyterian church of the state. The building is two stories above the basement, is finished in red brick of superior quality and is covered with slate. It is a beautiful structure, and a look through it from the basement to turret shows that it is modernly appointed in every detail. In the basement are two large playrooms, halls, etc. and a large boiler for furnishing hot water for the entire building. The first and second floors are duplicates, each having two bathrooms with showers, a large well-lighted and ventilated sitting room with wide fireplace for use on cool days in the spring and autumn when the heating plant is not in operation; and bedroom beautifully furnished and containing two roomy closets. A stairway leads from the second floor to the attic which will be utilized for the storage of trunks, winter bedding and other things. The plasterers will complete their work in Woman's Building in a few days, and it will not be long before the carpenters can finish the floors, door
facings, etc., and then this commodious home of 35 bedrooms can be added to the equipment of the institution.

--Church Is Needed--

On the east side of the Woman's Building is the large playground for the girls. This playground is nearly level; it contains plenty of shade trees and includes a large pecan orchard. The tennis courts are just to the north.

Stopping in front of the open, well shaded space between the Superintendent's home and the Woman's Building, Mr. Hyde said, "I hope some philanthropic person will build a church here and let us take the present house of worship (Little Joe's Chapel) for a library and music room." The Orphanage church is now entirely too small, and it would be fitting to transform this little chapel which bears the name of the fatherless one who saved his pennies to build a church "with porches to it" into a music room, since our little hero earned his pennies by singing, "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder, I'll Be There." A larger house of worship is one of the urgent needs of the Orphanage. A philanthropist could find no better place to build a monument that will count through the coming years.

Instead of each building at the Home being heated by individual systems, they are all heated from a central heating plant. This is located on the east side near the railroad tracks. The institution has its own siding, where several carloads of coal are unloaded for use during the winter months. Up to the present time, one large boiler has furnished sufficient heat, but the erection of the new buildings calls for more heat, and another boiler will be installed in the near future.

The sweet potato house is one of the recent important additions to the Orphanage equipment. It is a frame building, constructed with double walls, is insulated and will keep potatoes at a uniform temperature. It was formerly impossible to keep potatoes during the winter, but this arrangement keeps them perfectly. The house now contains 450 bushels that have been preserved in first class condition. "Last year, I do not suppose we lost a bushel," said Mr. Hyde who added that they expected to raise 1,000 bushels of potatoes this year. The house will hold at least 800 bushels.
Editor's Comments on Newspaper Article, "Child is worth $4,000.00".

It is not enough, simply, to say that Joseph B. Johnston became Superintendent of Barium Springs Presbyterian Orphanage in 1922. There needs to be some kind of background. What was going on in child-care in the State? The following newspaper report answers some of that.

The report is interesting in that it reflects attitudes and the level of gullibility prevalent in 1921, the year of this report. The claim as to the $4K value of one child is made to sound something akin to a midway hustler selling "Veg-O-Matics" at the State Fair. I will underline, capitalize, use quotation marks to make my point. An unnamed PROFESSOR, a PROFESSOR of ECONOMICS, using unnamed and undescribed, but "...carefully considered SCIENTIFIC DATA and MATHEMATICAL CALCULATION" has determined that a "good", "healthy" baby is worth $4000. Furthermore, this unnamed PROFESSOR of ECONOMICS is from YALE UNIVERSITY. Now, can anything be any more "right" than that!? He has "DATA"; He has "CALCULATIONS"; what’s more, they are "SCIENTIFIC AND MATHEMATICAL!" And you know if he has DATA and CALCULATIONS”, he’s gotta be right! Plus the fact he’s a PROFESSOR at YALE! He’s an ECONOMIST!!! His audience plus the newspaper bought it. Never mind that later in the piece there is the statement, "There are over 300,000 children in North Carolina - a priceless crop (yes, crop Ed.) of boys and girls which no money could buy..." Further into the article, that "priceless", "healthy American" child who is on the market today at four grand is priced against the cost of prisoner upkeep in the penitentiary, and the cost of keeping a pauper in the country home. The monetary worth of the latter two is not given by the learned YALE PROFESSOR of ECONOMICS.

The "types" of children categorized in the report are interesting. 1. Delinquent 2. Dependent (Those in orphanages) 3. Neglected 4. Defective, mentally or physically. To assist in the maintenance of the lines to separate these categories, Dr. H.W. Crane - who was identified as a "psychopathologist" - had been employed by the State to make a study,"...of their mentality." (In later issues of "The Barium Messenger" Mr. Johnston describes how he had to resist efforts by several of the church leaders to force him to admit mentally and emotionally disturbed children. Not that Barium was a hot-bed of mental health, there were some who had a much more difficult time than others. Nevertheless, if those church leaders did not know where to draw the line, Mr. Johnston did, and he demonstrated it. It well may be that his insistence on being the one who ran the Home was the source of the resentments many held toward him. It is that same insistence that gives us great pride in him. Ed.)
Striking Facts Concerning North Carolina Children. The bulletin of the North Carolina State Board of Charities and Public Welfare for the fourth quarter, October-December, 1921, gives the child welfare program for the care and protection of dependent, neglected and delinquent children. "The Child Welfare Work in North Carolina as carried on by the State Board of charities and Public Boards of Public Welfare, Juvenile Courts - all related agencies - has developed so rapidly in the past few years that the time seems here to publish a bulletin devoted exclusively to children's problems as they are now handled by these agencies." says the introduction to the bulletin. Mrs. Clarence A. Johnson was director of child welfare division before being elected state commissioner of public welfare. Since then, the work has been taken over by Miss Mary G. Shotwell and Miss Emeth Tuttle. Dr. Howard Washington Odum is consulting expert on the board; Roy M. Brown the field agent, and Dr. H.W. Crane the psycho-pathologist.

Most of the facts for this bulletin are the results of physical examinations given to NC youth during World War I. "These examinations showed that... North Carolina ranked 10th from the worst in rejection for pulmonary and suspected TB, and was exceeded only by Alaska in rejection for malnutrition. In rejection for vice diseases North Carolina had a record of 73 per 1000 against the national average of 58; in rejection for mental disorders, NC had 28.5 per 1000 against the national average of 18; in rejection for defective physical development, North Carolina had 4.23 per 1000 against the national average of 2.66; while in total rejections North Carolina ranked 19th. Roughly speaking, this means that the proportionate number of physically defective and mentally deficient children in our state is almost twice that of the average state in the union. This is true, not because of an inferior stock of people, but because we have almost criminally neglected the child in our midst.

There are over 300,000 children in North Carolina - a priceless crop of boys and girls whom no money could buy - and yet their interests are sometimes sacrificed for the sake of money. In this group are thousands of delinquent, dependent, and defective children, all in need of special care and treatment. NC is a rural state, no large cities, but rural slums, centers of mental, moral and social stagnation, with their incalculable drain upon child life. These slums are not confined to any one part of the state but are to be found from the remotest mountain cove and eastern swamp to the illiterate community of
farm tenants under the shadow of the state university. It is from these slums and conditions that criminals, paupers and mental defectives come. Everyone is responsible, the home, the school, the church, the community for the type of citizen produced.

To the question, "What is a child worth?" a professor of economics at Yale University replies, "Four Thousand dollars." After a careful consideration of scientific data and mathematical calculation, the Yale professor says that a good, healthy American baby is worth that much. Therefore, from the standpoint of economy, as well as that of moral responsibility, that state should save its defective and delinquent children. "One child prevented from becoming a criminal or pauper saves the state not only the four thousand dollars which a normal child is worth," says the bulletin, "but the cost of keeping a criminal in the penitentiary or jail, or the county cost of keeping a pauper in the county for an indefinite number of years."

Since the juvenile court law and the law providing for a superintendent of public welfare was enacted in 1917, forty of the 100 counties show that approximately 10,500 children have received care and assistance in these counties.

We have four types of children in the state's care - the delinquent child, the dependent child, the neglected child, and the defective child. There are many contributory causes for the delinquent child, chief of which perhaps is the broken home, Evil companions, bad heredity and environment are other causes of delinquency. "It lies within the power of any community to enlist help of the right men and women in solving these difficulties and in producing the type of citizen it wishes to produce", says the bulletin.

The dependent child is the one thrown upon the public for support. There are 2,500 dependent children in North Carolina orphanages, while the number of dependent children outside of institutions is fully as great. "The neglected child is one who is destitute, homeless, abandoned, dependent on the public for support," says the bulletin, "one who is found in any house of ill fame or with vicious or disreputable persons, or one who is suffering from the depravity or cruelty of it's parents or other persons in whose care he may be."

A very valuable member of the executive staff of the State Board of Public Welfare and Charities is Dr. H.W. Crane, a psycho-pathologist and head of the Bureau of Mental Hygiene. Dr. Crane is now making a study of children in institutions for the purpose of classifying them according to their mentality. He also examines and gives advice concerning any special cases of defective
or problematical individuals that come under the supervision of the juvenile courts and superintendents of public welfare.

(Howard Washington Odum was the eminent Southern sociologist who was lured in the 1920’s to UNC by President Chase of the University. Professor Odum, in turn, drew or attracted many other scholars in his field, such was his reputation and record. William D. Snider, in his recently published history of The University of North Carolina, LIGHT ON THE HILL, (UNC Press-1992), says "These scholars specialized in various fields, doing pioneer studies on the black family, the cotton culture, farm tenancy, labor relations, the mill village, the chain gang, rural illegitimacy, sharecropping, and the convict release system." I am not aware of any major studies or study that he or any of his associates did on institutional child care as it existed in the state at that time. Ed.)
"(This piece I included to contrast today's attitudes with those of 1922. As this book is in final preparation, one of the most talked about cases of punishment is that of American Teenager, Michael Fay, who has been sentenced by a Singapore court to six lashes by a rattan cane for vandalizing property. Some are calling the sentence cruel and unusual; others say the U.S. should adopt such a code. Even the President interceded and got the sentence reduced to four lashes. The sentence was carried out, and the boy appears to be O.K. He left Singapore. Ed.)

GREENSBORO DAILY NEWS
JULY 9, 1922

They strike Again and the Court Orders That They Be Made to Work, Whereupon a Razor Strap Is Brought Into Play and All Soon Are Engaged In Their Labors.
(Special to Daily News.)

Danville, Va., July 8 - The strike of the city chain gang at the rock quarry was renewed this morning and the authorities this time dealt more severely with the members than yesterday.

The chain gang, on reaching the place early this morning, served notice on the guards that they had decided not to work until their wish to have Henry Snead reinstated was complied with.

The superintendent, after vainly talking with eight of the prisoners, left the men under guard and came to Danville where he had a conference with Judge D. Price Withers. Judge Withers gave Superintendent Frank Cousins notice that the men were to be made to work. Cousins collected half a dozen policemen and went back to the quarry where the men were standing in the shade refusing to work. Cousins served notice that unless the men worked they would be whipped. Some of the negroes then started to work, but five including Will Hailey, the only white prisoner, became rebellious and they were whipped.

The men were stripped and chained to a log while Cousins plied a razor strap which had been split several times. One by one the men pleaded, "enough", and agreed to work. Hailey was the last man dealt with and he too agreed to work.

Hailey told the assembled guards that W.D. Henderson, a prisoner held as a witness but under indictment in Henry County for murder had urged the chain gang to "buck" and the program agreed in the jail last night was to walk half way to the rock quarry and then march back. Other prisoners told of a note being handed into the jail last night.
BARIUM GIRLS WERE TREATED MORE STRICTLY THAN WERE THE BOYS.

Over the years, and from my own awareness and observation in the Home, I have heard girls say, and I have seen, that they were treated more strictly than the boys. I know that was true, but know that it was true pretty much as a result of prevailing societal attitudes at that time as to how girls should be treated, and standards to which they should adhere. Mr. Johnston had great respect and admiration for Barium girls. In some of his writings, he acknowledges that without the larger girls the Home just could not function. Their roles were many and varied. They looked after the sick in the infirmary, they looked after the small children in the Baby Cottage, they prepared the food under supervision and served it, they laundered clothes, bed clothes, and with state-of-the-art industrial equipment, they manufactured clothing in the sewing room, they ran the canning house, and the small girls strung the beans. A select few even looked after the boys at Synod's Cottage. But, even with all that responsibility, and they handled it beautifully, in the back of his mind was the awareness that just as true as the saying, "Boys will be boys", equally true is the saying, "Girls will be girls." Both quite normal, but society said OK to the "Boys" adage, but altered the other to say, "Girls must be LADIES."

Following is a newspaper piece which illustrates what was going on at the time he came to Barium, a reality he knew he had to deal with in so far as the Home's public image went, and how he would administer.
"Girls Blame Young Men"
"Glad To Go To Samarcand To Escape From Their Influence"

High Point, Feb 7. - The two High Point girls who were ordered to the home for wayward girls at Samarcand when given a hearing before W.M. Marr, judge of the juvenile court, made confessions regarding their conduct which led Chief of Police L.W. Blackwelder to the opinion that many parents are not placing proper restriction on their young daughters.

Chief Blackwelder and Police Sergeant Williams carried the girls, Sudie Powell and Genevieve Brown, both 15 years old, to the home at Samarcand in an automobile. On the way over, the girls talked freely of their conduct, which they said was not different from that of many of their youthful acquaintances in this and other cities.

The girls told the Police officers of such conditions prevailing among at least a restricted element of the population that the Chief of police is outspoken in his warning to mothers and fathers to be more careful about their daughters going automobile riding at night.

The girls gave the names of several young men who were in the habit of making arrangements with them and other girls to go riding at night. On all of these occasions, the girls said, when they reached the outskirts of the city, they would find two or three other men concealed in the back of the car, or the driver would stop and pick up other men, as if by appointment.

On such occasions, the girls told the officers, they suffered all manner of insults, and when they protested, were threatened and told they would have to walk back home.

They told the officers they had tolerated this conduct so far that they could not appear on the street without being insulted by these boys. They wanted to go to the home at Samarcand, they said, because they realized that if they stayed here they could never hope to command respect.

When they reached the home, one of the girls told Chief Blackwelder, as she stepped from the automobile: "I am away from that crowd." The Chief of Police and Sergeant Williams are loud in their praise of the State's home for wayward girls. They spent three hours at the institution and were made to stay and take supper with the authorities.
"We reached Samarcand at 6 o’clock in the evening," Chief Blackwelder said today in commenting on the trip. "...and were met by Miss Mac Naughton, the Superintendent and one of the finest types of women I have ever known. She gave us a hearty welcome and made them feel at home from the start. "I wish to state that the home is not what most of our people think it is; it is not a prison with iron bars but a great institution for the molding of womanhood."
MY FAVORITE MATRON

John N. McCall

Mary Turner and I both moved to the Presbyterian Orphans’ Home at Barium Springs, North Carolina, in 1926. I was just two years old and was placed with 30 other two to five year olds at the Baby Cottage. Mary, who was twenty, trained to be a matron and was then assigned to the Synods Cottage where she helped to supervise 40 boys age six to ten years. At that time she was the youngest matron to be hired full-time.

Barium, our preferred name for the institution, comprised 1200 rural acres in the Carolina piedmont. The central campus had nine dormitories, or “cottages”, which housed over 300 children who were carefully segregated by age and sex. Our lives were closely regulated by the ringing of a bell in the dining hall tower. It called us to meals every day and marked the times for school and church. In most respects it was a self-contained community with its own dairy, truck farm, and orchard.

Mary knew she liked working with children well before coming to Barium. She had looked after younger brothers while growing up on a farm in the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia. later, she earned room and board at the Blue Ridge Academy by supervising younger girls. After high school, she earned a teachers certificate and taught elementary school for two years. Then she learned about Barium and decided she might best like working full time with children in a residential setting. It was a gamble to give up her teaching position for matron work.

She found the matron work hard but challenging. Tons of clothes had to be sorted for the laundry, then mended or patched. And there was a regular schedule to keep for meals, play periods, baths, and bed times. The boys themselves were fascinating. They responded well to her suggestions and asked a thousand questions. It was hard not to like some boys more than others but she looked for something good in each boy. She hated physical punishment and tried to head off misbehavior by engaging the boys in pursuits they would like. Bedtimes, for instance, became more fun when all 40 boys gathered around her in the playroom to hear ghost stories.

After just one year at Synods, a crisis developed when the senior matron took an indefinite leave of absence. Mary believed she could handle the cottage alone if she had to, so she went to ask the superintendent’s permission. He hesitated because of her youth and her limited experience, but he liked Mary’s
I first met Mary when I was five and staying at the Infirmary Building to recover from an illness. Miss Turner (adults were never called by first names) was visiting the Infirmary and had decided to come back to the sick wards and cheer us up. I recall that she was tall with long brown hair tied into a bun at the back. Her wide-set eyes and smiling mouth sparkled with interest as she talked. "My goodness, you boys don’t look very sick”, she teased. We laughed, pleased to see someone after several days of confinement. As we talked, she mentioned that before long I would become one of "her boys” at the Synods Cottage. Her natural friendliness made a lasting impression. Soon after my sixth birthday in August, 1930, four of us Baby Cottage boys moved up to the Synods Cottage. This was a dramatic step in our lives. It signaled the end of our babyhood and began a new life with older boys in an entirely different setting. Mary stood at the entrance and greeted each of us with a generous hug. "My, what big boys you are now. I’m going to love each one of you.” We were too shy to return her affection openly but all of us were tickled to hear that we had become big boys.

The next few weeks seemed like heaven as we joined the older boys and explored the boundaries of our new playground. Quite unlike the Baby Cottage matron, Mary encouraged us to have fun. The previous matron was much older and, perhaps, was a bit overwhelmed by 30 active “babies”. One time she tied my hands behind my back for several hours to stop me from throwing stones. Mary was more likely to show us a safe target at which we could throw stones. One day, when the lightning in a storm had passed, Mary suggested we put on bathing suits and play outside in the rain. The rain was surprisingly warm and it was exhilarating to splash so freely in the large puddles. She laughed as we pulled at the long, freakish earthworms which came above ground to get air.

This holiday ended in September when school began and Mary moved to another cottage. I learned afterwards that Mary had previously moved to this girls’ cottage and was only substituting for the Synods Cottage matron who had gone on leave. Mary stayed at the other cottage for about two years then moved to the Lees Cottage. The girls, sad to see her go, showed their affection by having a quilt made for Mary. It had a piece of discarded dress material from every one of the girls.

Mary stayed at Lees for ten years and often remarked that it was her favorite cottage. It housed 36 boys age eleven to fourteen. When not in school or participating in athletics, they worked on the truck farm. Otherwise, they were
free to roam the nearby woods, go swimming, or play on the athletic fields. On Saturday afternoons they often hitchhiked to nearby Statesville to see a movie. I think Mary was more temperamentally suited for this age group. They were more independent than younger boys and had more freedoms than girls could have. Still, they needed her guidance as they discovered more about themselves and the nearby world. I think Mary also enjoyed these boys because they reminded her of her own brothers while growing up on the farm.

In the summer of 1935, as my eleventh birthday approached, I wondered if I would be sent to Lees Cottage. The alternative was Alexander Cottage where similar age boys took care of the dairy cows. I did not relish the idea of getting up long before breakfast to milk cows and I did not know the Alexander matron. I did know Mary and I liked the prospect of planting and harvesting vegetables. I even fantasized myself standing in the huge watermelon patch, picking out a superb melon, and gorging myself. One August afternoon, when Mary happened to pass our playground, she called me over and reported, "Jack, have you heard the news? You'll soon be one of my boys again." Yipee!

I sometimes look back on my four years at Lees Cottage and think we had much more fun than Tom Sawyer rafting down the Mississippi. And this was during the Great Depression years when most children endured severe hardships. We worked some long hours on the truck farm but I did get my fill of watermelon and other fruits. None of us wore shirts in the summer and we all acquired dark tans. I discovered blackberries, poison oak, and the astringent taste of green persimmons. Sometimes we stole baby squirrels to tame for pets, or we brought home wild rabbits or snakes. Mary admired our catches but sometimes advised us to release them for their own good. She organized a picnic down at the Catawba River each summer and on Halloween she sometimes arranged a taffy-pull party. Once, girls from one of the cottages came to this party but we were much more comfortable with the taffy than with the girls.

Mary's supervision influenced each of us in some way. Her method was to set clear limits and leave us to grow naturally as individuals. She enjoyed us and trusted us to do the right things. She ignored a million small mistakes but was quick to compliment occasional good deeds. Her good common sense told her when to bend rules and when to stand firm. She gave personal comfort or left boys alone, as they wanted. Rather than yell or hit anyone, she appealed to his good judgment or to Christian ideals of fair play or kindness. Persistent bad conduct was punished by taking away privileges or assigning work on Saturday afternoons.
Gradually, I came to know Mary as a person with her own needs. A longtime beau, Mr. Otis Ritchie from Kannapolis, would come to see her on Saturday evenings. She sometimes prepared a dinner for the two of them in her small apartment and would ask one of us boys to find wild flowers for the table. Later, we volunteered and some of thought to make flower beds around the sides of the cottage. Mary paid for the seeds and bulbs.

During my last Christmas at Lees, some of us decided to give Mary a present she might remember us by. We thought the best suggestion was a stationary box filled with paper and envelopes. Secretly, we got donations from the other boys and hitchhiked to Statesville to buy the gift. We found a handsome wood inlay box filled with stationary and had it gift-wrapped. Inside was placed a card which read, “To Miss Turner, from all the Lees Cottage boys.” Back at the cottage, we put the gift in a prominent place under the Christmas tree. There were no outside markings since this was to be a true surprise. Christmas morning, when the truck farm manager came to distribute presents, he was asked on the sly to give Mary her present first. She wept when she opened the package and read the card inside.

Each of us moved from Lees Cottage when we reached fifteen, but most of us kept in touch with Mary. These contacts decreased, of course, as we finished high school and went away to the Second World War. Whenever I returned to Barium, on furlough or later during my college years, I never failed to call on Mary. And she continued to refer to me as one of her boys.

Many years later, during the summer of 1983, I visited Mary in her home near Laurel Fork, Virginia. She was seventy-seven years old and in good health except for some arthritis. Her small house, hidden in a tall grove of pines by a steep gravel road, stands on the very same farm where she was born and raised. The sheep and turkeys which her parents kept were long gone and most of the land was leased for pasture or hay crops. Mary recounted for me much of what happened since she left Barium. She married Otis in 1944 and moved to Kannapolis, where she also looked after her elderly parents. She and Otis never had children of their own even though they tried. Otis died quite suddenly from a heart attack, when they had been married just five years. When both of her parents had also died, Mary returned to Barium in 1953 to work two more years as a matron. Most of the staff she had known were gone and she felt less enthusiasm than before. While visiting her family home near Laurel Fork she met Mack Bondurant, a former sweetheart during her high school days. He, too, was widowed but he had a twelve year old son. Mary accepted his marriage proposal and they lived nearby, where Mack worked as a rural mail carrier. After several years, Mack also died suddenly and Mary continued the mail route until her own retirement. The boy has
since grown and provided Mary with four "grandchildren" who live not far away.

Perceiving that Mary had sacrificed having a family of her own to work as an orphanage matron, I asked if she had sometimes thought of herself as our mother. She answered frankly, "No, I never did. I felt more like a big sister put in charge of little brothers. I loved you boys but I knew you would be with me just a short while." Then I asked if she ever regretted some of the twenty years she spent at Barium. Mary replied, "Barium gave me much more than I ever gave Barium. I never knew a day when I was not happy there with my boys."
My first impressions of Barium Springs left a lot to be desired. My mother, my two brothers, Bill and Ned, and I arrived at Barium Springs by taxi from Statesville on a hot Friday afternoon in September, 1920. We had journeyed by train that morning from our home in Asheville to Statesville a trip made memorable by going through the railroad tunnels, seeing Andrews’ Geyser near Old Fort, and buying a box lunch from the window of the train at Connelly Springs. Someone directed us to the Infirmary building where we all stayed in one room. It was apparent that little provision was made for visiting parents and they obviously weren’t expected to stay long. I had never seen smooth doors on rooms before and was told by my mother that they were standard in hospitals and infirmaries.

On the following Sunday, as my mother prepared to leave, she sought out E. McSherry Hyde, the superintendent who was replacing Mr. William T. Walker, Sr., to see if she could telephone to Statesville to get a taxi to come pick her up. Mr. Hyde informed her that the telephone was never used on Sunday -- my introduction to religion as then practiced by the Home. Mother got out on the dirt highway and thumbed a ride to Statesville with two young men in a car.

The Infirmary was a relatively new building, having been built in 1916, the gift of James and William H. Sprunt of Wilmington.

The Infirmary housed the head nurse, a Miss Critz, and some six to eight girls who did the cooking, cleaning and nursing. There was an emergency room, several ward rooms, four or five bathrooms, two sun parlors, a dental office, and dining room with kitchen. Food was prepared on a coal burning stove which also heated the water.

Dr. Montgomery, a Statesville dentist, came to the Home every Wednesday afternoon to provide dental services. Most procedures were either to fill teeth or pull them. There was no Novocaine to ease the pain of drilling, nor use of braces and bridges.

The emergency room took care of cuts and bruises with generous applications of Lysol in water, salve, iodine and for colds, liberal doses of castor oil or Epsom salts. Anything more serious, such as broken arms or legs, were treated at Davis Hospital in Statesville.
Common ailments of the day were colds, measles, mumps, whooping cough, the flu and common itch (scabies) or as we called it, "seven year itch." The latter ailment was fairly prevalent, but was easily taken care of by a germicidal bath at the Infirmary.

We three children were retained at the Infirmary for ten days to see that we were free of any communicable disease. During this period we explored the area around the Infirmary and I saw my first cotton in the field adjacent to the building. Daily, we watched the farm boys come by on flat bedded wagons with flat steel wheels and two mules pulling the wagon. Also, during this time, we made our first acquaintance, a boy named Earl "Monkey" Baker. He was a Synod Cottage boy who daily carried scuttles of coal to the Infirmary for cooking and heating water. His physique gave him his nickname.

SYNOD COTTAGE

Just prior to the beginning of school in mid-September, 1920, we were sent to Synod Cottage, which housed some forty boys, aged six to twelve years. This cottage had been built prior to 1900 and showed considerable wear. It was a three-story building with a wide concrete porch around the North and West sides. The building had a tin roof. A large wisteria vine covered the entire front of the building and wrapped around part of the porch. The rooms for the boys were named Round Room, Middle Room, Baby Room, East Room, and West Room. In addition, there were quarters for two teachers, the matron and two high school girl helpers. There was a large assembly room on the first floor where all activities for the boys were conducted. On the first floor also was a locked playroom, which was never opened, and a parlor, which was used one time, in my memory, when my father visited us on a cold November night in 1920 and brought us a box of Belle Meade candy, which quickly disappeared. A clothing room and a room where water was heated were also on this floor.

The matron of the cottage was a Miss Nettie Miller, called many things but, behind her back, mostly "Dusty Miller", possibly as a synonym for the ubiquitous moth of summer which was always a bother around one’s ears, or more likely for the three-thong leather strap she constantly carried to “dust” us kids off. (Very possibly for the bedding plant, "Dusty Miller", Ed.)

She was an extremely stern disciplinarian. Her favorite punishment was the administration of the strap across the back and, secondly, the rubber fly swatter across the back of the hands. For small offenses, she placed you on your knees with nose to the wall. A normal period of this type punishment
was about 30 minutes. It was difficult to understand what exactly constituted an offense, as she seemed to take delight on almost any occasion in whipping the children. Her punishments were so severe that word got out and she was released shortly after I got there.

Woe to any bed wetter! A wet bed automatically meant a whipping. No thought was given to whether or not the condition might have arisen from some physical malfunction. There were several bed wetters’ at Synod. They slept on ticking mattresses filled with wheat straw. About every other day the mattress was emptied of soiled straw and refilled with fresh straw. Some years later, some of the boys in this category had medical help and ceased to wet the bed.

Miss Miller maintained a small blue box in her room called the "Blue Blessing Box." Into it disappeared all the little monies, usually nickels and dimes (5 and 10 cents) given the boys by relatives. There was no place in Synod Cottage to keep any personal articles. The boys would bury their coins in various places to keep them from the clutches of this voracious box. The contents, we were told, would go to the "starving Armenians" and it was constantly pointed out that our status was much better than theirs - an explanation that fell on many a disbelieving ear.

My mother gave me approximately 50 cents in change when she left us in September, 1920. We three brothers trudged to Mr. Parks' old store at the station and bought three bags of stale peanuts for 15 cents. The balance I hid around Synod Cottage until some boy saw me and reported it to Miss Miller. Faced with a whipping, I revealed the hiding place and my 35 cents disappeared forever into the Blue Blessing Box. I hope it went for a better use than stale peanuts.

Along with the money I lost a nice stamp collection. I had been working on this collection since I was seven years of age. In addition, I lost an autographed child's book, which had been sent to me by Mr. John Wanamaker, the prominent Philadelphia department store owner. My mother and father went to Philadelphia each year to buy clothes from him for the six children in our family. The book was inscribed, "To my little friend, Jack MacKay, John Wanamaker." It was a beloved possession, but since there was absolutely no place in Synod Cottage to store any personal belongings, it went into Miss Miller's room.

In the fall of 1920, my mother sent us a box containing a beautiful chocolate icing cake, some pistachios, oranges, figs, and dates. Miss Miller opened it in her room for us and gave us each a slice of cake and an orange and then
a short lecture about how it would not do for us to have all this food and the other boys none; so it would be "taken up." I must presume Miss Miller had no compunction about its disposal - we never saw the contents again.

When Miss Chambers came as matron, she had me write cards for several children who couldn't write, to their relatives. One such was John Alexander of Gastonia, whose father, a widower, came to Barium once to visit him. Mr. Alexander insisted I accompany him and John to the spring for a picnic. He had cookies and small bottles of Welch's grape juice, which were delicious. John later went home and I saw him last at our Barium-Gastonia football game in 1925.

Barium, at that time, was a "child keeping institution", not a "child caring institution." Most people spoke of it as the "Orphans' Asylum" or just the "Orphanage." Through no fault of their own, the children had come to reside at Barium. They were treated as pariahs of society. There had been considerable increase in the number of children at Barium shortly after the great and disastrous influenza epidemic of 1918. Many children lost both parents as a result of this disaster.

Instead of extending comfort and sympathy, the Home treated the children as if they were incarcerated, to be feared, and to be kept in subjugation. Some matrons exhibited a sadistic tendency in punishing the children. Punishment for minor infractions of rules was swift, cruel, and severe. Some of the matrons were dismissed for being too severe in administering corporal punishment. This treatment engendered both hate and rebelliousness. A few of the boys would run away from time to time. Because of the clothes they wore, they stood out like a bandaged thumb and were usually picked up and returned by local or county police authorities. Some did escape to Army or Navy enlistments.

Homesickness was a real sickness - stressful and poignant, and many suffered from it. Stories of past family life or former homes quickly elicited tears and sobs.

At this time there was no case worker to review children presented for admittance. A church would propose a child or several to come to the orphanage. Then, as now, politics played a part in who was taken. The larger supporting churches had greater leverage. Children were admitted who were later determined to be retarded or feeble minded and some in such poor health they were a danger to other children. Later, when Miss Stevens, the first case worker, was employed, these particular bad cases were weeded out and sent to other institutions.
The period of cruel and unusually severe treatment lasted, as I knew it, from 1920 to mid-1922. The period of “liberation” or reform began in 1922 when Mr. J. B. Johnston arrived as Superintendent. It was then recognized that the children were in the orphanage through conditions over which they had no control, were human beings like others, had hopes, aspirations, and abilities that needed to be channeled and developed. In my own mind, I’ve often compared the period 1922-1928 to the Elizabethan age when men were encouraged to let their minds wander with development of the spirit, mind, and individual personalities.

A common threat to recalcitrant or unruly boys was, “Do you want to be sent to Jackson Training School?” This school was the state reformatory for boys located near Concord. I visited there once. It had the sternest of discipline with hard work, barred windows and locked doors. I understand it is still in operation (1984).

In the fall of 1920, I decided to run away and, in preparation, accumulated a supply of food consisting only of pears. They were obtained from the pear orchard near the Boiler House as we went to get scuttles of coal. I hid the pears in the cannaus around Synod Cottage. One day, some of the boys discovered my cache, and the pears quickly disappeared along with my dreams of taking to the road. It was just as well - I doubted that I could have walked 125 miles to Asheville in chilly weather, sustained only by a few pears.

Every now and then some family came to adopt a child. This was considered a lucky and easy way to depart the Home. Sometimes a family would take a boy into their home and provide his “keep” in return for working. One such boy was Benny Harrell, who went to live with a family at Barbers Junction; his job being to peddle box lunches to the passengers on the trains which stopped at this railroad crossing near Salisbury.

One of the main items of interest in Synod Cottage was a long and wide, low bench in the assembly room. It was painted a bright red and it had been the resting place of a Lees Cottage boy killed by a boy named Davis in an argument over a girl. The Davis boy ran away and stayed on the run for two years, then surrendered to authorities and, in a subsequent trial, was sentenced to the Iredell County Home for two years. He was considered by the boys as something of a hero for evading the law for two years. Avery Davis, his brother, was a companion of Synod Cottage. He and a younger brother left when their widowed mother remarried - a hope which was nourished in many a young heart, at that time. Avery Davis was especially good at "jack stones", using rounded, white creek pebbles.
Most of the children at the home were "real" orphans, meaning one or both parents were dead. Many of these deaths had resulted from the 1918 influenza epidemic.

Ned, Bill and I were considered oddities being in an orphanage with both parents living. Our parents were divorced and our residence resulted from a court decision. I never felt like an orphan until late when I asked to be admitted to the Crescent Theater in Statesville as an "orphan boy." The theater made a practice of letting the Home boys in free, except for some extravaganza like Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. in "The Thief of Baghdad." I could put on a woeful look when identifying myself at the box office.

Saturday was bath day for all children as well as a recreation day for visits to Statesville by the bigger boys from about age 14 and up. The Crescent Theater was really a good friend to the orphanage boys, readily admitting them free on Saturdays to see the westerns in which Tom Mix, Art Accord, Hoot Gibson, and William S. Hart starred. We were encouraged to use the bathroom prior to a trip to the movies. Occasionally, a truck load of boys or girls were taken to the movies. All the theater visits began about 1922-1923. The boys had much more liberty to go about than did the girls.

Haircuts were given at the Home for all boys. The barbers were high school boys who used hand clippers and who received about 20 cents per head. I bought into one-third of a set of electric hair clippers in 1924 with Troy Coates and one other boy. We would take turns cutting hair for Synod and Lees Cottage boys at 20 to 25 cents per head, paid by the orphanage. The older boys from the 8th to the 11th grade mostly had their hair cut in Statesville for 50 cents per head by a licensed barber.

"Monkey" Baker was the "house cat" for the Infirmary. I got to know him well during our initial stay there. While "Monkey's" features gave rise to his name, he was, however, distinguished in two other ways: the best jack stone player and the most accurate sling artist. Jack stones were white, rounded creek pebbles about three quarter inches in diameter and rubbed against an abrasive surface until they were almost round. The stones were tossed in the air, by hand, and then they were caught on the back of the hand. His fingers turned upward and made a natural depression which gave him some advantage over the other boys. There were many steps to the game of jack stones and he could go through all of them without an error. There was no rubber ball to bounce as in the game of jack stones using the metal jacks.
A sling was made by taking the tongue from a pair of high top brogan shoes and punching holes in each end through which stout cords were inserted. A pebble about 1" in diameter was placed in the middle of the tongue while the cords held the tongue as it was being twirled around the head. "Monkey" could release the sling at just the right moment and hit a squirrel at 15 to 20 yards. This was similar to the sling David used in killing Goliath and we readily identified with it from the Sunday School lessons, as well as learning about the "starving Armenians."

The bathroom at Synod Cottage had three lavatories, three toilets, and three tubs. All were discolored an orange-red from years of exposure to Barium's iron-laden water. The stains could absolutely not be removed. Baths were taken on Saturday in relays of six boys. Water was heated in a large tank by a circulating water jacket coal stove. An enthusiastic fireman got it so hot one Saturday that hot water was coming out of the cold water spigots. It really was a dangerous situation. A strong hygienic soap, like Octagon soap, was used. After the bath, clean clothes were issued for the following week, consisting of underwear, a denim shirt, and overalls. In winter, black stockings were also issued, as was a sweater.

Shoes of assorted shapes, sizes, and kinds were issued after the first frost. They were worn usually from about November 1 to April 1. During other months of the year, the smaller children went bare-footed, while the high school boys and girls wore shoes year round.

When a new child arrived at Barium, some Sunday School class or church undertook to supply his clothing. My first box of clothes came in October, 1920, and was furnished by the Presbyterian Church at Faison, N.C.

The clothes box for each boy included long, one piece underwear, light weight for summer and heavy for winter, short pants (knickers fastened by a strap or a button below the knees), a belt, long, black ribbed stockings, a sweater, and usually two pairs of bib-type denim overalls, and denim shirts. In most boxes there were white shirts and a nice pair of knickers for Sunday wear only.

Rooms were heated during the winter with steam radiators with the steam coming from the main boiler room on campus. About 1922, lines were installed to carry hot water from the main boiler house to each building, providing plenty of hot water and eliminating the stoves in each cottage. In winter, the boys would vie with each other to place their stockings on the steam radiator so they would be warm in the morning.
Shoes were removed in the large assembly room on the first floor. All boys then went to their rooms, undressed, and placed their clothes on the bed. The long nightgowns, made of something resembling cheesecloth, were under each boy's pillow. Lights were turned off promptly at 9:00 from a master switch. No talking was allowed after lights out and any infraction was swiftly punished. Night time toilet facilities in Synod Cottage consisted of a galvanized steel bucket in each room. The boy who was being punished most for the week usually had the daily morning bucket duty detail of cleaning them.

In November of 1920, the old matron, Miss Miller, was replaced by a Mrs. Chambers, from Washington, Pennsylvania. She was very enlightened in her outlook as to how to care for children. She had the older boys clean all floors downstairs and paint all of the wall with "kalsomine", a cold water paint. It did wonders for the looks of the cottage. She also opened up the locked playroom and gathered some story books and encouraged us to read them as well as teaching us how to play games, such as Authors, Rook, and Checkers.

All of the young children at both Synod Cottage and Annie Louise Cottage assisted in the preparation of food by stringing beans or shelling blackeyed peas and butter beans. All children in every cottage had various duties to perform. The older boys worked on the farm and the young boys, ages 10 to 12, worked on the truck farm. The girls did the laundry and cooking, and waited on the tables.

At Synod Cottage, two high school girls assisted the matron and usually took care of the very young children. One of these girls was named Stacy Hasting, who took special interest in me, encouraging me to brush my teeth regularly, read books, and study hard. She developed tuberculosis in 1921 and was sent to a state sanatorium. Her case was advanced, and she lived only about a year or two. She was from Huntersville and was buried there. The first school annual published at Barium, the 1924 Spotlight, was dedicated to her memory.

No beds were available in Synod Cottage when Ned, Bill, and I arrived there, so we slept in the hallway of the third floor on a quilt—all three on the same quilt, with one quilt to cover us. There was no sheet, but a pillow was provided for each of us.

The children at Synod Cottage had to make their own fun and amusements. The boys were very adept at doing this. In addition to making and playing jack stones, the boys made slings, slingshots, whistles and flutes from reeds, bats from poles, which we would cut in the woods, played hopscotch,
mumblepeg, and occasionally made a kite to fly in the March winds. The best marble player was "Monkey" Baker. He was a marvel at shooting a steel ball into a ring, knocking out the clay marbles, which we called "peewees" and "agates", which were the larger colored marbles. Baker could shoot a steel ball in such a way as to hit a marble, knock it out of the ring, and at the same time the steel ball would spin backwards behind other marbles. He was a real marvel. Avery Davis was also a good player, as were several of the other boys.

We also made crude bows and arrows, played cowboys and Indians with these and metal cap pistols carved from wood. One plaything I have never seen elsewhere was the use of wooden window blind slats. These thin slats were about 3/16" thick x 1-1/2" wide x 8" long. One was held between the index and middle finger of the hand; another between the middle finger and ring finger. They made a loud clatter when the hand was shaken violently.

We were always making up foolish rhymes such as:

"Twas midnight on the ocean Not a street car was in sight The captain hired a taxicab and Rode all day that night.

One bright day in the middle of the night Two dead boys got in a fight The deaf police on hearing the noise Came up and killed the two dead boys.

"Twas a winter day in summer The snow was falling fast The barefooted boy with shoes on Stood sitting in the grass.

In 1921 and 1922, the rage for boys was to have a pompadour hairdo. The hair was combed straight back over the head, usually held in place by a hair dressing. Many of the boys wore what we called skull caps, which were felt caps made of various colored felts. It was a type of beanie, which sat right on the top of the head and was even sometimes worn within the usual cap, which every boy had. Old pictures of the day would show most of the boys wearing caps.

One of the hairdressings used was a 10 cent jar of perfumed Vaseline, usually purchased at Roses Dime Store in Statesville. The older boys used Vaseline hair tonic and the ultimate was to use "Stacomb", which was a nicely perfumed hair dressing, and cost 50 cents. Not many boys could afford the latter. Regular felt hats began to appear on the older boys about 1927 to 1928.

Baseball was the most popular game, and baseballs of any sort were dearly sought. The usual ball we played with was made by removing the hard cover
of a gold ball and then winding the core with string and getting some girl to sew it. They took hard wear and did not last very long. In 1921, my father sent me two mitts. We used one for the catcher and one for the first baseman. Everyone else usually played bare-handed unless someone had received a glove from a relative and used it himself.

In the middle and late twenties, as clothing improved, the younger boys almost dispensed with wearing caps, and the older boys began to acquire and wear felt hats - mostly in cold weather. There were a few straw hats worn in summer for special occasions. They, for the most part, were the flat-topped, stiff brim hats - called Panama hats. They were cool, but very uncomfortable.

Over the Thanksgiving weekend in 1921, Ada McPhail and Mary Nowland chaperoned a group of fifteen boys from Synod Cottage and fifteen girls from Annie Louise Cottage on a trip to visit the Second Presbyterian Church in Charlotte. The visit was to stimulate the Thanksgiving offering - a mainstay of the Home's financing.

The group left on the Friday morning train and returned on the train the following Monday. The children were allocated by couples to the church members' homes. Billy Harrell and I were guests of Dr. and Mrs. John R. Irwin. He was a descendant of a pioneer Mecklenburg County family and took us to see an ancestor's name of the Revolutionary War statue in front of the Courthouse. After our return to Barium, we each received from him a long-barrel, single-shot cap pistol, and a supply of caps. These pistols looked like the ones William S. Hart, the cowboy movie star, used in his films, so we were the envy of all the boys.

As pictures of the time will show, every boy wore a cap. There were long bills, short bills, fluffy tops, and close-fitting top in a variety of caps. My father sent me a very attractive gray cap in 1922. It still had the price sticker of $5.00 on it. We thought it was a fortune. The cap was a good hiding place, or a place to carry letters, notes, etc. There was much discussion as to whether or not wearing a cap would make one lose his hair.

The group was called to the rostrum of the church on Sunday morning. It was announced that a boy would make a speech. Jerome Nowland stepped to the front of the group, threw out his right hand in a gesture of greeting, and said, "Dear friends--". After a short hesitation, he turned to our group and said, "I don't know what to say." End of speech. Charlie Moore was then presented to the congregation and recited the following rhyme, which, for some reason
or other, has stuck in my mind all these years, and was received with laughter by the congregation:

I went to the River
And I couldn’t get across
I paid five dollars
For an old gray horse.
The horse wouldn’t pull
I swapped it for a bull.
The bull wouldn’t holler,
I swapped it for a dollar.
The dollar wouldn’t pass so
I threw it on the grass.
The grass wouldn’t grow
I swapped it for a hoe.
The hoe wouldn’t dig and
I swapped it for a pig.
The pig wouldn’t root
I swapped it for a boot.
The boot wouldn’t wear
I swapped it for a hare.
The hare wouldn’t run
I shot it with a gun.

At Christmas time, each child in the Home wrote a letter to “Dear Santa Claus.” These were all written in the school rooms and sent to the First Presbyterian Church in Raleigh, North Carolina. We were all cautioned not to ask for too much - the gift usually being targeted at approximately $1.00. I don’t know what the girls asked for, other than dolls, but the boys usually wanted a $1.00 Ingersoll watch, a bag of marbles, a harmonica, a kazoo, a book, or a fountain pen. Each child signed his name to the letter and the gifts were marked with their names when they were delivered at Christmas.

Boxes of fruit and candy came to the main office and were distributed to each of the cottages. There were no Christmas trees and little decorations in any of the cottages except in later years. About 1924, some of the high school boys would decorate their rooms with holly and most tried to get a sprig of mistletoe, which they would carry to school, having heard of its mystical oscillatory effect on girls. The girls giggled at the boys, but few, if any, kisses were ever bestowed.
There were some wonderful, older high school girls, whom I remember with warmth and affection, and who aided me greatly in the first two years at Barium. Among them were Lola Earnhart, Stacy Hasting, Mary Nowland, Ada McPhail, and Martha Boyce. Mary Nowland especially protected me from a bullying young man, named Stuart Perry. She threatened to "box his ears" if he laid a hand on me. He must have feared her, for he left me alone thereafter. Harry Estridge, one of the finest gentleman I ever knew, also protected me from this same boy.

There was a regular pecking order around the boys and, as could be expected, some bullying by certain boys. One quickly learned how to be a peace maker, or who he could whip in a fist fight or wrestling match, and who to avoid in a fight. Fights could arise over little incidents - teasing someone, calling someone a name, an argument over most anything. Usually they were of short duration; one or two blows being struck, and it was over. Calling someone an "old bastard" was reasonably acceptable, but calling someone a "son of a bitch" was the ultimate in degrading a family name and sure incitement for a fierce fight. While no one seemed to know exactly what it meant, thumbing your nose at someone was sufficiently provocative to start a fight. I assume it was in the category of the more modern gesture of raising the middle finger in the air.

In later years, boys would put on boxing gloves and settle arguments in a "gentlemanly" fashion. However, a knock-down and drag-out fist fight took place one year in Jennie Gilmer when Russell Strickland and Lewis King jumped on Grier Kerr, who had been separately picking on each one; they beat Kerr thoroughly. It was necessary, at times, to band together to put a bully down.

Just before Christmas in 1920, my mother arrived from Asheville to see us. She took us to Statesville on the train to see a movie and then eat at Gray's Restaurant. I got a toothache and, after getting some medicine at a drug store, we found we had missed the train. There were several Barium teachers dining at Gray's Restaurant, and mother told one of them to tell Mr. Hyde we would spend the night in Statesville. She took us to the Statesville Inn, a fairly large two-story wooden building, located where the Playhouse Theatre was built in 1927. We returned to Barium next morning by taxi at the then astronomical cost of $1.50. She spent two days with us, and it only made us more homesick for our old home.

After Miss Chambers, a Mrs. Fullwood came to Synod Cottage as matron, I think she stayed about one year.
As mentioned, all the children at the Home worked. The ten year olds and younger shelled peas and beans. Boys from 12 to 18 years of age worked on either the Farm for Mr. J. D. Lackey, Sr., Farm Manager, and later Mr. Troy Cavin from Troutman, or on the truck farm gang, run by Mr. John Thomas.

The Farm Group planted and harvested corn and wheat, some oats for the mules, cut silage for the dairy, distributed fertilizer, and threshed the wheat. Mr. Lackey ran an old International Tractor with large metal-cleated wheels in the rear. This tractor pulled a large disc plow, but most plowing, reaping, and cutting corn was done by mule-powered equipment.

One year, a caterpillar-type Ford tractor was brought to Barium for a demonstration. It was not purchased, and shortly thereafter, Caterpillar Tractor Company sued Ford for infringement of their patent rights on the caterpillar track design and won a sizeable judgement.

The Truck Farm planted the extensive vegetable farm with beans, peas, turnips, potatoes, kohlrabi, turnip greens, tomatoes, and gathered them all along with fresh corn. A large sweet potato house, which held over 200 bushels, was erected about where the new school was built, just north of Lottie Walker. We had white and red yams all winter long. They also took care of the peach, apple, and pecan orchards.

Peaches were distributed to each cottage in summer. They were delicious and came from the orchard just in front of Mr. Thomas' home. Apples were sent to each cottage, but most went to the kitchen for processing into canned apple sauce.

The farm boys fed the hogs and horses, killed the hogs, scraped them of hair, and butchered them for the kitchen.

The farm produced some 200 acres of excellent wheat, averaging 40 bushels to the acre. The wheat was stored in an excellent storage building behind Mr. Lackey's home. It was bagged and sent to Statesville or Troutman in exchange for flour, or sold outright.

The wheat straw was blown into the big dairy barn and used for hay, along with silage, and for filling the stalls.

Two silos were filled with silage each fall. As the silo was being filled, the cut corn stalks were packed and heavily watered down. Old silage had such
a strong odor that it was difficult to see how the cows could eat it, but they did. This was supplemented with hay and meal and cottonseed hulls.

The dairy had approximately 100 cows, milked twice daily by the Round Knob, and then the Alexander Cottage boys. We always had plenty of milk.

Mr. Johnston began paying 3 cents per toe sack for leaves, which were easily gathered from the surrounding woods. The leaves were used to line the large barn where most cows were quartered. By spring, the floor was about 18 inches to two feet deep in excellent cow manure, which was dug up and distributed on the farm.

The farm boys had to transport these loads of fertilizer to the farm in the one mechanical spreader. It was embarrassing to pass Lottie Walker Cottage and have the girls laugh at us and ask what we were carrying. For some reason, the boys always yelled back, "Revenue Stamps."* This nomenclature may have arisen because the distributor scattered the fertilizer like large dots on the fields, as the boys called it - stamping the fields. This was natural or organic fertilization and was effective. Lime was added to the field about every two years.

(Could it have related to the "Worthlessness" of revenue stamps on bootleg, non-taxed alcohol? This was the Prohibition Era, from the passage of the Volstead Act of 1919 on into the 1930's. Ed.)
In 1921 or early 1922, construction was begun on the south wing of Rumple Hall. When it was completed, all of the children were served their meals in this wing, while the old dining hall was closed down for remodeling and, at Synod Cottage, all of the boys used to gather by the hour to see the workmen unload bricks, tile, slate shingles for the roof, steel beams and windows. All of the boys were very interested in the workmen who prepared and applied the slate shingles. These shingles were about 8” wide, about 15” long, and approximately 3/16” thick. One skilled workman would put each slate shingle into a jig or a fixture, and tap it with a sharp pointed hammer in two places toward one end. This created two holes for the nails, which secured the shingles to the wood roof decking. He was very adept at this, but in spite of his skill, would break one shingle in about every 15 or 20 he placed the holes in. This was much before such things as portable drills.

During the period that we were all eating in the south wing, Mrs. Chambers, the matron at Synod Cottage, decided that each boy, who would get $1.00, would buy a hen and could eat the eggs that the hen laid. The Home provided a fenced-in area near Synod Cottage and also provided the feed and, at one time, I think we had some 30 to 40 chickens --almost a chicken for each child in the Cottage. Eggs were delivered to the kitchen and were served to the boys at breakfast once or twice a week. One of the pranks that the boys played was to slip into the chicken pen, grab a chicken, and tuck its head under its wing. The chicken, after being stroked gently, would almost go to sleep and could be set down gently on the ground. At times, it looked like a host of headless chickens.

In 1920-21, the girls wore their hair with bangs across the forehead, and buns of hair on each side of the head over the ears. The girls began using the “spit curl”, a strand of hair which hung down over the forehead, about 1927 or 1928. The dresses that the girls wore hung about midway between the knee and ankle in the early 20’s, and, as usual, went up and down thereafter, according to the popular style.*

Prior to 1922, when Mr. J. B. Johnston came to the Home, there were no organized athletics, although baseball was the most popular game among all the boys. Before 1920, Barium had some outstanding baseball teams, playing many nearby mill teams and town teams. Two excellent players were Harry Estridge, the catcher, and Dwight Eddleman, who played short-stop. The old grads came back to commencement in 1921 and played a game against a team from either East Mombo or Troutman, and won the game in the bottom half of the 9th inning. Baseball rather died out after 1922, although there were games between pick-up teams and Cottage versus Cottage. (The hems of the dresses went up and down. Ed.)
In the summer of 1923, Roy Barnhill and I pitched for Alexander Cottage. Lees Cottage lost 17-16 with J. D. Lackey, Jr., the Farm Manager’s son, scoring the winning run in the 9th inning. Real baseballs were real hard to come by, and a baseball glove was a prized possession at that time.

In 1920, and for several years after, Mr. Parks, who lived about 200 yards from the station, was the Southern Railway Station agent, and his daughter was the post mistress. Mail was carried from the station across the space that is now the paved highway, to a white, painted, clapboard store, which was the Post Office. It had been a country store, but was used solely as the Post Office, and opened only at train time. Here the mail was segregated and distributed for the Home, as well as being placed in a number of boxes for local citizens. There were four trains daily passing through Barium Springs, running from Taylorsville to Charlotte. The 8:00 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. trains went south to Charlotte, and the 10:00 A.M. and 3:00 P.M. trains went north to Statesville and Taylorsville. There were two mail pick-ups for the Home, one in the morning, and one in the afternoon each day. There were two freight trains daily, one in each direction.

For approximately a year and a half, when I was in the third and fourth grades, I was the mail boy, working under Miss Barnett, the bookkeeper, who later married and left the Home. I took a leather bag with a shoulder strap on it to the station with Home mail, and watched the 10:00 A.M. train from Charlotte pull up and discharge mail, passengers, and express items, plus take on similar items. The same procedure was repeated for the 3:00 P.M. train. There was considerable traffic from the baggage car of five gallon demijohns of Barium Springs mineral water. These bottles were in wooden crates with a place for an address tag on the side. The full bottles with the address tags were put on the train, and the empty bottles in the crates were returned for refilling.

After the mail was distributed, I took all the mail going to the Home to Miss Barnett, where she, in turn, put it in packets for each Cottage. The mail was then delivered to the Matron in each Cottage.

The mail was censored, especially the letters coming to Howard Cottage high school girls. As I passed the high school each day about 10:30, during recess, several of the girls would ask me to ascertain if they had received a letter. Walking away from the office to carry the mail to the Cottages, I looked in the mail one day to see if one of the girls had received a letter. Miss Barnett saw me and called me back to give me a severe reprimand. Thereafter, I tried to review the mail just after I left the Post Office so I would be able to give the information to the girls as I passed the high school.
My mail-carrying experience did me in good stead, however, as it got me very interested in big league baseball. Each morning in spring, when I passed the high school, the older boys would crowd around to ask me if Babe Ruth had hit another home run, or what had happened to the New York Giants, the Brooklyn Dodgers, or the New York Yankees. Everyone had his favorite team.

As soon as the mail was brought from the train to the Post Office, Miss Parks let me have a copy of the Charlotte Observer for a quick glance at the sports pages. I would make quick notes and try to remember what had happened so I would be able to tell the high school boys. This was prior to even radio at Barium, and the newspapers were almost the sole sources of current information.

Mr. Parks had a son, John Parks, who graduated from Barium High School and went on to Davidson, later becoming a Presbyterian minister.

The railroad tickets, which Mr. Parks dispensed, were printed with all the stations from Taylorsville to Charlotte. A ticket would be inserted in a small hand machine and an indicator was moved to the appropriate station. The ticket was then torn off, leaving a small indentation pointing to the destination.

A railroad ticket from Barium Springs to Statesville cost 16 cents for an adult. Children under 12 years of age rode for half fare. The rate for tickets was approximately 3 cents per mile, with a discount of about 15 percent for a round trip - a very welcome provision at vacation time. Tickets to destinations other than on the Taylorsville-Charlotte line were filled out by hand and date stamped. A round trip ticket had a 30 day expiration.

There was a large poster-calendar hanging in each waiting room, on which were shown two passenger steam engines rushing past each other on the Southern Railway System "Double Track Trunk Line" between Washington and Atlanta. Most travel was by train.

The Barium station was painted a pretty yellow and white, and had some elaborate wooden trim around the eaves. It contained two waiting rooms (for white and colored), two little pot-bellied stoves rarely lit, the station ticket office, a locked storage room for less carload freight, and Railway Express items, and a substantial wooden platform for loading and unloading heavy articles. The siding adjacent to the station received all freight cars - hay, cement, rock, fertilizer, and heavy machinery for the Home, as well as items for the small mill towns nearby - mainly East Mombo cotton mills.
If there was no freight or passengers, the mail was placed in a mail sack, which had metal rings at each end. Flexible clips were inserted in each ring and the bag was hoisted to a metal post beside the track. The bag was secured top and bottom by metal chains. If the train had nothing to discharge except mail, it did not stop, and the mail sack was plucked from the chains by a large metal hook attached to the door of the mail car. Any mail to be received at the station was tossed out onto the platform.

Trunks were carried in the baggage car to their destination free of charge for all passengers holding tickets. At vacation time, there was considerable movement of trunks. Each passenger with a trunk had to fill out a baggage ticket. Half the ticket was wired to the trunk. The passenger retained half as a claim check upon reaching the destination.

One day, as we were awaiting the arrival of the 10:00 A.M. train, we heard it coming and then it stopped, out of sight. Finally it came into view, moving fairly slow. We learned it had hit the automobile of the manager of the County Home, as his car crossed the tracks going to the Home. It was an open crossing with only the well-known crossed white arms, with the words in black "Stop, Look and Listen". The manager apparently did none of these things, but he did sue the railroad, claiming some cross ties obstructed his vision. It was later shown the cross ties were on the opposite side of the track from his car. This was my first knowledge of "sue 'em regardless." He did recover, and I believe the railroad fixed his car.

A siding over a trestle at the Barium Steam Plant had space for two drop-bottom coal cars. Coal was unloaded in the summer to be used in the boilers in the winter. Two large boilers, with two firing doors each, provided steam and hot water to the Home. The boilers were fired by hand by employed help. A large hot water vat on the side of the building was used for dipping slaughtered hogs prior to scraping off the hog hair.

During my days as mail boy, and between trips to the station, I would go next door to the Boyd Cottage and play with "Willis" Walker, the Superintendent's son. There was a barn back of his house where we would spend an hour or so jumping from the rafters into the hay. The September, 1984, Barium Messenger made note of his passing, as shown below:

"Mr. William T. Walker, Jr. of Memphis, Tennessee, passed away September 16, 1984 after a long illness. Mr. Walker was the son of the late W. T. Walker, former Superintendent of Barium Springs Home for Children. His mother, Lottie Arey Walker, and a brother and sister are buried in the Cemetery at
Little Joe's Church. The Lottie Walker Building, on our campus, was named in honor of his mother.

After he left, I would visit Archie Hyde, son of E. McSherry Hyde, who occupied the Boyd Cottage after he became Superintendent. Archie had a pup tent, in which we played and planned our future journeys to the great West. We were reading novels about the West by Zane Gray and William McLeod Raines and were enthralled with the prospect of being cowboys. Archie had an old Civil War pistol, which was fired by caps placed over each bullet chamber. We practiced "quick draws" with this, day after day. One day Archie found some of the caps in his father’s desk and we placed them in the pistol, then cocked the hammer and pulled the trigger. There was a loud explosion, which brought Mr. Hyde hurrying from the house with confiscation of the pistol and the culmination of our quick-draw exercises.

Mr. Hyde mounted butterflies as a hobby. He would pay the children 5 cents to 10 cents each for beautiful, undamaged specimens. In the summer of 1921, many of the Synod boys spent most of their spare time trying to catch butterflies. This was done to such an extent that Miss Chambers, our matron, forbade us to continue the practice.

Mr. Hyde had formerly been a professional baseball player with at one time, Bluefield, West Virginia. He was an expert with a fungo bat. When we could only rarely get him to unbend a little, he would stand at home plate on the small Synod baseball field and hit fungo fly balls into the air directly over his head and very high. We would gather round home plate and take turns catching the ball.

Mr. Hyde was a short, wiry man with a long striding step, toes turned out. He had a mass of curly stiff hair with horizontal waves above his forehead. I never saw him in anything but a blue serge suit, well pressed and with his coat always buttoned. He always wore stiff starched collars attached to the shirt by collar buttons. This was the style of the day.

Summertime was vacation time for two weeks for those children at the Home who had relatives to take them. For those who could not go home, provisions were made to send them to neighboring towns to visit with families for several days.

In 1921, I went to Statesville, where I was the guest for four days in the home of a Mr. Gray, who was Superintendent of the City School System. The family also owned a drug store (Polk-Gray Drug Company) on one of the corners of
the main two intersections. His son, Mac Gray, played against Barium's first football team in the fall of 1922.

On another occasion, in the summer of 1922, Billy "Piggy" Harrell and I were sent for three weeks to various families in the Concord Presbytery area. The families were all members of the Rocky River Presbyterian Church. We would stay with a family for three or four days and then over to another family.

One of the families we stayed with was the Morrisons, at Pioneer Mills in Cabarrus County. Mrs. Morrison was the mother of Mrs. S. A. Grier, whose husband was chief engineer of the Home. Another family visited, the Chennaults, was that of the pastor of the Rocky River Presbyterian Church. I well remember that the church had kerosene lanterns for night services. The Manse, a lovely brick veneer home, also used kerosene lanterns and had outside "plumbing." This was long before rural electrification.

Rev. Channault had one of the finest mounted collections of Indian arrowheads that I have ever seen. They were all collected in Cabarrus County and, judging by the size of the collection, there had been quite an Indian civilization in this area at one time. There were different sizes and shapes for almost any purpose - fishing, hunting, and warfare.

The Morrison's home was located at the site of the first gold mine in North Carolina. The veins had been worked out and the mine had been closed many years before. A sufficient amount of gold had been mined in this area that the U.S. Government had established a mint in Charlotte at one time. The mine tunnels had caved in at various spots, and we were cautioned to stay clear. There was an old miner who lived nearby and was convinced that he would rediscover the vein. We would take some freshly-churned butter to him at his nearby shack, where I first tasted sourdough bread. We boys even went down into a pit, which he was mining, and saw numerous samples of pyrites, which certainly looked like gold, but was worthless.

In the matter of electric lights and running water, I felt at the time that the Morrisons, Chennaults, and other families were somewhat deprived, as compared to what we had at Barium. There was no rural electrification in those days.

We stayed with another family, who lived near Jackson Training School, and who knew Mr. White, the school Superintendent. The family we stayed with were the only ones who had electricity. They had a Delco motor-generator set, which produced electricity for lighting, as well as running their water pump on the well.
Mr. White invited us to visit Jackson Training School, which we did. He took us to see the "Giant's Footprint", a depression about twenty feet long, resembling a footprint. He also showed us how the boys worked (all day in summer) and how they were quartered in barred rooms. They were under constant guard. These boys were just one crime and a year or two in age from being in prison.

While the Barium highway was still a dirt road, the entire school was assembled by the road one day in 1921 to watch a detachment of the Army come by. They were moving from some location in South Carolina to another base. The line of trucks, tanks, guns, kitchen and personnel carriers extended about a mile. It took about one hour for the group to pass the orphanage. We were really enthralled at the exhibit of tanks and cannons. The entire group was traveling over roads with minimum traffic, but it became necessary to strengthen bridges to carry the loads. The old steel bridge over Third Creek was reinforced for this reason.

There were very few paved highways in North Carolina in 1920-21. The roads to Statesville and Charlotte were dirt roads. In rainy weather, they were very slippery and developed deep ruts, making passing very hazardous. In summer, the roads were inches deep in a powdery dust, stirred up by each vehicle and almost obscuring one’s vision when one car passed another. Autos had mechanical "cut-outs", which enabled the driver to direct the exhaust blast downward against the road surface and create a storm of dense dust. It was used by speeders and bootleggers to evade pursuing police, and was effective.

The highway by Barium, Highway 21, was paved in 1923. A tremendous pile of crushed rock was accumulated in front of the second location of Mr. Grier's home. All the grading, cut and fill, was done with mules and dirt pans. A tractor or mules would pull a large plow over an area to be excavated and then the mules and dirt pan would move in. Each pan had a mule and driver. The dirt was scooped up in the flat pan, which held about 1-1/2 to 2 cubic yards. The pans were then dragged to the place where the dirt was to be placed.

We children watched all of this activity with great interest. Even more fascinating was the large self-propelled concrete mixer, which laid the road base. After about a week of setting, an asphalt surface about two inches thick was placed and rolled smooth. We delighted in riding our bicycles back and forth to Statesville on this new surface, and it wasn't dangerous at the time because of the scarcity of traffic.
This soon changed, with regularly-scheduled trips by Camel City Coach Company buses from Winston-Salem to Charlotte, and the appearance of many Fredrickson Motor Lines trucks hauling freight from Charlotte to Statesville, Winston-Salem and other towns. The Fredrickson drivers were very cooperative in giving rides to the Home boys, back and forth to Statesville.

As a result of several accidents to boys chasing balls into the new highway, a fence was erected on both sides of the highway extending the length of the campus from Howard Cottage to Mr. Lowrance’s home. At the same time, the State Highway Department agreed to provide engineering and labor for the construction of two pedestrian underpasses, with the Home providing the cost of the materials - mostly concrete. These underpasses were completed about 1924 or 1925.

The Home then bought a Ford truck for transporting children and used also to carry wheat to Statesville and, to transport other freight items, a “T” model Ford Sedan was also purchased. The greatest use of the truck was to carry children to Statesville for the movies and Chatauqua, and also to transport the boys to the Davidson College football games.

In the summer of 1922, we had such a bountiful peach crop that there was a tremendous quantity of peach seeds, which were collected and taken to Statesville to sell the U.S. Army. The army was buying them for use in some way in gas masks. Another boy and I took about 70 pounds in the Orphanage truck one Saturday afternoon. We received 3 cents per pound, and the money went into the Synod Cottage ice cream fund.

The farm and orchards provided wonderful and tasty treats for all the children from the peach, apple, and pecan orchards. There was also watermelons in summer.

One summer, about 1922 or 1923, the two, big, prized Holstein bulls, Count and Jules, were inadvertently allowed to get together. They were always kept separated. The meeting resulted in a terrible fight, with Jules goring, and almost tearing off, Count’s leg. It was a costly fight, with terrifying bellowing by both. It was necessary to kill Count, a task of real effort. Mr. Privett, the Dairy boss, shot him in the forehead twice with a .38 pistol. Then Mr. Grier hit him behind the head several times with a sledge hammer. He finally toppled, and his throat was cut. We had plenty of beef served in the next few weeks and, because I had seen the fight, none of it tasted good to me.
We boys learned about the "birds and bees" from watching Jules and Count service the herd and other farmers' cows in the neighborhood.

The farm boys got their rudimentary sex knowledge from similarly watching the boars service the sows of the large hog herd.

Unfortunately, there was no formal instruction on sexual matters. There was much discussion among the boys about such matters, with little knowledge and much misinformation. Some facts were gleaned from our hygiene textbooks.

Statesville was the largest town in Iredell County and the focus of the farmers' trading. Prior to the paving of the dirt highway through Barium, and before cars and trucks were widely used, we would see farmers in white covered wagons carrying their goods to market. A favorite campground for them was the "Old Soldier's Graveyard", about two miles north of Barium.

Whether or not old soldiers were really buried there is unknown. There was a square graveyard plot some fifty feet on a side with some ten to fifteen headstones. The plot was situated in a large and dark grove of pines. We went there occasionally on walks, but the place was "spooky" to me.

About the mid-twenties, a murder was committed at the graveyard. The murderer was caught and tried in Statesville, with the punishment unknown to me. Thereafter, I think we all avoided the location. The sighing of the wind in the pines seemed more like moans to us, and would raise the hair on our heads.

Statesville had the first stop light I ever saw, at the juncture of Main and Broad Streets. Prior to this a policeman sat in a small stand in the middle of the intersection, usually only on Saturdays. He operated a lever that protruded through the roof and on which were two signs at right angles. One sign read "Stop", the other "Go."

As traffic increased in the twenties, the city installed one light at this same intersection. It had a loud bell, which rang for about five seconds as the light changed from red to green and vice versa. The bell was to alert the drivers.

There was still a considerable amount of horse and mule-drawn wagon traffic up to about 1925. Statesville would be crowded with wagons on Saturdays.
There was a small tobacco factory in Statesville that manufactured plug chewing tobacco. I never sampled their wares, but I used to enjoy walking by and smelling the tobacco.

Interestingly enough, I never recall seeing any of the boys at the Home smoke real tobacco cigarettes. Occasionally someone would buy a pack of Cubebs, an ersatz-type medicinal cigarette. Some of the boys, at about age 14 or 15, would chew tobacco--Spark Plug and Apple Plug tobacco being the most popular. I tried both at age 13. Apple was too strong for my mouth, and Spark Plug made me violently sick when I accidentally swallowed some juice. I never tried it again. Some of the boys were good chewers and proficient spitters -- hitting a target with a stream of tobacco juice. I never saw anyone using snuff, except Bob Templeton, a black farm helper, and Mr. Troy Cavin, the Farm boss.

We did experiment with smoking dried corn silk and "rabbit" tobacco. The latter was stripped from a stalk in the fields. The small leaves were gray on one side, brown on the other. We rolled the leaves in strips of newspaper to form a cigarette. The boys also liked to chew "rabbit" tobacco. It made the salivary juices flow and kept the mouth moist.

In the summer of 1921, a group of about 50 Synod Cottage boys and Annie Louise Cottage girls were taken to Statesville to see a performance of the Sells-Floto Circus. We had good seats in the Main Tent, saw the big top acts, and then were allowed to stay and see the Wild West Cowboy Show, which followed.

The following year, a somewhat larger group of boys and girls - mainly Synod and Annie Louise -- were taken to Statesville in the Home truck and other cars to see the performance of the John Sparks Circus. These were memorable occasions and enthralling to all us children. The clowns, animals, the trapeze artists, and the circus band all combined to entertain and awe us with the acts.

It was my understanding, at the time, that these visits were sponsored by various groups in Statesville, who paid for the Home children to attend.

Curiously, there was no great amount of cursing among the boys, aside from an occasional "Oh, Hell," or "Aw, Damn" when something went wrong. One day, while a group of us boys were playing baseball at Synod Cottage, my brother, Bill, missed a pop fly, and in disgust said, "Well, I'll swear." E. McSherry Hyde, the Superintendent, must have heard this from some 50 yards away. He dashed to our ball diamond and shouted, "You will not swear!"
that time, we had almost forgotten who said it. There was no careless and repetitive use of four letter words, as later generations commonly employed.

A Mr. Young ran an old-fashioned drug store in Troutman. It had all the old patent medicines of the day, plus prescription service and candy and gum. The chocolate Hershey bars were 5 cents each, and about twice the size of present bars. Another favorite was “Juicy Fruit” chewing gum - at the time, in two segmented sticks about 1-1/2 inches wide and 5 inches long, wrapped in “tin” foil (really aluminum foil). He did not have a soda fountain, we had to wait for that until about 1925, when a modern drug store, with soda fountain, booths, and overhead fans, was built next door to the Troutman family home, facing Highway 21. I dated one of the Troutman girls, who lived there.

“Dotty” Neilson’s store, in Troutman, was a mecca for hot dog enthusiasts. He carried a variety of goods, and even had an “art” gallery and barber shop.

One well-known firm was the Troutman Mills, where denim shirts were manufactured. The shirt collar had a small label sewn inside, showing a fisherman with rod and reel and the words “Trout-man” shirts. They were the work shirts for all the Orphanage boys, and were a pretty shade of blue, comfortable, and long wearing. I hauled many a case of shirts from the Mill to Barium in Mr. Lowrence’s one-horse wagon, with “Old Sue” providing the horsepower.

In 1920, Synod Cottage housed 40 boys, 6-11 years of age; Lees Cottage, 36 boys, 12-18 years, usually from the 5th or 6th grade through the 11th. Annie Louise Cottage housed 40 young girls, ages 6-11, and Howard Cottage had 36 girls from 12-18 years of age. Rumple Hall, which was then only the three-story center section, housed the dining room and kitchen, the 16 girl cooks, some waitresses on the second floor, and several teachers on the third floor. “Round Knob”, a two story yellow and white painted house, situated just in front of the dairy barn, housed some 20 boys - the milking gang. A man and his wife were the housekeepers and dairy manager. Each of the other cottages had a matron who ran the cottage, usually assisted by two or three high schools girls. The infirmary housed a matron, nurse and some 6 to 8 girls.

Jennie Gilmer Cottage, Lottie Walker, and the Baby Cottage had not yet been built. Alexander Cottage was only a burned-out shell of a building.

Annie Louise Cottage was the first dormitory erected at Barium. This was followed by Synod Cottage, a small infirmary, then Rumple Hall, Lees Cottage, about 1900, Boyd’s Cottage, Burroughs Cottage (the main office, Alexander Cottage (where the printing plant was housed, Howard Cottage, in 1903, and followed by the new Infirmary in 1916, the Baby Cottage, about 1923,
and, lastly, by Jennie Gilmer in 1923 and Lottie Walker in 1924. The old school building (McNair Building) was built in 1913.

The Regents met in a room in Burroughs Hall. The room was a memorial to Mrs. Carrie Burroughs Dula, and housed many of her personal possessions. The room was beautifully furnished, with large rugs, lovely furniture, and several large mirrors and other items. Included was a machine resembling a phonograph, on which metal records, pierced by many holes of varying sizes, were played. Miss Barnett, the bookkeeper, took me in the room at one time and played the musical instrument for me. It was a very pleasing sound.

Mr. S. A. Grier, a mechanical engineering graduate of North Carolina State (A&M at the time) was the Home engineer, a fine man, and a good friend. I worked for him on his "gang" for about one and one-half years, fixing leaky faucets, repairing wiring, keeping the water pump in order, and cleaning the water tank.

Mr. and Mrs. Grier lived in a small, white cottage where the Baby Cottage was later located. They had one child, a baby girl, who died at about two years of age. Their home was moved on rollers to face the Statesville highway and to make room for the Baby Cottage. Mr. Grier was very religious, in a quiet way. I recall a time when we had fished unsuccessfully for the pump rods on the water pump. He suggested we take a few minutes off. After some ten minutes he came back and said we would now get the rods because he had prayed over the matter. It must have been a good prayer, for we were successful on the next attempt.

I was working for Mr. Grier when we installed the shoe shop machinery and the printing presses prior to the start up of printing the Barium Messenger in 1923.

Mr. Grier was an ardent football fan, having played for North Carolina State around 1900. When Mr. Johnson started football at Barium, Mr. Grier was one of our best cheerleaders.

In a time when spare parts were not easily obtained, Mr. Grier made do on his own. One time, the brass sleeve bearing failed on the water pump. He couldn’t wait for new ones, so he made a clay mold, supported the shaft above it, and poured his own melted babbit around the shaft. It worked beautifully, and was replaced only when the manufactured sleeve arrived.
Mr. Grier was also a very good electrician, taking care of all the wiring problems, transformer, and motor connections, and setting up new machinery such as in the shoe shop and the printing shop.

One of his greatest joys occurred when the new well was drilled near the steam plant, and brought in an abundant supply of clear water, untainted by any iron taste or coloring. The swimming pool was drained, cleaned, and filled with the new water. It was the first time one could see to the bottom of the pool.

I saw Mr. Grier for the last time when I visited him in 1965 at a retirement home just north of Barium Springs. We had a joyful reunion, and discussed many of the things that had happened at Barium.

Mr. J. H. Lowrance was purchasing agent for the Home, buying fertilizer, coal, clothes, and other items. He lived just south of Lees Cottage, where a tennis court was built, and where he plowed and planted a fine vegetable garden. He was in charge of a horse named Sue, and the Orphange truck, both of which did drayage jobs around the campus.

Walter Fraley, Eli Morris, Billy Harrell, and I were Mr. Lowrance’s gang. We drove old Sue, fed and watered the horse and cow, milked the cow, delivered fresh fruit to the cottages, and helped plant and harvest his vegetable garden.

Old Sue really was an old horse. She had a large swelling above her right foot, caused, some people said, by a snake bite. We really never knew.

I would hitch her to the wagon and deliver corn and wheat to the flour mill at Troutman to be ground up for feed for chickens and hogs. The journey back and forth usually took about two hours. The people who operated the flour mill were covered with flour-in the eyebrows, lashes, hair, and in their noses, plus all over their clothes. No dust masks were worn and apparently no one considered that the dust could be harmful. I couldn’t tolerate the dust, and always stayed outside.

Mr. Lowrance bought me my first pair of long trousers in the fall of 1925, and a suit the following spring, from Belk’s Department store in Statesville.

Every Saturday morning, Mrs. Lowrance would ask me to pick a hen from her flock and kill it for her family’s Sunday dinner. After the chicken was killed, she would plunge it into hot water and I would then pick the feathers off. She showed me how to kill a chicken by wringing its neck. This was too barbaric for me, so I usually used an axe to cut its neck off. I wasn’t always accurate,
and the mess that followed, with a half-beheaded and flopping chicken, dispelled my appetite for chicken. I haven’t enjoyed it to this day.

Mrs. Lowrance prepared her own home-churned butter. Many is the hour I sat and churned the dasher up and down to produce butter. As the butter formed, some of it would gather around the stick hole in the top of the churn. Naturally, I wiped this off with my finger and ate it—very delicious. I don’t believe she ever caught me at it.

Old Sue would occasionally be taken to Lottie Walker Cottage on Sunday afternoons, where the girls were permitted to ride her. The girls had lots of fun, but it usually resulted in a swollen foot and a day of rest for Sue.

Billy Harrell and I would both ride Sue in the pasture behind Mr. Lowrance’s house. We rode together, bareback, in a kind of lumbering gallop, with one or the other falling off now and then.

Old Sue died at about age 27 and was buried near the Farm horsebarn. In later years, Mr. Lowrance was entirely responsible for purchasing clothes for the children. He established a clothes room in the laundry building, from whence allocations were made to the children. Suits for the older boys were purchased by Mr. Lowrance in Statesville.

**RUMPLE HALL**

All of the children ate in old, three-story Rumple Hall, which housed the dining hall, kitchen, and some bedrooms. It was relatively small in 1920, before the two-story North and South wings had been added.

There was a piano at the entrance to the dining room, on which sat a bell, which was tapped (by Bertie Craig, in 1920) for a moment of silence while someone asked a blessing—usually a faculty member. A green placard, with gold lettering, which sat atop the piano, had the following verse on it:

Christ is the Head of this house  
The unseen guest at every meal  
An ever-present help in trouble.

Eight people were seated to each table. The head of each table was a matron, a member of the faculty, or one of the older high school girls. Food for the students was placed on the table, but members of the faculty and matrons were served from dishes prepared especially for them and carried from table
to table by the waitresses. After Mr. Johnston came, this practice was discontinued, and everyone ate the same food prepared in the new kitchen.

Each person at the table recited a Bible verse prior to being served. Lola Earnhart, head of my first table, told me to say, "Jesus wept," which I did for several days until she suggested I learn something new. I learned John 3:16. This practice was also dispensed with after Mr. Johnston came to the Home.

Prior to the rebuilding and additions to Rumple Hall, most of the windows, unfortunately, lacked screens or had big holes in them, hence, in summertime, as soon as the blessing was asked and everyone sat down, hordes of flies descended on the hall and joined in the meal. At each table, a newspaper was tacked to a broomstick and cut into streamers with scissors. It was the duty of each child, in turn, to wave it back and forth over the table to keep the flies away.

In addition, there were yellow, sticky sheets of "fly paper" about a foot square on each table and spiral streamers of the same material hung by each window. These were very effective at snaring flies but never seemed to make much headway against the swarms.

The standbys for breakfast were oatmeal or corn flakes, along with grits, rice, or another dish, plus bread. Dinner, as we called the mid-day meal, was mostly vegetables grown at the Home, always served with plenty of cooked, flat, white bread, which we called "flat cake." There was a little butter, but the bread was usually generously smeared with molasses from the ever-present metal container of molasses on each table. There were "soup" days and "hash" days each week. Supper usually consisted of grits, rice, or hominy, some meat, like meatloaf, or sausage, in winter, occasionally a pork chop, potatoes, beans, and rice pudding or applesauce for dessert. There was always plenty of bread and milk from the Home's Holstein herd.

A favorite dish of the children was "liver pudding", which, years later in my travels in the North, I learned was called "Philadelphia Scrapple," in that area mostly as a breakfast food.

One dessert which always was a hit with the children was generous servings of ginger bread.

Sometimes in the spring and summer, the cows would eat patches of wild onions. The milk had a strong taste and smell of onions and was unpalatable, even when icy cold. This condition would pass in a few days. All the milk produced at the Home was served as raw milk-not pasteurized. The herd was
tested for tuberculin bacteria from time to time and I never heard of an ill effect on the children from drinking milk.

There were no meals served in the dining hall on Sunday nights. A box of apple butter and peanut butter sandwiches, along with a five gallon can of milk, were delivered to each Cottage. The peanut butter sandwiches were the most popular and disappeared the quickest. In summer, the milk was usually warm and not very palatable until the new refrigerated milk room was built under the Rumple Hall kitchen.

The so-called "flat cake" bread, which we really did enjoy, was a sort of sourdough bread baked in a large brick oven, which was fired by coal from outside the building. The dough was rolled out in large flat pans and, after the bread was baked, it was cut into numerous pieces of all shapes and sizes. The bread was about the height of a normal biscuit. A piece or two of this bread, tucked inside one's shirt, provided a delicious repast between meals.

Archie Moore was the fireman for the bread oven when I went to Barium. After the new kitchen was built, the Home purchased "Aunt Sally's Bread" from the A. J. Sally Bakery in Statesville.

Corn bread was still baked at the Home and served plain and with cracklings, especially after a hog killing in the fall.

During the rebuilding of Rumple Hall, Mr. S. A. Grier, the engineer for the Home, erected scaffolding and installed a new bell in the bell tower. The old one had cracked, and it later became one of two inverted flower pots in front of the Lottie Walker building.

The bell in Rumple Hall tower called us for wake-up times, all meals, and school and work periods. The schedule of the day, except Saturday and Sunday, was as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Activity</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:30 A.M.</td>
<td>Wake Up Time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00 - 7:30 A.M.</td>
<td>Breakfast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00 - 12:00 NOON</td>
<td>Morning School and work</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15 - 12:45 P.M.</td>
<td>Luncheon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00 - 5:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Afternoon School and work</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:00 - 6:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Recreation and Play Period</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:00 - 6:30 P.M.</td>
<td>Supper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00 - 9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Study Hall (in Cottage or School Building)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30 - 10:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Lights Out</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
During the summer of 1922, Mrs. Will Reynolds, of the famed Winston-Salem Reynolds family, provided the entire student body with ice cream one evening a week. This was a most welcome treat for everyone.

Taking things more or less in chronological order, the first improvement was Rumple Hall. Aside from the added space, light and cleanliness of the dining room, was the greatly improved, newly-acquired kitchen facilities.

The kitchen was completely new. An automatic potato peeler was installed (a great relief from hours of peeling by hand), new ovens for baking bread, new steam facilities for cooking, large food preparation and serving tables, a new cold storage room for perishables, and for handling milk along with a separator.

The food was served faster, hotter, cleaner, and more appetizing. A side benefit was enjoyed in summer when the boys would pick blackberries and carry them to the kitchen girls, who would cook us blackberry pies on a ratio of one for them, one for us. A boy could ask for the pie to be served at his table.

About 1925, Mr. Johnston arranged an annual visit to Barium by the Kiwanis (he was a Kiwanis Club member), Rotary, and Lions Clubs of Statesville, usually in the fall after hog killing. The kitchen girls prepared wonderful meals of grits, sausage, gravy, and biscuits for our visitors, who were dispersed among the tables to eat with the students. The occasion developed fine support for the Home and developed some needed experience by the students for outside contact. I devised the program cover for Mr. Edwards, and printed the program under his supervision. The cover had on it a combination of the lettering of the three Clubs, as follows:

```
R
LIONS
T
KIWANIS
R
Y
```

In summer and fall, the children from Synod and Annie Louise Cottages sat out front of Rumple Hall and shelled tubs of blackeyed peas, green peas, butter beans, and strung the string beans.

The annual campus picture of the children was always taken in front of Rumple Hall by the J. W. Moon Company, from Charlotte.
During reconstruction of Rumple Hall, the old central section of the building was also rebuilt to provide new bedrooms and bathrooms for both teachers and young girls.
CHURCH

During the early 1920's, on Sunday mornings it was customary for the children of each cottage to go on a long walk usually to the spring. After lunch, following a short rest period, all children dressed and went to Sunday School which was held at 2:00. At 3:00 regular church services were held in Little Joe's Church. Prayer meeting, as we called it, was held every Wednesday night from 7:00 to 8:00. Christian Endeavor or the Presbyterian Young Peoples League meetings were held for the high school students on Sunday nights, beginning about 1923.

Dr. Harry M. Parker, an elderly, retired missionary from China was our pastor. He preached at West End Presbyterian Church in Statesville on Sunday mornings and at Barium in the afternoons. He was the son of Presbyterian missionaries to China and, as I recall, his father had been killed in the Boxer Rebellion.

Dr. Parker was a well-educated man and his sermons were quite erudite. Most, I think, were over the heads of the younger children. He was the best and most fascinating storyteller I have ever heard. He would gather the Synod Cottage boys around him on the concrete porch each Wednesday night prior to the prayer meeting service and keep the group enthralled with some story. Usually these stories were fairy tales or condensation of novels he had read. The 1924 “Spotlight” Annual was dedicated to him. After he retired about 1923, our pastor was Dr. W.C. Brown for whom a manse was built just north of the campus on the newly paved Statesville highway.

For the first two years I was there, the Rev. Long, son of a Judge Long in Statesville, preached the sermon on Mother’s Day. He was an excellent and emotional orator. When he preached on Mother’s Day, the sobs were audible and there was never a dry eye in the church.

Children from each cottage sat together as groups in designated locations in the church. The faculty sat in the rear of the church and the choir was made up of faculty and students. I well remember Mr. Young, a druggist from Troutman and an elder, passing the offering plate. He just sort of waved it over the end of the rows in which children sat as he never expected a contribution.

Popular church hymns were: “Onward Christian Soldiers”, “The Old Rugged Cross”, “Power in the Blood”, “Sweet Hour of Prayer”, “When The Roll is Called up Younder”, “Bringing in the Sheaves”, “Beulah Land”, “In the Garden”, and “The Little Church in the Wildwood”. These are hymns that are rarely heard nowadays. The latter hymn was sung enthusiastically, especially
on the chorus of, "o come, come, come, come, come to the church in the Wildwood, O come to the church in the vale...". There was sort of rollicking exhilarating good march cadence to "Onward Christian Soldiers". A piano provided the music.

In 1921, when I was still in the third grade, I recited the Child’s Catechism of 246 questions and was recognized in church the following Sunday with presentation of a New Testament. The following year when I was in the fourth grade, I recited the Westminster shorter catechism of 107 questions to Mrs. Chambers and was rewarded in church with a Bible on which my name was printed on gold letters.

After Dr. Brown came as pastor, church services and Sunday School were held on Sunday mornings.

In addition to formal church services, devotionals were held in the dining room after breakfast each morning. Usually a short passage from the Bible was read and then a call for some scripture recitation. Passages like the 8th, 23rd, 91st and 121st Psalms were recited from a long list we were supposed to memorize. Helen Dezern was phenomenal; she had memorized all the scriptures on the list and when others faltered, she kept right on. The meetings were concluded with a short prayer.

One year Mr. Johnston had a group from each of the cottages conduct the Sunday morning devotional.

In some cottages, a short Bible reading and recitation of the Lord’s Prayer was offered prior to going to bed.

From time to time since leaving Barium, I have tried to get a list of the Bible memory selections. Some of my classmates remember the list but none has a copy. Memorizing the selections was wonderful training for the mind as well as life. I wish my own children had something similar in their growing up years, aside from Sunday School and Church.

We all learned the story of Joe Gilliland and Little Joe’s Church as soon as we reached the Home.

Joe Gilliland was a nine-year old child who died at the Home. His expressed dream was to build a church with porches on it, at the Orphanage. From his savings of forty-five cents and contributions, the dream was realized.
As part of Bible studies I learned almost all of the printed list of memory selections from the Bible and most stay with me to this day. From time to time I've had my wife ask me how I knew so many passages and could recite them.

After Jennie Gilmer cottage was built, Mr. Johnston conducted a Sunday School Class there each week for the cottage boys. Jennie Gilmer boys also were ushers at church services each Sunday.

Bertie Craig was my first Sunday School teacher. Classes were held in the Auditorium of the School Building. Each child was handed a printed card on which a Biblical scene was printed on one side. The other side had a "Golden Test", a verse from the Bible, and a short story of the lesson.

From time to time, we would have returned missionaries tell us of their experiences in the far corners of the earth. Their tales were entrancing in many respects, grim in others, but always with hope of accomplishment. I especially enjoyed hearing the medical missionaries, although it seemed they were against insurmountable odds. We learned of the cruelties of the Turks toward the Armenians, the cruelty of the Japanese toward the Koreans and the many superstitions and the religions or faiths practiced around the world. It was clear that Americans were privileged people but even this feeling suffered somewhat when we heard stories from our Home Missionaries, usually from Kentucky or West Virginia.

Revivals were held yearly in the spring for three nights. Exhortations were made for the children to join the Church and as far as I know every person at Barium was a church member. I joined the church in 1924 when I was in the seventh grade and felt good about it.

John Parks, son of the Station Agent, was the only young man I knew who became a Presbyterian Minister, after attending Davidson and Seminary.

The Presbyterian Standard, published in Richmond, was received in each cottage regularly. I used to enjoy solving its cross word puzzles using Biblical knowledge and references.

Christian Endeavor* and later Presbyterian Young Peoples League groups were popular with the High School boys and girls. The groups met at the Church every Sunday night. It was a good chance to see the girls.

*(I recall that many of us as youngsters thought "Christian Endeavor" was, "Christian and Devil." Ed.)
Many people from the surrounding area, not connected with the Home, attended Church regularly.

Every child was encouraged to read the entire Bible. This accomplishment was on an honor system and declaration that one had read it was reason for a better grade in Bible in regular school. I persevered at this task for two or three months and finally accomplished the job. While the task seemed onerous at the time, the benefits have been enormous. I have always preferred the King James Version for the beauty of its language, although I realize some of its words are better understood in the modern revised versions.

Each cottage had an illustrated book on "The Story of the Bible". These books were very helpful to the younger children.

While it was never an item for discussion in Church, the John T. Scopes trial in Dayton, Tenn. in July, 1925 was discussed in our regular Bible studies in school. The newspapers named the case "The Monkey Trial" because Mr. Scopes was tried for teaching the Darwinian theories on the origin of man. William Jennings Bryan, a famous churchman, preacher and politician, was the plaintiff lawyer and Clarence Darrow, a famous criminal lawyer, defended Mr. Scopes. The case ended in Mr. Scopes losing his teaching job.

THE SPRING

In addition to his duties as Southern Railway Station agent, Mr. Parks was also in charge of bottling and distributing the Barium Springs rock water, which came from a spring said to have been discovered in 1775. A small booklet had been printed by the Home to publicize the remarkable curative effects of the water. Among its purported cures were eczema, stomach ailments, cancer, rheumatism, kidney, liver and blood poisoning. There were numerous testimonials printed in the booklet from satisfied patrons. There was even a testimonial letter from the Rev. R. W. Boyd, dated February 10, 1903. He was a former Superintendent of the Home.

The Springs was located about a mile southeast of the Home and adjacent to the Barium Springs Lodge. Over the spring was a small, one-story pine wood framed shelter. The outside of both the Lodge and the spring shelter were covered with pine slabs.

The spring water flowed from a pipe coming out of a large rock. There was a spigot where one could take a drink, always refreshing and cold, and about a 2" pipe, which flowed some 100 feet to the bottling house. The bottling house was a one-story yellow and white clapboard building, about 25 feet wide and 50 feet long. The water flowed into two large galvanized steel tanks ex-
tending the length of the building. The tanks had numerous spigots on one side and the bottles were placed under these as they were filled.

Each Friday or Saturday, Mr. Parks would load up a flat bed wagon, pulled by a mule, and take some 40 to 50 bottles of water to Statesville. He had a regular route delivering the bottles and picking up the empties.

In addition to the above-named cures, the water was supposed to be good for promoting the growth of hair. Since my father had lost most of his, I didn’t want to be in the same circumstance as I grew older, and I, therefore, drank copious quantities of the good, cool, wonderful-tasting water. Alas, it had some effect, until after I reached to the age of 40.

A five-gallon demijohn cost $2.50, one-gallon bottles $3.50 each, and half-gallon bottles at $3.50 each, in cases of 12. The water was also sold in 20, 33, and 53 gallon barrels, possibly prior to 1920, as I never saw the larger containers in use. The larger barrel cost $9.00, and there was a rebate for returning the bottles and the crates.

There was a road and several trails leading to the spring. It was a most popular place for picnicking and hiking. The small creek flowing nearby was a favorite place to catch "crawdads", or crayfish. There was a nearby mulberry tree, a walnut tree, plenty of blackberry bushes, and trees with lots of mistletoe - all of which were regularly visited in its season.

All the Cottages, at one time or another, visited the spring on a Sunday hike. Everyone loved the place, but I heard that one of the Home’s later Superintendents destroyed the entire spring. What a thoughtless deed, and how wasteful and destructive it was.

In the years I was at Barium, I never heard of any lack of water from the spring. It always flowed a clear, clean, and apparently potable water.

THE BARIUM SPRINGS LODGE

The Lodge was a fascinating old hotel, constructed of pine wood, probably some time prior to 1900. It was typical of the resort hotels of the day, built at various “watering holes.”

The building was approximately octagonal in shape, had a basement with large rock wall foundations, and had three stories above ground. It was mostly on level ground, with the side toward the spring on land sloping toward the spring.
The basement housed the kitchen and a glass-windowed dining room overlooking the land toward the spring. The ground floor had a registration desk and office, several rooms, a large lobby or lounging area, and a large screened porch above the dining room. On the porch were numerous straight and rocking chairs, a sofa or two, and a swing. It could accommodate approximately thirty to forty guests.

The two top floors contained guest rooms with a "community bath" room on each floor. The rooms were built more or less in a circle with a walkway outside each room door, all built around a central atrium, which looked directly down into the lobby.

Stairs led from floor to floor. Three meals a day were served, along with copious quantities of spring water. The Lodge was still in limited use by guests until 1922. For several years afterward, it was occupied solely by a Mr. Foster and his daughter, a school teacher at the Home, who acted as caretakers. It was a beautiful old structure, but was considered a fire trap, and was finally torn down about 1927.

As we children used to go to the Spring on walks, we would explore the Lodge, walking up and down the stairs and delving into all the rooms. It was considered too dangerous; therefore, the doors were locked to prevent entry.

(It is my understanding that the original hotel at Barium was built on the spot where Rumple Hall later stood. If so, it was probably built earlier - about 1880 as the Lodge was built prior to 1900.)

**LEES COTTAGE**

In the fall of 1922, my brother Bill and I were sent to Lees Cottage. He was in the fourth grade and during that year I made two grades, the fifth and sixth. Lees Cottage was one of the oldest on the campus and was in terrible condition. The floors on the second story where the boys lived were worn down so badly that there were ridges where the planks crossed the sleepers. The floor was worn down between the sleepers and nail heads were exposed where the floor planks had been nailed to the floor cross members. Woe to any careless bare-footed boy! The hallway running from one end of the second floor to the other was lined on each side with trunks, the old chest-type trunks used at that time, and were the only repositories for clothes, books and keep-sakes.

Each of the rooms, about nine, had two double-decker beds for sleeping a total of four boys. There were no closets in the rooms but most had a mirror on the wall and a small bureau. There were no screens, curtains, or shades on the windows.
Clayton "Creepy" Jordan and I were the "house cats". We made the beds each day and changed the sheets and pillow-cases once each week. We swept the rooms and halls daily and made a noble effort to keep the two bathrooms in reasonably sanitary condition, which was almost an impossibility due to the very old plumbing system. There were two shower heads in the basement with hot water available on Saturday. Many showers were taken in cold water. After 1922, there was ample hot water from the new boiler house lines.

The very worst thing about living in Lees Cottage was the terrible infestation of bed bugs. They were fat and healthy and infested the floors, walls, mattresses and inside the coiled springs on each bed. In summer time sleeping was most uncomfortable, if not impossible.

About every other month "Creepy" and I along with the matron would go room to room and spray beds, mattresses and the wall cracks with an evil smelling spray to endeavor to make some headway. The problem was not overcome until Lees Cottage was gutted in 1923 and the interior rebuilt with the installation of all new bedding and disposal of all trunks. The rebuilt building had sleeping porches at each end. Each room had several built in lockers, study desks and chairs. All clothing was then stored in the new lockers. The Lees Cottage boys were moved, approximately half to the new Jennie Gilmer Cottage and the younger half to Howard Cottage while Lees was being rebuilt.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Stollenwerck, who had come from Alabama, were custodians of the boys in the old building and left when the boys were transferred to Howard Cottage. Mr. Stollenwerck was a good mechanic and worked on the Home automobiles as well as tending to the new boiler in reconstructed Rumple Hall, which provided the heat for all cooking. They had two daughters, neither of whom had ever seen any snow prior to coming to North Carolina.

About 1923, my brother Bill and Parks Earnhart ran away. They got as far as Mooresville (12 miles) before being returned by a deputy sheriff. Bill told me they had no particular place in mind to go but simply wanted to "get away". A whipping and no supper was the punishment.

Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays were a time for fireworks. Fire crackers ranged in size from the small bunched bundles to 2" long and the "thunderbolts" 6" long. They were relatively inexpensive, a package of four 2" firecrackers (called "Salutes") costing 10 cents a pack. "Torpedoes", small balls about 1" in diameter would explode on contact when thrown against a solid surface and make a terrifically loud noise. And of course "sparklers" were very popular and fairly safe. Woe betide the boy who lighted a
firecracker in his hand and to make sure the fuse was burning, held on a little too long. It would numb the hand for hours. In spite of many accidents there was only one case of tetanus, that to Charlie Moore who died of it. The fireworks were bought for the most part from the Ostwalt family, who owned a country store at Oswalt, a tiny village about 3 1/2 miles south of Barium.

The older Lees Cottage boys had regular "trap" lines setting out rabbit "hollows", a simple and easily built hollow wooden box with a sliding trap door sprung by a rabbit tripping the trigger. These traps were set out during winter in the fields around the Orphanage. The boys would get up about five o'clock in the morning, usually every other day, and go inspect the traps. Any rabbit found was quickly dispatched by a hand blow behind the head, carried back to the Home, skinned and offered for sale in Statesville for 25 or 30 cents. Occasionally a trap would net an opossum which was killed or sold alive in a toe sack.

The boys were adept at catching king snakes and bringing them to school inside their shirts. Many a class was disrupted by girls screaming at the sight of a snake. The boy was usually punished by whipping, staying after school or, worst of all, having to work on Saturday afternoon.

We would also catch baby squirrels and keep them in boxes in the cottage and feed them with milk and scraps from the dining table.

In 1923, my father sent my brothers and me a "Word" coaster bicycle and a "Flying Arrow" sled, the first real sled at the Orphanage. About this time John Alexander’s father sent him a "Columbia" bicycle. Others acquiring bicycles were Clayton Jordan, Thad Brock, and Walter Fraley. We all rode them to Statesville or Troutman on the newly paved state highway. All the bikes were equipped with coaster brakes, either "Morrow" or "New Departure". We spent endless hours arguing the merits of the two and many hours repairing tire punctures and taking apart and rebuilding the brakes. They were wonderful to ride on all the walks, trails and dirt roads around Barium and to Statesville on the paved highway.

We would "catch" rides from Statesville to Barium holding on to the sides of trucks or automobiles and let them pull us. It was a dangerous practice resulting in a painful accident at one time to Thad Brock. If the driver of the vehicle veered too close to the side of the road one's bicycle was forced onto the rough shoulder giving the rider a severe shaking. The king of bicycles was the "Iver-Johnson" with a double bar running from the seat to the fork. Other bicycles had only one. My brother had owned an "Iver-Johnson" before we came to the Home; so I was an authority on this make. The best bicycle seat was a "Troxel", wide, soft and very comfortable.
When we rode bicycles to Statesville to see a movie, we would chain and lock them to a telephone pole in front of the theatre or leave them at the Carolina Motor Co., the Ford dealer, where my friend Mr. Bremon Quinn would allow us to park them.

On one occasion Mr. and Mrs. Quinn and their daughter Jean came to Barium to take me to Statesville to meet a train on which my mother was a passenger. We had a ten minute visit with her.

We were always discussing our desires to have motorcycles which were well out of reach. The police officers of the day used them for transportation. The outstanding makes were "Harley-Davidson" and "Indian".

Mr. Johnston had the first car at Barium, a Dort. About 1924, Mr. John Thomas bought a four-door Dodge, "touring car" with solid disc metal wheels, for which he bragged, he paid $1,000. This was followed by Mr. Grier's purchase of an Essex sedan. The Home had in the meantime purchased, about 1922, a "T" Model Ford Truck with removable wooden sides in which was printed: "Presbyterian Orphans Home, Barium Springs, N.C.". Mr. Johnston later bought a two-door Buick which would carry five or six passengers.

All of these cars were used from time to time to carry the students to Statesville to the movies and to Davidson for football games, as well as transporting the teams to football and basketball games.

A "T" Model Ford Sedan was purchased about 1925 by the Home and was on call for Mr. Lowrance, Rosie McMillan or an older boy on an errand for the Home. Eli Morris and Bob Estridge drove the truck most of the time.

In 1921, my uncle, Roland Walters, his wife and my two sisters drove to Barium from Charlotte over the dirt highway to visit my brother and me. He drove a King 8 car which was scrutinized from every angle by the Synod Cottage boys. My uncle had lived in England at one time and on returning to America came to Charlotte and started the manufacture of the first small or midget car in America. It was later featured in an article in "The State" magazine. Legal suits by Henry Ford exhausted his capital and the company went under.

Mr. Troy Cavin, the farm boss after Mr. Lackey died, had a "T" Model Ford pickup truck which we used to haul fruits, vegetables, tools, etc. around the campus. This was the first automobile I learned to drive.

A group of the faculty took the train to Charlotte about 1923 or 1924 to see and hear the famous evangelist Billy Sunday. A religious "tabernacle" had been
built and the services were conducted nightly for a week. Mr. Sunday had been a former baseball player among other things, had reformed and began preaching nationwide. He was quite successful, in an era when there were many popular evangelists.

About these same years a group went to Charlotte to hear an American operatic singer, one of the first Americans apparently to achieve stardom with the Metropolitan Opera. I think she had been a Kansas farm girl.

Raafael Sabatini wrote "Captain Blood", a novel, and during Christmas holidays about 1923 the Crescent Theatre had J. Warren Kerrigan in the movie "Captain Blood". It was on the screen about a week and most orphan boys saw it at least once.

Another picture was "Moby Dick" with either John or Lionel Barrymore as the star. Since these were silent pictures, music accompanied most showings usually a piano player or player piano, with music suitable for the scenes. "Just a Song at Twilight" was background music for a sad scene in this one.

Mr. Johnston experimented with a program to acquaint the children with handling money. He started a banking system, whereby each student was credited with a certain amount of money, say $5.00. This money was in aluminum script which he had made. Certain extra duties would increase the account and at some point the script was convertible into dollars at a low rate of exchange. It became, in time, too complicated and was done away with in favor of a regular savings and checking account bank.

The bank was in the main office building and John Craig was the banker, teller and custodian. Anyone who had real money could open an account or have credited to the account 20 cents per hour for Saturday afternoon work or vacation time spent working. No interest was paid. Checks were printed by the printing office and money could be drawn by using a counter check.

This was a very fine innovation for the students. It allowed them a place to deposit money for it to be kept safely and gave them experience in handling it. Most checks were written for under one dollar.

In the summer of 1924, I was allowed to work my vacation on the rebuilding of Howard Cottage. I worked 10 hours a day for 20 cents an hour, for two weeks, resulting in some $25.00 which I deposited in the Home bank.

It was a real good experience. I hauled concrete and plaster in a wheelbarrow and carried wood and other items for the carpenters and plumber.
The kitchen staff arranged for me to get an early breakfast at about 6:30 a.m. and have lunch in the kitchen at 12 noon. We had the very best of food.

Once each year in late summer, a holiday was declared for the older students to attend State Farm Day held at the State’s agricultural experimental farm just west of Statesville.

Contests were held and prizes given for the best preserves, canning, cattle, sheep, etc. It seemed to me that the authorities were unerring in their decision to pick the hottest day of the year. There was always plenty of lemonade to drink at 10 cents a cup but never a place to find a drink of water. Farmer families attended enmass and made a picnic day of it.

Robert Beattie and I took two of my hard earned dollars, went to the State Farm in the morning, got tired of it and then went to Statesville for a movie. We ate several hotdogs and drank Coca-Colas and on the way back to Barium bought some Oreo cookies and bananas. We didn’t get sick but we didn’t eat supper either.

A typical Saturday afternoon in Statesville started with catching rides or hiking to Statesville immediately after the noon meal was over at 12:45 P.M. We could make the five miles to town in about one hour walking and running but usually caught a ride.

The first thing was to get a bag of popcorn or peanuts, then go to a movie. After the movie we would go to the nearest hotdog stand (there were several) get a 5 cent hotdog with weiner, kraut, mustard and chili, plus a 5 cent Coca-Cola. Then to Roses or another store to get 5 cents worth of penny plug licorice, called “One Navy Cent”. We would then walk to Boulevard Street to get a ride or more often walk down Main Street to the railroad station, get a big piece of Dentyne Gum for 1 cent from a slot machine, check the train schedules and usually see a freight or passenger train come into the station and depart. If we had any money or appetite remaining, we would get a most delicious 5 cent hotdog at a lunch stand at the station, then walk the tracks to Boulevard St. to catch a ride to Barium.

On other occasions we would shop for food to supplement our meals at Barium, or buy things we did not ordinarily receive. The self-serve Piggly Wiggly store was our most desirable and inexpensive store. I would buy a large box, about 12 oz., of Sun Maid Raisins for 10 cents. A box of 12 Shredded Wheat Biscuits (not really biscuits) which cost 13 cents per package. Ginger Snap cookies cost 5 cents per box as did a box of Cheese Tidbits. Gasoline cost 12 and a half cents per gallon and kerosene (still used in lamps) cost less.
One of the best bargains in Statesville was an egg sandwich bought from a small "hole in the wall" restaurant located next door to one of the theatres. It was run by some Greek people who apparently did well. The sandwich consisted of one egg scrambled into a patty, placed on a large round bun with tomato and mayonnaise and lettuce; the whole costing 10 cents. They were really delicious.

If by chance we went to two movies or were otherwise delayed, we could and sometimes did take the 7:00 PM train to Barium for 16 cents. The older boys at Lees or Jennie Gilmer were excused from Saturday night meals if they so desired.

After Lees Cottage was rebuilt a candy store was opened in one of the rooms facing the front porch. A pretty young lady named Judy McCoy was the store keeper. I sat beside her at a dining room table. The shop sold candy bars of all types, chewing gum and licorice plugs. I was a regular purchaser and I think Judy occasionally gave me a "bakers dozen" when counting. The store was open only in the afternoons from about 4 to 6 o’clock. All candy bars cost 5 cents each.

In 1923, while I was at Lees, Mr. Lowrance drove Mr. Johnston, my three brothers and me to Statesville to catch an early morning train to Asheville. There was to be a court hearing to determine if we were to stay at Barium. My father, whom I hadn’t seen in three years, joined the train at Hickory.

We were standing in front of the old Bon Marche department store on Patton Avenue when my mother saw us from her hat shop across the street. She came over and spoke to us and Mr. Johnston. We went to the court house and found that the hearing had been postponed for some reason. We all then returned to the railroad station and caught a train to Statesville.

Mr. Johnston got us seats in the parlor or observation car on the end of the train. It had a small platform on the end of the car where we sat as we went through several tunnels between Black Mountain and Old Fort. Mr. Johnston ordered dishes of ice cream for us and paid 20 cents per dish. It seemed such an extravagance at the time, although we did enjoy the ice cream.

About 1924, the government began flying airmail. The route from Washington to Atlanta was just east of Barium Springs. On clear nights we could stand in front of Jennie Gilmer and see the flashes across the sky of several rotating guide beacons on the route. Since navigation depended upon visual view of the beacons, there were many accidents in bad weather. One particular pilot
achieved some publicity for walking away from several crashes. One was on the edge of a cliff in the mountains in Western Carolina.

One day in summer, about 1925, the entire school was let out to glimpse the dirigible Shenandoah which was supposed to fly in a path from Charlotte to Washington and be visible. Alas, two hours or more scanning of the skies revealed nothing. The dirigible later crashed over Ohio in a violent storm.

THE NEW ERA

In 1922, Mr. J.B. Johnston drove up to the Home in his Dort automobile, with the thermometer sticking up out of the radiator cap. Things were never the same again at Barium - and thankfully so. So began a completely new era in child care. A case worker, Miss Stevens, was employed, Lees and Howard Cottages were rebuilt, as was Alexander. Lottie Walker, for older girls, was constructed, along with Jennie Gilmer, for the older boys. Mr. Grier’s house was moved to make way for construction of the Baby Cottage. Rumple Hall had already been greatly enlarged by the addition of two wings and a new kitchen and cold storage rooms for the milk and other perishables.

Other physical plant improvements were the hot water lines to each building, the new boiler installations, sidewalks with drains, a new laundry and sewing building, the drilling of a new well, fencing the campus, and construction of the two highway underpasses.

It was a completely new era and atmosphere on the campus, especially new freedoms and educational reforms began to be felt and taken pride in. It was akin to being liberated from confinement.

Mr. Johnson’s contributions to Barium were many, but a few stand out in my mind as superlative:

1. Organized athletics
2. Better schooling
3. Aid for college students
4. Improved and new housing
5. Establishment of the “Barium Messenger”
6. Organizing the Home’s Financing and Bookkeeping
Mr. Johnston erected a sign at each end of the campus on the side of the highway, reading:

Presbyterian Orphan’s Home
Barium Springs, N.C.
360 Children
Owned and operated by
The Synod of North Carolina

The signs were large, done in colors in a really professional way, were attractive, and left no doubt as to what the Home was.

During this era, the quality of clothes for the boys and girls was vastly improved. Overalls were for work only, and no longer permissible in the dining hall. Denim shirts for boys were used only for work as well. More store-bought clothes for both boys and girls were dispensed. Haircuts for boys, and more hair styling for the girls were a regular part of life. Cleanliness was the norm.

Mr. Johnston saw to it that anyone who wanted to leave and could find relatives to care for them was free to go. Boys no longer ran away; however, a few did elect to enlist in the Army or Navy - usually those who had no interest in further schooling and were at least sixteen years of age.

In schooling a survey was made of high school students to determine those who could do the work and aspired to college, those who were more inclined to do commercial work in the business world, and those whose talents lay more in trade school areas, such as auto mechanics, or electricians. They were then directed in courses of study to provide necessary background training for the different fields of endeavor.

HEALTH CARE

The infirmary, as has been mentioned, took care of all the childhood diseases. Any serious health problem was taken to Statesville to Davis Hospital.

As has been mentioned, little organized care was undertaken until Mr. Johnston came. In 1922, all children were vaccinated for typhoid by Dr. M. R. Adams from Statesville. These shots became a standard health measure every three years thereafter.

About 1925, all children were given a tuberculin test, and several students were found to have tuberculosis and rest treatment was provided for them at some Sanitarium.*
Children were also examined for dental needs, and care was provided in better measure than prior to 1922.

The first serious accident I recall at Barium was a compound fracture of the left arm of Edward Fraley, class of 1923, who was trying to slip a leather belt over an electric motor pulley, and got his arm caught.

In 1923, Julian West, Eugene Kerr, and I were the three members of the "Broken Arm Club." My break was the result of pole vaulting, Gene's and Julian's resulted from trying to crank the Home's "T" Model Ford auto. The crank was located in front of the car, just below the radiator. This was before auto "self-starters", as they were then called. The spark and gas levers were mounted on the steering wheel column, and adjusted prior to each cranking of the engine. Too much "spark" or ignition, and a backfire in the engine cylinder resulted in a quick, powerful reverse (counterclockwise) spinning of the crank. The crank handle usually caught the cranker just about the wrist and usually broke it. There was a group picture of us in the 1924 "Spotlight" annual with the motto, "Get out of as much work as possible," which we did. Mr. Johnston drove me to Statesville where my arm was x-rayed and set at Davis Hospital, then located on Main Street.

Buck Squires had an accident to his hand, as mentioned in notes on the Barium Messenger. He had an excellent recovery.

So far as I know, only three people died at the Infirmary during my stay at Barium. The first was Richard Archibald, a twelve-year-old, and a distant cousin, in 1922 from typhoid, it was said. The second death occurred to Charlie Moore, also about twelve years old, in 1924, from Tetanus, resulting from a cap pistol wound. The third death was that of John Craig, aged about 20, a midget, 1926, I believe.

Kilby Wilson, a young boy about 10 years of age, died in Statesville from a burst appendix in about 1923.

Mrs. Herman became the Infirmary nurse about 1922, succeeding Miss Critz.

Most infirmary services involved cuts, bruises, a nail in the foot, or care for measles, mumps, whooping cough, chicken pox, and colds and flu.

Theodore Brock, of the class of 1924, had a club foot. Mr. Johnston arranged for several operations on this foot in Charlotte, and between visits to the hos-
hospital, he let Theodore reside in his home. The operations were a complete success.

Another successful operation was that on Lafayette "Toe" Donaldson, who had a severe burn from scalding water on his foot. The toes were drawn up and there was considerable damage to the top of the foot. "Toe" had walked with a severe limp until after the operation healed the foot and toes and gave him a reasonably normal foot.

My brother, Ned, had a severe accident while unloading a freight car at the depot. The rear end of a wagon caught the freight car door and closed it against his head just back of the ear. It was a severe injury, with blood coming from his mouth, ears, and eyes. He was rushed to Davis Hospital for treatment. His hearing was impaired, his eyes were crossed for months, and he developed a stutter in his speech. He never fully recovered from this accident, although he continued to improve through the years.

When I got to Barium, I suffered severely from asthma and hay fever. Dust would make me sneeze for hours on end, and occasional asthma attacks were frightening experiences as I struggled for breath. I went to the infirmary several times with attacks and obtained relief from inhaling the smoke from burning "Green Mountain" asthma powders. In the summer of 1921, I was detailed along with other boys from Synod Collage to distribute the wheat straw in the dairy barn, as the threshing machine threw it into the loft. After half a day, I couldn't speak and was gasping for breath. The same thing happened when we handled some cottonseed hulls at the dairy barn.

Beginning in the summer of 1922, there was a regular procession of children to Davis Hospital for removal of tonsils and adenoids. A group of three or four were taken at a time. I went in 1922 with two other boys. We were driven to the hospital by Mr. Johnston about 7:00 a.m., operated on by 8:00 a.m., woke up about 3:00 p.m., and carried back to the Orphanage, where we were given ice cream to soothe our sore throats.

I was in the Infirmary for asthma, measles, mumps, and a broken left arm.

George Estridge and another boy found some blasting caps. They put them in a fire to see if they would explode. They did so, and George lost one eye and the other boy's eyes were seriously damaged.

Old Davis Hospital in Statesville was sold and became a commercial hotel, run by a Mrs. Wardlaw. The new Davis Hospital was built in the western section of the city. My only visit there was to have several clips placed on a cut above my left eye to hold the flesh together. The cut resulted from a collision with
Thad Brock in a football drill. The day after the accident, I played football against Mooresville and we beat them. The cut was re-opened and occasioned a return visit to the Hospital.

One of our self-administered remedies was that of "Rosebud Salve," a small tin with a rose on the cover and containing a light red perfumed substance, probably vaseline. We applied it to cuts, bruises, burns, etc. I doubt if it was medicinally efficacious, but it probably did no harm either. Of course, the instructions on the container said it was good for all manner of ailments.

The little cans sold for 10 cents each. If a person could sell 10 cans, the manufacturer would send him a nice white or red bandanna handkerchief. There were other prizes based on the quantity sold. At one time, several of us banded together and sold enough cans to obtain a small motion picture projector. It had a small kerosene lamp for projection lighting, but aside from some burned fingers in trying to operate it, we got very little.

In the first health examination about 1922, it was found that Alma Harrell had an advanced case of tuberculosis. She was immediately sent to a sanitarium in Asheville but died within a year. Her body lay in state in Little Joe's Church attended by Jennie Gilmer boys. She was buried in the Barium Springs Cemetery.

**JENNIE GILMER COTTAGE**

Jennie Gilmer was built in 1923 and immediately occupied by the High School boys from Lees Cottage and a few boys who were in Special Classes. It was the first cottage on the campus without a matron or monitor. It was operated under a student government or honor system. Mr. Johnston was the Judge; there was a council and a jury was elected or chosen each month.

This was a completely new building housing some 26 to 30 boys. There were 18 new rooms, two large sleeping porches, three excellent baths with showers, a large concreted basement with lockers for work clothes and football uniforms, a large storage area on the third floor and, best of all, a large, well furnished living room or lounge. A wind-up Victrola and later an Atwater-Kent radio were in the lounge. These two instruments provided hours of entertainment for the boys. The living room was used on Sunday morning as a Sunday School classroom taught by Mr. Johnston.

One of the first things Mr. Johnston did was to endeavor to start a Boy Scout troop. He had a scoutmaster from Statesville talk to the boys. An effort was made to begin work towards earning merit badges, and of course the boys learned the Scout Creed and how to salute. Many boys were somewhat old.
to begin scouting, and somehow scouting did not provide the outlet for extensive physical energy of the boys.

Mr. Johnston got Tresco Johnson from Statesville to come and instruct the boys in boxing and wrestling. These two sports proved popular and boxing was used to settle arguments in a "gentlemanly" way without resorting to bare fists. We were becoming more civilized!

The basement was used as a skating rink, being the only place aside from a stretch of concrete walk, where one could skate.

A Halloween party was held in the basement in 1924. Girls from Lottie Walker were invited, everyone was masked, and various games were played such as dunking apples, eating and mouthing suspended strings, and others. This was the first large scale function which mixed boys and girls in social activities. Other parties were held in later years, but I think this was an area in which the Home could have done a better job.

I went to Jennie Gilmer in the fall of 1924 and roomed with Troy Coates. Subsequently I roomed with Walter Fraley before Fraley and I were transferred back to the rebuilt Lees Cottage as monitors in September 1926.

As we began to get about with our new freedoms we experienced many things and were allowed considerable movement away from Barium--mainly to Statesville and Charlotte but at other times "bumming" rides to Greensboro and Durham to see family.

About 1924 or 1925 Thad Brock and I caught a ride to Charlotte and then to Pineville to the Charlotte Auto races on a 1 1/4 mile wooden track. The track was built with approximately 2"x10" timbers laid on edge. We got there in ample time for the race, got in the infield for about $1.00 each and saw the prominent racers of the day including Tommy Milton, Peter Di Paolo, and Harry Hartz. There was a 25 mile race followed by a 250 mile race. I think Milton won the longer race. There were about 40,000 people at the race, a tremendous crowd in those days. The races were held two or three years and then were discontinued. We had no difficulty in catching a ride back to Charlotte and then Barium.

Mr. Johnston bought a single-reel motion picture projector and built a booth for it in the School Auditorium. Earland Caudill and Eli Morris were the first operators. Movies were shown on Friday nights; usually 6 reel westerns or 8 reel dramas. Each reel had to be changed as it was shown. During this short hiatus the Lottie Walker girls would begin leading the audience in songs. Among the popular songs we sang were: "A Long, Long
"Fair thee Well, I'm going to Loosiana to see my Soosiana"

During the interim between reels, two brothers McLain and John Capps would often perform on stage. They did a song and dance routine that was quite good and certainly entertaining. They had had some experience in this field before coming to the Orphanage.

McLain Capps became a real good and dependable drop kicker in football and played on some of the smaller teams while I was at the Home.

For some time as I worked for Mr. Lowrance I would pick up the movie reel metal containers every Friday at the Station and carry them to the School building. We never knew what we were getting until it was shown.

One unusual and welcome episode in showing movies at Barium was the showing of "When Knighthood was in Flower", starring Marian Davies. The Crescent theater in Statesville brought the film to Barium one morning. Quilts were hung over the windows of the school building auditorium and the film was shown one reel at a time. The entire student body was sent to the auditorium to see this picture. No charge was made by the Theatre for this welcome service.

All the moving picture shows were silent with sub-titles on the screen. Music was furnished by a player piano or a pianist playing music selected for a particular film.

Among the pictures we saw at Barium were featured the star comedians of the day; Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Ben Turpin, and Buster Keaton. Female stars were Alla Nazimova, Pola Hegri, Gloria Swanson and Mae Murray, among many others.

Rudolph Valentino, the star of the movie, "The Sheik", was one of outstanding male stars of the silent movies. Every boy hoped to achieve his expertness in handling women as demonstrated in his movies. One movie critic called him "Catnip to Women". He died unexpectedly at age thirty one in 1926, and the news reels showed hundreds of weeping women at his funeral.

Among the other movies shown at Barium, I remember seeing "Robin Hood", "The Man in the Iron Mask", "The Three Musketeers", all with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., I think, William S. Hart, the cowboy star appeared in "Ginfighter", Carole Lombard in "Hearts and Spins", Raymond Navarro in "Ben Hur", Gertrude Norman in "King of Kings", Harold Lloyd in "Safety Last" and
"Girl Shy", and Tom Mix the very popular cowboy film star in "A Texas Ranger", "Riders of the Purple Sage", and the "The Rainbow Trail", all from books by Zane Grey. The theme of almost every picture was good versus evil; the good guys against the bad guys--and good triumphant.

Living in Jennie Gilmer was enhanced by the visits of Mr. Ellis L. Jackson, CPA, with the Firm of Todd & McCullough, Auditors, of Charlotte, who did the Home accounting. He was a bachelor, interested in athletics and enjoyed his visits to Barium. He would frequently spend weekends at Barium with the boys. He was going to marry Mrs. Leila Simpson, a widow and a sister of Mrs. Johnston just prior to his tragic death in an automobile accident in 1926. He was an excellent football official and refereed may of our games. I never heard an opposing team object to any of his calls. We all felt his loss and missed him keenly.

Mr. Jackson bought an Atwater-Kent radio and installed it in the new Jennie Gilmer in 1923. This was a great innovation at the time. We crowded around the set on weekends to hear the early stations such as KDKA-Pittsburgh, WLW-Cincinnati, and WSB-Atlanta. Stations broadcast only for few hours mostly at night; the best reception.

The radio stations were noted for the unique styles of their announcers. The KDKA-Pittsburgh announcer always let us know that Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co. owned the station, giving them a good play upon signing off. I think the most famous was the "voice" of WSB-Atlanta. He was featured in many articles and his activities were noted in his recent obituary. He concluded the broadcasts by signing off in a long drawn out sing song saying: "W-S-B, The Atla-a-a-n-t-a Journal, At-l-a-a-n-t-a, Georgia, The Journal covers Dixie like the dew."

The early radio shows featured popular music orchestras such as Coon-Sanders and Paul Whiteman playing the popular songs of the day. There were also some comedy routines and some news features. The radio signals would come and go; strong sound at one time and fading away at other times. The stations broadcast mostly at night for the best reception was at night.

Mr. Jackson also bought records for one wind-up Victrola. He delighted in giving three boys each week in summer a weekend at the Mountain View Inn at Chimney Rocky, N.C. The boys would drive up with him on Friday afternoon and come back Monday morning. On one trip he took my brother Bill and drove him into Asheville to see our mother. The following week he took me to Chimney Rock and informed my mother, who drove over with an older sister and brother to see me. I still have the photographs Mr. Jackson was very agile and lots of fun. We played a fast and rough game of tag with him. I
have a small scar over my right eye where one of his fast closing doors caught me.

Victrola records cost 75 cents each and the boys bought each new song hit as they were published. Popular orchestras of the day were the Coon-Sanders group and Paul Whiteman. Among the popular songs were: "Dardanella"; "Ukelele Lady"; "Where'd You Get Those Eyes"; "The Prisoner's Love Song"; "The Wreck of Old 97"; "The Death of Floyd Collins", and "Blue Heaven" among others. Gene Austin was the male singer who made the girls quiver. There was even a popular song called "Roll Em Girlies, Roll 'Em" published about 1924 or 1925 when the fashion for the day decreed that the girls roll their stockings down just below the knee. It was still difficult, but thrilling to get a peek at the girls' knees, because of the dresses being a bit long at the time.

Mr. Jackson refereed our football games and got Dick Kirkpatrick and "Red" Johnson, former college players, to come to Barium now and then to give a day of coaching to the football team.

After one of the Winston-Salem football games he took me and two and three other boys to have dinner with him at the Hotel Zinzendorf in Winston. He assisted me in ordering from a very extensive menu and we were most pleased at eating at a table with such beautiful white linen and napkins and shining silver.

On another occasion he took several of us boys to dine in a lovely restaurant in the Johnson Building in Charlotte. The restaurant had a nice looking black pianist who played the piano during our luncheon.

Mr. Jackson was a real gentleman, completely honest, no pretensions, most thoughtful and generous almost to a fault. All of the boys admired him and had looked forward to many future associations, but he was unfortunately killed in an automobile accident. We observed a day of mourning for him at the Home.

In 1926 and 1927, Ben Dixon MacNeill, a cousin of my father, Daniel McNeill MacKay, came to Barium to visit us three brothers. He was a successful newspaperman for the "Raleigh News and Observer", writing a daily column called "Cellar to Garret," and a weekly feature article on some phase of life in North Carolina.

Ben Dixon was a friend of James Boyd the author who wrote Drums, a Revolutionary War historical novel and Marching On, a similar novel about the Civil War. North Carolina was the locale for both novels. He gave me a
copy of each book along with biographies of Woodrow Wilson and William Hohenzollern (Kaiser Bill of World War I). He had detected my interest in reading.

Mr. MacNeil arranged for the Barium football team to have dinner with Gov. Angus McLean at the Governor’s Mansion in Raleigh after our December game in 1926 with Raleigh Methodist Home.

His large, wire-wheeled 8 or 12 cylinder Dusenberg touring car was a great attraction for the boys at Barium. It would easily run 90 miles per hour, as we soon found out. A lever in the floor controlled the “cut out” or exhaust and when switched on would sound like the roar of an aeroplane engine. It would stir up the greatest cloud of dust on a dirt road and, as he said, enabled him to elude the “minions of the law” on several occasions.

On one visit Buck Squires and I went to the First Presbyterian Church in Statesville with him. He got into a discussion with Dr. Raynall, the pastor, and was invited to stay for lunch. He asked me if I could drive his car back to Barium and return later to get him. I drove the car back to the Home and returned to get him without any incident. The car’s gear would get stuck in “high” or “third gear” at times, but I had no trouble as there were practically no stop lights in those days.

Mr. MacNeill had a great interest in the people of the Carolina Outer Banks, especially the inhabitants of Buxton, who used many early English expressions in their speech. He was a great admirer of the Coast Guard and used to talk of their adventures from Chiccamacommico Station. He enjoyed swimming in the ocean; going out one or two miles. After his newspaper career, he retired to Buxton. I corresponded with him for many years and he always urged me to go to college and wanted me to try to be a writer.

His friends were legion numbering governors, stage personalities and prominent business people. He drove the Dusenberg or flew all over the State in a Waco biplane to such places as had airports or in most cases good level hard fields. I have pictures from him of Gov. McLean on a fishing trip, Will Rogers, the prominent comedian and writer, and air views of many places in the State. He covered the attempted bomb destruction of a bridge near Badin, N.C. by the U.S. Army Air Bombers. The bridge became surplus when a lake was created near the site. Gen. Wm. Mitchell of the Air Force was endorsing air bombing at the time and having a terrific fight with his superiors who demoted him.

Ben Dixon MacNeil was a frequent visitor to Barium and took groups of us boys riding all over the countryside, as has been said. I have pictures of a
group at Lookout Dam on the Catawba and many of the boys in the Dusenberg at Barium.

Unfortunately, his visits to Barium were terminated when several of us boys persuaded him to take Nell Coxwell and another Lottie Walker girl on a ride to Troutman and back. We were reported on this completely innocent trip and Buck Squires and I were "campused" for 30 days, the girls were disciplined and Mr. MacNeill was requested not to return to Barium. So much punishment and hurt for such a completely innocent venture.

When he retired, he continued to write and finished a book called "The Hatterasmen" a few years before he died. He certainly gave us a good glimpse of the world outside Barium; something we all needed.

Among Mr. MacNeill's many exploits was doing historical research for James Boyd's books and interviewing Mr. Washington Duke. He was a good friend of Paul Green, he famous Carolina playwright. Mr. MacNeill was intensely interested in the history of North Carolina, especially the early Scottish people who settled along the banks of the Cape Fear River, and the early English settlers on the Outer Banks.

I learned a good lesson about gambling from Irwin Squires. One Sunday night when we were hungry and Buck had 35 cents, we decided to walk to the gas filling station about 1 1/2 miles towards Statesville to get some crackers and a Coca-Cola. Unfortunately, there was a slot machine at the station. Buck put in a dime and got back three. Another dime in the slot rewarded us with two more dimes. We now had enough money for a feast, but Buck was determined we would eat like kings. A few more dimes in the slots and our fortune was zero. It was a miserable, hungry distance we walked back. I have played some machines since but never expected to win on extended play. (I used this example for children not too effectively, I fear).

As we got older we were allowed to go to Statesville at night to see a movie or to go to Redpath Chatauqua, an annual event. Many times after the show we would get a fountain Coca-cola for 5 cents or buy a pint of delicious pineapple ice cream for 25 cents. As we started home we often, on Monday nights I believe, dropped by to see what was happening at the Mayor's Court. In those days the Mayor conducted a City Court, heard the cases, usually petty thievery, intoxication, domestic quarrels, small claims, etc. and rendered judgement on the spot. There would be fines, sentences to the jail or county farm, and sometimes just warnings. We did begin to see a side of life in the world from which we had been protected.
The Statesville people were much aware of and solicitous of the children at Barium Springs. The theatres were most generous in allowing the orphanage children to see the movies without paying. Various church groups brought clothing and sent other items to Barium. The stores gave discounts to Mr. Lowrance on all his clothes purchases. Many families provided annual vacation periods to Barium children who had nowhere else to go.

The competition in athletics with Statesville teams and attendance at Statesville High School by some of the children of Barium's faculty opened numerous social occasions, to the boys particularly. We Jennie Gilmer boys met and were invited by the girls in Statesville to many parties. It was a wonderful and very needed social outlet for the boys, providing training in social graces and imparting a good measure of self confidence.

Two young ladies whom I have always remembered with esteem were Carmen Goforth, a beautiful young girl, and Jean Quinn, the pretty daughter of Mr. Bremon Quinn. I was fortunate to date these young ladies on several occasions.

Annually the people of Statesville sponsored the visit of the Redpath Chatauqua. This was one of several groups of artists touring the United States originating, I believe, from Chatauqua, N.Y. The Chatauqa was a traveling show going from town to town and operating in a large tent with some 500 folding chairs seats. The show would operate six nights in a location, and provide a different entertainment feature each night. They would present plays, magicians, lectures, choral groups and orchestras or bands.

The Statesville people provided tickets for about two truck loads of orphanage children each night. The boys usually got to Statesville in cars or on their own, but the girls were taken in the Home truck and carefully chaperoned.

One of the finest performances I ever saw was that of Bohumir Kryl and his Royal Hungarian Orchestra. They played marches, popular, classical and semi-classical selections and had some wonderful singers who sang "In a Little Spanish Town". The climax of the show was the rendition of "The Anvil Chorus" from Verdi's "Il Trovatore". The stage was darkened, the anvils electrified and at the appropriate place in the music four men attired as blacksmiths hit the anvil with a hammer. The resulting contact created a long stream of sparks. It was a beautiful effect.

On the way home from this occasion I caught a ride on the Home truck which was filled with Lottie Walker girls under the chaperonage of Miss Mildred Moseley. She scolded me but did not report me and I escaped another camping.
One of the side benefits to the Chatauqua was the visits to Barium by people from the Chatauqua group to entertain the children. We had visits by several ventriloquists, a magician or two and others. The most memorable artist to me was a lovely lady of about 25, who was a whistler. Her father had noted this proficiency in her and had sent her to the only conservatory for whistlers, I believe, in California.

This lady played the piano and whistled at the same time to almost any song or tune and gave wonderfully true imitations of bird calls. She described to us her early training and life with the Chatauqua. She whistled through her teeth without using her fingers (as boys do) and without pursing her lips.

The Chatauqua entertainers would give their performances in the dining hall immediately after supper.

On one occasion a man and wife, Vaudeville performers, stopped by the orphanage about 1923 in the fall and requested an opportunity to entertain the children. They came to the school auditorium and the afternoon school classes were dismissed to see them perform. They did a few songs, a comedy routine and a soft-shoe dance together. One of their dittys had in it the following: "fol-de-rol, fol-de-rol, fol-de-rol, de-ra-ta". They performed well and the children enjoyed it. The couple said they were pleased as they just wanted to do something for the poor orphan children.

When the Playhouse Theatre was built in Statesville in 1927 on the site of old Statesville Inn, it became the center of our movie going activities. Groups of Home children were also allowed to attend this theatre free of charge, at that time.

The most memorable occasion for me in this theater was when a group of us were allowed to see the movie of Lawrence Stalling's book "The Big Parade". It was the story of World War I and an American boy (Frederic March) falling in love with a French girl (Renee Adoree). The showing was accompanied by a live orchestra whose musicians provided special effects such as the sound of machine guns and bursting bombs, and all the sound effects of a battlefield.

Here too, Kay Kyser brought his University of North Carolina student orchestra to play. He called his band "Kike" Kyser in those days and traveled by bus. When later achieved national fame as an orchestra leader, he began to call himself Kay Kyser.
About 1925 or 1926, Mr. Johnston initiated the first of several annual train excursions to the Presbyterian Assembly Grounds at Montreat. The dairy boys milked the cows about 4:00 AM, breakfast was served about 6:00 A.M., and all the children were gathered at the station to board the train at 7 o'clock. Mr. Johnston had me letter a white banner about 30 feet long with the words "Barium Springs Home" and attach it to the side of one of the passenger cars.

The train stopped at Statesville to pick up additional passengers, then discharged the Barium students at Black Mountain where cars were awaiting to take the children to Montreat. Other passengers went on to Asheville. The round trip fare was $2.00 per person. Those at the Home who could pay did so and all others had their fare paid by the Home.

Thad Brock, Clinton Caudill, Charles Hunt and I among others sold drinks, candy, sandwiches, etc. on the round trip to pay our fare. We did an excellent business and there was a tidy profit for the Home.

After spending the day at Montreat, hiking to the top of the mountain, swimming, playing games, and having lunch, the students went back to Black Mountain and boarded the train for Barium arriving about 8:00 PM. The dairy boys then milked the cows to finish a long day. Everyone considered the trip well worth the effort. I also went on this trip the following year but missed the trip in the summer of 1927.

On the 1927 trip my brothers, Bill and Ned had communicated with my mother in Asheville. They were met in Black Mountain and driven to Asheville to spend the day with my mother and older brother. Unfortunately as my brother drove them back to Black Mountain in the afternoon he had a tire puncture and was some thirty minutes late, holding up the train's departure. Mr. Johnston was very upset and I believe made them work a Saturday afternoon or two as punishment.

On the first trip to Montreat, Miss Nettie Miller, my first matron at Synod Cottage, greeted some of the former Synod boys she had known. Remembering her stinging leather whip, I kept my distance.

These trips to Montreat with the hikes on the mountain, provided an opportunity to occasionally put an arm around a girl or best of all steal a kiss or two. While I was never expert at this, in fact too shy, I have been intrigued at the influence of the moon, the wilderness and the back seat of an auto at night had on the feminine mystique.

One Christmas, Buck Squires and I decided to procure some holly to decorate our room. A farmer who lived about one mile north of the County Home had
a magnificent holly tree some fifty feet tall. He had built a pig pen around it’s base so that any pilferers would disturb the pig and alert the house. None the less we took the chance and managed to get a few branches which we secreted in the nearby woods. After deciding that this was risky business we went around to the farm house front door, identified ourselves and asked if he could give us some holly. He smiled as if he knew what we had been up to but said yes and gave us a generous armful. We had a real life experience of Ben Franklin’s admonition that, “Honesty is the best policy”.

Jennie Gilmer had two groups of boys or gangs known as “The Nighthawks” and the “High & Lofty” gangs. They were into all sorts of mischief. Each gang had obtained keys to the smokehouse, the kitchen and the creamery. Every now and then they would go into these places for a ham, a tin of canned meat or a can of milk. Any boy caught doing this was promptly shipped away from the Home. It went on for some time, however.

Mr. Lowrance established a central clothes room where those clothes sent by Churches and those he bought were stored. He bought clothes for all the High School boys, usually taking each boy to Statesville to be fitted at Johnston-Belk Co., Kelly Clothing Co., Crowell Clothing Co., or some other store. The quality of dress for the boys and girls was vastly improved.

The senior class of boys was allotted $10.00 per month for clothes, toilet articles, hair cuts, etc. The senior class girls received $7.50 for the same purposes.

The new laundry building built about 1924 or 1925 was equipped with the most modern machinery for washing and ironing clothes. It was operated entirely by a staff of girls under a woman supervisor. They did a wonderful job and provided us with clean clothes, sheets, towels, etc.; a great improvement over the old facilities.

The sewing room stitched our first numerals to the old sweat shirts we wore as football jerseys. My 1925 sweat shirt had number eleven on it, two ones, but they were sewn on backwards; the serifs at the top of the number extending to right. I hurriedly took it back to the sewing room and had the matter corrected. It was bad enough wearing number eleven as if I was the last man to make the team!

The sewing room girls were required to patch the boys cloghing, sew on missing buttons, etc. They were also very skilled at designing and making some of their own dresses.
One exceptional girl who must have had some training in this department was Armigene Roderick. She went to New York and by her own efforts established a clothing firm called D’Armigene located near Bay Shore Long Island where she had a beautiful bayside home. Armigene had patented some type of sewing a sleeve to a girl’s blouse, employed approximately 150 girl sewing operators, and a designer and cutter. She received contracts from several large airlines, domestic and foreign, for designing and manufacturing the blouses and skirts (outfits) for the airline hostesses. At the time of one of my visits she was working on an order for some 14,000 outfits for Howard Johnson Motels and Restaurants.

I visited Armigene often on my business trips to New York. I had my company make her a beautiful wooden sign with her name and street number for her residence. She later married a Mr. Howard Lenk and retired to Florida. After her husband passed away she retired to Kingsport, Tenn. where she had some relatives. I still correspond with her. Her sister was Elma Roderick, one of the outstanding girl basketball stars at Barium.

During Armigene’s early business years Buck Squires did her auditing work or acted as a consultant for her.

On one of my visits to her plant she gave me approximately a dozen stewardess blouses designed for several different airlines. They were all in my wife’s sizes and she wore them proudly for several years. They were stylish and beautifully tailored.

Another girl who did exceptionally well was Martha Boyce Beal. She had gone to Nashville to the hospital connected to Vanderbilt University and taken Nurse’s training. Somehow she got to the West Coast and married Dr. Beal and they live in Milwaukie, Oregon, near Portland. On a business trip to Portland about 1972, I called them and invited them to have dinner with my wife and me. They accepted and we had a wonderful visit. The following year, they toured the South and came to visit us. Her sister, Frances, was an outstanding basketball player at Barium.

About 1923 or 1924, The Vance Hotel was built in Statesville. It was a fine, modern downtown hotel where I later stayed on a return visit to Barium. An attraction in the hotel was the newsstand and soda shop of Mr. Walter "Steve" Culbreth, who became an ardent supporter and fan of the Barium football teams. I bought my first copies of Collier and Liberty magazines there for 5 cents each. We boys would often go there and get a chocolate milk shake for 10 cents.
About this time also, the young men began wearing "bell-bottom" trousers. These pants had cuffs and were approximately 24 to 26 inches in width at the cuff. They looked somewhat like the flared trousers that enlisted Navy men wore. Naturally a song was written called "Bell Bottom Trousers". The style was popular only one year and did not take hold in Barium. We simply could not afford an extra pair of trousers just to be in style.

While card playing was permitted, no dancing was ever condoned. In fact, it was strictly taboo. Mr. Johnston became very exercised one time when his daughter, Anne Fayssoux, brought some girls home from Queens College in Charlotte and were caught dancing in his home.

There was much discussion about the marathon dances shown in the news reels as well as The Charleston dance which was sweeping the country in 1925. There must have been some practicing however, as the girls were experts as they could demonstrate when no one was looking.

Rush Lackey, the son of Mr. J.D. Lackey, Sr. was a good friend of Troy Coates, my roommate. He would gather eggs during the week and bring them on Sunday night to our room at Jennie Gilmer where we had an electric hot plate. We would buy a loaf of bread, fry the eggs and have a feast.

Mr. Johnston came into our room one Sunday night saying it certainly smelled good and please prepare a sandwich for him. He joined us as one of the boys and after we dispelled our initial fear of the consequences, had a nice sociable evening.

About 1927, Mr. Johnston transferred me to the Farm Gang under Mr. Troy Cavin, Mgr. I worked with three very dependable black men hired by the Home. The three were Bob Templeton, Abner White and Ed Young. They did most of the handling of the mules and plowing. One mule name Maude was really obstreperous, constantly kicking and to such an extent that hobbles had to be used to prevent an accident.

I remember discussing Lindbergh's airplane flight from New York to Paris with Bob. It was just impossible for him to believe a man could remain aloft in a plane for 33 hours.

In 1926, Francis Ghigo, a son of a matron came to live with us at Jennie Gilmer. He attended Davidson College and had a sister named Anita who attended Salem College in Winston-Salem, where my sister, Aileen, was also a student. Since Salem was considered quite expensive, they never understood how we three brothers could be in an orphanage. The Ghigos were
Waldensians coming originally from a valley between France and Italy and settling at Valdese, N.C. They were all Protestants.

The Waldensian bakery at Valdese was famous throughout North Carolina for its bakery goods. It was also rumored that one could obtain a good bottle of wine in Valdese, in spite of the Prohibition Laws.

While I was still at Jennie Gilmer and working on the farm, Mr. J.B. Johnston bought a herd of sheep to graze and control the growth of grass on the extensive campus. In the herd was a big ram; mean, easily excited and a past master at butting people. On one occasion, he picked on Mrs. Herman from the Infirmary. After butting her down, he stood by and as she would regain a position on her knees--bang, another but on her posterior. Her screams attracted some boys who rescued her, with more damage to her pride than person.

It was decided that a large motorcycle chain should be fastened to the ring in the ram’s nose to inhibit his proclivities for butting people. Mr. Troy Cavin handed me the chain, a piece of wire and some pliers and said, “Go do it.” In fear and trembling and with the help of two boys we were able to fasten the chain to his nose ring. It looked effective but wasn’t. The sheep were sold.

Thereafter, I mowed the campus with a manual push reel mower. I would start at the Infirmary on a Monday and by Wednesday had finished the campus to Lees College. One day more took care of the grass on the east side near Lottie Walker. I took great pride in doing this job and making the campus neat and pretty.

After residing in Jennie Gilmer Cottage and rooming with Troy Coates and Walter Fraley for two years, Walter and I were sent to newly rebuilt Lees Cottage to act as monitors. We had a bedroom, a bathroom and a study room; the nicest quarters on campus. We had few duties other than to maintain order and see that the boys studied, got to bed on time, and went to sleep without commotion.

THE BARIUM MESSENGER

Some two or three years prior to 1920, the Orphanage published a monthly paper called “Our Fatherless Ones.” I saw a copy of one of the issues, which had been preserved. It was printed in a shop in Alexander Cottage before that building was destroyed by fire.

About 1922, after Mr. Johnston arrived at Barium, he started a four page mimeographed monthly campus newsletter. It was printed on an A.B. Dick
machine. The type was set by hand into grooves on the machine cylinder, passed over an inking roll, and pressed against a sliding horizontal platen, on which the paper had been laid. Mr. Johnston saw me doing this and I presume this was the reason Bob and I were chosen in the first group in the new printing shop in 1923.

Mr. Grier's gang set up the Lee two-revolution press for the paper, a job press, type cases, and assembly tables. I worked for him and assisted. All of the equipment in the printing shop was donated to the Home by Mr. James Sloan of Redlands, California.

Mr. Johnston conducted a contest to select a name for the new Home paper to be published once a month. Mary Lee Earnhardt, as I recall, selected the name "Barium Messenger" and received a $5.00 prize.

Mr. A.P. Edwards ("Ape", behind his back) was the printing plant boss and was well versed in this trade, and a good man to work for. He lived in Statesville, where his mother-in-law ran a boarding house. He and his wife, Stella, would usually carry one of the printing office boys to Statesville on Friday night for a good dinner, a movie, lodging, and breakfast, and return to the Home on Saturday morning.

Mr. Edwards taught us - Irvin Squires, Ned MacKay, Bob Estridge, Charles Hunt, Guy East, Lee West, and me - to do all the necessary chores to become journeyman printers. We set and distributed type, made up forms, ran the two presses, cleaned the ink rolls, changed ink on the job press, and folded and mailed the Messenger. Our paper was four pages, five columns, each column 13 ems wide, with body copy set in 8 and 10 point type. Each paragraph was indented one em (about 1/8") and there was one em (1/16") between each sentence. We set type in a brass "stick" held in the left hand with a "lead" between each line of type.

Setting type was excellent training in spelling for each word had to be mentally spelled out as each piece of type was set or distributed.

In addition to printing and mailing approximately 15,000 "Messengers" each month, we printed programs for many occasions, forms for the office, lists of Bible selections to be memorized, and occasionally we would print calling cards for our girl friends and name plates for placing on dormitory room doors. We printed the Annuals for the school, beginning in 1924. The first "Barium Messenger" was printed in November, 1923.

Irvin Squires was our first casualty, catching his hand in the job press as it closed. The hand was badly mangled, but a quick trip to Davis Hospital in
Statesville effected an excellent recovery. A safety devise was then bought and placed on the press; as the press closed this device snapped up and literally kicked the hand away.

Every newcomer to the print shop was inducted into the "type lice" scam. As the type forms were cleaned of ink and the type was ready to distribute, a small opening between leads was made and filled with water. Then, as the newcomer looked down closely to see the "type lice", the column was shoved together quickly - directing the dirty water straight up into the unsuspecting receiver's face. It worked on every newcomer, including me.

In 1925, Mr. Sloan bought us an 8-14 Mergenthaler Lineotype machine for setting type. This was much faster, cleaner, and less laborious. Melting the type and recasting as "pigs" was the only dirty chore. On occasion, some operator would not finish out a line and we would have a "squirt out" of hot lead, which could be painful.

Scrap paper was utilized in the school rooms for spelling exercises.

About 1925, Mr. Edwards took all the printing office gang to Charlotte. We visited the printing plants of the "Charlotte Observer", "The Charlotte News", and had lunch at Ivey's Cafeteria. We all discovered "Eskimo Pies" on this trip - Mr. Edwards bought a supply of these delicious ice cream and chocolate bars for our group. Robert Estridge, Charles Hunt, Guy East, and I made the trip with Mr. Edwards.

We had a paper storage room for various types of paper to be used for the Messenger, the Home letterheads, programs, etc., and were taught to select the correct paper for each purpose.

Brady Printing Company in Statesville was a good friend to our printing department. We took all the annuals to them for cutting and stapling, and learned much about a commercial printing shop. As I recall, they printed the "Landmark", a weekly newspaper for Iredell County inhabitants. The "Statesville Daily" was, I think, printed elsewhere in the town.

Mr. Johnston utilized the "Messenger" to its fullest advantage, publishing monthly names of contributors, individuals, churches, Sunday Schools, items of interest from each Cottage, names of Honor Roll students, news of alumni, a running recap of contributions from each Presbytery, and appeals especially for the big Thanksgiving contribution drive for $100,000.00 to run the Orphanage for a year!
In 1924, Mr. Johnston conducted a contest for the best paper on "How to Save." I won the contest and received $10.00. A girl from Lottie Walker got second prize of $5.00. The papers were published in the "Messenger", mine after scrutiny by Mrs. Holton, my seventh grade teacher, who scolded me for spelling spigot as "spicket."

Mr. Johnson also started a serial shorty story with each episode being written by a different teacher. The name of the story was the "Hills Juggle the Juggernaut." It was about a hidden treasure in a railroad tunnel. There was some romantic interest, and it was the consensus of us typesetters that Mr. T.L. O'Kelley's story was the best in this regard.

SCHOOLING

The school system covered grades one through eleven. The school year covered nine months with Thanksgiving and Christmas the only holidays. I think we got out of school about a week at Christmas. Grades one, two and three were called the Primary grades, with the Grammar School covering grades five through seven. High School was the eighth through the eleventh. The school day covered four hours with a fifteen minute recess. Class periods were approximately forty-five minutes each, all in the same room. Each grade, one through seven had one teacher. In High School there were different teachers for each subject. No time was allowed for any study periods; all study hall was at night in the school building or finally in the dormitories or cottages. The first, second, third, and fifth grades along with High School went to school in the morning; the fourth, sixth and seventh grades in the afternoon. It was standard secondary school curriculum.

An excellent commercial course covering typing, bookkeeping, shorthand, and business math was offered for those not going to college.

The science courses touched on physics, geography, astronomy and chemistry. Chemistry was not taught as a full course and there were no chemical laboratory facilities.

Barium Springs High School was a private school at that time, and we had some very fine teachers, very knowledgeable in their subjects and very dedicated to their profession.

Spelling "bees" were held frequently in each grade. It was a daily exercise in each grade. Charles Hunt and I stood the entire High School down when I was in the ninth grade and he in the tenth. He won when I misspelled "benefited". I put two "t's" in the word then, but never since.
In 1920, Barium hired a mother and a daughter to teach reading music and voice. The two lived in Synod Cottage and stayed only one year. In my opinion it was a sad loss for the students when they departed.

The two would teach each grade at least twice a week. They drew the music lines and notes on the blackboard as we all learned them along with do, re, me, fa, so, la, ti, do, and singing of simple songs. It was marvelous training and regretfully of short duration.

There was always a piano teacher at Barium. I believe the one in 1920-21 was Miss Kate Compton. Her pupils were mostly girls but there were two or three excellent boy pupils.

Mr. William P. Nesbitt came to the school in 1923 from Davidson College as Principal of the school. He taught mathematics in High School, was an excellent cornet player and could throw a long and beautiful spiral pass with a football.

In 1924, Mr. T.L. O’Kelley became High School principal and also taught mathematics. One of his sons was killed in World War II and another son, Dr. Joseph O’Kelley, became a Professor at the University of Alabama.

Miss Fannie Foust of Graham, the third grade teacher when I arrived and, who later became the librarian; Miss Belle Smith, an elderly, retired missionary from China who taught Science and Latin in High School and was a fluent in Latin and Chinese as she was in English; Mrs. John Q. Holton, the seventh grade teacher, a firm disciplinarian, an excellent teacher and the best reader of B’rer Rabbit stories I have ever heard; Miss Mildred Mosley, a graduate of the University of Oklahoma, who came to Barium to teach S panish in 1924, were all excellent and dedicated teachers. Miss Mosley (who later became Mrs. Ken Stewart) was a source of great encouragement to me and I have corresponded with her from 1928 to the present time. The class of 1928 had a reunion in Greensboro, N.C. in November, 1983 and we phoned her at her home in Duncan, Oklahoma and had a joyful and emotional reunion by phone.

Miss Foust, directed me to reading good books and opened up new worlds to me in this fashion. She insisted that I must read only good material and she constantly reminded me that I must go to college. In high school, in addition to Miss Belle Smith, other excellent teachers were Miss Louise Williams from Dunn, N.C. who taught English, Miss Emma Plaster, a University of Georgia graduate, who taught Latin, Miss Eva Mae Reese a domestic science teacher and Mr. T.L. O’Kelley who was our principal. Mr. O’Kelley did an excellent job in helping me get through first year algebra in high school.
One of the finest gentlemen I have ever known was Mr. Samuel Andrew Grier, a mechanical engineering graduate of N.C. State (A & M at the time). He was the home engineer, an extremely fair man and a very good friend. I worked for him on his "gang" for about 1 1/2 years fixing leaking faucets, repairing, wiring, replacing light bulbs, cleaning the water tank and keeping the water pump going. While not a regular teacher, he gave us "on-the-job" vocational training.

Miss Foust caught me reading a copy of Capt. WM. Fawcett's (a World War I hero) "Capt. Bill's Whizbang", a small paperback containing jokes and "poetry", both of which could be described as smutty. We tried to learn the rhymes from the Section called "Smokehouse Poetry". It wasn't much in the way of poetry but a lot of boys were punished for trying to learn some of it's lines.

Miss Kate McGoogan was the second grade teacher. My brother Billie was under her and Ned went to the first grade.

In the school year 1921-22 I was in the fourth grade under a Miss Overcash, a recent college graduate who was taking on her first teaching assignment. She was an excellent teacher and during the year I attained an average of 98.6, the highest in the class.

It was during this year also that I was sent to Miss Hostetler, who was the afternoon principal, for a whipping for talking in class. I faced her with fear and trembling but instead of administering a whipping she gave me a good talking to which was much more effective. The children in the class were switched for various infractions of the rules. Miss Overcash usually sent me to get the switches, all of which were obtained from a large hedge growing beside the Boyd Cottage. We would select the switches and on the way back to class we would notch them with our knives so they would bend easily and sometimes break while the punishment was being administered. She never did catch on to this trick.

Because I was a year behind in school for my age due to a late start because of asthma it was decided to skip the fifth grade and promote me to sixth in 1922. Mrs. Hostetler was my teacher in the sixth grade, and quite good except she never taught me to do fractions but I excelled in geography and spelling. A girl named Ruth McQuaige was the class whiz in arithmetic and would do fractions in a flash. I think Mrs. Hostetler tried to teach by too many rules and not enough logic. At any rate fractions are a favorite form of mathematics and I was able to assist my three children to understand them in later years.
The following year in the seventh grade, Mrs. John Q. Holton was the teacher and a very fine one. It was to her I recited the Shorter Catechism with proofs, contributing to an "A" in Bible. She was an expert at teaching decimals and percentages in math, and I’ve never forgotten the basics she taught.

A particular fetish of hers was insistence on imparting knowledge to us students in the courtesies of extending and replying to formal invitations. This was part of our English course. We had to make up invitations to fictitious events and then make the proper replies. By today’s standards those forms were quite formal and stilted. There was also instruction in how to properly address people of all sorts of stations in life, and how one should have our own calling cards printed. She was great on sentence structure also. I think we were well prepared for High School after learning Mrs. Holton’s classroom.

Mrs. Holton wanted her students to be aware of what was going on worldwide. She had the class subscribe to a weekly news magazine called “Current Events”. News of the United States and the rest of the world was condensed for easier understanding. Each student had to verbally report in class on some important event and then write a short theme about the subject. These classroom periods were interesting and stimulating.

Usually on a Friday afternoon, Mrs. Holton would read us one of the Uncle Remus stories written by Joel Chandler Harris. She was an expert in reading and pronouncing the dialect of Uncle Remus and entertained us royally in doing so.

In my grammar school years, two series of books were very popular reading among the boys: The "Tom Swift" series detailing all his new inventions and his romance and marriage to Mary Nestor; and the adventures of the three "Rover Boys", a series. Of course, we eagerly read the rise to riches books of Horatio Alger, Jr. Western stories by Zane Grey and Wm. McLeon Raines were very popular as were books by Harold Bell Wright and the romantic "Graustark" books. Many of these books were made into movies. James Oliver Curwood was a popular author of romantic novels of Canada and the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. We also read Jack London’s books.

Two books which caused a great stir at the Home as well as elsewhere were the publication of "It" by Elinor Glyn and the "Plastic Age" by Percy Marks. They were somewhat controversial and considered racy or scandalous for the times.

Elinor Glyn said "It" was a quality embodying many things in a persons makeup. After we boys saw Clara Bow in the movie we were convinced it had to do something with sex, a topic few of us knew anything about and a word
rarely heard and if so usually sotto voce we boys quickly identified which girls among the students had "It". The girls copied Clara Bow's hairdos and discussed what "It" was with one another and sometimes the boys.

Harry Estridge of the Class of 1923 was, I believe, the first Barium boy to go to college. After graduating in 1923 he applied to the University of North Carolina for admittance and was rejected, in spite of good grades, as having insufficient credits from an unapproved school. Determined, nevertheless, he went to Chapel Hill, insisted on an examination, passed it and was admitted. He attended Carolina two years before transferring to Davidson College and completing his education there. He was a letterman on the Davidson wrestling team.

Prior to 1922, female graduates generally became nurses, stenographers, telephone operators, took beauty parlor courses or got married. The boys joined the Army or the Navy or got work somewhere. If any got to college they had to do so on scholarships (very limited in those days) or receive help from relatives. There were no student loan programs.

One of Mr. Johnston's greatest contributions to Barium Springs was creating a loan fund to assist graduates to go on to college. Some of the funds provided were outright gifts and some borrowed from the orphanage fund to be paid back upon graduation and over a period of time. Summer jobs helped accumulate some funds for the school year expenses.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

In my opinion, there was a dearth of social contact between the boys and girls, as well as insufficient education in sexual matters. The boys were occasionally warned by Mr. Johnston about venereal diseases and this was about all.

There were times for dating the Lottie Walker girls, usually 3:00 PM - 6:00 PM on Sundays. Dating was carefully supervised by Miss Maggie Adams who patrolled the parlor at Lottie Walker with eagle eyes. It was a little better when a couple could sit outside on one of the several benches placed around the building. I guess we made our dates by telling our girlfriends at school on Fridays that we would see them Sunday. Sometimes a date was made when we saw each other at the dining hall. At any rate the girls always were expecting us and seemed to know exactly whom to look for.

Lottie Walker parlor had one love seat, a twin seat shaped like an "S" where the boy and girl sat side by side and face to face, and best of all, in "close proximity". It was easy to hold hands and the seat was dearly sought after.
on a first come, first served basis. We boys would run all the way from Jennie Gilmer to Lottie Walker to be first. Usually in hot weather we were so sweaty by the time we got there that we couldn’t have been appealing to the girls. Several parties were organized from time to time such as the Halloween Party at Jennie Gilmer to get boys and girls together. Miss Mildred Mosely took a fancy to the Class of 1928 and made numerous successful occasions for us to get together, usually dinners cooked by the girls and served in the basement of Lottie Walker. She also encouraged us in achieving some social graces. Coach McMillan took us on a picnic to Buffalo Shoals on the Catawba River when we were in the tenth grade.

I was an incurable romantic but extremely shy and unsure of myself around girls. In spite of this, I think I managed to have a sweetheart in almost every grade. Being sweethearts consisted of a provocative glance or two, a wink or so, maybe a note passed or some girl telling you that, “Mary really likes you”. All of these cemented an unspoken liking for each other and acknowledgment that you were sweethearts.

Physical contact between boys and girls was minimal in my days at Barium. Occasionally one had a chance to hold hands with a girl, put an arm around her and maybe steal a kiss, usually in some darkened place like the Home truck at night or even in the dimly lit underpasses. A kiss from a sweetheart would send one into a state of euphoria for several days.

How well I remember those lovely girls that were my sweethearts. In the fifth and sixth grades, Gladys Kelly was my girlfriend; in the seventh and eighth grades Eugenia Coletrane; then followed Elsie Westall and Mary Jones. In the tenth and eleventh grades I dated Daisybelle Torrance and termed Nell Coxwell my steady girl. Many years later I saw Mary Jones in Birmingham after her marriage. She was visiting relatives there. I used to phone her sister Margaret who married Sam Jackins, when I occasionally was in Shreveport, Louisiana on business. Mary had several children and the last word I had of her she was living in Longview, Texas. Nell Coxwell came to our class reunion in Charlotte about 1968. The Class of 1928 has really kept in touch with each other. Our last reunion was hosted by Buck Squire and his wife Frances in Greensboro in 1983.

One very embarrassing incident occurred to me when I was in the seventh grade. I received a note addressed to me and inside were the words “Much love”. In my first and only attempt at being a chirographist, I decided I knew the young lady’s handwriting. I returned the missive to her on which I had also written “Much love”. Imagine how I felt when she said, “I didn’t send it, it was sent by Kathleen”. I could have sunk through the floor. So much for a little knowledge. We laughed about it in later years.
Social graces were acquired by reading about how things were done, listening, looking and practicing. There just wasn’t enough conversation with the girls to become an interesting conversationalist and at ease. All the members of our class, at our last reunion, admitted this was a shortcoming in our education. We also admitted we had all needed more instruction in sexual education.

The attendance at Statesville High by Lamont Brown, the Johnston children Ruth Lowrance and others opened many social occasions for us in Statesville. We met many of the girls there and occasionally dated them in Ralph Thomas’ car, the Home Ford or Dr. Brown’s automobile. They were always gracious to me and treated us as equals. Unfortunately, we were invited to parties where sometimes we hesitated to go because we didn’t consider our clothes nice enough. The girls would also come to Barium on Friday afternoon during the football season to cheer us on. A little jealousy was generated by this with the Home girls, but they were always curious about whom we were dating in Statesville and what we did.

Dr. W.C. Brown had a very beautiful daughter who dated Robert “Bob” Collier, a lawyer in Statesville and a former Wake Forest College football star. They were married and I understand Mr. Collier later became a State Superior Court Judge.

Among the family names of girls, I remember were Gilbert, Sherrill, Bowles, Deaton, Bunch, Taylor, Quinn and Goforth among many. I received an invitation from Jean Quinn for her graduation from Mitchell College in 1930, but at that time was attending Danville Military Institute in Virginia, and couldn’t go to Statesville.

In later years, my first cousin, Mary MacKay Brandon, and her husband, Dr. Wm.R. Brandon, retired from his practice in New York City to Statesville. From time to time I visited her and made contact with several of the Statesville people.

One occasion at Barium that I remember well was about 1923, when my brother MacNeill MacKay III came to visit us. He was attired “fit to kill”, with a mustache, black derby, gloves, and a walking cane. He had a date with Mary Lee Kerr and was thoroughly smitten. They corresponded for several years but never saw each other again. Mary Lee Kerr from Statesville was a very beautiful young lady and I could well understand his feelings.

In spring and fall teachers would take an entire class, boys and girls, for a walk to the spring, to the Old Soldiers Graveyard towards Statesville or some
other place. This did give us an excellent chance to mix and talk with the girls.

On these walks, the boys would try to demonstrate their ability to catch squirrels, rabbits, snakes, etc. A favorite pastime on a spring walk was to gather and present to the girls a hand full of "sweet shrubs", a small bulb about the size of a fingernail. Placed in a damp handkerchief, they exuded a delightful fragrance. In winter, we were always trying to present the girls with a sprig of mistletoe or holly and hoping they would at least reward us with a warm smile.

The year-end banquets for the boys and girls who were on the various teams were always a highlight of the years. We usually had a neighboring coach as a speaker and an excellent meal prepared by the Domestic Science Class girls. Athletic letters for the various sports were awarded. It was a good chance to see the girls but unfortunately we always sat at different tables.

Checkers, Rook, Parcheesi, and all sorts of card games were permissible. There was an absolute restriction on dancing, although the girls did learn to dance with each other and seemed to know the latest dance craze. Knowing how to do ballroom dancing would have been such a great asset after leaving Barium. I learned to dance at Danville Military Institute with my instructor being another cadet. Every cadet was forced to learn dancing and attend our frequent "hops" as the dances were called. As I learned, I thought how much more enjoyable it would have been to hold a warm soft pretty girl in my arms than a stiff old cadet in a military uniform. Dancing introduced me to my wife to be and was a wonderful asset in business entertainment in later life. My wife and I still go dancing once a week.

Mrs. Lowrance tried to assist us in getting together with the girls. On one occasion she gave a card party for her daughter Ruth and a cousin. She invited the tenth and eleventh grades in 1926 to come to her house. We played auction bridge and "hearts" and one or two other card games. Mrs. Lowrance rotated us from table to table to have a chance to visit with different girls, and then we selected one girl to be our partner when refreshments were served. I had the pleasure of dating Ruth's cousin, a very attractive girl, whose name I can't remember.

Ruth Lowrance was in the Class of 1928 but she transferred to Statesville High School, graduated there and went on to college.

Miss Maggie Adams, the matron at Lottie Walker, had a real phobia about boys and girls dating. I sometimes wondered if she had ever had a beau and experienced the feeling of young love. She patrolled the hall outside the living
room at Lottie Walker, walking up and down the hall by the doors into the living room where several couples would be dating. She was quick to enter the room and reprimand any boy who was sitting too close to a girl or had their arms entwined while holding hands. It was almost as if she thought the girls would lose their innocence or worse through mere contact. Even the mothers in Statesville placed more trust in the boys dating their daughters. At any rate, I never knew of any sordid events with the girls at Barium.

The cherished hour of the week days was from 5 to 6 o’clock. We were free to roam the campus, play games, go to the library or meet a girl on a campus bench to talk. I’m sure I did all of these but preferred the library in winter time. In the other seasons of the year there was tennis, touch football games, and some pickup baseball games. It was a wonderful hour of relaxation.

In the time I was at Barium, I had the highest regard for the members of the Class of 1928. Unfortunately, Buck Squires and I did not have the pleasure of finishing with them. Buck graduated from Greensboro High and I from Danville (Va.) Military Institute. We have all kept in touch and have had two reunions, the last in 1983.

They have all had fulfilling and successful lives. Nell Coxwell True, Daisybelle Torrance Nesbitt, Geneva Player Batson, Louise Gufford Pfeiffer were all married. Hilda Bernardo had a very responsible position with the Duke Endowment prior to her retirement. Louise became a very successful real estate operator in Baltimore. Bennie Boyette was General Freight Traffic Manager for the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad in Jacksonville. Irvin Squires was a most successful partner and CPA with the A.M. Pullen Co., in Greensboro. I was a graduate engineer of the University of Alabama, taught in the Engineering School for 5 years and retired as Vice President in Charge of Sales for American Cast Iron Pipe Co. in Birmingham. The boys were all married. Dennis is now a widower, and Daisybelle and Louise are widows. Buck Squires is still married; and I have been married to a lovely Welsh girl for 47 years. I think most of the married ones had children.

While there were many shortcomings at Barium, I do think we all learned to appreciate and respect others, learned the values of hard work and study, the virtues of honesty and obedience and the values of belief in Christianity as a foundation for life.

ATHLETICS

One of Mr. Johnston’s first athletic endeavors was to build a swimming pool just west of Synod Cottage. Forms were built and the concrete was mixed on the site. Walter Fraley, Eli Morris, and I helped, hauling cement in Mr.
Lowrance's wagon to the site. Previously, the Dairy boys had dammed the creekflowing to the spring for a makeshift dirty water pool. Before that, the boys who wanted to swim learned in Third Creek near where the highway bridge crosses the stream now.

The pool was immensely popular and times were set for the various cottages to swim. Boys and girls had separate times, but they came to watch each other swim. There was a spring board and a diving tower with approximately six feet and twelve feet platforms. Richard "Dick" Griswold was by far the best diver and was at this best when any girls were present for his swan dive. He would also dive from the twelve foot platform through a tire on the surface of the water.

The girls' swim suits were almost that - something between bloomers and a two-piece suit. The boys wore two-piece suits somewhat skimpier than the girls.

Although it was against the rules, the boys from Jennie Gilmer would slip out of the dormitory and into the pool on many a hot summer night.

One of the greatest assets to Barium was the establishment of organized athletics, especially football and track for the boys, and basketball for the girls. Westling and basketball for boys came later. The first of these began in 1922.

Mr. Johnston bought sweat shirts, helmets, shoulder pads, and pants, and Mr. Sipes, in the shoe shop, added cleats to heavy brogan high top shoes. The first game was played at Barium against Statesville High. Barium's boys had all the equipment except the pants. Overalls were substituted. The game was won by Statesville 21 to 18. "Boots" Kerr scored two touchdowns for Barium and "Hooky" (Guy) Jackson scored one touchdown on an end around. Mac Gray was the Statesville star, scoring all their points, with someone kicking three extra points for them.

On the following Saturday, with the pants having arrived, Barium journeyed to Statesville and was thoroughly whacked 46 to 0. Later, Barium lost to Davidson 118- to 0; Lincolnton 31-6, and Huntersville 18-6, ending the 1922 season.

In the 118-0 defeat at Davidson, Charlie Carriker was the Barium Captain. After each Davidson touchdown, the referee asked Charlie, "What do you want to do-kick or receive?" About the end of the third quarter, when the score was monumental, Charlie answered him thus: "Well, I think we ought to go home, I don't see much chance of winning this game." For weeks afterward, the boys at Lees Cottage had great fun at Charlie's expense, asking the same question.
as the referee and providing a host of different answers. I must say Charlie Carriker took it in real good humor.

Buck Squires and I thumbed rides to Chapel Hill and saw UNC beat Davidson 26-0 in the very first game ever played in Kenan Stadium. The original stadium seated 26,000 people and was patterned after the University of Georgia stadium. The team of 1922 had little coaching, was very inexperienced, hardly knew the rules and assignments, but put forth a fine effort.

During the football season of 1923, Barium lost in succession to Davidson High, Mooresville, Landis (twice), and Loncolntont (twice) being held scoreless the entire season. The boys were still enthusiastic about the game and learning.

The season of 1924 was our first successful one. The boys had obtained some additional equipment and better shoes, plus some dedicated coaching by Mr. J. Lee Peeler of Troutman. The squad played sixteen games! They won 10, lost 5, and tied 1. Statesville was beaten three times, with one loss to them. These were full four quarter games, but were later termed "scrimmages" by Statesville because at least two of the games were played in mid-week. A result of this claim was that Mr. Johnston wrote and editorial in the Barium Messenger challenging Statesville to a regular Friday afternoon scheduled game. They accepted for the 1925 season.

Another highlight of the 1924 season was the hard-earned victory over Belmont Abbey, a school with record of success. Barium won the game on Thanksgiving day at Belmont, with Jack Harris scoring the winning touchdown on the old "Statue of Liberty" play for a 13-12 victory.

Most of the big boys had graduated as we started the 1925 season. Mr. E.L. Jackson, from Charlotte, the Home auditor, was able to get Dick Kirkpatrick, a former Charlotte coach, and "Red" Johnson, a former star at University of North Carolina, to help us, assisted now and then by some Davidson College players. We had only 13 players to start the season.

Gastonia, the state high school champion that year, played us in the first game. The score was 6-6 at the half. We lost Bob Johnson with a broken wrist, and Thad Brock with a broken leg. They literally beat us down in the second half and won 47-6. Pat Crawford, a Davidson graduate, coached Gastonia. He played baseball with the New York Giants, but refused to play on Sundays, and was released.

Charlotte High, a very heavy favorite, beat us only 14-0. The score was 0-0 at the half. Mr. Johnston said we played so well that several supporters who
watched us, called in money and materials contributions, including a gentleman who sent us a carload of chemical fertilizers.

Mr. E.L. Jackson had me and two others stay at his rooming house. He wined us and dined us, and took us to see Harold Lloyd, a popular comedian, in the movie, "The Freshman." He bought me a Saturday morning issue of the "Charlotte Observer" where, on the sports page account of our game was "Jack MacKay, 114 pound end of the visitors, played an outstanding game." I still have the clipping somewhere.

On Saturday afternoon, we went to Wearn Field, the baseball park, to see Davidson and Wake Forest play. Wake Forest had whipped Carolina the previous week, and was a heavy favorite. Davidson led 3-0 on the effort of Dick Grey's field goal dropkick of some 30 to 40 yards. Rackley, the Wake Forest quarterback, tied the game with a 30 yard drop kick in the 4th quarter. The game ended in a 3-3 tie.

We won Mr. Johnston's 1925 challenge game with Statesville 7-0 in the rain and mud at Barium. I wrote an English class theme on this game and got an "A". Contrary to Mr. Johnston's recollections in his book, "The First Twenty" we recovered a Statesville fumble at their 38 yard line. Alternate off tackle plays by Walter Fraley and Eli Morris got the touchdown and Fraley place kicked the extra point. We kept Statesville hemmed up in the second half. They probably had the better team, but we had something to prove. It gave the whole orphanage pride in us and we walked with a more confident stride when in Statesville. We had bragging rights on them, and used it.

Earl Dunlap, the star of the thornwell Orphanage team, and a later All-American at Georgia Tech, beat us almost by himself 34-0. We could run the ball well, but rarely over the goal line. Our lone score resulted from a fumble I recovered on their 10 yard line and a pass from Estridge to Fraley. Mr. Johnston reserved two rooms for us at a Chester, S.C. hotel, and we all rested before the game which was played at the Fairgrounds with very few spectators.

A game that sticks in my memory was our 9-0 win over Thomasville Orphanage. In a scoreless game, up to the fourth quarter, we decided to kick a field goal from their 20 yard line. I had been practicing with Walter Fraley, and held the ball. As we lined up, I was afraid Troy Coates, our center, would snap the ball before I was ready. I yelled, "Just a minute." The Thomasville team stood up, Coates snapped the ball, I had plenty of time to place it, and Fraley kicked the field goal. With about a minute to go, we recovered a fumble, and Estridge passed to Fraley for a touchdown. The game was memora-
ble to me, also, because Mr. Lowrance gave me my first pair of long pants, which I proudly wore that day.

A former Marine, from Quantico Marines, who lived Statesville, helped coach us that year. His name was Mr. Elliott. He changed me from drop kicking to place kicking.

Walter Fraley broke his nose and was fitted with an old time nose protector, made of rubber. It covered the nose and mouth, held in place by a strap around the head and the mouthpiece clamped between the teeth. We had several problems during games when the mouthpiece would fall out, and we would stop the game to search for it. He was called "Beak" man by our opponents. Later, a helmet with a leather extension over the nose was purchased. It lasted three or four games until the nose cover became too pliable. This was well before the time of helmets with face guards.

The 1926 season was the first for which we were all measured and received new equipment - pants, shoes, helmets, white stockings, and, best of all, new colored jerseys. The jerseys were black and orange-black background with orange rings on the sleeves and a solid orange bar from shoulder to shoulder. We, nevertheless, called them Black and Gold, and got to be known as the Black and Gold Tornado- so named by Mr. Morrison, or Mr. D. P. Gray, sportswriters for the Statesville Daily.

We beat Statesville again this year 9-7, and retained our "bragging" rights. Bob Estridge drop-kicked a field goal for the winning margin.

The last game of the year was played in Raleigh, at North Carolina State’s Riddick Field, against Raleigh Methodist Orphanage, for the orphanage championship. We didn’t play well, and lost 14-6. My father and older brother came from Durham to see us play.

The outstanding event of this trip was having dinner at the Governor’s Mansion with Governor Angus McLean. It was a beautiful state dinner, well served, and thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. Ben Dixon MacNeill, a cousin of my father, and a writer for the "Raleigh News and Observer", arranged it.
We lost the best six players of the 1926 team to Davidson College. Two of them—Walter Fraley and Thad Brock—became outstanding stars at Davidson.

The 1926 team was the first to have a full-time coach. He was Coach Ralph "Rosie" McMillan, a Davidson College graduate. He installed a series of plays from three different formations. We learned more about blocking and tackling and strategy. I greatly admired him. He was a very successful coach at Barium before leaving years later.

He also had the training room to prevent and treat injuries and he individually wrapped the ankles of all players before each game.

The 1927 team started the season without six members of the 1926 team, all of whom had gone to Davidson College. We won five games, lost three, and tied three.

The most exciting game was that against Belmont Abbey on Thanksgiving day morning at ten o'clock. We out-played a much heavier team, but lost as a result of the completion of two, thirty-yard passes by Johnnie Branch, their quarterback, who went on to Carolina to become an outstanding star. During this game, Mr. Ernest Milton typed the play-by-play account, which was rushed to the printing office. By lunch time, a complete resume of the game was distributed to all the Belmont team, which had Thanksgiving lunch with the Barium team. They were amazed at how small we were in everyday clothes. Mr. A.P. Edwards printed the menu for the meal on green paper with gold lettering and a big gold shamrock in the front. There was a short message welcoming the Belmont team to Barium. I was immensely proud of my 67 yard punt in the game.

The last game of the season was against Raleigh Methodist Home for the State Orphanage Championship, and was played at Barium. We lost 6-0 in the last quarter. Robert Wilkes and I came down with the mumps the week of the game and missed it. Mr. Johnston came to the infirmary to take us to the game in his car. He was going to wrap us in the new Barium blankets, which had been donated by Mr. William Preyer, and avid supporter who was a top official with the Vick Chemical Company. Dr. Adams would not let us go out, so we missed our last game.

Robert Wilkes later joined the Army and was captured at Bataan in the Philippines. He endured the infamous Japanese "death march," was later rescued, but died shortly afterwards in an Army hospital. "Rosie" McMillan installed mainly a "short punt" formation to run our basic plays. He had learned it at Davidson, where it was installed by Coaches Monk Younger and Tex Tillson. It was a balanced line, two backs in line behind and slightly right
of center, one back left of center, and the deep man directly behind center and 5 yards back. I later learned Fielding Yost, the famous coach, used it first at Michigan and his son-in-law, Dan McGugin, used it at Vanderbilt.

We also had an unbalanced line single wing formation with all back in slanting in a line toward the end. Also, we had a "spread" formation for unusual passing situations. One of our best and most deceptive scoring plays was Old Number 6, a pass to the weak side back from short punt formation. It never ceased to gain yardage. I still have my football "playbook".

Winston-Salem High used the "T" formation about 1924 or 1925. It was installed by a Coach Musick, a graduate of Maryville College, who had some good teams at the time. Winston-Salem, I believe, won the state football championship one of these years*. Thomasville Orphanage used the "I" formation.

The cheerleaders in High School were not as organized as today, but just as enthusiastic. There were more signs, especially printed ones, on the autos that usually surrounded the fields.

One such that I remember, for some reason, was a sign on the windshield of a "T" Model Ford at Statesville, in a game against Winston. The sign had a large "W" and was as follows: (In acrostic form We-Will-Watch-Warners-Warriors-Whip-Winston-Wont-We-Whoopee)

Statesville watched but didn’t win by 20-0.

Rosie McMillan was a great teacher of fundamentals, precision, and passing. The ball changed shape considerably between 1922 and 1925. Earlier balls were fat and more round for drop kicking. They had a bladder, which had to be blown up, sealed, and then the ball was laced up. About 1925, the balls became more oblate, spheroidal in shape, slimmer, factory laced with an air valve already installed, and were much easier to throw in the popular passing game, which was coming into style. They were more difficult to use in a drop kick and the place kick for making extra points and field goals was employed. They punt longer and better spirals also.

*(State Football Champions: 1924-Rockingham; 1925-Gastonia. Ed.)
When football practice started, usually about September first, Coach McMillan brought in football players from Davidson and occasionally Carolina to get in shape with us, as well as instruct us. One I remember well was Odell Sapp of Carolina, whose brother was a quarterback at Davidson. They were of great assistance to us.

Mr. S.A. Grier built our first goal posts from two upright small trees and the cross bar was a slim tree trunk, which sagged considerably in the middle. The bark was still on the posts and bar. Later, Mr. Grier built the goal posts from galvanized steel water pipes. The posts were one yard back of the goal line and the cross bar was offset to be directly above the goal line. The uprights were very short, and occasionally we had an argument as to whether or not a kicked ball had gone between them. The entire goal post assembly was painted green.

Standard time in High School football was 12 minutes per quarter. Occasionally coaches, by agreement, would change times by quarters and a game might be 10-12-10-12 minute quarters. Players played both offense and defense. There was little substituting. Head gears and shoulder pads were primitive, compared to today’s equipment. Shoes were always high top. Three time outs were allowed each half. A substitute coming on the field reported to the referee, announcing his name and whom he was replacing. He could not speak to his team mates until after one play. Failure to report or speaking entailed 5 yard penalties.

I got the first advanced helmet from Bocock-Stroud Company in Winston-Salem, after my old helmet was damaged in the Winston Game of September, 1927.

My brother, Bill, scored the first touchdown on the first football game played on the new Sloan Field. This was after I left the Home. Bill went on the McCallie School, where he was All-State. He played at Georgia Tech in the early 1930’s.

Following almost every Friday afternoon game, I was really bruised up because I was light in weight compared to the teams we played. I never weighed over 125 pounds at Barium. Mr. Johnston would take me to Statesville on Saturday or Monday following the Friday games, to see Dr. Hoffman, an osteopath. He would place me on his table, double my legs up to my chest, and almost jump on me. My bones sounded like someone stepping on a box of uncooked macaroni. It did seem to do some good.
The great emphasis on athletics at Barium developed a wide interest in national sporting events. We followed the records of the major football colleges of the State, especially Davidson.

About 1923 or 1924, we began going to Davidson to see the college football and baseball games. I was among a group who saw Davidson beat Citadel 7-0, in the first game played on Richardson Field. The game was actually played on the practice field as the regular football field and stands were being constructed. The kick off tee was a small mound of mud or clay, shaped to the kicker's pleasure. Davidson won the game on a trick play, when the center, Joe McConnell, the Davidson center, turned at 45 degrees to the line and snapped the ball sideways instead of between his legs, to the back, who scored.

Another memorable game was when "Sook" Boggs, a Davidson guard, got through the line and blocked a punt for the only touchdown of the game, to beat Wofford College 7-0.

Davidson won the state college championship in 1926, beating the major colleges, Duke, Carolina, and North Carolina State. They may have tied Wake Forest that year. Dick Grey, the excellent Davidson back, drop-kicked the ball to scores and victories over Carolina and State - both these games were played at Davidson. The college bell rang for hours after the Carolina game.

Thad Brock was instrumental in beating Duke one year, running from behind his own goal line, where he had lined up to punt, for 102 yards to the Duke two or three yard line, where Walter Fralley scored the winning touchdown. The run was featured on a Ripley "Believe It Or Not" cartoon.

Mr. Johnston had made and provided a gold-colored felt armband with black letters "POH" on them, to the boys and girls attending the Davidson College football games. It was held in place with a small elastic band. These were our admission tickets to the games and later to movies in Statesville. The students were usually transported to the games in the Home truck or faculty autos, although some boys continued to "bum" rides.
THE GOOD LIFE AT P.O.H.
Bill McCall

This rambling set of anecdotes about the good life at the Presbyterian Orphans Home, Barium Springs, N.C., is dedicated to Mr. Joe Johnston, the superintendent from 1922 to 1951 and to the 350 or so brothers and sisters who helped mold Barium into a very lively community. It is purposely written in a light vein even though some of the events pictured here seemed pretty serious at the time.

I like to remember Mr. Johnston as the super chief whose personal charm, unquestioned authority, and wide range of knowledge made Barium a success. He was a super salesman who raised money for the orphanage, sold the Board of Trustees on providing extras like our swimming pool, a banking facility, the orchards, and many other projects that made life richer and more satisfying. We boys and girls made the best of the situation. We tried all the games that were in fashion and then invented more to pass the time. We also made friends easily then dropped them with reckless abandon. Oftentimes, we fought each other for good reason or no reason at all. Overall, it was a very good life that we had together.

There were five of us Mc Calls who came to Barium about 1926. All but one of us, brother Ed, stayed until we finished high school. Ed ran away at the age of ten or so and grew up in Iowa with a distant relative. Marian was the oldest of us and I remember she sometimes played the piano at church instead of Miss Laura Greene. My twin brothers, Tom and Jack, and I went to stay at the Baby Cottage, and after a couple of years I was found to have tuberculosis. I wound up at the Sanatorium near Aberdeen, N.C. and stayed there a year. I recall that Tom and Jack developed rickets, but they recovered in time to catch the next thing that was going around.

When I returned from the Sanatorium, I stayed at the Infirmary for nearly three years. Dick Parrish and Sally Farmer were with me and we appointed ourselves Directors of Tourism for incoming families. For all of our efforts to extol the virtues of Barium to others, we were rewarded with cases of itch, lice, or both. I especially remember one of the Smith families being loaded with these. Several times, Dick, Sally and I were in the tub together getting our treatment for these. Prior to this I had ringlet curls, but afterwards I would go to school with a shaven head and a turban on.

The Synod’s Cottage found me to be a very energetic kid. I got into trouble each and every day for something. When Miss Taylor couldn’t find out who was talking, she would spank us all with a radiator brush. There were three
forms of punishment: To get spanked, stand in the middle of the floor, or take a nap during playtime in the afternoon. Taking a nap was the most severe. Synods Cottage was rather unique in design. The first floor consisted of a large room with a two-foot square box for each boy to sit on and keep his worldly possessions in. Upstairs were the sleeping wards, arranged in military style, row after row. I don’t recall if we had to make up the beds. Anyway, with 40 boys housed there, one can imagine the flair of tempers that rose from day to day. (We did make our beds. Ed.)

At the age of 10 we moved to the Lees or Alexander Cottage. But I can’t remember who decided which cottage we were moved to. However, I went to Lees and began work on the Truck Farm. This seemed better than moving to the Alexander Cottage where the boys had to get up at 4:00 a.m. to milk cows and clean up the barn. No one envied them although they did get to drink all the milk they wanted.

Barium Springs really came to life for me at Lees Cottage. So, this is where most of my story actually begins. For example, I recall one way that I began to adjust myself to the situation. It involved the dining room at Rumple Hall. This large room accommodated everyone at Barium during meal times. A loud bell tolled to call us for chow, and children sat at their assigned tables. Of course, as we grew older and moved to different cottages, we changed tables.

Now at Lees, there was this little game going...that the swift of foot gained first place at the table and got to eat all he wanted before the next person could take a helping. This meant that the first four or five at a table for eight ate pretty well, but the others had to survive on syrup sandwiches. As you might expect, I had to survive on syrup sandwiches for quite a while, even though our pretty waitresses did their best to supply us with extra food. The guy who was first to race from Lees Cottage at the sound of the bell also got first coming back, for extras. Sometimes, this led to fist fights, including the very first time that I got there first. Another boy challenged me but I won the fight and he agreed that he was second after all.

I think that I might have been into more fist fights than the average boy. At one time, Jesse Weeks was the biggest bully around. He picked on other kids and many more of us were bluffed into not daring anything with him. You know, the con-artist type. Well, one day I stood up to Jesse and challenged him to a fight. Luckily, my good friend and protector, Acorn McCrimmon was standing close by. Old Jesse backed down, and you know, my ego shot sky high. I was then ready to challenge anyone.
When I entered Jenny Gilmer I was in the eighth grade and growing like a weed. In fact, I was a big boy for my age. But size didn’t count when it came time to run the belt line. At this cottage, everyone was initiated by running the belt line, where older boys tried to hit you with a belt or with a paddle. We tried to run as fast as possible to get the fewest possible hits. It was my fate to receive a buckle to the ribs where a big welt rose. I recall that despite our fears, we had actually looked forward to this rite of passage. Getting thrown into the swimming pool was another part of this initiation. No one went in to save you unless you really couldn’t swim or were in serious trouble. I think all this helped to make us mentally and physically tougher, ready to dare further challenges.

In Jenny Gilmer, where the high school boys lived, there were two of us (sometimes more) in each room, plus one common bath located on each of the two floors. Henry Allessandrinii was my roommate for a while and “Tootie” Marlowe for a time. “Tootie” was older and would often send me down to Doodlums* for a 10¢ shot of wine. He smoked and covered it up with Colgate toothpaste. Once, I went down to Doodlums to buy some suckers and ordered 5¢ worth of BB Bats. And when I said, “BBBats” to the clerk, old “Tootie” was there and he turned (with his eyeballs floating) and looked to see what kid was buying such a silly thing. Those BB Bats were all-day suckers and the very best buy of its kind in those days.

My brother Tom inherited (from a graduated friend) a large rabbit territory with exclusive rights to set out rabbit boxes, or traps. Well, ole Tom would get up before daylight sometimes to check his boxes and he was often seen bringing back a rabbit in each hand. Sometimes, I would help Tom skin his catch, which was then carried down to the infirmary to Mrs. Moore to cook up a pie. If Tom came back from his territory empty handed, he would suspect that someone else had raided his boxes.

On frosty days we used to go sledding on the leaves behind the barn. The scene was something like this. A very steep hill led down to a creek and the aim was to ride your sled downhill on the leaves. And, it was important to make a ninety degree turn just in front of the creek. This sledding took place between breakfast and the school bell. Well sir, one day I didn’t quite make the turn and at that very moment, the school bell rang. Being eager to keep my perfect attendance record in tact, I ran off to school dripping wet. I got there just in time but was sent back to change into dry clothes. I also got a fat zero in the class that day.

* (“Doodlums” was a filling (gas) station located about one mile south of the Campus. With a pool table, it was a local “watering hole” hangout. Barium boys usually bought candy, pop and cigarettes there. Ed.)
One particular summer, the milk from our dairy tasted of wild onions. About twenty of us boys were placed under the direction of a senior, say Joe Savage, and made to pull any type of weed that might have caused the bad taste. Golden rod and dog fennel were in abundance and, believe me, there must have been a solid twenty-five acres of it growing in the pasture. Our task was to pull 25 armloads before we could rest. It was a distasteful job, especially in the hot sun, and it lasted for a couple of weeks...when the milk started tasting better.

Behind Mr. Johnston’s house was an old tennis court which had grown up with weeds. He hinted to some of us that if we wanted to play tennis, we would have to help fix up the court. So, a bunch of us jumped at the suggestion and went to work. We pulled up the weeds, leveled the courts, and repaired the backstop screen. Eventually, we made ourselves a real tennis court. We worked on the court after each work day was over and Mr. Johnston was there to supervise and help. The finished tennis court became a very popular place to be. Once, I recall playing with Lelia Johnston and we faced Mr. Johnston on the other court. We couldn’t get a ball past him, as he returned every shot. To top it off, he kept all the returns in the right court, too.

I worked for several years on the Orchard crew, under Mr. Thomas. We were really the hardest working group around and had to work right up to the very last minute of each period. Aside from picking fruit, we hoed out from underneath the peach and apple trees, sprayed, pruned, and thinned out the peaches. We robbed the bee hives and operated the canning house, where we canned tomato juice, greenbeans, peaches, then made apple sauce and pickled cucumbers. Besides this, we cultivated the grape vines. With just 5-6 guys working under a supervisor, I think that we did one heckava job. And, I can’t recall ever having a bad season for fruit crops.

Working on the Orchard crew was a great experience because we often ran across unusual things in nature. Fruit trees bring on varmints of all kinds, particularly snakes. We had puffing adders, black snakes, copperheads, water moccasins, and king snakes. Many a time some kid would be carrying around a king or garter snake wrapped around his neck. We used to catch a puffing adder by the tail and pop off its head in a whip-like manner. One day I walked up to Mr. Johnston’s porch and saw a copperhead snake coiled at the front door. I immediately called inside to alert Mr. Johnston and after shooing the snake away, he offered a reward to the fellow who would catch a king snake to put under his house. King snakes are natural enemies to some breeds of snakes, especially the copperhead. I don’t recall who got the prize, but I did catch a king snake about three feet long and placed it under the Johnston
house. I also remember seeing Leslie (Jap) Smith, who was the best snake catcher around, with half a dozen snakes wrapped around his neck.

Mr. Johnston once asked me and a couple of others to clean out his goldfish pond. We caught the fish first and put them in a bucket, then scrubbed the pond clean by hand. One of the rewards was that we kept the bullfrogs that had nearly filled the pond. After catching what seems like a barrel full of frogs, we then took pliers and a knife to skin the frogs. Of course, we threw away all but the hind legs and took them down to the Infirmary and asked Miss Moore to fix us a frogleg pie. Boy, was that delicious! Tom had his rabbit pies but I had my share of frog pies.

I recall another time when Ben Lewis and I looked around the Indian Cave area for a place to hide our peach brandy project. Fortunately, we found a place which we thought no one would ever find. Then we set out to make our brandy, with only a hazy idea of how to do it. We had already gotten some peaches, a few potatoes, and sugar (swiped from the kitchen). We filled two gallon jars with our concoction, which we hoped would make some fine peach brandy. For about six months, we visited the secret hiding place and tasted the brandy. Getting caught was far from our minds, but we did wonder just what we would do with two gallons of fine peach brandy. Well, it all went for naught. One day, while visiting the cave once more, we discovered the jars were missing and written in the dirt with black walnuts was the one word, "tuff." Some dadburned orphan had found our brandy.

One particular night, after weeks of careful planning, four of us decided to stay out in the woods all night. Besides myself, the others were Paul McKenzie, Tom McCall and Ben Lewis. Part of our plan was to prepare a banquet dinner for ourselves. I was elected to raid the canning house for a large can of peaches; another was to raid the potato house for sweet potatoes; a third was asked to go to Doodlums to buy a large orange partipak, a jar of peanut butter, and a loaf of bread. The last of us was to get a blanket, a flashlight, and some charcoal. We all met at the Indian Cave about three hours later, barely ahead of a rainstorm. I remember the water rose up to our knees before we decided to leave the cave for someplace else. Fortunately, there was an old shed near by and we set up housekeeping in there. We built a fire to make hot coals to cook the sweet potatoes, then ate our peanut butter sandwiches and drank the orange juice. Then for dessert, we opened the can of peaches that I had brought. Lo and behold, it turned out not to be peaches but only a can of beans. I never really lived that one down.

You can see that we orphan kids were much like anyone else, just trying to have fun. Sometimes we did go to unusual lengths to have fun. Most of the
time the fun came easy. I recall one Saturday near the Fourth of July when someone’s family came to visit and they brought along a bunch of firecrackers. When they found out that it was improper to fire them off on campus, I was given the firecrackers and asked to dispose of them. About a dozen of the kids followed me to the big pasture down below the main milking barn. It seemed like a good place and well out of sight of the campus. WE lit the sparklers, then the cherry bombs, and the Roman candles...saving the Cannon Ball for the final event. This cannon Ball was tied to a stick and I placed it in a Coke bottle and lit the fuse. Would you believe it, the bottle fell over and the Cannon Ball started to spin around and around. You should have seen us kids scatter. WE didn’t know which way to run. Suddenly, it took off about one foot off the ground and then about fifty feet away it hit a cowpie and exploded, throwing cowpie all over the place.

I recall one Saturday when Buck Jackins was holding court to find the culprit who had committed some petty crime. Those of us who were anxious to get to the "bumming corner" to catch a ride to town were annoyed by the delay. We were tempted to name our best friends as the culprit if only to get out of there. Finally, I did get my turn at thumbing a ride. A motorcycle stopped and the guy offered me a ride to Statesville. I climbed on and got the wildest ride of my life. I saw that speedometer hit 110 miles an hour and, man, was I ever grateful to set foot on ground again!

Football season brought on three teams which excelled every year: The 85 lb., the 125 lb., and the varsity team. I never played on the 85 lb. team but I played two years on the 125 lb. team, then moved up to the varsity. Our 125 lb. team never lost a game and, as a matter of fact, it never lost a game in nearly ten years. Once, I recall playing Kannapolis and I turned up lame and had to sit on the bench and watch. A wingback on their team got off a long run and a man behind me yelled “That’s my boy.” Suddenly, our safety man put on a tackle that completely knocked this same wingback out like a light. I nudged the man behind me and said, “That’s my boy.”

Our life perked up tremendously when Barium acquired land on the Catawba River and used many of us boys to help build Camp Fellowship. We built barracks for boys and for girls, a large dining hall, a pavilion, and flat bottom boats for poling up and down the river. Everyone got to spend at least one week at camp but the kids who never got a vacation to see their kin got two delightful weeks there. There was a big flood one summer and the water came way up to the boys barracks, which was farthest up the hill. Light bulbs strung around the pavilion were bobbing in the high water. James Shroyer and I dove for watermelons that came floating nearby. The strong undercurrents made it hard to get the melons and despite the danger involved, we
fought the current and won...Thank the Lord. Arthur Roach found some potatoes and we commenced to fling them at the lightbulbs bobbing in the water.

Shooting the rapids was indeed the most fun one could encounter on the river. These rapids began about a half-mile above the camp and ended right at the campsite. The swift flowing water tumbled over or between huge granite boulders and one could barely stand up in the boat while poling through there. We were challenged to improve our skill at steering the long boats through the rapids without damaging the boat or falling out. Thus, shooting the rapids became the most sought after sport while at camp.

During my last two years at Barium I was put in charge of the bank. Years earlier, Mr. Johnston had persuaded the Board of Regents to establish a small bank whereby the high school students could earn extra money by working overtime or by doing special jobs. For example, cleaning the swimming pool was a hard and dirty job. During the summer months, volunteers were called out each Saturday to scrub the pool. Since it was such a dismal task, it paid the premium rate of 20¢ per hour. It took about 20 kids two hours to clean it and get the refill started. Other work projects popped up now and then at different times of the year and there were always plenty of volunteers for these jobs. Some kids earned up to $4 or $5 in a couple of weeks of this overtime pay. It only took a quarter to attend a movie at the Playhouse Theater in Statesville and buy popcorn and a cold drink. Since one could thumb a ride to town for nothing, this quarter could help fill up the whole Saturday afternoon. A whole dollar could nearly get you the Key to the city.

Meanwhile, back to the banking business. As the banker, it was my job to record the overtime to be paid each person and to debit each account as required. Pay days came on Saturday mornings at 11:00 and those with overtime pay coming would write a check for whatever amount they chose to withdraw. Mr. Johnston would take me to the commercial bank in Statesville beforehand so we could withdraw the proper funds needed to cover any possible runs on our own bank. In most cases, I had a run on the bank every Saturday. Fortunately, there were never any IOU’s or overdrafts.

I faintly recall that in the bank’s earlier stages, tokens were used in lieu of real money. Apparently, this became too difficult to administer and we changed to the real stuff. On one occasion, which I came to regret, I advanced $100 to one of the Barium boys who was attending Davidson College. Usually, these boys worked summers at Barium and their earnings were saved up for college expenses. This particular person wanted to drop out of Davidson and get married, which was something that could make Mr. Johnston real angry. Well, old Billy broke all the rules by advancing this money. I found out how angry
Mr. Johnston could get down at Camp Fellowship, where I happened to be shooting the rapids when he came to deal with me. Whoever told me that he was looking for me said he was mad as a wet hen. At once, I knew I was in deep trouble; so I took my own good time getting back to the shore. As I arrived, I could see Mr. Johnston standing under the pavilion and right beside him was the prospective bride and groom. I really knew I was in trouble then. He let me have it with both barrels. "Who gave you the authority? When are they going to pay it back? Why on earth did you do it without telling me?" Questions and more questions. Boy, did I feel small. I was speechless, humiliated, and felt knee high to a grasshopper. I never saw him so mad. However, after ranting and raving for about five to ten minutes, he seemed to calm down and to decide how he could handle it from there on. Oddly enough, we became the best of friends from that day forward.

Most of the boys I palled around with, including my brothers Jack and Tom, were nature lovers or "nimrods", as we used to call ourselves. We explored the fields and woods during our spare time looking for wildlife or anything that might seem interesting. There was an old fish pond up the hill from the Big Spring which was chock full of large bull frogs, every kind of snake, turtles, lily pads, and (yes) it had a couple of fish. It was a good place to convene with nature.

I remember how Ben Lewis and I once spotted two large bass in the pond and we decided to keep their existence a secret. We watched them so long ourselves that they got used to us and would even follow one of us along shore, hoping for a handout. But they were smart, too. If a line hit the water they would vanish. One day, however, ole Ben slipped a crawdad on his hook and slowly dropped it into the water. ZING! That crawdad was sucked in so fast that ole Ben nearly took a bath trying to hold on to his fishing pole. He hollered and I ran over to save him...both of us waist deep in lily pads. The bass broke water several times but after a spell, it gave up and allowed us to bring him in. We marveled at its size; maybe eight to ten pounds, at least! Somehow, we imagined that his huge fish was showing off and wanted us to catch him. After showing him around Jenny Gilmer to everyone, we gave the fish to Buck Jackins to eat.

We had good times in the winter, too. Once, when it had snowed pretty hard and Buck Jackins was attending a basketball game out of town, some of us decided to go sledding right out on the highway north of Barium. It was so slippery that the cars could barely make it up the hill near Third Creek. When they came along, of course, we veered off the road. But we could sail down the hill at 25 to 30 miles per hour. Unfortunately, it was my bad luck to wrench my back while sliding into a ditch to let a big bus go by. It hurt for
several days afterwards, especially during practice sessions for wrestling. Buck Jackins asked how I had hurt my back and with a straight face, I told him that it happened while sledding. This was the truth, but not all the truth.

As you can see, Barium Springs was truly a fun place to grow up. We had some risky adventures but no real mishaps that I can recall. At least nothing that mercurichrome and a Band-Aid couldn’t cure. I should not fail to mention how very special Christmas was at Barium. All of us, no matter what our age, wrote letters to Santa Claus asking for one or two gifts. These letters, we knew, ended up in the collection plates of churches throughout the North Carolina Presbytery. Families took the letters and went shopping to fill a given child’s request. The presents were collected and shipped to Barium. At Synods Cottage, we smaller boys had presents placed under our beds late on Christmas Eve. You can imagine the happy surprises Christmas mornings and the bedlam that reigned for several days afterwards. We always wrote "thank you" letters afterwards even though we never knew or saw who had served as Santa Claus for us. Christmas time at Barium has always been a very touching story for me and I have gladly recited it to others since then.

I am grateful to all those many friends of Barium Springs who gave so freely to its support. Sometimes we seemed a bit tattered and torn, but we had many good times and we played hard in sports and played by the rules. It earned us a lot of respect. Our teachers were dedicated to teaching us a life worth living in the outside world. The lessons we learned at Barium made us better parents, or better men and women.

My best wishes to all of you who share these good thoughts about our past lives at Barium.

Billy McCall
JOSEPH BOUDINOT JOHNSTON (1881-1951)
By John N. McCall

Dr. Joseph B. Johnston was an effective child welfare leader. Prompted by religious convictions and by personal tragedy, he put aside a successful business career to do orphanage work. Thus, he became superintendent of the Presbyterian Orphans Home at Barium Springs, North Carolina. More than 1500 children, from 1922 to 1949, depended on his resourceful leadership for their physical and personal well being. This help came at a time when churches, rather than the state, provided for orphans or impoverished children. Dr. Johnston was highly successful in reporting the needs of children and in planning for their care within the institution. In time, he became widely respected by church and education officials for this achievements.

Joe Johnston was born March 2, 1881, in Lincolnton, North Carolina. He was the youngest of nine children, which included six girls and three boys. One brother died before he was born; the other, Zed, became a naval officer and won the Congressional Medal of Honor during the Spanish-American War. His mother, Catherine Caldwell Johnston, came from Chester, South Carolina, and it is from her Huguenot ancestors that some of the Johnston children got their French names. Besides her many church and community activities, Catherine Johnston took a special interest in the fledgling Presbyterian Orphans' Home that was established in nearby Charlotte. This interest continued when the Home was moved to Barium Springs in 1893.

Joe's father, Reverend Robert Z. Johnston, was raised in Rowan County, North Carolina, on the farm which belonged to the Johnston family for generations. After completing Davidson College and getting a divinity degree from Union Theological Seminary, he obtained a pastorate at the Lincolnton Presbyterian Church. He remained there for 36 years and was active in community affairs, becoming a school board member and a superintendent of schools. He also served nine small churches in the surrounding areas. As a boy, Joe often accompanied his father on this circuit ministry and listened to him preach. His father was a large man whose soft voice expressed wise, deeply religious thoughts. It is quite probable that Joe's own strong Christian beliefs and genuine concern for others came from his father.

Joe attended the Lincolnton public schools and enrolled at Davidson College, as his father and older brother had done. He was active in numerous clubs at Davidson, plus football and other sports. And he graduated in 1901 with distinction in mathematics and chemistry. He was employed for seven years as superintendent of a manufacturing department at the Atlanta Steel Company in Georgia. Then he held a similar position for four years with the
Conners-Weyman Steel Company in Helena, Alabama. In 1912, he returned to Lincolnton to go into business for himself. There he formed the Johnston Ice and Fuel Company and invested in the development of loading docks and delivery equipment. He soon became firmly established as a respected member of the Lincolnton community and served as city mayor and as county commissioner.

When he returned to Lincolnton in 1912, Joe was already married and had three children. His wife, whom he called Nancy in private, was Annie Lee Davidson. He had known her since childhood since she was literally one of the girls next door. Her father, Colonel William Lee Davidson, had brought his family to Lincolnton in 1881 and built a house next door to the Johnstons. The two families became quite close and shared many personal joys and sorrows. Later, the Davidson family moved to Chester, South Carolina, and it was there that Joe and Nancy were married in 1907. Joe’s father Reverend Johnston, helped officiate at the wedding. In the years that followed, the new Johnston family had seven children: Ann Fayssoux, Robert, William, Joseph, Jr., James, Bessie and Leila.

At the age of 40, Joe left his prosperous ice and fuel business to begin a new career. This dramatic change followed two accidents which brought much anxiety and sorrow to the Johnston family. In 1917, Joe was severely burned one early spring morning when he tried to light a fire in the stove for his business office. Unknown to him, someone had put gasoline in the kerosene can he used to start fires. The resulting explosion severely burned his legs and lower body, leaving him helpless in the hospital for several months. At the same time, his son, Jim, was near death with a stomach illness. Wondering if he would be spared to look after his family, Joe prayed, “Lord, if you will just let me live to take care of my little children, my life will be in your service for the rest of my days on this earth.” The two did recover, but within four years his daughter, Bessie, died in a tragic fire.

Hoping to give his life new purpose, Joe accepted the offer to become superintendent of the Presbyterian Orphans Home at Barium Springs. In the view of many, he proved to be the right man at the right time for the institution was badly run down. Most of the buildings needed repairs and the morale of the children and staff was low. Drawing upon his administrative skill, Joe organized departments, instituted a training program for matrons, and began to raise money for new buildings. Within a few years, there were constructed a new cottage for the youngest children, an elementary school with a combined auditorium and gymnasium, a print shop, an outdoor swimming pool, and a football field with a stadium for 500 persons. A new brick home was also built for the superintendent, which provided much needed housing for the growing
Johnston family. Its location among shady oak trees on the south edge of the campus permitted a pleasant retreat from the hectic pace of life on the central campus.

A preventive program for health problems was instituted, which included annual physical examinations for each child. An active sport program did much to improve morale. Within a few years the Barium Springs teams in football and other sports won their share of championships in competition with area schools. Numerous boys and girls earned athletic scholarships to area colleges, including Davidson College. Scholarships were also found for children who were talented in other ways than athletics.

Joe’s responsibilities through his 27 years at Barium Springs required him to travel extensively throughout North Carolina and nearby states. He spoke to large numbers of church and civic groups on behalf of children, especially those at Barium Springs. While he usually got their support, this proved especially difficult during the depression years and again during the Second World War. At those times, his audiences had other pressing concerns and the needs of children were bypassed. Public attitudes toward child care also changed. Rather than place children in large institutions, the public preferred foster homes or direct state aid to needy families. Joe hoped to prepare the Presbyterian Synod for these changes but he also believed very strongly that the church had a special responsibility for child care through its Christian ideals.

Joe Johnston’s efforts on behalf of children were widely recognized. Three times he was elected president of the Tri-state Conference of Orphanage Workers and several times he was elected president of the North Carolina Conference on Child Welfare. In 1947, after completing 25 years of service at Barium Springs, he was elected moderator for the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina. Davidson College had recognized him in 1933 by awarding him its Algernon Sydney Sullivan Award for Unselfish Service. In 1948, the College invited him to join the distinguished alumni chosen for Homecoming Citations of Merit in Their Chosen Field. Finally, in 1950, Davidson College honored Dr. Johnston by awarding him the Doctor of Laws degree in recognition for his achievements.

Dr. Johnston retired from the Orphans Home in 1949 and accepted a position at the Davis Hospital in nearby Statesville as director of personnel and public relations. Just before his retirement, he and Mrs. Johnston enjoyed several farewell parties arranged by Barium Springs children, alumni, and staff. This outpouring of love helped to counter the shock of retirement. But after just two
short years, he passed away and was buried at the Little Joe’s Cemetery near the orphanage campus.

Everyone who met Dr. Johnston viewed him as a big man, both physically and personally. His large size and plainspeaking, direct manner added to his image as a leader. He liked people and excelled at remembering names. He once wrote, “I can call each child by name. Sometimes when I’m driving along, I name them by cottages just to keep in practice.” He also knew each child by his school grade and by the home church from which he or she had come. His cheerful outlook and good humor got him through many difficult times and caused almost anyone to treasure his company. Like both his parents, he enjoyed good health and he believed in doing useful community service. He regularly taught the high school boys Sunday School class at Little Joe’s Church and served as deacon and elder. He also served for nine years as a trustee for Davidson College.

Dr. Johnston’s private papers tell very clearly some of the beliefs which guided his work. For example, he believed that “servants” in child care work must be more unselfish, more clear-sighted, and loving than persons in any other professions. Their joy at observing a child’s success and sorrow at noting his or her failure give a richness of human experience far beyond that of persons who may earn several times as much money. Growing children, he believed, should be given responsibilities early in life. This builds character and independence, so necessary in modern life. Strong moral leadership is also necessary if children are to accept adult responsibilities. He chided those who think their success in life results entirely from their own efforts. True success, he believed, requires surrender to God’s will. This point is expressed in a hymn which he liked to quote:

"Others, Lord, yes others, Let this my motto be. Help me to live for others That I might live like thee."
JOSEPH BOUDINOT JOHNSTON (1881-1951)
Superintendent, Barium Springs Orphan’s Home

By Sarah Parcell Howard

The skies above are clear again Let us sing a song of cheer again!  
Happy days are here again!*

Mr. Johnston liked this song. We heard it frequently at Barium Springs in the 1930’s. The song reveals much of his outlook on life. He wanted his children to be happy! In addition to happiness it was his desire that we acquire good moral conduct, see and experience new things, and above all else to learn to know and love our Lord and Savior.

Mr. Johnston was the son of Robert Zenos Johnston. He was born March 2, 1881 in Lincolnton, North Carolina. His mother was the former Catherine M. Caldwell of Chester, South Carolina. His father was pastor of Providence - Sharon churches in Mecklenburg county of North Carolina from 1861-1871, pastor of Lincolnton Presbyterian Church (N.C.) and different contiguous churches until 1907.

Mr. Johnston was prepared for college in the Lincolnton schools and graduated from Davidson College in the class of 1901, with distinction in Chemistry and Mathematics. After spending several years with a Steele company in Atlanta, he returned to Lincolnton and established himself in the Ice and Fuel business. About 1920 he was elected County Commissioner. He was an active member of the School Board. He was elected by the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina late in 1921 to the office of Superintendent of the Barium Springs Orphans Home and assumed control in February, 1922.

He married Anne Lee Davidson of Charlotte in 1907. They had seven children: Ann Fayssoux, Robert, William, Joseph, James, Bessie, and Lelia. Joe survives. Mrs. Johnston was the helpmate of her husband. he could always turn to her with full assurance of sympathy and understanding. She did her own housework, caring for her own family of six children in addition to mothering 360 others in the orphanage. She was a very active church worker and a beautiful Christian character.

Mr. Johnston’s father made these remarks at the Centennial Day at Third Creek Presbyterian Church in Rowan County, North Carolina in 1892. Mr. Johnston had the same beliefs as his father.

This church deserves our whole-hearted and cordial support.
1. Because it has been the friend on intelligence. 2. Because it has fostered good morals. 3. Because it has been the friend of freedom noted for religious zeal and high ideals of personal liberty. The command to instruct children in religion, given to Israel, has not been repealed. The duty of one generation to transmit to the following what it has learned, is binding still. Parents cannot escape this responsibility, but parents cannot teach everything now; hence the public school becomes a necessity. But positive religious truths must be taught by individuals. If our Presbyterian culture is to be continued, it must be done by the united and unselfish efforts of Presbyterian men and women.

Mr. Johnston was the father of thousands of children who passed through Barium during his 27 years as its superintendent. "I can call each child by name," he once said. "Sometimes when I'm driving along, I name them, by cottages, just to keep in practice." He also knew each child by age, by grades and conduct as well as identity by each church and presbytery.

He was a big man with a big heart. The Barium children appreciated his kindness, love and inspiration. Just to see his mighty figure looming across the campus gave them a feeling that all was well. He wrote to Barium boys in service twice a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnston spent a day and night in Graham, North Carolina, with some Barium alumni in 1947. In a letter to his brother he wrote of their visit.

After dinner these folks commenced talking about their days at Barium—the times when they got in trouble, their misbehavior, some of the times when they tried to run away, and the things that were done for them and to them, and how it had all worked out so that they had a real chance in life. They have all reached the age when in raising their own children they are beginning to really realize the reasons for the things that were done to them while here. It was a most enjoyable and heartening occasion and made up for a lot of the headaches that we have to endure in doing for a child who just refuses to understand or cooperate.

In addition to his sincerity and responsibility he had a sense of humor. He wrote the following to his wife, whom he called Nancy, when she was away from home.

"The cat showed up this morning, but he didn't like my preparation of breakfast worth a cent. He must have been eating partridges because
he couldn't get enthusiastic over bread and milk. I left him on the back porch giving me a dirty look.”

In another letter he wrote:

"Two of the extraordinary things we got: one was a stick of candy nine inches in diameter and six feet long, weighing 120 pounds. We did not know whether to stand it up and just let all the kids lick it or whether to break it up and use it in the kitchen, but finally we decided on the latter.

Here is an example of his appreciation of the beauty of nature, taken from a letter to his brother:

"I wish you could see our campus here right now. You know we have a good many maple trees--we have had our first frost and that turns the maples the most brilliant reds and yellows you ever saw. It really tints up the inside of the house from the brilliant colors outside.

He was content with his life. He wrote in 1945:

"I am interested in your comment on wages and salaries. I used to let that worry me a good deal. I am drawing some less money now than I did twenty-three years ago in comparison with the big wages paid, but I am still eating three meals a day and have a good place to sleep, am not too embarrassed among my friends who have more, so I am not kicking, and I guess that is about the way it is with you.

He once said that he had stayed away from the game of golf, feeling that he could not afford it. Both he and his wife were overwhelmed when some of the Barium alumni presented them with a T.V. set, when he retired. He said that he had stayed away from the T.V. because he felt he could not afford it, and that he had best not expose himself to the temptation of wanting one.

I am sure that all of us have thought about the responsibility that the job carried. He supervised all of the departments and was ready to be of service and help to any of the heads of departments. He was constantly watching to see if any children had a health problem. But in spite of the awesome job he had he was always thinking up things for the children to do. Just to name a few, there were: Davidson football games, circuses, magic shows, movies, swimming, and even riding to Statesville to see a dead whale that was on display.
Mr. Joe, as he was sometimes called, had faith in young people. This is the advice he gives to his brother in 1941 about the difficulty of the times:

"I was quite interested in your observation about the difficulty of the times--my advice to you is not to worry about that too much. I have found out that the human race is a pretty adaptable thing, but the human individual isn't! And this present generation of old timers, to which you and I belong would be utterly inadequate to meet the conditions in the new world order that is being built up right now. We will end up like old Methuselah did out back of the barn grumbling about the fool notions of his grandson Noah when it commenced to rain, and the old gentleman got drowned. We will no doubt be out back of a barn or some other place like that deploring what the world is coming to and the younger generation will be taking things in charge and probably making a better go of it than we did. I'm not worrying about the distant future of the world. I am quite ready to turn over the part that requires initiative and drive to the younger generation that is always endowed with these things, and I'll be an innocent bystander, not a viewer with alarm.

He was an elder of Little Joe's Church, he led Chapel Services in the dining room on Sunday mornings, and he still found time to teach the Senior Boys Bible Class. He led church services many times. He was called for services elsewhere occasionally, speaking for Barium. Otherwise he was to be seen in his usual place in Little Joe's Church.

He was outstanding as an orphanage superintendent, and was widely recognized. He was President of the Southeastern Conference for three terms, and was also president of the North Carolina Conference several times. Davidson College awarded him the Algernon Sydney Sullivan Award for Unselfish Service. The Synod of North Carolina elected him to the Moderatorship on the twenty-fifth anniversary of service.

Mr. Johnston loved every form of sports. He participated in varsity athletics while a student at Davidson, played tennis, basketball, softball at Barium. He was Secretary of the Western North Carolina High School Activities Association for a number of years and in that capacity kept the records and furnished good publicity. He started the Junior Mid-Piedmont double elimination basketball tournament. Mr. R. G. Calhoun, a teacher and coach at Barium, recounted a typical weekend showing Mr. Johnston’s enthusiasm for football.

Let me recount a weekend that was somewhat typical in showing his interest in the game. We would see our own varsity game here at Barium on Friday afternoon, and then go on a scouting trip that night; and be-
lieve me, Mr. J. B. was one of the finest scouts in the country as he would always come up with idea to pull on the opposition the following week. Then, there would be Junior games to attend early Saturday morning. On this particular weekend we left the Junior games and went down to Durham for the Georgia Tech-Duke game a there was a Barium boy on the Tech ream. We went on over to Raleigh for a game Saturday night in which Barium boys were playing. It was late in the night when we returned to the campus at Barium Springs and I was just about exhausted, but Mr. Johnston was up on the campus bright and early the next morning. I attended his Sunday School Class that morning and heard one of the finest lessons ever taught.

In the fall of 1941 we wrote to his brother.

All in all, it has been a very pleasant Fall. I have gotten to see fifteen good college games, twenty-two good High School games, twenty Midget games, two freshman games, two Negro games and an All-Star. Now, if I get to see two more good games, everything will be lovely.

After retiring in 1949, he was made Director of the Personnel and Public Relations Department of Davis Hospital in Statesville.

In my research I have found several human interest items by Mr. Johnston relating to his various experiences. One of these was his first airplane ride.

Saturday morning the Writer was fortunate enough to be given a flight over the town and surrounding country. The experience was such that automobiles have ceased to have any attraction for us. The beauty of everything seen from 1000 feet high in the air is past belief. The ugliest gullies and the most unsightly houses that you can possibly see took on a beauty that is beyond description, even the trash piles looked like bouquets. The fields with the different crops furnished a variety of colors making one think that he was looking at a display of cloth spread out below him. Corn and cotton being the stripped goods and the wheat fields with the wheat still in shock looked like cloth with brown buttons sewed thick.

As to the sensation of knowing you are in the air, the Writer missed part of that in his eagerness to see everything that was to be seen; having the advantage of a very long neck, and head hanging away out, had a clear unobstructed view of everything.
On coming down, it seemed to us that the airplane was making a great deal of unnecessary speed and about the time the boat touched the ground we noticed a peculiar taste in our mouth which upon consulting a doctor was found to be the taste left by our heart.

Then there was the Christmas of 1944.

You know, in spite of our big family of our own children, we are now practically orphans. Of our six children, one girl is married, three boys are in the service, one boy is with the railroad, and one girl is away. So, nobody is at home with us. One of our sons got off for a few days, enough to be with us on Christmas Day, but in spite of that, it was the quietest Christmas in our own home that we have every spent; maybe that is why Mrs. Johnston contracted flu; she didn’t have anything to occupy her mind but that. She was just about to start recovering when your box of candy came and played Russian Bank and ate candy, and now this morning she is completely recovered.

Then to a brother in 1945 on buying coal.

Your speaking of the trouble you have had getting repairs made on your heating plant reminds me of some of the things we have been up against here. Coal, for instance; we burn about 20 carloads of coal a year and this year the fuel administration had cut us down until we could not stock up as we usually do in the summer, and then here the first of October, a coal strike and all coal shipments cut off. We got down to a twenty-day supply and I was just about to head for Washington but a telephone conversation accomplished what I might not have been able to manage in person, so we are on a little easier street right now, but not too easy. We have to cut off the boilers on days that are a little too cool to be comfortable--today, for instance.

After a vacation exploring the United States in 1947, he wrote:

days and 430 gallons of gasoline later we pulled up at our home, winding up a series of most thrilling experiences, chief among which was the conviction that however great our nation may be and however wonderful the different states may be and however wonderful the different states may appear there is nothing quite so nice as that particular part of North Carolina known as Barium Springs.

Of all the songs that he liked to sing, we remember his favorite, "I Wonder As I Wander."
I wonder as I wander, Out under the sky, How Jesus the Saviour did come for to die For poor on’ry people like you and like I -- I wonder as I wander Out under the sky.

*(a) ("Happy Days Are Here Again" was a Depression era song which became the anthem for F.D.R.'s "New Deal" and the Democratic Party. It still is today. Ed.)*

*(b) ("I Wonder As I Wander" is an Appalachian Folk carol and generally credited to John Jacob Niles. Ed.)*
"IT WAS FUN, WASN'T IT!"

BY CHARLES M. BARRETT

Homecoming 1984 was taking place at the swimming pool of the Statesville Holiday Inn under a hot August sun. Most people had checked into their rooms and had ambled back out to mix. I had just completed my daily walk of four miles, an exercise prescription following open-heart surgery the previous March: insertion of an artificial aortic valve and one bypass. I joined Earl Adams, Sadie Buie and some other alumni at the pool, seeking refuge from the heat beneath a metal umbrella centered into a patio table. Perspiring heavily, I removed my golf shirt and thus revealed the long surgical scar which divides my chest.

The late Bill Johnston, who bore an amazing resemblance to his father, and who knew of my surgery, approached with a large photo album in his hand. He came straight to the table, put the album down, and shook my hand in greeting. He then said something to the effect of, "Let's see here." With that, he took hold of my bare shoulder, leaned over to get his ear close to my chest where he listened intently to the regular clicking of the artificial valve in my heart. He then pulled himself back up to full height, still holding on to my shoulder. Smiling that Johnston smile, he gave me a pat on the shoulder and pronounced me fit with, "It's working just fine." Bill then began to show us photographs of a 1948 Hudson automobile, and other family treasures.

For me, the action was deja vu. I had experienced that scene before, with his father. It was in the early 1940's, '41 or '42, "during the War," as is said superfluously.

It was a hot summer day of that year, and a group of us truck farmers were working under Joe Clark's watchful eye in one of those endless fields which lay beyond the railroad tracks that ran by grave yard. The campus shimmered on the horizon, nearly out sight. There was some sort of shed nearby, perhaps used for vegetable or grain storage, perhaps an abandoned cannery.

A cloud of reddish dust billowing behind his black Mercury created an illusion of great speed for the car; in actuality it was only moving at about thirty miles per hour over the hot, powdery, dirt road. (Correct grammar notwithstanding, it was not "he".) It was him! And he had a man with him. The car rolled to a stop, his hands still on the wheel. He lifted both hands and brought them down lightly on the steering wheel to punctuate a point to his passenger, a point which appeared to please him, for he was smiling that big smile that brightened everything around. Pointing and nodding toward me, he opened the car door and got out, as did his passenger.
A few long strides brought him to where we were. He stopped a few yards away, at a mid-point in some illustration he was making. The black, high-top shoes were planted firmly in a cleanly hoed row; his companion was having difficulty getting his footing. His large frame turning on an axis, he surveyed the whole field while giving out pertinent information about acreage and production. His feet did not move. His companion, however, fought for balance as he turned to gaze this way and that.

Hands at his sides, he turned to look at me. He smiled. We both knew why he was there; we had done this several times before. I could already have removed the right shoe and sock and been ready for examination, but that would be presumptuous, which I knew at age eleven. Besides, that was not the way we did it. I stood there and waited.

Joe Clark had moved close by in a position of attendance, but not obtrusion. Some of the other boys continued to work; others stopped and looked at him, calling out greetings which he smiled at but did not acknowledge verbally.

He came and put his hand on my shoulder. That’s the way we did it. Then, the familiar words, “Charles surgery was done at the Miller Orthopaedic Clinic in Charlotte. Dr. Oscar Miller did it.” “Dr. Miller?” “Yes, Dr. Miller himself. Let’s have a look at that foot.” I sat down in the row, feeling the cooler, freshly hoed soil. I pulled my right brogan off, then the smelly sock. He leaned down in his seersucker trousers and took my foot in his hand. His sleeves were carelessly rolled up, exposing his powerful forearms. Gently, he turned the foot back and forth; his right forefinger traced the surgical scars as he talked to the visitor. “Yes, Miller essentially took the foot apart and realigned it...a congenital flat foot. How do you feel, Charles?” “Fine!” I recited, one of my lines in that scenario. “Do you have any problem walking or running?” “No sir, I’m fine. I can do anything I want to.” My other line.

I put the sock and shoe back on my foot. More was said about Barium’s health program to the visitor. The big hand was resting on my head now. There was a final head pat, the smile, the little crooked grin, and they left. The dust rushed up behind the car cutting through those enormous fields.

A voice calling from the Holiday Inn entrance brought me back to the present. Bill Johnston looked up and recognized his nephew, Ann Fayssoux’s son, who had flown in from Denver to be with him and the rest of the family. The nephew, a handsome young father, came with his small son inside the pool fence to greet his uncle. Bill extended his hand. I don’t recall that the nephew took it at all—probably not. I do clearly remember that the nephew took over the greeting responsibilities. He said something to the effect of, “What’s
that?”, pushing the hand aside “We came a long way to see you.” With that, his arms went around his uncle’s neck in a warm embrace. The nephew had on sandals, and had to stand on his toes to reach around the tall Johnston frame.

Here were Johnstons showing open affection for one another with no concern as to whether a Barium child might feel rejection. Love never was democratic, even in families. Lucky for Bill Johnston - who in reflex was practicing a long-ago learned reaction in behalf of Barium kids - his nephew felt no need to “Bariumize” their relationship. His was a straightforward, “we’re family, flesh and blood family, and we love and care about each other.” That other mystique of relationship that bonds the Barium crowd through the commonly shared experience had nothing to do with that one.

(My path intersected with the third generation Johnstons several times during that weekend, and I sensed that although much describing and detailing had been given, the “Barium” connection was never made which was quite predictable. It had to be experienced.)

There is a certain mystery that surrounds the whole “Mr. Johnston”: his charisma, his ability to inspire; his heroic, larger-than-life qualities; to promote; to be who he was. The Barium Springs story during his years there is definitely his story.

“It was fun, wasn’t it?” was a summary statement - more so than a question - of his Barium years. He said it to his son, Bill, from his hospital bed not long before his death.

To me, that says it all so completely, so accurately. As I allow my mind to drift back to those distant memories, stopping here and there to adjust for clearer focus on some event or conversation, a consistency develops to “It was fun, wasn’t it?”

In a loving and respectful way, many images come to mind: a giant-sized Pied Piper, a middle aged Peter Pan of heroic proportions, but one who is imbued with a deep, unshakable Christian spirituality. Wagnerian grandeur with a Gilbert and Sullivan sense of humor.

There he was attempting to answer the question, “What does the man in charge do when he is surrounded by and responsible for hundreds of children?” “He has fun with them!” he thundered. “That’s what he does.” And so he did! It was all quite simple to him. Children like to be comfortable, secure, fed, and most of all play and have a good time. Hence, he set about to have a good time with all of us. He would risk a lot to do so.
He was near Roman in his love for the games. In devotion to that love, and his desire that his charges have an adequate place to experience the development of natural athletic skills, he oversaw the construction of athletic facilities which would, even today, be the envy of many small colleges and high schools. During the Depression years, Barium Springs High School was dressing out and fielding teams in football, basketball--girls and boys--wrestling, and track and field, with excellent facilities for baseball.

In a history of the school, Sara Parcell writes about his like for Roosevelt/Democratic Party/New Deal anthem, "Happy Days Are Here Again." That became obvious in many actions he took in pursuit of fun during those dark Depression days. He took totally to heart Roosevelt’s assertion that only fear is feared. Fear apparently didn’t frighten him.

He confronted fear at every turn and flaunted himself in the confrontation. Elsewhere I have cited such in the account of his accompanying ten Barium children, Pullman class, on the train to a summer vacation with Barium’s own "Daddy Warbucks" to the "Orphan Annyes": multimillionaire Edwin Gould in upstate New York at his summer estate.

Tempting total rejection from his already meager support base, he wrote about the experience on the front page of the "Barium Messenger" which went to those humble and poor churches with demands (my underlining) for their continued support. His readership was made up of a large number of people who were having trouble finding transportation to church; a fabled trip on a Pullman to far-away New York was out of the realm of any reason.

Also written up were stories about those children who weren’t going to New York. They were on their way to Myrtle Beach for an ocean vacation, or to Montreat to experience the cool refreshment of mountain air and laurel. He was always there: he was not one to delegate a good time.

By the mid-thirties he had negotiated successfully for a camp site on the Catawba River. He had the land cleared and buildings erected. (All these events are given in detail in other sections of this book).

During the school months, he generated fun through the athletic program which he supported to the extent that some, even some at the Home, felt was excessive. At this late point, no purpose is served in attempting to make a judgment either way. This writer would be terribly biased in his favor. The athletic program was a very large part of the life of the Home, but after all, the life of the Home was lived essentially by K-12 children who spent inordinate amounts of time in tennis shoes.
On weekends, after the Barium teams had finished their schedules, he would still be at it, apparently.

Coach-Principal R. G. Calhoun sent written hope that Mr. Johnston’s plans to see the 1945 Army-Navy game not be “thwarted,” and expressed an eagerness to rejoin him in attending games during the fall months, after Calhoun was released from the army. (For younger readers, the 1945 Army-Navy gave was the biggest football game played in the nation that year. It was the Davis, Blanchard era of greatness at West Point. That Mr. Johnston obtained tickets is not surprising. He usually got them.)

In 1939, the following activity took place at the annual football banquet:

"The concluding event of the evening was Mr. Jackins’ announcing that Mr. Johnston would be a guest of the workers at Barium when Texas Christian and Carnegie Tech locked horns in the Sugar Bowl at New Orleans. Mr. Johnston replied that if people were listening over the radio on January 2nd, and heard the announcer say that there was a torrential downpour and that nobody was there, except one person, and they couldn’t get him out, the people at Barium would know that this was him, and that he wasn’t so sure that he would be thinking about football that day, but would be thinking of the people at Barium who had made this trip possible.”(Messenger)

Sometimes because of, perhaps in spite of, the fun, the Home functioned. Those things needing to be done were done. Much of that was due simply to him and his presence.

An egregious understatement would be, ”He was a man of strong convictions.” What he believed in he was committed to, what he was committed to, he followed with obsession. Those old fashioned words, ”zeal,” ”fervor,” ”undying faith” applied to him. He was a man who had grown up hearing of and being taught Emerson’s ”Self Reliance.” His generation was quite familiar with armies of salvation, with singing hymns about Christian Soldiers marching as to war, of Rudyard Kipling’s heroic poems about manhood, of Browning’s questioning Heaven’s purpose if man’s reach did not exceed his grasp, of Cardinal Newman’s oneness with the Divine.

Additionally, following the freeing of the slaves during the Civil War, a massive social consciousness turned toward the educating and Christian conversion of American Blacks and “other” races around the world. Thus began the large Protestant missionary movement in Africa, China, and the Pacific Islands. He felt and accepted that consciousness, and carried it into his work at Barium
Springs and in the Presbyterian Church. Several other writers have cited his taking the hymn, "Others, Lord Yes Others" as a sort of signature hymn for himself.

The caution was "Beware" to that person or group that confronted him or stood in his way in obtaining an objective for the children. His willingness to threaten with God's wrath those who were slack in making contributions to the Home's support has been cited. As another hymn directed, he viewed himself to be a man of God who had been called to rise up, and he did, indeed.

Bill McCall received some notes from Bill Johnston taken by Mr. Johnston at a White House Conference on Child Welfare. The notes are interesting in the way they affirm the man.

He refers to professionals working in child welfare as "servants" - a chosen group. "...They reap the joy of the child's success... (and therefore)...must have more unselfishness than any other profession." Perhaps he was taking notes of someone else's comments, but he, too, believed that.

He was direct. Most of what he wrote in the "Messenger" in the early Depression years had to do with the Home's need for money. In one article, he removed all economic and social conditions which may have been joined to cause such a large number of children to be housed at the Home and went directly to the biological issue of birth control as that relates to economics. He made direct comments about Presbyterians' willingness to, "...propagate with apparent enthusiasm," but, just as directly, he accused them of their lack of enthusiasm in supporting their progeny. To the point, "...if you cannot or are not going to support them, don't have them!" There would usually be a companion piece to accompany such a lecture, probably a feature about the large number of sets of twins at the Home. There would be a photograph of all of them in a group in front of Rumple Hall. He knew public relations, and brought his own style to the craft.

Regardless of his skill, he had his detractors. He confronted them with great drama and high purpose. Deep down, he knew that society would not tolerate a prolonged attack on someone or someplace that was looking after children in the right way, a place and a person cited for excellence in such care by the prestigious Duke Endowment. He was right. Below is his printed reaction to a rumor he disliked in July 1939. (Note the tabloid technique with the "startling" headline. Note also how he uses this as an opportunity to jostle Presbyterian consciousness with his admission that they as a denomination have had to use the child care facilities of other denominations more than the reverse. Note his recommended corrective action: "...don't hesitate to shoot...this dangerous animal." He was not frightened by violent imagery. Also,
those were really quite familiar terms to a readership grown accustomed to reading about John Dillinger’s and Baby Face” Nelson’s exploits and deaths, and of J. Edgar Hoover’s ”G-Men”.

********

EXTRA! DANGEROUS RUMOR AT LARGE IN ONE OF THE PRESBYTERIES! BELIEVED TO HAVE ESCAPED DURING ORPHANAGE ADDRESS AT PRESBYTERIAL MEETING

One of the speakers on the Orphanage at one of the Presbyterials is being quoted as having made the statement that Barium Springs is so full of Methodists and Baptists and children of other denominations that here isn’t room for Presbyterians here. We feel sure that his statement was the result of a misunderstanding, for whenever an application is made to the Orphanage, the first thing that is determined about it is whether or not it is a Presbyterian responsibility. If it appears to be more of a Baptist responsibility, it is immediately referred to the Baptist Orphanage, and if it is Methodist, it is referred to the Methodist Orphanage.

Quite often it is difficult to determine just which Church has a greater responsibility toward a particular family. There have been times when we have accepted children from other denominations when the orphanages of those denominations have been full and unable to do anything about it at that time, and when the case was a real emergency. For that reason, you will find a few children of other denominations in Barium, but we are rather ashamed to admit that you will probably find more Presbyterian children in the orphanages of other denominations than you will find their children here, because we found the other orphanages most generous in helping our Presbyterian families when we were unable to do so.

We think that most of the church members know something about our routine in accepting children. Whenever an application comes to us, the pastor of the church is always consulted, and it is a rare case indeed that we ever accept a child or children without the urgent solicitation of the pastor and the church.

We turn down many more applications, even when the pastors and churches are urging them, than we accept.

And this brings up another thing: If anyone is able to find a Methodist or Baptist child at Barium, we guarantee that you will find that child was urged on us by a perfectly good Presbyterian preacher and church.

Summing this all up, we are trying desperately hard at Barium to serve the children brought to our attention through our churches, who are most in need
of the services of this sort of institution. It means that we quite often turn down cases not only where there seems to be an affiliation with some other church, but also cases where there seems to be a member of the family who is willing and able to take care of the children.

We can hardly understand how a rumor could live, blaming us for being too liberal in our policies of acceptance. Most of the letters of complaint that we get are blaming us for leaning too far to the other extreme; we are too strict, we are told, in our policies or acceptance.

If anybody comes in contact with this rumor, don’t hesitate to shoot it. It’s a complete outlaw, and really does have a price on its head.

We feel that as long as this rumor is at large that many of our friends will feel justified in lessening their support of the institution, and for that reason there is a decided price on the head of this dangerous animal.

*******

He introduced a column in the “Messenger” in the early thirties with the quite unlikely title of “Ollapodrida.” It is a Spanish stew; the Americanized meaning is “hodge podge.” It was that, a sort of catch-all for making more requests for money, for telling about Barium, or thanking people for money already sent. In one column he goes to great lengths to thank churches that have kept up their pledges. He then explains why they have not received receipts for the contributions. The answer is that he is saving the Home and its contributors money by not sending receipts and saving the three cents it costs to send each one: i.e., send the money, I will thank you in “Ollapodrida.” If you don’t read “Ollapodrida,” that’s your problem. Who can argue with that?

Mrs. Johnston played a definite role in the Home’s activities, but it wasn’t really that of “First Lady.” She had her own schedule of quiet duties. She was active in the work of the Sunday School in the elementary grades, and knew which older children could teach Sunday School, and which could not. She was profuse in praise for work well done, making sure that “he” knew about it.

She and he both had a certain bearing, that presence which so very few individuals possess in a natural way. She had the patrician’s tilt of the head which was aided in effect by a finely chiseled profile. He was of French ancestry in part, and those genes served him well in his zest for life, but also in his example: a certain nonchalance in manner that only the French really do well. Theirs was a casual dignity, an absence of any pretense. In a word of today, Class. A group of orphans looking for role models in self respect,
industriousness, good manners, not to mention good posture, could have asked for none better than those two.

(I had never thought much about his French lineage as related to his mannerisms, but now that I do, I can see it in the jaunty way he popped his hat down over his eyes, or tossed it to the back of his head in the manner of a boulevardier. I am sure that I am excessive, but look at the man standing at the boat rail in Renoir’s “The Luncheon of the Boating Party.” The angle of the head, the hat. Let your imagination work, and see him as a young man.)

It’s all so long ago, all these remembrances, but they are still vivid and fresh in my mind, especially that presence. His unmistakable shape in a crowd. There he was moving up and down the sidelines at a football game, sitting on that back center row in old Little Joe’s Church, standing in the center of the dining hall talking about the War and our boys and girls in uniform, walking across campus on a Sunday afternoon with young children tugging at available fingers, standing in top coat, hat and with smile in the dressing room door on a cold fall night when we had been defeated in an “away” game; taking us to a warm cafe, anyway; playing checkers under the pavilion at camp; walking to vespers at camp, across the road up in the woods to sit on split logs.

He was always there to experience it with us. He gave himself to us. Thank goodness he was not “trained,” but came to his work with an unshakable faith in himself through his Maker, and a genuine love for life and for children. He knew “quality time” but he didn’t have to name it to make him appear to be superior with terminology. He knew “tough love.” He practiced both of those. Not all Barium children will praise him. To me, that simply speaks to his genuine humanity and to life itself. Wisely, he never tried to be “popular” with us. He cared for us. He did not, would not trivialize that care. He did not clinically note our achievements against some base-line data with corresponding projections, given in light of intervening variables, as do the psychologists. He genuinely loved us, cared for us, was proud of us in that imperfectly perfect way of human effort and aspiration. Never did I hear him insult or demean us by telling us, “You’re as good as anyone.” He knew that few statements affirm second class status so clearly as does that one. He knew who we were, and expected us to achieve the dignity he already held for us.

I never thought of him as a father; I don’t now. Some like to refer to him as “Daddy” Johnston. I don’t, simply because he is not. I was and still am awed by him and his memory in me. What a power! Even at this point, several years beyond the midpoint of my life, when I hear something fine and inspirational, I think of him. When something happens of significance in my life
or in the lives of my children, I think of him. I regret that he was not here that I might have gone with him to see the film, "The Sound of Music." How he would have loved that one! How I wish he could have been with me in the private box at Carnegie Hall when the North Carolina Symphony made its New York debut. I wish that he could have come to Raleigh when Joe Porter was responsible for the largest budget in the public sector of the State. I'd like to have him back to stand in the dining hall and tell us about the men landing on the moon—he would have been grand at that one. I could go on and on. It all comes down to the feeling of fabulous luck. What a childhood! What adventure! "It was fun, wasn't it?" Yes, it was!

It was.

Charles M. Barrett
AN ALBUM OF MEMORIES

THE
PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME
AT
BARIUM SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA

SECTION III - 1932

BARIUM RATED HIGH BY DUKE ENDOWMENT
WONDERS ACCOMPLISHED UNDER HANDICAP OF INSUFFICIENT FUNDS
OPERATING DEFICIT OF $98,475.49
458 APPLICATIONS, ONLY 18 ADMITTED TO BARIUM
50 EMPTY BEDS - NO MONEY TO FILL
GREAT DEPRESSION YEAR
STAFF DIRECTORY 1932

Jos. B. Johnston--------General Manager and Treasurer
J. H. Lowrance------------------Assistant

DEPARTMENTS

Miss Beatie Lackey, Kitchen
Miss Boone Long, Asst. Kitchen
Mrs. Mamie Purdy, Dining Room
Mr. A. P. Edwards, Printing
Mr. T. C. Cavin, Campus and Farm
Mr. Joe Clark, Truck Farm
Mr. Harvey McMillan, McDonald Farm
Miss Frances Steel, Field Worker
Miss Lulie Andrews, Bookkeeper
Miss Nealy Ford, Laundry
Miss Gertrude Marshall, Secretary
Mr. R. McMillan, Athletic Director
Mr. H. L. Thomas, Orchards
Mr. Erwin Jackins, Dairy
Mr. S. A. Grier, Master Mechanic
Miss Mona Clark, Sewing Room

MATRONS: Miss Maggie Adams, Head Matron

Miss Vera Woods, Howard
Miss Leona Miller, Annie Louise
Mrs. Louise Garrison, Lees
Mrs. W. F. Privette, Alexander
Miss Kate Taylor, Synods
Miss Mildred Stevenson, Synods
Miss M. M. Turner, Rumple Hall
Miss Una Moore, Infirmary
Mrs. J. K. McGirt, Baby Cottage

HIGH SCHOOL: Mr. T. L. O'Kelly, Superintendent

Miss Elizabeth Doggett
Mr. R. G. Calhoun
Miss Ruth Johnson
Miss Reba Thompson
Miss Irene McDade

GRADES: Mrs. John Q. Holton, Principal

Miss Gladys Burroughs, Seventh
Miss Faye Stevenson, Sixth
Miss M. B. McKenzie, Fifth
Miss Fannie Foust, Fourth
Miss Kate McGoogan, Second
Mrs. M. Massey, Spec. Primary
Mrs. E. Hostetler, Spec. Ind.
Miss L. G. Greene, Music
Miss D. Carson, Kindergarten
My Dear Mr. Johnston:

I am in receipt of the questionnaire filled out for the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, and want to offer my congratulations on the high rating of your institution under the Duke Endowment plan.

Sincerely yours,

Edwin Gould

(Edwin Gould was the son of the notorious Jay Gould, 19th Century mogul who attempted to corner the gold market, resulting in the Wall Street "Black Friday". Edwin had a sister, and he and she dedicated their lives to philanthropic endeavors.) ***

Child Welfare League of America, Inc.
130 East Twenty-Second Street
New York City

October 19, 1932

Mr. Jos. B. Johnston
Presbyterian Orphans' Home
Barium Springs, North Carolina

My Dear Mr. Johnston:

I am pleased to hear that the Presbyterian Orphans' Home rated so high in the comparisons of children's institutions made by the Duke Endowment. I have written to Mr. Pickens requesting information about all of the institutions' ratings. I will be especially interested in the standing of those who are members of the Child Welfare League. Let me assure you that my acquaintance with you and your staff will always lead me to expect superior achievement in comparison with the work of other organizations.

Sincerely yours,

H. W. Hopkirk, Special Assistant for the Study of International Needs
OVERLOOKING REAL OPPORTUNITY FOR SERVICE
(From The Concord Daily Tribune)
1932

Over 48 percent of the organized Presbyterian churches of the Synod of North Carolina have not contributed a cent during the 1932-1933 church fiscal year toward the maintenance and support of the Presbyterian Orphans' Home at Barium Springs, according to a check-up of this year's receipts which has been made in the treasurer's office.

The last minutes of the general assembly listed 535 organized churches in the North Carolina Synod, which did not include the chapels and missions under the supervision of this synod. Of the 535, 257 have failed to respond in gifts to Barium, which means that 278 have made some contribution since April 30th, when the fiscal year of the church ended.

At the present time, all officials at Barium are lending their energies toward making the coming Thanksgiving campaign a successful one. Last year, Barium received $32,000 following the Thanksgiving drive, which meant a drop of $10,000 over the year previous. The regular contributions from the churches also fell off over $11,000 last year, for a total reduction of $21,000 in income, which is responsible for the present financial predicament at Barium.

It is almost impossible for us to think of any auxiliary agency of the church--and we mean of every denomination--more important than its orphanages, and certainly when we think of the Presbyterian Church in North Carolina we think of Barium Springs not only as one of its most important proteges, but as one of its principal assets. Conditions have been such that the Tar Heels have been forced to retrench in their spending, but we can't believe that her people have reached that point where such institutions as Barium Springs
are to be permitted to suffer either from indifference or neglect.

Those churches overlooking the work of Barium Springs are overlooking a real opportunity for service, not only to the Church but to the State and Nation.

* * * * *

RESCUE DAY
(From The Charlotte Observer) 1932

Thanksgiving Day is the occasion set for the Presbyterians of the State to come to the rescue of their major benevolence, which is the Barium Springs Orphanage, and the mark the board of regents has set for attainment is the modest sum of $50,000—modest when set against the Presbyterian pocket-book. The management of the orphanage has accomplished wonders under the handicap of insufficient funds and in keeping the debt of the institution down to the minimum sum, and the duty would seem devolved upon the pastor of every Presbyterian church in the State to make especial appeal to the generosity of the Thanksgiving congregation to chip in lively in support of a cause that should be dear to the heart of every member of the denomination. Pity so few Presbyterians take the trouble to make personal visits to the Barium Springs Orphanage, for they would there witness scenes of benevolent activity that would warm the heart. Thanksgiving should be regarded as rescue day for an orphanage which ought to be the pride of all Presbyterians.
A SHAME
(From The Gastonia Gazette)
1932

It ought to come as a distinct shock to the Presbyterians of North Carolina that they have been shamefully mistreating the Barium Springs Orphanage.

Over 48 percent of the organized Presbyterian churches of the Synod of North Carolina have not contributed a cent during the 1932-1933 church fiscal year toward the maintenance and support of the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, according to a check-up of this year's receipts which has been made in the treasurer's office.

The last minutes of the general assembly listed 535 organized churches in the North Carolina Synod which did not include the chapels and missions under the supervision of this synod. Of the 535, 257 have failed to respond in gifts to Barium, which means that 278 have made some contribution since April 30th, when the fiscal year came to an end.

At the present time, all officials at Barium are lending their energies toward making the approaching Thanksgiving campaign a successful one. Last year, Barium received $32,000 following the Thanksgiving drive, which meant a drop of $10,000 over the year previous. The regular contribution from the church organizations also fell off over $11,000 last year, for a total reduction of $21,000 in income, which is responsible for the present financial predicament at Barium.

The Presbyterians of North Carolina ought to be ashamed of themselves. You will not find any such condition prevailing among the Baptists regarding the Thomasville Orphanage, or among the Methodists and their orphans' homes at Winston-Salem and Raleigh.
There are 257 Presbyterian churches in North Carolina which have not contributed to this most worthy cause. Imagine a Baptist church, even in the remotest corner of the State, not giving anything to the Mills Home at Thomasville. The Presbyterians of this state are too wealthy, too liberal for such a condition to continue. It ought to be remedied, and that right soon. There is no better time than the approaching Thanksgiving season to do their part by the orphans at Barium Springs.
We submit the following with reference to our Orphan's Home at Barium Springs:

We have studied the situation at Barium Springs in a most patient and sympathetic manner. In submitting the following observations and suggestions we want it to be understood that we in no wise desire to trespass upon the rights and duties of the management nor seek to find fault, exaggerate conditions or to even mildly criticize anyone. We find that the explanation of the situation is the fact that, in the midst of the many trying conditions of the past few years, the churches have unwittingly neglected these children.

The failure of the churches to give substantial financial support has resulted in the following conditions:

Cash donations have fallen off seriously.
The deficiency of the Orphanage has grown tremendously.
Salaries have been unpaid.
Numerous bills have been left unpaid.
The number of teachers has been reduced.
The number of children in the Orphanage has been reduced.
The doors are closed to many who ought to be admitted.
Due to the stress of economic retrenchments, the children in the Orphanage have suffered.

However, we find existing in the Orphanage a splendid spirit and we wish to commend the unfailing loyalty and self-sacrifice of Mr. Johnston and all his assistants.
Boonie Mae Long served as head dietician at Barium from 1929 to 1944. During this 15 year period she was responsible for the preparation of three meals each day, 365 days a year. This adds up to more than 15,425 meals, served to about 400 children and staff, plus occasional special banquets, birthday dinners, and the like. Twice, the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina met for several days at Barium and Boonie estimates that at least 700 persons were served at one time. Besides getting these meals on the table or preparing box suppers to be served at the children’s cottages on Saturday and Sunday evenings, she had to plan meals, order supplies from Statesville, and cope with fruits and vegetables brought in from the orchard and truck farm. The Howard Cottage girls often helped with the stringing of green beans or shelling peas before these were delivered to the back porch of the kitchen.

Boonie first learned about Barium through the Barium Messenger which her family received as members of the Unity Presbyterian Church in Denver, North Carolina. She had studied home economics at the Denver High School but got most of her knowledge through employment as a cook or dietician. For a time she worked as a nurses aide at the Orthopedic Hospital in Gastonia. Then, without her knowledge, her mother asked Mr. Joseph B. Johnston to have her come for an interview at Barium. She was immediately hired as the Head Dietician.

Her job required getting down to the kitchen by 5:00 a.m. each morning to prepare breakfast. Two older girls helped her, plus two adult women who helped during the morning hours.

The toughest part of her job was handling the special banquets or large groups such as the Synod of North Carolina. And, there were regular crises such as coping with bushels of ripe tomatoes, cucumbers, and squash that were dumped on the kitchen porch just before supper time. There were many satisfying moments, too. Each month all those children with birthdays that month sat together to share a meal of fried chicken with all the trimmings. Perhaps most satisfying of all was the chance to train young girls in the art of planning and cooking meals.

After leaving Barium, Boonie Mae returned to her home in Denver. She worked at the Federal Reserve Bank in Charlotte for 29 years, then retired. Now, living at home, she spends much of her time sewing, canning, and freezing food for her family. She believes it was a special privilege to work at
Barium with Mr. Johnston, Maggie Adams, Mary Turner, and all the others who were so helpful. Some of her special memories include: The little boy who gave her a handkerchief for Christmas with "Mother" embroidered on it; preparing meals for 700 people when the Presbyterian Synod met at Barium for several days; going to the school auditorium on Friday nights for square dances and dancing with the high school boys. Most of all, she treasures the chance she had to love so many children and have them love her back.
FAYE STEVENSON: ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TEACHER, 1929-1963

Faye Stevenson has been one of our more constant visitors at Barium Homecomings. We quickly recognize her slim figure and quiet smile and we hurry over to chat with her about old times in her sixth or seventh grade class. Her calm manner and clear memory for details suggest that she has changed very little through the years. Hundreds of us alumni gained by her steady discipline in the classroom and by her systematic efforts to cultivate our raw talents. She took teaching seriously and she expected us to work just as hard as she did with the lessons in fine arts, English literature, and other subjects.

Faye came to Barium in 1929, after teaching four years in a north Iredell county school. Acquaintances who were familiar with the needs of Barium for good teachers recommended her to the home superintendent, Mr. Joseph B. Johnston. After interviewing her briefly, he hired her to be a special tutor to children who were behind in their work. She also substituted in the regular classrooms and thus became acquainted with the Barium school system.

During her first years, the Barium schools were entirely private. There were twenty-two teachers on the staff and there were kindergarten through twelve grades. Some of the teachers, like Faye initially, tutored or taught special classes and there were two shifts in the high school. Half the students came for morning sessions and the other half began their schooling early in the afternoon. Study sessions were held during evening hours, either at the cottages or at the classroom buildings. With all this effort, the Barium students compared favorably with other Iredell county students on the seventh grade achievement tests. Barium was somewhat unique for a time in offering business courses to the girls and trade skills, such as the printing or linotype operations for boys. These proved valuable for getting jobs after high school graduation.

In 1930, Faye was asked to teach the sixth grade fulltime. She taught there for several years before moving to the seventh grade. Much later, after the Barium schools merged with Troutman, she taught the third and fourth grades. Over these years, Faye also served as a substitute cottage matron during summer months. She believes this experience in the residence halls gave her a far better understanding of the children whom she worked with in the classroom.

In retrospect, it is obvious that Faye was fully committed to the total Barium enterprise of raising educated Christian children. She recalls that the high school curriculum included Bible instruction and the Catechism was taught...
at the sixth grade level. Bible stories were used regularly in morning devotions at school and during evening prayer sessions in the cottages. Far more influential, she believes, was the personal example of Barium staff members who lived their Christian beliefs day by day. In looking back, Faye easily recalls Sunday mornings when Mr. Johnston began the day with devotions in the dining hall, Mr. Sam Grier guided the Sunday School sessions, and Miss Laura Green provided dependable music at the main church service.

After leaving Barium in 1963, Faye taught for eight years at the Monticello Elementary School near Statesville. In all, her teaching career added up to a total of 46 years, most of it at Barium Springs. And they give her added reason to remain close by Barium during her retirement.
MEMORIES OF JOE CLARK: OUR TRUCK FARM BOSS
Tom McCall

I'm a little orphan
I work for Mr. Clark
We hoe the beans and 'taters
From morning until dark.

This verse was invented on a certain summer day, about 1936. It refers to the late Joe Clark, who was Barium's truck farm manager. Mr. Clark supervised the truck farm from about 1932 to 1944. He was a native of Iredell County and was raised just a few miles away, close to the Catawba River. He really understood truck gardening and liked to raise vegetables.

The popular folk song, "Old Joe Clark", will always bring him to mind. Although, our Joe Clark was not the swain who lost the girl, as happened in the song. Mr. Clark was the fanciful story teller of Piedmont country ways. He seemed to know every detail of local history, including some alleged doings by the Catawba Indians who left their arrowheads to be turned up each spring. We also remember him as a sincere nature lover and as a person who was friendly with each of us.

We worked for Mr. Clark every season of the year, from the time that seeds were planted or beds prepared for potato and tomato slips until harvest time. We spent many long hours setting plants, watering or hoeing them, dusting them, then harvesting them. After the frost came, we picked collards and other greens, shelled dried beans, and worked with cross-cut saws to clear new land. Sometimes, we felt sorry for the Howard Cottage girls who snapped the hundred of bushes of green beans that we picked. Other boys our age worked on the dairy or the orchard crew and the big farm that grew wheat and corn. We assumed that us truck farm boys had more fun by being out in the fields and woods.

Imagine if you will, about 15 boys around age twelve, dressed in blue jeans and work shoes, and very well tanned above. It's the middle of July and they are resting in the shade along side of a red clay field of green beans. We had just finished hoeing the long rows of beans and we were watching Henry Houston, the regular hired hand, get ready to cultivate between the bean rows. We were cooling off with the help of a fresh bucket of water from the nearby Big Spring. Someone began telling jokes and soon we are all talking and laughing. Our hoes hung on the tree limbs nearby.

Whack! Ben Lewis seemed to hit a hoe handle each time he shot his sling shot. Cecil Starling walked over to the hoes and swung one back and forth.
"Try to hit that, Ben." Whack! Whack! Then we each took turns and most of us managed to hit the hoes.

Next, we began singing popular songs, making up words when we couldn’t remember the right ones. One of us made up the words to the above verse. It caught on and we remembered it for a long time afterwards. Similar verses were made for other work groups at Barium, which included the dairy boys, the laundry girls, and others. We even made up a verse about Paul Horne, who had the enviable job of driving the large delivery truck.

Our fun was interrupted by the sound of Mr. Clark’s pickup truck bouncing over the wooden bridge at the Big Spring. We grabbed our hoes and began to chop weeds at the edge of the field. Thank goodness we had finished hoeing the beans. Shortly after came the call "Hey, Mac, Mac, Pig, and Jack. Come on with me, now." This was his familiar way of calling me, my brother Jack, another boy named Jack, and Cecil Starling. We were his favorite hoe hands and he needed us elsewhere.

Each summer, Mr. Clark and our Lees Cottage matron, Mary Turner, planned a special picnic for us down at the Catawba River. We looked forward to these outings with great anticipation. Usually, we stopped briefly at Mr. Clark’s family home, on the edge of the campus, for a taste of wild plums and other goodies. Sometimes we met other boys and girls who lived on farms. There was no difficulty telling the orphan kids from the others. We always seemed more energetic and happy. I like to think it was due to the loving attention we got from our matrons and supervisors. I particularly like to think it was due to the loving attention we got from our matrons and supervisors. I particularly like to thank Joe Clark, time and time again, for teaching me to love the outdoors and to respect wildlife.
MEMORIES OF MARY FAYE STEVENSON, TEACHER
Barium Springs 1929 - 1963

Someone asked me how I came to Barium Springs.

I had taught four years in a small school north of Statesville that was later consolidated with the Scotts High School. The first year I boarded in the home of the chairman of the County Board of Education in Statesville and whose wife was a sister of Miss Maggie Adams who was Head Matron at Barium. That was the only way I could imagine that Mr. Johnston knew there was a Mary Faye Stevenson when I received a message that Mr. Johnston had asked for me to come to Barium for an interview.

After talking with Mr. Johnston, I was hired as a tutor to work especially with those elementary students who needed extra help in their studies. It so happened that I was a handy substitute if a classroom teacher was out, so I got a pretty good idea of the whole school program.

In 1929, there were 22 teachers, beginning with a kindergarten class. There were also special classes for some students who needed that extra time. Teachers held study hall some in the cottages and some in the school buildings for a number of years.

The Barium School--in 1929--offered opportunities that all county schools did not offer. There was a Business course that prepared students to get employment when they finished high school. A number of girls were fortunate in this.

There was also the Print Shop, where a number of boys received training there which enabled them to get work when they finished high school and have been quite successful.
Before the state began paying teachers' salaries, the older students alternated with one group going to morning classes and the others going to afternoon classes so there was help in the different work groups.

(In 1930, there was a vacancy in the sixth grade and I was persuaded to take sixth grade. From there, I was moved to seventh grade until the move to Troutman began and I ended with third and fourth grade and being responsible for all reports, etc.)

In those earlier years, the children took their vacation when it best suited their people. The cottages were used all summer so there had to be substitutes while the House Mother had a vacation. I did substitute work one month during the summer several years working in Synod's Cottage, Annie Louise, and Rumple Hall. This gave me experience and better understanding in that phase of the life of the children in my classes. Classes averaged 25 - 35 and at one time I had 45 in my sixth grade.

Our Barium School had students who could hold their own wherever they went. I knew at least one year when our 7th grade rated highest in the county on the achievement tests which were given each year.

Another important phase in the Barium life was the religious training. In the earlier years, Bible was taught in the High School and the catechism was taught in sixth grade. Bible stories were used in morning devotions in school and in the cottages. Few people would ever forget a number of persons we learned to know who lived their Christian beliefs day by day. Our ministers, Mr. Johnston's Sunday morning devotions during the war years especially; Mr. Grier, as superintendent of the Sunday School; Mr. Lowrance's patience; Miss Green's music for church and prayer meeting and others too numerous to mention.

I'm thankful for the 34 years in the classroom at Barium and then for the last happy eight years at Monticello--just five minutes from my door--making altogether 46 years with fond memories.
I'm sorry to be this late but I get involved in too many things. My typewriter is old and I'm no expert at that anyway. Hope you won't have too much trouble picking out what you want to use.

My best wishes.

Faye Stevenson
MEMORIES OF WOODROW CLENDENIN

Some things I can remember about Barium are that Brother Ray and I went to Barium in 1924. Ray entered Synod’s Cottage for young boys. This particular cottage didn’t have a work group to attend such as farm, shoe shop, dairy, etc. I entered Lee’s Cottage from which I was assigned to the farm. When we became older, Ray was assigned to the Print Shop, where he learned his trade.

Other things I remember, as I go along. One time, all the children at Barium—three hundred and fifty at that time—had the itch, lice, and bed bugs. That went on for quite sometime until the red, strong Lifebouy soap came on the market. Then, all other soap was taken up except this brand which cured the itch and lice. The Gulf Oil Company came out with a new spray which took care of the bed bugs.

Reaching the age of fifteen, I started driving the campus truck. Didn’t require driver’s license at this time. Mr. Lowrance drove the truck out on the football field, parked it, and told me, “When you learn to drive it, go haul the laundry.” After a couple of hours, I was hauling laundry. Certain days we had to pick up laundry from each cottage. While we are on the subject of vehicles, Mr. Johnston was driving a “T” Model Ford coupe when I entered the home.

About the time I started driving, Barium had just gotten full control of the land and spring itself. We still got calls for the water from people in Charlotte, NC. Every Friday, I would take fifteen or twenty five-gallon glass jugs with cork stoppers placed in wooden crates for hauling. At that time, we got one dollar for five gallons of water. Also, at the same time, you could buy five gallons of gas for one dollar. After all these years, the spring began to lose its taste, and the water vein got weaker. After a while, the water business was discontinued. The old hotel was still standing when the Barium Home bought the land and the spring. Although the hotel was run down, the boys and I dismantled it and hauled it away. The big hot water tank from the boiler room was taken up on the campus to catch the hot water that came back from the buildings which were heated with steam from the main boiler.

A few years later (1920’s), they needed a tractor driver on the farm. Troy Cavin was farm manager for a while before Mr. Floyd Stinson took over. I recall when we took the old iron wheel (cleat) tractor and had rims put on the wheels, also rubber tires. We were one of the first to have rubber tires in Iredell County.

The State took over the schools (1932). It was then they had to hire more help. Later on, I was offered a job on the Orchard helping Mr. Thomas. When he
retired, I took the responsibility of the Orchard work. The orchard was coming along very good with the group of boys I had and we all did all the canning of peaches, apple sauce, all green beans, tomatoes off the truck farm which was separate from the orchard. By the time Mr. McClure came to be superintendent (late 1950's), I opened up the selling yard without even asking. He never did question it. So I would suppose it did satisfy him. We sold for eleven years under him, five years under Dr. Reiney. About every year, we averaged sales of anywhere from $10,000 to $15,000 of surplus produce.

I worked with many boys but can't remember their names, only the ones that made an impression on me. Remembering Nelson Farmer, he was very easy to get along with and a good worker; however, I did get sorta mad when he sliced off the end of my little finger as we were pruning peach trees. I am not mad at him anymore. After he left Barium, he stopped by one day with a big fish and even cleaned it for me. I certainly didn't forget that. To mention others. Tom and Jack, the twins; also another brother, Bill McCall. I still think about the time I chased Tom with a big bush beating the yellow jackets off him. Also, Tom always looked after Jack. They were good boys. Walter Barefoot stands out in my mind. Howard Cox helped on the selling yard. One Saturday afternoon, this lady came in and bought one-half bushel of apples. She picked off another basket five or six big apples to put on her half bushel. Howard's job was to carry out, put in the car. When the lady left, I noticed Howard grinning from ear to ear. "Howard, what's the matter with you?" I asked. Whereupon, he unzipped his overall jacket, pulled out those big apples and put back on the basket. I never did tell him that was the right thing to do. I just didn't say. Dan McLarin was another boy who like to come out to work when he wasn' supposed to just to be around the tractor. Royce Harris was another boy who went out of his way to help. Richard Blackman hauled the fruit to the yard using tractor and wagon. We didn't have a truck at this time. One thing they told on Richard when he took a load of Georgia Belles (peaches) out to the yard, a lady asked, "Are they free stone?" "No," he replied, "they are Georgia Belles." On the subject of peaches, Mr. McClure was down in the orchard one day, saw all those peaches hanging there. Such a pretty sight. They will probably plant a peach tree on your grave when you die and stick a pitch fork on mine, he might have mused.

One night, and many other nights after closing the selling yard, we went back to the orchard to haul out a load of apples we had picked. Several boys were with me. We got loaded and while the tractor was idling, the tractor lights went out. When we got out on the road, it was so dark we headed the wrong way, toward the spring, going all the way to the spring to get turned around. Before they had power saws, the boys and I went to the woods to saw trees by hand for logs to haul to sawmill for lumber to build our apple house and crate
shed. We made our own boxes out of them I had all the Utsman boys. Five of them. Our particular department got along good with all of these boys. Oscar was later lost at sea. Most of the Utsman boys have been to see us recently. That gives a good feeling. Leonard Utsman was helping one day at dinner time. We were grading apples and trying to eat a bite at the same time. A man customer came in, got to snooping around thinking we had the big apples hid. He turned over Leonard’s milk hid under a crate. He got in his car, went all the way to Statesville, bought him some more milk and something else, don’t remember! Larry Ellis was always a leader when he was at Barium. He helped on the selling yard, kept the yard mowed and looking nice. Anything you tell him to do, you could depend on him. Larry’s brother, Jerry Ellis, helped on the yard too. Other boys picked on him a lot. At this time, we had an old Ford truck, no windows in the doors. One Sunday morning I had the old truck parked on a hill so we could get it started. This particular morning, I went up to milk the cow. Just happen to glance in the truck; there was Jerry in his pajamas and bedroom slippers wrapped in an old quilt we kept on the seat. Poor boy was about froze to death at 10 degrees. Lucky the old truck would start when it rolled down the hill. Took Jerry back down to the house, got him in, got him warm (he had done turned blue), fed him some coffee and breakfast, then took him back to his housemother. She didn’t know where he was.

Charles Barrett, I don’t expect you remember me too much but I do remember something about you. When you were “a little fella,” Mr. Johnston and I were back of the kitchen in the car. You came by; Mr. Johnston said, “Hello Charles.” You wouldn’t speak. I asked, “What’s the matter with him?” Then he told me that he had your tonsils taken out and while you asleep, they circumcised you. When you woke up, you were hurting on both ends. “He’s mad at me,” he said. (Charles, if you don’t want this remembrance in just leave it out.) (On the contrary, I remember you quite well. As for the story, I would not “cut” that; it is too good. C. Barrett, Ed.)

I will mention a few other boys and a few details about some. Thad Brock was a good deal older than me. He was one of the best football players that left Barium; going on to Davidson College. One Saturday at a Davidson football game with all the grown Barium children at the game, including Mr. Johnston, the Davidson team was backed up in the end zone and Davidson had to punt. Thad was the punter and a full back for the Davidson team. He faked the punt and then ran a hundred yards for the touch down and won the game. Mr. Johnston was walking nine feet tall. I can still see that grin on his face!*

Cheek and Morris Freeman. Cheek and I boarded at Mr. Lowrance’s home together for a while. The first night, Mrs. Lowrance had pancakes. We ate up

*(Actually, Brock ran 110 yards for the touchdown; he started at the back of the end zone. His athletic feat was heralded in the famous “Ripley’s Believe It Or Not.” Jack McKay tells us his opponent was Duke. Ed.)
the whole batch she had mixed for the whole family. Later she told me she thought we never would get full. Alexander Edwards was known as "Spunky." One night he had the home Ford taking it back to Mr. Lowrance’s house. He wrecked it, tore it all to pieces. He ended up in the hospital, not hurt bad. He was; however, scared Mr. Johnston was going to put the bad mouth on him. I went up to see him the next night. I asked, "What did he say to you?" When he found out I wasn’t hurt bad, he reached in his pocket and pulled out a dime, lay it on the night table. That’s all we got for that car when we traded it. Three other boys with him went through his top but they didn’t get hurt. Cars at that time had chicken wire and cloth on top so that’s the reason they went through the top. Lester King and Charlie Sears were good football players. Joe and Ernest White. Ernest had one glass eye which he took out at night and put in a glass of water. He said that the eye was watching everything while he was sleeping. Joe Ben Gibbs came back to Barium after the war to help in maintenance department. Mr. John Ervin was in charge. I’m sure Joe was like me, and from Mr. Ervin I certainly learned more from him than anyone. Cromer Curtis always looked after his belongings. He had a new pair of slippers that he wore to church every Sunday. When he came home from church, he would dust his shoes off, roll each sock, put them in his shoes and place back in the shoe box. Walter Jake Beattie came back each year to help pick apples for the fun of it. He knew we were pushed for time and would go out and buy a bag lunch. Jerry Florence made an impression but we don’t know his whereabouts. Mr. Joe’s son, Bill Johnston. I would pass through their yard twice a day going to work walking. Sometime Bill would meet me out there at the road. We would play "pitch penny." Draw a line in the dirt road, stand back, each man pitch his penny toward the line. The one closest to the line got the other man’s penny. You could play for hours and not lose any money. Bill got a job over at East Mombo Mill. He had made a small metal boat with a small outboard motor and wanted me to help put it in the pond at East Mombo which we did. Cranked up the motor, went just a little ways and sheared the prop pin. There we were, no paddle and we floated toward the dam. I guess it was Bill’s idea to lay down in the boat; he paddled with one hand on one side and me on the other side with my hand. Boy we done some dog paddling, finally got back to shore. Jim Johnston, Bill’s brother was about my size. In the spring of the year, when before it got too hot, he would be waiting on me, wanting to wrestle. I was on the wrestling team while in school. He would always try to take me but never could. Mr. Johnston loved to sit out on the porch and watch us wrestle in the grass. Parrish brothers I remember the name and also they were red headed. Fred and Wilson Lowrance. I roomed with Fred for several years while boarding at the Lowrance home. He was lost in the war. Other boys—W.A. Johnson, Donald Bolton, Arthur Sigmon, Potter boys, A.D., A.J. and Norman. Paul Burney and Fred Edwards. Each Thanksgiving, people from Prospect
Church and other churches from Mooresville, N.C., other churches from surrounding areas donated live chickens, fruit, produce, canned goods, and quilts. Farther away churches usually donated money. I remember the live chickens donated mostly from Prospect Church. I helped to kill. I would chop the heads off as fast as the boys handed them to me. This took place under the kitchen in the basement where we also picked off the feathers. There were three hundred and fifty kids to feast on Thanksgiving.

Since we had our own bank, each of us would go to the office once a month where in one room you were allowed what they called funny money. Into another we went where John Craig was in charge to take our funny money deposit for real money. This procedure was something similar to other people who worked and got paid with cash. When you needed some real money you would go to the bank, withdraw real money. I would like to add that Mr. John Craig was the only dwarf at the home. Mr. Johnston always found something for everybody to do.

Some of my teachers, I still remember. Faye Stevenson, Gladys Burroughs, Irene McDade, R. G. Calhoun, while we are remembering teachers and school. Barium had their own school. Part of us had to attend school in the basement at Lottie Walker Building. I can remember when they built the new school building and gymnasium north of Lottie Walker. The new and old are torn down. I was big enough to help on the building of the Smoke Stack at the boiler room and it was over a hundred feet tall. Ab Young mixed the mud. They had a little while mule hooked to a rope and pulley to pull the brick and mud up to the man laying the brick. You had to lead the mule in order to stop at the right place. It has been torn down also!

One summer Ed Oliver and I, two other boys were the right size to help cultivate the large corn crop. We had eight mules, four plow boys and four black men for each team. About this time of year, milk supply would get low. Sometimes for dinner, you would only have green beans and corn bread. We would race back after lunch to see if any black men had any pie or cake left over. I was plow boy for Abner White. After two or three days, I could take my mules, plow without lines. Each teamster were proud of their own team of mules. Since I was the only one who could plow without lines, just by talking to the mules gently. Abner was proud of me and the mules. From then on, I didn’t have to race back after dinner for he always had for me a piece of pie or cake every day.

When football started at Barium, it was played on the field west of 21 at Barium. Then they decided to build a new one east of 21 which was the pig lot at that time. We used the same mules with one tractor, made the Sloan
Field which is still there. We had to move at least 12 or 15 feet of dirt on one end. A lot of dirt for four team mules, one tractor and a lot of boys.

I can remember when the milk barn burned to the ground. We had to build a new milk barn. I worked with the home thirty-eight years. I hauled kids to picture shows in an open truck for years and kids on the farm to and from the field; also worked in the field. I guess the good Lord was with us. We never had a serious accident in our department. Every department usually has a standard joke. I was always on the boys not to bruise the apples and peaches. When a new boy would come out and we would be picking apples, especially if he was on the ladder, the rest would tell him if you fall off the ladder, be sure to fall on your back so as not bruise the apples. Each boy had his own picking sack.

Can't remember the year but back when Mr. Johnston was overseer, Barium leased some land, a 10-year lease on Catawba River, established a camp. Every summer, they used it all summer long until the 10-year lease was up. It's all gone now, covered up with Lake Norman. On weekends, they always closed the camp for back-to-campus church. They would leave two of the larger boys to look after the camp. One weekend, I'm not sure, but I believe Tom McCall was one of these boys. They were in the boat digging frogs in this little cave where the trees were hanging out over the boat. A big snake dropped off a limb into the boat; a wooden homemade boat. They beat the bottom of the boat out trying to kill the snake. They made it back all right.

Every year at homecoming we always had a big table of fresh peaches which the boys and I got up before breakfast to pick on Sunday morning. They were always willing to help out on these special occasions. Everything at Barium went by the bell in the tower at Rumple Hall. You get up by the bell, go to work by the bell, get off by the bell. Even the mules on the truck farm would heed to the bell. If you were plowing out the row, going toward the house, they would get to the end of the row. If you wanted to make another round, they wouldn't go. They knew it was dinner time.

Prior to 1968 Barium was beginning to not be an orphans home any more. Things were changing real fast and which was a hard decision to make we decided to leave Barium at the end of 1968. Within two years' time, the orchard was pushed out, the dairy cows were sold, including the beef cattle, truck farm closed down, all equipment sold, all pigs sold, no garden, no nothing.
AN ALBUM OF MEMORIES

THE PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME
AT
BARIUM SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA

SECTION IV - 1933

17 GRADUATES
300 APPLICATIONS, 35 ADMITTED TO BARIUM
1 DEATH AT BARIUM IN 1933
PERSISTENT EPIDEMIC OF MEASLES
Walter Archer
Lucille Beck
Pearl Virginia Bostian
Helen Louise Drye
Marguerite Gaskill
Joseph Riley Keenan
Lester King
Marian McCall
Frank Purdy
Jesse Roper
Charles Ray Shaffer
Ruth Shannon
Marvin Stone
Margaret Stinson
Mildred Thomas
Clifton Vann
Mary Latham West
Alyce Yarbrough
Mascot
Ace Medal
CLASS HISTORY
1933

ANNOUNCER: Mr. T. L. O'Kelley.
STATION 1929.

Ladies and gentlemen, you well remember the four-year race on the track of Barium Springs High School which set off with twenty-five brightly-colored racers. They now are about to end that race. Look, they are still going faster and faster. Oh, but there are not twenty-five now for some were not able to cross the steep way from Mathematics to Geometry from Latin to French, and other hill-tops that were rough and rugged.

Only eighteen, yet we must--what? Did some one call me?

A tiny boy who was sitting near the front said, "Yes, Mr. Announcer, I did. I wanted to know what the prizes were, because someday maybe I'll be racing and win one."

"Oh, wait a minute, sonny."

Mr. O'Kelley turned and faced the many spectators. "Pardon me for a moment, ladies and gentlemen, while I tell this little fellow what he wants to know."

"Say, sonny, what's your name?"

"Who me? I'm Bobby Collier. But when are you going to answer my question?"

"Well, the highest prize is the Valedictory. If Marion McCall is careful in rounding these last few curves, she will most likely receive this prize. Then there are others who are not very far behind her in the race for this honor: Mildred Thomas, Mary L. West, Lucille Beck, and Ruth Shannon."

"Mr. O'Kelley, don't you even have any big offices and all that?"

"Yes, Joe Keenan is our President: Frank Purdy, Vice-President; Mary L. West, Secretary and Treasurer, Ray Shaffer is editor of the year-book. Lester King is business manager, Lucille Beck, prophet; Ruth Shannon, sports-editor; Alyce Yarbrough, class poet; Clifton Vann, joke-editor, and Marguerite Gaskill, historian."

By the time all this was told, half of the people had begun to leave. Mr. O'Kelley looked distressed and adjusting his glasses said, "Wait, the race has not ended." The people keep leaving so he says, "Come back about May the 22nd and see the finish of the race. The prizes will be awarded on Graduation Night in the Barium Springs Auditorium--a time that they have looked forward to for all these years."
Bobby, who has stayed behind, says, "You can count on me to be here and lead the procession on that night."

MARGUERITE GASKILL
Historian
CLASS WILL
1933

We, the senior class of 1933, being in our right minds, and realizing that our last days at Barium are slowly coming to an end, and having many valuable articles that will help our minors along this world's journey, do make and publish our last will and testament.

First, we, the senior class, do will and bequeath our deepest love and heartiest gratitude to Mr. Jos. B. Johnston who has always been our true friend.

To the faculty we do will and bequeath as a whole a sweet and unbroken succession of restful nights. No longer need you lie awake at night and worry about our grades and general attitude.

To the juniors we do will and bequeath our ability to look wise and dignified (something we were never able to do).

To the sophs we will all our chewing gum wads and hope they will be able to chew them all through school as we did.

To the freshmen, "last but not least" we leave our paint boxes so that they can change their natural color of green next year.

Second, we as individuals do will and bequeath to our best friends the following:

I, Pearl Bostian, do will and bequeath to Lillian Wicker my ability to be on time for meals. Now, Lillian, you must fulfill it as well as I did, which will be a difficult task, as I was never late. To Elsie Brown, I will my easy task of rating going to town. (I assure you that it will be very often.)

I, Marvin Stone, do will and bequeath my poem, "The Stump-puller," to anyone who wants extra points on English. Don't everybody bid at once!

I, Marguerite Gaskill, do will and bequeath to Elsie Brown and Olive Gaskill all my old shoes. To Margaret Brooks and Margaret Pittman my ability to rate town, but listen, girls, don't abide by the old saying, "better late than never." To Milton Gaskill the privilege of using the front hall on Sunday nights.

I, Margaret Stinson, do will and bequeath my tall statue to Ruth Gordon.

I, Mildred Thomas, do will and bequeath to Mary Foster, Helen Wood and Myrtle Johnson the care of the kid sister, Dot. Make her be good.

I, Marion McCall, do will and bequeath to my little brothers all my old toys, etc. To Lillian, anything she wants that I leave behind. To Brooks the privilege of asking Mr. Calhoun for his morning paper.
I, Lucille Beck, do will my four feet eleven inches of height to my pal, Mable Billings. "Little but loud" that's me all over, eh, Mable.

I, Alyce Yarbrough, do hereby will and bequeath the following: To Lavada Lambert and Hattie Morris all my old bottles. You'll find them on the bottom shelf in the closet behind the door. Here's hoping your red hair will be the topic of conversation all over the campus, as mine was. To Lil Bobbitt and Irene Shannon all my beaux. Don't be lonesome on Sunday nights, girls.

I, Clifton Vann, do will and bequeath my old room (frigidaire) to the person who can stand it all winter and I am hoping that it will be occupied in order that it might be called the "Cold Bleak House" always. Also my position as a farmer to any person who likes to cut grass (I pity him) and saw wood.

I, Helen Drye, do will and bequeath to Bonnie McKenzie my white pumps which were dyed black and hope that she will get as much use out of them as I did. To my sister, Florence, my ability to sing in the choir, and to my brother, Bill, my popularity among the teachers.

I, Mary Latham West, do will and bequeath to Red Mott my seat in the sitting room for her blind dates. To Lillian Wicker my position as pianist on all occasions (even to the pigs at football games).

I, Lester King, do hereby will and bequeath to Parker Lyons my place as having the straightest legs on the campus. To Morris Freeman my seat in the eleventh grade room which is an honorable one.

I, Jessie Roper, do will and bequeath to Mary Foster all my wads of chewing gum both at the table and on my bed. Be sure you do not chew it in school. To Phyllis Morgan, all the money that I have in the First National Bank in Statesville.
I, Joseph Riley Keenan, do hereby will and bequeath to Joe White, my side-kick on the truck farm, my old, war-torn, work hat, and any old work shoes, etc., that he can find.

I, Walter Archer, do will and bequeath my fish pond and ability to hunt to Woodrow Clendenin.

I, Frank Purdy, do will and bequeath to Miller Blue my place in Mr. McMillan's heart. To any junior who wishes to be dressed in the height of fashion, I will my old shirts, socks, etc.

I, Ray Shaffer, do hereby will and bequeath to Margaret Pittman my old French textbooks. To Ed Oliver, all the pictures of my girl that I leave hanging on the wall.
Washington, D.C.  
May 22, 1943 

1933 

Dear Mr. Johnston: 

For the past year I have been gathering information about each member of the class of '33, and knowing you are interested I will pass it on to you to be published in the Alumni Column of The Barium Messenger. 

Last week as I turned on the radio I heard a program of songs heartfully played and sung by Mary Latham West, who is now broadcasting from Radio City in New York. I immediately sent my congratulations to her, and in her return letter she told me that Marian McCall was in charge of the Carnegie Library there in the city. 

Did you see the Florida paper that Lester King's football team is the champion of the United States? That reminds me, too, that Alyce Yarbrough is basketball coach of the University of California. 

Last night I had the shock of my life when I entered the theatre and saw Helen Drye starring in "Way Out West." It's reported that she is the "It' girl in Hollywood. Now doesn't that sound like Ripley's "Believe It or Not?" The news reel featured Walter Archer as one of the greatest big game hunters in the world. 

I know all your children at Barium are interested in politics now that Joe Keenan is president of the United States and has chosen Clifton Vann to fill an important place in his cabinet. Now we are certain that hard times are over and that prosperity is not just around the corner, but right here! He is giving a charity supper at the White House in order to raise funds to add a new laboratory to Dr. Marvin Stone's hospital, where Jessie Roper is head nurse. Pearl Bostian is decorating the White House for the occasion and Marguerite Gaskill is planning the meal. The toast mistress will be Mildred Thomas, the famous orator. 

Of course, there is Margaret Stinson with a beauty parlor of her own in Charlotte. If Leila still desires red hair, tell her that is the place to go. 

Two friends and I visited Canada last summer and can you guess who piloted our plane? Frank Purdy! It was indeed a delightful surprise to meet up with him again. He told us that Ruth Shannon, or perhaps I should call her by her correct name, Mrs. Jonathan Labourn Aquinalda, is the manager of one of the finest hotels in Montreal. 

By the way, is Ray Shaffer filling Mr. Grier's place efficiently? Give him my love and tell him that he can't write too often. 

I remain as ever, 

Your old Barium girl, 
Lucille Beck 
(Class Prophet)
CLASS POEM 1933

Our high school days are over
And there's sorrow in our hearts
As we think of all our classmates and school-chums
From whom we must soon part.
We've all dreamed of and looked forward to this date
But we're really not so happy now that we are going
to graduate.
Of our once large class, eighteen remain
These will go now, their fame to gain.
Joe is our president, this shows our class' good taste.
Frank is vice-president; they ran quite a race.
The other sixteen, I won't attempt to name
But all have worked hard to remain in the game.
As we go now from this school,
Into life's great sea
May we forever have happy memories
Of the Class of '33.

---Alyce Yarbrough

Senior Superlatives

Boys

FRANK PURDY------------------------Best All Around
LESTER KING------------------------Most Athletic
RAY SHAFFER-----------------------Handsomest
CLIFTON VANN----------------------Wittiest
WALTER ARCHER---------------------Best Sport
JOE KEENAN------------------------Most Intellectual
MARVIN STONE----------------------Most Pleasing Personality

222
Girls

RUTH SHANNON---------------------------------Most Athletic
LUCILLE BECK---------------------------------Cutest
MARION McCALL--------------------------------Most Studious
MARGUERITE GASKILL--------------------------Most Ambitious
JESSIE ROPER--------------------------------Most Domestic
PEARL BOSTIAN-----------------------------Most Cheerful
HELEN DRYE---------------------------------Pertest
MARGUERITE STINSON------------------------Busiest
ALYCE YARBROUGH--------------------------Wittiest
MARY L. WEST----------------------------Best All Around
MILDRED THOMAS---------------------------Most Intellectual
CHRISTMAS: BABY COTTAGE

February 1933

Santa brought us so many nice things. We only hope that he was as good to other people as he was to us. You ought to have seen our faces light up when we saw the Christmas tree and the presents old Santa had left.

During the holidays, we had many visitors. Some were: Mary Morgan's mother, the mother of Janie and Stanley Smith, Mabel and Myrtle Weddington had a visit from their folks, Mabel Billings had a visit from her daddy, Rachel Mills was visited by her mother, the brother and mother of Charles and Mae Allen Barrett came to see them, and Mama Girt enjoyed a short visit from Murphy and John, her sons. Mr. Salvaggio and friends also brought Zora Lee, one of our old girls, who paid us a delightful visit.

Some of us enjoyed a picture at the Playhouse during the holidays. We are very grateful to the manager who made it possible for us to go.

We are still enjoying the gifts that we got ourselves for the cottage Christmas, and we will continue to enjoy them for some time. We want to thank all of the kind friends who made it possible for us to have such a fine Christmas, and we wish all of them would come to see us sometime.

There has been a regular flu epidemic at Barium. At first, it did not invade the Baby Cottage, but we did not get to skip it even though it looked as if we would. Ten of us became ill, and when we got well, most of the rest made a trip to the infirmary.

One day not long ago, after Charlee Barrett had recovered from the flu, he was in Pina's room looking at the picture of a police-
man. Pina asked, "Charles, are you going to be a policeman when you are grown?"

"No," replied Charles, I am going to be a doctor."

"And are you going to be my doctor?" asked Pina.

"No," he readily answered, "I'm going to be Mama Girt's doctor and give her bread pills."
It is true that we have shaved our expenses tremendously, but even discounting this, it is going to take some real contributions in the month of March to keep our heads above water.

We don’t like to say too much about money in the columns of The Messenger. A lot of people read The Messenger, and we know that the entire family at Barium Springs reads it. It is terrible for any home to have anything depressing hanging over it constantly. It is hard on grown folks to exist under this, although grown folks, as a rule, take matters of this kind more philosophically than children. It is terrible for a children’s institution to have something hanging over it like we have had for the last few years.

We speak of depression when we refer to business conditions, and we sometimes make a joke of it. It is something that is here today, and may be gone tomorrow like a rain or a storm, but a child’s life may have a depression so stamped upon it that it will wear the scars through maturity. A depression isn’t a good thing to have in connection with children, and we are not referring altogether to business depressions.

We want our children’s institution to be a cheerful place, a place of security and safety, and it can only be that when you who read this make it safe financially. Let’s think of these matters in this critical month of March. You know the church affairs are run differently from a business. If the grocer comes around with his bill this month and you can’t pay it, you can depend on it that he will be around with that same bill next month. Well the month of March is the time when all the church causes present, not exactly their bills, but at least a memorandum of service rendered and needs.

If the church does not pay it, it is not added to next year. It apparently is forgotten.

- 1984 - (Editor’s Comments)

At this writing, the year 1934 seems much further back in time then the fifty years it is--more like a hundred years.

In 1934, the Great Depression was five years old. The Depression and all that accompanied it had reduced living to a very basic level for most everyone, and certainly Barium Springs was not one of the exceptions, at least not in the living-at-a-basic level sense was concerned.
In 1934, life was basic at Barium. There was nothing "instant" at Barium but retribution. Working "smart" meant working hard, and that is what people did. Cars were few and they were black. Containers were glass, steel or galvanized, some porcelain—nothing plastic or paper. Radio was still new enough to be a novelty. Talking movies were only a few years old; they were black and white. Clothes were cotton or wool, even bathing suits and they wrinkled. Toothpaste was Colgate; soap was Lifebuoy or Octagon; a store was Belk’s. Good was that and Bad the opposite, and each was clearly known and understood. No one spoke of "grey areas" in 1934; there were no such areas in 1934. The world had not shrunk in ’34, and distance was felt. Places were far away. Things took time in 1934.

I leave it to others to do a detailed history of Barium’s financial plight during the early 1930’s; however, the following from the May 1933 Messenger describes it vividly.

**BARIUM MESSENGER 1933**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1930-1931</th>
<th>1931-1932</th>
<th>1932-1933</th>
<th>3-Year Decline</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SYNOD</td>
<td>$95,064.35</td>
<td>$74,043.99</td>
<td>$67,477.77</td>
<td>$27,586.58</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Some idea of the financial calamities that have overtaken the orphanage in the past two years might be obtained from the figures that appear above. From time to time, articles have appeared in The Messenger recounting the financial distress through which the institution was passing, but these statements might have been forgotten.

The feeling of the authorities here had barely subsided from the distress of a $21,020.38 drop in income, when the report for 1932-1933 showed a further decline of $6,566.20. This brings the grand total of a two-year decrease to $27,586.58. If you are not familiar with what this means, ask any businessman what state his business would be if he had suffered that much a decline in the operation of a business whose budget was in a neighborhood of $100,000.00. Bankruptcy proceedings would have been long ago instituted, or his business would have gone into a receivership.

Neither of those two things has occurred at the orphanage. However, it must be stated that the effectiveness of the work has been decidedly curtailed by this amazing slump in receipts from Presbyterians of the state. If the number of children were reduced to comply with the decreased income, over 100 boys
and girls would have been sent out without shelter over their heads. No child will be discharged unless we are positive that it will be sheltered, clothed and fed and have proper surroundings.

As a matter of fact, the orphanage enrollment has decreased only 31 students. The children could not be deliberately sent away without a place to go, and, consequently, your officials have endeavored to meet the needs and necessities of the children the best they could. However, only the very necessities have been met.

The situation is acute. It needs no one to tell you this when you read the figures above. The problem also arises as to how we shall answer the several hundred applications that are coming to us. Would you like to have the task of replying to over 450 applications of people whom it was impossible for the Orphanage to accept? Last year, 458 applications were receive, while only 18 children could be accepted! From the present trend of income, not even 18 can be accepted during this year.

The financial report of the Orphanage for the year shows that there are bills payable totaling $16,000.00. At the present time, there are salary checks of over $6,000.00 in our vault, some of which have been pending since last January.

Some of our creditors write and ask us what is the matter? Why is it their bill was not paid? Is there some mistake in the bill presented? Our reply must be that there is nothing wrong except that we do not have the money. Our workers come in and ask for their salaries and our reply must be the same. However, we will say for both these group that they are friendly and patient with us, but after awhile, their patience is exhausted, and our words of pleading for a continuation of their tolerance reaches a monotony that is both irksome to them, and to us.

You might write and ask what we are going to do about this? The question is, what are YOU going to do about this? This is your orphanage. The children have been sent to us by you with an unexpressed understanding that you would send us the money with which to properly clothe, feed, and shelter them. Our responsibility is to do this and train these children along the lines of Christian living, which we are endeavoring to do. Your responsibility is to send us the wherewithal to do this. We are doing our level best to meet our obligations, and we plead with you that you meet the obligations which you assumed when these children were sent to the Orphanage.
There are over 76,000 Presbyterians in the Synod of North Carolina. The Orphanage has set us a goal, $1.20 per member a year. This is ten cents per month, or a penny every three days, for every Presbyterian within the Synod. We have carefully checked the receipts from every church, and find that only 37 churches of the 535 in North Carolina have met this quota.

Does this seem too large an amount to ask? Isn’t it possible for you to make some slight sacrifice that will enable you to send us ten cents a month? We realize that there are a few churches that will be unable to meet this apportionment, but we think there are sufficient people of means within the Synod who would more than make up the difference which the smaller groups could not give.

If every Presbyterian resolved in his heart to do his utmost, give this minimum amount each year, the Orphanage could not only amply care for the children at present entrusted to its care, but could fill the 50 empty beds which at present have no occupants because we do not have the money to accept more children.

The time for New Year resolutions is over four months past. Now the time for Church Year resolutions is at hand. Won’t you make that resolution? Won’t you do your best to carry out that resolution? Don’t forget it. Don’t forget the children. Don’t forget the many others outside the Orphanage who need its protection, its sheltering influence, the chance for them to develop into real Christian citizens.
EDITOR'S REMARKS
1984

Mr. Johnston held the collective feet of North Carolina Presbyterians to the fire during the financial crisis. Issue after issue of The Messenger cranked out with his plea--no--his demand for help. He would attempt to shame the churches into giving by printing the name of a particular Presbytery in bold type with the words "Last in giving" or "Contributions off" and name the amount. In one column, he threatened them with the wrath of the Old Testament God. He concluded an August 1933 column this way.

"If we do not give the Lord's work a large and first share in our returning prosperity, that prosperity will be only for the day, and we will all live to look back on this particular time as a time of promise but promises unfulfilled.

Read your Book of Judges. Count the number of times that this idea is expressed: That the people forgot God, and then disaster came upon them."

The absolute courage of his convictions is, to me, revealed in another joyful event that took place in the summer of 1933. Edwin Gould, son of the 19th Century Mogul, Jay Gould, invited a group of Barium Springs children to his estate in New York. (Gould died in 1933. He and his sister had been involved in philanthropic activities--she more than he--and had established the Edwin Gould Foundation for Children. Gould gave the playhouse at Annie Louise Cottage.) Mr. Johnston's description of that trip and a letter eleven year old Miller Blue wrote to Miss Kate Taylor*, Synod's Cottage Matron, follow. However, back to courage and convictions, the amazing thing from today's perspective when every organization is so very image conscious, is that not only was the trip made, but reported front page in The Messenger! That's style! Here is the Home nearly in receivership, pleas for help to "spare a dime" going out repeatedly, and Mr. J. B. takes ten children to New York on a pullman! There the boys get to meet a virtual baseball Hall of Fame: Gehrig, Ruth, Foxx, see a baseball game, dine out--the works; albeit it was Gould's money that paid the tab, it took courage to accept the offer in those times.

*(Kate Taylor was a Scotswoman who came to America and to Barium Springs in 1926 and retired in 1970. she was for many years the matron of Synod's Cottage and known as a strict disciplinarian and an enemy to all dirt. There are several references to her in this book. Ed)
NEW YORK JOURNEY WITH BARIUM CHILDREN DESCRIBED BY CONDUCTOR

(Jos. B. Johnston, Superintendent, Recounts Main Events of The Trip)

"Plenty Excited"

Children win hearts of other passengers on train: Something was said in the last issue of the Messenger about an invitation from Mr. Edwin Gould, for us to send ten children to New York to be his guests for the summer. The names of the ten children were mentioned in this article, but The Messenger went to press before the actual trip took place.

Well, here is what took place: On the night of June the first, when the 8:25 train rolled into Statesville, the New York sleeper had as passengers an old couple (rather drowsy looking), a case hardened traveling man, an old maid, and a nice looking young lady. They were drowsy and a little bit bored with the trip. When the train stopped at Statesville, a man got on with ten children, and went into the same pullman. And right then things commenced to happen! The traveling man raised one eyebrow and shrugged his shoulders. The old couple heaved a sigh, the old maid looked like she was going to speak to the conductor about it, and the young lady looked interested. The children were supposed to confine themselves to two and a half sections, but they were just overflowing their quarters all the time! It was not long before the young lady’s interest reached the point where she joined the party, and assisted very maternally in getting the family bedded down for the night. The children asked so many questions and seemed so alive that even the traveling man thawed out, and the old maid was seen offering one of the little girls a magazine to look at.

When bedtime came and the children were all in their berths, everybody settled down for a peaceful night. It was not necessary to get off the train before seven o’clock the next morning in Washington. The children were five to a section, and there were times when as many as four would go to sleep at one time, but never when it was unanimous! Every time the train would stop, the one or two who were awake would wake up all the rest; they would look out the windows: they would talk to the people on the platform, and them remember that they were terribly thirsty, and have to run to the dressing room to get a drink of water; and this kept up until five-thirty in the morning, and at six, it was necessary to get up.

The man of the party rather dreaded the expressions that he expected to find on the faces of the other passengers, and wanted to hurry and get off the train
before the rest of the passengers waked up, but could not do it; and now he's glad he didn't, because instead of seeing a grumpy set of people whose rest had been disturbed, there was a smiling crowd of good natured pullman passengers to wish every child well when they left the train. Even the pullman porter was in a good humor, although the children ate their breakfasts in the drawing room, and left a good deal of cake icing deeply imbedded in the thick carpet of the drawing room.

Everything slipped along on schedule; the train arrived in Washington on time and the transfer to the Pennsylvania train was made safely and comfortably. Several of the officials of the Southern Railway checked up on the party to see that their needs were met, and offered to send telegrams or do anything else to add to the comfort of the party. This is just a habit that the Southern Railway seem to have through its servants.

The trip from Washington to New York was most interesting. The party of young people had seats in the front of a long passenger car, and it was not long before the other passengers became interested, and gifts of fruit, magazines and chewing gum helped make the morning pass more pleasantly. One good lady who failed to see Flora Mae Newman or Virginia Cranfill said that the children looked hungry. (She must have seen just the lean ones!), and she gave the man a dollar for a set-up for the youngsters, and this furnished a half pint of milk apiece and it certainly did taste good to everybody but Charlie Nungezer. Charlie had insisted on drinking three glasses of water while waiting for the milk.

In Philadelphia, just as soon as the train stopped, we looked out of the windows, of course, and there stood Helen Wood and her mother, and we thought we were back in Barium Springs.

Helen knew that we were to pass through Philadelphia that morning, and she took a chance on seeing them, and just happened to get on the platform at the exact place that our car stopped. Helen gave us a fresh supply of chewing gum, and we were all set then for New York, where we arrived about 12:30, or 1:30 daylight saving time.

Mr. Gould and Mr. Moen met us, and took us immediately to an Automat for our dinners. It was the rush hour at noon, and more people than anybody ever saw at one time outside of New York, but in spite of all that everybody got plenty to eat, and then we started out in the bus to go somewhere. All of the men folk stopped at the Yankee Stadium to see the Athletics, and Yankees play a game of baseball. The girls went on to the Bronx camp.
The boys got to see a great game of ball and got to shake hands with Jimmie Foxx, Groves, Earnshaw, and Cockran. Then, they went to camp.

The next day the boys took in the Metropolitan Museum, and another ball game, and this time they got to speak to Babe Ruth, Johnnie Allen, Earl Combs, Dickey, and some others on the New York team. The boy that did the introducing was Johnnie Allen, and old Mills Home boy who is a member of the New York team.

Earl Combs took a great fancy to Miller Blue and Tom Morgan. We thought he was just going to make baseball players out of them right then.

The Barium children were the first to arrive New York on Mr. Gould’s invitation. The following Tuesday, however, the children from Connie Maxwell arrived, and during the next two weeks, all of the southern children came up; and then on the 17th, everybody packed up and went out to Windham, New York, Howell’s Fresh Air Camp, the same place that the party spent the summer last year. And now we get an occasional letter from these youngsters. We hope to publish two of them in this same issue, but you will have to wait for further details except that in the letters until they come home in the fall.
New York, N.Y.
June 6, 1933

Dear Miss Taylor:

How are you getting along? I lost my pen so I have to write with a pencil.

I am going to start at the beginning and till up to now.

When we arrived, Mr. Gould and Miss Fetch met us at the station. We washed our hands and then went to a cafeteria for dinner. After dinner, Mr. Gould, Mr. Moen, and Mr. Johnston took the boys to see the Yankees and Philadelphia play ball. The Yanks won, 5-4. After the game we went to the Camp Gould and had supper.

The next day we went to the American Museum of Natural History. After we got through seeing the things we ate dinner at a restaurant. After that Mr. Johnston took us to the Yankee Stadium. We went out on the field and shook hands with Babe Ruth, Jim Foxx, Johnnie Allen, Lefty Grove and Lefty Gomez. We saw Babe Ruth knock a home run. The Yanks won, 17 to 11. After the game we came back to the camp.

Sunday morning we played all morning and had ice cream for dinner. In the afternoon at 3:15 a lady came down and we had Sunday School. That night we went to a branch of Pelham Bay.

Tell all the boys I said "hello."

Your son,

Miller Blue
SUPERINTENDENT’S REPORT TO REGENTS

November 1933

 Twelve months ago my report to you reviewed the work at the Orphanage over a ten-year period.

 At that time we were in the midst of a period of re-adjustment, and this report, covering the first year of the second decade under the present management, will give you the results of the re-adjustment.

 First: The number of children. There are 10 less children enrolled at the present time than the same date last year. During the 12 months, 45 children have left the institution --17 of these by graduation, four are attempting to continue their studies further, but none are at present depending on any help through Barium’s loan fund. Fourteen have secured work, having reached the age to become self-supporting, without being able to graduate. Thirteen have been restored to their homes, either through re-marriage of their surviving parent, or through changed home conditions. There has been one death.

 Of the 35 children admitted, the selections were made after carefully looking into applications involving over 300 children, and those selected to enter were chosen as being most dependent on this particular form of child relief.

 Wherever possible to enlist the aid of relatives to relieve the dependency, or other forms of child relief, such as Mother’s Aid, Child Placement, or Boarding Homes, this was done, and we feel that the 35 children who did enter are our responsibility.

 In the various departments: We at present have 10 matrons, whereas a year ago we had 13. We have 11 heads of departments, as against 13 a year ago. There are four office employees, against five a year ago. We have 10 teachers against 17 before our schools were turned over to the state.

 The morale of the institution was never better. In spite of the infrequent pay-days, and the abolition of many things that tended to make our living here more pleasant, both for grown-ups and children there is a splendid spirit of cooperation and loyalty present everywhere. We do not know of a single worker who has even thought of giving up his or her work at Barium, because of the financial situation.

 The excellence of the work here, as rated by the Duke Endowment, still leads in the Carolinas, but not by the margin that it did 12 months ago.
For the year 1931, Barium Springs had a rating of 956, as against 915 of its nearest rival. Last year one other institution rated 956, with a third making 955; and seven other rating above 900.

This shows clearly that while Barium has held her own, the other institutions have made progress, and we wish it were so that something could be done right now to improve our standing, to enable us to hold the leadership for the years to come.

Our housing conditions are responsible for our failure to more nearly approach the 1,000 point which is the highest rating possible.

We would appreciate this year gifts of Irish potatoes, as we lack at least 500 bushels of having enough for our needs.

We can also use a car load of peanuts, if any community in the peanut section of the country wants to get that much of their product off the market. We are not able to raise peanuts profitably at Barium.

The diary has been furnishing us with milk and beef, and had been fed entirely from products of the farm. That is, as far as hay and silage go. The very dry summer cut down our hay crop considerably, and we will no doubt have to reduce our beef herd because of our inability to feed them through the winter. We are waiting until a more advantageous time to sell our surplus beef cattle.

The condition of our outlying farms is more encouraging than for any year since 1929; and the Nicholson and McDonald Farms should show a fair return this year.

We are using cotton seed produced on these farms to trade for cotton seed meal in order to hold down our diary costs in prepared grain food. There has been such a tremendous increase in the price of this that it adds considerably to the cost of maintaining a dairy.

We are only running the school eight months. This naturally brings about a more crowded, more hectic school term than formerly, and we are doing everything in our power to hold the number of repeaters and failures to something in the neighborhood of what it was with a longer school term, and fewer pupils in a classroom.

There are other developments in our school program which, so far, have not worked a hardship, and we hope will not. The lowered state budget has cut
down the amount of clerical help, not only in the schools, but in the county set-up, so that it is necessary for all schools in a particular district to have identical holidays and teaching days, so as to have their months end on the same date. This is so that the report will cover the same teaching hours, and the payroll the same number of teaching days. This means that our holidays must be identical with the Troutman school, and should the weather make any of the roads impassable (as was the case last year), thus requiring the Troutman School to suspend, our school would have to suspend the same days, although no truck serves our school.

Should an epidemic require Troutman School to close for a day or a week, our school would have to close the same period.

This is something that has not come up yet, and we hope will not.

Our crowded school day has forced out instruction in Bible in all but two classes, and very likely this will have to be discontinued altogether after this year.

In spite of our best efforts to make the day’s schedule allow for students to be free to carry on the work of the place, we have not been able to do so with as much success as formerly. We have had to employ a Negro woman to work in the laundry, and we have had to have additional hired labor on the farm. This condition applies only during the school months. We will have an abundance of help during the four months in which there will be no school, and we are trying to make our plans in our outside activities so that the bulk of the work will fall during those months. For instance, in our farm activities, we are busy now putting enough grain to keep our force busy during the months of May and June. The labor of harvesting is much greater than planting.

The health of the children has been good, but not quite up to that of former years. We have had a persistent epidemic of measles, lasting from spring until the present time. Our most careful efforts to prevent an epidemic have apparently only tended to prolong the stay of the disease. If we had not been so careful, we would no doubt have had all of the children sick during the summer, and be done with the disease by this time. As it is, we have at the present time about a dozen children convalescing from measles, with others certain to follow.

Our tubercular re-acting children have all shown marked improvement. The one came that gave us greatest concern shows the most marked improvement; and we now have good hope of her ultimate, complete recovery.
There has been one death in the institution. This death resulted from an acute bone infection which suddenly carried off a 14-year old boy during the summer. We have searched for a cause of this trouble, but have not been able to locate anything, or any symptoms that would have given us warning in time to have helped this lad. One Saturday night he complained of a sore shoulder. Sunday night he was violently ill, and Wednesday he was dead.

All in all, we believe that the general conditions within the orphanage are much more encouraging than they were a year ago. There is a development however, that is beginning to embarrass us, and we want the Board to be thoroughly familiar with this situation. Just as fast as the wholesalers and manufacturers adopt an N.R.A.* code, we find that it also does things to the use of credit, special concessions, and in our case, it has meant the withdrawal of concessions, and the shortening of credit terms. This means that we will no longer be able to carry the institution on such a small fraction of its yearly income for the first eight or nine months of the year. We will no longer be able to accumulate debts with the hope of settling them at Thanksgiving or at the end of the church year, but it will be necessary to have a much larger percentage of our actual needs each month in cash.

We believe that this will be a good thing for us, when our friends learn of this condition and react to it. We believe it will be much easier to send the money each month than to labor so desperately trying to clear up the debts in the latter part of the year.

I hope that the members of the Board will take time to see enough of Barium and talk enough with the Barium people to soak up some of the optimism that you will find prevailing here. It is an amazing thing to me. I have been to church courts and I have heard pessimistic reports and dire predictions made as to the future of the work in the Kingdom. I have heard great men say that we were in a time of re-adjustment, when a lot of the frills were going to be cut off, and the “frills” evidently meant the things that we were doing for the destitute children of our church. I have come home from these church courts feeling rather depressed myself; and have then exposed myself to the atmosphere of hope and optimism at Barium.

I have tried to analyze why such an atmosphere should prevail here when the idea of depression seemed to prevail so much elsewhere; and the conclusion I have come to as the reason, is because we have such a large percentage of young people here. That is the wholesome optimism of youth mixed with the faith of little children, a faith that believes without questioning the promises of God Almighty, and the courage that is able to face the morrow unad-
afraid, that sometimes is lost by us older people when we think too much of our own disappointments.

Thinking of these things, I have come to this conclusion: That we have been looking on our work for children from the wrong viewpoint. We have been thinking of how much we were doing for the children, and we may have lost sight of what the children were doing for us, and I verily believe that the greater blessing comes to us who think we are contributing something to help these young people along.

If you will, pardon a personal observation. I have heard superintendents praised and glorified because they were “giving” their life to such and such an institution for children. If anybody ever makes such a remark about me, deny it. There has not been any work that I have done, no sleepless nights that I have spent, no physical hardships, or mental worry, that this institution has cost me, but that I have been repaid manifold in blessings--not in some future life, but in this present everyday world that we live in. If we measure rewards by our feeling of happiness and satisfaction, I am a vastly overpaid individual.

And if I may extend this thought to embrace you and through you, the entire Presbyterian Church, I firmly believe that the blessing in this Orphanage transaction is many times more to the people who contribute their time or their money to carrying on this work, than it is to the children whom it is our privilege to serve and with this thought in mind, I commend to you this most precious opportunity of service, with the hope that nothing will be left undone that will insure its present welfare, and the safeguarding of its future.

Earl Mack, the assistant manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, occasionally comes through Statesville, has made several visits to Barium, and has witnessed some of our athletic doings. At his suggestion, some of the balls used in the spring training of the Athletics were saved and presented to Barium Springs Orphanage. We understand that young Earl Mack, Jr. had a lot to do with it. He had heard the praises of Barium Springs sung by our master rooter and friend, Steve Culbreth, and he cast the final vote to donate those balls to Barium. And now, just think of it, all this summer we will be playing baseball with balls that maybe Jimmie Foxx knocked out into the deep outfields. One ball in particular that has a deep bruise on one side looks just like one that he must have knocked against the centerfield fence, to give it that bruise. There's no telling what ambitions will be stirred up by playing with these historic balls. There may be a Johnnie Allen in the lot. You know the famous pitcher of the New York Americans was raised at Thomasville Orphanage, and even the mighty Babe Ruth himself is a product of a Baltimore institution.

There is no doubt but what the doings of the Philadelphia Athletics will be followed with deep interest, not only as a team, but as individuals, by the baseball lovers at Barium.
HONOR ROLL, SECOND TERM
1933

Sixth--Alice Jones, Margaret Wilson
Seventh--Leila Johnston
Eighth (B)--Billie Martin, Louise Wilson
Eleventh--Marian McCall

MERIT ROLL, SECOND TERM

First--Tommie Lindsay, Mabel Billings, John R. Lewis, Marshall Norris
Fourth--Agnes Coppedge, Sallie Farmer, Lucile Johnson, Henry Pittman, Gertie Smith, Neil McKee
Sixth--Nelson Farmer, Charles Kelley, Mildred Willis
Seventh--Lucile Burney, David Spencer
Eighth (B)--Bernice Stone
Ninth--T. L. O'Kelley, Jr., Iris Spencer
Tenth--Herbert Blue, John Elliott, Morris Freeman, Myrtle Johnson, Bruce Parcell
Eleventh--Lucile Beck, Ruth Shannon, Mildred Thomas
Post Graduate--James Johnston

HONOR ROLL, NINTH MONTH

First--Tommie Lindsay
Sixth--Alice Jones, Margaret Wilson
Seventh--Leila Johnston
Eighth (B)--Billie Martin, Louise Wilson
Tenth--Myrtle Johnson
Eleventh--Marion McCall

MERIT ROLL, NINTH MONTH

First--Mabel Billings, Marshall Norris, John R. Lewis
Second--Daisy Cayton, Myrtle Mills, Watt Mills, Annie Sue Wilson
Third--William Billings, Emma Eudy, Louise Martin, Russell McKenzie, R. C. Miller, Flora Mae Newman, Dixon Parrish

Fifth--Bessie Kennedy

Sixth--Nelson Farmer, Charles Kelley, Mildred Willis

Seventh--Lucille Burney, Lucy Bryant, Frances Lowrance, Claiborne Jessup

Eighth (B)--Bernice Stone

Ninth--T. L. O’Kelley, Jr., Iris Spencer, Miriam Sanders

Tenth--Herbert Blue, John Elliott, Leonard Fort, Morris Freeman, Phyllis Morgan, Bruce Parcell

Eleventh--Lucile Beck, Ruth Shannon, Mildred Thomas, Mary Latham West, Alyce Yarbrough

Post Graduate--James Hannon, James Johnston

FIRST AND SECOND HIGHEST AVERAGE FOR ENTIRE YEAR

First--Tommie Lindsay, 94; Mabel Billings, 91
Second--Daisy Cayton, 89.5; Watt Mills, 88
Third--Russell McKenzie, 87; R. C. Miller, 86.1
Fourth--Lucile Johnson, 90.3; Gertie Smith, 90
Fifth--Bessie Kennedy, 92.5; (in school only 2 months); Henry Alessandrini, 89.3; Walter Mott, 88.5
Sixth--Alice Jones, 94.5; Margaret Willis, 93.8
Seventh--Leila Johnston, 96.9; David Spencer, 91.3
Special Elementary--Laura Smith, 85.7; Lugene White, 84.9
Eighth A--Dewey Barnhill, 85.8; Milton Gaskill, 83.8
Eighth B--Billie Martin, 95.8; Louise Wilson, 95.3
Ninth--T. L. O’Kelley, Jr., 92.4; Iris Spencer, 90.2
Tenth--Bruce Parcell, 92.9; Myrtle Johnson, 90.9
Eleventh--Marian McCall, 94.4; Ruth Shannon, 92.2
(This list was published in the 1933 "Spotlight". It was the only Public Listing of Children ever. ed.)

ROSTER OF CHILDREN AT BARIUM SPRINGS IN 1933

Robert Adams
Tommy Adams
Gaston Alessandrini
Henry Alessandrini
Victor Alessandrini
Walter Archer
Dewey Barnhill
Charles Barrett
Mae Allen Barrett
Lucile Beck
Howard Beshears
J. D. Beshears
Lacy Beshears
Evelyn Billings
Helen Billings
Mable Billings
William Billings
Herbert Blue
Miller Blue
Robert Blue
Lily Bobbitt
Nina Bobbitt
Donald Bolton
Worth Bolton
Pearl Bostian
Eugene Bosworth
Robert Bosworth
Garnett Bradley
Helen Briley
Jasper Briley
Margaret Brooks
Elsie Brown
Lorena Brown
Richard Brown
Robert Brown
Gertrude Bryant
Lily Bryant
Lucy Bryant
Georgea Burgin
Johnny Burgin
Pauline Burgin
David Burney
Ed Burney
Lucile Burney
Paul Burney
Denzil Cartrett
Hazel Cartrett
Daisy Cayton
Gladys Cayton
Grace Cayton
Ernest Clark
Oscar Clark
Ray Clendenin
Woodrow Clendenin
Luzon Cook
Frank Cornett
Agnes Coppedge
Evelyn Coppedge
Grace Coppedge
Mary Duffie Coppedge
Charlie Rob Coxwell
Ruth Cranfill
William Cranfill
Linda Culp
Nellie Culp
Milton Daniels
Nan Daniels
Rhoda Daniels
John Donaldson
Lee Donaldson
Florence Dry
Helen Dry
Willard Dry
Wilma Dry
Arnim East
Harry East
Leone East
Alexander Edwards
Carl Edwards
Fred Edwards
Fred Elliott
John Elliott
Althea May Ellis
John Ellis
Eleanor Eudy
Emma Eudy
Mildred Eudy
Sadie Eudy
Nelson Farmer
Sally Farmer
Betty John Foust
David Flowers
Edward Flowers
Mable Flowers
Irene Fort
Leonard Fort
Sarah Fort
Mary Foster
Angelia Fowler
James Ladd Fowler
Cheek Freeman
Morris Freeman
Carles Gallyon
Robert Gallyon
Carolleen Garrett
Ernestine Garrett
Marguerite Gaskill
Milton Gaskill
Olive Gaskill
Brandon Glasgow
Ruth Gordon
James Hannon
Amos Hardy
Margaret Hendrix
Monteith Hendrix
Roy Hendrix
Paul Horne
Annie Inman
Lafayette Inman
Maud Inman
Claybourne Jessup
Lee Jessup
Raymond Jessup
Wilma Jessup
Clyde Johnson
Fred Johnson
Myrtle Johnson
Nellie Johnson
Lucile Johnston
Thelma Johnston
Alice Jones
Gordon Jones
Mary Lynn Jones
Joe Keenan
Bessie Kennedy
Mary Lee Kennedy
Julius Kinard
Martha Kinard
Lester King
Marjory Lail
Lavada Lambert
Ben Taylor Lewis
Ben Lewis
George Lewis
John R. Lewis
Rex Lewis
Mary Penn Lindsay
William Lindsay
Glenn Lindsay
Tommy Lindsay
Graham Long
Jane Lyons
Parker Lyons
Jack McCall
Marion McCall
Tom McCall
Willard McCall
Hugh McCrimmon
John C. McCrimmon
Annue W. McDonald
Jean L. McDonald
John Irby McDonald
Lily Marie McDonald
Thelma McIntyre
Bertha McKee
Hattie McKee
Laura McKee
Neil McKee
Baxter McKenzie
Bonnie McKenzie
Paul McKenzie
Russell McKenzie
Standish McKenzie
Herbert McMasters
John C. McMasters
Juanita McMasters
Edna Marlowe
Effie Lee Marlowe
Larry Marlowe
B. W. Martin
Jas. William Martin
Louise Martin
Richard Martin
Albert May
Clyde May
Millie May
Myrtle May
Hattie Michael
Hazel Miller
R. C. Miller
Horace Mills
Myrtle Mills
Rachel Mills
Robert Mills
Sadie Mills
Watt Mills
Charles Mizelle
Helen Moore
Margaret B. Moore
Margaret F. Moore
Richard Moore
Frances Morgan
Marie Morgan
Phylis Morgan
Ruth Morgan
Thomas Morgan
Hattie Morris
Ben Morrow
Ernest Morrow
Hazel Morrow
Jack Morrow
Louis Mott
Walter Mott
Flora May Newnam
Jacquelin Newnam
Lee Newnam
Catherine Norman
Hugh Norman
Laura Lee Norman
Pleas Norman
Ray Norman
A. G. Norris
Lucile Norris,
Marshall Norris
Charles Nungezer
George Nungezer
John Nungezer
Edward Oliver
Bruce Parcell
Nancy Parcell
Dixon Parrish
Sidney Parrish
Alice Pittman
Henry Pittman
Margaret Pittman
Scott Mc. Poole
A. D. Potter
Norman Potter
Frank Purdy
Robert Reavis
Clarence Robards
Mary Elizabeth Robards
Thelma Robards
Grace Roberts
Janie Roberts
Jessie Roper
Daniele Salvaggio
Philippina Salvaggio
Vittoria Salvaggio
Lillian Sanders
Mary Elizabeth Sanders
Miriam Sanders
George Savage
Joe Savage
Ray Shaffer
Eugene Shannon
Irene Shannon
Ruth Shannon
Mable Shoaf
May Shoaf
Grace Shroyer
James Shroyer
Arthur Sigmon
Carmett Sigmon
Marley Sigmon
Doris Slate
Cleo Sluder
Eva Sluder
Doris Smith
Elmarlee Smith
Flora May Smith
Gertie Smith
Janie Smith
Laura Smith
Leslie Smith
Lily Belle Smith
Marie Smith
Stanley Smith
Vance Smith
William Smith
David Spencer
George Spencer
Cris Spencer
Lee Spencer
Ralph Spencer
Cecil Starling
Charles Starling
William Starling

Bernice Stone
Joy Stone
Marvin Stone
Clifton Vann
Dorothy Weeks
Jack Weeks
Jesse Weeks
Joyce Weeks
Mable Weddington
Marie Weddington
Myrtle Weddington
Ruth Weddington
Mary Latham West
Ernest White
Joe White
Lugene White
Lillian Wicker
Marguerite Wicker
Dallas Williams
Dennis Williams
Margaret Willis
Mildred Willis
Annie Sue Wilson
Harvey Wilson
Louise Wilson
Margaret Wilson
Marshall Wilson
Roy Wilson
Carson Wood
Helen Wood
Alyce Yarbrough
AN ALBUM OF MEMORIES

THE
PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME
AT
BARIUM SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA

SECTION V - 1934

23 GRADUATES

ACE MEDAL - BRUCE PARCELL

MISS REBEKAH CARPENTER ARRIVES AT BARIUM

ANNUAL TURNOVER AT BARIUM - 30%

SWANNANOA CAMP TRIP IN THE RAIN

AT THE MOVIES, "ALICE IN WONDERLAND"

PER - CHILD PER DAY AT BARIUM - $0.87
THE SEVERE WINTER STORMS BEGIN*

An act of nature was one of the significant events of 1934. The Messenger reports that in February a heavy ice storm hit the western and piedmont sections of the state with considerable damage done at the Home. "...Hardly a tree passed unscathed. Almost all of them 'topped' and the crashing of the limbs and their tumbling to the ground with their ice was an incessant occurrence."

As this is being written, Barium has been isolated from the outside world for a ten-day period, insofar as telephone connections are concerned. Officials are hopeful that a line will soon be opened with Statesville, but it will take a month to restore the telephone system of the campus, for wires are still down by the wholesale and are being put up as fast as possible.

Lights at Barium went off Sunday night at eight o'clock, and the campus was without electricity until 6:40 Monday night and then only partially. It was mid-afternoon of Tuesday before all of the buildings here had electricity. The power people in Statesville concerned themselves with getting electricity to the hospitals in Statesville first and then detailed workmen to get a line "through" to Barium. Other electricians worked on the Barium campus with the boys here to get up poles and make the proper connections.

The water supply at Barium was exhausted by noon Monday, and neither of the two pumps were working. This was the most serious problem of all, but it was solved when one of the boys here suggested that a tractor be used. One was promptly brought to one of the pumps, the proper belts hitched on, and it began to work. The tractor was kept going steadily until seven o'clock Monday night, when the first connections were made, and the tractor kept the campus supplied with its water needs up until that time.

There was, of course, damage to the fruit trees at Barium, but this was largely dealt to the older trees which had already passed their period of usefulness. All through the night limbs could be heard crashing to the ground and some of the workers at Barium said they could not sleep because of the continuous noise.

Even on into the early hours of Tuesday morning, the limbs were breaking. A crew of boys started around with long sticks to knock off some of the ice on the lower limbs and relieve them as much as possible. Fortunately for this whole section, the sun came out bright and warm about mid-morning and the ice melted quickly. By noontime most of it was off the trees, but for a couple of days the lower part of the trees was imbedded in ice.
It took a week at Barium to clear the major portion of the debris of broken limbs off the main part of the campus, and crews are still working on various parts of the property on this task. Visitors at Barium the early part of the week were bemoaning the damage done to the trees, but those who have had similar experiences such as this one recently passed through say that it will not take but a year or two before the trees will have a normal appearance.

About the only group that was not affected by the catastrophe were the dairy boys. "The cows didn't freeze up," they said "kinda" regret-ful-like, and were consequently down at the dairy barn early Monday morning to perform their usual duties.

*(The campus was severely damaged by weather again 55 years later when "Hurricane Hugo" roared through on September 22, 1980. Ed.)*
HERBERT BLUE
HELEN BREILY
MARGARET BROOKS
AUTREY CLARK
NELLE CULP
HARRY EAST
JOHN ELLIOTT
LEONARD FORT
MORRIS FREEMAN
MYRTLE JOHNSON
GRAHAM LONG
WILSON LOWRANCE
PHILLIS MORGAN
LOIS DIXIE MOTT
CATHRYN ELIZABETH NORMAN
EDWARD OLIVER
BRUCE PARCELL
MARGARET LEW-E PITTMAN
DOROTHY MAE THOMAS
MAE BELLE KNOX
HELEN COLEMAN WOOD
LILLIAN VIVIAN WICKER
BOBBY REAVIS
CLASS MASCOT: FRED COLE
CLASS OFFICERS 1934

President: Leonard Fort
Vice President: James Ladd Fowler
Secretary: Lois Mott
Treasurer: Bobbie Reavis
Historian: Bruce Parcell
Mascot: Fred Cole
Ace Medal: Bruce Parcell

Dr. J. R. McGregor of Lexington and Dr. Walter L. Lingle of Davidson College were the speakers. Leonard Fort was valedictorian.
SENIOR SUPERLATIVES
1934

GIRLS

Best-All-Around.........................................................Lillian Wicker
Most Studious..........................................................Cathryn Norman
Most Athletic...........................................................Margaret Brooks
Most Attractive..........................................................Margaret Pittman
Most Ambitious..........................................................Helen Briley
Most Intellectual.......................................................Myrtle Johnson
Most Amusing............................................................Dorothy Thomas
Most Pleasing Personality...........................................Phyllis Morgan
Cutest.............................................................................Lois Mott
Wittiest............................................................................Helen Wood
Quietest...........................................................................Nellie Culp

BOYS

Best-All-Around.............................................................Morris Freeman
Most Studious..............................................................Leonard Fort
Handsomest.................................................................Bruce Parcell
Most Ambitious.............................................................John Elliott
Most Intellectual.........................................................Herbert Blue
Best Dressed.................................................................Wilson Lowrance
Most Talented....................................................................Tom Clark
Most Professional.........................................................Harry East
Wittiest.............................................................................Graham Long
Ace Medal

Bruce Parcell
This, the graduating class of '34, began its eventful career four years ago when thirty-four pupils, fourteen boys and twenty girls entered the freshman class. This first year passed quickly with little of note happening except the loss of six members of this spirited class which was soon to become possessed with a reputation.

It was during the Sophomore year that our class fell to its lowest ebb. Five more members of our class passed quietly out of the picture. Lucky fellows, some would have called them! In the course of this year, things did not fare so well with us, we must confess. We received a name -- one which was not altogether fitting or desirous to us. It was the "Bloody Ninth". Our class, it seems, has not been able to rid itself completely of the handicap which was bestowed upon it at this time.

However, everything has its dark side, and in our case this was partially overcome by the success of the following year. As juniors, we assumed a more dignified and serious attitude, and, as a result, our junior year was by far the most successful and best of all our high school course.

Finally, we attained that inevitable position, desired by so many, the rank of seniors. Once again our now diminished class was dispossessed of four members, which leaves us a total of twenty-one.

Looking backward tends to discourage us to a certain extent, so we hopefully look forward, with rising ambitions, into the future, with no doubt in our minds that we shall all attain the highest degree of success.

--Bruce Parcell, Historian
We, the senior class of 1934, while on the eve of graduation, look backward to our Alma Mater, do hereby will and bequeath:

TO THE FRESHMAN CLASS--

This box of paint to change your natural green to another color more appropriate to the rise in high school which you will take next year.

TO THE SOPHOMORE CLASS--

We leave our privilege of going to town any day in the week.

TO THE JUNIOR CLASS--

Our smiles, patience and good looks and willingness to work.

I, Cathryn Norman, do hereby will and bequeath to my little brothers and sister everything I didn't get that I was supposed to get (including the senior table).

I, Lois Mott, do hereby will and bequeath to Irene Shannon my red hair to match her freckles; to my brother, Walter, my athletic ability. Be sure and don't abuse it.

I, Margaret Brooks, have nothing to will as I am taking it all with me.

I, Lillian Wicker, do hereby will and bequeath to Marguerite her hope chest which I have so faithfully kept for the past three years.

I, Margaret Pittman, do hereby will and bequeath to "Shotgun" East the black sweater she borrowed last year and forgot to return and to Alice Pittman my ability to reduce and hope she may have the willowy form I have.

I, Helen Wood, do will and bequeath to Carson Wood my room on the front side of the Woman's Building with the hope that he will keep it as clean as I have (not).

I, Helen Briley, do will and bequeath to my little brother, Jasper, my great height (4 ft., 11 inches). To my friend Maude all the old dresses which are too small for me.

I, Myrtle Johnson, do hereby will and bequeath to Nina Bobbitt my old place in the choir, and to Thelma Johnston any old clothes that I may leave behind. Be sure and let out the tucks.

I, Leonard Fort, have nothing; am in a very great need; do you have anything that you would like to give me?

I, Bruce Parcell, do leave all my possessions (with some few exceptions however) to the "Country Home" boys.
I, John Elliott, do will and bequeath to my kid brother, all my extra belongings except my shirts.

I, Wilson Lowrance, do will and bequeath all I have to any one who will take it.

I, Herbert Blue, do will and bequeath all my old socks to the house cats; and to Ernest White, his favorite chair by the radio. To my kid brother, Miller, I bestow all my attraction to the ladies. To Mr. McMillan and Mr. Calhoun, I will and bequeath all the hot air in the world.

I, Phyllis Morgan, do will and bequeath to Hattie Morris all I haven't got and to Gordon Jones my name of "Senior".

I, Nellie Gulp, do will and bequeath to my sister Linda, my make-up box, and to Lucy Bryant, all my pictures of Bing Crosby; and to Bessie Kennedy, my ability to dance.

I, Dorothy Thomas, do will and bequeath my place as Mr. Calhoun's pet to Margaret Wilson, and my knowledge of remembering dates to Ralph Spencer.

I, Tom Clark, do will and bequeath to Clyde Johnson my place as center on the football team; and my ability to shoot peedabs to Clayborne Jessup.

I, Edward Oliver, being sound in mind, etc., do hereby will and bequeath to Edward Flowers all my girl friends with the hope that he will entertain them as much as I did and that they will love him like they did me. Also, I bequeath to Edward Cole my place as truck driver on the truck farm and other positions of honor on the campus.
'Would you not like to have the history of your class-mates revealed to you?' I looked up from reading and a tiny fairy standing before me. I was so amazed that for a moment I could not speak. Then, regaining my wits, I cried, "Oh, yes!"

"Then come with me," she said.

She waved her magic wand over me and suddenly I found myself in the White House in Washington. Coming through the door who do you suppose I saw? Leonard Fort, who was president of our class of '34 and who was now the president of the United States,

followed by two of his cabinet members who were none other than Bruce Parcell and John Elliott. Leonard told me that Herbert and Cathryn were now married and living there in Washington where Herbert was the president of a bank. I ran over to see them and Cathryn told me that Harry East was employed in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving and boarded at their home. As he was working I did not get to see him.

"But what has become of the two Margarets in our class?" I asked the fairy. She waved her wand over me and I found that I was in a large theatre in Hollywood. Two of the most famous stars of the day were making personal appearances in that theatre that day and whom do you suppose they were? Margaret Pittman and Margaret Brooks. They did not see me but, of course, now that they were so famous they would not have known me if they had seen me!

The fairy waved her wand and I was in Paris! "Come," said the fairy, "and I will show you a wonderful sight." I followed close behind her and we came to a closed door marked "private". "Go in," said the fairy. I went in and was overjoyed to see my old class-mate, Lois Mott, who was now the most famous model in Paris.

"And now what has become of my old room-mate, Myrtle Johnson?" I asked the fairy. She waved her wand and I found myself before a building in the front of which in large letters was, Beauty Salon of the Famous Madame Johnson." I went in and there stood Myrtle fixing someone's hair. I was so glad to see Myrtle that I didn't notice the girl whose hair was being fixed. Someone said, "Well, hello, Phyllis." I looked up and discovered that it was Lillian Wicker in the chair. She told me that she had inherited $20,000,000 and was touring the world at the present time.

Again the fairy waved her wand and I found myself at the University of North Carolina. I saw someone walking across the campus. I recognized Morris Freeman and called to him. He told me that he was coaching football there and that Ed Oliver was coaching basketball and wrestling there, too.

Then I found myself in Florida. It was nice and warm and I decided to go to one of the beaches. When I arrive there I saw another one of my old class-mates, Wilson Lowrance. He was lifeguard and had rescued many people
during his stay there. He came over to me and I learned from him that he was living in Florida and was the owner of several orange groves.

The next place we came to was New York. We walked into a large hospital and to my amazement I saw Dorothy Thomas and Nellie Culp, now graduate nurses working there. I learned from Nellie that Dorothy was engaged to the owner of the hospital.

Later I found myself in a broadcasting station. The announcer was just introducing Tom Clark and his orchestra. As Tom's time was limited and I had to go I did not get to speak to him.

Our next stop was Philadelphia. I knew that Helen Wood must be somewhere in the city because this was her home town. So I hunted her up and found that she was now a very famous criminal inspector.

"Now, where is Helen Briley?" I asked the fairy. She again waved her wand and I found myself in New York. I learned that Helen Briley was private secretary to the governor of the state.

Next I found myself in Hollywood and found that Graham Long, the clown of the class, was producing cartoons similar to Mickey Mouse.

Well, all the rest of the class have done well for themselves, but I am just an old maid, spending my spare time reading and knitting.

--Phyllis Morgan, Prophet
GRADUATION EXERCISES TO BE HELD THIS MONTH

April 1934

(Rev. J. L. McBride selected as third speaker for the young people. Valedictorian and salutatorian announced--complete program.)

Last month two of the speakers for commencement were announced, and since that time the third one has been invited and has accepted the invitation. He will be Rev. J. L. McBride, pastor of the Front Street Presbyterian Church of Statesville who will deliver the annual sermon to the Young People's Societies.

The others announced last month were Rev. J. R. McGregor, Th.D, pastor of the Lexington Presbyterian Church to deliver the baccalaureate sermon, and Rev. Walter L. Lingle, D.D., president of Davidson College who will give the literary address at the final and graduating exercises.

The initial event of the commencement exercises will be on Friday night, April 20th, featured by the class program. This will include the reading of the last will and testament, the prophecy of the class, the history and poem, and other things generally connected with this particular part of the graduation program.

On Sunday morning, April 22nd, Dr. McGregor will deliver the baccalaureate sermon, and the night of the same day, Rev. Mr. McBride will speak to the graduates and others at Barium.

The final event will be Monday night, April 23rd. Prior to the awarding of diplomas, Dr. Lingle will make the literary address. The audience will be welcomed by Herbert Blue, second high honor man among the graduates, who is salutatorian. Dr. Lingle will speak, the diplomas and special awards will be made, and the 1934 exercises will close with the valedictory, delivered by Leonard Fort, first honor man who is also president of the class.
Fred Cole, a member of the Baby Cottage, has been selected by the class as its mascot.

An outline of the program follows:

Friday night, April 20, Class Exercises.

Sunday morning, April 22nd, Baccalaureate sermon by Dr. J. R. McGregor.

Sunday night, April 22nd, sermon to Y. P. Societies by Rev. J. L. McBride.

Monday night, April 23rd, Final Exercises, with Dr. W. L. Lingle delivering the literary address.

There are 21 in the graduating class this year, two of them being children of local workers. This means that the Orphanage population will be 19 fewer after April 23rd.
REBEKAH CARPENTER ARRIVES

In August 1934, Miss Rebekah Carpenter arrived at Barium to replace Miss Frances Steele as case worker. Miss Steele took a job with the Federal Relief Agency in Georgia. She had been at Barium for five years. Miss Carpenter had been a pastor's assistant at the First Presbyterian Church in Lexington; further, she had formerly been director of recreation for the City of Lexington. She had an A.B. degree from Flora MacDonald College and a B.S. degree in physical education from Teachers College, Columbia University. Miss Carpenter's residence was in the infirmary.

Earl and Bobby Allen arrived at Barium in 1934. Bobby, age 2½, was the new baby of the campus.

Barium's annual turnover in population was 30 percent. The age limits for admission were no child over 12 years, none under 2 years.

Other newcomers were Margaret Bell, fourth grade teacher; Laura Northrop, third grade teacher; B. S. Linville, farm manager; and R. E. Jackins replaced Ralph McMillan.

Other activities taking place during the summer of 1934 were a severe drought and a cry for an additional well for the campus. The drought was such that for a period of time the swimming pool could not be filled. To make matters worse, Mississippi "Bitter Weed" attacked the dairy pasture giving the milk a bitter taste. Then, amidst that heat and bitter taste came typhoid inoculations in July. Two hundred and ten children were inoculated in forty-five minutes. Each child received a double dosage.

The Rumple Hall girls, however, managed to find something bright about the summer; they got together with the younger girls and boys from Howard and Synod's Cottages and gave a play on Sloan Field called "Peggy of the

*(My underline for emphasis! ed.)

260
REBEKAH CARPENTER: SOCIAL WORKER, 1934 - 1971
By John N. McCall

Rebekah Carpenter’s remarkable career as caseworker for the Presbyterian Home for Children at Barium Springs, North Carolina stands as a model of Christian service. She was employed to investigate family circumstances behind each child’s application to the Home. But she contributed a great deal more to the lives of the many children whom she knew.

From the very beginning of her work at Barium, Becky (or, “Miss Carpenter”, as the children called her) became part of its ongoing lifestream. She lived in a small apartment in the Rumple Hall cottage and ate with the children in the central dining hall. Besides chairing women’s groups in the Little Joe’s Church, she served as elder and taught Sunday School to the high school girls for over 30 years.

Most of the children who came to Barium from 1934 to 1941 knew Becky as their first contact with the orphanage. Her cheerful optimism helped most of them adjust initially. She continued to keep close contact with each child and with his or her family members in their hometowns. She arranged annual vacation trips with relatives and kept detailed records of school and other achievements. After graduating, many of the children who considered Becky a close family member, corresponded with her. She was the recipient of numerous wedding invitations, family photos, and other signs of individual progress.

As a young girl growing up in Rutherfordton, Becky hoped to become a kindergarten teacher. She majored in education at Flora McDonald College in Red Springs and earned a masters degree in Recreational Leadership at Columbia University, New York City. Afterwards, she taught high school for two years, then accepted a position as Director of City Recreation in Lexington, North Carolina. This brought her in contact with all the city schools and various civic and church groups. After a few years, Dr. J. R. McGregor of the First Presbyterian Church in Lexington asked her to accept work as Pastor’s Assistant. She served in this capacity until he accepted a call to a different church. It was then that she accepted the work at Barium.

Being a lifelong Presbyterian who was raised in Rutherfordton, Becky was distantly familiar with the children’s home at Barium Springs. She recalls that her mother was very interested in the welfare of children at Barium and encouraged her to contribute to the monthly church offering for their support. Later on, while working in Lexington, she visited Barium while delivering a
quilt which the church women had made for the children. When Dr. McGregor left the Lexington church, he was serving as Chairman of the Board of Regents for the Barium home. He knew that the current Social Worker, Miss Francis Steele, was planning to leave and he recommended Becky for this position. Joseph B. Johnston, the superintendent at Barium interviewed Becky and hired her immediately. It was Mr. Johnston who actually trained Becky for the case-worker position, although her experience as a pastor’s assistant had given her excellent preparation for working closely with families who were having difficulties.

Keeping tabs on the health of the children was one of the important responsibilities of the Social Services Department. Each year, pictures were taken of each family, or sibling group, and a copy was put in their family file. Oftentimes, a close inspection of these pictures revealed problems because a child might not look physically well. One time, a tired expression led to further examination and tuberculosis was identified. Becky, it happened, would take children to the hospital for operations or other treatments and she brought them home. Sometimes, because she went into the operating room with them, children thought she had done the surgery herself. Several wanted her to remain in the hospital with them continuously. Once when Becky asked, "But where would I stay tonight?", a small boy replied, "You can sleep with me."

One of Becky’s more pleasant assignments at Barium was supervising the Christmas present program. With over 300 children, this was an enormous logistical undertaking but it had dramatic consequences for each child. Each year, classroom teachers were alerted to have the children write brief letters to "Santa Claus." These letters requested a small gift and included a description of their authors. The letters were then sent to church groups throughout North Carolina and the gifts were returned sometime before Christmas. Becky had already recorded each child’s Christmas wish and she then checked to see if each child had gotten a present. Sometimes there were unfortunate omissions or problems with delivery and it was Becky who had to see that corrections were made. Over the years, hundreds of children at Barium Springs benefited from the generosity of Presbyterians who, along with Becky, helped to play the role of Santa Claus.

We alumni remember Becky in numerous personal ways. Her table in the dining hall was a popular place. She usually had the “new” boys or girls sit at her table for several weeks until they got settled with their own cottage groups. There was also a good mix of other children, by sex and age, who learned good table manners and cooperative living from her. She would pull from us the positive news of what had just happened in school or at work. We knew she was interested in us and we found her animated conversations enlight-
ening. I recall a very pleasant week’s vacation at Camp Fellowship on The Catawba River. Becky was in charge of this particular camping session and she had planned an interesting schedule of hikes, picnics, and special games. Toward the end of the week, which had been immensely satisfying, several of us were sitting on rocks at the base of the small waterfall called “Buffalo Shoals.” Becky was with us and it became apparent that none of us wanted that summer, that week, or even that particular day to end. We reflected with Becky that while this moment must pass, we could always enjoy the pleasant memory of the summer afternoon together. This is just one example of intensely personal moments we shared with Becky.

For her last few years at Barium, Becky was Director of Special Services. She enjoyed this position very much as it gave her a chance to make friends for Barium all over the state. She retired from Barium in 1971. She had served three different superintendents during her 36-year stay and they had each found her work invaluable. She thus deserved the recognition which she received at farewell parties and in the newspapers. The Barium alumni hosted one of the farewell parties and expressed their sentiments with a silver service set. Becky now resides at her family home in Rutherfordton, where she lives with her brother, Kent. Characteristically, she has plunged into active volunteer work with her family church and local hospital. She takes courses at the nearby community college and has taken up the hobby of oil painting. Those of us who have visited with her find much pleasure in talking about previous days together at Barium. We also learn interesting details about her family and get to see her paintings and the beautiful antique furniture which has been in the family for generations. On summer days, she will very likely serve visitors iced tea while they sit outside in her “tree house”, a patio mounted in the branches of a huge white oak next to the house.

While talking recently with Becky about how she came to work at Barium, she remarked how she had not actually sought any one of her jobs in the past. Neither had she made a general plan to become a Social Worker. Instead, “one thing just seemed to lead to another.” It happened, she explained, that influential people who were familiar with her work recommended her to other employers. Also, she was fortunate that each employer was a delight to work for and their high standards gave her something for which to aim. That is a thought provoking observation on a career that has been extremely rewarding to Becky and to hundreds of young children.
1934 Reviewed

John Elliott, assistant dairy boss, went to the Chicago World's Fair.

Swannanoa was the location of the summer camp which 115 children attended that year. That trip is remembered for the rain. The journey was made in open trucks, and quilts and other belongings were soaked. The site was a 4-H club camp, rented at 50 cents per person.

Meanwhile back at the campus, a wheat thresher machine being pulled to the hill behind the old milking barn came loose and rolled back down the hill, causing some damage to it. The accident caused considerable concern, given the shortage of money and cost of repair.

At the movies, "Alice in Wonderland," "Wild Cargo," and "Melody in Spring."

Honors to Barium people during 1934 included Mr. Johnston was elected Davidson Alumni President; Ben Forte completed Davidson in three years; Julian West had been elected Davidson student body president, A. J. Potter was elected president of the Davidson College Athletic Association.

In April of 1934, the graduation exercises were held for the class of that year. Its members were:

Herbert Blue
Helen Briley
Margaret Brooks
Aubrey Clark
Nellie Culp
Harry East
John Elliott
Francis Leonard Fort
William Morris Freeman
Myrtle Johnson
Graham Long
Wilson Lawrence
Clarissa Phyllis Morgan
Lois Dixie Mott
Cathryn Elizabeth Norman
Edward Oliver
Bruce Parcell
Margaret Pittman
Dorothy Mae Thomas
Mae Belle Knox
Helen Coleman Wood
Lillian Vivian Wicker
Bobby Reavis

264
MANY CHILDREN PROMOTED DURING SUMMER MONTHS
October, 1934

(Adjustments are Rapidly Made to New Matron, Work and Surroundings)

There are nine different cottages at the orphanage, the children living in them being arranged principally according to their ages. Some Orphanages follow the plan of placing boys and girls of varying ages in the same cottage and letting them remain there until their graduation, but officials at Barium consider it more advisable to have children of the same age in the same cottage and advance them from time to time.

As each child reaches the proper age they are promoted to the next group, which is quite an occasion in the lives of most of them. Although each advancement means more and harder work, they look forward to "going up" and adjust themselves to the new surroundings and new work rather quickly. They have a new matron, new work and a different set of boys or girls with whom they are to become intimately acquainted. Several may be promoted from one cottage at the same time, and they have these friends as a nucleus from which they readily broaden their range of friendships.

Most of the promotions are made during the summer time, and by the school opening everybody has been thoroughly adjusted to the new surroundings. Below are being published the promotions which were made during the past summer. These are being listed in order that clothing people may know where "their" boys or girls now live. They will learn of this a little later on when the children write them, but this information is now being given.

From Baby Cottage to Annie Louise: Rachel Mills and Anne McDonald.

From Baby Cottage to Synod's: Amos Hardy, Raymond Jessup, Albert May, Hebert McMasters, and Stanley Smith.

From Baby Cottage to Rumple Hall: Mildred Eudy, one of the older girls who helped the Baby Cottage matron with the children.

From Baby Cottage to Woman's Building: Iris Spencer, another one of the older girls who helped with the smaller children.

From Annie Louise to Howard: Evelyn Billings, Helen Billings, Gertrude Bryant, Vivian Brigance, Ruth Cole, and Elizabeth Robards.

From Synod's to Lees': Gwyn Fletcher, Joe Ben Gibbs, Billy Lindsay, Oscar Newnam and Dennis Williams.

From Howard to Rumple Hall: Gladys Caton, Grace Caton, Lucile Johnston, Sadie Mills, and Thelma Robards.

From Synod's to Alexander: Joe Denson, Thomas Morgan, Henry Pittman and James Shroyer.

From Rumple Hall to Woman's Building: Alice Jones, Alice Pittman and Elmaree Smith.

From Rumple Hall to Infirmary: Linda Culp and Nellie Johnson, who will help out in the nursing.

From Infirmary to Rumple Hall: Mary Duffie Coppedge, who has been helping with the sick.

From Infirmary to Woman's Building: Lucy Bryant, who has likewise been helping with the sick.


From Jennie Gilmer to Alexander: Ralph Spencer, who will act as monitor at the latter cottage.

From Woman's Building to Baby Cottage: Sarah Fort and Margaret Moore, who will help at the Baby Cottage for the next year.

With so many transfers occurring, it may possibly be that one or two of the children have been missed. If so, the omission of these transfers is through error, and these omitted changes will be recorded in next month's issue of The Messenger.
GREAT HOMECOMING CELEBRATION IS PLANNED FOR FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23rd

November 1934

(Many former residents of orphanage will return to spend day here; program given; this event is growing in importance every year.)

There is one day in the year that everybody at Barium looks forward to. It is Home-Coming Day. We used to have it around Christmas, and the day was spent in old timers coming back and just renewing acquaintances and looking over the place. Several years ago, however, the Alumni Association wanted the date of the Home-Coming Day set on a day when a football game would be played here. You would think that this request might come from the younger members of the Association, but it came from the older ones. So since that time, we have been having a rather collegiate Home-Coming Day, one of our big football games being staged for that day. The first time this arrangement was made, Belmont Abbey was the team that was played. The game resulted in a scoreless tie. The next year, Greensboro High School was the opposition to Barium, and Barium defeated Greensboro 28-0, under the inspired rooting of the Home-Comers.

Last year, Winston-Salem was our guest, and again victory perched on Barium's banner to the tune of 7-0.

This year, Hickory High School, coached by Barium's one-time coach, Ralph McMillian, will be the other half of the entertainment.

We are looking forward to having the biggest crowd of Home-Comers ever. The Barium team realizes that they will have a harder nut to crack this year defeating Hickory than possibly any of the former Home-Coming Day games, but they believe that they can win the victory if enough older-timers are back to cheer them on.
The exercises for Home-Coming Day are very brief:
Registration will begin at 10:00 a.m. at Rumple Hall. Everyone is invited to come just as early as they can conveniently do so. No exercises are set until 11:30 when a chapel period will be made a special program for the Home-Coming Day crowd.

No lengthy speeches are on the program, however.
Dinner will take place at 11:15, and immediately after dinner, the regular Alumni Association meeting will be held.
The President is Mr. R. E. Jackins of the staff at the Orphanage. The Secretary is Miss Hilda Bernardo of the Duke Endowment, Charlotte.
The football game will start at 3:15, giving the Association plenty of time to have a meeting, and to settle such matters as may have come up during the past year.

Don't forget the date--FRIDAY, NOVEMBER THE 23RD. Come early and stay late. We hope you will enjoy the day as much as we will enjoy having you!
ORPHANAGE CHILDREN CONTRIBUTE $42.75
November 1934

Little Joe's Church at Barium Springs took the annual Thanksgiving Offering on Sunday, November 11th, and contributed the largest amount that has ever been given in the history of that church. The amount given was $375.20, which exceeds the best sum of $345.03 contributed in 1927. When the 1934 Thanksgiving Offering is finally completed Sunday, November 18th, the total will probably be somewhere in the neighborhood of $400.00.

Of great significance, too, was the fact that the children at the Orphanage contributed $42.75. Twenty-five dollars of this was given by the Virginia Hall Mission Band, a group of Orphanage girls who sell drinks, candies, etc. at the football games at Barium. This represents their profit and they gave it as their Thanksgiving Offering. The remaining $17.75 was given by other children at the Orphanage out of their meager earnings in odd jobs about the place.

Further significance of this amazing Thanksgiving Offering by the church at Barium is the fact that the number of workers at the institution has been greatly reduced in the past few years and salaries have likewise been cut, while back in 1927, when the previous best total was contributed, many more workers were connected with the Orphanage and salaries were at the peak. This contribution by Little Joe's Church represents sacrificial giving.

When the 1934 Thanksgiving Offering is wound up on November 18th, it can also be said that every man, woman, and child of Little Joe's Church has made a gift, carrying out the plan to get a 100% response from every one of the 79,000 and more Presbyterians in the Synod of North Carolina this year. 269
THE MEASURE OF AN INSTITUTION'S VALUE

November 1934

The measure of the worth of an institution is to be found not in its buildings, grounds and equipment but in the degree to which it fulfills a real need in the child-caring program and gives to that child such care and training as will most nearly compensate him for the loss of the spiritual, educational and emotional values of a normal home. Buildings and equipment are only important means to an end. The personalities and ideals of the Board members, superintendent, matrons, teachers and all of the institution workers, create the spirit of the institution, and upon that spirit the vital interests of the child depend.

New ideals of the physical aspects of child-caring institutions have led to the development of a type of construction very different from the original congregate form. The small cottages of adaptation of a family dwelling are now generally held to be the most desirable type of building, and in new institutions group of cottages and other necessary buildings usually replace the former congregate structures. But the really vital progress is not in the changed character of the buildings; it appears in the changed methods of dealing with the children which such a change in construction facilitates.

The moral and spiritual training of the children, the development of good habits, and the extension of right influences on their daily lives are the matters of greatest importance. To accomplish these ends the institution must make a consistent effort to supply the elements of home life in as great a measure as is possible outside a normal family group. Some institutions with the finest equipment may lack the influences that are really vital for
the children's happiness and well being. Other institutions, large and small, which have not the approved physical equipment may yet give to the children in good measure the essentials for their development and for their usefulness. There is always danger that overemphasis of the physical features of institutional life may result in the substitution of material values for the spiritual. This danger is especially great if supervision is delegated through too many channels and if the people who come in direct contact with the daily life of the children lack experience and understanding of child psychology and are therefore unable to give sympathetic direction. Attractiveness and convenience of buildings are undeniably great assets in making possible a good type of service, but the quality of an institution depends far less upon the size of the buildings and upon the equipment than upon the personnel and the understanding care that each child receives.

Because of the decreasing need for institutional care in communities with a well-developed child-caring program, it is not probable that any large number of new institutions will be organized. Institutions that cannot change their physical aspects very considerably are, nevertheless, giving heed to experiments that have been found practicable in arrangements modifying the building, so that the children may be grouped in accordance with the modern ideal of the small units, permitting more individual supervision than was possible under the old congregate plan.

The purpose and value of an institution is the following:

(a) What is the institution's value in relation to the community? What real need does the institution fill, in view of other existing agencies and the resources that might be made available?
(b) What is the institution's value in relation to the child? Will the child whom the institution serves be cared for better by this institution than by some other agency, or even better than through aid in his own home?

(c) What is the institution's value in relation to the service given? What kind of help does it give to the child physically, intellectually, and morally? Is it developing right habits of body and mind with the object of adjusting the child to his future life in the community?

---Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor
The highest cost per-child per day of the 13 larger orphanages was $0.9627; Barium's cost was $0.8733. The average for the 13 was $0.7195 per child. This shows that Barium's per capita cost per-day was $0.0894 less than the highest cost of any other institution, while the local expenses are $0.1538 above the average of 13 orphanages.

Included in Barium's cost is the large item of interest on the indebtedness of the institution, which figures out at around three cents per-child per day. The cost per-child per-day, too, includes the estimated worth of all contributed commodities and what the state pays the teachers in the schools.
THE VILLAGE OF YOUTH - 1934

(Written by Jos. B. Johnston for "The Tar Heel Woman")

There is a place in Iredell County just halfway between the National Summer Resort of the Asheville district and the equally famous winter resort at Pinehurst—a place where the marvelous sandhill peach and melon belt overlaps the Appalachian apple belt; a place encircled by a ridge that divides the watersheds of the Yadkin and the Catawba; where something over three hundred children live and attempt to work out their destiny.

It is an orphanage maintained by the Presbyterian Church in the Synod of North Carolina, but nature and circumstances have caused it to be much more than an Orphanage. We might say that it is a unique situation. Here young people soon learn that a successful life is based on the proposition that living is a cooperative affair, and on that proposition some amazing results are evident.

A time-honored policy of orphans has been from time immemorial is to plan to get things, and any visitor coming to an orphanage is expected to bring gifts. If an individual or group at an orphanage needs something, the policy has been to hunt somebody who is able to give that things, and thus procure it. From the children’s viewpoint, it is almost entirely a proposition of getting.

Many years ago this idea was changed at Barium, and the policy that now prevails is one in which the institution asks for things that cannot be provided within itself, both individually and collectively, and the institution strives to produce those other things they may be wanted.

It might simplify it to express it this way: That the institution looks to the supporting Church for its NEEDS; it looks to itself for its WANTS above those needs. The Church furnishes the cornbread, the individual efforts of the children themselves furnish the ice cream.

Without going too much into detail, this policy over a period of years has changed some of those time-honored orphanage traditions. When the institution wants something, it first tries to supply that want itself. If it is unable to do so, then it asks outside help.

Sometimes the success in producing it is so great that they have something to spare, and this rare situation arises: That visitors can come to the orphanage and at times be given something rather than be on the giving end altogether, and the thing that does for the personalities of the children living
at Barium Springs, certainly proves the truth of the proverb that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Through the efforts of the children at Barium, the institution produces its own bread, meat, vegetables, milk, fruit, altogether 85 percent of the things that are eaten.

The athletic program produces revenue enough to provide for most of the recreational activities, and enables the institution to play host to other schools and organizations in many of its recreational programs.

What is the end result of such a policy? Well, people have said that a young man, or woman who had been reared at Barium Springs has a distinctive way of walking, talking, and acting. Their chins are up, their shoulders back, and they look you straight in the face. They have helped work out problems that arise in the business of growing up. They have been the dispensers of good things as well as the recipient of good things, and they meet life, as a rule, unafraid.

Barium Springs has a splendid staff of workers and somehow they seem to improve with the years just as the children do, under the aforementioned combination of nature and circumstances.

Barium Springs is surrounded by neighborly friends. Among these friends are doctors who make the health program of this unique institution something that it might be well to set a national standard by. The treatment of disease is incidental; the discovery of symptoms that might lead to disease is the main part of the health program, and a statement showing the success of this program is so unbelievable that we hesitate to make it to anyone who cannot verify the statement by actual investigation. Suffice it to say that visits of doctors to the campus, except for examination purposes, are rare occurrences. Death has visited this group once in twelve years. Epidemics seem to detour, and abounding health seems to make its permanent abode at Barium.

One other thing: Children are gathered in this institution from all over the state of North Carolina, and when children are moved from a home, however humble, homesickness is bound to result.

Barium Springs is ideally situated to make this malady quickly disappear. The little ways from the mountains will find enough hills to remind him of the coves and the peaks of the home community, and they can view old Grandfather topping the other mountains on the Western horizon, any time they feel that they must turn their eyes in that direction. At the same time, those newcomers
from the Coastal Plain and the flat sections of our state, can find enough level land to feel safe and to see enough of the things that grow in those lush fields to restore their sense of security.

Barium Springs, the village of perpetual youth, where there is a lot of fun, a lot of laughter, a lot of kindness--a lovely place to be.
AN ALBUM OF MEMORIES

THE
PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME
AT
BARIUM SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA

SECTION VI - 1935

18 GRADUATES
ACE MEDAL - CHEEK FREEMAN
TWO BARIUM BOYS TO IDAHO BY BUS
MR. CALHOUN BEGINS PRINCIPAL DUTIES AT BARIUM
Elsie Brown
Edward Burney
Ernest Clark
Leone East
Cheek Freeman
Maude Inman
Thelma Johnston
Laura Lane McKee
Eston Lackey
Bonnie McKenzie
T. L. O'Kelley
A. D. Potter
Sidney Parrish
Miriam Sanders
Irene Shannon
Iris Spencer
Joy Stone
Carson Wood

Mascot: Jimmy Barkley
Ace Medal: Cheek Freeman
SENIOR CLASS HISTORY
1935

The class of 1935 wishes to relate the history of our happy high school days at Barium.

On September the first, nineteen and thirty-one, thirty-two timid freshmen were scattered among the upper classmen. It was not long, however, until we were over our timidity and had organized into a strong body. The class was so large that we were divided into two sections.

As sophomores in high school, the class had dwindled down to twenty-three. There wasn't as much studying done, because we all relaxed, having overcome the fear of algebra, Latin and the teachers. We found out that they, too, were human and not superhuman.

In the third year there were only nineteen grave Juniors looking forward to the day when we would be the "Big Shots" of the Campus, "The Seniors."

Now that we have reached this destination, that feeling has gone and another one has taken its place, a feeling of regret and sadness because our happy years here have ended.

---Leone East, Historian
CLASS WILL
1935

We, the senior class of Barium Springs High School, 1935, do hereby will and bequeath:

To Mr. Johnston, our very best friend at Barium, our love and admiration for all the things he has done for us, and our appreciation for the way he has helped and guided us during our stay here.

To Miss Irene McDade, our thanks and love for her services as our class teacher and advisor.

To the Junior class, all the senior privileges that we didn't get and especially the last two nights at the Mid-Piedmont Tournament (if there is one next year).

To the Sophomore class, our athletic ability as a class and as individuals.

To the Freshman class, anything that they are bright enough to find, in hopes that it will be brains enough to pass ninth grade math and and Latin.

Next, we as individuals do will and bequeath to our friends the following articles:

I, Bonnie McKenzie, being entirely sane, I hope, and in good health, do hereby will and bequeath to Louise Martin all my old Cutex bottles, and to anyone that can fill it, my place as "O'Kelley Housecat."

I, Ernest Clark, do hereby will and bequeath to my brother, Oscar, all my old love letters, souvenirs, etc., and any other such junk that I don't take with me. (Maybe I should disinherit him, but why bother? It will all be the same.)
I, Laura Lane McKee, do hereby will and bequeath to Bertha, Neil and Hattie, my ability to finish High School. I ain't got nothin' else and nowhere to put it.

I, Ed Burney, do will to my beloved brother, David, everything that I don't take with me. (That's not saying much.)

I, Thelma Johnston, do will and bequeath to my sister, Lucile, part of my pleasing personality. (Poor Lucile!)

I, J. Carson Wood, as a tax paying citizen of North Carolina, demand my just rights, and as long as I get them, then, everything is O. K. I do hereby will and bequeath to no one any particular thing; but the day of my departure I will have a great scramble over at Jennie Gilmer for all individuals' interest.

I, Leone East, leave to my kid brother, my angelic disposition. It's a rare trait, Arnium.

I, Eston Lackey, do hereby will and bequeath to Ernest White my place in the senior classroom, and to Fred Elliott my place on the football team, in hopes that they will do better than I did.

I, Iris Spencer, do hereby will and bequeath to Linda Culp, the Roosevelt pillow in our room; to Margaret Moore, all of the old dresses and shoes that she can find.

I, Miriam Sanders, do hereby will and bequeath to my sisters, Mary Elizabeth and Lillian, my good standing in school.

I, T. L. O'Kelly, being in my right mind and in the possession of all my faculties, do hereby will and bequeath first to all my classmates and friends my goodwill and friendship for all time. Second, to the president of next year's graduating class, all the cares, worries, trials, and tribulations that I have had. I hope that they will not ruin your health and disposition as they have mine.
I, Elsie Brown, do hereby will and bequeath to Bernice Stone my cracked mirror which she has so faithfully helped me use every Sunday night.

I, Maude Inman, do hereby will and bequeath to my little sister, Annie, everything I leave behind that will be of any use to her.

I, A. D. Potter, do hereby will and bequeath to John Donaldson and John Henry Ellis all my money in the Statesville banks (if they beat me to it), and to Joe Mike, that brown shoe string that he has so often asked me for.

I, Irene Shannon, do hereby will and bequeath to my big brother, Eugene, my height of five feet and one-half inch. (Be sure you use it more than I did.)

I, Sydney Parrish, do hereby will and bequeath to "Glutton" Barnhill my place on the Red Truck every time it has a wreck, and to my little brother, Dick, my ability to shoot marbles in hopes he will win as many as I have.

I, Joy Stone, leave to Irene Fort the privilege of rooming with my kid sister, Bernice. I hope you don't fuss and fight as we have. To Bernice, I will my reputation as the quietest pupil in the eleventh grade.

---Joy Stone, Lawyer.
On learning that in the stars lies one's fortunes, I decided to go to the home of a friend, an astronomer, and gaze at them through a twentieth century telescope to find what had become of my classmates of '35.

Going up into his high tower, I gazed at each star in turn, but not one of them could I find. I decided that my aim was too high so I focused it on the earth; I had no difficulty in spotting them because all were very prominent.

First turning the telescope on Paris, I saw our old Class President, T. L. O'Kelley, Jr., going into an opera house. T. L. has at least realized his ambition as a famous musician.

Next I turned toward New York where I saw a famous social leader, Leone East, wife of a millionaire.

Looking westward I saw a magnificent building. Looking closely I was able to distinguish the words, Potter's Life Insurance Company. It was A. D. Potter, owner of the largest insurance company in the world.

A school building next attracted my attention. Iris Spencer was now superintendent of the school.

I saw next a basketball game in progress at Northwestern University. I know Northwestern was winning because Carson Woods was their Coach.

Speaking of basketball, I often see the name of Irene Shannon, one of the famous women coaches of the world.

I glanced about and discovered where the rest of my classmates were.
Joy and Red surprised us all by marrying shortly after our graduation. It was a good match for Joy because Sydney is now President of Reynolds Tobacco Company.

Most any night you turn on your radio you can hear the two famous singers, Ed Burney and Elsie Brown.

Laura Lane McKee is a buyer at a large department store in New York. The owner, another classmate of ours, is Eston Lackey.

No wonder everyone likes to see Davidson play football and win its games, for Cheek Freeman is head coach there.

When we read the New York Times we often see the name of the editor, Ernest Clark.

Bonnie McKenzie has become one of the famous artists of the day. You can see her works on most any magazine cover.

Maude Inman is Superintendent of nurses at Johns Hopkins. If you need an operation be sure to go there.

Thelma Johnston is now owner of a beauty shop in New York. Her work on our hair must have helped her some.

---Miriam Sanders, Prophet
We started back to school today after nearly two weeks of holidays.

I suppose most everybody is busy either making or keeping their New Year's resolutions.

Did you enjoy the holidays? We sure did, for when we woke up Sunday morning everything was completely covered with snow. We had to walk where we thought the sidewalks were, with the result that there were tracks in every direction. Snow balls and sleds were kept going until today when we didn't have much time for play.

Santa finally got around to our house on Christmas Eve after all the wondering if he would ever come. Everybody was pleased with what he or she received and we thank all of our kind friends who played Santa Claus to us.

There were lots of visitors, especially the children's relatives, on campus during the holidays.

We are now looking forward to getting our report cards for the first four months, which is the first semester, and we are all wondering what we made on our examinations.

Mr. Sams invited us to see "A Christmas Carol" and "Freckles" during the holiday season. We enjoyed them both. Many thanks, Mr. Sams.

Our class basketball games are over and it won't be long before we start playing varsity games. We're hoping to win all of them this year.

---Helen Moore
HONOR ROLL FOR SIXTH MONTH 1934-1935

First Grade--Mae Allen Barrett, Fred Cole
Second Grade--Stanley Smith
Third Grade--Tommie Linsday
Fourth Grade--Myrtle Mills
Fifth Grade--David Burney, Ruth Cole, Charles Nungezer
Seventh Grade--Edward Cole, Helen Thomas
Eighth Grade--Nellis Johnson, Alice Jones, Charles O'Kelley
Ninth Grade--Lucy Bryant, Leila Johnston
Tenth Grade--Bernice Stone, Joe White, Louise Wilson
Eleventh Grade--T. L. O'Kelley, Jr., Miriam Sanders
The St. Cecilia Music Club met in Miss Green's studio on March 2nd.

Following is the program which was rendered:

Linda Culp played a piano solo entitled "In Uniform."
"The Country Dance" was played by Louise Martin.
Stanley Smith, a newcomer to the club, played "The School Bell."
Ruth Cole played "Long, Long Ago."
"Lily of the Valley" was played by Lugene White.
David Burney and Miss Green played a duet.
"The Polish Dance" was played by Irene Fort.
Fred Edwards played "La Donna Mobile."

After the program, those in attendance were favored with several pieces by our hostesses, Misses Thompson and Green.
ANNUAL CAMPING TRIP STAGED IN BARIUM'S BACK YARD THIS YEAR 1935

(Paralysis Scare, Old Age and "Flat Feet" of Trucks Keep Children Here. Gather at spring; slept in own beds and ate two meals in own dining room.)

We suppose that by this time everybody knows about our summer camping trips. It is a brief outing for all those boys and girls who have not been away from Barium Springs for their regular vacation visit to relatives or friends. There are usually about 100 children left over, and in the past, we have had most delightful trips to Myrtle Beach, Lake Lure, Lake Waccamaw, and last year, to Swannanoa.

This year, for various reasons, we could not make a long trip. In the first place, it did not look so good to be hauling a hundred youngsters around over a state that was in the throes of a panic over infantile paralysis. It looked like flaunting Providence. Another reason was the fact that our trucks are getting a little bit decrepit and rheumatic, and sometimes have "flat feet." So this year, we went camping in our own back yard, slept in our own beds, and ate breakfast and supper in our own dining room.

Immediately after breakfast the whole party went to the spring, and there were games of every description, all during the day; games that you know about, such as horseshoe pitching, checkers and so on; and a lot that you never heard about, which were the products of the fertile brain of Miss Carpenter, our case worker.

By the way, during the period of this camping trip, Miss Carpenter was just another kind of case worker. Instead of going out and investigating cases of families where application had been made for entry into the Orphanage, she investigated cases of
stumped toes, cut fingers, blisters, and misunderstandings and she was so good at it she almost lost her other job.

We ate dinner at the spring. As staple articles of diet, we had roasting ears, boiled potatoes, and cantaloupes, and then as specials, roast-beef sandwiches, mutton sandwiches, weiners, and on a couple of days we tapered off with marshmallows, and had plenty of peaches and watermelons to fill in the otherwise more or less empty hours between meals.

The swimming pool was kept busy. One afternoon the larger children went out to our old pleasure ground on the Catawba River, and we believe that the very fish in the river were glad to see us—they were wondering what had become of us! And when the week was over, we reported at the infirmary with the usual number of mosquito bites, poison ivy cases, and possibly over-eating victims that we usually have from our long trips. There was a noted difference in the amount of tan accumulated by the campers as against their quieter brothers and sisters on the campus.

The serving of the meals to the campers in the dining room was quite different from the regular routine. Mrs. Purdy, the dining room matron, just cut off half the dining room for the campers, and they acted just like they were on a camp. They sat where they pleased and seemed to be more or less free from ordinary dining room inhibitions. A casual visitor might have wondered, on entering the dining room, to note that the children on his right were behaving in a most demure and lady-like manner, while the children on his left were in a more boisterous and hilarious humor.
This situation lasted for five days and then we settled down to our usual routine, without any harm being done to our regular manners or dispositions.

The youngsters continued to get a great thrill out of these camping parties. We hope they will continue. Sometimes they do become a little trying on grownups, but not enough to warrant their discontinuance.

We heard once of an editor who was almost lynched when he published in his paper the day after Christmas that there were "364 more shopping days 'til next Christmas!" We don't go to such extremes with our youngsters here, but on the day after the camping party, there were some 60 who made the inquiry as to where we were going to have our next year's camping party.

It's a great life if you don't weaken!
TWO BARIUM BOYS MAKE CROSS-CONTINENT TRIP
1935
(Dallas, 15, and Dennis Williams, 12, go by bus to re-establish home in Idaho.)

Did you ever get uneasy over sending a youngster somewhere on the train or bus? Well, listen to this: The family from which two little boys came to the Orphanage about eight years ago was re-established way out in Cottonwood, Idaho, which is not very far from the Pacific Ocean. The family was in shape to take the boys back. The problem was getting them to their new home. The railroads were consulted and the bus people were consulted.

We knew from past experience that it would be perfectly safe to entrust youngsters of this age to the railroad people as they are most careful in looking after children when put in their care. There was one instance that made history, we thought. That was when 10 children (the oldest one under 12 years) were sent from Barium Springs to New York on a day coach, necessitating changes in Salisbury and Washington, and arriving in New York to be met by a person they had never seen before. They made that trip without any disturbing incident, and enjoyed the trip possibly more than if a grown person had been along to keep watch on them.

In arranging this trip to Cottonwood, Idaho, the schedule that the bus offered suited a little better than that by train, and so these two youngsters—a boy of 12 and a boy of 15—started off. They left Statesville at 9:30 a.m., August 26th. Their first stop was Asheville; then Knoxville; Nashville; Evansville, Ind.; St. Louis, Mo.; Kansas City, Mo.; Denver, Col.; Cheyenne, Wyoming; Ogden, Utah; Pendleton, Oregon; Lewiston, Oregon and finally, Cottonwood, Idaho. At 6:00 p.m., Friday, August 30th,
they arrived home safe and sound, dirty and hungry, and with the memory of a thrill that will last them all their lives.

These youngsters had a pocket full of postal cards which they were supposed to write at each changing place, but it was so hard to keep up with pencils and find mail boxes, that this schedule was not entirely carried out, but enough postal cards drifted in to let us know that they were getting along all right. Whenever there was a bus change, the boys managed it themselves without difficulty.

This was our first experience of a long trip by bus and it appears that this comparatively new method of transportation is now as careful to take care of youngsters committed to their care as the railroads have been for a number of years. Quite some advance over conditions 10 or 12 years ago!

To repeat the question at the head of this article: If you are ever uneasy about sending a child 50 or 75 miles in the care of a bus driver, remember the success that we had sending two boys entirely across the continent.

Dennis and Dallas Williams are the names of the two boys. Dallas' nickname is "Chin." His chin is rather prominent, not enough to keep him from being a fine looking boy, but just enough to indicate that it would take a pretty good sized obstacle to stop the lad. He had the kind of chin that means determination. If he had not had that, we might have been a little more uneasy about starting these two boys on such a long trip. We have no doubt that as they grow to manhood, that Dallas will be glad to know that as a lad, the boys called him "Chin."
1935-36 SCHOOL SESSION WAS STARTED AT BARIUM ON THURSDAY, SEPT. 5TH
(Rev. E. G. Carson, of Statesville, was speaker at the opening exercises; new teachers; R. G. Calhoun began duties as Principal of School.)

Training, character and industrial habits are three fundamental necessities for a truly successful life in the opinion of Rev. E. G. Carson, pastor of the Pressly Memorial Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, who spoke September 5th at the opening exercises of the 44th school session at the Presbyterian Orphans' Home here.

He prefaced his expounding of those three contentions by asking his hearers a number of pertinent questions: "What is necessary that we might live worthwhile lives? What do we need to do to be a success? What do we intend to do when we become grown men and women?" He told of questions being asked some youngsters as to why they went to school. One replied "to make more money" but the answer of another was "to make my life count for so much that the world will be a little better off when I am gone." It was the latter aim which the speaker commended to members of the Barium Springs school.

Taking up his main points, Mr. Carson told his audience that they must have some kind of training to be a success, that they must be equipped. He cited the training oftentimes obtained by many people in skillful professions who were unable to read and write, but he maintained that it was far more worthwhile to have the literary training plus a knowledge of how to use one's hands in working. Moses and Paul, the first living before Christ and the second after Him, were held up as the two greatest men in history in the opinion of the speaker.
Both of these men, he said, were mighty in words and deeds. You might not be like these two men, but you can help the world with your wisdom and character, he said. He admonished the pupils to get all the training they possibly could, and told them that the teachers were at Barium to assist them in the development of their mental powers and capacities.

In developing the point of character as a necessity to success, the speaker told of one of the best educated men in the community in which he was reared who was a drunkard, and whose life could not be termed a success because of his intemperance. He recalled another person who was kindhearted and a good neighbor, but lacked the essential elements of a good character and thus was classified as a dismal failure. "A good character," he averred, "is one of the most valuable assets you can have."

"You might have good training and an excellent character," he said in coming to his final point, "but these combined will not make your life one of worthwhileness unless you have industrious habits, unless you want to work and are willing to work. If a person won't work, there isn't much to him. Don't be lazy." He recalled that the children at the Home were trained to work, were given every advantage to build a good character, and expressed a hope that these two assets would be further enhanced by a willingness of the individual to make full application of their knowledge and character and training.

R. G. Calhoun, principal of the school at Barium Springs, presided over the opening exercises. The assembled pupils and many visitors sang two songs during the program; Rev. W. C. Brown, pastor of Little Joe's Church, conducted the devotional, and Miss Laura Northrop, one of the teachers, sang a solo.
Two new people are members of the high school faculty this year. Mr. George Neel, formerly principal of the Troutman schools for a number of years, is teacher of physics and Mr. Sossamon who was also connected with Troutman last year, has replaced Miss Letha Copeland as teacher of foreign languages.

Mr. Calhoun began his duties as principal this fall, having been elevated to that post this spring when T. L. O'Kelley resigned. Mr. O'Kelley had been with the Barium schools for 11 years. Mr. Calhoun has been connected with the Orphanage in a teaching capacity since his graduation from Davidson College in 1929.

The personnel of the grammar grades remains unchanged. Mrs. E. D. Holton is seventh grade teacher; Miss Mary Faye Stevenson, sixth; Miss Gladys Burroughs, fifth; Miss Margaret Bell, fourth; Miss Laura Northrop, third; and Miss Minnie Morrison, first and second.

Others on the high school faculty besides Messrs. Calhoun, Neel, and Sossamon are Miss Irene McDade and Miss Reba Thompson.
Dec. 18--This morning Sarah Fort was exempted from one of her examinations, so she came home and helped Mama take the children, who do not go to school, to Statesville to see if we could see Santa Claus. We didn't see him but we saw some of his work and had a good time. Mama took the boys and girls who go to school in the afternoon, and they had better luck. They saw Santa Claus on the street.

Dec. 19--Miss Carson, a former teacher at Barium, came out with five other ladies and most of her first grade from Statesville. We are always glad to see Miss Carson. Wish you could see all the nice things her first grade brought us. Included were toys, candies and apples. Many, many thanks.

Dec. 21--Mr. Sams invited us to see "Scrooge," based on the Christmas carol by Charles Dickens. Thanks a lot, Mr. Sams.

Dec. 22--We were surprised to see snow on the ground this morning. Virginia Hall Mission Band, of which Miss Rebekah Carpenter is leader, gave a Christmas pageant and it was very beautiful. Mama Girt took us and we enjoyed it a great deal, for Mama and the big girls have been reading to us about the birth of Jesus, and we have learned the first twelve verses of the second chapter of Matthew.

Dec. 23--Mama Girt decorated our Christmas tree and it looks real pretty, too. Charles Barrett said he thought Santa Claus would not come to see people who had pine Christmas trees, so it is a good thing that Mr. Clark brought us a cedar, for we don't want Santa to miss us.
Dec. 24--Mr. Sams has invited us to see another show. We appreciate his thoughtfulness and kindness to us and sincerely hope he has a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. A nice lady, Miss Durham of Kannapolis, brought us three nice scrap books. A heap of thanks to you, Miss Durham. When we came back from the show, Gene Love's aunt and uncle came and brought him a nice big red wagon and lots of other presents. Tonight we all hung up our stockings for Santa Claus to fill and put our names on them. We left the lights on the Christmas tree so Santa Claus could read our names better. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy McGirt came to spend Christmas with Mama McGirt and us. We hope they enjoy their visit.

Dec. 25--My! Santa Claus sure was good to all of us. All our stockings were full of candy, nuts and fruit, and beside our stockings were all sorts of toys. Each of us got presents from under the Christmas tree. Mr. and Mrs. Johnston came over to see what Santa Claus brought us and "Daddy" Johnston gave out the presents. Santa Claus left him and Mrs. Johnston some candy and fruit, too. All of the girls got a pretty doll and either got a trunk or tea-set with them, and maybe, both. We got lots of story books from which the big girls will read us bedtime stories, and also lots of color books. There were many musical instruments, drums horns, a violin, a piano, an accordion and harps. We had almost enough instruments for a band. Santa brought us tops, balls, trains, trucks, wagons, cars, marbles and all sort of playthings. Santa certainly made the 21 members of this cottage awful happy by his visit. We would like to thank Santa Claus for all the pretty play toys.
AN ALBUM OF MEMORIES

THE
PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME
AT
BARIUM SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA

SECTION VII - 1936

19 GRADUATES
ACE MEDAL - ROY WILSON
"LOVING CUP" BECOMES PERMANENT POSSESSION OF BARIUM
STATE CHAMPIONS - 100 & 220 YARD DASH
CLASS ROLL
1936

Joe White
Angelia Fowler
Velma Bernice Stone
Ralph Spencer
Margaret Faye Moore
Dewey Barnhill
Eva Lucille Sluder
Fred Edwards
Sadie Eudy
Ernest White
Louise Wilson
Charles Gallyon
Irene Fort
Edward Flowers
Georgie Allene Burgin
Roy Wilson
Margaret Wilson
Benjamin Morrow
Milton Gaskill
Mascot: Mabel Milton
Ace Medal: Roy Wilson
SUPERLATIVES
1936

Girls
Best-All-Around-----------------------------Sadie Eudy
Most Studious--------------------------------Louise Wilson
Most Athletic--------------------------------Bernice Stone
Most Attractive-----------------------------Irene Fort
Most Ambitious-----------------------------Margaret Moore
Most Amusing--------------------------------Georgia Burgin
Most Pleasing Personality-------------------Eva Sluder
Cutest----------------------------------------Angelia Fowler
Frankest--------------------------------------Margaret Wilson

Boys
Best-All-Around-----------------------------Ed. Flowers
Most Studious--------------------------------Joe White
Most Athletic---------------------------------Ralph Spencer
Handsomest----------------------------------Ben Morrow
Best Sport-----------------------------------Charles Gallyon
Most Ambitious-----------------------------Dewey Barnhill
Most Professional---------------------------Ernest White
Best Dressed--------------------------------Roy Wilson
Wittiest--------------------------------------Fred Edwards
It was the third day of September, 1932; a calm, peaceful autumn day, radiant with the sunshine of hope, cheer and joyous promise that the good ship Barium High School stood at anchor at the wharf of a new school year.

As the ship stood at anchor on that eventful morning of September, the passengers began to arrive. Soon so many were crowded around us that all the berths were filled and we were assured of a very happy voyage.

We were young and socially inclined, so it did not take us long to become acquainted with our fellow passengers, nor to feel very much at home with our pilot, the captain, and the porter. Our fears of shipwreck were entirely wiped away in the assurance that so able a staff of seamen had us in their charge.

The usual intimacy of shipboard soon sprang up between us voyagers and we have been loyal shipmates ever since. We sailed over Freshman Sea and received our checks of identification from the purser almost before we knew.

It would take too long to read the complete log of this eventful voyage. It would be very interesting to tell the many delightful experiences, the changes in the passenger list at the various points along the way, the partings from this one, and the welcoming of that, with the why and the wherefore of it all; but after all, it has but little vital significance except to ourselves, the few who still remain together to land at commencement wharf. The best and most vital history of any person or thing is never given to the world. So must it be with the class of 1936!
We are accomplished in all things. We have often proved to you how well we can sing, dance, read, recite, and perform in many entertaining ways before the public. We have all proved our skill in athletics, and won many honors for our class and school.

We have within our ranks: poets, musicians, actresses, preachers, statesmen, judges, and one president. Do not ask me to specify the which or the who. Ask me thirty years from now, and perhaps I may be better able to say.

Now we look at the larger, more majestic ocean ahead and feel that our experience has fitted us to withstand every storm, and weather any opposing force with no fear of disaster. The voyage of "Real Life" is now here!

--- Louise Wilson, Historian
CLASS WILL
1936

We, the senior class of Barium Springs High School, 1936, do hereby will and bequeath:

To Mr. Johnston, our love and thanks for the many opportunities he has given us to make a successful life.

To Mr. Leroy Sossamon, our appreciation for the way he has guided us through our senior year at Barium.

To the Junior Class, the ability to unify their class as we have ours.

To the Sophomores, our natural instinct to be quiet.

To the Freshman Class, our polished and dignified manner.

I, Dewey Barnhill, do hereby will and bequeath to Arthur Sigmon my place as right hand man on Mr. Clark's group.

I, Sadie Eudy, do hereby will and bequeath to "Little Red," all of my old pickle jars.

I, Charles Gallyon, do hereby will and bequeath to my little brother, Rabbit, everything I own except what I take with me.

I, Georgia Burgin, do hereby will and bequeath to John Donaldson my ready wits.

I, Margaret Wilson, do hereby will and bequeath to my brother, Marshall, everything he can find, and to my little sister, Annie Sue, my good standing with the matrons.

I, Angelia Fowler, do hereby will and bequeath to the first girl that gets to my room, everything that I leave behind.

(Don't rush me.)

I, Fred Edwards, do hereby will and bequeath to "Coach Mills," all my old tooth paste tubes. I hope you get more out
of them than I did. To "Jug" Cornet, my place as "campus chauffeur," but don't hit any more Fredericksons. *(A FREIGHTLINER EQ.)*

I, Ben Morrow, do hereby will and bequeath to the newest comer at Barium, all the pleasure and good times that I have had at Barium.

I, Louise Wilson, do hereby will and bequeath to Laura Smith, a chair in the lobby, to use while waiting for people as she has for me, and to Nellie Johnson, all the things I leave behind.

I, Joe White, do hereby will and bequeath to my sister, Lugene, my ability to study hard. To John Ellis, my marbles. To Joe Savage, my junk. To Skinny Farmer, my place in the cell next to "L. S. U." East. Last but not least, I will my love and gratitude to everyone here at Barium.

I, Ernest White, do hereby will and bequeath to my sister, Lugene, my radio, and to Arthur Sigmon, my place as boss of the room. To "Rat" Blue, the broom handle. Scramble the rest between Ray Norman and Joe Savage.

I, Roy Wilson, do hereby will and bequeath to Clyde Johnson, all my pants that are too small for me. To Ed Cole, the duck legs that I've been breaking in for him the past years. To Nellie Johnson, some of my common sense.

I, Milton "Aggie" Gaskill, do hereby will and bequeath to my dear, dear roommate, Ray Norman, the dungeon and all that goes with it. He can also have all the old coca-cola signs on the wall. To Ralph Spencer, I leave all my ability to fix radios, and to him also the use of the dungeon for a radio workshop. "As soon as your business fails, come to me and I will see if I can get you some kind of an office job."

I, Ralph Spencer, do hereby will and bequeath to David, all
my shaving material, and to Lee, my place at the Woman's Building.

I, Ed. Flowers, do hereby will and bequeath to David, my place as being the pest of the campus.

I, Irene Fort, do hereby will and bequeath to Sarah, my place of working in the refreshment stand at football games, and at the basketball tournament, and hope that she can do better than I did in catching fellows.

I, Eva Sluder, do hereby will and bequeath to my sister, Cleo, all of my old clothes that I leave, and to Hazel Miller all my old shoes.

I, Margaret Moore, do hereby will and bequeath to Laura Smith, my place as being late for school, and hope she won't be fussed at by the teachers as I have. To Nellie Johnson, all my "ole" socks that I brought back from home in hopes they will serve the purpose.

I, Bernice Stone, do will and bequeath to Lugene White, my cracked mirror, which the past two senior classes have used so faithfully. Don't forget to pass it on, Lugene.

--Bernice Stone, Lawyer
Following are the selections given by the music department:

Melody in F-----------------------------Rubinstein
Ernestine Garrett

Forest Dawn-----------------------------John Thompson
Betty Lou Williamson

Birds in the Branches-------------------Rolfe
Dixie Lee Buie, Lillie Bell Smith

First Waltz-----------------------------Durand
Nancy Parcell

Minuet and Trio-------------------------Mozart
David Burney

School Day Joys-------------------------Koelling
Elizabeth Robards, Betty Whittle, Evelyn Coppedge

Sea Gardens-----------------------------James F. Cooke
Martha Price

Valse-Arebesque-------------------------Lack
Johnny Burgin

Venetian Love Song----------------------Nevin
Mary Duffie Coppedge, Alice Jones

Oriental-----------------------------------Cui
Sarah Parcell, Miss Greene

To the Rising Sun-----------------------Torjussen
Helen Price

Overture (William Tell)------------------Rossini
Alice Jones, Helen Thomas, Lugene White, Miss Greene
The Senior Class play, "Poor Father", was presented by the graduates several weeks before graduation. There were two presentations. On the first night the performance was gratis and it was witnessed by the children at the Orphanage. On the second evening a nominal admission charge was made to the workers and outsiders who were convulsed with laughter almost from beginning to end. As a result of the play, the class had a surplus after the expenses were paid and made a gift of a choir curtain for Little Joe's Church.

The following is information about the play, the actors, synopsis of the acts, the director and others who assisted in the entertainment:

A farce in three acts, by J. K. Stafford.

Characters: William Tompkins, a hard pressed father, Fred Edwards; Clifford Tompkins, student of Psychology, Ralph Spencer; Harold Caldwell, always in the way, Roy Wilson; Sidney Dummel, a wealthy bachelor, Ben Morrow; George Washington Brown, a trifler with the truth, Milton Gaskill; Sergeant O'Connor, of the police, Joe White; Gladys, the eldest daughter, Irene Fort; Bessie, another daughter, Margaret Wilson; Caroline, another daughter, Louise Wilson; Mary Tompkins, a distracted mother, Georgia Burgin; Vivian Larmie, an actress, Margaret Moore; Marie, the new French maid, Bernice Stone.


Direction: Leroy Sossamon.
Properties: Eva Sluder.
Technicians: Dewey Barnhill, Charles Gallyon, Robert Mills.
Ushers: Angelia Fowler, Ernest White, Sadie Eudy.
Program By Grades

On Friday night, April 24, 1936, the grammar grades presented a very interesting program as the first event of the 1936 commencement. Those taking part and the numbers rendered are as follows:


Lead Drama in One Act

Class Day Exercises

On Monday morning, April 27, 1936, of the commencement period, the Senior Class made a novel presentation of the class-day exercises, the stage being prettily arranged and decorated for that particular event. Every one of the seniors had a part in the program, during which the last will and testament and the history of the class were read by Bernice Stone and Louise Wilson, respectively. It was in the form of a drama as follows:
A drama in one Act, written by the senior English class.

TIME: Spring 1954.

PLACE: Pleasantville

CHARACTERS: Louise Wilson, housewife; Bernice Stone, housewife; Joe White, banker; Angelia Fowler, banker's wife; Margaret Moore, welfare worker; Sadie Eudy, matron; Margaret Wilson, housewife; Georgia Burgin, blues singer; Eva Sluder, hostess; Roy Wilson, retired inventor; Ben Morrow, movie actor; Fred Edwards, newspaperman; Ed Flowers, bank president; Ernest White, wrestler; Dewey Barnhill, wrestling coach; Ralph Spencer, radio expert; Milton Gaskill, County Agent, Iredell County; Charles Gallyon, Secretary of Agriculture; Irene Fort, a professor; Mascot, Mabel Milton; Children, Mabel Billings, Gaston Allesandrini.
Baccalaureate Sermon

"Be a benediction to the world and a blessing to your state by being a good citizen, an asset to society and your Saviour, and not a liability," was the plea of Rev. W. W. Akers, pastor of the West Avenue Presbyterian Church of Charlotte, in the baccalaureate sermon to the graduates of the high school at the Presbyterian Orphans' Home when he spoke to them Sunday morning, April 26th. "You've received a blessing, pass it on," he urged.

Mr. Akers used Abraham, one of the most august characters of the Bible as an example for the graduates to follow. He used that portion of the twelfth chapter of Genesis when Abraham was told to leave his own country, when God told Abraham that He would bless him, make his name great and pass it on to generations to come.

"God called Abraham to a particular position, a special place and a special work, which shows that God, the Great Architect, has a plan for each individual--a divine plan and a divine work. Find out that plan and develop it to the best of your ability," was his advice. As a second point, he emphasized the strong faith of Abraham, who was ready to obey God and adopt His plan, and the Charlotte minister pointed out that God always "encourages us in the things that He calls us to do. If we take up the cross, if we suffer, if we do everything that He calls upon us to do, He enriches us."

The speaker pointed out that God didn't say to Abraham that He would make him famous, or rich, or a great character of the Bible. God simply told Abraham that He would make him a blessing, but riches, fame and honor and many other things came to Abraham because he obeyed.

Then followed a series of illustrations to show how men had suffered, how they had endured opposition, worked diligently and incessantly, sacrificed themselves that they might develop a scheme
that would be a blessing to mankind. He mentioned Pasteur, work in orthopedic surgery, Marconi, the development of all means of transportation, the telephone, thought of intellect, in which all men involved in these advances had given them to the world.

Christ was given to the world, he continued, that the world might be blessed through eternal salvation. Special work was planned, he asserted, for Moses, Elijah, Paul and countless other great men of the Bible. "God's ambition for you and me," he averred, "is to be a blessing. He has endowed every individual, and whatever that endowment may be for us, God asks you to take it and pass it on."

Night Sermon

"Facing Life Victoriously," was the subject of another stirring and thought-provoking sermon delivered at Barium that night, when Rev. Harry K. Holland, pastor of the Plaza Presbyterian Church in Charlotte, spoke to the graduates, the assembled members of the young people's societies and others who had gathered for the second graduation exercise. Throughout this sermon Paul was upheld as the great example of faith, as one who lived the victorious life, as one who was ready to say at the end of life, "Thy will be done."

In examining the life of Paul, the visiting minister found four distinctions of faith. First of all, he said, Paul had faith in himself. "Paul bowed his head to no man; in some ways, he was an ultraegotist, but this great man had his faith in himself tempered by a super-faith in Jesus. We can't afford to feel that we are defeated before we start; you must have faith in your own ability."

He told of a young baseball player who was repeatedly farmed out by big leaguers, and his college coach explained it by saying, "He doesn't have confidence in himself." Confidence can go too far, he
warned, but not if it is tempered by a knowledge of Christ.

As a second point, he said that Paul believed in Jesus. "The cross of Christ became a glorious fact in Paul's life. He felt that he was crucified in Christ. He knew that Christ had already saved him. He knew that Christ came as a representative of the resources and power of heaven." At this juncture, he told of the cry "Man Overboard" that goes up on a ship when a man is washed into the sea by a high wave, and the rejoicing that follows when he is saved. He felt that the angels looked over the battlements of heaven as they watch the saving of a lost soul, and that there was glorious rejoicing when a lost man was saved.

"Paul not only believed in Christ on the cross, but he had faith in the presence of Christ in his life. He knew Christ was present with him always even in the midst of enemies, when he was shipwrecked, wherever he was and with whomsoever he happened to be. Christ was there, too. Paul was afraid of nothing and said, "I can do all things through Christ which strengthened me."

As his fourth point, Mr. Holland said that Paul had faith in his destiny. "He knew where he was going, and at the end of life he could say, 'I have fought a good fight.' That destiny of his was uppermost, and because of it he could face all difficulties undisturbed and unperturbed."

In closing, he asked all his hearers, "As you face life, will you not have faith in yourself, in Christ, in the destiny out yonder? You're on the stage of life, playing the game of life. Play it like Christ would have you play it. Will you not be conscious of His presence, will you not assume the attitude of conqueror and victor as you look upon danger and peril, those things which make for defeat and which you will inevitably meet?"
INTERESTING EXERCISES AT GRADUATION PERIOD

1936

(Three splendid addresses or sermons were delivered by visiting ministers; awards made; Louise Wilson was valedictorian; Joe White gave the salutatory.)

"Pride of Our Country" was the subject of the commencement address delivered here Monday night, April 27, 1936, by Rev. Kenneth J. Foreman, D. D., Professor of Bible and philosophy at Davidson College, at the closing exercises of the 1936 graduation program of the Barium Springs High School. The 19 boys and girls who finished their careers here were awarded their diplomas, various medals were presented, and other events took place that night.

After the processional, Rev. W. C. Brown, pastor of Little Joe's church, pronounced the invocation, and the salutatory address was delivered by Joe White, second-honor student of the class. Irene Fort and Fred Edwards, two of the graduates, played a piano duet, "A Song of India." After "A Graden Party" was sung by the seventh grade, Mrs. John Q. Holton, teacher of that grade and principal of the grammar school, awarded the certificates of promotion.

Dr. Foreman's address was followed by the presentation of Bibles by S. A. Grier, superintendent of the Sunday School. Bernice Stone presented the class gift, which was a choir curtain for Little Joe's church, and if any funds were left over after that was bought the class directed that it be used for the establishment of a dramatic fund. The class gift was made possible because of net receipts from the class play given earlier in the month.

Jos. B. Johnston, superintendent of the Orphanage, presented the medals. The medal for highest grades in the grammer school went to Joe Ben Gibbs, and that of the high school to Louise Wilson.
The music improvement medal went to Lugene White. The Bible medal, awarded for the highest grade in the Bible courses and for recitation of Scripture passages and other memory work went to Joe White. The Ace medal, presented for the most consistent effort during the stay at Barium and voted upon by the high school and workers, went to Roy Wilson.

At the beginning of the 1935-1936 school session, Fred W. Sherrill of Statesville, offered ten dollars in prizes, broken up into four equal parts for the boy and girl making the highest grade in high school, and for the boy and girl showing the most improvement. Louise Wilson and Joe White made the highest marks, and Helen Price and Clayborne Jessup showed the greatest improvement. Each was given $2.50.

Mr. Johnston presented two medals to Fred Johnson, which he had won by winning first place in the 100- and 220-yard dashes at the state high school track meet, and Ed Flowers was awarded a medal for being runner-up in the 220-yard dash in the same meet. Mr. Johnston also publicly presented the loving cup which this year became the permanent possession of Barium by virtue of winning the state wrestling title for three years. The captains of the three teams that have won in successive years were all members of the graduation class. They were Ernest White, Ralph Spencer, and Ed Flowers.

J. A. Steele, superintendent of schools in Iredell County, was present and made a few brief remarks, after which R. G. Calhoun, principal of the local schools presented the diplomas to each graduate. Joe White, president of the class, acknowledged them and Louise Wilson, high honor student, made the valedictory. After singing the alma mater, Dr. Foreman pronounced the benediction.
At the outset of his address that night, the Davidson College professor said that it might seem peculiar for him to use the subject, "Pride of Our Country," for a commencement address, but he advanced as his reason the great tendency on the part of people to feel patriotic only on special occasions, just as some people parade their religion on Sunday and set it aside during the other six days of the week.

"What do you see when you see the flag?" he asked. Do you see your country as 3,000,000 square miles? Immediately he contrasted the size of America with other nations, and gave some idea of the vastness of the state of Texas alone by saying that there was a cotton patch in Texas larger than the whole state of Ohio; that there are timber stretches greater than Massachusetts, grazing pastures larger than Pennsylvania and corn plots greater than the state of Illinois. This was simply one of the many ways in which he pointed out to his hearers the vastness of the United States.

He asked them to think of their country as a varied one from the products that are grown and the climates that it has. He urged them to think of their country "in all its power." Someone has said that the American flag looked like a piece of stick candy, and an individual agreed when he said, 'Yes, it's made everybody sick who has tried to lick it.' Outside of Britian, America is the most powerful nation of the world. You're a native-born citizen, be proud of it, be glad of it. Think of the beauty of the country, think of the people in it.

Asserting that first and foremost the flag stands for duty, he followed this up by saying that the flag does not mean getting a government job. "There are too many people whose whole idea is to get something out of the government, not doing something for it,
but doing the country for something. The flag doesn't mean keeping things just as they used to be. The idea of some people today is to put the constitution under a glass cage. That's not patriotism. That's stupid. Neither does the flag mean, 'my country, right or wrong, but always my country.' Your country may be wrong."

On the positive side he said that the flag does mean to know your country, know its history, being a press-agent for it. It means knowing your nation as it is. It means working for your country. It means thinking of government as yourself, for after all "we are the government. Whatever the governemnt does through all of its alphabet, from A to Z, is paid by you and me. Whatever is done, we're responsible."

He went on to say that the flag means upholding the fundamental and basic ideals of the forefathers. "How many people read the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, Washington's addresses, Lincoln's second inaugural address? You'll find," he said, "that our forefathers stood for liberty but people nowadays are losing their independence, they are letting other people think for them, they are becoming cogs in a machine. Believe in the right and privilege of the individual."

Lastly, Dr. Foreman declared that the flag meant "maintaining the ideals of our religion. It will be a black day for America when religion becomes a form, something enclosed in a book, and to be looked at and used only on Sundays. In North America a great many people came over to find God. If the ideals of God become old-fashioned or thrown overboard, it will be a dark day for America. Make your religion real."
THE DINING ROOM

VICTUALS, VITAMINS, VITALITY

May 1936

We are starting to write up a department at Barium in each issue of The Messenger. There are some 15 departments. What should we write about first? After much thought, we decided to start at the end and back up. So many of our departments head up in the dining room that we thought it best to write about that first, and then from it, trace back the flow of milk and beef to the dairy; the flow of corn meal, pork mutton, chicken, etc. to the farm; the flow of fruit to the orchards, and the 57 varieties of vegetables to the truck farm.

We are making a study of the "power-house" first, and then going upstream to the various tributaries that make that power-house effective.

During the winter time, our dining room and kitchen are organized as follows: Two girls assist the kitchen matron in preparing breakfast. Then two assistant matrons help the regular kitchen matron to prepare dinner. Four girls assist the kitchen matron in preparing supper. In the summer time, this routine is the same, except that there are no assistant matrons. A group of girls take the place of the assistant matrons and help prepare dinner.

Our breakfast consists (usually) of cereal, milk, sometimes eggs, sometimes bacon, and on rare occasions, cakes.

Don't get the idea from this that this is just a pink-tea affair. You know how big a box of Post-Toasties is. Well, we open 36 boxes to start off breakfast, and hold 20 boxes in reserve for second helpings. Very seldom are there any left of the 56 boxes of cereal for breakfast. In addition, we quite often have
oatmeal. You know how oatmeal swells—just a couple of tea-
spoonful swell up and make a breakfast for a neat little family
of two or three; well, it takes nine pounds (three of those big
three-pound packages) to begin to go around our dining room!

Eggs? Oh, yes, we have eggs frequently. Sometimes hardboiled
eggs, sometimes scrambled and these eggs are not like Mormon
Missionaries—that is, they don't go in pairs. Usually the part
allotted to each child is one egg. Even with that, one complete
crate of eggs doesn't quite do the job; 400 are needed for a meal.

What do we have for dinner? Well, that just depends on the
time of year. If it is sweet potato time (and that usually lasts
all year!), it takes five bushels for the meal. Four bushels
of Irish potatoes seem to do. Nobody has accurately measured
the amount of beans that is necessary to string, although when
they are canned, it takes 16 gallons. It takes 21 cans of pie
peaches to arrange for peach pie all 'round. The Howard Cottage
girls say that it takes a whole truck load of string beans to
go around (they are the ones who have to string them). Fifty
dozen roasting ears takes care of the situation; and then, to
wind up the meal (except in fresh fruit time) 12 gallons of
canned fruit.

For supper, there is usually that good old Southern dish--
grits. We use it as a sort of mortar to make a homogeneous
mixture of the other things that usually come along at this meal.
We are not so hurried at supper as we are at other meals and can
take more time. Usually a meat course appears and that meat business
requires an explanation in itself. Instead of trying to describe
to you a daily ration, we will sum it up with a week's.
Here is what we eat in a week's time in the way of meat: Two hogs (average weight, 225 pounds); half a beef (around 400 pounds), all of which is interspersed with chicken occasionally, rabbit occasionally, and mutton more frequently. On those occasions when we do have fried chicken, it requires the preparation of 75 unfortunate young chickens. When it is rabbit, it takes 20 frying-sized rabbits. These rabbits, by the way, weigh about six pounds each.

There is another item that appears on our tables at practically every meal, and that is 40 gallons of milk. We have recently made some improvements in the dairy department which will be described more in detail later which makes this milk just taste better and do better. Did you ever taste milk that left a lingering after-taste, as though you had eaten a particularly tasty nut? Well, that's the way our milk is now.

The kitchen prepares, in the course of a year, approximately 297,920 individual meals; fixes lunches to be taken to the cottages for 33,280 meals; and to keep this business rolling the farm contributes 2,000 bushels of wheat to bread us; 16,000 pounds of pork; usually about 40 lambs; 500 chickens; 36,000 eggs; and corn meal necessary for cornbread and such.

The orchards supply approximately 1,000 bushels of peaches for eating, strawberries, raspberries, pears, apples, plums, in varying amounts and from 500 to 1,000 pounds of honey to coax it down—if it needs any coaxing!

In addition to this, the orchard department cans an average of 8,000 cans of fruit and vegetables. The dairy supplies from 45,000 to 50,000 gallons of milk and 25 beeves; and the truck farm supplies an endless variety of vegetables and melons. In addition
to this, we usually buy about 1,000 gallons of canned fruit and vegetables of the varieties that we are unable to produce here, and receive as donations from individuals and organizations a tremendous amount of canned goods to help round out a comprehensive diet.

During the year we use approximately 20,000 pounds of sugar, in addition to that used in canning. We use about a ton of salt in the kitchen, in addition to that used for preserving meat. Coffee and tea are used in very small quantities. Our youngsters do not seem to need stimulants to get cranked up in the mornings. And now we come to the dining room.

The kitchen group prepares the food; the dining room group serves it. There are 40 tables seating eight people each. There is one waitress to two tables which means 20 girls are on duty. The meals are put on the tables about five minutes before meal time, and the waitress sees that food is kept supplied. The amount first put on the table is barely enough for a modest helping for each one at the table, and it is the waitress' duty to keep the dishes replenished.

It is up to the waitress to estimate the total consuming power of the 16 people that she is waiting on. If she is a bad guesser, in that she does not bring in enough, there are 16 people who will inform her about this in more or less guarded language. If she brings too much, the amount of her bad estimate goes to the pigs. They are served from the back porch. There is no tablecloth on their table, but nevertheless their food is almost as carefully taken care of as the other. It goes through a chute to a barrel and this barrel is hauled each morning to the Hog College where it eventually graduates into pork.
The waitresses in the dining room are such good guessers that the supply that goes to the pigs is a very small quantity. It is the duty of this group of young girls to set the tables, to wash the dishes afterwards, clean up the dining room, change tablecloths, to generally police that very important gathering place—the dining room. These girls have to get up a little earlier in the mornings than the rest of the population. They have to hustle immediately after breakfast to get the dishes washed and the tables set for dinner. They have to hurry in from school at noon and serve meals. One grade of them—the seventh—has to stay an extra hour at dinner to wash the dishes and otherwise clean up the wreckage so that the work can be finished in the afternoon. They simply go to school one hour later and stay one hour longer than the others. This may explain why there are so few failures in the seventh grade!

The kitchen is presided over by Miss Boonje Long; the dining room by Mrs. Mamie Purdy. Their jobs recognize no holidays, no let-up of any kind. Appetites must be satisfied, and there is nothing any more permanent about a meal than there is about a bath! Three hundred and more children leave the dining room three times a day with a satisfied expression on their faces. Within six hours they are back most amazingly empty! We wonder what becomes of it all. It is only when we measure and weigh up at the first of the year that we get some inkling of the extent of the miracle of turning bread into boys and girls.

It just looks like the food that the boys raise and the girls prepare is more effective in building up bone, muscle and brain than the article which is not home-raised. It seems to do a lot of things for us. Maybe if our pigs were granted a brief glimpse of what happens to them immediately after they graduate from their
college, they would be amazed. You know our football field is part of the original hog pasture. Just across the fence from the football field the hogs still disport themselves. Shall we call it a "rooting" section? Well, some crisp Tuesday morning in the fall a hog may be rudely snatched from this rooting section, and swiftly go through the procedure of being scraped clean of hair, and otherwise prepared for the sausage mill. By Thursday (at the latest), it appears on our dining room table as most delicious sausage, and Friday afternoon, he again (in another form) occupies a very busy section of the bleachers at our football games—in another rooting section! Do you get that, or is it too deep? Anyhow, our rooting is very effective and the things they root for are also most effective and we believe these home-raised articles have something to do with it.

Comparing the whole work of the place we want our athletic teams, for instance, to mount up on wings as the eagles. We want many of our other departments to be like those that run and are not weary. They have their days of extreme activities and then their days of relaxation. We want our kitchen and dining room to be like those that walk and do not faint. It's an everyday business. It no doubt gets monotonous. To have to have some special arrangement for even part of this group to be excused from a single meal; and yet, if they do not hold up each day's job to a high level, the result is a lowering of the vitality and the effectiveness of every department at the Orphanage.

We said we would start at the end and work back. Maybe we have started at the peak and worked down. Of all the departments
at Barium, there is nothing so vital to the needs of all the other departments as our dining room and kitchen. There is nothing that keeps us in a better humor, and more able to do our work well than these departments when they work effectively. There is nothing that reflects more on our entire attitude than when there is a lag in these most important departments. We are glad to say that the kitchen group is faithful in the preparation of our meals, and the dining group serves us effectively and cheerfully--and don't forget that "cheerfully."
SCHOOL WILL BEGIN AT ORPHANAGE TOMORROW
September 1936

Featuring the opening of the 1936-1937 session at the Presbyterian Orphans' Home at Barium Springs tomorrow will be an address by Rev. R. Murphy Williams, pastor of the Church of the Covenant in Greensboro. Mr. Williams will speak at the general assembly of the entire school at 11:30 a.m. He has been in attendance at the Synod.

The high school faculty for the coming session includes R. G. Calhoun of Laurinburg, principal; Leroy Sossamon of Cabarrus; George Neel of Barium Springs; Miss Irene McDade of Lenoir; and Miss Reba Thompson of Danielsville, Georgia.

In the grammar school will be Mrs. John Q. Holton, Winston-Salem, principal and seventh grade teacher; Miss Mary Faye Stevenson of Stony Point, sixth grade; Miss Gladys Burroughs of Ila, Georgia, fifth; Miss Margaret Bell of Decatur, Ga., fourth; Miss Laura Northrop of St. Pauls, third; Miss Sadie Brandon of Yadkinville, second; and Miss Theoria Staughn of Spencer, first.

Misses Brandon and Staughn are newcomers to the faculty at the Orphanage. The first and second grades combined were taught by Miss Minnie Morrison of Statesville last year, but these are being divided into two separate grades this fall because of the unwieldy number in the class, and the difficulty of teaching two classes in the same room.
Small boys save 50 cows and old mule saves himself; Statesville firemen use swimming pool to good advantage in saving $15,000 of other property; burned barn insured --

A barn and its contents at the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, Barium Springs, including 100 tons of hay and straw, were destroyed by fire of unknown origin late Saturday afternoon. The loss was estimated at $5,000 to $6,000 with approximately $3,000 insurance.

The building was a combination dairy and storage barn. The east end of the building, 40 x 60 feet, two stories high, was filled with bales of alfalfa hay, oat straw, barley straw and wheat straw. The west end of the building, 40 x 100 feet, one story, with concrete floor, was used as a milking barn. The storage barn was a total loss; the milk barn was so badly charred within as to be classified as a complete loss.

The fire came apparently at a most inopportune time. Some of the orphanage officials and nearly all the larger boys were at Davidson attending the ball game. The small boys, around 12 years of age, had the cows in their places in the milking quarters, when they discovered a fire in the loft of the storage barn. These cool-headed, heroic little fellows quickly organized for business. The 50 cows, in their stall ready to be milked, were hastily released and taken to a safe place in an open field 200 yards away; a group of juvenile fire fighters got into action using a hose and also starting a bucket brigade. They called Mr. R. E. Jackins, a dairy foreman and other orphanage attendants who telephoned the Statesville Fire Department for help.

It was about 5:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon when the distress call came to the fire station here. In a few minutes 12 firemen, composed of both regular and volunteers, were on the scene. The orphanage swimming pool was used as source of water. A line of hose was run from the pool to the burning building and the fire truck, which is jointly owned by the City of Statesville and the County of Iredell, was put into immediate action pumping a stream of water from the pool. The firemen fought for about two hours. Those who witnessed the battle with the flames report that it was some of the best work they had ever seen. They confined the blaze to one building, reducing the loss to the minimum. In close proximity to the burning barn was another wooden structure packed full of alfalfa hay. Nearby also were stacks of hay and straw; another barn would have been included in the general conflagration that was
prevented by the prompt and efficient work of the Statesville firemen. The property in close proximity to the burned barn is estimated at around $15,000 in value. In speaking words of praise and appreciation for the fine work of the firemen, General Manager Joseph B. Johnston stated that this was an illustration of the value of the extra truck which the County and City purchased jointly last year to be used out of town as well as inside the City limits. This equipment helped save $15,000 worth of property in a fight which lasted for two hours.

The dairy boys who attended the game in Davidson returned during the beginning of the fire and joined in the battle. The cows, accustomed to being milked in the barn, had to be milked in the open field. Some of the young cows had to be roped before they could be milked. It was 10:00 o’clock Saturday night before the milking job was complete. In the morning the job of milking cows out in the open field had to be undergone again. This time some of the football boys had to “tackle” the cows for the milking.

The charred debris in the dairy barn was cleared out during the day Sunday so that the cows could be confined in their regular stalls for the Sunday evening milking.

The heroic and cool-headed group of boys who took the cows to safety in the field, overlooked the old mule that was confined in a stall in the burning building. This faithful work animal, one of the favorite companions for the boys at the orphanage for three decades or more, apparently felt that his work on earth was not complete. The mule’s name is “Pet.” When the chunks of fire began falling on Pet’s back, he apparently instinctively realized that his earthly pilgrimage was nearing an end unless he were able to do something for himself. In obedience to the first law of nature, which is self-preservation, Pet used his heel in kicking the door open and then quickly made his exit, joining the cows in the field. General Manager Johnston, in relating the unusual escape of Pet said “the old mule is more than 30 years of age -- he’s the oldest thing on the hill.”

When asked about plans for rebuilding, Mr. Johnston stated that he hopes to rebuild at once. He was not certain whether he would erect the new barn on the site of the burned building or change to some other location.

The origin of the Saturday afternoon fire has not been figured out. It apparently started among the feed on the second floor of the barn and could have resulted from spontaneous combustion.
The roofs of two silos were burned off. One was entirely empty, though there is approximately 100 tons of silage in the other. The extent of damage to this has not yet been determined. Both were of concrete, except for the roof.

At the height of the fire an unknown visitor handed one of the orphanage girls 15 cents and said this was to be applied on the construction of a new dairy barn. That was placed on deposit today.
THE DAIRY DEPARTMENT
Joseph B. Johnston
Milk - Meat - Melody

The department we are writing about this month is the dairy. It is the home of something like 90 musical beeves that are about the busiest inhabitants at Barium Springs.

Of course, a cow never does seem to be in a hurry, and yet she has to eat faster than she can chew it in order to get enough stored away to produce the milk that is necessary to make her a paying project. She has to spend most of her daylight hours just swallowing her food; and then when she is asleep, finish up with the chewing. The cow is one animal that does not seem to have any sympathy at all for the Blue Eagle. The NRA* means nothing to her. Seven days a week and twenty-four hours a day is her stint, and does not seem to pay any attention to national holidays, the fourth commandment, or anything else, but crowds into the few years between the time she is an awkward little calf until she is a graceful beef-steak, in doing an amazing lot of growing and in giving an amazing milk production, too.

The Barium dairy has 50 cows in the milk herd. This sometimes drops as low as 40; sometimes runs as high as 65. The production of milk varies from 100 gallons a day to 150 gallons, provides ample milk for drinking, usually for all three meals every day. The annual production averages 45,000 gallons!

This milk is sufficient to provide ice cream every week during the summer and for birthday dinners during the winter. That means once a month during the winter and once a week during the summer. Twenty to twenty-five beeves are supplied by the dairy herd every year and this constitutes the entire beef ration for the Orphanage.

The farm supplies the dairy with the necessary hay for rough feeding, straw for bedding, ensilage, and a good part of the grain. The grain is ground up with cottonseed meal, wheat bran and other ingredients to make a balance ration suitable for the particular time of year and the flow of milk.

The needs of the dairy vary from year to year and the production of the farm varies. So that there are some years in which the extra large crops from the farm more than supply the dairy needs. There are other years of drought or storm when the production of the farm does not meet the dairy needs. In order to keep this from embarrassing us, we try to store the surplus of the fat years to take care of the lean years. The year 1935 was a fairly fat year; 1934 was also one in which a surplus was laid by.

* (Not the National Rifle Association, but the National Recovery Administration - A "New Deal" agency. Ed.)
This resulted in some 80 tons of the very choicest alfalfa hay being baled and stored away in a barn as a surplus to draw on in case of a shortage; and this was the hay that was burnt in the fire we had last September. Now, 1936 looks like it is going to be a rather bad year. Our first cutting of alfalfa was extremely short and the second cutting, so far, hasn't developed, as it has not rained at Barium Springs since the first cutting. However, we don't want to talk about this in this article, as we are talking about the dairy.

The fire that we have mentioned destroyed the milk barn of the dairy. It seems a miracle that it did not destroy two other barns, but the efficient fire fighting of the local folk and the Statesville fire department confined it to one barn.

In rebuilding this barn, we added some improvements that were very much needed. (This old barn had been in use over 20 years) and now the milk is handled at this new barn, and is ready for the table immediately after milking.

Let us describe the old method of handling the milk and the new:

The old method: The milk was milked into five-gallon cans at the barn. It was then taken to the milk house up hear Rumple Hall, and run over an aerator and cooler which reduced the temperature to around 70 degrees. It was then stored away in the cold storage and in something like 12 hours the temperature had lowered to where it was good to drink. In this time, of course, the cream had risen and it was not always well-mixed when it was put back on the table. Sometimes it happened that some tables would get much richer milk (no matter how careful the instructions were to the contrary).

The new method: It is strained up at the barn and goes into a special milk room there, where it is again strained and aerated, going over a cooler which reduces the temperature to 40 degrees. It then goes immediately to the dining room and is used for drinking purposes before the cream has even started to rise and while the bacteria content is extremely low. It tastes so good that you would just have to drink it, even if it were not so good for you.

The schedule of the dairy crew is as follows:

Up in the morning with the regular crowd and finishing breakfast at 6:45. The cows are already in the barn; ready to be milked. This milk has to be taken care of, utensils cleaned up, the cows put back in the feed barn, or the pasture (depending on the time of year), and a little cleaning up done around the barn. Then to school.
The dairy boss and his assistant to keep the cows company until 2:30 in the afternoon when the boys come from school. Then the real heavy cleaning up is done and then the bedding up. If you are a housekeeper, you would say "wash the dishes and make up the beds." The cows don't have to have their teeth brushed, but they do have to have their hair combed; and these jobs take a long time when you are taking care of 80 head of cattle.

By 4 P.M it is time to milk again. The cows are put in the milk-barn, curried, cleaned up, milked, and put back into the feed barn and then the milk-barn cleaned up and feed put out for the morning, before the boys can call the day "a day."

Now this goes on every day in the week. The routine is varied a little bit for holidays. On Saturday afternoons half of the boys do the milking; the other half are free to go to Statesville or to do as they please. The next Saturday the other half do the milking and the ones who were busy last Saturday have that Saturday afternoon off. The boys' duties are divided into several divisions. The newcomers to the dairy group are clean-up and feed-up boys. Their work is sometimes a little dirty and sometimes a little dusty. They gradually learn to milk and then they become milkers. As they become more and more efficient in milking, they become strippers; and the strippers check up on the milkers.

When they become more careful and proficient, they become milk-house boys--the ones who take charge of the milk, see that it is weighed up, properly strained, aerated, put into can and delivered to the dining room or cold storage, as the case may be. This is a very responsible job and a boy who is careless in this particular division of the work soon finds himself back among the milkers or as a clean-up boy.

There are about 40 boys in the dairy group, 10 to 16 years old. When that many boys get under one roof and all get to talking they keep the atmosphere pretty well agitated. We don't know whether this has any effect on the cows or not, but we have our suspicions. Anyway, someone suggested that cows were supposed to give more milk to music than without music; so a victrola was installed and there was quite a difference in the amount of milk produced. And something that was not looked for, the diary boss fattened up! And got over his hoarseness! You can draw your own conclusions as to how this music affected the dairy group. The boys who work in the dairy are very much attached to the cows that they have as their responsibility and take a lively interest in the calves as they come along.
Several years ago a calf was born that was too small to reach its dining room table. The boys had to hold it on their laps while it got its nourishment from its mother. The calf was so grateful this that it did not seem to recognize its mother as a source of nourishment at all, and would pay no attention to her at all when she was near it. But the calf would run after the boys and bawl and take on at a terrible rate until they picked it up and carried it to its mother for its morning or afternoon meal.

"Onions in the milk!" Did you ever hear that in the spring of the year? Well, we have plenty of wild onions in our pastures. The onion taste used to get into the milk, but not now. Just a boy's idea, but it worked. This boy may have gotten the idea from his own experience some day when he arrived at the dining room late and found that all of a particular article had been eaten up before he got there. His idea was just this: Turn the dry cows in the pasture for about a week before the milk cows go. They all like those onions better than anything in the pasture and by the time the milk cows get there, there's not enough onions left for them to even taint the milk. That is the plan we have used since this boy had that idea and we have not been bothered by onions in the milk.

The pastures that our flocks use in the summer are rather extensive. There is one that is called the "five-mile" pasture. That's the distance around the fence; and you can depend on a hungry cow locating a weak place in that fence very promptly.

There are times when our pasture gets short, due to dry weather; it is then that these weak points are often located and the cow that goes through evidently says: "Come on, girls, let's go picnicking!"

That's when we hear frantic calls from some neighbor than an avalanche of cattle is bearing on their roasting-ear patch or something. And that calls for just as strenuous action as a fire! If left unnoticed, it is as disastrous as a fire; and the dairy crew have to be organized to answer these calls on a moment's notice.

The big milking job is not a hard job. In fact, during threshing time, the dairy boys are through with their work long before the farm boys are thinking of getting through. The same thing happens during harvest and during canning time for the truck farmers and orchard crew, but it is so regular. Every day the same thing must be done on the campus and it is done with a fine spirit of loyalty and faithfulness to the work.
The boys at Barium learn lots of things in the different departments here. We think they learn to be faithful and dependable in the dairy, and that sticks with them all the way through. The boys that have plugged through most successfully in college have at one time been dairy boys.

Look them up when you come to Barium. We haven’t near told you all about them in this short article.
October is the month of fairs and it is very fitting that this should be
the month that we write about our Truck Farm. If you can stagger through
this entire article, you will see why before you get through. Barium's Truck
Farm Department is under Mr. Joe Clark, a man who was reared very close to
Barium Springs. He has been our good neighbor from the time he was a lad.
He lived for a time in Florida and became thoroughly acquainted with truck
farm business in that prolific state. He knows every hill, gully and valley
on the Barium Springs farm. This combined knowledge makes him an ideal Truck
Farm Manager. He knows just what articles will grow here and just what articles
we need.

Under his management, there are 43 different articles furnished our table
from this one department. Some of the figures are rather impressive. If you have
a paper and pencil handy, add up a few of these figures.

Our average annual yield runs something like this: 1,000 bushels of sweet
potatoes, 400 bushels of Irish potatoes, 600 bushels of string beans, 400 bushels of
assorted beans, 500 bushels of tomatoes, 3,000 heads of lettuce, 2,000 stalks
of celery, 500 pumpkins, 4,000 watermelons, 5,000 cantaloupes, enough broom corn
to make 200 brooms, of which the orphanage gets 100; enough carrots to tint
the hair of every youngster in this end of Iredell County, enough onions to give
the entire county a delicious flavor, with squash, radishes, egg plant, okra,
pepper, popcorn, peanuts, and everything else in the catalog or alphabet!

Maybe, to give you a better idea of our Truck Farm Department and its every-
day use, we ought to take you into the kitchen.
You know people quite often ask us if we have a dietitian. A dietitian is a person who gets up on Monday morning and plans a balanced diet for the week. Then the purchasing agent goes down to the store and buys the necessary articles to prepare that balanced diet. About all you need is a good imagination and a fine can opener; and, of course, good credit at the grocery stores.

We do not have such a dietitian at Barium. We have one far more expert. She, together with the Truck Farm Manager, prepares the budget and the menu for at least a year in advance to get the right daily production of beans, greens, tomatoes and everything like that to make a balanced diet, served--not with a can opener--but with our own little bunch of bean stringers and pea-hullers.

Here is the yearly program: We will start in January, a time of year when most people forget about gardens. We have on our table: collards, rape, turnip greens, cabbage, and from our own canning, tomatoes and stringed beans, with a daily diet of both Irish and sweet potatoes. This carries through January and February.

In March, in addition to this, the onions appear--and how good those early March onions do taste! They are so good that even the cows will break down fences to get to them, and you know that's the only place that onions don't taste good--when served with milk under the cow's own mixing.

In April, the potato diet dwindles somewhat, but lettuce appears as an added inducement to spring appetites; and in May, those first timid radishes like little new rabbits decorate the table. Children thrive on them. Some of us old worn-out adults sometimes get heartburn from eating them. The Barium radishes are very kind to your stomach. Through an ingenious method of irrigation and fertilization, the Truck Farm gang has managed to produce radishes just three weeks old, and they have not been radishes long enough to get tough and hot. They are just good.
In June, the first tomatoes and the new Irish potatoes appear. This is the month that we rely on the Orchard gang to tease our appetites with early fruits, and it is not until July that the Truck Farm comes in strong. Then, cantaloupes appear. Cucumbers, beans, roasting-ears, squash, and the whole battery of both heavy and light artillery-shell the dining room. Then you can see the Howard Cottage girls in a shady place every afternoon, busily shelling peas, stringing beans, and shucking corn.

In August, we still have lots of things, but we forget their names, because that is the month that watermelons dominate the situation. My! How we do enjoy those grand melons! Joe Clark all but sleeps in the watermelon patch during that month!

In September, new sweet potatoes, with the sweetness fairly oozing, make their appearance. In October, celery and lots of other things, too.

In November, what do you reckon? That's the month "When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock," and those pumpkins just get us right for that Thanksgiving feeling when we hope and sometimes have, turkey and cranberries! In December, maybe we don't have time to think about much but Christmas and candy and such, but three times a day, we get the foundations laid for our growth and happiness from butterbeans, black-eyed peas and all those products that are stored away for winter use from our Truck Farm.

We have a very kindly feeling toward our Truck Farm at all times. The fields are tucked away in places that are hard to reach. When visitors come to see us it is easy to drive them around and show them the big alfalfa fields, the corn fields, and the orchards but it is difficult to find the truck farm fields. They are not big fields. They are down in inaccessible valleys and hillsides, and a visitor has to be very persistent and also a good walker to really view this department. We here at Barium Springs are so apt to take it for granted.
However, the Truck Farm has been in the limelight for the last six years, because it really broke the depression in this part of the country. Let me explain a little bit: Six years ago, Barium Springs, along with all the rest of the country, was in the depths of a depression. You remember that depression was frightening. It had us here at Barium really panicky. Some of us were actually afraid we were not going to have enough to eat. We didn't know whether we were going to be able to keep all the children here because the money income had dropped to such a low ebb. Along about that time, some citizens of Troutman, our little nearby town, decided to have a Community Fair. The fair was not going to have any carnival attached to it, but just have a display of the articles raised and manufactured within a radius of ten miles of the little town of Troutman. This ten miles included Barium Springs; and to get our minds off the terrible disaster that had struck our country, we got busy and gathered up a sample of everything that we raised at Barium. Then we all went down to the fair. We thought that we could at least enjoy ourselves before the weather turned cold and be frozen or starved to death.

And then, we commenced to take in the fair really. It was held in the school house at Troutman. It took a large section of the display space to house just a little sample of each of the things raised at Barium Springs.

There was wheat and corn and hams and wool, and alfalfa raised from our farm. There were samples of the dairy products with a tabulation of the amount. There were peaches, pears, apples, strawberries and honey, produced by the Orchard Department; and then to cap it all, there were 40 different articles raised by the Truck Farm Department, with a great big watermelon at one end, and great big luscious egg plants at the other.
Anybody who could look at that display and really be afraid of starving to death was just plain dumb. We came home from that fair feeling that although something might have happened to the temples of money and big business, that the God of the Hills, the Great Jehovah, could still be depended upon, and that we with our clumsy efforts could do what we could, with faith, because that God yielded the increase. Maybe there isn't anything very thrilling in killing potato bugs. Certainly there are lots of things more pleasant than digging potatoes; and maybe we don't look for sermons in filling gullies, but when it's all summed up, there is something about it all that strengthens our faith and gives us courage.
THE FARM
Joseph B. Johnston
Mules - Machinery - Man-Power

In selecting a heading for this article, it might have been called: "Stones, Stumps and Saturday Evenings" or it might have been called "Pigs and Poison Ivy" -- just depending on the things that might seem important to you. There are a lot of other things connected with our big farm that could not get into the headlines, and may not get into the body of the article without making it too long.

Visitors are amazed when they attempt to comprehend all the activities of our four, big, outdoor departments. We have already written about the Dairy, and during the next two months we will write about the Orchards, and the Truck Farm. We have selected the Farm to write about this month because right now is the time of its greatest activity.

Just as soon as Commencement is over, work really commences on the farm. At that time, already a good deal of corn has been planted, but the alfalfa is just ready to be cut, and immediately after that comes, the cultivation of corn, and then harvest, and then threshing, and then more alfalfa, and then planting peas, and beans, and late corn, and then getting the wood cut for winter use, terraces built, land prepared for fall sowing of wheat, new alfalfa land seeded, and all of these big jobs are interspersed with hundreds of smaller jobs, like sheep-shearing, pasture fence building, and keeping the campus policed.

This latter job may not sound like a big one, but it is a pretty big job. The hundreds of trees on the campus need occasional pruning. The hundreds of loads of leaves have to be raked up and hauled to the dairy barn. The gutters all over the campus have to be kept clean. Papers and trash of all sorts seem to accumulate at times. The grass has to be cut, and occasionally replanted. The rose bushes on the fence have to be cut back and otherwise kept shipshape.

The only way a person can fully realize the number of activities of the farm is to spend a month or more here. It might give you a better idea of what goes on by telling you what the farm produces. In a normal year the production of wheat is around 2,500 bushels. The straw from this wheat is baled and is used by the dairy as bedding for the cows. From 500 to 1,000 bushels of oats and barley. The straw from this is winter diet for the mules. From 250 to 300 tons of alfalfa hay are used mainly for the dairy.
Usually about 100 tons of pea hay, or bean hay, 200 tons of silage, 3,000 bushels of corn. This corn is used for mule feed or hog feed.

The farm has charge of the hogs, sheep, and the chickens. And the ordinary year's production from these departments is 16,000 pounds of pork, 40 lambs, 200 pounds of wool, 3000 dozen eggs, 500 chickens, and an occasional rabbit feast.

All of this is produced from 125 acres of wheat: 50 acres of oats, 80 acres of alfalfa, 150 acres of corn, and the peas are produced in 75 to 100 acres of stubble land; and then we have an equal amount of stubble land in lespedeza each year. This land is dirt turned into pasturage and later on is cultivated.

The equipment on the farm consists of the following: Two and a half tractors. The half a tractor is an old Fordson that is used mainly for pulling stumps. A threshing machine, two binders, three drills, one sub-soiler, one mill for grinding feed, one shredder, one silage cutter and one hay baler, eight mules and a handsome team of mares, and those mares have two colts. The colts are named Dan and Daisy. They are about the most popular members of the whole Barium family. Dan and Daisy were born on April the first, and April the 29th. Dan is the oldest and attempts to "boss" Daisy around as though he owned the world.

The sheep at the Orphanage were first secured to act as lawn mowers. No attempt has been made to increase the herd beyond its present size. In an ordinary year they manage to keep all of the lawns cropped reasonably close. They have to be fed during the winter, but the lambs they produce for the dining room and the wool that goes into our blankets more than pays their winter board.

We could not get along without our hogs, although feeding them on Sunday is somewhat of a nuisance. The boys tried to work up some scheme whereby they could feed the hogs Sunday afternoons without changing from their Sunday clothes. You would be surprised what a fine arrangement they worked out. This arrangement required the building a special sort of hog pen. This was done by our own force, and one of the boys named it "The Hog College."

There is some reason for this name. There is one large compartment where the hogs are first put to begin fattening. They are rather rambunctious and noisy and scrapping among themselves, "just like a bunch of Freshmen" some one has said. Later on, they are moved into another compartment where they begin to take on a little more dignity and are less noisy, although just as greedy. Later on they go to still another compartment where their dignity
becomes somewhat ponderous. And then after a final three weeks in the Senior compartment, they are graduated some frosty morning with appropriate ceremonies.

Pigs are about the only things on the place that do not become pets. The calves, lambs and colts all become such members of the family that any parting has something of the same grief that we have when a member of the family leaves us. The bees and the pigs are the only things that do not come in for this wholesale petting.

This hasn’t anything to do with the farm particularly, but during the course of a year there are usually something like 20 stray dogs that take up their residence here. We suppose that if dogs were running an orphanage, there would be about that many little stray boys that would stop in and make their homes with the dogs. Somehow boys and dogs just will get together. Along about the time when tax paying commences, we have to get rid of all these dogs, but by that same time next year, our dog population is right up to normal again.

A description of an enterprise like our farm may be dry reading to anyone who is not particularly interested in that sort of thing. If we could draw a picture of the development of some of the ideas that are now in existence on the farm, it would be intensely interesting to everyone. A different outlook altogether from what it was at one time. A number of years ago, the boys looked on the farm as simply a place to suffer. They had to put in a certain amount of time as a kind of penance. The value of their work did not appear in any tangible way. It did not seem to make any difference to them whether they did effective work or whether they just put in time.

The mules on the place seemed to have that same notion, and were not inclined to step out and really get anything done. A reluctant mule and a careless boy didn’t add up to much in the way of real production.

For the last few years, however, the idea has been entirely different. The old mules have been traded off for some real animals. Dignified animals! Did you ever see a dignified mule? Well, if you haven’t come to Barium. big, handsome animals that you would be proud to walk behind. They are used to doing a day’s work, and a boy is rather keen for the opportunity to work one of the. It is a big promotion from being just a hoe hand. It is a bigger promotion to drive a team of these mules.

The fields have been cleared of stumps and gullies and thoroughly terraced and the crops are something that you would like to show your friends. Espe-
cially if you have had a hand in producing those crops. All of which might have had something to do with the change in attitude of the boys that work on the farm. They do not any longer look on it as the "chain gang," but as the top department. They seem to get a lot of satisfaction out of doing a big job well.

There are a lot of other things beside just satisfaction. You may get the idea by the names that are sometimes given to the different fields. Of course, the cornfield is the "Corn Bread"; the wheat field would naturally be the "Biscuit Pasture"; the alfalfa field is the "Ice Cream Pasture" because everybody has noticed that since the production of alfalfa has increased, there have been more frequent ice cream meals in the dining room. The boys gave the alfalfa field the name of "Ice Cream Pasture" a good many years ago, and it means something. And you know scrub-farmers can't raise alfalfa. You have to know your stuff and keep working at it to raise that king of all the crops for this section of the country.

If you stayed with us long, we would have to introduce you to the mules on the farm. They are real members of the family. There is Mabel and Cordy, Nell and Beulah, Red and Blue, Bob and Dobbin. We would like to introduce you to some of the men who work here. They become so attached to the mules sometimes that strange things happen. The faithful colored men who have worked on the farm are Bob and Ebb and Tom and Abner. They drive the teams during the winter when the boys are in school. They are mighty good folks--these colored men. They are mighty polite to everybody, provided you don't criticize their teams, then they are apt to get impatient, and might say something that you won't like. In the mind of each of these men, the particular team that he claims as his own is the "best team of mules on the face of the earth."

We believe this affection and admiration is reciprocated. Here's why: During the past winter, we had the misfortune to lose one of our faithful colored men--Abner. He had been with us for a number of years. His team was the big white mules that he claimed could just outdo any other team anywhere. Abner was sick for about two weeks and then died, and another man was obtained to take his place. A good man but the mule that was old Abner's favorite--Cordy--got sick. The Veterinarian could not find anything the matter with her but she just couldn't eat, and she lost over 300 pounds before she commenced to take any real interest in things again. The other men say that she was grieving for Abner. You might laugh about that. We who knew Abner and something of the affections he had for his team do not laugh about it.
Mr. B. S. Linville has charge of the farm at this time. He is a graduate of State College and taught Agriculture at the Troutman School before taking on this work. He is an expert in erosion control and the beautiful terraces that you can observe in the fields at Barium are largely his work. He did a lot of this before coming to Barium, while he was our neighbor at Troutman.

Mr. Stinson, Mr. Lackey, and his son, also belong to the farm crew and carry the brunt of the work for the eight months that school is in session when the boys do not get to work until 3:00 P.M.
THE ORCHARD DEPARTMENT
Joseph B. Johnston
Peaches - Pears - Pecans

There is something about an orchard that reminds one of an army. Our orchard department does this even more so. There are the strawberries that you might call the infantry. The raspberries bear a striking resemblance to barbed wire entanglements. and then, the trees. Column after column. The peach trees we might call the Calvary. They grow so fast; they produce so rapidly and are gone so quickly. The apple trees are the artillery. They are bigger than the peach trees. The fruit can be stored away and lasts longer. Then, there is another department—the bees. We won't have any trouble at all classifying them. They belong to the air division of the army, and if you don't believe that they know their warfare, just do something out of turn sometimes and attract their attention—after they have gotten mad.

This big army at Barium is comprised of two acres of strawberries, one acre of raspberries, 120 pecan trees, 300 pear trees, 500 grape vines, 1,050 peach trees, and 1,250 apple trees. This big army is equipped to fight the fruit appetites of a growing army of children. You just ought to see the conflict.

We had arranged to write this article on the orchard in August, right when the apples had commenced to turn red and would photograph most beautifully; when the peach trees were in their eatingest shape, when we would absorb our 12 to 15 bushels of good ripe fruit every day, but the orchard this year played a trick on us—they declared a truce or something. Maybe it was a Sabbatical Year. That last hard freeze last spring just upset all of our plans and, instead of gathering upward of 1,00 bushels of Elberta peaches, we gathered three pecks. They were too pretty to eat. We just stood off and looked at them! The apple trees, except for a very few exceptions, are a total loss this summer also.

The strawberry and raspberry crops were cut short by the drought. So will have to write up this department from memory.

However, our memories are so pleasant that we can write a most vivid article about them. Mr. Thomas is the head of the orchard department. Fifteen years ago he had the orchards and the gardens. At that time there were not more than ten acres altogether in the entire orchard department.

That was just enough to tease us. Due to Mr. Thomas' ambition and careful planning, the orchards have been added to from year to year until now we have one of the best balanced peach orchards in the whole country. Even
with just a half crop we commence eating peaches with the earliest in June and, up until the first of September, have all that we can comfortably absorb in ripe fresh fruit.

In addition to that, when the yield is anything like a full crop, we have an abundance to can. The peak year in canning was four years ago when we put up four thousand gallons—a two years' supply—in addition to our fresh fruit. Last year we put up something over 1,000 gallons of peaches and sold a surplus. A fair crop of peaches runs to about 2,500 bushels. Each year we try to set out as many new peach trees as the normal death rate of our orchard in order to hold it at just its present capacity as nearly as possible.

Until just six years ago, very little attention was paid to the apple trees. There was an orchard very near the Woman's Building and the Laundry that was supposed to supply our wants, but so many children lived within smelling distance of that orchard that the apples had to go through just too many hazards to run much of chance of ripening. We slowly realized this and started a new apple orchard quite some distance from any of the dormitories. We set out four kinds of apples to test and find out which were best suited for the particular climate. There was the Stark King, the Stark Delicious, Stamen Winesap and the Black Twig. Just as soon as this orchard commenced to show us what we needed, other trees were added and now we are commencing to get results. Last year we stored away enough apples to have them twice a week at dinner up until the Christmas holidays. Our goal is to some day have enough to have a distribution of apples every day until March. Just give us time and we will reach that. We have the land and a willing crew. Then we can say that we have that "apple-a-day" that keeps the doctor away. By the way, if you need proof of that adage, you can find it right here at Barium. It has been amply demonstrated that a diet of fruit does more to keep the large family of children in good shape than any other one thing.

Since we have set out our new orchard of apples, we have made the old apple orchard a "Help-Yourself Orchard" and here is something surprising: Now, any child any time can go in that orchard and get himself or herself an apple. They can eat it green or wait until it gets ripe. There are a good many trees there. We just don't count them in as an output of the Orphanage. They belong absolutely to the youngsters when they want to use the fruit.

Now before we made this a "Help-Yourself Orchard" the most careful watching very seldom resulted in apples being on those trees after the first of September. Now, there is quite a bit still hanging on the first of October! You tell us how come? We cannot quite figure that out.
We have two pecan groves. And to match that, over across the hills, about 50 walnut trees. Walnuts are help-yourself. The pecans are gathered by the orchard crew and distributed to the cottages, and you will locate some of those in the homemade candy that is distributed so liberally among the cottages at Christmas time.

The squirrels that now inhabit the campus have not quite learned the distinction about these help-yourself orchards. They raid the pecan orchards just the same as though it were help-yourself. We don’t want to take drastic measures about this, because we enjoy having the squirrels on the campus so much that we are inclined to make an exception in their case.

The pear trees are the step-children of the place. Very little is done toward cultivating them, or pruning them or spraying; and yet year after year, these faithful trees bear abundant crops. We can pears usually as long as the cans hold out. This fruit is not nearly as popular as the peaches and other things, but helps us taper off a season and gives us bigger variety.

The raspberries which we have been enjoying for the last two years are a new venture. We have the large red raspberries, and it was some time before the children really thought they were good, but you don’t have to argue now about it. They follow the strawberries and make a most valuable addition to our menu.

We spoke of the orchards as being somewhat like an army. Well, it requires an army and real battle tactics to keep that orchard producing. We buy no commercial fertilizer for our big orchard. We have found that a liberal application of stable manure every other year, applied during the winter and plowed under in the spring, gives the best results. We have to buy a tremendous lot of chemicals, however. There are the aphids which seem to like everything but tobacco dust. We have had to get tobacco dust to exterminate them.

Then there are the borers that have to have a chemical that would take up too much space to names, even if we knew how to spell it, to get rid of them. Then there is a dormant spray for treating the trees and the sulphur spray for the fruit disease, and so forth, that have to be religiously applied to the trees.

Then, when the peaches start to grow, the trees have to be beaten with a rubber hammer to knock off all the fruit that is not firmly attached to the trees. We find that this fruit usually has worms in it. By taking these peaches that are knocked off and burning them or burying them in lime, we destroy that infant curculio and save a second generation that pretty well destroys a crop.
It takes this procedure in addition to the multitudinous sprayings to handle this particular pest. They say he is a first cousin to the boll weevil. He certainly has a boll weevil’s habits and mean disposition.

Then there is pruning. Our boys (under Mr. Thomas’ direction) become rather expert in this. They go over our peach orchards just like a barber goes over an unruly head and, whenever they get through, that orchard not only looks good, but acts good.

The machinery equipment of the orchards consists of a small Farmall tractor, a spraying outfit, an orchard cultivator, disk harrow and hand tools without number.

The various cottages call on this orchard group to trim up the shrubbery around the dormitories and to transplant anything that needs transplanting. They also have a lot to do with the shrubbery at the football field and other places on the campus.

In addition to all these duties, the orchard department looks after the canning. Our season’s total of canning usually runs around 5,000 gallons. This year, there has been a total failure of the peach crop. The truck farm department has increased its tomato acreage, and we hope to double the amount of canned tomatoes and tomato juice, and next winter we will make believe that we like tomato juice just as well as we do canned peaches. The cannery not only takes care of fruit canning, but cans the surplus of the truck department.

Now we will tell you about this truck farm department in October. We are going to break into this series of farm groups in September, and tell you about our athletic departments. We think that it is in keeping that this should be done the first month of school, so that you can understand the far reaching organization that we have and the privileges that it makes possible for our school—particularly those who participate in our various programs.

We are proud of our orchard department. Mr. Thomas has been indefatigable in trying to make this produce for the Orphanage the things we could not otherwise afford. He has not shed so much blood over it, but he suffered a good deal over it. He felt that it was necessary to have a bee department in order to insure the greatest results from the orchards. So a few stands of bees were added as an accessory to the orchards.

Mr. Thomas didn’t understand the bees so much at first, and they did not seem to understand Mr. Thomas. They insisted on investigating, and each time they did there was a bump. Now, our bee department consists of 25 flourishing
stands and they all know Mr. Thomas by name. They seem to like him. They like his little grandson who helps him tend to the bees, and seem to be thoroughly familiar and friendly with Mugger, the big bull dog who also is an interested spectator every time a hive is opened. It is interesting to see Mr. Thomas' grandson with the orthodox Barium-summer uniform, consisting of a pair of overalls and nothing else, with that whole upper expanse of his body bared to the atmosphere and possible bee stings, nonchalantly looking on while a hive is being robbed. The bees must just know that he is not particularly afraid of them to make them act this way.

Last year, we sold a lot of peaches. We didn’t have near enough to sell to everybody and those people who came expecting to buy something got out of patience with us. We hope we are going to have big crops next year and all succeeding years, but we don’t think we are going to try to sell any more. We want to play host to the numbers of people who are always doing nice things for us, and if you will come to see us during the peach season, we will try to put a few peaches in your car for you to remember us by.

We look to our cornfields and wheat fields for the things that make us strong. We look to the dairy for the things that make us beautiful. Milk and ice cream will put dimples in your cheeks. We look to the orchards for the things that make us kind to each other.
In case you don't know what we are talking about, it's the Infirmary and the various activities that grow out of it. Doctors have called their hospitals by various names, one very celebrated hospital going by the name of "Hotel For Convalescents." Our Infirmary at Barium Springs is that, too, but is far more than that, it is more like a modern service station for automobiles, where care are given a periodic check-up and heavy repairs averted by keeping the machine in good shape at all times.

Our Infirmary is in charge of Miss Una Moore, the dean of the staff of workers at Barium Springs. Miss Moore is not a musician, and yet, we can't help but believe that she hums a tune under her breath -- the tune of "River Say 'Way From My Door'; only she says "Pneumonia Stay 'Way From My Door." And she has sung this song to such good effect that but one case of pneumonia has showed up under Miss Moore in the last four years, and we have had our share of flu and bad colds.

Now, to the actual work of the Infirmary. There are 36 bed in this department for patients. The staff is composed of Miss Moore, the nurse, and Miss Lackey, the housekeeper. As assistants, there are four high school girls who help keep the house in order and wait on the patients. There is a fifth-grade boy to do all the other jobs about the place. Now, in the course of a year, a good many children go to the Infirmary on account of sickness. It may be just a bad cold; it may be severe indigestion; it may be something serious. A typical years shows that there are around 1,200 "patient days" taken care of during the year, or an average of between three and four children every day.

This sounds like a good many, but yet it is the smallest part of the work of this department. Here is where that comes in. When new children come to the orphanage, they are checked over very carefully at the Infirmary. They are weighed, measured and thoroughly examined by our doctor. Then once a year, every child at Barium is carefully weighed, measured, and these are compared with those of the previous year. They are carefully gone over by our doctor who makes recommendations about things that should be done.

For instance, in our last examinations, 22 children showed up with bad tonsils that needed to be remove, 12 had bad teeth, and 20 others needed special attention in one way or another. At the same time that this examination was
going on, a doctor from the Sanatorium checked over the children for tuberculosis, and made his recommendations for any that might need special care. A number of children were referred to a specialist for more complete examination for some particular things. For instance, once boy, after our last examination, was sent to Charlotte for a special examination by a bone specialist, and is receiving hospital treatment there.

Our last examination showed that 14 children had not grown sufficiently during the year, or are underweight and these are now on a special diet and treatment to correct this. The results of this special treatment are checked up on every 30 days and then, or course, a final wholesale check-up on the entire Orphanage family 12 months later.

It is always an interesting thing when a school holds and examination to see how much knowledge the children have packed into their brain-boxes over a period of time; and in the same way, it is intensely interesting to see the results of physical corrections and change in diet or special treatment in the physical structure of the children here.

These examinations have far-reaching results. As an example, three years ago an unusually large number of defective feet were notice -- fallen arches, flat-feet, crooked toes, etc. To remedy this condition, special exercises and treatments were given those children, and also an effort was made to locate the cause. The cause for a good many of these conditions was apparently in the use of improperly fitted shoes. A change has been made in this detail, with the result that at our last examination, only three children with defective feet were noted.

Once a year, a dentist comes and spends from two to four weeks doing the dental work necessary for every child and tabulating the condition of their mouths. Some children have to have continued treatment all during the year, but the majority need only this one general check-up and work.

Then there is the business of accidents that have to be handled. You know wherever one or more children are gathered together, there are going to be accidents. Not so many serious ones, but plenty of minor accidents. Children learning to skate fall down. Boy imitating Tarzan will fall out of trees. There are ways to get hurt, even with a milk-bucket, and every farm tool will fight back if handled too carelessly. As a consequence, there is a constant flow of accident cases to the Infirmary.

The majority of these Miss Moore handles as "out-patients." A stumped toe properly cleaned and tied up can depart under its own power. Then, there
may be other things like nails in the feet, pitchfork wounds, etc. that may cause dangerous infection. It is the business of the nurse to decide in these matters whether it is necessary for them to go to the hospital in Statesville for treatment. There are many other things that the nurse has to decide.

In the summer time when it is very hot and it is time to gather potatoes, sometimes the boys suffer an epidemic of headache. They come to the Infirmary so distressed (apparently) that the nurse puts them to bed, sometimes without taking their temperature. A nice cool bed, with a magazine to read, is so much more comfortable than a potato patch with the sun shining down on your whole unprotected back that sometimes creates headaches. The nurse has to decide how many of these headaches are genuine, and it is surprising how accurately she can read temperature and character in this connection.

We mentioned at the first of this how successful our nurse was in keeping pneumonia away from our family. She is also wonderfully successful in detecting a bad condition around the appendix. It would not do for every case of stomach ache to be sent to the hospital for diagnosis. There are certain times in the year when pretty much the entire population would have to go to the hospital. Miss Moore has to determine just that to do about these various cases, and to not fail to note a dangerous condition. She certainly "has a way with her" in this. Maybe she has watched a robin hunting worms. You know how they do it -- just stand still and listen, and they hear a worm whispering to itself on the ground and they immediately go and get it. An appendix acting up must make some sort of noise that Miss Moore knows exactly what's the matter, and to the hospital that child goes.

We have not had a single instance, under Miss Moor's care, of an appendix getting to the hospital too late, and that's a record to be proud of in anybody's Infirmary.

Then, there is another thing the Infirmary has to bear the brunt of, and that is the periodic inoculations. Did you ever figure out how many of theses there are? A record of these things is kept in the office, but the carrying of these special things falls on the Infirmary. For instance, every five years, we have to check-up on vaccinations, and some 300 children have to be vaccinated. They have to be watched to see that it "takes". They also have to be watched to see that the vaccination does not become infected and get out of hand. That is a pretty good-sized job in itself. Then, every three years typhoid inoculation, and there's three of these inoculations -- 900 punctures in one short month! Then there is diphtheria toxin-antitoxin, and when that's over, a little kid can
strut and say he's been "vaccinated, 'noculated and 'toxicated' and tell you
that he has been punched plum full of holes since he came to Barium!

The organization of our Infirmary has to be ready for emergencies. This is
one of the most difficult things in the world. It is somewhat like a fire de-
partment in the city. The firemen have to be there ready for a strenuous job
when that job comes up. They amuse themselves playing checkers, fixing
dolls, toys and doing hundreds of other things to keep in condition. Well, the
organization at the Infirmary at times has nothing whatever to do but to keep
house and amuse themselves. Then without a notice, they may have so much
work piled on them that they have not time to rest or relax.

It takes a high class set of folks to stand these emergency peaks without
 cracking and the periods of relative inactivity without demoralization. Some-
how our crowd manages to keep that sort of an organization going. Being
sick at Barium is not the worst experience in the world. Working for a more
abundant health through this department is one of the most satisfactory things
in which anyone can be engaged.

We have only given you a brief and rather sketchy description of this one of
our most vital and important departments.

*(Mr. Johnston extolled Barium's good health and good health care. As I have worked on this project, it occurred to me that
he nor anyone else seemed to connect our "springs", our good water, to our good health. Maybe our water really was a dis-
ease preventive and had curative properties. Ed.)*
SOCIAL CONTACTS

We are breaking in on our monthly series of articles about the different departments of Barium to write this article on social contacts. One of the worst things that can happen to an institution like this is for it to become isolated or insulated. Sometimes the tendency on the part of those who have the management of its affairs work to keep it insulated. It is easier to keep bad habits out of a group of children if they do not come in contact with other groups of children where these bad habits persist.

At Barium we have always believed that it was best to have as many contacts with other people as possible, in spite of the fact that it was not the easiest course to pursue. And many sources of social contacts have been developed. Some orphanages have this through a traveling singing class. This particular group of children in such a class come in contact with a very wide circle of acquaintances, but the bulk of the children do not get a contact in this way. Others have visiting days in which the entire church is invited to visit the institution. This is fine, but rather high pressure. Barium springs has recently experienced a most delightful occasion of this kind when they entertained the Synod of North Carolina and had the members of the Synod eating at the orphanage tables for two days. There is no more valuable social contacts for the Orphanage family than that.

However, our visitors on the occasion of the meeting of Synod were all grown-up folk. That still does not answer the need for making acquaintances with children and young people of the same age as the children in the Orphanage.

In our school activities, we are trying more and more to have these wholesome contacts made. During the past 12 months, we have entered into a conference of debaters and declaimers and in these contests we come in contact with at least four other schools. Last year the high schools were Statesville, Hickory, Concord and Kannapolis.

Then, in our music contests our children come in contact with a great number of schools and those that are fortunate enough to reach the finals in the state music contest meet with representatives from all over the state.

A few of our young people (usually ten to each conference) each year have the high privilege of attending the Davidson conference and the two Mitchell conferences, and all of our young people get to know the Mitchell conference young people since a day at Barium is always included in their program.
It is really in our athletic contest, however, that we come in contact with the most people. Our readers have heard a lot about our athletic program. They have possibly thought of them only as athletic contests. In this article we want to tell you a little bit out the social side.

Take basketball, for instance. Our teams play seven other schools which means a visit to Barium from each of those schools and a visit to those schools by the Barium teams and a small rooting section. These games are double-headers always, boys and girls. There is quite a friendly atmosphere about these affairs and quite a number of friends are made this way.

Then, at the end of the basket ball season, there is an orphanage tournament in which all the large orphanages in the state participate at some central point. This tournament usually lasts two days and the basketball players, both boys and girls of all the orphanages, get to know each other intimately. Then our teams usually compete in a regional tournament. Last year, one was held at Winston-Salem, in which 90 teams participated. Our young people got to meet a great variety of students that they would hardly come in contact with in any other way.

As a final wind-up of the season, Barium Springs gives a basketball tournament in which they do not participate as players, but only as host. Thirty-two teams attend this tournament and many swapping experiences and some of the closest friendships have developed from such occasions. When the Barium team plays away from home, one high school class accompanies it to cheer and the whole party is usually the guest at supper of the local church or school.

Our midget team plays 10 other schools, different schools from one varsity as a rule. Altogether, our football brings us in touch with something like 20 high schools. The friendships that our boys and girls make through these contacts carry on sometimes through college and later life.

Then wrestling. It doesn’t take many boys to constitute a wrestling team. Barium Springs has always been particularly interested in this form of sport. It brings them in contact with an entirely different set of high schools. For instance, in football, the teams that play Barium are: Mooresville, Statesville, Hickory, Concord, Lexington, Kannapolis, the Children’s Home at Winston-Salem, the Mills Home at Thomasville, Albermarle and Charlotte. The teams that Barium meets in wrestling are: Salisbury, Thomasville, High Point, Greensboro, Durham, Mt. Airy, Bragtown, and a YMCA team. Barium’s rating in these contests is so high that it insures their meeting other boys without any danger of our having an inferiority complex.
Then, there is track. Track is a beautiful sport. It ends up the school year, and we there come in contact with still another group of schools. The consolidated schools of Forsyth County, Winston-Salem, Charlotte (again). In the big state meets like the one at Carolina, the Inter-state meet at Duke, and the Civitan meet at Greensboro, our boys come in contact with approximately 75 leading track schools in North Carolina and Virginia.

In these contacts our young people are benefited immensely. Their circle of friends is as wide as that of any group of high school children in the state. And then, other people get to know our youngsters. They can form an opinion about Barium Springs from the things that they do and the way they act. We wonder if our church people realize how much of the good will that Barium Springs possesses is due to the fine opinion that the public at large has gotten of the orphanage through the observance of the athletic teams.

There is one church in North Carolina that somehow did not let up on its giving all through the depression; and it was a church that was having a lot of difficulty itself. In trying to run down the reason for this, we found that a good deal of the enthusiasm in this church was kept alive by the activities of one class; and this one class was kept enthusiastic by the persistent efforts and enthusiasm of one man. Then we tried to find out why the one man was so enthusiastic. Here is the story:

A good many years ago this man brought his car full of visitors to see a football game at Barium. These visitors were rooters for the visiting team. The visiting team was supposed to be a lot stronger than the Barium team, so much so that Barium that day had a grand chance to have a moral victory without having a real victory. The game rocked along with the other team showing some superiority until the beginning of second half. Then, one of the Barium boys got loose and apparently ran for a touchdown. At that time, there were not as many officials handling the game, as is the case now, and the referee was not positive whether or not the boy ran out of bounds. He saw one of the Barium players standing right near the spot where the claim was made that the player ran out of bounds, and he asked this boy "Did you see whether he went out or not?" The boy replied, "Yes." "Did he go out of bounds?" The boy said, "Yes, right here." Now, that boy’s honesty cost Barium Springs what might have been called a touchdown, and it occurred in the time when that particular touchdown might have decided the game. This visitor was standing right nearby and heard the conversation, and the boys attitude and his manner in making his reply so convinced the man of his honesty and good sportsmanship that he went right back home and has been a seething volcano of Barium enthusiasm ever since.*
These social contacts that come about through our large athletic program certainly do work both ways. Here is another thing: It may occur to some of you that this sounds expensive. We want to assure you that it is expensive, but it does not cost the orphanage anything directly. Our football games are so popular and our basketball tournament so well attended that the proceeds from the gate receipts from these two sources have so far taken care of the expense of handling our athletic program.

The transportation of the teams does cost the orphanage something sometimes. Not much. The workers at Barium gladly contribute their cars for the transportation of the teams. The orphanage furnishes the gas. Outside of that, the expense of equipment (and by the way, that runs into the neighborhood of $800.00), the expense of officials, of trophies and all those things are paid for by the people who come to see our games played.

So, any of you that hear of a Barium athletic contest being played, you can come to it and enjoy it without your conscience hurting you at all, or without the thought entering your mind that any of the money is used unwisely. The money that comes in at the gate may be Presbyterian; it is just as apt to be Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal, Catholic, Jew-- and sometimes from our good colored friends.

One final word: No doubt every one who reads this paper has heard so much about Sloan Field that it is not necessary to say any further word about it. Sloan Field was built by the boys. It gets prettier every year. We can say without bragging a particle that it is the most beautiful high school field in North Carolina. We can say that visiting teams always like to come back. Barium plays all the home games on that field. So does Statesville, and that means a number of visiting teams are here every year--at least ten.

Our young people go out to see these games. They mingle with the visitors who come to see it. They make friends that way in a most happy manner.

Some schools think so much of their games with Barium that they give a holiday when they play here. Concord is an illustration. And when that happens, there are in the neighborhood of 500 to 600 young people here to see, not only a ball game, but to mingle with our young people at Barium.

Everybody at Barium is enthusiastic about the athletic program. Not only because of the athletic angle and the pleasure of seeing a good team perform, but in the many opportunities that it gives us to be just folks like everybody else.
Last year, we attempted to sum up the number of schools that had a contact with Barium Springs through the athletic program. There were 140 schools that had a direct contact; a good many more had an indirect contact. The number of individuals involved in this would run well over 7,000. Our social contacts, therefore, through our school activities gives us this outlet in a most happy and wholesome way.

You know when you visit the orphanage yourself, you can't get it out of your head that young people here are orphans. The same way when they visit your church, but when you visit them at an athletic contest, they are just kids like yours, and you would be surprised what delightful friends they turn out to be.

*(Good sportsmanship had long been taught at Barium. In a 1930 write-up of a midget game played between Barium and the Charlottesville "Fives" in the Charlottesville paper, the writer extolled the good sportsmanship of the Barium team as much as their skills. Barium won.*
THE UTILITIES
THE TROUBLE SHOOTING DEPARTMENT
Joseph B. Johnston

Water - Power

Last month our article was on the Infirmary, the place that everybody thinks of whenever they get to feeling bad -- a stumped toe, a stomachache a headache, or sometimes a hard lesson -- and we have Miss Moore taking our temperature right quickly. This month we are wanting to talk about another department somewhat similar. If anything goes wrong outside of our bodies, we think of one man. If it is the light that won’t light, if the radiators won’t heat, if the sewer gets stopped up, if the refrigerator won’t fridge, it is always, “Send for Mr. Grier,” and you’d be surprised how many times Mr. Grier is sent for.

Mr. Grier and his department have charge of the heat, the light power, the water, the sewage and all the things and mechanical appliances connected with these. It may be a potato-peeler that won’t function properly; it may be the old storage rooms that refuse to get cold, or get too cold. All of these call for the attention of Mr. Grier.

You folk who are fond of statistics could just revel in statistics in this department. There are 311 children at Barium Springs at the present. The average number to a room is six. There are 45 teachers, matrons, and other workers at Barium and that means about 40 more rooms. There is an average of two electric lights to a room. You know how frequently a light gives trouble! Then, there is the big dining room with its 39 big lights; the auditorium with its 12; the school buildings, the playrooms, the study halls, the living rooms, all with special light fixtures. And then there are radios, hot plates and electric irons and one electric train, a big electric oven, three electric cook stoves, six frigidaires, electric cooling system for chilling and aerating the milk at the dairy barn; something like 20 motors doing everything from running a printing press, a linotype machine, well pumps, a circulating hot-water system, to the motors that pull the cold storage outfit. All of this is just one part of Mr. Grier’s responsibilities.

Take the water system. There are three deep wells. All of them give a different sort of water. The one that furnishes the least water has the best water in it. Mr. Grier arranges it so that that well is used during the day when the laundry is running and when most of the drinking water is used. Then at night, that well is shut off and another well is put on. The latter is a well that has the most water, but more mineral in it. It is water which, if used in the
laundry, would stain the clothes and would make our tea turn black instead of a nice clear pink. However, this water (with its mineral content) is perfectly good for all other purposes, including the swimming pool. The horses and cows do most of their heavy drinking at night and they get this mineral water which is not so valuable for laundry water. Nobody could quite work out this combination so well as Mr. Grier does. It takes constant attention to detail to keep things going in this line without endless difficulty.

Here is an interesting development in this particular department. People continue to laugh about the old "Saturday night bath," and maybe the young folk today think it is just a joke and that it never actually was just that way. We old-timers know differently; we know that the business of bathing was not just a casual event that it is today. It was an occasion; it had to be prepared for and not to be considered lightly. Water had to be gotten together, that water had to be heated, a room had to be arranged for, and a good deal of effort gone into to get that bath on the schedule. Once a week was often enough and in severe winters, a good many weekends went by without the bath.

Well, Barium Springs, up until about 1924, lived strictly by the Saturday night bath, and in the warmer months of the year, a midweek bath was also arranged for. It was not an easy thing even to arrange for those. But along about 1924 two things took place. One was a circulating hot-water system that was installed at Barium, making hot water available every day in the week. The other was the growing popularity of athletics and a vigorous team of any description has to have a bath right afterwards to round out a perfect day. These two things have resulted in a tremendous increase in the use of water at Barium.

In 1922, for instance, one well supplied the water for Barium with 232 children. At the present time it takes three wells working pretty well up to capacity to supply the water needs for 311 children; and nowadays we do not mark on the calendar the days that we take a bath. Most of us take one every day to be sure; and all of this add materially to Mr. Grier's responsibility and work.

Then, after using all that water, it has to go somewhere. And there is where the underground department comes in -- the sewer system. Most of us just don't like to think about that sort of system, but quite often it insists on getting into the picture. When it is stopped, for instance, and sometimes the things on the campus that we admire most bring about these sewer complication. We are referring to our beautiful maple trees.
Now, our campus in the fall of the year is the most beautiful thing in the world. The maple trees with beautiful red leaves; and maple trees with beautiful yellow leaves, and we wouldn't harm one of these maple trees for anything in the world. But the roots from these trees just travel on and on, and they search out a sewer line. If they can find the slightest crevice in that line, they get into the sewer pipes, and before you know it, such a mass of roots has gotten into that sewer that it is stopped up! And then those beautiful maple trees lose some of their popularity, and a few more lines are added to Mr. Grier's face. When this happens, the sewer line just has to be dug up and replaced with cast iron pipes, or the maple trees in that particular vicinity destroyed. We usually just replace with iron pipes.

Our buildings are heated from a central heating plant and this steam circulating system is a complicated thing. When the engineers laid this out, they just treated every building exactly alike, and they did not notice that the Infirmary and the Baby Cottage were on the extreme end of the line. In other words when steam is gotten up, it reaches the school building and the church first. Then Lee's Cottage, Jennie Gilmer, Synod's, Rumple Hall, and finally around to the Infirmary and the Baby Cottage. Now, at night, these are the last buildings for the steam to cease to be effective but that is long after the children have gone to bed, and they wouldn't mind it anyhow because they are asleep then.

Mr. Grier has to arrange for steam to be gotten up early enough in the morning to reach the Baby Cottage and the Infirmary by getting up time, and to continue on at night until the last algebra problem is worked out and the last Latin lesson prepared; and then, he has to watch the coal pile, too. In other words, his judgment has to balance between complaints and coal piles and he usually uses mighty fair judgment in deciding these matters. Just for information, we use between 800 and 900 tons of coal during a normal year.

Mr. Grier has one full-time worker in his department. Will Thomas is his name, who is fireman at the big boiler. He has from four to six boys, usually with one senior, one junior, one sophomore, one freshman and a couple of smaller boys. This crew not only keeps the buildings warm, but they also keep the boiler going at the kitchen that does our cooking; and in addition to shooting trouble, they do the majority of the painting, both inside and out.

Up until the depression came along this crew did all of the painting. A certain amount was done every year and they would get around before a building got too badly in need of paint. During the extreme curtailment of expense during the depression, the purchase of paint for this activity had to be dropped, and
right now, every summer, painters have to be employed to catch up the work that might otherwise have been done by Mr. Grier's group.

Mr. Grier is one of the oldest members of the staff at Barium and is one of the most valuable. To fill his job takes a person with a wide mechanical experience, with most mature and experienced judgment, and above all, he has to be a diplomat. And all of these things, Mr. Grier* is, as well as being one of the greatest influences for good in our Community.

*(Mr. Samuel Andrew Grier, known always as "Mr. Grier" was a graduate of North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College (N.C. A&M) in Raleigh - now N.C. State University. He was a veteran of the Spanish-American War and a much loved, along with his wife, member of the Barium family. After his wife died in the late 1940's, several of WC high school boys would take turns staying at his home with him to keep him company. He was truly the most genuinely humble, Christian man I have ever known. Ed.)
AN ALBUM OF MEMORIES

THE PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME AT BARIUM SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA

SECTION VIII - 1937

29 GRADUATES

ACE MEDAL - LUCILLE BURNEY

POPULATION - 377 CHILDREN, 17 TEACHERS

4 GIRLS, 20 BOYS IN COLLEGE

COLLEGE OF PREFERENCE - GIRLS - FLORA MACDONALD,

BOYS - DAVIDSON
CLASS ROLL
1937

Laura Smith
Leila Johnston
Paul Cornett
George Faison
Grace Roberts
Frederick Elliott
Lugene White
Olive Gaskill
John Donaldson
Arnim East
Lucy Bryant
Ray Clendenin
Bobby Marlowe
Oscar Clark
Willard Drye
Fred O. Johnson
Lucille Burney
Lula Jane Lyons
Clayborne Jessup
Clyde W. Johnson
Robert L. Gallyon
Frances Lowrance
Linda Culp
Fred Lowrance
Julius Kinard
Margaret Hendrix
Ray Norman
Sarah Elizabeth Fort

Mascot: Peggy Neel
Ace Medal: Lucille Burney
CLASS OFFICERS 1937

President-----------------------------Fred Elliott
Vice-President-----------------------Lucy Bryant
Secretary-----------------------------Grace Roberts
Treasurer-----------------------------Jane Lyons
Ass't Business Manager--------------Ray Clendenin
Historian-----------------------------Leila Johnston

Mascot: Peggy Neel
Flowers: Sweet Peas
Motto: "Not luck but pluck."
Dear Pal,

I rode through Barium last night* and I saw the graduating class preparing to march into the auditorium to receive their diplomas just as we did eleven years ago. I stopped and went in, too, and as I sat there I realized that the graduating class was the first grade when we graduated! That fact certainly brought back memories, so when I arrived home I dug up all the old Spotlights and read them from cover to cover.

There were twenty-nine in our graduating class, which was the largest graduating class then. There were ten of us together in the first and second grades and thirteen in the third. About eight of us were together in kindergarten. So our class has always stuck together, and a surprisingly large number of our senior class were there at the beginning.

We began our school career by starting in the first grade when the new school building was really brand new. After the first three years of our history, taught by Miss Mary Hunter, Miss Kate McGoogan, and Mr. R. L. Johnson, respectively, we were ready for the fourth grade. Do you remember how proud we were when we went to the "old school building?" Along with the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades, we went to school from one to five p.m. We had a ten-month school year then, and Miss Fannie Foust was our teacher.

*Had Leila come through Barium on April 25, 1948, she would have been about a month early for graduation. From 1937 to 1948, a nine-month school year had been introduced. Graduation night at Barium in 1948 was May 18. Ed., President, Class of 1948.
Next year, 1931, we were back at the new school building. We were fifth-graders then, and though we never received much notice about our size, there were fifty-one of us. We were divided, part being taught by Miss Irene McDade, and part by Mrs. Emma Hostettler.

Do you remember when we got the reputation of being the worst class in school? We were in the sixth grade, Miss Mary Faye Stevenson was our teacher and we went to school from one to five-thirty p.m. That was the first year that we began to be under State aid. Next year we were divided again, part of us having Miss Gladys Burroughs for our teacher, and part of us having Mrs. John Q. Holton.

In 1933 and 1934, we changed our colors to the proverbial green. We were again divided this year. Eighteen boys and two girls went to school, with Mr. T. L. O'Kelley as the room teacher, from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty p.m. Miss Reba Thompson was the teacher of the eighteen girls and two boys who went to school from one-thirty to six-thirty p.m.

I believe all of us remember our ninth grade. We were a state school and all the grades were together again, the hours being from eight-thirty until two-thirty with an hour for dinner. Miss Reba Thompson was our room teacher and from then on we began to act more like seniors (minus the dignity).

Didn't you enjoy your Junior year? We could enjoy the dignity of near-seniors, but we had little responsibility, except to entertain the Seniors. We raised such a fuss over elections, and there was so much politics that the whole school breathed a sigh
of relief when the elections were over! We were glad to have Miss McDade for our class teacher again.

Finally came September 3, 1936. How we remember the first day of our seniority. Everything went along smoothly, except for the usual storm over class elections. I remember how sorry we were when one of our classmates, who had been with us ever since the second grade, dropped out because of an injury. He graduates with the next year's class, however.

We were so proud of our reputation of being the smartest class in the entire school. Twelve out of twenty-nine made the honor roll one month, and I'm sure at least half of us made it before the year was out.

Our class, as you remember, had many other things to be proud of besides scholastic honors. Twenty-two of us went out for some form of athletics and we had many champions. One boy was state champion in the 100-yard and 220-yard dashes, and another was state champion wrestler. Our class had the mainstays on the football and basketball teams.

Six of our number took piano and there were lots of good voices. We also had the reputation of being the "singingest" class in high school. At the chapel periods in our classroom, we had some good music, with soprano, alto, tenor, and bass. Mr. Calhoun used to come in and sing with us, and we had lots of fun.

We had lots of other honors, too, but I think most of the credit goes to our teacher. Mr. Leroy Sossamon was our room teacher, and he taught us English and French. Mr. R. G. Calhoun taught us Bible and Mr. George Neel taught biology, physics, and general science. Miss McDade taught business arithmetic, and Miss Thompson was in charge of sociology and economics.
Of course we all had our blue Mondays and other blue days, but I think our happy days out-weighed our blue days.

Sincerely,

Leila Johnston
CLASS WILL
1937

We, the Senior Class of Barium Springs High School, 1937, being sound in mind and body, do hereby will and bequeath:

To Barium Springs, our love and devotion, and the sincerest wishes for happiness and prosperity in the years to come.

To Mr. Johnston, our love and appreciation for his interest in us as individuals. We wish him every happiness possible.

To Mr. Sossamon, our gratitude for his patience and co-operation in helping us reach the end of our senior year at Barium.

To the Faculty, our sincerest appreciation for all that you have done for us during our high school days. Also all the luck in the universe for people as "smart" as we are.

To the Juniors, our willing determination to agree, and the dignity that was so easily acquired.

To the Sophomores, all the seats in the Senior room, with the hopes that you have the largest class at Barium.

To the Freshmen, our intellectual ability and our undiscovered secret of keeping quiet.

We, as individuals, bequeath as follows:

I, Leila Johnston, as last of the long line of illustrious Johnstons, do will and bequeath to Nellie Johnston, the letter "t" in my last name, in the hopes that she may make something of it. To Helen Thomas, I will my seat in the Senior Class room, when and if she becomes dignified.

I, George Faison, being of sound mind and possessing most of my mental faculties (I hope), do hereby will and bequeath to Rex
Lewis all my old pants that are now too short, also any old shoes, socks, or razor blades that he finds after I leave. To Eugene Bosworth I will all of my old positions of honor on the campus.

I, Lucile Burney, reluctantly will to Grace Shroyer all my old bobbie pins. May they keep her hair in "kinks" as well as they have mine.

I, Julius Kinard, being crazy, shall will to no one any particular thing. However, due to the custom of willing and bequeathing, I shall will to the Bolton family (including Worth) the last and only shirt of the Kinard family, which has no sleeves, buttons, or tail.

I, Linda Culp, do will and bequeath to Grace Coppedge my brown jacket which she has so faithfully worn during the winter.

I, Ray Clendenin, being in my best state of mind (which is not saying much), do hereby will and bequeath to Elwood Carter my place as "loafer" of the printing office, in hopes he can get out of as much work as I did.

I, Laura Smith, as first to graduate in a family of six, do will and bequeath to my sister, Elmaree, the flower of the family (blooming idiot), my ability to graduate. To the rest of the family the right to use the Smith name, with all the privileges and blessings that go with it.

I, Olive Christine Gaskill, do hereby will and bequeath to Alice Virginia Jones all my old empty candy boxes, hoping that she will not have any competition in the candy business after my departure.

I, Willard Drye, being of a sane mind at the present, do hereby will and bequeath to "Moon" Sigmon my great ability to behave in school and sincerely hope that he is as big a "pet" as I was.
I, Grace Roberts, do hereby will and bequeath to my pal, Nellie Johnson, everything I leave behind. Here's hoping you find a lot, Nellie. To the newcomers of Barium all the good times I had while here.

I, Bobbie Marlowe, do hereby will and bequeath to my brother, Larry, my great intellectual abilities, with hopes that they will be of some use to him in his future work.

I, Margaret Hendrix, have nothing to will—everything that's worth having, I'm taking with me.

I, Janie Lyons, do will and bequeath to Bessie Kennedy and Dot Weeks my room on the first floor. Keep it as clean as Margaret and I have done in the past.

I, Robert Gallyon, being in my usual state of mind, do hereby will and bequeath to Lacy Adcox my ability to be on time at least once a year to feed swine. But don't bluff, Willie!

I, Lugene White, have nothing to will (to Nellie Johnson) but a cracked mirror which has been handed down for the last three graduation classes. Don't forget to pass it on, Nellie.

I, Oscar Clark, do hereby will and bequeath to Jessie Weeks my ability as a hunter to hit every fourth rabbit at which I shoot. Also, I hope he has better luck than I had. He'll need it.

I, Sarah Fort, do will and bequeath to Hazel Miller my room and the job of opening and closing the front door at night and morning, and turning out the hall lights.

I, Clayborne Jessup, in my right state of mind, do hereby will and bequeath to Lee Jessup the place of being the chief "beater outer" of work. To Joe Savage all my used toothbrushes and money I leave, especially that nickel that dropped in one of the numerous traps here.
I, Ray Norman, as a committee of one, do hereby will and bequeath to "Spunky" Edwards that which he wants very much--my bed; to Henry Pittman, my radio ear; to Bessie Kennedy, my black cap. If I have anything else I wish someone would find it for me--I can't.

I, Paul Cornett, being broken in mind and body, do hereby will and bequeath to Pleas Norman all my pleasing personality, in hopes that he may do better than I did.

I, Arnim East, being in my right mind as usual, do hereby will and bequeath to "Tootie" Marlowe all my old western books, and to "Shorty" Beshears my love and razor. Use it but don't slit your throat.

I, Fred Lowrance, being of usual body and in my right mind at the time of this testament, do hereby will to "Coach" Mills, my place in the home car, and to "Runt McLouse" Blue my ability to tickle the tonsils of a piano.

I, John Donaldson, do hereby will and bequeath to "Moon" Sigmon my honored position under Mr. Clark, and to Rex Lewis any old trash that I leave in the room.

I, Lucy Bryant, do hereby will and bequeath to my "big" sister, Lillie, my wonderful athletic ability; to my little sister, Gertrude, my pleasing personality, in hopes that she may accomplish more than I did; to Elmaree Smith, my old room, including all the pictures of Robert Taylor on the walls.

I, Eugene Shannon, do will and bequeath to Nelson Farmer all old junk that I leave behind and to Paul McKenzie, my ability to study hard and make good in school; that is, if the teachers are not looking.

I, Wm. Fred K. Elliott, do hereby will and bequeath to Rex
Lewis and Worth Bolton my place as wrench boy for Mr. Grier and they also may have the privilege of rooming in the dungeon.

I, Clyde Johnson, do hereby will and bequeath to Arthur Roach my duty of feeding the mules on the farm and to John "Rome" Ellis my old scout knife and junk in hopes that he can use them better than I did. To Nellie my place in the eleventh grade.

I, Fred Johnson, do hereby will and bequeath to my only sister, Nellie, my French book and my place as Senior, with hopes that you finish up better than I did. To Bill Martin my ice box and old razor blades. To Henry Allessandrini, my job of operating the cylinder press at the print shop. Be patient Henry.
CLASS PROPHECY
1937

The Senior Class of "37 had been called together by their class teacher, Mr. Leroy Sossamon. We had just had a party and by request I had consented to run a movie of our future lives.

Sh - sh -

We see on the screen our class president, Fred Elliott, and he is Governor of North Carolina. We see an old woman thanking him for pardoning her son. Next we see George Faison, who has become a prominent lawyer, and look who his secretary is--no one but one of our brilliant classmates, Lucile Burney. The scene vanishes and we see people laughing and talking. In the midst of them is Paul Cornett, now a world-famed comedian.

The next scene is in a hospital and there we see a tall, black-headed girl dressed in a white uniform. She is none other than Janie Lyons, who has become head nurse in the Mayo Clinic. At the same time we see a small, light-haired nurse who is rendering service to a patient in Johns Hopkins' Hospital. Yes, you've guessed it. It is Linda Culp, and the eye specialist in the same hospital is Sarah Fort, who is a competent doctor.

The scene turns to where a good-looking young man is giving orders to reporters. This time it is Ray Clendenin who is now editor of The New York Times, and his most dependable reporter is John Donaldson.

Next we see people reading books and exclaiming over them. At the bottom of one book we see the author's name, Leila Davidson Johnston, who has become a noted novelist. Suddenly we see a girl singing over N. B. C. It is Lucy Bryant, accompanied by a famous pianist, Lugene White.
The following scene shows a beautiful estate, and who is the owner, but Robert Gallyon, who is now a rich bachelor living in California. In the same state we see a tall, brown-haired man. It is Ray Norman, who is a prosperous business man.

In the field of sports, we see Clayborne Jessup as track coach of the Olympic Team. He is talking to Fred Johnson who is now Olympic Champion of the one-hundred metre dash.

Next we see Grace Roberts coaching a brilliant girls' basketball team in S. C. We also see Clyde Johnson, Fred's brother, who owns the winning horse in the Kentucky Derby. Clyde has become very wealthy.

The scene flashes to Hollywood, where we see Margaret Hendrix, a leading lady in society, who is now married to a movie director. Here's hoping she'll see more shows.

All at once we see Oscar Clark who is now married. He is a famous explorer of the jungle. Suddenly the scene changes and we see Frances Lowrance, who is a lovely model. We see that she models the clothes that Bobbie Marlowe, a noted designer, designs.

The principal at Barium Springs, as we see, is Eugene Shannon. Julius Kinard is the minister at Little Joe's Church.

In Greensboro we see Laura Smith who is now owner of a beauty shop.

Arnim East at Washington, D. C. has become head of the G-men. He has realized his one ambition.

The scene flashes now to Willard Drye, who is now head of the Greyhound Bus Lines. Willard was a good truck driver at Barium.

A flash -- and then we see Fred Lowrance, who is speaker in the House of Representatives. Fred always was a good speaker.
I was ready to turn off the projector when one of our brilliant classmates said to wait and see what the future held for me. There we saw Olive Gaskill as air hostess on a passenger plane on the Trans-Atlantic Lines.

---Olive Gaskill, Class Prophet
"Small Town Romeo" was the name of the Senior Class play given at Barium on March 25 and 26, 1937, but it was played in a "big-time" way by the boys and girls who had been selected to perform in this rollicking three-act comedy. The first performance on Friday night was given for all of the children at the Orphanage, while the second one was a paid-admission affair for the workers and other friends. The profit from the play will probably go into a Senior Class gift to the Home.

Those participating and others having a hand in making this production so entertaining are as follows:

CHARACTERS: Joe Stanford, a breezy young playwright, Geo. Faison; Sly Perkins, the village constable, Willard Drye; Bud Williams, the village mechanic, Fred Lowrance; Morton Kendall, the village miser, Fred Elliott; L. B. Lloyd, the mysterious guest, David Spencer; Betty Braxton, the young owner of the hotel, Frances Lowrance; Sarah Higgens, the spinster maid-of-all work, Leila Johnston; Miss Gates, another mysterious guest, Olive Gaskill; Jane Hastings, the village banker's daughter, Margaret Hendrix; Anna Aldrich, the village school teacher, Bobby Marlowe.

DIRECTION: Leroy Sossamon.


PROPERTIES: Lucile Burney, Sarah Fort, Fred Johnson, Lugene White, Eugene Shannon.

SCRIPT-HOLDER: Linda Culp.

HOUSE-MANAGEMENT: Clayborne Jessup, Jane Lyons, Julius Kinard, Grace Roberts.
CIVIC CLUBS ENTERTAINED AT BARIUM
April 1937

(From the Statesville Daily and The Statesville Record.)

The fourteenth annual get-together dinner meeting of the civic clubs of Statesville and Mooresville was held in Rumple Hall, Presbyterian Orphans' Home, Barium Springs, Friday evening at 6:30 o'clock.

General Manager Jos. B. Johnston was master of ceremonies and he was joined by Mrs. Johnston and members of the Orphanage household in making the visitors feel perfectly at home. The Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs of both Mooresville and Statesville and the Lions Club of Statesville were represented, the members of these clubs having numerous guests. There were more than 500 people seated at the tables in the spacious dining hall, and they were served by the girls of the home. The food which was served in superabundance was composed almost entirely of the products of the orphanage farm and dairy—a most pleasing repast to which the people of Statesville and Mooresville look forward with delightful anticipation each year.

The main dining room of the institution was filled to capacity with club members, their families and guests, as well as the children and officials of the home, and the tables were plentifully supplied with a menu that would tickle the palate of the most fastidious of gourmands.

"Gone with the Wind," Margaret Mitchell's story of the South during Civil War days was used as a fitting motif in arranging the menu which consisted of PORK sausage, ASHLEY Ham, RHETT Grits, PRISSY Peas, GENERAL STARVATION ELIMINATORS (Sweet Potatoes),...
TARLETON TWIN Rolls, O'HARA Ice Cream and SCARLET Cake, LEYDON HOUSE Coffee with MELANIE Sugar and ELLEN cream, BONNIE BLUE MILK, the whole meal developing into "Civic Battle Between the Teeth."

Anyone who has read this book will see the similarity of the titles.

A refreshing program of entertainment by the boys and girls of the orphanage is always a feature of the meeting, but this year the program was unique, something entirely different from any heretofore presented.

In the first scene, a group of boys appeared on the rostrum, each naming some Statesville or Mooresville man as his ideal, expressing the desire when he becomes grown-up to be like his ideal.

St. Patrick, attired in the traditional green, promised the boys that their wishes would be granted, that they would have the opportunity to "change places" with the business men of the two principal Iredell towns, and in the next scene the aspiring youths appeared on the stage, each impersonating his ideal. This was a striking scene, the boys actually resembling their ideals in dress, in demeanor and in walk.

No public announcement was made, but it was later learned that Miss Anne Fayssoux Johnston is the author of this unique play. Miss Laura Gray Greene was piano accompanist, and the directors were Mrs. R. E. Jackins and Miss Anne Fayssoux Johnston.

The cast of characters included Dr. Wallace Hoffmann, represented by Ray Lewis.

Lewis Twins (John and Henry Lewis) represented by Tom and Jack McCall, twin brothers.

Z. V. Turlington of Mooresville--Mott Price.

Hugh Mitchell's Yes-Man--Frank Denson.
Fuller Sams--Gastone Alessandrini.
Fred Sherrill--Miller Blue.
C. V. Henkel--Jimmy Stafford.
Dick Hall--Bobby Whittle.
Walter Culbreth--Thomas Morgan.
Special Delivery Messenger Boy--Billy Everett.
Rev. Lewis Thornburg--Marshall Norris.
Bob Collier--Cecil Starling.
Norman Schiff--Vance Smith.
Karl Rogers--David Flowers.
June Scarborough--Paul Horn.
June Scarborough's bevy of girls--Louise Brock, Martha Price, Marie Morgan, Mary Alice Stevens, Jackie Newnam, Betty Williams.
St. Patrick--Tommy Linsday.
Other features of the delightful program included a reading, "When I'm Sweet Sixteen," by Betty Whittle.
A song, "I Can Hardly Wait Until I Get To Be A Man," rendered by a group of small boys composed of Charles Barrett, Grady Mundy, John Ammons, Scott Blue, Earl Allen, Dwight Spencer, Amos Hardy, Harvey Stricklin.
A song, "When I Grow Up," by Myrtle Rushing, soloist, with a chorus including Hannah Price, Betty Lou Hooten, Virginia Presnall, Doris Gantt, Betty Williams, Helen Vinson, Mattie Pearl Denson.
The clothes department is in two parts, all housed in the same building. The first part is clothes-making and the second is keeping these same clothes clean -- the Laundry. This building was donated and equipped by Mr. C. W. Johnston of Charlotte in 1922. It has been in constant everyday use for 15 years, and most of the equipment originally furnished is still in use and in good condition.

We will describe the sewing room first: It is Miss Mona Clark who has been in continuous charge of this department for 14 years. (Although she doesn't look it.) She has 12 girls with which to work, and the system now used is quite different from that of just a few years ago.

Our school system is now for eight months with a full day's work in school -- not a half day, as it used to be; and no girls are available for work in the sewing room during the winter months until 2:45 p.m. This makes a very short day. And when time is taken out for music, for basketball practice, for play rehearsing, and the many other interruptions that come along during the winter months, it is extremely difficult to carry on the work necessary in this department.

For this reason, it has been found advisable for the sewing room to take its vacation in the winter. So it is closed during January and February, and operates through most of the summer months.

As this is written, the sewing room is flourishing, and Miss Clark is busy breaking in the new-comers to this department -- the rising senior class.

The machines in the sewing room are each equipped with a separate motor. There are eight machines, one hemstitching machine, and one small machine for special work. When a girl first comes to work here, she is taught the manipulations of this highly complicated machine, and as soon as she can
begin to sew in a straight line, she is put to work hemming sheets, tablecloths, pillow cases, and such straight work as that. The next job is making pajamas. Now, pajamas ought to be carefully made, but so few people see your mistakes in pajama making that this is the next step in training in the sewing room. Maybe it's a good thing that no one has to make a parade in this garment, because sometimes the buttons are sewed on the wrong side, and the legs do not all point in the same direction.

However, none of them is so badly made as to disturb our sleep, and after practicing up on this, the girls are ready for their next course. This is in making the plainer dresses and aprons. Then, the more complicated garments are made and in this class are the smocks which look so attractive for everyday wear.

By the time the new class of girls have reached this stage, they are ready to take on the making of "boxes." We want to explain about those boxes in detail. Back a number of years ago, when life was a so-much simpler matter, whenever a child entered the Orphanage, someone volunteered to clothe that particular child. Once or twice a year a box was sent in to this child, containing the necessary garments for the next six months. A very intimate contact existed between the "Clothing People" and that particular child.

However, as time went on and people became busier, it was found so much easier to just send the material or the money, instead of sending the actual garments made to fit. That was when the necessity for a sewing room arose. Right now, considerably more than half of the girls are clothed from the sewing room, but we try to have them retain some of the pleasures that were attached to this old "Box" idea. So when a matron sends in the measurements and list of clothes needed for a child, the sewing room makes up that box just as though it was being sent in from the outside. The average box contains
three dresses. One is for Sunday and two for everyday wear, two aprons, and about 14 other garments of a more or less intimate nature, all of which are made in the sewing room.

Then, Mr. Lawrence puts in the shoes and the stockings and the box is sent complete to the child for whom it is intended. They are just as proud as though the box had come from some individual outside.

When this box-making starts, it is a busy time in the sewing room. It is something like threshing time on the farm. They will take a cottage at a time, fix up every child in that cottage before they stop, and then they take another cottage. Before a cottage is started on, however, the matron of that cottage checks over and sees how many hand-me-down garments she has. The youngsters here have a habit of growing out of their clothes faster than they wear them out; that is, most of them are that way.

And some of these good outgrown garments just fit a smaller youngster, or it will fit them with just a slight alteration. These alterations are made in the sewing room.

Now in addition to that, new children are coming in all the time but mainly during the summer. Some of them are well outfitted with clothes. The neighbors have attended to that before they came. Others are badly in need of an outfit. These are fixed right away. There also seems to be an endless demand for curtains, laundry bags, smocks, pillow cases, and even horse-blankets! You would not think the farm would make a demand on the sewing room and yet they do. There are covers for the threshing machine; cloths to catch the shattered wheat during the threshing time, etc. All have to be made in the sewing room.

The sewing room is one of the most attractive places on the campus. Our oldest girls work there. That's one reason why it is attractive. It is
a quiet place. The girls actually have a chance to talk to each other, and this is the only big group of girls where this can be done. There is no chance to do this in the dish hall where dishes are being washed, on account of the clatter. There is not much chance in the laundry because of the noise of the machinery there, but in the quiet of the sewing room it is so easy to catch up on these conversations that may have backed up in their systems for four or five years.

The sewing room is full of beautiful ferns. Miss Clark has a way with flowers, just as she has with clothes, and they seem to grow most luxuriously there. Then there are a few electrical fans that lend an air of comfort, especially during the summer months. They didn't just happen there, but are the results of the girls doing extra work and paying for these things that make their summer days so much more comfortable. We always have been proud of our sewing department. It is a job that has to be kept on a high level at all times. We want our girls to look good at all times, and that is one desire in which they agree with us. That's why we are all interested in the sewing room.

Our schools give us a head full of knowledge; our dining room gives us a full stomach; maybe our sewing room gives us all an eyeful. The sewing does have its big part in helping turn out a well-groomed product from our Home.

And now, the laundry: It is a pity that clothes just will not stay clean. You remember about the little boy who grumbled about having to wash his hands with soap. He said it made the water so dirty when he used soap. He could not be made to believe that the dirt was on his hands! Well, the laundry is a most necessary place, even if the younger children don't see the need of it. Once a week, a heavy wash goes from Jennie Gilmer, Lee's, Alexander, Synod's,
Lottie Walker, Howard, Annie Louise, and the Infirmary, and twice a week, from the Baby Cottage and the dining room.

Those tablecloths! They just will get dirty. Milk will jump out of the pitchers and glasses and slosh on the tablecloths. Molasses will get on it and gravy just seems to prefer jumping out of a gravy dish every time you have a perfectly clean tablecloth. The tablecloths have to be changed at least twice a week in our big dining room and that means 44 tablecloths have to be washed.

The laundry is equipped with two big washing machines, a dryer, a return apron mangle, two presses, and a whole flock of ironing boards. During the school months, Mrs. Lackey, with Miss Overcash to assist; and two colored women, run the laundry during school hours. Just as soon as school is out, 12 girls — go into the laundry while the two colored women proceed to clean up the school buildings. Of these girls, three run the washers, the wringer, and the drying machine. Three run the mangle, two to feed it, one to fold, and from four to six are at work on the ironing boards. This is one busy department. Not only is there a lot of work to be done, but it must be done so carefully. If you want to hear a howl of protest, just listen to a Jennie Gilmer boy opening his laundry bag and finding some of the Baby Cottage clothes therein! And that happens if the work is not carefully done.

This laundry group usually finishes its work in the summer time by Thursday noon. They spend Thursday afternoon in cleaning up the laundry. In the winter time, it is late Thursday afternoon before the work is completed. One of the reasons why they work so hard to finish off Thursday is because on Friday afternoon there is usually a football game to go to, and the laundry crowd are the most enthusiastic rooters for the Barium team.

The laundry girls do a lot of extra work, too. Some of the workers who live at Barium have their laundry done there. This money does not go to the
individual girls, but it goes into a fund, and from this fund is paid the expenses for special trips, picture shows, or such things as that. Usually there's about $75 a year that the laundry girls really set up for the rest of the family. The laundry girls also take care of a lot of flowers and potted plants that adorn different places on the campus, and that need a safe place to go through the winter.

The laundry is rather a warm place, especially in the summer; and for that reason the laundry girls become expert swimmers. It is surprising how good that pool feels after a day in the laundry! Mrs. J. D. Lackey is the matron in charge of the laundry. Mrs. Lackey's husband was at one time in charge of the farm at Barium. Her children have grown up in the Barium school. One of them became quite famous as a Statesville football player; then at McCallie and after that at Georgia Tech. And another son will be heard from at Georgia Tech this year.
No department of Barium Springs has undergone more changes in the last 15 years than our school. We believe that a description of these changes will help you to realize just what our school is today.

Let's commence with the fall of 1924. At that time, Mr. T. L. O'Kelly was secured as principal, coming to Barium from Westminster School in Rutherford County. He set about the monumental task of strengthening all the departments in the high school. We were weak in mathematics, in languages and in English.

Mr. O'Kelly first strengthened the mathematics department, then the language and finally the English. During his years here, from the fall of 1924 until commencement of 1935, there was a consistent improvement in our entire school system, especially in the high school.

During those years, the Orphanage school was run on a half-day system. The fourth, sixth, seventh and half of the eighth grades went to school in the afternoon; the others went to school in the mornings.

School started at 7:30 and continued until 12:00; then from 1:00 p.m. to 5:00. The children who went to school in the afternoon worked in the morning; and those who went to school in the morning worked in the afternoon. All of the work was carried out in this way with just grown people enough to supervise and direct the work.

It required one or two more teachers under this system than we have been using since, but there were some splendid features connected with it. The children really learned to do work in a more thorough manner under that system than under the present one. There were more failures in school and less time to really devote to the school work, but the whole thing totaled up as a valuable arrangement.
In 1932, there was a big agitation for the Orphanage to go into the state school system and the following fall this was attempted. At first, the idea was for the state to pay the teachers and for the Orphanage to furnish everything else. During the first year, the state did provide for a few teachers with everything else going along as usual. It was a nine months' school term, the state assisting with eight of these months.

Then, it was found necessary to conform to the state hours and length of term. We had to lengthen the hours of the day and shorten the term to eight months.

This brought about complications. We were unable to get into our regular half-day periods the hours required by the state. For one year we attempted to lengthen these. We started school at 7:30 in the mornings and taught until one o'clock. We started the afternoon session at 2:00 and taught until 6:30. We had supper at 7:30, then study hour, and the youngsters finally got to bed about 10 o'clock.

One year of this arrangement was enough to convince us that it was entirely impractical. We were forced with two propositions. One was to go on a full day school plan; the other was to drop the state school system entirely.

The decision was made to teach the full day, and for the last three years this has been the plan. School starts at 8:30 and runs until 2:30 in the afternoon, with an hour-and-a-half study hour at night.

This has tended to improve our school. There are fewer failures, more honor roll candidates and possibly a fresher, livelier bunch of youngsters in classes. However, on the other hand, it has practically eliminated group work. Only the dairy boys and the dining room girls continue their full assignments. The work of these departments has been described in detail, and we
won't attempt to go into that. For all the others, their work time is only from 2:30 in the afternoon until 5:00. The many interruptions in this particular time make it total up very little actual work done by the children during the school term.

As far as the boys are concerned, they catch up when school is out, and some of the girls' departments do likewise.

We don't want to bring in a description of the other departments too much on this, as this article is mainly about the schools.

In building up our school, various departments were added. The commercial department; then domestic science, then kindergarten after the Baby Cottage was added to the Orphanage, and three extra teachers for coaching backward students and for ungraded rooms. During this time there was once when the Orphanage had 377 children enrolled and 17 teachers in all the departments of the school.

The first and second grades were combined. Thus there were six teachers below the high school and five teachers in the high school, including the principal. Sometimes the state pays four of these high school teachers and sometimes three, depending on the average daily attendance, and the average daily attendance of the Troutman High School, of which Barium is technically a part. The past year the state paid for three high school and five grade teachers, eight out of a total of 12.

For the last two years, Mr. R. G. Calhoun has been principal and has worked out plans in connection with the state department in a most satisfactory manner. During the last year, we were able to increase the number of teachers in the grammar school, which allows one teacher for each grade. The work of the whole department of the grammar school, of course, ends up with the seventh grade. We are glad to state that the statewide examinations that are given the seventh grade have shown up our school in a most commendable way ever since these
examinations have been given. The Barium Springs' seventh grade has led Iredell County for five years hand-running. Mrs. J. Q. Holton teaches the seventh grade and is the senior member of our faculty. She seems to be the member of the faculty whom the graduates remember longest and oftenest.

We wish we could insert extracts from letters from these graduates in this article.

The burden of these letters conveys this idea: That Mrs. Holton is the person who really made these more or less irresponsible students realize the necessity and the way to study. She was the one who trained them into the habits that made their high school careers a success. They did not realize that she was doing this to them at the time, but they do realize it after leaving school.

The size of the graduating classes has shown a change; also their complexion. Back in the early twenties, there were usually six or seven in a graduating class and at least three-fourths of these were girls. We had almost arrived at the idea that "book-larnin" was sissy. However, along about this time Barium commenced to take an interest in athletics, too, and the boys began to realize that an education, far from being sissy, was the door to some of the reddest-blood activity open to any man. The size of the graduating classes has steadily increased and the proportion of the boys and girls has changed until now one or two more boys than girls graduate. The average class now numbers 20.

At times a group of girls will want to go to college, but as a general thing, there are more boys seeking higher education than girls. At the present time, there are four girls and 20 boys in the various colleges.

Flora Macdonald is the most popular college for the girls; Davidson for the boys.
Barium does not have a full time physical director. The work of this particular individual is divided up among the members of the faculty, and one member of the Orphanage staff other than the faculty.

The debating, declamation and activities of this kind are under the sponsorship of Mr. LeRoy Sossamon, our English teacher. Some interesting statistics on our school are inserted below.

Right now, we are arranging to put back domestic science into our curriculum. If we had put off writing this article for another 12 months, we believe a number of additional interesting things could be included.

Take a look at the high school faculty whose likenesses are displayed in this issue. We don't know how they look to you, but we believe they are the best in North Carolina.

One of the big achievements of the high school, principally the senior class, is the publication of The Spotlight, our High School Annual. You would have to see a copy of this fine book to appreciate. The first issue was in 1924 and has been published continuously ever since.
This article describes the Social Service Department; its activities touch all phases of Orphanage life. In some ways it is the most important department, and yet it is one that very few Orphanages had until about ten years ago. It was only after we commenced to use case work that we discovered how very important it was. People who run hospitals wonder how they ever got along without x-ray machines or departments for strictly diagnostic work. Well, that is the way Orphanages feel about case work.

In 1926 a case worker was added to the staff at Barium Springs, and then shortly afterward we wrote an article on this work. The pamphlet was called "CASE WORK, WHAT IS IT? AND WHY?" Much to our surprise, there were calls for the pamphlet from all over the United States, and believe it or not--Australia. In the preparation for this article we have re-read that ancient pamphlet, and it still sounds like pretty good reading. We will quote the first paragraph which attempts to define Case Work:

"Case Work as used by Orphanages is simply the careful investigation of the individual application, by someone who is thoroughly trained in the aims and purposes of the institution he or she serves, and all the other agencies for child relief operating in the territory for which the application arises."

Now, that is a splendid definition as far as it goes, but it covers only one-third of the duties of the case worker.

In order to get started with this article, however, we will concentrate on the definition for a while. Applications pour in to Barium Springs at the rate of about 150 per year, involving from 300 to 500 children. Most of these applications come with a recommendation from pastors, church officers, Auxiliary
members, or other interested church members. Some applications come to us from Welfare Departments. Other applications come to us from parents themselves or other relatives. Without a Case Worker, we would just take the first 60 children, who would fill up a year's vacancies, and say "No" to the balance.

However, with a Case Worker, these applications are taken, they are investigated, relatives are interviewed, the purposes of the Orphanage explained, and other forms of relief are gone into, with a net result that over half of these applications are taken care of by the relatives themselves without going any further.

The next largest number are taken care of through some other form of relief, principally State Mothers' Aid. Quite a number of others are cleared up simply by an explanation of what the Orphanage is trying to do. Some people actually think they are doing the Orphanage a favor when they recommend children for entry here, and we have actually been urged to advertise the Orphanage in periodicals just as though it were a preparatory school.

The Case Worker, in investigating the cases, gets to know the children. She gets to know the relatives and the neighbors and the neighborhood from which each family of children comes. When a family is accepted, the Case Worker quite often is the only person at Barium whom they have ever seen before. Hers is the one familiar face that they see on their arrival here.

When relatives visit the Orphanage, quite often the Case Worker is the only person with whom they have any sort of an acquaintance. It is through her that other contacts are made.

The Case Worker's table in the dining room is always filled up with the newcomers. She introduces them to the other children. That leads us to a description of the second duty of the Case Worker; i.e., the contact-person
with the relatives of the children here with the old home. All during a child's stay at Barium the Case Worker visits the old home at every opportunity possible, keeping in touch with parents or other relatives. She takes first-hand news, she arranges vacations and visits, and explains so many things to these relatives that might otherwise appear awkward and unfair. She is the one--more than any other person--who keeps cordial relations alive between the old home and the temporary home.

There are numerous occasions when misunderstandings with children have been straightened out by a visit to a relative.

This duty leads up to the third and possibly the most important of the Case Worker's duties, keeping in contact with the children after they leave here.

One of the most frequent questions asked us is this: "What do you do with your children when they graduate?" The opinion seems to be in so many quarters that when a child is graduated or reaches the age for leaving the Orphanage he is handed his hat and a bundle of clothes and put out of the front door and the door locked behind him. Such is not the case. Contacts are made with the relatives or with the people with whom he will likely work. After the boy or girl leaves, many visits are made to see how they are getting along, to help them make changes in their work and in many ways play the part of "Big Brother" to the youngsters who are trying their wings for the first time.

From this brief description, you can see the three-fold duties of the Social Service Department: That of investigation and diagnosis of applications; that of liaison officer between the Orphanage and the homes from which the children come; and that of a Big Brother lending a helping hand to those who are attempting to make their first contacts on their own. Quite a job!
In addition to this, there are many other duties. Let us enumerate:

First, since the Case Worker is familiar with the health situation in families before they come to Barium, it is perfectly natural that she should assist and keep a check on health measures for those children after they enter. Second, the keeping of records, case histories, health charts, school records, etc., that are necessary to give an accurate picture of the child's past, present and an indication of its future.

A boy or girl joins the Church. That fact eventually finds its way into the child's history. When a boy or girl earns a letter in any of the sports, that fact is noted on the social record of the child. Any illness or any operation is also placed in the records. A result of the annual clinics, in the weighing and measuring, becomes a part of the record in this department.

One other thing that has been added in recent years is a photographic history of each family. This is one of the most interesting and informative things that you can imagine. Every summer each family group has a kodak picture made of it and one of these kodak pictures is placed in the Case History of that particular family. A person can look at these pictures and check most accurately the yearly progress of that family. Here is an interesting thing: One of these pictures located a sick child. It was when we were studying these pictures that we noted a dejected appearance on a little girl who was very vivacious when spoken to. It was only when she relaxed in having her picture taken that her run-down appearance was noted. With this clue and others, the child was found to be quite ill and the necessary measures were adopted to restore her to health. Later pictures told quite a different story.

Barium Spring's first Case Worker was Miss Frances Steele. She came to us from Georgia where she had done similar work for the Red Cross. She
served seven years, with the exception of one year, at which time she was in New York taking a special course in this particular work. While she was away, Miss Portia Mengert did her duties. Miss Steele deserves credit for installing a most valuable system of records that we use at Barium and which have been copied by a number of other institutions. She is now the head of the Child Welfare Service in Georgia.

Our present Case Worker came to Barium in 1934. She is Miss Rebekah Carpenter. She had been pastor's assistant in Lexington, and she has served most acceptably.

A Case Worker is a person who has to grow into the job. She becomes acquainted with all the new children whose applications she investigates. As years go by, she eventually becomes acquainted with all the children in the Orphanage and their families. At the present time Miss Carpenter has investigated the applications of half of the children who are at Barium. She knows their relatives better than any person here. She has visited the homes of practically all the other children and of the graduates for the last three years.

As Miss Steele faced the tremendous job of installing a system and breaking in a new job, Miss Carpenter has the tremendous job of adjusting our work to the new laws that have been passed during the past year.

For a number of years North Carolina has had a small Mother's Aid appropriation. It was not nearly enough to take care of all the families that might have been served with a Mother's Aid grant.

But this year, commencing July 1, 1937, the State, together with the Federal Government, is launching a program that should care for every family that has broken down from financial reasons alone. No child with a good mother should have to come to the Orphanage.
cheerful about it because she can see possibly better than any one else, the actual work that the Orphanage is doing. She remembers, more than any other person on the Orphanage staff, the situation when the children were in their deepest need, and she followed them right on through until she sees those same children step out into the world ready to do their part without handicap and with their chins up.

Maybe that's why the children feel a little differently toward the Case Worker than toward anyone else. They look on her as a member of their family, and they rely on her to do things for them and to interpret things for them as long as they stay at Barium.

The best known person at Barium among the Auxiliaries, Sunday Schools and the other organizations of the Church is Ernest Milton. The best known person among the Clothing Folks and those who send money is Miss Lulie Andrews, the bookkeeper and clothing secretary--the person who signs those receipts. The best person to people that have something to sell is J. H. Lowrance, the assistant superintendent and the purchasing agent. The best known persons among the various teams that meet Barium teams are the coaches. But, the person whom visiting relatives always ask for is Miss Carpenter. All these other folks might come and go without seeing her but relatives, never.

When Homecoming Day comes around and the oldtimers come back, their day is not complete without a reunion with the Case Worker. Her work covers the admission of children, it affects their lives here and it is their contact with the Orphanage after they leave.

For 25 years we got along without a Case Worker. Then we found out that, by adding this one person to the staff, the effectiveness of the Orphanage work was practically doubled. If you don't believe it, write and get one of those pamphlets that we referred to in such a complimentary way in the first part of this article. We still have a few on hand.
For the past year or more, we have been writing special articles on the various departments, and we published last month the final one of this series; but when we commenced to sum up the situation, we found that we had left out the most important group of workers at the institution.

They do not belong primarily to any department, and yet, they have a greater effect on the children passing through the institution than any other group of workers employed. They are the House Mothers or Matrons.

Let us introduce them to you: Miss Maggie Adams is the head matron and in charge of the High School girls as her particular responsibility. At the same time, she has general oversight of the other House Mothers. She lives at the Lottie Walker Building, and there are usually from 50 to 70 girls under her care.

Miss Mildred Stevenson is the matron in Rumple Hall, and she has from 32 to 40 girls under her care, ranging in age from 12 to 16 years. They are the dining room crew.

Miss Verna Woods is the Howard Cottage matron, and she has 28 girls from eight to fourteen years of age.

Miss Kate McGoogan is the Annie Louise matron, with from 32 to 36 girls from six to ten years of age.

Mrs. J. K. McGirt is the Baby Cottage matron and has from 20 to 25 boys and girls from two to six years of age. How would you like that job?

Miss Kate Taylor is the Synod Cottage matron with 32 to 36 boys from six to ten years of age.

Miss Elizabeth Reid is Alexander matron with 35 to 40 boys from 10 to 16 years of age.
Miss Mary Turner is Lee's Cottage matron with 32 boys from 10 to 16 years of age.

Jennie Gilmer Cottage, of high school boys, does not have a matron, but Miss Nannie Johnston is housekeeper, and performs a good many duties that fall to the matrons of other cottages.

Now, all a matron has to do is to be in her cottage 24 hours a day to see that her children get up in time for breakfast, that they are properly clothed, that they arrive at breakfast on time, that they get to school on time, that they spend the necessary time on their books, that they change their school clothes to their work clothes for their period of work in the afternoon, that they come in from their recreation hour on time, that they get to supper on time, that they get to bed on time, that they are in good health, that they sleep well, that they get up in a good humor, that they are toned down when they are too exuberant and cheered when they are despondent, and then, in addition to these duties, she must always have time to listen to a child's grievance and to clear up misunderstanding between the children and between the children and grown-ups.

They take the place of a mother in a home for these very much enlarged families.

Visitors to Barium see the children in school, or in the dining room or in their work groups, and no doubt think of the Orphanage as one big family. We are not exactly one big family, but nine big families, and we live in a little village where these families come into rather intimate contact with each other. These families have the same problems that an ordinary family has. Sometimes these problems are magnified tremendously by the number of people involved, and the smooth running of these families is largely in the hands of the matrons.
At the beginning of the Orphanage work very little attention was paid to the kind of matron employed. If she was willing to work for little enough money and if she was strong and could retain discipline with a strong hand, she was pretty apt to be a successful matron. Not so very much intelligence was required of her but a good strong back.

Even in those beginnings of the Orphanage work there were some most excellent women doing the work of matrons. In fact, it was the success of these few that pointed the way to the present stage when much more is required of a matron and so much more consideration is given her.

Now, the matron is recognized as the key person in the whole Orphanage set-up. She is the person that comes in more intimate contact with the children. She has more to do with their training and the shaping of their thoughts. She is in the lives of the children in her family if she is a good matron. She rejoices when they rejoice and grieves when they grieve. She has a tremendously lot of work to do -- the sort of work that is wearing on most folks -- and yet she must never grow tired. She must get up in the morning as though the day that was breaking were the day that she had lived all her life to greet. And she needs to impart to her family of boys and girls some of this enthusiasm so they will look forward to the day not as a hum-drum repetition of other days, but as a new experience crowded with new opportunities and pleasures.

A good matron can't help but love the children under her care and yet she must not have pets. And you don't know what a temptation it is to have pets, among the children.

Barium Springs is extremely fortunate in her matrons. They are a loyal, congenial group of women, and to describe them in detail would be to describe just what the ideal of an Orphanage matron should be. There have been many
complimentary things said about the children at Barium Springs, about their success in the things that they undertake to do, their likeability and their good citizenship. We all like to take some credit to ourselves for these things, but we must hand the largest share to the matrons. An institution may have the finest equipment in the world, and money without end, and still not do a satisfactory work if they do not have a staff of good, unselfish, Christian women as their matrons, or Cottage mothers. An Orphanage may have the finest organization and the best of training in the various trades and professions, but if that foundation of all things in the cottage is weak, the work of the Orphanage will be weak.

The different Orphanages in this section of the country have different systems. Some of them have children of both sexes and all ages in one cottage, having naturally, a small group to each cottage, with its separate dining room, making it more like the ordinary home than the system that others employ. A child will enter a cottage of this kind, and he or she stays there until they finish their sojourn of the Orphanage. The other extreme is for a child to enter an Orphanage and stay in a cottage with other children of near one age and then move up to a cottage of older children. They do look forward to the time of promotion to another cottage where they are given more duties and have more pleasures.

Both systems have their advantages. The latter is used at Barium, not so much from choice but because of the arrangement of the buildings and the practice that has been employed for so many years.

If we could change, it is doubtful if we would. Some children seem to thrive and develop faster under these promotions. A child that is not such a good child under one matron may develop into a very good child under another
matron. Their natures just do not seem to always adjust to each other.

The work of a good matron is never lost, no matter how the appearance may be. A child may not progress under a matron but later years will establish the fact that she has made an impression for good on that child.

The job of teaching the Bible is now largely the duty of the matron. The Bible, unfortunately, has not been in evidence in our schools to the extent that it was formerly and a larger part of this duty has devolved on the matron. Many other things devolve on the matron. In fact, every incomplete job of any department naturally comes back on the matron. A child's first lessons of loyalty are learned in the cottage. There is a strong feeling of loyalty between matron and children. If you don't believe it, watch a basketball game between Lee's and Alexander Cottages. It is always best to have a good many people between these two matrons, as in their enthusiasm they might become too vigorous in their cheering.

How do the children feel toward their matron? Well, it would be illuminating to sit and listen to some of the conversations when matrons are under discussion. Most of the youngsters are positive that their own particular matron is the best ever. And we are inclined to agree with all of them.

One time a visitor to Barium, when he was asked what he thought was the distinguishing trait of the young people at Barium, said: "They act as though they expect people to be good to them."

Well, other people have commented on the same thing, and when you come to think of it, that feeling must have been inspired by their associations with their matrons. And I think we cannot add much by way of compliment to that particular statement.
HONOR ROLL
1937

SEVENTH MONTH

First Grade--Ernestine Baldwin, Charles Barrett.
Second--Dallas Ammons, Helen Hawley, Edgar Long, Hannah Price,
        Myrtle Rushing, Lucile Smith, Dwight Spencer.
Third--Billy Everett.
Fourth--Jean Fletcher, Lillie Belle Smith, Betty Williamson.
Fifth--Beulah Baldwin, Evelyn Coppedge, Bobby Whittle.
Sixth--Joe Ben Gibbs, Myrtle Mills, Margaret Presnell, Mott Price,
        Betty Whittle.
Seventh--Emma Eudy, Sarah Parcell.
Ninth--Rufus Long.
Tenth--Miller Blue, Eugene Bosworth.
Eleventh--Lucy Bryant, Lucile Burney, John Donaldson, Clayborne
        Jessup, Leila Johnston, Julius Kinard, Grace Roberts,
        Eugene Shannon, Laura Smith, David Burney.

TWO HIGHEST--SEVENTH MONTH

First Grade--Ernestine Baldwin, Charles Barrett.
Second--Dallas Ammons, Myrtle Rushing.
Third--Billy Everett, Esau Davis.
Fourth--Lillie Belle Smith, Betty Williamson.
Fifth--Beulah Baldwin, Bobby Whittle.
Sixth--Mott Price, Betty Whittle.
Seventh--Emma Eudy, Sarah Parcell.
Eighth--Mary Adams, Mary Penn Lindsay.
Ninth--Rufus Long, Nancy Parcell.
Tenth--Miller Blue, Nellie Johnson, Marley Sigmon.
Eleventh--Lucile Burney, Leila Johnston.
HONOR ROLL

October 1937

There were 27 who made the honor roll in October. Apparently, the boys and girls required a little time to assiduously apply themselves to their studies, but now such application has been made and they are in their regular school stride. Therefore, there could be a substantial increase in the number last month. Those 27 honor roll children in October are as follows:

First -- Herbert Good


Third--Myrtle Rushing

Fourth--Esau Davis

Fifth--Betty Williamson

Sixth--Billie Ammons and Leland Rogers

Seventh--Joe Ben Gibbs and Mott Price

Eighth--Sarah Parcell

Ninth--William Brock and Arthur Roach

Tenth--Henry Alessandrini, Alexander Edwards, Arthur Sigmon, and Helen Thomas

MUSIC CLUB
November 1937

The Saint Cecelia Music Club met October 21, 1937, and the following program was enjoyed by the members of the club:

"Whims"--Schumann, Hattie Michael.

"Sing, Robin, Sing"--Spaulding, Ernestine Garrett and Miss Greene.

"Dream River"--Kern, Helen Thomas.

Reading of Life of Stephen Foster and playing of "Old Black Joe," Betty Miller.

"Curious Story"--Stephen Heller, Mary Duffie Coppedge.

"Moment Musical"--Schubert, Johnnie Burgin and Martha Kinard.

"Amarillis," Alice Jones.

Song "Boblink"--J. W. Bischaff, Miss McKethan.

The program was concluded by a musical contest conducted by Hattie Michael and Lucille Norris.

The new club officers are:

President--Alice Jones.

Vice-President--Nancy Parcell.

Sec. & Treas.--Martha Adams.
"Around The World In Music Germany," Irene Fort.
"The Happy Farmer"--Schuman, David Burney.
"Evening"--Law, Myrtle Mills and Miss Greene.
"Rondino"--Kuhlauk, Ruth Cole.
"Water Nymphs"--Rolfe, Grace Cayton.
"Sail Boats"--Louise Stairs, Mabel Billings (played and sang).
"Indian Lament"--Cadman, Lelia Johnston.
"The Spinning Wheel"--Schmole, Martha Kinard.
REV. OSCAR MANN MADE STIRRING ADDRESS HERE ON HOME COMING DAY

1937

(He cited two reasons for an annual assembly of The Barium Alumni. How to help. He told Alumni to let it be known that they are graduates.)

Rev. J. Oscar Mann, director of religious education in the Synod of North Carolina and 1902 graduate of the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, made a very striking, timely and stirring address to the alumni who assembled in the auditorium of the grammar school building for an afternoon meeting on Home Coming Day here November 26. It was the first time, but it won't be the last, that a prepared program and a selected speaker was arranged for the returning alumni who came back to their Home from several states.

The speaker began his address by citing a two-fold purpose of such assemblies. The first was the opportunity of getting in touch with "our old home," catching again the visions and dreams of our boyhood and girlhood days, renewing friendships and sharing our experiences with others. The second purpose of an alumni gathering, said Mr. Mann, is that "we shall, in our united and cooperative way, work to make the institution stronger so that in the future others might come to Barium Springs."

It was upon this second point that Mr. Mann elaborated at length and he advanced two salient ways in which the alumni can be of invaluable assistance to the Home. The first mentioned was "let it be distinctly known that we have a happy pride in being reared in the Barium Home" and the second one, "live up to, as best as we can, the teachings, traditions and character instilled in us while we were here."
The speaker, who travels the length and breadth of this Synod in his present capacity as religious education director, said that he had been amazed and thrilled to learn of the great love of many thousands of Presbyterian friends. Offsetting this delightful revelation was his contact with a few (not very many, he added) of the graduates of the Orphanage who try to "soft-pedal the fact that they were once at Barium, who are not anxious for people to know that they were in the Home."

At this juncture, Mr. Mann became vehement and said that such an attitude was "unbecoming, ungrateful and contemptible. Every last one of the boys and girls who have ever been at the Orphanage ought to be glad of the Providence of God that he was here and proud of that fact. You'll increase your own self-respect and increase the respect of others, he contended, if you'll let the world know that you are an alumnus of the Presbyterian Orphans' Home."

In touching upon his second point, the visiting minister felt that "when we go out, we can, in our conduct, standards and ideals, carry the institution to the eyes of the world." A person goes out, he continued, "to carry not only his personal honor, but the honor of the institution." The latter, he said, would be judged and appraised by that honor.

Mr. Mann felt that the alumni could honor the Home by finding "our place out there where we can find ourselves. There is a place for each of us. * * * There is a particular call to Barium boys and girls, for in the world there stands a constant challenge to people of intelligence, courage and character.

"It's no accident that you ever came to Barium" said Mr. Mann toward the close of the address. Let no one leave Barium thinking
that they are handicapped. It's a privilege to be here. It is fine, effective and inspiring to complete your elementary education at the Orphanage. God placed us here because he had a place and a challenge for us."
ONLY ONE DEATH HAS OCCURRED IN ORPHANAGE POPULATION IN 12 YEARS
1936-1937

(Last month marked another year in which there was no fatal illness; none in past five; only death since July, 1926, happened in June 1933.)

Another twelve months have gone by, and another year has been completed without a death occurring among the large Orphanage family at Barium. This means that there has been only one death among the average enrollment of 325 children in the past 12 years, and no death in this Barium family of children in the last five years.

The only death since July, 1933, was that of Harvey Lee Wilson, who died in the early part of June, 1933. He was stricken with a malady that is generally fatal and died after only three days' illness.

It is believed that doctors everywhere will marvel at the record that has been made at Barium. It is recalled that one doctor found difficulty three years ago in giving credence to the statement that there had been but a single death in a span of nine years, and his credulity will be taxed all the more today because of the announcement of only one death in 12 years.

It is seriously doubtful that any community, with an average child population of 325 children in a dozen years, could claim such a record as has been made at Barium Springs. The population here has successfully weathered that large number of children's diseases, some of which are fatal in youth. There have been plenty of serious operations, too, but they have come through satisfactorily.

Many factors have contributed to this phenomenal health record, among which can be named: wholesome food, plenty of milk, regularity of hours, bodily exercise, splendid and painstaking health supervision locally.
Among the alumni recently visiting the Orphanage was Mrs. Janie Gilliland Mayhew of Mooresville, who is a sister of the little fellow for whom Little Joe's Church at Barium Springs was named when it was erected over 30 years ago. Mrs. Mayhew finished at Barium Springs in 1914. She and her brother, Little Joe Gilliland, came to Barium at the same time.
AN ALBUM OF MEMORIES

THE
PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME
AT
BARIUM SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA

SECTION IX - 1938

16 GRADUATES
ACE MEDAL - EUGENE SHANNON

NEW MINISTER ARRIVES AT BARIUM - REV. T.C. COOK
CAMP FELLOWSHIP OPENS - JUNE 17, 1938
MR. JOHN WESLEY ERVIN ARRIVES AT BARIUM
A NEW DODGE TO REPLACE THE
OLD INTERNATIONAL AT THE TRUCK FARM
STATE WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP
CLASS ROLL
1938

Hazel Miller
Marley Sigmon
Marie Smith
Eugene Bosworth
Nellie Johnson
Bryson Stinson
Lucille Norris
Joe Savage
Martha Lewis Adams
Eugene Shannon
Robert Stinson
Cleo Sluder
Dorothy Weeks
David Spencer
Elmeree Smith
Hugh McCrimmon

Mascot: William Thompson Clark
Ace Medal: Eugene Shannon
The purpose of this history is not to relate every step in the progress of a class from their humble beginning as Freshmen, four years ago, to their arrival at the dizzy height they now occupy. On the contrary, in accordance with the modern tendencies in historical writing, we aim to emphasize only those factors in our class development which appeal to us as most vital from the standpoint of today.

You will notice that there has been no attempt on our part to smooth over any awkward spots in this history; we have faithfully kept to the truth, regardless of tradition or custom.

This history is divided into three interesting parts: Discovery, Exploration and Settlement, with an afterword for each.

DISCOVERY

The discovery of the class of 1938 was an accident. Four years ago, early one morning on the first of September, the faculty of the Barium Springs High School was strolling aimlessly through the halls talking about the just-ended vacation and wondering whether there would be anything new in the coming year's work.

Suddenly they caught a glimpse of something new and strange. Just inside the front door, huddled together in silent embarrassment and anxiety, were the members of what became the class of 1938. To the casual eye, they seemed merely a group of ordinary boys and girls, well-dressed, reasonably good looking, and badly frightened. But to the eye of these experienced explorers these strangers seemed to possess talents, deficiencies and capabilities worth finding out.
EXPLORATION

Gently dispelling their fears, the faculty bade them enter and succeeded, after great difficulty, in gaining their confidence and friendship.

Principal O'Kelly received the news of the discovery of an addition to his territory with marked delight and a few misgivings. He examined with interest the trophies presented by the strangers to their discoveries.

The strangers were divided into small groups under different explorers and given the name of Freshmen. Many new and strange customs were taught them, also many hard lessons. But by Thanksgiving they were familiar with their new situation.

They elected their own class officers: President, Roy Hendrix; Vice-President, Mabel Flowers; Secretary and Treasurer, Miller Blue; Historian, Alice Jones. These Freshmen were unusually intellectual.

At the end of the year a terrible thing happened. This disaster was Final Examinations and the receiving of a new name, Sophomore. Many failed to withstand this shock.

Everything was familiar now so they elected officers: President, Elmeree Smith; Vice-President, Hugh McRimmon; Secretary and Treasurer, Miller Blue; Historian, Hattie Michael, and pushed forward.

In the third year these became Juniors and their sense of importance increased.

And now the fourth and greatest year of our history--the Senior year. They were converted from a band of ignorant natives into a dignified class. Class officers elected were: President, Joe Savage; Vice-President, Bryson Stinson; Secretary and Treasurer,
Nellie Johnson; Historian, Lucille Norris. They plunged into social and finishing events. By way of celebration a strange ceremony known as Commencement was held.

SETTLEMENT

The next period is not so easy to describe. These Seniors have all chosen their vocations. Each is determined to become famous and honored throughout the land.

---Lucille Norris, Class Historian
CLASS WILL
1938

We, the Senior Class, Will:

To Mr. Jos. B. Johnston, we leave behind our thoughts of appreciation and gratitude, for all the things he has done for our Senior Class.

To the Teachers: Our thanks for the many, many times they have made things easy.

To the tenth grade: Our place as being the "Best" class in high school.

To the ninth grade: Our places in the senior class room.

To the eighth grade: Our ability to finish high school.

I, David Spencer, do hereby will and bequeath my athletic ability to Wilma "Shorty" Jessup, and to Lee, my brother, my school sense, and also my ability to get along with the girls.

I, Dorothy Weeks, do hereby will and bequeath to my brother, Jessie, my ambition to finish school; to Jack, my height; to Joyce, my place in the sewing room, and to Bessie, everything I leave.

I, Hugh McCrimmon, do hereby will and bequeath to Miller Blue (the mighty man of next year's football team) my duty of blocking for J. D.; to "Acorn," my place at the Woman's Building, if he cares to use it.

I, Cleo Sluder, do hereby will and bequeath to Ernestine Garrett all my old nail polish; to Grace Coppedge, my white dress that she wanted so long, and to Hattie Michael, all my bobby pins.

I, Joe Savage, hereby will to the ones who are at Barium the happiness I received and hope that they make the most out of
it. But speaking of junk, it goes to my ex-brothers, Donnie and Dalma; to Hattie, my place as guard on the football team.

I, Hazel Miller, do hereby will and bequeath to Hattie Michael all my clothes that are too small for me, and everything I leave behind so that she will not borrow any more; to Wilma, my extra inches.

I, Bryson Stinson, do hereby will and bequeath to "Hod Bolton," my future Ducks.

I, Elmeree Smith, do hereby will and bequeath to my sisters, Gertie, Flora Mae and Lillie Belle, my pleasant smile and my happy disposition with the hope that, as with me, it will bring them many happy returns; to Vance, my ability to get along with teachers and matrons; to Hattie Michael, my place on the basketball team.

I, Eugene Bosworth, will and bequeath to Bobbie, my brother, my luck in wrestling in hopes it will do as much for him as it did for me; to Roland Gant, all my old razor blades. The rest is to be scrambled for. (Boys, Boys! Don't get choked!)

I, Marie Smith, do hereby will and bequeath to my brothers and sisters my ability to finish school and to all newcomers to Barium all the good times I have had here.

I, Robert Stinson, do hereby will and bequeath to Willie, my brother, my ambition to finish school.

I, Nellie Johnson, do hereby will and bequeath to Bessie Kennedy, a broken mirror which has been handed down for ages; to Dwight, my place in school; to Lorene Brown, my room on first floor when she becomes a senior. Watch out, Lorene, or you might fall through a rat hole; they are getting rather large now.
I, Eugene Shannon, being a little beyond my self and probably out of my mind, do hereby will and bequeath to Paul Mase McKenzie anything he can chisel out of me and to Hi-Yi Long, my place in the room, if he's big enough to bluff the brutes already here.

I, Martha Adams, do hereby will and bequeath to my sister, Mary, my personality and common sense and to Betty, my musical ability; to Mary Elizabeth Sanders, all my love letters which I spent the majority of my time hiding from her. Tear them up as you read them, Mary Elizabeth.

I, Marley Sigmon, will to my smaller brother, "Moon Long John" Sigmon, the Savage-Sigmon barber shop, and hope that he will leave the rest of the ears that Savage did not cut off; to Paul McKenzie and Ed. Cole, I will my place in the dungeons where the rats have a football game every night.

I, Lucille Norris, do hereby will and bequeath to my brothers, Marshall and A. G., my appreciation of school; to Alice Jones, my bobby pins; to Hattie Michael, my surplus weight that she may never be skinny, and to David Flowers, my charming smile.

---Dorothy V. Weeks
Lawyer and Witness
One day in the year 1960 I went to a football game at Davidson College.

At the gate taking up tickets I saw a face that I thought was familiar. After an introduction by a friend, I found he was the son of Professor Savage and Elmeree Smith Savage. The boy told me I would not know his father because he now wore glasses and had a bald head.

Upon entering the stadium my attention was attracted to the coaches. They were Hugh McCrimmon and David Spencer. Farther along the sideline I saw another classmate, Marie Smith, seated near her son who was a star football player. Marie seemed to express the same anxiety she had expressed at Barium's games.

During the game I noticed Dorothy Weeks, secretary to Marley Sigmon, who is head of a large firm in Virginia. After talking with Dot, I learned that she and Marley still had their spats; also, that there were prospects of her becoming his wife instead of secretary.

It was nearing the end of the game when I received an invitation to dinner at a hotel with Nellie Johnson, an old friend, who, after ten years of teaching, was happily married and living in Durham.

We spent most of the time talking about our classmates and I learned from her that Cleo Sluder was to be wedded to an Italian the following month.

While in that part of the country we decided to visit Barium, even if it was night. We went first to see the music teacher,
Lucille Norris, and telephoned the principal, Eugene Shannon, to come over to the studio and bring Bryson and Robert Stinson, who were now in charge of Barium's farm, which covered twice as much as when we were there. The convict camp had been removed.

Each of these persons added bits of information to my knowledge of my classmates. Eugene Bosworth was a member of the House of Representatives in Washington. Hazel Miller was a nurse in a hospital there and had finished her training in time to go to the war in China as a government nurse.

On my way home that night I spent my time thinking how well everyone in our class had done. I hoped that they were all as content as I. After my trip I sat for a long time thinking how I would go back to my work in the morning as postmistress and hoped to see all my classmates again.

---Martha Adams, Class Prophet
GOOD HAY MAKES PRODUCING COWS AND HEALTHY CHILDREN

January 1938

Making hay is one of our major jobs on the farm during early fall, so we will try to point out to you readers and friends how this is done at Barium.

Getting a good cure on the hay is one of our most difficult problems. In order to make hay of high quality, it must be cured evenly, so as to have a uniform pea green color throughout. The stems should be dry enough, so, when a hand full of hay is picked up and twisted, the stems will break readily (but not brittle). Just as many leaves as possible should cling to the stems, for in the leaves we find most of the food value. When this is accomplished, we have a hay which is very nutritious and very palatable.

Our methods of curing hay to make it of a desirable color, nutritious and palatable are simple. Cutting, drying, cocking, hauling, and storing are the processes.

There are about 91 acres of land devoted for hay at Barium. This is cut with two horse-drawn mowers and one tractor.

It is mowed from two to four times per year. After it is cut, it is allowed to dry from one to two days.

There are two types of drying. One is the sun-dried; the other is air-dried. Hay that has been air-dried usually has a better color and more plant food. If too much direct sun is allowed to come in contact with the hay, it will bleach out most of the plant food. This is avoided by a process called cocking.

Cocking consists of putting the partially cured hay in small piles. The object is two-fold: It reduces the surface exposed to the dew and it evens up the drying for the reason that the relatively dry leaves draw water from the
moist stems. Cocking also reduces the amount of bleaching. If the hay
happens to get rained on while it is cocked, it is spread out to dry and then
repiled. When this happens, the hay is usually damaged some.

Caution is taken to never handle partially cured hay while wet with dew
or rain. The surface of the hay, if lying in a pile, is the part which was
best cured before the rain or dew. It is in the best position to dry promptly.
If stirred before the surface is dry, the surface moisture would come in
contact with the dried hay beneath, by which it would be readily absorbed.

After the hay is cured, it is loaded by hand in loads from one to three
tons per load and hauled to the barn and stored in a dry loft, so as to
preserve its qualities for winter feeding.

We cannot afford to deprive our cows of good hay because we cannot afford
to be deprived of lots of good milk.
REV. T. C. COOK ACCEPTS CALL AS LOCAL PASTOR

February 1938

(New minister for Little Joe's Church will assume his duties in February; second pastorate. Mr. Cook went to Salisbury Second Church from seminary.)

The people at Barium Springs have been very much pleased since it was announced that Rev. Thomas C. Cook, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Salisbury for the past seven years, had accepted a call to become pastor of Little Joe's Church here.

Rev. Mr. Cook, his wife and two sons will move to Barium Springs the first part of February. Installation of the new pastor will take place on Sunday, February 20.

"He was born in Richmond, Va., on June 12, 1899, and is the son of Rev. James E. Cook, a Presbyterian minister now located at Bay Minnette, Alabama. He married Miss Rosie Mae Brooks, of Richmond, on August 28, 1926, and they now have two children: Tom, Jr., 6 and James Montague, 2.

Rev. Cook graduated from his school in the spring of 1917, and in September of that year enlisted in the army at Fortress Monroe, Va. He was shortly sent overseas serving with the 54th C. A. C., Battery B. He saw about six months active service on four fronts: Meuse-Argonne, Shamaigne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, and St. Mihiel. After the armistice, he spent about seven months with the army of occupation in Germany."
CAMP FELLOWSHIP OPENS
July 1938

(Those responsible for camp entertained with fish fry on June 17--now in use.)

Way back last winter, we set a hen on a great big egg. That egg contained our hopes about a camp. Well, now it's hatched out, and my! such a hatching! You can actually see and touch and enjoy that camp. It's no longer just a hope; it's a reality. It was formally opened on Friday night, June 17, with a big fish fry. This fish fry was given in honor of all the people who had helped in any way to get this thing started, and you ought to have seen the crowd. Something like 250 people came, and more than that number were eligible to come, but were unable to come. We all just ate fish and inspected the camp and had dreams about what the camp was going to mean to the orphanages of this part of North Carolina.

We wish we could describe this camp to all our readers. We would have to take an airplane view of it to really get an adequate description of it. Briefly, it is composed of three main buildings. One is for the girls' sleeping quarters, one for the boys' sleeping quarters and one for a dining room and kitchen. Then there's an outdoor shed with just a roof on it which we named "The Pavilion." Then there's an outdoor furnace or stove, ideal for frying fish, weiner roasts, barbecues, and such. It was the last named place that the fish fry was staged.

There were some 50 people from Charlotte. There were people from Salisbury, Hickory, Mooresville, and of course, Statesville and Barium Springs.

A good many people have written about this. The Charlotte Observer and The Statesville Daily have both carried pretty full writeups. We are hurrying through this part of it to get to the first week the camp was put into actual use, and that was Monday, June 20. On that day, accompanied by heavy rains, and all sorts of ominous omens, 85 boys and girls from six to twelve years of
age went out. They swarmed over the place like the sheep did when they were first taken out there. They ran from one end to another, and tried all the swings, tried all the games and did a little bit of everything until supper time; and then they ate up everything that was in sight. This was the first lesson to the counsellors: That folk on a camp eat just twice as much as they do in their regular daily habits. The first night at camp nobody slept, which is usually the case. Everybody is so excited, but even at that, nobody suffered.

The river running over the shoals right near the camp makes such an even soporific sound that, as one little girl expressed it, you could lie awake in one end of their sleeping quarters and not hear anybody snoring at the other end. Part of them could be awake and part of them sleeping without disturbing the sleepers.

Tuesday was an ideal day. The swimming arrangements were organized and the old Catawba River had one busy day! Not only Tuesday, but Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday -- twice a day -- the whole bunch went out and thought up more different ways to enjoy the water than any hundred grown people could think up by concentrating a year.

The most popular place in the river was the shoals, where the water was swift and made a lot of noise, and acted awfully dangerous; but after all, it was just like puppies growling -- it was all in fun.

One of the most delightful features of the camp was the fact that the Catawba River at that one spot has more safe territory than any other place on it. There are at least four acres of shallow water with sandy bottom that even the small children can play in.
We won't attempt to describe this too much in detail for fear it will get monotonous. You will find mention of this in every cottage letter from now until snow falls.

Speaking of puppies, a neighbor gave us two small collie pups, and they are part of the camp equipment. They get awfully lonesome when there are no little boys to play with them; and when they get tired of the boys, they just go right under the house and rest up. They furnish a lot of fun and get a lot of fun out of the camp.

Before we close this article, we want to hand some bouquets to the sheep. You remember our first description of the camp in a former issue of The Messenger. It was one mass of honeysuckle, poison oak and cane. We despaired of getting it cleaned up enough for this year, but we did make a start at it, and then fenced this in and put some sheep in it. Those sheep first ate every sprig of poison oak that there was in the camp site, then they worked on the honeysuckle and then the cane, and they did such a grand job of it that not one single case of poison oak poisoning resulted from our week's camp. There were a lot of stumped toes and cut feet from stumps and roots, but the sheep just couldn't quite handle this in one summer. We believe that they will have it all in ship-shape by next summer so that even a stumped toe will be a rarity.

Even when we have a stumped toe, it isn't altogether a calamity. Mr. Allen Mills and his daughter, Mildred, presented us with a beautiful first-aid cabinet and it has so many things in there that it looks like every emergency was anticipated. It just makes you want to go out and stump your toe to get treated from such a fine cabinet.

By the way, the Mills family have had a lot to do with this camp. Mr. N. B. Mills is the trustee of the land on which the camp is located. It was through
his cooperation and encouragement that the land was secured for this camp. His son, Mr. Allen Mills, helped work this through also. And now his daughter's name is on the first-aid cabinet. Three generations of Mills! We hope there will be a dozen generations like them.

The only thing that marred the first camp was the lack of light. We built the camp in such a hurry that we had not made adequate provision for lights, and when the time came to start up, it looked as though we would not get the lights, but several good friends, working together with the Duke Power Company, arranged for us to have lights, and these are now being installed. Next week it will look like the Great White Way.

It may be of interest to our readers to know the schedule of this camp. Here it is: Next week, commencing July 4, the Junior Order Orphanage of Lexington will use the camp. On the week following, July 11, Barium will use it. On the 18th, Barium will use it. Then the week commencing July 25 and August 1, it will be used by the big Baptist Orphanage of Thomasville. The week commencing August 8, it will be used by the Children's Home of Winston-Salem. Then August 15 and August 22, again by Barium.

If you are interested in any of these groups, drop in and pay them a visit. It will knock a few years off of your age to spend a little time with these delightful groups of young people.

On the opening night, June 17, it had been suggested that a name be selected, and a number of names were mentioned -- names of individuals -- but somehow none of these suggestions seemed just to click. During the first camp, somehow folks just commenced to call it "Camp Fellowship." They knew that the Fellowship Club of Charlotte Second Church had sponsored the idea, and everybody else had fallen in with the idea just like good fellows, too. It seems that that name
"Fellowship" just grew on the camp rather than by having anyone suggest it and it looks like that name will stick. Can anyone suggest a better?
CAMP FELLOWSHIP NOTES

During the week of June 20-25, 80 Barium boys and girls tried out Camp Fellowship on the Catawba River for the first time. Misses Mary E. Turner, Sadie Brandon and Ann Fayssoux Johnston were counsellors-in-charge. Mr. and Mrs. George Neel and Miss Rebekah Carpenter assisted during part of the stay.

At the end of the week, the children held an election in order to determine who was the best camper. Results: Girls, first place (tie), Martha Price and Margaret Steed; second place (tie), Ernestine Baldwin and Helen Hawley. Boys, first place (tie), Bennett Baldwin and Raymond Good; second place, Gene Love.

A committee of senior counsellors selected the following as outstanding campers worthy of honorable mention: (Girls) Betty Lou Davis, Callie Dunn, Dorothy Maples; (Boys) Dallas Ammons, Billy Everett, Grady Mundy, Robert L. Pearson and Dwight Spencer.

The families deserving of recognition were: Blue, Buie, Ferguson, three Smith families, Stricklin and Rogers.

Tournament Winners

Hop Scotch--first, Wilbur Coats; second (tie), Dallas Ammons and Bertie Lou Whitner.

Horseshoe--Gene Thomas Whitner.

Bubble--(tie), Mattie Pearl Denson and Robert L. Pearson. Gene Love chosen as champion over long period of time.

Marble--first, Grady Mundy; second, John Ammons; third, Herman Smith.

Jump Rope--first, Hannah Price; second, Dorothy Maples; third Martha Price. Special mention to Bertie Lou Whitner and Frances Evelyn Whitner.

Jack Rocks (all winners)--Hannah Price, Myrtle Rushing, Violet Knight, Grady Mundy, Bertie Lou Whitner, Helen Hawley, Johnnie Ferguson, Wilbur Coats, Nita Shepherd, Janie Smith, Mary Alice Stevens, Pete Long, Gene Bonous, and Betty Dorton.
MAGAZINE IMPOSTER IS MAKING ANOTHER TOUR
1938

(After getting $2.50 from Tarboro lady, asked to be remembered in her prayers.)

Another imposter, who goes by the name of J. J. Alley, is again soliciting magazine subscriptions in the eastern part of North Carolina, claiming to be a graduate of the Presbyterian Orphans' Home here and using that as a basis of appealing for subscriptions. This was called to the attention of Orphanage officials in a letter from a lady in Tarboro who said that she had given the young man $2.50, but had never received any magazines. The solicitor was a fake.

The Presbyterian Orphans' Home has never authorized any graduate to solicit subscriptions and does not know of any bona fide graduates who are in the legitimate business of selling magazines. If any graduate ever goes into the magazine field, he or she will have in his/her possession a letter from Jos. B. Johnston, superintendent of the Orphanage, and other things to substantiate the claim that the solicitor is a graduate of the Orphanage.
SEVERAL CHANGES IN PERSONNEL OF STAFF AT BARIUM SPRINGS

August 1938

(Four changes in regular corps of workers at Orphanage--one addition; two in schools; new grammar school principal and new domestic science teacher.)

Every year at the beginning of school we expect to see a number of new faces among the children, and by the same token we miss a lot of the faces that have been regular members of our faculty for years past.

The same way, but to a lesser extent, we observe changes in the staff. This year, among the workers in the various cottages, we will miss Miss Kate McGoogan, Mrs. Eola McGirt, Miss Una L. Moore and Miss Maude Inman. Miss McGoogan died during the last school year, and her cottage is now being presided over by Mrs. John Q. Holton. We do not need to introduce Mrs. Holton, as she has been the seventh grade teacher here at Barium through two generations of Orphanage children. She is making a most acceptable Annie Louise matron. The Baby Cottage: Mrs. McGirt has had to drop her work for a time and has been succeeded by Mrs. M. D. Southerland. A number of years ago Mrs. Southerland was Lee's Cottage matron, and comes back to us to work in the Baby Cottage just as young, just as agreeable, and just as efficient as she was years ago at Lee's. Mrs. T. L. O'Kelly will continue as a most satisfactory assistant at the Baby Cottage.

In the Infirmary the dean of all the Orphanage workers has left: Miss Una L. Moore. We won't attempt to tell her age, because she still reads The Messenger, although 'way out in Nebraska, and she doesn't begin to look or act her years. Miss Moore has been head of the Infirmary for many years and before that she saw service at the Baby Cottage and Alexander Cottage.
We should mention the carpenter and head repair man, John Wesley Ervin. He came to us about a year ago. Mr. Bob Nesbitt had been doing the repair work for quite some time, and left us and was succeeded by Mr. Ervin, who came to work right at the time when a lot of repair work was going on. The repair of Mr. Lowrance's house fell to him, and then during the winter and spring, the plans for the building of the camp out on the river fell to his lot. The lion's share of the credit for the fine success of the camp belongs to Mr. Ervin and his crew.

In the school there are several changes. Mrs. Holton has retired from the seventh grade, and her work will be taken up by Mr. Harry Barkley, long-time neighbor of Barium. He came straight from Erskine College to Troutman, where he taught for a number of years, and then for several years was at Scotts*. He has been many times at Barium; as a visitor, as a competitor, and sometimes as an official in our football games. We are glad for both Mr. and Mrs. Barkley to move in and belong to our family.

*Scott's High School (ed)
(A rural Iredell County School)
Hi Everybody,

So many things have happened this month that we don't know what to say first. All that we hear on the campus now is about our camping trip on the banks of the Catawba River.

The swimming pool is open now and we are having a good time splashing about in the water.

Mrs. McNatt, our beloved matron, spent the weekend at Fayetteville with her daughters, Miss Rachel and Virginia McNatt and Mrs. C. S. Clark and her daughter, Doris.

We want to thank Mr. Sams for inviting us to the two pictures, "College Swing" and "Kentucky Moonshine." We certainly enjoyed them.

A nice man from Atlanta, Ga., gave us a dollar to get some candy. We certainly did appreciate it.

Louise Brock, one of our girls, recited the Shorter Catechism and five recited the Child's Catechism. They are: Janie Hall, Betty Joe Smith, Nita Shepherd, Lucile Strickland, and Dorothy Shephard.

We want to thank Miss Carpenter and Miss Clark for the nice May-Day program they sponsored at the football field. Our May-Day Queen was Nancy Parcell and our cottage had the honor of having the Maid of Honor, Mildred Eudy.

You will hear more from us next month.

---Martha Price
---Janie Smith
Hello There,

There seems only a short time since our last letter, but time flies when we are busy at work.

Now that vacation time is here we think time stands still while each boy awaits his turn to go.

All are looking forward to a few days' stay at our new camp on the Catawba River.

John Lee is visiting his mother in Cherryville. Thomas Morgan and Henry Pittman are going to Lenoir soon to visit Mrs. Bernhardt. Lacy Beshears expects to leave June 4th to visit his sister in Danville, Va.

Two of our boys, Henry Pittman and Roland Hooten, moved to Jennie Gilmer this week and Clifton and Clifford Barefoot of Synod's Cottage came in to take their places.

Jimmy Stafford will attend the Intermediate Young People's Conference at Mitchell College, Statesville, June 6-11.

Others booked for vacations soon are: Dick Parrish and Hugh Norman. Dick is going to Winston-Salem and Hugh to Washington, DC.

Our early peaches are ripening now and Mr. Thomas, our orchard man, has sent some to the cottages several times.

If our paws don't get writers' cramp from this, we will write again soon.

--Cecil Shepherd
---Richard Shoaf
---Housecats
Dear Friends,

Although we needed rain we wish it would stop so we could go swimming, play baseball and do some pole-vaulting.

We have three new boys. They are Billy Lybrand, John Smith, Jr., and Donald Pettus. We hope they enjoy being with us.

Clifford and Clifton Barefoot have moved to Alexander.

Wilbur Coats went on his vacation May 30th. He will stay two weeks.

Seventeen of us were in the May-Day Festival last Saturday.

We have been going to the river and picking up the rocks around the camp.

Leland Rogers caught a turtle at the river. It has been quite a pet around here.

We are counting the days until June 20. We go to the camp for a week then. Misses Turner and Anne Fayssoux Johnston will be our counsellors.

We hope you all are having a pleasant vacation.

---"The Wigglers"
Howdy Everybody,

Hoeing and planting season is now on and what a time we are having trying to keep the weeds out. This sure is nice weather we are having and our crops are tops.

We have planted about half of our sweet potato crop already. This year's crop, if it turns out good, should be the largest we have ever had. Our cantaloupe crop should be the largest crop in many years.

Our tomatoes are sure stepping out and we should have some tomatoes ripe enough to eat about the twentieth.

O. D. Mundy (a truck-farmer) and also Ben Lewis fell out of a tree and hurt their arms. The former received a broken arm; the latter two broken wrists. They were hunting squirrels when this happened. Here's hoping they will be back with us soon.

Joe Porter, one of our members, has left us and is now working on the carpenter's group. We will miss him very much.

Out of the 1938 graduating class we lost only one boy from our group, that being Joe Savage. Joe is now at Wilmington, N. C. We truck farmers wish him the best of luck.

We have had lots of luck on our crops except the peanut crop. We can't get them to grow as good as they ought to, but after our replanting them they will probably come around.

The bugs have got on our potatoes, cantaloupes, beans, etc., but we have scattered them with poison and lime.

Last week we had so much rain that it was too wet to work and Mr. Clark took us to see the free show, "Kentucky Moonshine." We wish to thank Mr. Sams for the invitation. It was a swell picture.
Everyone is looking forward to their vacations. Jack and Tom McCall (twins) are going to New York soon for their vacation. May they have a nice time in the "little" city.

Right before the work bell everyday we throw a horseshoe game. John (Pineapple) MacDonald and Tom (Big Tom) McCall seem to be champs.

We have a new 1936 pick-up Dodge in place of our old International truck which is a lot more good to us than the other one.

Reckon this will be all for this month and we wish all who have crops planted may reap a wonderful harvest. You will hear from us again soon. So long.

---"Moon" Sigmon
---"Shorty" Cole
Hello Friends,

As the days fly by, we find it is time to write you again. Vacation days are here and the boys and girls can hardly wait until their time comes to go home.

Miss Moore, the Orphanage nurse, is going on her vacation soon. We all certainly will miss her. She is going to tour North Carolina. Miss Lackey, the kitchen matron, is planning to go on her vacation in June.

We have added two new members to our family. Miss Mary McNatt of Parkton, N. C., has come over from Annie Louise Cottage to be the nurse in Miss Moore's place. We are very glad to have her with us. Miss Woods, the matron of Howard Cottage, is spending her vacation down here. She hasn't been feeling quite so well here lately.

Nancy Stafford and Sadie Mills are going to the Conference. Sadie is going to Mitchell in Statesville, and Nancy is going to Davidson. They will stay seven days. We know they will enjoy it and they want to thank all who made it possible for them to go.

We have started having our summer pictures taken. Nellie Johnson, this year's graduate, is taking them.

Swimming season has started and nearly everyone has been in. The water is just right to cool you on these hot days. We had a cold spell last week and it seemed as though it might be the beginning of winter.

Mr. Ervin, the carpenter, has been busy down at the river building cabins and boats for the campers this summer. Everyone
is going to spend a week down there. We want to thank the men again for the money. We know we will get a lot out of it.

We will be with you again next month.

---Lillie MacDonald
AN ALBUM OF MEMORIES

THE
PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME
AT
BARIUM SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA

SECTION X - 1939

28 GRADUATES

ACE MEDAL - DAVID FLOWERS

MEMORIES OF ALICE JONES CLENDENIN

MEMORIES OF ERNESTINE GARRETT YOUNG

BARIUM NICKNAMES
CLASS ROLL

1939

Grace Shroyer
Arthur Sigmon
Helen Thomas
James Martin
Eleanor Eudy
J. D. Beshears
Helen Moore
Dalma Jessup
Ernestine Garrett
Lee Spencer
Alice Jones
Worth Bolton
Bessie Kennedy
MacSherry Lackey
Elizabeth Shropshire
Alexander Edwards
Mildred Eudy
Miller Blue
Mary Duffie Coppedge
David Flowers
Helen Price
Nelson Farmer
Robert Brown
Paul McKenzie
Lacy Adcox
Larry Marlowe
Robert Bosworth
Roland Gant

Mascot: Mary Ann White
Ace Medal: David Flowers
SUPERLATIVES

Best dressed boy.................................................. Mac Sherry Lackey
Best dressed girl....................................................Ernestine Garrett
Best student boy....................................................David Flowers
Best student girl....................................................Helen Price
Wittiest.................................................................Alexander Edwards
Prettiest girl............................................................Helen Price
Most popular boy....................................................Arthur Sigmon
Most popular girl.....................................................Bessie Kennedy
Most versatile.........................................................Alice Jones
Handsomest..............................................................Larry Marlowe
Most athletic girl.....................................................Bessie Kennedy
Most athletic boy.....................................................Lee Spencer
Cutest.................................................................Eleanor Eudy
Most vivacious.........................................................Grace Shroyer and Helen Moore
Most charming and musical........................................Hattie Michael
CLASS HISTORY
1939

This is station B. H. S. and we wish to interrupt this program to bring you a special bulletin concerning the graduating class of 1939.

This famous class began its High School career in September 1935, with 40 "Green Freshmen." The first day we were ushered into Mr. Calhoun's office and were kept busy outlining our schedules. After everyone had finished this was the result: History, Algebra, English, Latin for some and Science for others. This was a very successful year for us.

In 1936, our schedule was the same, save the addition of Bible under our principal, Mr. Calhoun. By the end of this year we had begun to see our way more clearly, but, alas, quite a few of our members had fallen by the wayside. We now numbered only 34. It took a stout heart to carry on.

In 1937-'38, our Junior year, our goal was now in sight. We began to feel more dignified and more on the level with the Seniors. When we had the Junior-Senior banquet we realized more than ever that our time had at last come.

With lots of encouragement from our teacher, Mr. Sossamon, we have reached our goal. For further information, be sure to read "who's who" column in your daily paper.

---Historian, Helen Price

CLASS OFFICERS

President-----------------------------Arthur Sigmon
Vice President-----------------------Worth Bolton
Secretary-------------------------------Alice Jones
Treasurer-----------------------------Bessie Kennedy
Historian-----------------------------Helen Price
Colors--------------------------------Silver and Lavender
Mascot-------------------------------Mary Ann White
Motto-------------------------------What We Are To Be We Are Now Becoming
CLASS WILL
1939

We, the Senior Class of '39, do hereby will and bequeath:

To Mr. Johnston, the best of luck in making the Seniors in the future love and admire him as much as we do.

To Mr. Sossamon, our admiration for the way he has smoothed our path through High School.

To the faculty, our appreciation for the knowledge we have received in High School.

To the Junior Class, our ability to surpass other classes in honor roll students.

To the Sophomores, our ability to enjoy all four classes.

To the Freshmen Class, our ability to climb to the top and become Seniors with dignity.

I, Arthur Sigmon, do hereby will and bequeath to "Sausage" Whittle my ability to plough for Mr. Clark; to "Duck" Bolton my place in High School; and to Rex and Howard, my room.

I, Worth Bolton, have nothing of any immediate value. However, as it is customary to will someone something, I'll promise to go "halvings" with anything anybody can find.

I, Alice Jones, do hereby will and bequeath to my little sister, Mary Lynn, my place in High School, and to everyone here at Barium, the good times I've had. P. S.--Anybody who wants to will me something, I will be here a few days following graduation.

I, Bessie Kennedy, do hereby will and bequeath to Jesse Weeks all the geese in my scrapbook; to Mary Parks Allen, my extra pounds; to "Peanut," my good standing with all workers; and to Thelma Robards, the old broken mirror of the last ten years. Pass it on.
I, Helen Price, do hereby will and bequeath to my kid sisters, Martha and Hannah, my ability to finish High School before they are twenty-five; to Mott, my place as Miss Thompson's "Lone Ranger" in Sociology class; to the "Ezra Family" (Wilma, Agnes, Johnnie), all the old ginger ale bottles in my closet.

I, Nelson Farmer, being in my right mind, do hereby will and bequeath to my roommates, "Whoppy" Alessandrini and "Goon" McCall, everything they can take away from me without a struggle. To my little sister, Sallie, my watch, if it is still running.

I, Helen Thomas, do hereby will and bequeath to "Tricky" Coppedge a certain salt shaker and to Nancy Parcell my ability to collect things for my scrapbook.

I, Lacy Adcox, do hereby will and bequeath to Henry Pittman our trunk and the lock that hasn't been knocked over three times a day; to anyone else, anything they may find.

I, Mildred Eudy, do hereby will and bequeath to my little sister, Emma, all my trash that I leave behind and to Thelma Robards my red hair ribbons to go with her freckles.

I, Miller Blue, do hereby will and bequeath to Jack Weeks the honored name, Rat, to uphold as I have.

I, MacSherry Lackey, do hereby will and bequeath to John Ellis, my seat on the front row in the Senior Class. Here's hoping you can get by with more meanness than I did.

I, Eleanor Eudy, do hereby will and bequeath to Flossie Smith and "Whoppy" Alessandrini, mine and J. D.'s seat on the front porch. (Keep it warm, Flossie.) To Mary Ann McCormick, the honor of being the smallest girl in the Senior Class; and to Sallie Farmer my red hair, which she has wanted for such a long time.
I, J. D. Beshears, do hereby will and bequeath to my brother, Lacy, my place in my room; to Howard, my job of carrying the leather on the gridiron.

I, Ernestine Garrett, do hereby will and bequeath to Sallie Farmer my place by the radio and my old finger nail polish; to Thelma Robards, my good luck in basketball; to Flora Mae Smith, all my hair ribbons, and to Bertha Broome, my smile. (Watch out, Bertha.)

I, Bobbie Bosworth, do hereby will and bequeath to "Slicky" Porter, my bed in the room; to "Shorty" Weeks, my place on the truck farm, and to my sister, Nancy Parcell, my position on the wrestling team.

I, Roland Gant, do hereby will and bequeath to my brother, A. C. and my sister, Doris, the ability to finish High School; to William Wadsworth all the junk I leave behind.

I, Grace Shroyer, do hereby will and bequeath to Mary Adams, my place at the sewing machine; to Agnes Coppedge, my pink hair ribbons; to my brother, James, his basketball medal, which he so faithfully let me keep.

I, Dalma Jessup, do hereby will and bequeath to my sister, Wilma, my place in the Senior Class; to Tommy Adams all the things I leave behind.

I, Lee Spencer, do hereby will and bequeath to David Burney my watch chain; to "Slicky" Porter, my place as boss of the room, and to "Hi-yi" Long, all his marbles that I won from him.

I, Helen Moore, do hereby will and bequeath to Wilma and Agnes my room; to Grace Coppedge, my place at the Senior table in hopes she gets more to eat than I did, and to Johnnie my place as "Sunshine" in the sewing room.
I, Alexander Edwards, do hereby will and bequeath my knowledge to some poor fellow who might not be as fortunate as I; my wit to Arthur Roach, my place at the Infirmary, but "Look for me back every weekend."

I, James Martin, do hereby will and bequeath to Richard, my ice box; to Billy Brock, my place at the workshop, and to my little sister, Louise, my ability to get along with the men.

I, Paul McKenzie, will and bequeath to Edward Cole, the position as head of our room and may he do a better job at this position than I did; to Rufus Long, all the growth I have lost in the last ten years and may he make good use of it.

I, Robert Brown, do will and bequeath to Billy Lindsey my strong box and anything else I may leave.

I, Elizabeth Shropshire, do hereby will and bequeath to "Little Ezra," Johnnie Burgin, my "rattletray" in the sewing machine; to Nancy Parcell and Richard Martin, my place at Ramseurs. Please don't fuss.

I, David Flowers, do hereby will and bequeath my entire chicken farm to Tom McCall and Pleas Norman.

I, Larry Marlowe, do hereby will and bequeath my curly hair to Howard Beshears and my pleasing disposition to Mr. Sossamon.

I, Mary Duffie Coppedge, do hereby will and bequeath to my little sister, Evelyn, my place in High School and my ambition to be an honor student.
ANNUAL SUPPER OF CIVIC CLUBS
1939
(Held at Rarium on March 24th; attendance unusually large.)

From The Statesville Daily:

Barium Springs, March 25.—Officials at Barium Springs had prepared for 100 more guests than attended the annual civic club supper at the Orphanage last year, and it was well that this foresight was exercised, for the number of guests here last night from three civic clubs in Statesville and two in Mooresville for the sixteenth consecutive supper for these clubs took up all but ten of the places arranged. A seating capacity of 505 was available, and almost 200 others were served at the second table after the guests had departed.

Without any preliminaries, except the asking of the blessing by Rev. R. A. White, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Mooresville, the guests and those children who ate with the visitors thoroughly enjoyed a delicious meal that consisted of baked ham, sausage, grits, candied yams, black-eyed peas, pickles, rolls, butter, coffee, milk, cake and ice cream. The enjoyment of the food was indicated both by the quantity consumed and by the comments made.

The program was under the direction of Miss Rebekah Carpenter, assisted by Misses Laura Grey Green and Elizabeth McKethan and could best be entitled "Pictures Through Song" or strolling down memory lane. A stage had been erected and was decorated with evergreens in the background, with a moon shining through the pines, and the footlights were made attractive through a generous arrangement of artificial tulips for reflection. The lights of the dining room were switched off and as the footlights came on, Gertie Smith, as the grandmother, and Jacquelin Porterfield and Hilda Barnes, as the grandchildren, came on the stage. The grandmother seated herself, with a grandchild on each side, and slowly started turning the pages of a memory book. As each page was turned, a chorus was heard singing the appropriate song in the background and on to the stage came individuals who did the necessary pantomines.
"School Days" was portrayed by Betty Jo Smith and George Landrum; "In the Evening by the Moonlight" by Paul Reid, Douglas Ryder, Marshall Norris and Herbert McMasters (all lights were off during this scene, with only the moon glowing); "My Wild Irish Rose," by Agnes Coppedge; "Umbrellas" by Vance Smith; "Annie Laurie" by Sallie Farmer; "Short'n ing Bread" by Isabel Monroe, Rachel Bullard, May Francis Stricklin and Peggy Land; "Sweet and Low" by Alice Jones; "Little Old Lady" by Marie Morgan; a Square dance was indulged in by Ruth Cole, Mabel Shoaf, Sara Parcell, Glenn Lindsay, Arthur Roach, Gwyn Fletcher, Henry Pittman, and Ed Cole; "Smilin' Through" by Helen Price and Lee Spencer, and "Old Black Joe" by John Ellis.

The chorus members, who never publicly appeared, were Virginia Cranfill, Bertha Lee Broome, Mary Lynn Jones, Ernestine Garrett, Grace Cayton, Lillie Bryant, Lillie Bell Smith, Lillian Sanders, Betty Lou Williams, Martha Price, Lillie McDonald, Daisy Cayton, Johnnie Burgin, Tommy Lindsay, and Pleas Norman.

After "Old Black Joe" left the stage, Ethel Brotherton came out, took her place in the center of the stage and said "That's all folks" to conclude the sixteenth annual Civic Club supper for Iredell County.
28 BOYS AND GIRLS GRADUATED ON APRIL 24TH

AT CONCLUSION OF FOUR-DAY PROGRAM

May 1939

(Three splendid addresses marked 1939 commencement. David Flowers awarded Ace Medal, Eleanor Eudy won Bible Medal, and Music Improvement went to Helen Price.)

In a world that takes delight in white-washing misery and in thoroughly misrepresenting a multitude of things to the distress of humanity, members of the 1939 graduating class of the Barium Springs high school were urged by Rev. Jas. A. Jones, pastor of the Henderson Presbyterian Church, to "give to your life a conception of the dignity of life itself, an invariable love of truth, and adhere unswervingly to the virtue of faith." Rev. Mr. Jones was delivering the commencement address at the final exercises on Monday night, April 24th, when 28 boys and girls of the local high school finished their careers here.

Prior to the address of the visiting minister, the invocation was made by Rev. T. C. Cook, pastor of Little Joe's Church; Helen Thomas delivered the salutatory address, and certificates of promotion were given to the seventh grade members by Harry Barkley, principal of the grammar grades. After the address, Rev. Mr. Cook presented a Bible to each of the 28 graduates and Jos. B. Johnston, superintendent of the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, made the award of medals.

Before so doing, Mr. Johnston announced that 60 students in the elementary school had perfect attendance records and this honor went to 50 in the high school which meant no absences or tardiness in the whole year. Fourteen children in the elementary grades were to receive reading certificates, said Mr. Johnston. He also publicly acknowledged the gift of the graduating class, which was two lovely vases to be used for flowers in the church.

Instead of the scholarship medals in the grammar and high school grades, it was decided to award several prizes this year, due to a change in the grading system. Lillie Bryant, Wootson Davis, Betty Williamson, John Ammons and Esau Davis won these prizes in the lower grades. In the high school, these went to Mott Price, George

The Fred Sherrill prizes for the two boys and two girls showing greatest improvement in the high school during 1938-1939 went to Marjorie Lail, Louise Brock, Robert Brown and Worth Bolton. The music improvement medal was awarded to Helen Price; to Eleanor Eudy went the Bible medal, and a prize to Helen Thomas, for runner-up for the Bible medal. The final presentation was the Ace medal, which went to David Flowers upon the vote of the high school members and those workers affiliated with the Home.

After R. G. Calhoun, school principal, presented the diplomas, the junior class gathered behind the seniors to sing the farewell song, the valedictory address was made by Alice Jones, the Barium alma mater song was sung, and Rev. Mr. Jones pronounced the benediction.

**Baccalaureate Sermon**

"What is That in Thine Hand?" was the subject of a timely baccalaureate sermon delivered here Sunday morning, April 23rd, to the 1939 graduates of Barium Springs high school by Dr. John R. Hay, pastor of the Hickory Presbyterian Church. In the evening Rev. Neill R. McGeachy, Spencer Presbyterian Church pastor, urged his hearers to anchor their lives to that of Jesus Christ as they launch forth upon the sea of college, or business or of matrimony.

These two sermons, part of the 1939 commencement program, were listened to by the entire Orphanage family and a good many outsiders, most of whom were at Barium Springs Monday night for final exercises.

**Class-Day Exercises**

On Monday morning, April 24th, the senior class presented its class-day program in the form of a three-act play entitled "Beyond the Port." The setting was the deck of the good ship "SS Barium Springs." The first scene was the embarking of the class of 1939 in the eighth grade almost four years ago; the second scene dealt
with the discouragements that the class members were experiencing as the journey continued, while the closing scene was the disembarking of the class upon the completion of the journey. Just before the members trekked down the gangplank, the Ancient Mariner, played by Nelson Farmer, gazed into the crystal ball and visualized the future activities of each member.

The characters and the parts played by each were: Prologue, Helen Price; Captain, Arthur Sigmon; First Mate, Lee Spencer; Sailor, Robert Brown; Purser, Bobbie Bosworth; Senior, Worth Bolton; Radio Operator, Roland Gant; Chief Engineer, MacSherry Lackey; Captain's Aide, J. D. Beshears; Ship's Doctor, David Flowers; Ship's Hostess, Ernestine Garrett; Stewardesses, Elizabeth Shropshire; Pauline, Helen Moore; Eleanor, Bessie Kennedy; Mary, Grace Shroyer; John, Paul McKenzie; Jean, Mildred Eudy; King Neptune, Miller Blue; Ambassador, Dalma Jessup; Ancient Mariner, Nelson Farmer; Epilogue, Alice Jones. The properties were in charge of Larry Marlowe and Lacy Adcox and special effects were in charge of James Martin and Alexander Edwards.

**Elementary Program**

On Friday night, April 21st, the elementary school presented an entertaining and delightful program in two parts. The first half of the program was an operetta by the primary department and the first, second and third grades participated in this. The second division was entitled "Episodes in American Music." The sixth grade took part as American Indians; the fifth grade members were mountaineers; the fourth grade portrayed Negroes and miscellaneous American music was sung by the seventh grade.

**Play Was Given**

"What Happened to Jones" was the title of a comedy in three acts that was presented by the public speaking department of the high school under the direction of George Neel. This was part of the graduating exercises and was offered to a
packed house on Thursday night, April 20th.


Commencement Marshals

Nancy Parcell was chief marshal for the 1939 commencement, and assisting her were Henry Alessandrin, Ed Cole, Rufus Long, William Smith, Clarence Robards, Walter Mott and John Cole McRimmon.
BARIUM YOUNG PEOPLE ATTEND CONFERENCES

June 1939

Sixteen of the young boys and girls at Barium Springs have either already attended Young People's conferences this summer, or will be in attendance at them before this month has been concluded. Eight of them went to Davidson on June 7th for the Synodical conference, while four intermediates will be at Camp Fellowship on the Catawba River for the Junior conference for Concord Presbytery, June 19-24. Four seniors will go to the Presbytery Senior Conference at Mitchell College in Statesville, June 26th - July 1st.

Attending the Davidson College conference through dining room scholarships were Ed Cole, Nancy Parcell, Thelma Robards and Jimmy Stafford. The Business Women's Circle of Little Joe's Auxiliary sent Mary Adams and Paul Horne, the Auxiliary assumed the responsibility for sending Rufus Long to the Davidson conclave, and Gertie Smith went under the auspices of Circle No. 1 of the local Auxiliary.

Enrolled for the Camp Fellowship Intermediate Young People's conference were Gastone Alessandrini, Evelyn Coppedge, Marie Morgan and Lillian Sanders. Daisy Cayton, Sallie Farmer, Billy Linsday, and Lillie McDonald are the ones who will go to Mitchell College for the Senior Young People's group the latter part of this month.

Until this year, the intermediate Conference has always been held at Mitchell College, but the officers decided to avail themselves of the use of Camp Fellowship for one of the two weeks that it will not be used by Barium Springs and other Orphanages this summer. The Senior Mitchell group will probably spend one afternoon at Barium Springs, as is customarily done each year.
MEMORIES OF ALICE JONES CLENDENIN
Class of 1939

Baby Cottage was originally for children three to six. However, that rule was
stretched somewhat. And anyone, housed there in 1935 or 1936, then I surely
helped care for you. Sara Forte, Margaret Moore and I was "Big Girls" there
at that time. And, that is my only first-hand knowledge of the Baby Cottage.
My memory of that period is that of bathing small smelly bodies with scruffy
knees (Earl Allen's were particularly scruffy) and of washing piles of dirty
socks. Mrs. McGuirt apparently did not believe in sending them to the laundry
or, more likely, there was a shortage of socks. We also watched them (the
tots) a lot n that circular swing out by the magnolia tree. And in the swimming
pool after which there was always nap time ... and, even the smallest tot there
made his or her bed. I suppose that should read "they made at it." Big girls
went behind them after they left the bedrooms.

Annie Louise was my first stop in the year 1929, after a day at the Infirmary
for inspection. Mrs. Ghigo was matron there and she seemed kind and
understanding to me. Those first few days she had one of the other girls loan
me a pair of skates, something I'd never owned and that made me forget I
was away from home and family. I really burned up that walk between Annie
Louise and Rumple Hall. The only chores I recall at A. L. (I wasn't there very
long because they wanted to move my sister up from Baby Cottage and
thought it best that we be separated) was the bed making and picking up trash
in the yard.

Howard Cottage days stand out as fun days to me, possibly because the age
from nine to twelve is such a formative time, maybe because Miss Woods tried
so hard with us. There were 28 girls there and NO Big Girls to help. The
chores were rotated monthly and the only one I really hated was cleaning the
bathroom with the three commodes, four sinks and two tubs! As you know,
most of the bean stringing was done there. We would sit on that big back
porch stringing beans by the hour. But it was fun because one of the girls
(during our time Gladys Cayton and her sister Grace) would tell tall tales of
love and adventure. You would not believe the imagination Gladys had. And
we would sing along for lack of any other amusement. The number of bushels
of beans did seem endless. Some beans we sent to the kitchen for immediate
use but most we sent to the cannery. Miss Woods made sure that we all
learned to mend our clothes and darn our socks. Her favorite expression was
"A stitch in time saves nine." She had a million of them ... "Pretty is as pretty
does," "Cleanliness is next to godliness." "Beauty is only skin deep," and on
and on. We also played, of course. One of our punishments was to go down
to he woods and carry up buckets of peat for the flower beds. That was a
wonderful punishment because we could play in the woods each time we went there. Miss Woods would give a black "mark" for anything she considered a misdemeanor, and we would have to work to get each mark erased. One punishment was standing in the hall in silence for an hour. That took care of just one mark. She rarely used the switch but she would make us use it on one another--any two who were caught fighting. Margaret Cook and I had to switch each other many times. We were such good friends that we were forever at each other. One day it was snowing and our punishment was to go out and throw snowballs at each other. Some punishment! We were pitiful looking little characters with our school garb of homemade dresses and ugly lisle stockings. When we left for school, the hose were neatly up; but as soon as we reached the other side of the underpass, they immediately became anklets. And that action was reversed on our return trip.

Rumple all was the beginning of growing up and seemed oh-so-different. Where we had shared a room with seven or eight girls, we now only had one roommate, and look how much closer we were to where the boys lived! Work here consisted of waiting on tables, washing dishes and keeping the dining hall clean. There were "house cats," too, of course, but I was never involved at Rumple Hall, except each of us had to keep our own room clean. When we waited tables, each one had two tables to take care of. No need to tell you how fast some of those boys could gobble. After everyone left, we girls sat down to what was left. Then to dishwashing and mopping and setting the tables for the next meal. These jobs were rotated, of course. The toughest one, I felt, was doing the silverware. It had to be dunked into boiling water, using a metal bucket with holes in it to let that scalding water drip. Besides being heavy, that was a dangerous action. It's a wonder that no one really got burnt. At least not in our time. There was a dishwasher for the flat plates and for glasses, but the large bowls had to be done by hand. And you know all about the fly killing chore--disgusting.

High school girls were housed at Lottie Walker, or as we usually called it "Woman's Building." Privileges were not abundant...town on Saturdays...dating with everyone in the same room. Remember the chairs and sofas turned to the walls for a bit of privacy and Miss Adams (for us) sneaking up and down the hallway? Also football games, not only our out of town games but occasionally to Davidson? When the leaves start to turn, even after all this time, I can feel the nostalgia of football at Barium. After all, we had the best. I went out for basketball until Miss Greene said I had best make a choice between that and piano. It was not a very difficult decision. I'm no athlete. But the times I did go with the team and got to play a bit were exciting. It was fun having a special supper, always getting hot tea to pep us a little bit. I remember Mr. Neal while driving us to games, always told us...
he had to concentrate on his driving, so he wouldn’t talk but liked to listen to our chatter.

Chores at Woman’s Building were:

1. The basic House kitty. 2. Kitchen--two girls (rotated monthly, I believe) slept over at Rumple Hall because they had to get up around 4:30 a.m. There was always one of the boys supposed to come and help with the fires and carrying anything needed from the storage. Anyway, those two girls made a big steam pot of hot cereal every morning, filled all he large cereal bowls with dry cereal, poured up milk and made toast, sliced butter, etc. and had everything ready for the little waitresses to pick up for their tables. Also, a big pot of coffee for teachers and when the seniors were allowed to have coffee--that too. Miss Long didn’t often show untill about time to eat. Lunch during school sessions was prepared by hired people helping Miss Long. Supper--a different group (and I believe there were about four went to the kitchen right after school. Whatever the noon people did not get to, they finished up. We peeled a lot of potatoes, made all the mayonnaise, shucked corn. Sometimes we had cornbread but mostly Aunt Sally’s bread which in those days did not come sliced so we had that to do on a nice slicer donated by a kind friend. I still have a scar on one of my fingers from the ditty. The worst job in the kitchen was clean up. The cooks had to wash the pots and pans. Phew! 3. Laundry--Each cottage had a special day to send their dirty things. That laundry was pretty up to date with spin dryers and mangles large enough to iron the sheets. Am sure you have heard the girls talk about picking out their favorite boy’s shirts to do. The hand pressing seemed endless and that was some hot place in the summer. A real sweat shop. 4. Sewing Room--Mostly senior girls worked in the sewing room. Each child had a clothing person or group of persons, and some of these monies being sent for buying dry goods. The sewing girls made sleepwear, undies--even bras--and dresses. The sewing room matron (Miss Clark for us) did all the measuring and cutting and she would let each girl have a choice of material and sometimes a choice of design. The only thing I recall making for the boys was p.j.’s.

5. Cannery--This I don’t know much abut except that it was usually done by rising seniors and I believe that they were compensated for it. The summer I was a senior I worked at Mirror Lake for which I also was paid.

6. Baby Cottage--Big Girls served about one year. I suppose because it was an all-time job.
THINGS I LOVED ABOUT BARIUM

Splashing around in that non-chlorinated pool on a hot summer day with about 90 other kids.

Camp. My very first year I did not get to go home but we “unfortunates” had a camping trip to Myrtle Beach. I tasted shrimp for the first time there. Then when they opened the camp down on the river, that was wonderful. Everyone had a chance at that, vacation or no.

Music. There is no way I would have ever gotten to play a piano in Concord. A guitar maybe.

Miss Carpenter, and Worth, and Sally, and Ernestine and Charles...

Now we talked a bit about trauma. Actually, the only real trauma I recall was the day they took my sister and me to Barium and we left Gordon at home because they said they didn’t have room for even one more boy. But when they made room a couple of weeks later, that made it o.k.

Of course, I missed my folks. But then I was 13 and went back to my hometown and found that my 14-year old best friend had a fatherless child; even at that age I knew I was better off where I was.

My most disturbing incident was when I was stupid enough to speak up about a well-know “octopus” instructor. Mr. Johnston nearly expelled me for saying it out loud. Years later it disturbs me even more to hear that any number of girls made the same complaint and nothing apparently was ever done about it.

Punishment? Of course, we were punished for little things we did against the rules. But then we punished our daughter and she punishes her kids. As long as love goes with the action, it is going to be o.k.
MEMORIES OF ERNESTINE (GARRETT) YOUNG
Class of 1939

Before I started this tonight, I was thinking back to how people used to think about those "poor little orphans." I guess I had a lot of pride because I did not want people feeling sorry for me so I would not tell them where I grew up. Now I realize we were very lucky children to have been chosen to grow up at Barium. During the years I grew up there, we had a depression going on and there was so much hunger in the country. We knew very little about this, and we had every opportunity a child could ask for.

I was three or four years old when I came to Barium with my little sister, Polly. My mother told me I must not cry and to look after my sister. We were sent to the Baby Cottage. The boys slept downstairs and girls upstairs. We had a matron and also some big girls who looked after us. We had a big merry-go-round we played on a lot. As I remember, right from the start, we were treated as individuals. We each had our own wooden boxes that we kept our toys in, and we also had our own clothes.

I remember when I was five years old I would lie in bed at night after the lights were out, and I could see out the window into the next cottage on the third floor. In those days, we had lights that hung from the ceiling on a cord, and I could see the light on and a lady with very long hair (Anita Ghigo) walking around. I would imagine she was a witch and every night I would look for her.

They moved us up to the next cottage either by age or by grade. So, when I was five years old, I was moved to Annie Louise Cottage and started the first grade. Mrs. Ghigo, an Italian lady, was our matron. I liked her very much and her daughter Anita would stay there often. She would teach us songs in French and little dances.

The music teacher, Miss Greene, had her apartment in part of the building and we would go and sit with her in her swing and talk with her when she wasn’t giving lessons.

We would have to march to the dining room in two’s from our cottage at mealtime and had certain tables to sit at together.

We would play games such as hide and seek, jump rope, simple games that were fun and sometimes we could go to the movies on Friday nights. In those days, they showed movies in the auditorium of the elementary school. They
were silent movies, mostly westerns. Miss Greene played the piano during the movie.

Our parents could visit us at certain times. I would go down by the road and wait for the greyhound bus as I knew my mother would be on it.

We also could go for two weeks in the summer to visit relatives. I was fortunate to be able to do this. When I came back after these visits, I would have to bite my lip to keep from crying when my mother left me. Fortunately, time heals everything.

When we went into the third grade, we were sent to Howard Cottage. At this point, we began to have little chores to do such as make our beds. We were assigned different little things which we thought were "big" things to do.

Miss Wood was our matron and one of my favorites. She was very good to us. If we did something we shouldn’t do, usually the punishment was to stand in the large hall without talking to anyone for an hour or two.

I don’t remember any mistreatment of children at any cottage.

While at Howard Cottage, we had a large cement porch, and the boys would bring large baskets of string beans they had picked. We would sit for hours stringing beans for our meals and telling stories while doing it.

We had beautiful flowers and Miss Wood would send us out in the woods to get rich soil. Sometimes, we would start swinging in the trees and forget to go back when we should.

Each cottage had swing sets which we all enjoyed. I started taking piano lessons at Howard Cottage when I was ten years old but hated practicing.

Each cottage had certain hours and days we were allowed to go swimming which I really enjoyed. We would have to rest an hour and then we could go swimming from 2 to 4 .m. But at Howard Cottage we had to memorize the child's and shorter catechisms before we could go swimming or join the church.

The pool was always closed on Monday for cleaning which I hated. (Usually the concrete pool was scrubbed down on Saturday afternoon by young boys using wire brushes. With a single two-inch refill pipe, it was Tuesday before there was enough water to swim in. Ed.)
We had a basement at Howard Cottage which was used very little so some of us would put on plays and our audience would be the other girls.

We were taught to use our imaginations, and talents were both recognized and encouraged to develop.

The staff would take us in school buses to football games since we would all come together and sit together. The mass of people may have been unusual to some, but to us it was quite normal. Barium always had good teams and we were proud of them so that, once a game started, we’d forget everything else.

Alice Jones and I were friends all through school and sometimes we would wear dresses alike to the ball games, and people would think we were twins.

We were allowed to ask Santa Claus for three things in our letters at Christmas, which we always wrote. The letters were sent to people in Presbyterian churches in North Carolina. We always had a good Christmas even though you weren’t always sure of getting what you had asked for!

The Christmas for some reason I never forgot was when I was ten years old. I had asked Santa to give me a Negro doll and a piano. I don’t know why I asked for this; I know I always loved music but the doll I haven’t a clue as I wasn’t much at playing with dolls. When I looked under the Christmas tree and saw that little green piano and little Negro doll with three pigtails I was so happy I knew they were mine.

We were given candy and fruit between meals. The boys would bring each cottage buckets of fruit every day which they had picked and it was carefully handed out.

On Sunday, usually we didn’t go to the dining room for supper. Each cottage would fix sandwiches for the girls, usually peanut butter and jelly or jam.

Usually at the age of eleven, or sixth grade, we moved up to Rumple Hall Cottage. Rumple Hall was built in the middle of the campus since it was where everyone ate their meals.

The dining room was on the first floor. The girls lived on the second floor—two to a room—and a lot of the teachers lived on the third floor. I remember that we had our Halloween parties there. We would duck for apples, had fortune tellers, and all sorts of games as we could not go trick-or-treat on Halloweens.
The girls took turns working in the kitchen and the dining room; two girls also worked upstairs. The kitchen, you cooked three meals a day. Breakfast was the worst, as you would have to get up so early in the morning.

Cleaning pots and pans wasn’t exactly fun, but Miss Long who was in charge of the kitchen had things so organized that we would have fun sometimes.

Working in the dining room consisted of setting the tables, waiting on the tables, cleaning them off, and washing the dishes. Miss Purdy was the dining room matron. And I remember, she was the only matron I could not get along with nor could a lot of the other girls. So I was moved upstairs. For punishment, she would make you kill a hundred flies in the dining room and sometimes the girls would give theirs to someone else after they had killed them and shown them to Miss Purdy.

We had fun too, such as piling into a truck and going to Statesville to see the movies at the Playhouse Theater where we only paid a dime to get in.

We had one room upstairs at Rumple Hall called the ironing room where we would iron our clothes when we wanted to. We had a radio in there and we would sit in there and listen to the radio; also sit in the windows and watch the boys who would come up from Alexander Cottage to kill chickens or bring the milk up from the barn to the kitchen.

The barn was off limits to us, but sometimes some of us would go down to the barn just for fun and seldom get caught.

We had a swing set right outside next to where the boys always came to eat. Usually, they would come early and the girls and boys would talk and have fun.

When we started to high school, we moved to the Woman’s Cottage. I really enjoyed that part of my life, more so than any other as there was so much you could do.

The girls in the first two years of high school lived upstairs on the second floor—two to a room.

The juniors and seniors lived on the first floor—two to a room. We had a large sitting room on the first floor; and when the boys came over to see their dates, they usually went into the sitting room to wait.
Miss Adams was the matron at the Woman's Cottage and her sister lived there also. They both had never been married but I thought Miss Adams was very understanding. I would sit on the porch for hours and talk with her. She was interested in all of the girls and their futures.

The work for the younger girls was in the laundry where all of the washing and ironing of the clothes and everything from each cottages was done. Mrs. Lockey was in charge. Upstairs above the laundry was the sewing room where the senior girls usually worked. Miss Clark was in charge. She would cut out all of the clothes without patterns, and we would sew them and try them on there. Miss Clark lived in Statesville and had a rooming house there and had movie stars stay there sometimes, and she would tell us about it.

In the corner of the sewing room was a storeroom where we would go for shoes and things from Mr. Lowrance who also was in charge of the cleaning products too for every cottage.

A lot of our clothes were what we bought with money those who had relatives had given to us or had sent to us, but many were made in the sewing room. Most dresses were made of cotton fabric.

Seniors were given an allowance each month, and we would go to Statesville usually to Belk's department store, and spend it on what we wanted.

The girls were always borrowing each other's dresses, skirts or sweaters to wear.

We had two tennis courts in back of the Woman's Cottage next to the apple trees, and I would get up and play for a couple of hours before breakfast and also after breakfast until we had to go to our work.

We were able to go out for basketball during the fall, which I did, and made the team when I decided to stop playing around. I always did everything did to win. I was always very competitive. We had a good team and played twenty games a season. We were taken to other schools at which we played on school buses. We would sing and have fun on the bus, but I was always afraid I would not get back in time to get enough sleep. We had a conference basketball tournament at Barium; and, if you were on one of Barium's teams, you sponsored a team and took care of them.

We could only date boys from Barium and if you were caught dating or meeting boys off of campus, you were sent back to your home or where you
came from and could not graduate at Barium. That happened to a few girls during my senior year.

On weekends, the boys who were dating girls would meet them at the school house which was close by, or in the underpass, which was built beneath the highway. It seems now that we really saw each other quite a bit; then, it didn’t seem that way.

Sundays were usually spent in church, Sunday school, and vesper services at night. The boys would walk us girls back to the cottages after vesper services.

There was always something to do and someone to do it with, especially in sports, such as skating, swimming, tennis, and basketball. Some of us who had music talent sang in the glee club and choir and took piano lessons.

They would have church conference in the summer at Mitchell College and Davidson College. Ten boys and girls were chosen to go for a week. I was lucky to be chosen to go to both conferences. We met girls and boys from churches from other towns, and every minute was filled with things planned for us. When we returned, we would give reports in church on what we did.

We all went to the circus and carnivals every year; also to Iredell County fairs at Troutman. That was fun, and we would walk the railroad tracks there and back with a boyfriend or friends. We would also spend a week at camp on the Catawba River, which we really enjoyed. At the river campsite, the boys and girls’ barracks were separated by the combined kitchen/dining hall. There was a little country store across the river and a group of us would take a walk over to it. There was an older man who ran it, and some of the boys and girls would give him a “hard time” and he would give us some penny candy or something and as we were leaving, we looked up and he would be watching us out the window.

We went swimming in the river, the current of which was so swift and strong that you could only swim one way, and we would end up in the rapids which was rather rough on suits and skin.

In summer some of us were taken to Montreat for a week. It was beautiful there. There was a man-made swimming pool with a diving board; we could go in and it was so cold. There also was a small candy store where we could go to.

We had so many opportunities that we really didn’t miss out on much.
When it came time to graduate and leave Barium, somehow r. Johnston saw to it that everyone had somewhere to go or he would try and help you with your future.

I had never known any other home and leaving Barium and my friends was a sad time for me. It took many months for me to get over being away from Barium Springs.

It took a remarkable person like Mr. Johnston who cared to give all of us such a good life. It could have been quite different. I feel sorry for the ones who do not realize it.
Nicknames at Barium Springs during this period were plentiful. Nicknames were plentiful everywhere in America then. It appeared to be a part of the culture, the renaming of individuals in recognition of some physical characteristic (I'm not about to give examples, Ed.); some activity the individual was caught at or reported to have been caught at; some special accomplishment; a state of cleanliness or the lack of; some preference for a particular food; a speech impediment; nothing more than a whim.

For whatever reason, the nicknames added that little spice that livens and relaxes a place and group. Even to this day, it's warming to hear and observe some distinguished looking person being addressed with some outrageous identification.

Nelson Farmer supplied the bulk of those names below; Ed. added some more. You add your collection.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Zoo</th>
<th>Jaybird</th>
<th>Cow</th>
<th>Pig</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rooster</td>
<td>Horse</td>
<td>Mink Dog</td>
<td>Duck</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gander</td>
<td>King Kong</td>
<td>Snake</td>
<td>Goon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rat</td>
<td>Mouse</td>
<td>Skeeter</td>
<td>Catfish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monkey</td>
<td>Goat</td>
<td>Rabbit</td>
<td>Owl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ganger</td>
<td>Doghouse</td>
<td>Crooked</td>
<td>Spud</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dirty</td>
<td>Stingo</td>
<td>To To</td>
<td>Pineapple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Big Tom</td>
<td>Bonk Bonk</td>
<td>Spooks</td>
<td>T-Bone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Black-Out</td>
<td>Chug Chug</td>
<td>Nimrod</td>
<td>Snoot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheek</td>
<td>Toe</td>
<td>Fuzz</td>
<td>Snooz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nanner</td>
<td>Grits</td>
<td>Ham</td>
<td>Punkin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sausage</td>
<td>Peanut</td>
<td>Pie</td>
<td>Red</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slim</td>
<td>Skinny</td>
<td>Tubby</td>
<td>Rosy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shorty</td>
<td>Stubby</td>
<td>Shadow</td>
<td>Whitye</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fat</td>
<td>Shoe Full</td>
<td>Stringy</td>
<td>Gandhi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spunky</td>
<td>Tottie</td>
<td>Acorn</td>
<td>Whoppy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Krunchy</td>
<td>Moon</td>
<td>Hi Yah</td>
<td>Clap</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weary</td>
<td>Dad</td>
<td>Whang</td>
<td>Shot Gun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swisher</td>
<td>Jug</td>
<td>Peed</td>
<td>Wiggy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baby</td>
<td>Aggie</td>
<td>Hornback</td>
<td>Coach</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jap</td>
<td>Duke</td>
<td>Capp</td>
<td>Stopper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sucky</td>
<td>Snorty</td>
<td>Slop</td>
<td>Slicky</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Squeaky</td>
<td>Glutton</td>
<td>Dinky</td>
<td>Pooky</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rusty</td>
<td>Cocky</td>
<td>Brother</td>
<td>Kildee</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
AN ALBUM OF MEMORIES

THE
PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME
AT
BARIUM SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA

SECTION XI - 1940

25 GRADUATES

ACE MEDAL - ED COLE

SOUTH PIEDMONT CONFERENCE CHAMPIONS -
BOYS & GIRLS BASKETBALL

AVERAGE TENURE OF THE GRADUATES - 10 YEARS
CLASS ROLL

1940

Edward Cole
Henry Alessandrini
Johnnie Burgin
Howard Beshears
Grace Cayton
John Ellis
Agnes Coppedge
Rufus Long
Grace Coppedge
Rex Lewis
Wilma Jessup
John Irby McDonald
Sadie Mills
John Cole McCrimmon
Mary Penn Lindsay
Walter Mott
Isabel Monroe
James A. Porter
Nancy Parcell
Clarence Robards
Gertrude Smith
William Smith
Charles Starling
Nancy Stafford

Mascot: Hilda Donaldson
Ace Medal: Ed Cole
CLASS HISTORY

1940

One rainy day in the year 1975 I was in the attic looking through an old trunk of mine when I found a queer-looking old document signed by myself. Upon opening it I found it was a history of the Senior Class of Barium Springs High School, year of 1940. Much interested I glanced through it and found it read as follows:

In the fall of 1936 we entered high school with 36 on our class roll. We found this year to be very interesting, although it was very different from anything we had had in the past. Also, it was a little hard to get used to the new schedule which was given to us. Finally, after eight months of struggling (and I mean struggling for the most of us!), we got through this school year.

In the following fall, the year of '37, we entered into another year of school work. Much to our own joy we were at last getting used to our new life. We lost only two out of this class and we had four to take their places. This raised our number to 38. As the days passed by, we came to the end of another school year. We were proud of our improvement, although we still had plenty to achieve.

At last we were Juniors, being much older than we were when entering high school. We at last began to realize we would soon be Seniors. With this in mind, we all tried to put ourselves as near the top as we could.

As this school term came to an end we found ourselves nothing else but proud Seniors. We all had waited a long time to become Seniors and were happy to reach this goal. All of our school years had been full of excitement, happiness, and disappointments.

I am sure we will never forget those things no matter how long we live. They will always hold a place within our memories. Here's hoping that all who become seniors after us will enjoy their high school careers as much as we have. Look for the best that's in life, and the best you'll find.
We, the Senior Class of 1940, wish for all of you, luck and happiness in your coming school days.

Nancy Stafford, Historian
CLASS WILL
1940

We, the Senior Class of 1940, do hereby will and bequeath:

To Mr. Johnston, our love and appreciation for guiding us so carefully during our stay at Barium.

To Mr. Sossamon, our thanks for pulling us through our tight spots.

To the Juniors, our knowledge and ability to learn more.

To the Sophomores, our ability to get along with our teachers

To the Freshmen, our courage to fight through High School.

I, Sadie Mills, do hereby will and bequeath to the Infirmary girls the work I was supposed to do; to my little sister, Myrtle, all the things she can find in my room.

I, Charles Starling, do hereby will and bequeath to my brother, Cecil, my bed and old box; to Sallie Farmer, my school sense.

I, Isabel Monroe, do hereby will and bequeath to Mary Ann McCormick all my empty Woodbury powder boxes; to Mary Parks Allen my place on the basketball team (come on, Parkie); to my sisters my place in the laundry.

I, Walter Mott, do hereby will and bequeath to Ed Williamson my bed and door key. Sleep well, Ed, and don't break out any panels.

I, Grace Cayton, do hereby will and bequeath to Daisy, my little sister, my old painted-over, 21-year old alarm clock, which has only one leg and no alarm, hoping she can get ready for school on time; to Mary Ann my place in the choir.

I, John Irby McDonald, do hereby will and bequeath to my fellow Nimrods, James Shroyer and Russell McKenzie, all my rabbit hollows and hope them plenty of luck; to Jimmy Dorton my ability to stay away from the girls; to my sisters my ability to study.

I, Gertie Smith, do hereby will and bequeath to my kid sister, Flossie, my position as barber; to Lillie Belle all the things I leave behind; to my brother,
Vance, my ability to finish high school.

I, Ed Cole, do hereby will and bequeath to my sister, Ruth, my height; to Fred my good times I have had while here at Barium; to Billy (Rip Van Winkle) Brock my sleeping quarters.

I, Nancy Stafford, do hereby will and bequeath to Mary Adams all the old clothes I leave behind; to Jimmy, my brother, his sweater which I have so faithfully worn for the past eight months. (It's not quite threadbare yet, Jim.)

I, Henry Alessandrini, do hereby will and bequeath to David Burney the key to the printing office; to the "Mocs" family our room and any old duds; to anybody, anything they can find.

I, Wilma Jessup, do hereby will and bequeath to "Skeeter" Sanders all my skeeter bites I got at camp last year; to Mary Adams all my hamburger bags I leave behind.

I, Clarence Rohards, do hereby will and bequeath to anyone who will take them, the extra pair of football socks Cap gave me during football season.

I, Grace Coppedge, do hereby will and bequeath to Flora Mae Newman my place as captain of the basketball team; to Sallie Farmer all my Lady Esther lipstick tubes if George hasn't beat her to them. "Hold tight" to them, George.

I, Rufus Long, do hereby will and bequeath to Joe and Pete, my ability to make the honor roll at least once; to Billy "Moc" my wrestling ability; to anyone, anything they can beg, borrow, or steal.

I, Johnnie Burgin, do hereby will and bequeath to Sallie Farmer the opportunity of spending extra days while off on weekends; to Mary Adams all my old rusty pennies. Here's hoping they will make her heart "jump with joy."

I, Rex Lewis, do hereby will and bequeath to my brother, Ben, my bed in the room and hope he keeps it made up more than I did; to "Doc" Munday my place as Mr. Grier's chauffeur of his work car.

I, Agnes Coppedge, do hereby will and bequeath to Sarah my old room; to Sallie Farmer all my empty soft drink bottles.
I, William Smith, do hereby will and bequeath to Joe Ben Gibbs my place on the basketball team; to my brother, Stanley, anything he can find.

I, Howard Beshears, do hereby will and bequeath to my fat brother, Lacy, half boss of the room; to Henry Pittman my ability to block for Roach. Do better than I did, Pitt.

I, Mary Penn Lindsay, do hereby will and bequeath to Virginia Cranfill all my old Song Hit books; to Myrtle Mills anything she can find to put in the scrapbook.

I, Nancy Parcell, do hereby will and bequeath to my sister, Sarah, anything I leave; to Donnie Bolton my seat in the Senior classroom...if he ever gets there.

I, Thelma Robards, do hereby will and bequeath to Sallie my old fingernail polish; to Mary my old sewing machine; to Flossie my place as Miss Adams' office girl; to my sister, Elizabeth, my red turban.

I, John Ellis, do hereby will and bequeath to Joe Ben my old hat which he has claimed for the past three months; to William Wadsworth my work gloves. Hope they serve the purpose.
FINAL GRADUATION EXERCISES HELD ON APRIL 22
WHEN 25 BOYS AND GIRLS FINISHED HIGH SCHOOL

APRIL 1940

(Speakers for the 1940 Commencement were Rev. Malcolm Calhoun of St. Pauls; Rev. Samuel Wiley of Thomasville, and Rev. Carl Pritchett of Smithfield.)

(Ed Cole was winner of Ace Medal.)

(Arthur Roach was presented with Bible Medal; Music Improvement Award went to Margaret Jarvis.)

Twenty-five boys and girls whose stay at Barium Springs has averaged almost 10 years each were, on Monday night, April 22nd, awarded their diplomas at the final graduating exercises of the 1940 program. During the final evening the commencement address was delivered by Rev. Carl R. Pritchett, pastor of the Smithfield Presbyterian Church, on the subject, "Your View of Life," who urged the graduates to take both a long and short view of life and to understand the real meaning of life itself.

The concluding exercises began with the invocation by Rev. T. C. Cook, pastor of Little Joe's Church, immediately followed by the salutatory address of Rufus Long, second-honor student of the class. Harry Barkley, superintendent of the grammar schools, awarded the seventh grade certificates.

After the commencement address each graduate was presented a Bible by the local pastor, and Jos. B. Johnston, superintendent of the Home, presented the prizes and awards. He prefaced his presentation with the disclosure that 104 Barium children had perfect attendance records last year—67 in the elementary school and 37 in the high school—and that 22 students had won reading certificates.

The Barium superintendent announced and thanked the senior class for its parting gift, which is a plaque upon which will be engraved the names of all those who have won the Ace Medal. Scholarship prizes for the grammar grades went to Pearl Morgan, Dwight Spencer, Esau Davis, Billy Everett and Wootson Davis. High School scholastic prizes went to Ed Cole, John McCall, John McCrimmon, Billy McCall and Joe
Ben Gibbs.

Fred W. Sherrill of Statesville annually contributes scholarship prizes to two boys and two girls showing the greatest improvement in high school. Winners this year were Geraldine Blue, Sarah Parcell, Ben Lewis and Paul Burney. The music improvement medal went to Margaret Jarvis, with Betty Whittle and Betty Lou Williamson getting prizes as runners-up. The Bible medal was won by Arthur Roach, and the most coveted award, the Ace medal, went to Ed Cole.

Mr. Johnston also presented the gold basketballs to members of the girls' and boys' basketball teams, who were 1940 champions of the South Piedmont conference, the girls winning the title for the second year in succession. Loving cups from the conference were scheduled to be presented, but these had not arrived at Barium Springs.

After the presentation of diplomas by R. G. Calhoun, school principal, the junior class marched to the stage behind the seniors and sang the farewell song. Ed Cole delivered the Valedictory as the first-honor student; everybody sang one verse of "Blest Be the Tie That Binds" and Rev. Mr. Pritchett, the visiting speaker, pronounced the benediction.

**Senior Class Exercises**

The final assembly of the class of 1940 as a unit was on Monday morning, April 22nd, at which time they presented an unusual and highly entertaining program entitled, "The Open Road" which was a gypsy harvest festival in one act. The graduates were attired in gypsy costumes, and it was a unique way in which the class history, the class will and testament, the class poem, and the prophecy were presented. The roles of the various characters played by the seniors were as follows:

Madre—Nancy Parcell  
Captain—John Ellis  
Queen—Sadie Mills  
Princess Senior—Wilma Jessup
Instead of having one evening devoted to a music recital and another to a program by the primary and grammar grades, this was altered in 1940. Part of an exercise on April 12th was a music recital and part was an operetta presented by the primary department. On the following Friday night, April 19th, others in the music department gave a recital and the grammar grades offered an operetta for the entertainment of the large family and other friends here.

These preliminary events to the 1940 commencement are as follows:

**Friday, April 19, 1940**

**MUSIC RECITAL**

The Fountain, Bohm—Myrtle Mills.
La donna e' Mobile, Verdi—Annie Sue Wilson.
Evening, Low—Betty Coffey and Pat Hooten.
Warblings at Eve, Richards—Billie Ammons.
Humoreske, Dvorak—Margaret Jarvis.
To A Wild Rose, McDowell—Marie Morgan.
At the Donny-Brook Fair, Scott—Evelyn Coppedge and Margaret Jarvis.
Second Mazurka, Godard—Elizabeth Robards.
TOM SAWYER

An Operetta in three acts, based on Mark Twain's story, Tom Sawyer; dramatized and adapted by Theodosia Paynter and presented by the grammar grades:

Cast of Characters:

Aunt Polly, Lille Belle Smith; Tom Sawyer, Hervey Stricklin; Joe Harper, Wilbur Coats; Amy Lawrence, Jacie Newnam
Robert Erwin Jackins came to Barium as a nine year old boy on November 11, 1918. It was Armistice Day, the day when the tragic First World War finally ended in Europe. Not long before, his father, James G. Jackins, had died from the great flu epidemic of 1917. He was only 37 years old. His mother, Sarah E. Jackins, found it necessary to place Robert in the orphanage at Barium Springs, along with his brother Sam and sister Edna.

"Buck" Jackins, as he soon came to be called, participated in the athletic programs which the new superintendent, Joseph, B. Johnston, initiated soon after his arrival in 1922. He recalls that Mr. Johnston had brought a football when he first came and the boys quickly took up this game. It became the most popular sport among the several that were introduced by Mr. Johnston. Of course, it took several years before a full schedule could be developed with nearby towns. But before long, the Barium teams were a serious contender for championships. Buck was among the first to stand out in football and he was elected captain of the team during his senior year.

His leadership ability prompted Mr. Johnston to ask if he would stay a few months after his high school graduation in 1927. He wanted Buck to supervise the high school boys who lived in the Virginia Gilmer Cottage and to take charge of the dairy crew that milked cows twice each day. Mr. Johnston insisted that the boys not call him by his former nickname, Buck. But they quickly attached a new nickname, which was more acceptable. It was "Cap", a recognition for his leadership in sports. As it turned out, this "temporary" position turned into a full-time career as dean of boys, dairy boss, and athletic coach.

"Cap" Jackins is remembered by hundreds of boys as their coach in football and wrestling. He coached Barium teams from 1927 until his retirement in 1953. During the first year, when he assisted head coach Rosey McMillan, Mr. Johnston sent the two of them to a coaching school in Tennessee to learn the fundamentals. "Cap" became head coach within a few years and he organized several lightweight football teams which quickly established themselves as winners. The varsity teams also managed to win more than their share of victories. Perhaps even more remarkable were the Barium wrestling teams which "Cap" coached. They oftentimes wrestled college freshmen teams just to get enough competition. One string of state high school championships lasted five years, from 1934 to 1938. Much of the credit for these successes should
go to "Cap" Jackins for his ability to teach basic fundamentals and his skill with encouraging each boy to do his best.

As the dean of boys, "Cap" Jackins had authority without being authoritarian. He was actually a very mild mannered person who spoke softly and wisecracked often. He had very few rules and he optimistically assumed that most of them were followed. Few of us will forget his famous "court" sessions when he announced changes in certain rules or reported complaints by other staff members. Once in a while, he tried to find out who had committed some act of petty theft. We squirmed when he announced that none of us could go to town to see a movie until the missing article was returned. He could be very practical.

We Barium children knew "Cap" Jackins as a family man. We were all excited when he married one of the prettiest teachers, Laura Northrup, and set up housekeeping. In time, they had three children, Beth, Joan, and Danny. Much of the time they lived in an apartment in the Virginia Gilmer cottage, along with about 50 high school boys. We recall the numerous summer evenings when the Jackins family would sit outside on lawn chairs to watch softball games or to simply enjoy the cool evening air. These were the days before air-conditioning and t.v. Happily, that left much more time for visiting together. The Jackins talked with us about many subjects, including future plans. We were all part of the larger Barium family who cared about each other.

After resigning from Barium, "Cap" worked for several years in nearby Statesville. He continued to follow Barium activities and after he retired, he moved closer to Barium. His wife, Laura, died and after several years he married another pretty lady: Sarah H. Smith. Living so close to Barium, they both continue to take an active interest in everything there. They look forward each year to meeting alumni who return for the Barium Homecoming.
RELIGIOUS LIFE AT BARIUM

Being a Presbyterian Home, it was expected that Barium would give considerable emphasis to the church, its beliefs, doctrines, etc. That was true; one of the stated and practiced objectives of the Home was to bring children up in the Christian faith. What was not true, again the orphanage myth, was that we were "hounded to death" by religious zealots.

From the Baby Cottage on up, having prayer services was a normal and accepted event. A part of those services was Bible reading. A blessing was asked at any event where food was to be eaten, that included picnics and cookouts at the river camp. Pre-bedtime services in the cottages for smaller children included each child taking a turn to recite a verse of scripture. (The first child to give "Jesus Wept". precluded any other child from using that one.) The cottage service might conclude with the children standing in their undershorts and, in unison, praying the "Lord’s Prayer", or reciting the "23rd Psalm", or offering the "Mizpah Benediction". (The latter, briefer, conclusion was used frequently after a hard day and the matron was eager to get the children into bed so that she could have some rest.)

There were three organized church services each week--Sunday Morning worship, Wednesday evening prayer meeting, and Sunday evening vespers. In addition to those, we had our morning Sunday School classes, and youth groups, which met on Sunday afternoon, prior to vespers. (This is probably not the place to include this, but there is a group of male alumni who claimed membership in the "Second Presbyterian Church." That "congregation" assembled around the pump house behind the office or down at the boiler room during periods when others were at Little Joe’s. The "service" consisted of that 1930’s rite-of-passage for high school boys, smoking cigarettes. The most popular brand was "Sensations," which could be purchased at "Doodlum’s" for 10 cents a pack.)

The children fully participated in the church life. We sang in the choirs, taught Sunday School, played the piano for certain services--even Sunday morning services during the summer months and when Miss Green could not be there during school months. For the summer vacation Bible School, I recall that the majority of the activities were student directed. Even in the financial support of the church we participated. Each of us was taught to pledge, and we were given boxes of numbered envelopes to put the contributions into.

One of the "fixtures" of the Sunday morning worship, I recall with special warmth, was the weekly presentation by Mr. S. A. Grier. He was a gentle, Lincolnesque man in appearance, with the large hands of a workman. He would bring us up to date on the mission work of the church, giving special
attention to Mr. and Mrs. Zin, Chinese missionaries in their native country and supported by Concord Presbytery. He closed his presentation with a prayer. Mr. Grier did not offer those "Presbyterian-Gothic" prayers which had a lot of "beseeches," nor did he seek "richest blessings" (typical Presbyterian-Episcopal request). He simply stood there and talked to his friend named God in the direct language that reflected his dignity. He talked to God about giving guidance and expressed gratitude for previous guidance. He thanked God for simple things like a needed rainfall and for love and friends, and the earth's beauty: The kind of praying a child could understand. I don't recall that he spent much time asking God for forgiveness. I think he and God knew it would be superfluous. As much as anything else, it was from the examples of S. A. Grier and others like him that we learned Christian character and behavior.

(It is quite obvious that I did not close my eyes in all the prayers. I was also frequently pinched by a "Big Girl" for my irreverence.)

A part of the scholarly in our church life was the memorization of the two catechisms, the "Child's" and the "Shorter"--which was longer. Children who memorized the "Child's" were recognized and given a certificate and a New Testament; those who memorized the "Shorter" were similarly recognized but given the Bible.

In the school, the Old and New Testaments were required courses of study. In the study of those courses, there was considerable memory work. Each child memorized the 13th Chapter of First Corinthians, the 12th Chapter of Romans, several of the Psalms, the Apostle's Creed, portions of the book of Isaiah, the names of the prophets, the authors of the synoptic gospels, the books of the Bible in correct sequence, etc.

The ministers at Little Joe's during this era were Rev. W.C. Brown and Rev. Tom Cook. Reverend Brown I remember as a large, bald man--and that more from photographs than from working memory. Tom Cook, however, I remember as an excellent minister. If I recall, he had experienced a poisonous gas attack from the Germans in World War I and continued to suffer in some way as a result of it.

He had multiple talents in addition to being an effective speaker. He sang and he also was a very clever cartoonist. Using colored charcoal, he could graphically make a humorous point for a sermon that children readily caught. There was always a stir of eager anticipation when his easel was seen standing on the altar prior to a service.

Mr. Johnston along with S.A. Grier, by personal example taught and lived Christianity. When you saw that large man standing in front of a Sunday
School class of boys and saw tears come to his eyes when he talked about God’s love or God’s forgiveness and mercy, you knew that he was a man of God; you knew that he cared for you, so you knew that was the right way to be.

Barium may not have produced a proportionate number of full-time church workers from the children of that era. However, I venture to say that the great majority left there having fully integrated Christian thinking and behavior into their lives, and that was the objective.

EDUCATION

Until the depression, Barium Springs was a private school. During the depression it, like all of the county systems, came under the state. Prior to the depression, counties operated their own school systems. When the depression came, counties could not pay their teachers and turned to the state for relief; Barium was no different. (Mr. Johnston did not want this, but had little choice--there simply was no money.)

The school actually went on the state “schedule” in the fall of 1934, even though it was designated a “public” school in 1932. Hence, the graduates of this decade were all public school graduates.

The curriculum of the schools was very basic and very good. Its major weaknesses were in the sciences because we had no well-equipped laboratory.

The secret of the quality of the school--as with any good school--was in its teaching staff. Barium Springs, with exceptions only in the pure sciences, had the very best. (How many of you, as I, have wished that your own children could have been students of those teachers?)

To name their names brings a certain awe and respect now. When I think of them, I sit up straighter, I get organized; I begin to concentrate and think! Those people were TEACHERS! They were not K-12 employees; they were TEACHERS! Unlike too many of the fluff charlatans in the classrooms of today, that crowd knew their subject matter; beyond that, they knew they knew it! They were sure of themselves and knew their roles in relationship to you, and it was not their responsibility--thank heavens--to massage our tender psyches for “communication”. They knew that their role was to get some knowledge through that head, regardless of its thickness. To their immense credit, for most of us, they succeeded.
The fact of the matter is that a majority of the teachers at Barium during that era would have qualified then—and certainly today—as college level instructors, regardless of academic credentials.

Reba Thompson and Irene McDade both had master’s degrees. How many county schools at that time had teachers holding M.A.’s? Faye Stevenson could have been a full professor in any university giving teacher education.

In the early 1930’s, Miss Holton was the principal of the elementary school. I remember her as an elderly woman in severe black dresses and those black, no-nonsense shoes. She had a handbell that she rang to summon children in to begin class and from recess.

The classrooms in the elementary school building fronted the basketball court. Each room had a set of the Palmer Method lettering system above the blackboard in it. (We were required to take penmanship then, remember?) In most rooms there was a print of some classic painting. In Gladys Burroughs’ fifth grade room, I recall that there were the prints of Millet’s “The Gleaners” and “The Angelus.” Several rooms had prints of Gainsborough’s “Blue Boy” and Lawrence’s “The Girl in Pink.” Some rooms had Peal’s “Washington” and “Crossing the Delaware.”

Gladys Burroughs was a remarkable woman. She was small and always cheerful. I never saw her frown. A Georgian, she had lost the tip of her little finger on her right hand, and if I ever heard how, I have forgotten. Gladys—what a name-taught penmanship. Push-pulls and ovals. “Ready, ready, swing; ready, ready, write 1, 2, 3, 4; 1, 2, 3, 4, was her chant in class.” The word “Penmanship” at the top of the page, name to the right, date to the left.

“The ‘I’ floats backwards on down the line.
He floats forever in his boat fine.
Won’t I look nice tonight in my sailboat?
When the sun comes up and the moon
  goes down,
I’ll still be afloat.”

That sung while a classroom of students makes “I’s.”

In the windows of Gladys Burroughs’ fifth grade room were scientific mysteries. There were large gallon jars of tadpoles which would sprout legs and become frogs; there were gallon jars of carrot tops which would sprout greenery. She tolerated the most outrageous in youthful behavior. “Spud” Mundy had tied a shoestring across the desk row—those old Singer-sewing machine styled desks. He created a disturbance that caused Miss Burroughs to rush back to control. She tripped over the string and fell. “Stingo” Baldwin,
who weighed all of 50 pounds soaking wet, started to laugh. Miss Burroughs calmly picked herself up, looked at "Stingo" and said, "I don’t know why you’re laughing, had it been you, you’d have broken every bone in your body.” I am sure that up there in Heaven, Gladys is telling God that had He used better penmanship on those Commandments He gave Moses, they might be better understood.

Elizabeth McKeithan was the movie star. None of us had ever seen a teacher with her beauty. She was beautiful. Beyond that, she sang with equal beauty. She taught me how to sketch. She taught Barium girls about style. Once in a while we were favored in church with a solo by her. "How Beautiful Upon the Mountain” I remember and another that sounded like “Ciribiribin.”

Sadie Brandon was the salt-of-the-earth type. She took classes on walks on those warm fall days, down the railroad track to the trestle, or over to the old pear orchard to fill up a waste basket with ripe pears. You got to go outside to play after you recited the ”9 times” tables correctly.

Margaret Bell was a disciplinarian. No cutting up in that lady’s classroom. My most vivid memory of her is that, for whatever infraction, I had to sing “South of the Border” in front of the class. Sinatra made more on the tune than I. I must admit, in vanity, that I enjoyed it.

Faye Stevenson taught sixth grade. Organization was the word for Miss Stevenson’s classes. By the time you got there, rather when you left there, you knew outlines. You knew sequence. You knew that there was an order to learning which when followed made it understandable. She was a remarkable teacher.

Harry Barkley replaced Miss Holton as principal of the elementary school in the mid-thirties. An Erskine College graduate, and a local man, he brought his own style to the position. He was girls’ and later boys’ basketball coach and assistant football coach and camp director. It is in those roles that I remember him more clearly than at the elementary school. He was, along with his wife, a good addition the Barium family, and I have been privileged to be in contact with him in the latter years of his career.

Irene McDade taught Latin, algebra, trigonometry, calculus. Show me a teacher today who can do that? What a brain! She was a Barium girl. However, we did not expect sympathy. She had standards that you met or you didn’t make it. Thank goodness! “Neat as a pin” -- never a hair out of place. Organized to the teeth.
Reba Thompson! a literal bastion of learning. The lady knew language, history, government, sociology, and more psychology than she was willing to admit. I have had many college professors who could not "hold a candle" to either her or Irene McDade. (I would include Ruth Troutman Clark here, but she did not come to Barium until 1944. In terms of the quality of education and concern for us, I will recount this. When Ruth Troutman learned that I was going to Davidson College, she took me "in hand" and led me to the back room of the library where she required that I read Eugene O'Neill' plays and samples of other writers whose works were not on the "Presbyterian" shelves. Beyond that, she had me to write summaries of what I read and discuss them with her. The result was that when I got to Davidson, I was right up with all those wealthy kids from McCallie and Darlington and Episcopal High in Virginia. She became a lifelong friend to me, my wife and my children.)

R. G. Calhoun was principal and coach at the high school. He remained, to me, a man of mystery. He was a strong, forceful man with a large command voice. A Davidson graduate from a family of brothers in Scotland County, he had one brother who was, I believe, a missionary. He apparently lived a rather spartan, monastic life, never married, even though rumors of his love interests were frequent among the children during those years. He taught Bible, Old and New Testament. After World War II, he had another brother, Archie (A.M.) Calhoun to join him on the faculty at Barium.

Repeat their names: Irene McDade, Reba Thompson, Faye Stevenson, Sadie Brandon, Gladys Burroughs; now, is that not a list of solid school teachers? No cream puffs there. Those ladies knew content! They were great teachers and their names and their results reflect it. God bless the memories of everyone of them.

As a postscript, I must give an account of something that happened several years ago at a homecoming. It emphasizes what I have already said about those ladies being total teachers--even into retirement.

I was President of the Alumni Association and had presided over the meeting. Reba Thompson and Faye Stevenson had honored us with their presence. (At the time I was approximately 44 and had completed a lot of graduate work.) After the meeting, Miss Thompson approached the podium. I expected something like, "We're glad we could be here, etc." No. What she said was, "I know that you have more degrees than I. However, I notice that you used the term "different than"; I think if you will check that, you will find the correct form to be "different from." I did check. Expectedly, she was right. I don't know why I bothered to check: she always was! God bless her memory.
THE CAMPUS AT BARIUM SPRINGS IN THE 1940’S

Barium Springs in the 1940’s looked exactly like what it was, an institution. In that, it resembled any number of other such institutions which were constructed during the last decade of the nineteenth century and the early decades of the twentieth century. However, there was something about this campus that seemed to soften that rigid institutional exterior. Perhaps it was its pastoral setting in the rolling countryside of the piedmont, away from any city.

The campus was dominated by Rumple Hall and its bell tower; the building was located on high ground in the very center of all other buildings. Like a very proper Victorian dowager, she maternally loomed over two similarly constructed Victorian buildings which flanked her on the north and south, Annie Louise and Synods, respectively. This trio made an interesting family, for Rumple Hall was constructed with a lighter, more orange-colored brick, whereas the two other buildings were darker, more red. (Perhaps one of those Victorian indiscretions.) All three buildings fronted due east, the main entrances to Synods and Annie Louise seldom were used because the traffic flow came from side doors that opened onto large concrete porches connected to concrete sidewalks to Rumple Hall.

Rumple Hall functioned somewhat in the manner of an English manor house. There was the large kitchen and delivery area in the back, the boiler room with its large mound of black coke. There was a constant activity there with trucks and wagons delivering produce, milk, canned supplies, whatever needs to keep things going. I stated that the building faced east; therefore, when the sun would set in the west, it would turn the large glass window panes into golden-orange reflectors, making the building literally glow.

To the rear of, and across the road from Rumple Hall, stood the Alexander Building. Built as a combination dormitory and industrial building (it housed the print and shoe shops), it was, to me, the most “institutional” looking of all the buildings. There was nothing attractive about it. It was set on a bleak knoll and its architecture matched its setting. It was a soiled-looking place. On a cold, gray winter’s day, it looked as though it housed the secrets of an 18th century horror story.

On down the dirt road that circled the campus and moving north, one approached the Infirmary. It was pleasant enough and functional. Its entrance was softened by a small circular drive with a large American boxwood in it. Like most of the other buildings, it was basically a brick box with a center entrance. Once through that entrance, the nostrils were assaulted with the combined odors of Lysol and sulphur-thiazole salve.
The Infirmary was diagonally across from the Baby Cottage, a pleasant looking building for an institution. It was constructed with twin entrances on the left and right wings; the middle portion was bayed, which softened the two story brick structure. The half-moon flower bed between the entrances picked up the lines of the bayed front and added attractiveness. The most prominent feature in the front of the building--and the best play area a child could have--was a giant magnolia tree.

Lee’s and Howard Cottages completed the group on the inner circle of the campus. One, Howard, to the left of the Baby Cottage; and the other, Lee’s to the right of Synod’s and fronting it. These two buildings were quite similar, brick, two-storied boxes with single, central entrances and back porches. Both were of the orange-yellow brick.

Jennie Gilmer, of dark brick, was similar, but no rear porch. It was set off to itself on a hill overlooking the track and baseball fields and a good view of the orchards and dairy from the second floor.

U.S. Highway 21 divided the east and west sides of the campus. The highway had been paved in the 1920’s and at that time, the North Carolina Highway Department installed chain-link fences on either side for the length of the campus. They constructed concrete underpasses on the north and south ends of the campus, and planted “institutional” roses along the fences.

The eastern half of the campus was anchored by the two school buildings--the elementary on the north, the high school on the south. A long, concrete roller-skating area connected them.

The elementary school was a single story, H-shaped structure that housed the basketball court-stage-auditorium. Four, large, wooden, doric columns commanded its entrance. The building was surrounded by a large grassy play area, and beyond that cultivated fields stretched to the horizon. Just to the rear of the building was a potato shed which played an important role for more than one Barium couple in learning about the opposite sex.

The Woman’s Building neighbored the elementary school. It looked very much like any dormitory to be found on a college campus. Dark brick, there were three entrances: a center doric columned entrance, and twin, covered entrances on either end. Behind it were a pecan orchard and clay tennis courts. The Ernest Milton residence was about 100 yards south from the Woman’s Building. It was named Boyd Cottage, but it was not called that. It was a typical, two storied brick Victorian dwelling with large, high windows and a latticed back porch.
The office building came next. A brick building with a stubby little porch on the front, large windows.

Behind the office was the laundry, a large two-story building with industrial type push-out windows. Upstairs was the sewing room where Barium girls practiced their "domestic" skills at garment making. The laundry was also a trysting place for many a Barium boy and girl.

Adjacent to the laundry and to the rear of the office was a garage for seven or eight vehicles. Behind that was a make-shift collection of cages and wired enclosures where boys kept chickens, guinea pigs, rabbits, pigeons. Parallel to the garage was a pump house. On an early summer morning, that pump could be heard clearly anywhere on campus. (I remember waiting for a bus one morning at 4:00 A.M. I was going to Asheville on vacation. I was standing at the extreme south end of the campus near the train station-post office. It was August and everything was very quiet, except that pump which provided a curious symphony in that early dawn.)

The church, Little Joe's, had a simple charm about it. There was nothing extraordinary about its architecture. The windows, the glass of which was a mass of little half-circular designs—a decorative touch, were country "gothic". (It has always been of interest to me to observe that within the Protestant denominations, that as they have become wealthier over the years since the Depression, their churches have become much more "Catholic" in their ornateness—carved wood, stained glassed windows, deep carpet, velvet, brass, etc.)

Little Joe's was clearly a Protestant church; it was Puritan in its simplicity and humility: it was a House of Worship. The interior consisted of straight-backed, uncushioned wooden pews that thoroughly tested the patience and endurance of the back sides of small boys. Many lessons of patience were learned in that church as the minister measuredly went through those three, Presbyterian-required, points of each sermon. The ceiling was made of an old-fashioned tongue-in-groove style wood; each piece was counted countless times.

The chair loft was simple with a green cover hung on a rail in front up behind the three altar chairs. That cover was later changed to reddish-purple.

The high school building was an unimaginative pile of bricks. It had a sort of "oral" entrance: a Roman arch effect that covered wooden steps leading up to the entrance doors. Inside, the odor of floor oil and dust met you. The ceilings were high and the building noisy. In any classroom one could hear someone walking in nearly any part of the building. There were twin stairways
left and right, and a small non-equipped laboratory on the first floor. On the second floor was a very seldom used auditorium. (I always felt that I was in an attic when in there.)

Beyond the high school building was Sloan Field, a beautifully designed football field, and the train station.

**THE MATRONS**

"Matron" is one of those institutional titles which, I believe, has even been rejected by the prison system, especially since that system has become "corrections." I am not sure why the term was thought of in such a pejorative sense, but it was. Barium, during the 1930's, had "matrons", and it did not go unnoticed by many of us that the colleges--and even our own relatives and ourselves, when away from Barium, would euphemistically refer to similar individuals as "housemothers." The term essentially means a married woman with great dignity and secondarily, such a woman who is in charge of children--extended to incarcerated or immured. (In that, it was consistent, for we were officially recorded in the office as "inmates"--with numbers. If there were more than one child at Barium from the same family, then that family had one number. My sister and I were number 875. My discovery of that a few years ago caused me to have my first urge to obtain a personalized license plate. I resisted the urge.)

The role these women played was quite basic. It would not be at all accurate to refer to them as surrogate mothers; they were not. It was not intended that they be; and, except for the woman at the Baby Cottage, where the need for that surrogate role was quite obvious, none ever attempted it. It -- surrogate parenting -- simply would not work in an institution. (1) There were too many children, (2) The potential for emotional damage to those "not chosen" was too great, (3) There was not any support system to maintain such a relationship in the long run. (Don't misunderstand me; I am not saying that the children and matrons did not form friendships. Many did and, I suppose they have lasted over the years. What I am saying is that such was not in the assigned role of the matron.)

The assigned role was to maintain a clean environment in the building designated to each as her responsibility. That meant, in addition to the building, specifically children at Synod's and Annie Louise Cottages, the bodies of the children, their clothes and bed clothes. It included the maintenance of a schedule in the building, consistent with the rest of the Home--getting the children to meals, to school, to church, etc. The role most remembered by children who were at Synod's or Annie Louise, and girls through graduation, was that of disciplinarian. There were boundaries to be observed, schedules
to be kept, "behaving" to be done. Infractions to any of those areas brought swift consequences. Corporal punishment was accepted and practiced by all of society back then, and there was a lot of spanking and switching going on, but probably no more nor less than in the average community of that day. (It is definitely a masochistic memory, but Kate Taylor's hairless hairbrush and radiator brush--both instruments of terror then--bring a smile to me now. She kept them in a box on top of the radiator in front of which was her straight-backed chair: a seat-of-justice. Requiring you to stand in the floor was another of her favorites. And, I should add that "licks" from the hairless hairbrush were aimed at your backside, after you had "assumed the position," with your hands in the seat of her chair. It was a sort of "scale" of justice."

The stories of how these women happened to come to Barium is not known to me. A few were local, a few had been at Barium as children; Kate Taylor had come from Scotland in 1922, probably taking advantage of an opportunity to come to America to escape the poverty of post World War I in Scotland. (It was through Miss Taylor that I confirmed to myself that surrogate parenting was strictly discouraged at Barium. She told me, on a visit to her Charlotte retirement home, that a definite negative in an interview with a prospective matron was an effusive, "I just love children.")

To the "Psychologically aware" people of today that sounds terribly cold and cruel. Certainly it is completely desirable that someone who works with children have the capacity to love them. Who is to say that those women did not? I believe they did. Furthermore, I believe that the majority of the boys and girls who grew up at Barium during that decade fully understand what Kate meant. She and the other matrons had to deal with the reality of an institution in the same sense that we did. One-to-one relationships simply are quite unworkable in an institution. Think about that and the importance of such relationships to human growth and happiness when you question why Barium Springs and all other institutions--even including prisons--moved away from the institutional model and toward the community-based model.

Reverse the emotional demand to their side for a moment. To my knowledge, with the exception of Mrs. Purdy and her Frank, and possibly Mrs. McGirt; these were all childless women. Is it not possible that many of them perhaps felt sorrow that they could not take this or that child to herself? I know the answer is "yes" because I was the object of fleeting attempts at it. Some of today's "Donahue-type" mothers whine that they need "space"; they need to "actualized and develop personhood"--"goals" they cannot accomplish around their children; they need a cocktail party or a seminar on "growth".

*This is the part of my writing, I assume, to which Keith-Lucas refers when he says I fondly long for corporal punishment. (Ed.)
Beansprouts! they need to develop the same backbone and patience those women at Barium had. Those women spent twenty-four hours a day looking after us. They did not complain, and as adults they did not feel any great need for "growth --they were grown.

I go back to Kate Taylor. After the growing-up years under her guidance, of hearing that Scottish voice fully sound the "arl" in "Charles," of standing in the floor, feeling a sting on my hand or rump, of being taught to stand when a lady enters a room, of table manners, of hospital corners on beds, of cleanliness -- "elbow grease, Charles"; after all of that and the passage of many years, I visited her in her retirement apartment in Charlotte. She was still "Miss Taylor" and I, still "Charles". She maintained her role, being very hospitable. Not long after my visit she returned to her native Scotland for her final visit, for soon after her return, she died. From Scotland, I received a picture post card on which she expressed thanks for my visit. She signed it, "Love, Kate." She didn’t have to say it; I knew it all along.

Something should be said, too, about R. E. "Buck", "CAP" Jackins and Ralph Spencer who, respectively, ran Jennie Gilmer and Alexander Cottages. After the Quadrangle was built and Alexander razed, Buck moved to the "Quads," and Ralph to Jennie Gilmer.

Their relationship to the older boys was more work and athletically related than in the building maintenance, daily supervisory capacity. Oh, they checked on you, and you had to go to them for toothpaste, tooth-brushes, shoes, socks, etc. but there was a woman and younger boys assigned to clean the building. (Miss Overcash, "my yo, like I say" was assigned to Jennie Gilmer. I can see that petite, straight-haired lady now, walking crisply to work with that bulging black pocketbook on her shoulder.) Back to my point, which was that the older boys did have a lot of freedom--much more than did the older girls.

If a boy’s room got too unsanitary, Ralph or Buck would suggest and/or demand a cleaning up, but generally the roommates monitored each other. Occasionally, there would be two guys of the "I-don’t-believe-in-taking-a-bath" school who would room together. If the stench got too great, the other boys stepped in to "help".

The "judicial" roles these two men played are well remembered by all boys who passed through during their era.

Ralph held "court" to investigate minor theft--someone’s personal belongings or someone skimming the cream off the milk in the cold storage. He also
came down hard on smokers. A typical punishment was so many Saturday afternoon work assignments.

One memorable "court" session, Judge Ralph Spencer presiding, that I recall was the time the Honorable decided to be a handwriting expert.

In telling this, it must be understood that young boys ridicule their elders from a sense of insecurity moreso than malice.

"Mrs. Brown" who worked at Alexander had rather prominent front teeth. The young boys there tagged her "sawtooth". One day someone wrote "Sawtooth 'Brown' is a baboon." Ralph held "court" to reveal the author.

We were each given a piece of paper and told to write the offending statement. A boy next to me leaned over and whispered to me, "How do you spell baboon?" "B-A-B-double O-N," I responded in a whisper. A few seconds passed, and he nudged me again. "How do you make a double?" he whispered. It was a learning experience in more ways than one.

Back to the mystery. I had heard the nickname given to "Mrs. Brown", but had never really understood it. Therefore, on my paper, I wrote "Salttooth." Ralph had the culprit. An obvious cover-up, a blatant, clumsy attempt to throw him off the trail. Somehow, however, I managed to plead my case successfully and convinced him that I was not the guilty party.

Buck's courtroom was more rowdy than Ralph's. The boys were older and participated more in the proceedings. Buck dealt with misdemeanors such as leaving the dining hall before the bell was tapped or felonies such as robbing the fruit basement beneath the kitchen. (I never robbed the fruit basement, but I have it on good authority that the access was from the front of Rumple Hall with a crawl to the center, "about where Mrs. Purdy stood, "where you dropped down.) I don't recall any serious crime--a few thefts, boys getting caught trying to steal chickens or eggs from locals, vandalism of a mild sort of disruptive behavior around the Woman's Building.

Buck had a temper and it could flare. Once Jerry Young and I left the dining room and walked down to the fence, jumped it and started "bumming" --we didn't call it "thumbing" -- to Statesville to go to the "show"-- again, not the "movies", but the "show." Buck was having court that night. He had come out of his apartment and saw us. He yelled over to us that we were to come there. By the time we got there, the others had come from the dining room and were in the room for court. Buck angrily confronted me with the question, "How many times have I told you boys not to leave the dining room early and not to jump that fence?" With the most innocent face I could manage, I pre-
tended to give the question serious thought; then I answered, "I don't think you ever have." My pretense was immediately shattered and my body on the floor just as quickly from a sharp whack across the chops. Buck was forgiving. He came to my room later that night and told me he was sorry he had hit me so hard. Not sorry that he hit me, I deserved that, but he hadn't meant to K. O. me.

Both Buck and Ralph had to deal with fights between boys every now and again. Barium was no different from any other institution, or society for that matter. Another of the rite-of-passage for boys, moreso then than now was learning how to defend yourself--or cruelly put--to fight. The institutional environment simply forced it more; furthermore, it was entertaining to the other boys. A "pecking order" or such was established as early as Synod's Cottage. That order changed as certain boys grew larger and/or gained more confidence in themselves, but the order was tested all through high school.

There were really four kinds of fights: (1) A spontaneous fight resulting from an immediate disagreement, (2) A grudge fight--two boys who just didn't like each other, the cause could be one was trying to date the other's girl, (3) The structured fight. This frequently involved a new boy in forcing him into his place in the order. The process was that a group of boys would decide on the combatants. Then the pressure would be applied to one. "Jim Smith says he can whip your tail." "Jim Smith says you're a sissy," etc. Meanwhile, the other is being set up. "Joe Brown is nothing. Don't you think you can whip his tail--sure you can." Finally, Joe agrees--with his "friends"--to challenge Jim. Back to Jim, "Joe Brown is waiting outside, and he "D-Double' dares you to come out there and knock that stick off his shoulder--or step across a line." The fight was on. The single challenge fight: This would be a guy who felt that another assumed one place in the "pecking order" and that everyone else seemed to agree, but the challenger didn't think so and wanted to prove it. In that case, he would on his own approach the "incumbent" and very straightforwardly tell him he wanted to fight. They usually did.

Gang warfare took two forms: (1) Younger boys ganging up on an older bully--Synod's boys jumping a Jennie Gilmer or Lee's boy. (2) Intra-cottage warfare--Lee's versus Alexander--in an apple, coke, or snowball fight behind Rumple Hall. Several men I know still carry little pieces of coke under the skin of their faces: battle scars.
AN ALBUM OF MEMORIES

THE PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME AT BARIUM SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA

SECTION XII - 1941

18 GRADUATES

ACE MEDAL - HENRY PITTMAN

REMARKABLE YEAR IN ATHLETICS

CONFERENCE CHAMPIONSHIP - BOYS

CONFERENCE CHAMPIONSHIP - BOYS FOOTBALL

STATE CHAMPIONSHIP - WRESTLING

TOURNAMENT CHAMPIONSHIP - 125LB BOYS BASKETBALL

"CHARLIE CHAPLIN" VISITS STATESVILLE
CLASS ROLL

1941

Emma Eudy
Russell McKenzie
Standish McKenzie
Sally Farmer
Billy Brock
Mary Adams
Geraldine Blue
Roland Hooten
Glenn Lindsay
A. G. Norris
Henry Pittman
Louise Martin
Arthur Roach
Mary Ann McCormick
Lilly McDonald
Cecil Starling
James Shroyer
Flora Mae Newman
Mascot: Montague Cook
Ace Medal: Henry Pittman
SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

1941

One afternoon while I was in the library making a report on certain famous histories, I came upon the history of the senior class of Barium Springs school of 1941.

Reading on, I found that this class had entered high school in the year 1937 with thirty members. They were introduced to new subjects they had never heard before, such as algebra, Latin, and many sciences. Although it was hard, all but four pulled through.

The following year in 1938 we began to get used to the new subjects and found out that they were not so bad after all. Only two were dropped this year.

During the junior year everything became smooth sailing. We all came through to become proud seniors.

During our last year we picked up several post graduates. Also some of our class stayed to take the twelfth grade. We had reached the final goal of our high school education. Eighteen boys and girls were now ready to go out on their own. Some will go to college, while others will enter different fields of work. But wherever we may be we will always have the memories of our school days here at Barium.
We, the Senior Class of 1941, do hereby will and bequeath:

To Mr. Johnston, anything that we may accomplish after leaving Barium, for we are sure it will be a result of his love and care, with which he has so carefully shaped our character.

To the Faculty, our thanks and appreciation for having had patience with us and helping us through high school.

To the Juniors, our place as Seniors at Barium, hoping they will make a better go at it than we did.

To the Sophomores, our ability to make passing grades in school.

To the Freshmen, our ability to have fun in school and still get along with the teachers.

Next, we as individuals, do will and bequeath to our friends the following articles:

I, James Shroyer, will to Lacy Beshears, Ed Williamson and Vance Smith, my part in the room. To Lacy and Ed, all my civilian clothes. To Richard Shoaf my pocket watch.

I, Roland Hooten, do hereby will and bequeath to Lacy, Ed and Vance, my part of the room, and anything they can find after I leave. To my brother and sisters my ability to finish high school.

I, Flora Mae Newnam, do hereby will and bequeath to my little sister, Jackie, my radio she has wanted so long and my housecoat she ran off with months ago. To my pal, Betty Adams, my position as leader of the gang. To Paul Horne, all the "S's" on French and English that I kept him from getting in the past year. The last of my possessions are my ole shoes, which they forgot to mend and I shall leave them to David Burney, in hopes he will some day have the opportunity of throwing them at me along with some rice.
I, Geraldine Blue, do hereby will and bequeath to my twin brothers my good times at Barium; to Ruth Cole my weekend bag that I didn't get, and to Mary Parks Allen the honor seat in our white limousine. (Don't forget to lock the door and crawl out over the sides.)

I, A. G. Norris, do hereby will and bequeath to my brother, Marshall, my old radio and to Jack Weeks my place as boss of the room.

I, Mary Ann McCormick, do hereby will and bequeath to Sarah Parcell my place on the basketball bench for which I paid rent three years, and to Lorena Brown, the honor of being the "smallest" girl in the Senior Class.

I, Russell McKenzie, do hereby will and bequeath to Clifford Barefoot my place in my room and my knife he has cherished so long, and to Earl Adams my strong box, and to anyone who wants them, all my old work clothes and other things they can find.

I, Cecil Starling, do hereby will and bequeath to Gwyn Fletcher my athletic ability; to Pleas Norman my ability to sing; to Bill Lindsey my acting ability, and to Jimmy Stafford my sense of humor. Ernest can have my place in room two.

I, Louise Martin, do hereby will and bequeath to Betty Dorton and Betty Williamson my ability to finish high school, and to Mary Lynn Jones my place at the Woman's Building.

I, Emma Eudy, do hereby will and bequeath to Sarah Parcell all my old fingernail polish bottles (which I have already emptied) and to all the newcomers, the good times I have had while here.

I, Glenn Lindsay, do hereby will and bequeath to Margaret Jarvis my machine in the sewing room; here's hoping that you will make a better seamstress than I did. To Sarah Jane Parcell my little wine jacket she wore so faithfully all winter. And to Tommy my ability to finish school.

I, Lillie McDonald, do hereby will and bequeath to my sisters, Ann and Jean, everything that they can find in my room. To Elizabeth Robards my machine in the
sewing room. I hope you work more than I did, Elizabeth. To Jarvy all my old shoes and the half of the room on the corner, if she wants it.

I, Arthur Roach, do hereby will and bequeath to Mott Price my place of setting fire to the log; to David Burney my ability to ride the horses; and to all, my good times at Barium.

I, Mary Adams, do hereby will and bequeath to my sis Betty, my ability to get along with other people and to Sarah Parcell, all my clothes I have outgrown. (Hey, Sarah, I hope they fit.)

I, Standish McKenzie, being in my sure and rightful mind, I hope, do hereby will and bequeath to Jimmy Dorton all my old pants that I've been wearing faithfully for three years.

I, Henry Pittman, do hereby will and bequeath to Mott Price my bed and to David Burney my trunk.

I, Bill Brock, being of sound mind (I hope), do hereby will and bequeath to my sister, Louise, my best wishes for future happiness; to Paul Horne my position as chauffeur of the maids; to Marshall Norris my bunk and box, and to Mr. Johnston my thanks for his watchfulness over my welfare while at Barium and best wishes to him for the future.
HILARIOUS PLAY IS PRESENTED AT BARIUM

April 1941

An appreciative audience was kept in an uproar at Barium on the night of April 11th, when the public speaking department of the high school presented a three-act farce "Breezy Money" under the direction of W. A. Hethcox. This could be considered the initial event of the 1941 graduation program, since this class annually delights the Barium family and other visitors with an excellent presentation.

The boys had spent only about three weeks in preparation for the presentation, but onlookers thought they had been working for a much longer period. The crowd laughed long and heartily at two of the boys who took the parts of ladies in the play—Cecil Starling, who had one of the leading roles, and Grover Ingram, who impersonated a lady during a portion of the play. They appreciated, too, the sound effects which were under the direction of Billy Lindsey.

Characters in the play were William Billings as "Breezy," a press agent de luxe; Standish McKenzie, as "Hoedown," the world's laziest bellboy; Russell McKenzie, "Cummin," owner of Cummin Inn; Jack McCall, "Carter Maxton, Jr.," a millionaire; Tom McCall, as "Dick Landis," almost dead broke; Cecil Starling, as "Jimmy Gale" completely dead broke; Hugh Norman, as "Colonel Southern," the Old South with a young daughter; Billy McCall, "Herbert West," Dick's rival; Grover Ingram, as "Mops" good on impersonations; and James Shroyer, "Lonnie," sheriff and handyman.
WORK IS PROGRESSING ON FIVE STRUCTURES

April 1941

(Brick work finished on cottages and roofs are on.—Print shop started.)

Visitors to Barium Springs nowadays are seeing a lot of activity in progress as five buildings are under construction. The quadrangle of cottages is contracted to be completed by August 1st, but with the progress made, they will be finished long before that time. Ground was broken on April 21st for the printing office and shoe shop building, and by the time this copy of The Messenger is placed in the mails, the walls of the building will be rapidly climbing.

All of the brick work has been laid and the tops are on the roofs of the four cottages, which means that rainy days in the future will not interfere with work, as the men will have inside work to keep them busy. Delegations nowadays to the Home are toured through one of the cottages to give them a picture of the floor plan and are not taken into the dormitory side of Alexander, unless a particular desire is expressed to see what is going to be replaced. Visitors are taken in the printing office which is currently housed in Alexander, but which will have a new building all its own within a couple of months.

The printing office and shoe shop building are on the administrative side of the campus, close to the office. This will be an ideal arrangement, for its former location on the opposite side of the highway and the back part of the campus has been inconvenient and caused delay as conferences were necessary between individuals in the office and printing establishment.
18 graduated at Barium on April 21
Following three good addresses

April 1941

(Hon. Clyde R. Hoey) made commencement speech on educational theme; Sunday sermons; Rev. S. H. Fulton and Rev. Earl Thompson preached at services on Sunday, April 20th.)

"Youth should be thoroughly indoctrinated with the principles of free and just government, and properly advised as to the dangers of subversive doctrines and anti-American ideals," declared Hon. Clyde R. Hoey of Shelby in delivering the annual commencement address to the 1941 graduates of the high school located at the Presbyterian Orphan's Home. The final exercises were held on Monday night, April 21st.

This statement by the former Governor of North Carolina followed an earlier assertion that "education is still the prime necessity for North Carolina youth" and the conclusion that "it is our responsibility to see to it that we have the broad basis for education laid upon an enduring foundation with proper emphasis upon the real values of life, and with a correct appreciation of the spirit of our democratic form of government."

In speaking of education as a vital necessity to North Carolina's youth, the speaker said that much had been accomplished, but contended that education was a continuous process and should receive the continuous interest and support of all people, with ever advancing progress along all lines.

"The need of today," went on Mr. Hoey, "is educated, trained, skilled workers. We do not wish to limit the scale of education or circumscribe the basic foundation of cultural training, but the imperative demand is for capable and trained men and women who know how to do work of high grade and who are themselves willing to work. Education is not a means to enable us to make a living without work," he maintained, "but the method by which we may be prepared to do better work in a superior way."

Mr. Hoey said that "by reason of wage and hour laws it is difficult to train or develop apprentices in industry or the trades." In view of that fact, he asserted
that "it is now all the more important to train and equip young people in our school so that they may become more intelligently efficient with a shorter period of apprenticeship."

Guests at the final exercises heard a salutatory address given by Emma Eudy, second honor student of the graduates, and the valedictory by Mary Adams, highest ranking of the seniors in scholarship. Henry Pittman was announced winner of the Ace medal for all-around improvement during his stay at Barium Springs; the Brown Bible medal went to Ruth Cole, and the music improvement medal to Sarah Parcell.

The high school scholarship awards went to Jack McCall, Grover Ingram, Ben Lewis, Mott Price, Wootson Davis and George Norris. Grammar school scholastic prizes were presented to Betty Lou Davis, Esau Davis, Billy Everett, Herbert Good and Betty Jo Smith. The Fred W. Sherrill prizes for scholastic improvement went to Janie Smith and Gertrude Bryant among the girls and to Dick Parrish and Hugh Norman among the boys. In addition to their diplomas each graduate was also presented with a Bible.

The Baccalaureate Service

Two helpful and beneficial sermons were delivered at Barium Springs on Sunday, April 20th by Rev. S. H. Fulton, pastor of the Laurinburg Presbyterian Church, and Rev. Earl Thompson, pastor of the Front Street Presbyterian Church in Statesville. The former spoke at the baccalaureate service and the Statesville minister preached to the Young People's Societies in the evening, both services being well-attended.
A. & P. TO OPEN NEW TYPE FOOD STORE THURSDAY

1941

"Statesville Landmark"

(New self-service store to include five departments; all food needs under one roof.)

A new type of self-service food store, representing the latest developments in food merchandising and operated by The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, opened in Statesville Thursday, June 19, 1941, at 121-123 West Broad Street.

*(I have included the announcement of Statesville's first A&P Food Store as a peep hole at history. That was the beginning in Statesville of the supermarkets we know today. Ed.)
CHARLIE CHAPLIN HERE LAST NIGHT

September 8, 1941

Statesville—Charlie Chaplin was in town last night. People about the bus station saw him, spoke to him and report him very affable, quite distinguished looking.

This was a second appearance in our town but the first time, Wednesday or Thursday of last week, he got by without direct identification though a few wondered, noting him as he walked about before the station, waiting for his bus. Later some passengers on the bus wrote back to friends here that the man they all noticed as a bit distinctive and remarkably like his personality was Charlie himself done up in civilian style.

(Last week he was en route to Asheville; last night he was en route from Asheville. Ed.)

(This piece on Charlie Chaplin's supposed visit to Statesville is included to illustrate the innocence and gullibility of the times. Charlie Chaplin was not at the peak of his career in 1941, but he was still a huge star, probably the most recognized in the world at that time. According to this news story, the Statesville paper as well as some bus-station "eye witnesses" believed that one of the nation's wealthiest men was reduced to riding a Trailways bus between Asheville and Statesville. In another place in this book an alumna tells that Miss Mona Clark, who oversaw the sewing room, and owned a rooming house in Statesville, kept the girls' attention with tales of all the movie stars who would come and spend the night at her rooming house. I have to think, had Charlie Chaplin had as many impersonators as Elvis, Miss Clark would have had to put two Charlies to a room. Ed.)
CHARLOTTE OBSERVER

CHARLOTTE DISCARDs NAME OF LINDBERGH
June 16, 1941

Charlotte, June 13--It was Avon Avenue today instead of Lindbergh Drive.

The city council by unanimous vote, changed the name upon the recommendation of City Manager James W. Armstrong.

Mrs. Sidney Astor, property owner of the street, wrote to the city manager, requesting the change. She said in her letter that "judging from the man's (Charles A. Lindbergh) stand in regard to his country he does not deserve to have a street in Charlotte named for him."

(I included this piece on Charles Lindbergh as an illustration of the times, and also to show the public can turn on a national hero. Lindbergh had made a trip to Nazi Germany in the pre-war years. He returned and spoke knowingly, almost admiringly, of the German Luftwaffe. Many accused him of being a Nazi sympathizer. Ed.)
Raleigh, Aug. 28—After reaffirming his faith in the Christian way of life, Hubert Y. Cash of Durham went quietly to his death in the Central Prison gas chamber yesterday morning for the murder of his wife last September.

The 41-year-old plumber, dressed in the customary white shorts, entered the chamber at 10 o'clock and waved to the crowded witness chamber before being strapped in the death chair. He nodded again and gave one frightened smile before the mask was placed over his face.

Luther A. Wilson, Raleigh minister who preaches to the men on Death Row regularly, placed his hand on Cash's head and uttered a brief prayer. Cyanide pellets were dropped into the pot of acid underneath the chair at 10:05 and Cash was pronounced dead nine minutes and 25 seconds later, to become the 195th man executed in North Carolina for murder since 1910, when the State took over capital punishment.

Twenty-six curious witnesses packed the tiny witness chamber and when the switch was thrown surged closer to the double-plated window for a better look at the man's dying throes. Seventeen of the spectators were from Durham but there were no relatives present.

In a last statement shortly before the execution, Cash repeated his belief that "the only people who have peace and joy in life are those who live the Christian life." Prison Chaplain Lawrence A. Watts said, "He states that he slept well during the night, that he feels that he is a Christian and ready to face death. He states that he has no other statement to make except to say when the crime was committed, he was under the influence of alcohol and narcotics and did not know that he had committed the crime until several days later."

Two British sailors, who are part of a group of 200 British seamen resting at Crabtree Recreational Park, were among the execution witnesses. They refused to say
which they thought was the most humane—England's hanging of capital felons or North Carolina's asphyxiations.

Cash was convicted in Durham Superior Court of fatally wounding his wife on the morning of September 17, 1940, by firing three shots into her as she ran down the street near their home screaming for help.

(This description of a 1941 execution I included for the same reason I included the prisoner whipping piece; namely, to contrast attitudes and times. As we prepare this, there is a condemned man in Central Prison who has requested that his execution be shown "live" on the Phil Donahue TV show. Donahue, having been denied access by the State is seeking access through the courts. In 1941 some British sailors were invited to witness an execution: a very strange way to entertain visiting navy men. The sailors accepted the invitation, but at least declined to chit-chat as to how England's handling of these macabre proceedings differed from ours. In the 1994 case, Donahue's effort went for naught, and the remorseless, cold-bloodied killer died in the gas chamber on schedule. Ed.)
Barium Springs. Aug. 22.—Magazine solicitors are again obtaining subscriptions from North Carolina people under false pretenses, for it has been called to the attention of the authorities of the Presbyterian Orphans' home that a group of five girls in Gastonia and Mount Holly have been claiming to be graduates of the home here.

"Such claims are absolutely false," said Joseph B. Johnston, superintendent of the home here, who went on to say that no graduate of the Presbyterian Orphans' home has ever been given permission to use the name of the institution in obtaining magazine subscriptions. No graduate has ever been known to be in the field as a magazine solicitor, he said.

The Mount Holly group of five girls also stated that they were expecting to enter training at the Presbyterian hospital in Charlotte. In refuting this, Mr. Johnston stated that not a single graduate of the 1941 class expected to enter training.

Recent happenings in Gastonia and Mount Holly are an annual occurrence, for about each time this year a denial of such claims has to be made shortly before the schools are ready to open.
A 32-page illustrated history of the Presbyterian Orphans' Home at Barium Springs is now off the press, and each commissioner to the Synod of North Carolina is being given a copy as a souvenir of the 50th anniversary of the Home and of the 128th stated session of the North Carolina Synod. Absentee ministers will be sent a copy, and every local Orphanage secretary will later receive it for use as the fall program on Barium Springs in the Auxiliary.

The front cover of the history is a photograph of the central memorial window given to the Home this spring and shows "Christ Blessing Little Children." The center spread of the book is a photograph of a map of the "heart" of Barium Springs, with miniature pictures of the buildings superimposed at the proper points according to the way these are arranged on the central part of the campus.

Throughout the book are 28 other pictures, with insets upon some of them. Pictures were obtained of the four superintendents of the 50-year existence of the Home—Rev. R. W. Boyd, Rev. John Wakefield, Rev. W. T. Walker, and Mr. Jos. B. Johnston. There is an interior view of the church, with an inset of the present pastor, Rev. T. C. Cook.

Except for a picture of Rumple Hall and one of the new cottages as contrasts, little attention was devoted to the buildings at Barium Springs. The only other photo of a building nature was an interior view of one of the living rooms in the new cottages. The other pictures deal entirely with the children and their daily lives here.

Woven in and out among these pictures is the historical sketch of the Home, with emphasis again being placed upon the human side of it. Sections deal with the establishment of it and the years in which the buildings were constructed. Other sections are topically headed, "The Superintendents," "Little Joe's Church," "The Children at Barium," "Acceptance of Children," "Financial," "The Girls' Work,"

On the final page are the names of the ministers, elders and ladies who have played an important part in the life of the Home through having served as members of the Board of Regents since the beginning in 1891. On one page is the official form to be used when an individual places the Home in their last will and testament and on another will be found some of the future building needs.

No great amount of time is ever available for the presentation of the Home in the Auxiliaries prior to the Thanksgiving season, but it is suggested that the book be used as a study course in whatever time is allowed. Possibly a list of pertinent questions will be sent to the secretaries to be asked their individual members after a study is made of it.

Ten thousand of these histories have been printed, it being the plan to use these in the future for the new Orphanage Secretaries who are elected from time to time so that they might become familiar with the Home which they are advocating before their organizations. A booklet on the 12 departments at Barium Springs will also be sent all secretaries who have assumed their posts for the first time in 1941-1942.

*(I have not seen a copy of this History, and have not found anyone else who has. Earle Frazier told me that he had never heard of it and did not have a copy Ed.)*
From the Statesville Record.

Carnation Ormsby Pietertje, one of the most royal blooded Holstein calves in the United States, is owned by Barium Springs Orphan's Home through the efforts of J. R. Kimbrough of Statesville in securing the calf as a gift to Barium from Odell Lindsey, owner of Lindale Farm, High Point.

The young bull's grandfather is the champion grand sire of the world on the Carnation Farm at Seattle, Washington. Natodor Segis Ormsby is the grand sire of Carnation Price who is the sire of Carnation Ormsby Pietertje.

His mother is the daughter to the sister of Butter King, champion milk cow of the world on the Carnation Farm for both milk and butter production in one year. She gave 38,606 pounds of milk, and 1,402 pounds of butterfat in 365 days.

The calf, born December 17, 1940, will be used to establish one of the South's finest herds at Barium Springs. Mr. Lindsey bought his calves from the Carnation Farm.

Mr. Kimbrough, who is a Baptist sat in Methodist Lindsey's home and secured the calf for a Presbyterian Orphan's home. This was accomplished on last Thanksgiving Day.
There comes most always in everyone's life a departure of old companions and classmates. In the past month, the graduating class of 1941 has passed successfully through the long hall of their stay here and passed out the door of graduation into the world. In the time of their lives here, they have added no misery nor sorrow to us, but have sought, found and passed out goodness through their kindly hearts to everyone, and delightful smiles have erased the sad mystery of our small world here. Their stay here has been a great success and an inspiration to us behind them.

About this time next month, your ole Barium Messenger will be originating from the presses situated in a new building. This modern printing office will be a great deal roomier and much quicker on The Messenger's "Coming Out."

There's not much news coming in from the "personal" department, but what is here seems to be rather classy. "Blackie" Strickland seems to be on the rampage; she's none other than Dot Gibbs, Dot Johnston's assistant. There seems to be a rush on Betty Whittle since Roland Hooten has enlisted. The race is between a certain W. W. and Lacy Beshears. That seems to be all the personal news; must be the cold weather that's keeping the romance down.

It takes a great poet or writer to tell you about the beauty of Nature and a better one to tell of our life here. Knowing that we have no one who can really tell you what you would see, we only ask you to pay us a visit sometime. The campus is really beautiful, and we know you will enjoy your visit.

And so: Until the heat withers our brow, and our spine tickles with joy in the ole swimming hole, I bid you all pleasant dreams.
BARIUM HOLDS ANNUAL FOOTBALL BANQUET

December 8, 1941

Barium Springs climaxed their most remarkable year in athletics at their banquet Friday night. Conference Championships in Boys' basketball and football, State Championship in wrestling, the Tournament Champion of 125-pound boys basketball teams, the runner-up in Eighth Grade Girls' Basketball, and a summer championship in softball, were all garnered by the remarkable group of athletes that are at Barium this year.

The banquet was a celebration of the football season and its most important Championship. Seventeen seniors were awarded letters and four juniors. These four will form the nucleus of next year's team. Donald Bolton will captain the 1942 football team. Hugh Norman, the captain of this year's team was voted the most valuable member of the team. Lacy Beshears was voted the best blocker, Bolton the best tackler, Ed Cole, a graduate of Barium and a member of its most famous 100-pound team delivered the letters to the 85-pound players, whose names are as follows:

Dallas Ammons, Malcolm Rogers, George Landrum, Rufus Clark, Dwight Spencer, Jack Jones, Billy Everett, Earl Adams, Grady Mundy, Jerry Young, Herman Smith, Charles Barrett, Jack Clark.

The 100-pound letters were presented by Frank Purdy, a member of the famous 125-pound team that was acclaimed the National Champions. The letters were awarded to the following:

Scott Blue, Roscoe Smith, Earl Allen, Ed Blake, Earl Adams, Eugene Dunn, Horace Denton, Herman Blue, Wilbur Coates, Howard Clark, Stanley Smith, John Ammons, Bennett Baldwin, Billy Everett, Thad Stevens, and Fred Cole.
The 125-pound letters were presented by Frank Purdy, a member of the famous 125-pound team that was acclaimed the National Champions. The letters were awarded to the following:


The Varsity letters were presented by Jim Johnston, who was also a member of that famous National Champion team, afterwards playing on Davidson's team, being mentioned in the 1936 Grantland Rice All-American. In presenting the letters, he likened the precision with which our team operated to the precision being taught the various Army units in their maneuvers in the Carolinas and elsewhere. The letters were presented to the following:


Bolton, Parrish, and Fletcher have been picked on at least one all-state team, and Norman, Fletcher, Parrish, and Bolton picked on one South Piedmont all-conference team. The official all-conference team has not been chosen yet.

There were many Barium Alumni present, some whose names made headlines just a few years ago. Their loyalty to Barium and their presence at the celebration are the things that keep the spark alive in the younger generation, which accounts for Barium's winning teams.
Other guests present were Statesville's coaches and captains, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Carson, Lee Keller, and Jim Moore. Dr. Wallace Hoffman and son, Dr. and Mrs. Kiser, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Bunch, Mr. F. L. Jackson, Captain Marsh, Professor Blythe and Professor Currie from Davidson College. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Spearman from Davidson, Rev. R. S. Carson from Mooresville, Mr. Gerald of Davis Hospital, Glenn Stewart and Mr. Orren from East Monbe, Mr. W. J. Ervin from Troutman, Mr. John Kimbrough from Statesville, Mr. Jim Morrow from Mooresville, Mr. Buford Guy, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Gray of Statesville.

Tribute was paid to the coaches, cheering sections and the working staff at Barium, as well as to the players themselves. Cooperation on the part of all made the 1941 football season at Barium one long to be remembered.

*(Barium's claim to the 1941 State Championship in Wrestling is as good as anyone's. Records for State Championships are spotty past 1952 I was told by Rick Strunk, Associate Director of The North Carolina High School Association, which keeps records of high school championships in the State. Their records do show Barium to be the State wrestling Champion in 1938. Since we have credibility with that championship, I am sending him a written record out of the "Messenger" in Mr. Johnston's own words - our claim to the Championship for 1941. That pleases me. Barium also claimed the State Football championship for 1941. The Association does have records for that year. Class AAA, Tie: Raleigh Broughton and High Point; Class AA Laurinburg; 6-Man, Bessemer City. However, years later, the son of two Barium alumni - Paul Barnes and Elsie Vest - coached his Richmond County football squads to three successive State Championships. Paul said that son Daryl had a lot of help from his brother, also a coach and from an excellent staff. Ed.)*
ANOTHER YEAR PASSES WITH NO DEATHS HERE

1941

(No deaths since June, 1933, and only one since July, 1926, is the record.)

It might be said that July is something of an anniversary health period; or, it might be argued that June is more appropriately such. Anyway, another year has gone by without a fatality, either by accident or illness, occurring in the family at Barium Springs and that means that there has been only one death since July of 1926 and no deaths at all since June of 1933. You can take your choice as to whether July or June should be looked upon as the anniversary period. Above is the record, whatever you choose.

A recounting of this in The Barium Messenger is not done with an attitude of braggadocio, but it is being recorded because it is felt that the supporters of this Home will be glad to know that another year has passed in which the Heavenly Father has kindly and tenderly watched over the health of these boys and girls at Barium. This record is one to prompt thankfulness to God.
MEMORIES OF MARY ANN McCormick COX
Class of 1941

People often ask me what was it like to grow up in an orphanage and I try to answer in a few words, but how can you condense six years into a few words, so I am going to write a little story of my years at Barium Springs.

There were four cottages used to house the girls. The first one was the Annie Louise Cottage where the first through the third grade girls lived. The second was the Howard Cottage where the fourth through the fifth grade girls lived. They were called the "Bean Stringers as they were responsible for stringing the beans that were canned by the older girls in our own cannery. The next was Rumple Hall where the sixth through the seventh grade girls lived and worked. The dining room was located on the first floor as well as the kitchen. The girls lived on the second floor and the third floor was for some of the faculty and staff. The Rumple Hall girls were responsible for setting up the tables, clearing the tables and washing the dishes. If you did something to be punished for, you had to "kill the flies." Some of us worked out a plan where we all used the same flies, until Mrs. Purdy discovered our scheme, and then she made us flush them down the commode. Of course, the boys out back working in the milk house would help us meet our quota. The last dormitory, Woman's Building, housed the high school girls. The eighth and ninth grades occupied the upper floor and the tenth and eleventh grades were downstairs. Our tasks were many and varied. We "womanned" the laundry, worked in the sewing room, the kitchen, cannery, and some of us worked as "big girls" in the other cottages.

When school was in session, the hours in the laundry were from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m. and on Saturdays from 8 a.m. to 12 p.m. The girls who played basketball were exempt during the weekdays when we had to practice, but had to work on Saturdays. During the summer months, the laundry and sewing rooms were humming from 8 a.m. until 12 p.m., then "dinner." (We were not aware that dinner would later be changed to mean the evening meal instead of "supper" as we called in then.) Then back to work until 5 p.m. We had time to go swimming during the summer.

Vacations--those children who had relatives to visit in the summer were given a two-week vacation and one week at camp. Those who did not go on vacation spent two weeks at the camp on the Catawba River. What fun we had riding the rapids, staying up late, not too many chores, and enjoying the great outdoors. We took lots of walks through the woods.
High School students were allowed to go to Statesville to a movie on Saturdays. Remember those magic words "Barium Springs" as we laid a dime in the movie booth? We rode to Statesville in an open-bed truck with sides and it truly is a wonder we all survived those highway curves on the way to town. In winter, we all wrapped in quilts to keep warm...those of us who had dates enjoyed the ride. Lots of fun... In the summertime, we went to the show at night.

Out dating was done in the big room in Woman's Building, under the watchful eye of Miss Maggie Adams...The bewitching hour was 9:30 p.m. We did lots of walking up and down the sidewalks and through the underpass. Seems it took some of us 30 minutes to go through the underpass, which was 35 to 40 feet long.

We purchased our own makeup which was usually just lipstick. We all used bobbypins to put our hair "up" every night. Most of the time, we would take turns rolling each other's hair.

Senior girls were given $7.50 a month and the boys were given $10.00. (Women were discriminated against even then...but the girls shared the $10.00 the boys got, anyway. The boys would go to the hamburger place (Doodlum Brown's, Ed.) in Troutman and bring us something to eat on Saturday nights. Remember the "Big Orange?")

"Sack Lunches"...bring back memories...every Saturday and Sunday night we were given our peanut butter sandwiches, oatmeal cookie or moon pie and fruit.

The farm and orchard crews would bring watermelons, apples, or peaches to the dormitories for us to enjoy. Remember how we used to carve our initials on the watermelons?

Very few of us had radios and those who did usually had a room full of friends listening to "Glenn Miller" play our favorites, such as "In The Mood"; or, we would wait for the creaking door sound of "The Shadow."

Woman's Building had a very talented storyteller, Gladys Cayton. We would all gather in one room, usually rolling our hair and listen to Gladys tell us love stories that she made up as she went along. (Naturally, we weren't allowed to have magazines, such as "True Confessions.")

Every Christmas we were allowed to write "Santa" a letter and ask for one gift not exceeding a certain amount. The gifts were provided by the different or-
ganizations within the Presbyterian churches in the Synod of North Carolina. Christmas was always such a big event. We received lots of candy and fruit from very generous benefactors.

The high school girls took turns cooking breakfast. Two girls would take a month at a time and we would sleep at Rumple Hall, arising at 4:30 a.m. to prepare the morning meal. Corn flakes were flying into bowls, milk was being poured in the pitchers for each table, or oatmeal was being cooked in a big steam kettle and stirred with a large paddle. Sometimes we would have eggs, which were cracked the night before; and when the toast was put in the big oven, we had to be extra careful not to burn it. Our old standby GRITS were prepared either for breakfast or supper.

The high school students were the "blood bank" for Davis Hospital and those of us that gave blood enjoyed being off campus for a few hours and did not have to go back to school or work when we returned.

Some of the high school girls worked at the infirmary, taking care of the patients. We were very healthy children; there was very little serious illness.

Much excitement was built around the sports program. Every Friday during football season, we looked forward with much anticipation to the games. When the game was played away from the campus, we all tried to find a ride with some of the staff that were going to the game. It gave us (girls) a chance to meet new boys, especially when we played other orphanages, like Mills Home, Junior Order and Children's Home, which was our arch orphanage rival. We were not allowed to date off-campus boys, but occasionally when we would go to the show in Statesville, we would meet a Statesville boy.

Lots of activity took place around the church. Sunday School, morning services, youth groups and vespers at the football field. We all had to gather in the living room at Woman's Building for a short program each week, at which time we had to give a Bible verse. The first one to say "Jesus wept" left the rest of us groping for a remembered verse, which should not have been difficult because we took Bible in our high school.

We were required to keep our rooms neat or we were "campused" for a week; needless to say I was "campused" quite a bit.
AN ALBUM OF MEMORIES

THE
PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME
AT
BARIUM SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA

SECTION VIII - 1942

41 GRADUATES - LARGEST EVER - 408 YEARS OF CHILD CARE
LARGEST ENROLLMENT SINCE 1932
ACE MEDAL - PAUL HORNE (16 YEARS AT BARIUM)
2,084 ENROLLMENTS THROUGH 1942
REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION - BEN MORROW (1936)
REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION - J.D. BESHEARS (1939)
125 BOYS & 6 GIRLS SERVING IN ARMED SERVICES
125 GALLONS OF MILK, 600 EGGS A DAY

523
CLASS ROLL

1942

George Lewis
Mary Parks Allen
Lacy Beshears
Louise Brock
William Billings
Lorene Brown
David Burney
Gertrude Bryant
Elwood Carter
Jeanette Cobb
Gwyn Fletcher
Ruth Cole
Joe Ben Gibbs
Virginia Cranfill
Paul Horne
Louise Everett
Grover Ingram
Margaret Jarvis
Ren Lewis
Mary Johnson
Billy McCall
Marjorie Lail
Jack McCall
Myrtle Mills
Tom McCall
Sarah Parcell
Hugh Norman
Margaret Presnell
Dixon Parrish
Elizabeth Robards
Hott Price
Doris Royal
Wallace Twombly
Mable Shoaf
William Wadsworth
May Shoaf
Jack Weeks
Flora Mae Smith
Ed Williamson
Joyce Weeks
Betty Whittle
Mascot: Nance Keever
Ace Medal: Paul Horne
THE SENIOR CLASS SUPERLATIVES

1942

Neatest Girl.................................................................Elizabeth Robards
Best Dressed Boy............................................................Grover Ingram
Prettiest Girl.................................................................Ruth Cole
Most Handsome Boy........................................................George Lewis
Most Popular Boy...........................................................Hugh Norman
Most Popular Girl............................................................Lorene Brown
Most Athletic Boy...........................................................Hugh Norman
Most Athletic Girl...........................................................May Shoaf
Quietest.................................................................Tom McCall
Most Studious...............................................................Ben Lewis
Best Personality (Boy)......................................................Dick Parrish
Best Personality (Girl)......................................................Lorene Brown
Biggest Flirt (Boy)..............................................................Mott Price
Biggest Flirt (Girl)..............................................................Joyce Weeks
Cutest.................................................................Betty Whittle
Most Ambitious Boy.........................................................David Burney
Most Ambitious Girl........................................................Margaret Presnell
Most Modest.................................................................Flora Mae Smith
Class Baby.................................................................Louise Everett
To us this last year of our high school days has meant much. We have studied together in school; we have played together on the football field, basketball court, and wrestling mat, and we have finished our prescribed course and are proud to be graduates of as fine a school as Barium has proved to be.

Although we did not all start out together, we have finished together, and we will always stick together and try to live in a way that people will look at us and point us out, saying, "That boy or that girl was graduated from Barium."

Much has been done for us at Barium, and we will assure you that when it becomes our privilege to help someone, we will remember what Barium and the friends of Barium have done for us. This is one simple way that we can show our appreciation for the care and guidance shown to us at Barium.

From past experiences we know that this will be the last time that all of these forty-one students, who make the Senior class, will be together, but we will remember each other and the happy days spent together. We hope that everyone in this class will try to keep in contact with each other, write to each other, and go to see each other when it is possible.

We probably do not have the best class to be graduated from Barium, but we do have a fine class, and we hope that we have set a good example for the younger children at Barium.

Our hopes are that this annual will not be just a book to bring memories to our minds of our school days, but we hope it will inspire other students, who are to follow us, to higher heights.

We, as graduates of Barium, will always try to live in a way that will bring honor instead of shame to our home here at Barium.

—The Senior Class of 1942
The history of the class of '42 was first written in the year of 1938, when thirty-eight green freshmen took their seats. There were many subjects that we thought were hard—Latin, general science, algebra, civics, and English. These were the most unconquerable. A few of our members were lost that year. The hottest encounter of the year was with old man Examination. Results ended in our favor, vacation.

The Sophomore year found us with a total of thirty-four. Such subjects as Bible, algebra, Latin, biology, and English were put before us. These were easy subjects for our master minds. The result was that old man Examination gave us a pass that said "Junior." We did not lose any members in that year.

With as large a class as before we welcomed this phase of our work with smiles. Our highest peaks to conquer were: French, geography, history, home economics, and English. We met these subjects face to face, but they defeated some of our classmates, much to our regret. When we knocked on old man Examination's door he gave thirty-two of us passes to Seniordom.

We started our last year with these thirty-two members and picked up thirteen post graduates. Four of our members chose to take a post graduate course, and this left us a total of forty-one members who are to graduate. Our class has the largest number ever to be graduated from Barium.

Our class officers for the Senior year are: President, George Lewis; Vice-President, Dick Parrish; Treasurer, Myrtle Mills; Secretary, Betty Whittle; Editor-in-chief of our annual, David Burney; Mascot, Nancy Keever.

Joe Ben Gibbs, Historian
CLASS WILL
1942

We, the Senior Class of 1942, do hereby will and bequeath:
To Mr. Johnston, our thanks for his care and guidance shown to us during our stay at Barium.
To the Faculty, our books, old pencils, and any scrap paper that they may find in our desks.
To the Juniors, our seats in our classroom. There will be almost two seats to each student, so you use the other seat to put your feet in. Can't they, Mr. Calhoun?
To the Sophomores, our athletic ability which was so strongly shown this year.
To the Freshmen, our ability to make passing grades in school.
We as individuals do hereby will and bequeath to our friends the following articles:
  1, Mary Parks Allen, do hereby will and bequeath to William, my brother, my height. To Lillian Cranfill my spike-heeled pumps that she has so long desired to give her that grown-up feeling.
  1, William Billings, do hereby will and bequeath to Donnie Bolton the big mug, one button, one peadabber, and a 'tator bug. The rest goes to the U. S. O.
  1, Lacy Beshears, do hereby will and bequeath to Dick Bolton all my ducks that I left in my drawers.
  1, Louise Brock, do hereby will and bequeath to my "twin," Bertha Lee Broome, my ability to finish school with or without a diploma.
  1, Lorene Brown, do hereby will and bequeath to Elaine Faircloth my basketball ability (if there is any left), and to Juanita McMasters my place in the sewing room, making button holes.
  1, Gertrude Bryant, do will and bequeath to my sister, Lilly, my room. Lil' don't let the rats worry you. To Betty Adams my place in basketball, on the bench.
I, David Burney, do hereby will and bequeath to Dick Bolton the bookcase in my room on which he may place the pictures of the seniors that he has collected.

I, Allen E. Carter, do hereby will and bequeath to my roommate everything I leave, and to Charles Hooten any ducks that I hid and could not find.

I, Jeanette Cobb, do will and bequeath to Elaine Faircloth and Edna Mae Maples my good times and memories. To Betty Dorton and Leona Hall my room. To the rest of my pals I leave my shoes.

I, Ruth Cole, do hereby will and bequeath to my "little" brother, Fred, my height, and also my ability to finish high school. To Jean Fletcher my ability to get along with the "Fletcher" family.

I, Virginia Cranfill, do hereby will and bequeath to my little sister, Lillian, my ability to finish school, and to "Skeeter" Sanders all my old Song Hit books.

I, Louise Everett, do hereby will and bequeath to my little brother, J. D., my ability to make the honor roll, which I have never made; to my big brother, Billy, his gloves that I have kept warm all winter.

I, Gwyn Fletcher, do hereby will and bequeath to Goon Lindsey all the broken records. Too bad you didn't break the radio or you would get it. To my sister, Jean, my ability to finish high school.

I, Joe Ben Gibbs, do hereby will and bequeath to Dorothy my place in the senior class and my common sense, if she will use them; to Dwight Spencer my height.

I, Paul Horne, do will and bequeath to Roscoe Smith my school sense. To Butch Shepherd anything that I leave behind.

I, Grover Ingram, do hereby will and bequeath to Paul Burney my position as monitor of quad three.

I, Margaret Jarvis, do hereby will and bequeath to Leona Hall my ability to win the music medal and to Betty Dorton my ambition to drive a motorcyle.

I, Mary Johnson, do hereby will and bequeath to my sister, Lucy, my ability to finish Latin within three years and to Jean Fletcher my place in the station wagon when it goes to take the cooks home. Honey, go more than I did. Good luck, Jean.
I, Marjorie Lail, do will and bequeath to Lilly Bryant my place on the basketball team. To Leona Hall my suit and to "Uncle Sam" my toothpaste tubes.

I, Ben Lewis, do hereby will and bequeath to Cap Jackins, Dr. Calhoun, Mr. Hethcox, and the rest of the golfing club, my ability to play golf down in the cow pasture, and all their old tees and balls that I found. To Horace Denton my place on the wrestling mat.

I, George Lewis, do hereby will and bequeath to my brother, Ray, the rest of my sweaters, if he does not already have them.

I, Bill McCall, do hereby will and bequeath to Ray Lewis any of my old cards; to Chas. Hooten my bed lamp and old socks, and to anybody else, everything not under locks.

I, Jack McCall, do will and bequeath to all at Barium, the many swell times and happy experiences that I have had while here, and to any who are interested, all that I leave behind.

I, Tom McCall, do hereby will and bequeath to Paul Burney my rabbit hollows and territory, and to everyone, I leave many good times like I have experienced here.

I, Myrtle Mills, do hereby will and bequeath to Elaine Faircloth my ability to foul out in every basketball game.

I, Hugh Norman, do hereby will and bequeath to Pleas all of Mr. Calhoun's lost golf balls and tees that I have found. May he find much pleasure in losing them the second time.

I, Sarah Parcell, do hereby will and bequeath to my best pal, Evelyn, anything I leave, and to Lillian Sanders my machine in the sewing room—I hope they won't hide her shoes like they did mine.

I, Dick Parrish, do hereby will and bequeath to every newcomer to Barium, all the many good times I have had during my stay.

I, Margaret Presnell, do hereby will and bequeath to my little sister, Virginia, my room at the Woman's Building, and to Mae Allen Barrett, my green jacket, since she does not have one.
I, Mott Price, do hereby will and bequeath to my sisters, Martha and Hannah, my good times at Barium. To Mr. E. K. Kyles my ability to get out of work and get by with it.

I, Elizabeth Robards, do hereby will and bequeath to Mary Alice Stevens my basketball suit, in hopes that it will bring her better luck against Children's Home next year. To Lillian Sanders my ability to sew.

I, Doris Royal, do hereby will and bequeath to all the pals that I leave at Barium, the many good times I had during my short stay here.

I, Mable Shoaf, do hereby will and bequeath to Richard, my ability to finish high school, and to Paul Burney that little white chicken that he admires so much.

I, May Shoaf, being of sound body (not mentioning my mind), do hereby will and bequeath to Richard my place on the stairs for his dates and to May Lynn complete ownership of my skirt, which she has so faithfully kept in wearing condition for me.

I, Flora Mae Smith, do hereby will and bequeath to my little Sis, Lillie Belle, my ability to finish high school, and my place as barber.

I, Wallace Twombly, do hereby will and bequeath to Gene Whitener my half of the bicycle and to Roscoe Twombly and Paul Reid all that I leave.

I, William Wadsworth, do hereby will and bequeath to Bobby Whittle my softball glove and to "Shoe Full" Allen my bed lamp. Good luck to both of you.

I, Jack Weeks, do hereby will and bequeath to Peanut Landrum everything I leave, and to Butch Shepherd my two ton sled.

I, Joyce Weeks, do hereby will and bequeath to Cecil Shepherd my place in the Senior class, and to Betty Adams my place in the sewing room, if she promises to work hard.

I, Betty Whittle, do hereby will and bequeath to "Stomp" Jones, my seat in the Senior class, to Pat Hooten my room and everything left, and to my brother, Bobby, the good times I have had during my Senior year.
I, Ed Williamson, do hereby will and bequeath to my sister, Betty, my ability to finish school and to Donald Bolton everything he can find. To Bertha Lee, the good times I had while at Barium.

*Ed. Note "Ducks" refers to cigarette butts, as they were known at Barium in that era.
The postmaster said he unlocked the door to the postoffice on arrival and turned on the light. He then returned to his car for a moment. When he again approached the postoffice he saw the Negro climbing out through the window. The window was so small that the thief had trouble getting through. In fact, he didn't believe in his own chances, saying to the postmaster:

"You've got me, boss."

But when Mr. Thomas went to the door and shouted for help, the Negro said:

"Don't force me to do something serious."

The Negro then managed to squeeze through the window, dashed to his car and fled.

* * * * * * * * *

Car Abandoned

Charlotte, N. C., March 23.—When Postmaster H. L. Thomas of Barium Springs opened the postoffice at dawn several mornings ago to meet an early mail delivery, a brawney, six-foot Negro stood inside the office with his hand on his hip and said. "This is no good time for you to start hollering—you just be quiet until I get away.

This story was told here by Postal Inspector R. B. Beatson, who said that Thomas kept quiet since he had all the postoffice money in his pocket. But as soon as the Negro hopped into his big coupe Thomas got the number.

Beatson said his investigation disclosed the Negro was John C. McCreary, alias James G. Grice, 49, a native of Mount Holly.

The inspector said officers seized the car Friday night in Gastonia but that the Negro eluded them.
Negro is Apprehended

(From The Charlotte Observer of March 24.)

James C. Grice, 36-year-old Negro, was being held in Atlanta, Ga., yesterday waiting removal hearings to face charges of attempting to rob the postoffice in Barium Springs last Thursday.

Grice, who has a long criminal record, was picked up in Atlanta Sunday morning after he had eluded postal inspectors here. His car, a Packard coupe, was picked up in Gastonia Saturday and is being held here. R. B. Beatson, postal inspector, said that documents were found in the car which connected Grice with robberies of postoffices in New Hill and Iron Station recently.

Grice will be charged with threatening the life of Postmaster H. L. Thomas of Barium Springs according to the District Attorney's office. This charge carries an arbitrary sentence of 25 years in prison. No theft was recorded from the Barium Springs office, since Mr. Thomas apprehended the Negro shortly after he had gained entry to the building. Grice made a threatening gesture toward his hip and cautioned Mr. Thomas not to move. Mr. Thomas secured the auto number as the car drove away and through it Grice was traced.

Mr. Beatson said that he probably will be returned here within a few days to face grand jury action in Statesville.
An entertaining and well-planned program by the grammar grades of the Barium Springs' school was presented on April 17th as the first event of the 1942 graduating exercises. The first and second grades presented "Little Black Sambo" as an operetta in three acts and the third through the seventh grade offered a stirring patriotic pageant "America's Stand for Freedom," which was colorful in presentation and thrilling to the appreciative spectators which were unusually large in numbers.

"Little Black Sambo" was complete throughout with crocodiles, tigers, elephants, giraffes, birds, Negro children and all of the other appurtenances to the fascinating children's story. Richard Huddleston played the part of Sambo, Betty McMannen was Mumbo and Bobby McMannen was Jumbo. So realistic were some of the "animals" that a few of the children in the audience audibly expressed concern about little Sambo when the tigers were approaching Sambo, only to be pacified by taking his clothes, his shoes and his umbrella.

The second part of the program was a beautiful pageant with the patriotic colors of red, white and blue predominating. Elizabeth Langley was the Statue of Liberty, "America" was represented by Maggie Katon and "Uncle Sam" was portrayed by Herbert Good. Detachments of soldiers, sailors, marines, the air corps, and girl scouts, Red Cross nurses and home nurses presented themselves and offered their services to America. There was a band made up of third and fourth grade pupils and an attractive number by red, white and blue waltzers.

In addition to the fighting forces, the school teachers, artists, musicians, doctors, mechanics, farmers and shipbuilders all presented their services to Uncle Sam in winning the war. Representatives of England, China, Russia, Hawaii, Africa, Ireland, Israel, Holland, Scotland, Spain and France all appeared attired in native costumes of their respective countries. The concluding number was the singing of
the 'Star Spangled Banner' by the assembled players and the audience. The Statue of Liberty's torch was lighted just before the end of the delightful program.

The cast of characters in "Little Black Sambo" were:

Sambo, Richard Huddleston; Mumbo, Betty McMannen; Jumbo, Bobby McMannen; Crocodile, Larry Dean; First Monkey, May Hillard; First Tiger, Mack Wicker; Second Tiger, Jackie Porterfield; Third Tiger, Jerry Ennis; Fourth Tiger, Helen Barnes; Other Tigers, Archie McMannen and Everette Vest; Elephant, Cromer Curtis and Buddy Maples; Giraffe, Hilda Barnes and Barbara Hull.

Negro Children—Patty Inman, Sylvia Buie, Margaret Hopkins, Clyde Dellinger, Peggy Collins, Hilda Donaldson, Eloise Morris, Paul Dellinger, Robert Hall, Elmina Johnson, Rachel Bullard, Mary Frances Price, Dwight Reid, Barbara Bradshaw, Peggy Land.

Monkeys—Monty Cook, Ray Powell, Caroline Wicker, Edward Traywick, Jane Feimster, Mack Caldwell, Sarah Bradshaw, Betty McBryde, Johnnie Slater, Katie Dunn, Mary Frances Morris, Louise Campbell, Loretta Young, Junius Wicker, Woodie Smith.

Birds—Jackie Frye, Billy Manus, Charles Hall, Bobby Morgan.

*America's Stand for Freedom*

Those participating in the second part of the program were as follows:

Statue of Liberty, Elizabeth Langley; America, Maggie Katen; Uncle Sam, Herbert Good.

Band—Third and Fourth Grades; Leaders—Gwendolyn Landrum, Mabel Milton, Tommy Cook.

Red, White and Blue Waltzers—Mary Morgan, Ila Lee McBride, Ann Pope, Peggy Coffey, Betty Coffey, and Helen Morgan.

Soldiers—Corporal Jimmy Hayes, Jimmy Williams, Bobby Allen, Howard Hull, Jack Clark, Donald Pettus, Horace Smith, Robert Pearson, Carl Ferguson.


Red Cross Nurses—Betty Lou Hooten, Dorothy Maples, Pearl Morgan, Helen Vinson,
Mary Ruth Gregory, Mildred Monroe, Grace Morgan, Nita Shepherd, Mary Belle Reid, Betty Joe Smith, Janie Hall.

Home Nurses—Helen Hawley, Myrtle Rushing, Hannah Price, Marion Coffey, Lucile Smith, Mary Frances Isenhour, Eleanor Pope, Toni Delancy, Sadie Gray Buie.

Marines—Corporal Earl Adams, George Landrum, James Reid, William Allen, Dallas Ammons, Harold Myatt, Grady Mundy, Jack Jones, Jack Caldwell.

Air Corps—Corporal Benny Gregory, Roscoe Smith, Rufus Clark, Ken Manus, Herman Smith, Bill Price, John Lee, Thad Stevens, Clifford Barefoot.

Girl Scouts—Jean McDonald, Frances Bowles, Violet Knight, Annie Wicker, Mabel Pearson, Willie May Robinson.

Teacher, Blanche Feimster; Pupils, Mary Ann Ryder, Ernestine Baldwin, Virginia Presnell.

Artist, Margaret Bullard; Musician, Hazel Walker; Doctor, Jerry Young; Mechanic, Dwight Spencer; Farmer, Earl Allen; Shipbuilder, Charles Barrett.

Representatives of Other Countries—England, Frances Adams; China, Annie Star Langley; Russia, Callie Dunn; Hawaii, Lucile Stricklin; Africa, Dorothy Shepherd; Ireland, Betty Mae Traywick; Hebrew, Miriam Huddleston; Dutch, Nellie Isenhour; Scotland, Evelyn Coats; Spain, Frances Rhyne; France, Bradley Jean Manus.

(I remember quite clearly participating in this patriotic spectacle. The war was only 6 months old. The news from the Pacific was dark; that from Europe equally so. I remember seeing teachers, students and staff weep openly. For the first time the war was personalized.)
LARGEST CLASS IN HISTORY OF HOME FINISHES

41 Children Awarded Diplomas at Close of Exercises on April 20

April 1942

(Rev. A. V. Gibson of Sanford delivered commencement address on "Business of Living." Ace Medal to Paul Horne; Grover Ingram was valedictorian and Jack McCall, salutatorian.)

Forty-one graduates, who represented the largest class in the 50-year history of the Presbyterian Orphans' Home and which also represented a total of 408 years of child care on Monday night, April 20th, were awarded diplomas at the finals of the 1942 graduation exercises. The presentation of these followed a stirring commencement address on "The Business of Living" delivered by Rev. A. V. Gibson, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Sanford, and after other specific awards to outstanding students of the past school session.

The final program was opened with the salutatory address delivered by Jack McCall, second honor student for the four high school years, and it was closed with the valedictory address by Grover Ingram, who had the highest scholastic average of all the graduates.

Paul Horne, who has been in the Home here for 16 years, which is the longest span of time for any graduate, was presented the Ace medal. He was the choice of the workers and the high school students, all of whom voted for the boy or girl who, in their opinion, had been the most consistent throughout the entire stay at Barium Springs.

The music improvement medal was presented to Elizabeth Robards, and the Brown Bible medal for proficiency in Bible study and other specific memory work went to Marjorie Lail. Scholarship prizes in the high school were awarded to Billy Everett, Ruth Cole, Ben Lewis, Jack McCall, Grover Ingram and Mott Price. Grammar school scholarship prizes were given Maggie Katen, Horace Denton, Kathleen Monroe, Betty Jo Smith, Lucille Smith and Jerry Young.

The four girls and four boys showing the greatest improvement during the school
term were given special prizes of $2.50 each by Fred W. Sherrill of Statesville. They went to Janie Smith, Mary Alice Stevens, Dewey Belle Buie, Lillie Bryant, Gene Dunn, Herman Blue, Douglas Ryder and Ernest Stricklin. Each graduate was presented a Bible with his or her name inscribed on it in gold letters.
Barium Boys in the Service

. June 1942

Lieut. Dewey Barnhill, a bombadier with Uncle Sam's forces in the Southwest Pacific, has been mentioned in two separate feature articles by correspondents covering the war activity in that section. Both reporters went with Dewey and other members of the crew on bombing expeditions and Dewey was singled out especially in one for his singing of "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire" as he pushed the button that released the bombs. Later, another news story came in about this crew, who made a forced landing during which the pilot and the navigator were killed, but Dewey and four others escaped. The account of the accident was dramatized over the Columbia Broadcasting network on Sunday, May 17th, and Dewey was quoted for his part of the account of the tragedy. The five were rescued from this tiny island the next day.

******************

It is now Capt. Bruce Parcell, instead of Lieut. Parcell, for he has been promoted since his marriage to Frances Lowrance of Barium on May 2nd. Of course, we know that his marriage had nothing to do with this, for Uncle Sam's advancement of his boys is on merit alone. This word of caution is inserted here, for some of the Barium graduates in the services may get the idea that getting married is a sure-fire way to get a promotion.
REPORTED MISSING
July 1942

Ben Morrow, who graduated in 1936, reported missing in the Philippine action.

J. D. Beshears, who graduated in 1939, reported missing in the Philippine action.
BARIUM GRADUATE TELLS EXPERIENCE IN CRASH

October 1942

(Lieut. Dewey Barnhill Recounts His Thoughts Before Plane Comes Down.)

First Lieutenant Dewey Barnhill was on a plane that crashed in the Southwest Pacific some time ago and in that crash the pilot lost his life. The story of the crash was dramatized over the Columbia Broadcasting System in its Sunday evening feature, "They Live Forever," and this Barium graduate who was a bombadier on the plane was quoted in the dramatization.

Just recently Rev. Thomas C. Cook, pastor of Little Joe's Church at Barium Springs, has received a letter from Lieut. Barnhill telling of the accident and the thoughts that passed through his mind before the plane went down. What he wrote will be of universal interest to all Americans and especially to those who support the Home at Barium Springs.

Excerpts from his letter follow:

"All the time I sat there I kept praying. From the first I felt that those prayers would be answered for none of the crew became frantic. We sat together smoking and talking as if nothing was wrong. We even had a good joke or two that created laughter.

When we finally saw land a cheer went out from all of us and the tension was relieved. Then I thanked God, for I knew it was His work.

When the pilot told us to jump no one did for we had great faith in him and we felt that we were safer with him. The sad thing was that we had to leave the man there. Before we left I called all the men together and we said a short prayer. We quickly turned and started our trek through the jungle and not a man looked back, but there wasn't a dry eye among us.

I have had many close calls but I feel that the Lord will bring me through."
SPECIFIC ACHIEVEMENTS OF 1941 - 1942 LISTED
July 1942

The semi-centennial year for Barium Springs was an outstanding period.

If you read an account of the meeting of the Board of Regents in the May Messenger, most of what will be said below will be a duplication, but it was felt that a listing of the outstanding occurrences of 1941-1942 would be appropriate in some issue of The Messenger. It is appropriate because those who were responsible for the attainments should positively know that their giving, prompted by their interest and loyalty, made the twelve months of last year notable ones for Barium Springs. Here are the itemized events and occurrences.

1. The construction of a quadrangle of cottages and furnishing them at a total cost of $53,831.43. (All of this money, except $6,611.80, was paid in during the previous 1940-1941 fiscal period.)

2. The building of a printing office and shoe shop building at a cost of $5,727.36, the money for which was given in 1941-1942.

3. Donations of $17,300.00 for a Children's Village, the construction of which must necessarily be postponed until after the war.

4. The giving of $15,000.00 was a memorial for a scholarship fund, the income of which will be used for the college education of Barium boys and girls.

5. Receiving the largest amount from Synod for the support fund since 1927-1928.
6. Receiving $48,447.28 in nine bequests, all of which, except $3,757.28, was restricted for various purposes.
7. The meeting of Synod at Barium Springs in September when the greatest number ever to enroll were entertained by the Home. There were 356 official commissioners.
8. Publishing 10,000 copies of a 50-year history of Barium Springs, all done in the Barium printing shop in the new building.
9. A net worth increase of $111,810.91 in the value of the Home, distributed between increases of $53,292.76 in the endowment fund; $46,221.38 in the capital fund and $12,296.77 in the operating fund.
10. A special gift in December from California friends of $5,600.00 that this year has made possible the enlargement of the office at Barium Springs.
11. No death in the Barium family of children during the twelve months.
12. The serving of approximately 7,000 guest meals in the dining room, this including Synod's entertainment.
13. Largest graduating class in the history of the home--41 boys and girls.

And, a fifteenth item might be the meeting of the Tri-State Orphanage Conference at Barium Springs, though this occurred immediately after the official ending of the twelve months of 1941-1942. This attendance was among the greatest in the long history of that organization.
A 12-page catechism was prepared for the use of the Auxiliaries and Circles for the fall emphasis on the Home at Barium Springs, and 25,000 of these were printed and distributed. The interest which has been displayed in this catechism and the comments about it have led officials to publish those questions and answers in full in this November issue of The Messenger, which is looked upon as the Thanksgiving copy. The complete content of the catechism is as follows:

**Question:** When and where was the first movement started toward the establishment of an orphans' home by Presbyterians in North Carolina?

**Answer:** In Charlotte in 1883. A few women, aided by men who were later active in a Home established by Synod, started such a movement, which was largely a private enterprise.

Q. When did Synod establish a Home at Barium?

A. On January 11, 1891, when the private Home officially became a project for the entire Synod of North Carolina.

Q. How many children were on the original roll?

A. Before moving to Barium Springs, there were 25 children enrolled; 12 of them came to Barium.

Q. What is the name of the Home at Barium Springs?

A. Presbyterian Orphans' Home, even though many people call it the Barium Springs Home. The corporate title is "The Regents of the Orphans' Home.

Q. What catastrophe happened in November of 1891 during the first year of the Home at Barium?

A. The old two-story hotel building, which stood on the site of the present Rumple Hall and which housed all the children in the Home, was destroyed by fire.
Q. What happened to the children?
A. They were temporarily housed in nearby Statesville until plans could be made to rebuild.

Q. Since the first building was destroyed, what is the oldest one there?
A. Annie Louise Cottage. Immediately after the fire, the late George Watts of Durham said that he would give the necessary money for one building if Synod would raise the money for another.

Q. Did Synod accept the challenge?
A. Yes, Annie Louise was started and before it was completed work had begun on Synod's Cottage.

Q. What year was that?
A. 1892. This means that Annie Louise and Synod's Cottages are over 50 years old.

Q. What are the names of the cottages at Barium, when were they built, and what age children occupy them?
A. (a) Baby Cottage, built by Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Stowe of Belmont in 1924, in which live boys and girls two to six years of age. (b) Annie Louise, built by George Watts of Durham, in 1892, girls 6 to 9 years. (c) Synod's, built by Synod in 1892, boys 6 to 9 years. (d) Lees', built in 1900 by Mrs. S. P. Lees of New York, boys 10 to 13. (e) Howard, built in 1903 by George Howard of Tarboro, girls 9 to 12. (f) Jennie Gilmer, built in 1924, with a bequest from Miss Virginia Gilmer of Greensboro and gifts from C. W. Johnston of Charlotte and P. Pearsall of Wilmington, boys 10 to 13. (g) Rumple Hall, built by Synod in 1897, and named for Dr. Jethro Rumple, president of the Board of Regents, girls 12 to 14. (h) Lottie Walker Building (Woman's Building), built by the ladies of Synodical in 1920, high school girls. (i) The quadrangle of cottages, all built in 1941, in which high school boys live—Cannon Cottage, built by Mrs. David H. Blair of Washington, D. C.; Stultz Cottage, built by W. Z. Stultz of Charlotte; Wallace Cottage, built by Miss Nancy
Wallace of New York and Mrs. Mary Borden Wallace Lee of Winston-Salem; and Johnston Cottage, built by the ladies of Synodical and named for Jos. B. Johnston, present superintendent.

Q. Name some of the other buildings at Barium and who erected them?

A. Infirmary, built by two brothers, James and Wm. H. Sprunt of Wilmington; Alexander Industrial building with a bequest of S. P. Alexander of Charlotte; Burroughs building (office), constructed by J. C. Burroughs of Charlotte; High School, built by John F. McNair of Laurinburg; Grammar School, built by W. N. Reynolds of Winston-Salem and Mrs. Cameron Morrison of Charlotte; Sewing Room and Laundry, built by C. W. Johnston of Charlotte; Printing Office and Shoe Shop, built by Franklin Avery Sherrill of Statesville; Little Joe's Church, built by Synod.

Q. Approximately how many buildings are at Barium?

A. In addition to the 20 mentioned above, there are nine residences, seven barns, three tenant houses, the steam plant, smokehouse, canning house, apple house, two potato houses, sheds of several kinds and numerous other small buildings.

Q. State, in brief, the origin of the name "Little Joe" for the Church.

A. When Joe Gilliland entered the Home on September 1, 1901, there was no church here, it being necessary to walk a mile and a half to church. Joe was too small to walk that far. He repeatedly expressed to his matron and friends the thought that when he grew to be a young man, he was going to build a church at Barium with two porches on it. He was stricken suddenly and died on February 1, 1904, after a one-day illness. In going through his meagre possessions a bank was found labeled "For a Church." In the bank were 45 pennies. The story of this boy was told throughout Synod. Gifts, both large and small, started pouring in, and in 1907, the Church was constructed. Because it started from Joe's 45 cents, it was named "Little Joe" in his honor. His ambition was realized three years after his death.

Q. Who supports Little Joe's Church?

A. Mainly the workers at Barium. For a good many years it received Home
Mission aid, but it is now self-sustaining. There are a few neighbors who are members at Little Joe's, but the overwhelming majority of members are the children and the staff at the Home. In the benevolent giving emphasis is placed upon all church causes, foreign missions usually getting the largest sum of any cause.

Q. Who is the present pastor of Little Joe's Church?
A. Rev. Thos. C. Cook.

Q. State what is done for the religious training of the children.
A. All of the organizations in a normal church are in existence at Barium Springs. The boys and girls go to Sunday School, Church, and they have their Junior, Intermediate and Senior Young People's Societies.

Q. Do any of the children go to school elsewhere than at Barium?
A. No, all of them attend school in the two buildings that are on the campus.

Q. What part does the State pay in the support of the school?
A. The State pays the salaries of eight members of the teaching staff (around $8,500.00 annually), but does not pay anything for the upkeep of the buildings nor is any money paid by the state for janitor's service, etc. The local schools are not set up as a separate entity, but are, on the records, under the Troutman schools of this district. If once set up as a separate unit, the State would pay more of the teachers than at the present time.

Q. Approximately how many acres are there in the property?
A. 1150 — 500 in the big farm, 100 in the truck farm, 100 in orchards, 100 in buildings, campus and roads 100 in pure pasture-land, 150 in woodland pasture, and the remaining 100 is woodland.

Q. What is the value of the properties?
A. The auditor's report for 1941-1942 had a value of $1,154,574.97, made up of endowment, capital and operating funds.

Q. How much of that is endowment?
A. $262,547.58, but the income on slightly over $69,000.00 of endowment is designated for special purposes other than the regular operating expenses.

548
Q. How has this endowment been created?
A. Mostly through bequests of friends who specified a permanent investment of their legacies, only the income to be used. In a few isolated instances there have been donations from living people for the endowment.

Q. Who supports the Home?
A. The Presbyterians of the Synod of North Carolina principally.

Q. What percent of the income is dependent upon the generosity of friends?
A. 80%.

Q. What are the main sources of contributions?
A. Regular giving by church budgets, Sunday Schools and Auxiliaries and by all three of these groups at the Thanksgiving season.

Q. What part is regularly given and what part comes as Thanksgiving Offering?
A. Usually it is approximately 50-50. Sometimes the regular giving is slightly over 50% of the receipts, though more often the Thanksgiving Offering is over 50% of what Synod gives in a year's time.

Q. Explain the ways of regular giving.
A. The home is in Synod's budget for 9%, Synod recommends to the Sunday Schools an offering each month since the budget giving would not take care of the needs, and the Auxiliaries themselves inaugurated the plan of $1.00 per month per Circle.

Q. What part does each source play in the regular 12-month total?
A. An example is 1941-1942, when Church budgets sent 36.9%; Sunday Schools forwarded 42.6%, and Auxiliaries dispatched 20.5% of the regular income.

Q. What are the highest and lowest receipts from Synod in the past 20 years?
A. The high-water mark was touched in 1927-1928 when $109,372.03 was contributed, and the low ebb was in 1933-1934 when $67,106.46 was donated. Incidentally, Synod's total of $96,143.88 in 1941-1942 was the best since 1927-1928.

Q. Is the Home in debt?
A. No. In 1933-1934 the peak indebtedness of the Home was reached when Barium
Springs owed $107,490.74 at the end of the fiscal period. All indebtedness was eliminated by the close of 1936-1937 and the Home has been operating debt-free since that time. Not a penny contributed today goes toward debt retirement or in interest costs. It can be used in caring for the children and in maintaining the Home.

Q. How many children have been enrolled since the establishment of the Home?
A. On October 1, 1942, 2,084 had at one time been residents, which included those in the Home now.

Q. What are the ages of acceptance?
A. Children can be accepted if they are walking (seldom under two years of age, though one set of twins entered when they were 18 months old) and 12 years is usually made as the limit. Exceptions are made in the latter age, of course, but adjustment is harder if they enter the Home after they are 12 years old.

Q. What is the annual "turnover" in population?
A. It is usually around 35 children in a normal year, but between May and September of 1942, 62 children left the Home—41 graduating and some going back to re-established homes. That was an abnormal year, for 41 is the largest graduating class in history.

Q. What happens to them when they graduate?
A. If the boy or girl can't get work on their own volition, officials aid them. No child ever leaves the Home without the superintendent knowing where they will be located. The case worker keeps in contact, too, with the graduates.

Q. Do any of them go to college, and, if so, which ones?
A. Yes, those who are ambitious for a college education and who have the ability, though the number is governed by the amount of money available.

Q. How are they financed?
A. Some friends have established a loan fund for college students, and more recently a $15,000.00 scholarship fund has been given for investment, the income to be used in the college education of Barium boys and girls.

Q. What is Barium's health record?
A. In a family averaging 325 children from 2 to 18 years of age there have been no deaths since June 1933, and only one death since July 1926.

Q. Do you have a resident physician and is any operating done at Barium?
A. No, there is no resident physician but one at Statesville is annually employed and subject to call at any time. Operating is done in a Statesville hospital, with recuperation largely in the Infirmary at Barium under a competent nurse.

Q. What is the annual drug bill?
A. In 1941-1942, the drug bill for the 324 children in the Home was $464.52, which was an average of a fraction over $1.43 per child for the entire 12 months.

Q. Describe briefly the health program.
Q. Each January there is a health clinic of a general nature and a tubercular clinic. Any child failing to gain normally in height or weight goes back for a second examination to find out why. At proper periods, inoculations, vaccinations and diptheria anti-toxin are given. Everything possible of a precautionary nature is taken to prevent illness. A dentist spends three weeks going over the teeth of all children. Special dental work during the year is done in Statesville.

Q. How much weight does the usual Barium family of over 300 gain annually?
A. Slightly more than a ton—or an average of about six pounds per child.

Q. How are the children clothed at Barium?
A. In two ways: Either by local organizations or individuals who make the clothes, or by sending money to Barium Springs for the clothes. In either case, the money is always sent for shoes, which can be more acceptably fitted locally.

Q. If money is sent, how much does it cost to clothe a child?
A. $35.00 a year is the average, sent in two annual installments of $17.50 in the fall and spring. Until the spring of 1942, the amount asked was $30.00 a year, but higher prices made it necessary to raise the sum. It doesn't cost that much for smaller children, but it costs more than that for the larger, but $35.00 is asked regardless of the size of the child. When children reach high school age, the money
is preferred, as the clothing can be done more economically at Barium. The material can be purchased at wholesale prices, the equipment is available for making the clothes and the senior girls are here to sew them.

Q. How many are clothed by organizations and individuals who make the clothes, and how many with money sent in?

A. Around 65, the others with contributed sums.

Q. Do you give the children any vocational training?

A. Yes, but not in the sense that there is a vocational department in the school. In the regular routine of the Home, the girls learn to keep house, to cook, to sew, to do laundry, etc., and the boys can get training at the dairy, in the orchards, on the truck and big farm, in the shoe shop and printing office, on the mechanical group or with the carpenter. All children over 10 years of age have some particular task to perform. The Baby Cottage boys and girls contend that they have an "awfully" hard time, since they have to brush their teeth twice a day. The Baby Cottage children, as well as most of the boys and girls at Barium, make up their own beds.

Q. Who is the present superintendent of Barium and how long has he been there?

A. Jos. B. Johnston, who has completed over two decades, having come to the Home in July of 1922.

Q. How many other superintendents have served, who were they and what were their tenures of office?


Q. What is the name of the monthly publication?

A. The Barium Messenger, which is published in the printing office at Barium.

Q. To how many Presbyterian Homes is it sent?

A. Approximately 25,000.

Q. Do you receive it?
(You answer that one; if your answer is "no," drop a postal card to Ernest Milton, Barium Springs, and your name will be promptly added.)

Q. How many boys and girls in the service of the country?
A. On October 1, 1942, close to 125 boys were in the various branches and over half a dozen girls, with many others slated to be accepted soon.

Q. How many gallons of fruit and vegetables are canned annually?
A. Usually in the neighborhood of 6,000.

Q. Are all of the foods used grown at Barium?
A. Yes, the surplus vegetables and fruits are canned. Some of the products put aside for winter consumption are string beans, tomatoes, tomato juice, apples, apple sauce, ketchup, pie peaches, desert peaches, peach preserves, peach butter, peach pickle, cucumber pickle, pear pickle, jams, beets, sour kraut, etc. They also make vinegar at the canning house.

Q. Do the children do the work?
A. The majority is done by the boys and girls, but in the peak canning season a small amount of additional outside help has to be employed.

Q. Does this take care of all the needs?
A. No. When it is revealed that it takes 24 gallons of peaches for a meal, and when it is recalled that meals are served 1,095 (365 x 3) times a year, that much food (staggering though it might seem to some) is far insufficient for the annual needs. No jellies are put up, and very few jams.

Q. State briefly some of the food requirements.
A. The children drink 125 gallons of milk a day; when scrambled eggs are served it takes 600 eggs scrambled with five or six gallons of milk; four bushels of potatoes (sweet or Irish) covers the needs for a meal; if meat loaf is served, it takes a quarter of a beef; or if ham is on the menu, it takes six good size hams to give each child a slice (all the meat used is raised at Barium); four bushels of tomatoes will take care of one meal's needs; 14 large bakers of cornbread, supplemented by 25 loaves of lightbread would take care of the bread needs.
Q. Do you serve meals only at Thanksgiving?

A. No, though a good many people might think so, since they make contributions only once a year. These Barium children eat three meals a day, 365 days a year just like any other child. There are usually over 1,000 meals served daily. Those who give only once a year, though, can make their Offering large enough to take care of some of the other 364 days.
AN ALBUM OF MEMORIES

THE
PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME
AT
BARIUM SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA

SECTION XIV - 1943

17 GRADUATES
ACE MEDAL - DONALD BOLTON
GRADUATION UNDER WAR TIME CONDITIONS
BARIUM GRADUATE KILLED IN ACTION - LT. LOWRANCE
RATIONING DIFFICULTIES
NO VACATIONS THIS YEAR
The Senior Class of 1943 is the first class to be graduated under war time conditions since the senior class of 1918. We, as a class, are going from the shelter of our home at Barium into a world that is at war. It is to be our opportunity and privilege to have a greater part in showing to all people for all time that the end of the state is not to dominate men, nor to restrain them to fear; rather that it is to free each man from fear so that he may live and act with security and without injury to himself or his neighbor. We consider ourselves fortunate that we entered the world at this time, for not only shall we be a part of the happier world that is to be, but we shall also have a part in making that world possible.

As we leave our home at Barium to go out and make our own way in the world, we pause on the threshold and think of our life at Barium, of the pleasures, responsibilities, and training that have been ours. We only hope that the boys and girls who will be seniors after us will think of Barium as we do.

To . . . all those at Barium we would like to express the deep gratitude that is ours for all that has been done in our behalf while we were at Barium. In the years that lie ahead of us we shall always be able to carry on by remembering . . . the fine ideals that we have learned. . . . We realize that we can never fully live up to them, for ideals are like the stars — we never reach them, but like the marines on the sea, we can chart the course of our lives by them . . .

So it is with the hope that the future shall be as good to us as the past has been that we leave Barium.
CLASS ROLL

1943

Joe Long
Donald Bolton
Marshall Norris
Ernest Stricklin
Bertha Lee Broome
Evelyn Coppege
Juanita McMasters
Lillian Sanders
Pleas Norman
Richard Shoaf
Willie Stinson
Roscoe Twombly
Lilly Bryant
May Lynn Jones
Marie Morgan
Janie Smith

Mascot: Nancy Lee Kyles
Ace Medal: Donald Bolton
CLASS SUPERLATIVES
1943

Prettiest Girl......................................................Evelyn Coppedge
Most Handsome Boy.............................................Joe Long
Neatest Girl..........................................................Bertha Lee Broome
Best Dressed Boy...................................................Marshall Norris
Most Athletic Girl................................................Lilly Bryant
Most Athletic Boy................................................Donald Bolton
Most Popular Girl................................................Evelyn Coppedge
Most Popular Boy................................................Donald Bolton
Best Personality (girl)...........................................Marie Morgan
Best Personality (boy)...........................................Pleas Norman
Quietest.................................................................Roscoe Twombly
Most Ambitious.....................................................James Stafford
Most Studious.........................................................James Stafford
Most Modest........................................................Bertha Lee Broome
Biggest Flirt (girl)................................................Juanita McMasters
Biggest Flirt (boy)..................................................Willie Stinson
Cutest.................................................................Lillian Sanders
If someone had met the Senior Class of 1943 for the first time the day it first met together as a body, he would have shaken his head and walked away mumbling something like: "the poor little pathetic thing, will it live the year out?" We could not have blamed him either, for we were only seventeen, compared with the senior class of last year, which had forty-one students. For several weeks after we began to eat at one table in the dining room, we could hear people whispering to each other about how funny the senior table looked this year. We couldn't say much about that either, for last year the senior table stretched half way down the dining room while we, well, we almost stretched an eighth of the way. With a start like that, one would think the history of our class would be just a series of accidents where our feeling of inferiority showed up pretty strong. That is wrong. We began immediately to assert ourselves and show that we were just as much a senior class as the senior class of last year. We soon became known as the noisiest and eatin'est senior table in anybody's memory. Ever, so often we would get a new waiter. It seemed that Mrs. Purdy had to put the preceding waiter at less strenuous work before she had a nervous breakdown.

The seventeen of us got together as a class only last year when school opened, but since then we have become members of a class which has shared much together. Our history has not been as long as we should like for it to have been, but it has been a full history, and we only ask that our future will be as full and as joyous.

James Stafford
CLASS WILL

1943

To Mr. Johnson, the senior class wills its great appreciation of the deep interest he has taken in us. To Mr. Hethcox and the other members of the faculty, we will our sincere thanks for the perseverance and determination you have shown in educating us. To the Juniors we will our seats, titles, and privileges as Seniors—plus a straw-hat, overalls, brogues, and a hoe. That goes for the girls as well. To all the workers at Barium and those who have taken an interest in us we leave the wish that they do as well by those who will follow us as they did to us. To all those at Barium we leave our hopes that they will have as good a time at Barium as we did.

I, Roscoe Twombly, do hereby will and bequeath to Mr. Johnston, to Cap, to Miss Turner, to Mr. Cook, to the teachers, and to all in charge, my extreme gratitude for your wonderful care and leadership. Any success I make, I attribute to you; any failure, to myself, for at anytime not following such swell leadership.

I, Pleas Norman, do hereby will and bequeath to Paul Reid, my position as bass in the choir, to Lillie Belle Smith my little piggy bank and hope she will never get behind.

I, James Stafford, will to "Pee Wee" Caldwell the crayons Jack McCall played with until the army called him and told him to put away childish things; to Amie Lybrand I will the water colors with which Jack had such a happy time; to James Hayes I will my ability to get along in school. Add that to yours, James, and you won't be in school another year.

I, Lilly Bryant, do will and bequeath to Leona Hall, my place on the basketball team and all the fouls the referee didn't call on me. Good luck, Leona!

I, Marshall Norris, do hereby will and bequeath to Pat Hooten, my blue flannel shirt (hope it fits, Pat) and my good times at school; to Fred Cole, my height which he so badly needs; to Bennett Baldwin, my place on the varsity which he almost had
this year; to Paul Burney, I will my old hair oil bottles if he can find them and
drain them.

1, Juanita McMasters, do hereby will and bequeath to Betty Dorton, my ability
to tell whether "it" is red or black; and to my little brother, Herbert, my ability
to finish school; to Leona, Elizabeth and Ann, all my good times while here at
Barium.

1, Richard Shoaf, do hereby will and bequeath to Stanley Smith, my seat in the
senior class (if he ever gets there); to Ida Belle Dunn, all my good times at
Barium; to Hannah Price, my chewing gum I left on my bed post; to Billy Dunn, my
place as boss on the truck farm on Saturday.

1, Mary Lynn Jones, do hereby will and bequeath to all the children of this
home, and to the ones yet to come, all the good times I've experienced in my 14
years at Barium.

1, Evelyn Coppedge, do hereby will and bequeath to Grace, my best pal,
everything that I leave behind; to Eleanor Pope, that black pocketbook that she has
wanted for so long (that is, if it's O.K. with Grace).

1, Donnie Bolton, do hereby will and bequeath to Paul Burney, the key to the
quad mail box which I never could keep up with. Paul; don't forget to hang it on
the nail; to Don Mitchell, my place on the varsity football team (if he ever gets
big enough).

1, Bertha Lee Broome, do hereby will and bequeath to Jean Fletcher, my
"doo-dads" for her room; to Crosby Mundy, my big cedar chest she has asked for every
time she comes to see me.

1, Ernest Stricklin, do hereby will and bequeath to Mac. Berryhill, my place on
the varsity football team; to Earl Allen and Gene Dunn their room which I found very
useful; to my brother, Hervey, a pair of my shoes and all my good times; to my
sisters, my ability to make the honor roll by making "S" on conduct; to Gene Dunn,
my place as life guard down at camp, and the Chocolate Milk Company.

1, Lillian Sanders, do hereby will and bequeath to Hannah Price, my tennis
shoes; to Martha Price, my place in the sewing room; to Betty Lou, anything in my room she can find; to Ruth May, the hopes that she will be voted the cutest in her class; to Mary Alice, my school girl figure and the ability to become teacher's pet in every class I have.

I, Willie Stinson, do hereby will and bequeath to Miriam Huddleston, my seat in the Senior Class (if she ever gets that far); to my sister, Lucille, my sincere wishes to finish high school.

I, Marie Morgan, do hereby will and bequeath to Jean Fletcher, the sixth seat, first row, in the Senior Class; to Grace Adams, all the lovely Saturday afternoons I spent in school; to Betty Lou Williamson, all my rusty pennies (remember the fun we had on pay-day, Betty Lou?)

I, Joe Long, do hereby will and bequeath to George Burney, my hair cutting business, George, cut their hair off, not their ears; to my roommates, Chicken Smith and Hogan Baldwin, I will the room and their beds.

I, Janie Smith, do will and bequeath to Leona and Dorton, my room (if the rats will let them in) and all the old junk I leave behind; to my little brother, Stanley, my place in the senior class; to my sister, Betty Joe, all my old clothes that I outgrew last summer; to everyone else, my good time at Barium.
Five years for one meal? That's right. After waiting five years for a meal any one would think it tasted pretty good, and that isn't wrong either. The meal was a barbecue, with all the added delicacies that go along with a real Southern Barbecue. Why did we wait five years for it? It's like this. When the Senior boys were down in the grammar grades, they caught a little pig. No, they didn't raise it for a pet and then sell it. Not these senior boys; they were too practical for that. They turned it over to Mr. Stinson, who knows everything about pigs worth knowing (and maybe a few that "ain't worth knowing"). Mr. Stinson agreed to raise the little squealer until those boys became seniors. They became seniors last year—the seniors of the class of 1943. So last January—after all the Christmas candy had been eaten up, and we were beginning to look forward to next Christmas—it was decided to barbecue the little pig the senior boys captured five years before. Nobody felt sorry for the pig, for he was getting so big that he found it an effort to get around. And to tell you the truth, after the barbecue we found it an effort to get around for a while ourselves. Well, Mr. Stinson barbecued the pig, the boys cooked the French fried potatoes that the girls were supposed to cook, but they couldn't be found anywhere at that time—and the boys also made the ice cream. The girls did go to town and buy the other things needed. But to be quite candid about it, the boys did just about everything except wash the dishes. The girls did that; so the boys felt that taking everything into consideration, they got the best of the bargain.

Everybody felt, when it was over, that taking everything into consideration, a good time was had by all except the pig. There was only one complaint, that was from one of the Juniors who helped with the "washing-up job"—this Junior said that she didn't get enough to eat. She wouldn't. Come to think of it, some of the senior girls said she didn't do anything anyway.
"The Heart Exchange," a farcical comedy in three acts by J. C. McMullen, was presented Tuesday night, March 30th, by the Senior Class of Barium Springs High School under the direction of Mr. Homer Keever, head of the English department.

The cast consisted of Marshall Norris and Pleas Norman as Arthur Princeton and Ralph Dartmore, two students at Carolina; Juanita McMasters as Harriet Hocket, a cockney speaking maid at the Heart Exchange; William Stinson as Joseph Thurston, Ralph's rich uncle who indiscreetly gambled in his youth and thereby lost the woman he loved; Lillian Sanders as Marta Kellog, stenographer at the Heart Exchange; Lilly Bryant as Louise Millard, who is engaged to Ralph; Evelyn Coppedge as Thomasina Penn, Louise's aunt who considers herself a lady; Bill Tyce as Hartley Decker, a customer at the Heart Exchange and a person who bears a resemblance to Hitler in more ways than one; Marie Morgan as Daisy Meadows, another customer; Richard Shoaf as George Walters, short story writer, who stutters but is engaged to Marta; Donald Bolton as "Socker" Quigley, who is on the outlook for a wife; Bertha Lee Broome as Matilda Goggenslocker, a customer quite determined to get a husband.

The scenery of the play was the work of Donald Bolton, Joseph Long, Roscoe Twombly, and James Stafford. Miss Janie Smith was in charge of costumes, while the properties were directed by Miss May Lynn Jones. Miss Smith and Miss Jones were also script holders.
SEVENTEEN SENIORS GRADUATED AT BARIUM ON APRIL 19

April 1943

(Rev. Chas. G. McClure makes commencement address. Many awards presented.)

The power to overcome temptations, having and obeying visions, the desire to serve and the power to preserve were some of the "musts" cited here on the night of April 19th to the 1943 graduates of the high school at Barium Springs in the commencement address delivered by Rev. Chas. G. McClure, pastor of the Caldwell Memorial Presbyterian Church in Charlotte. He was outlining the equipment for successful living, which he explained meant successful Christian living.

Following his address diplomas were awarded to Bertha Lee Broome, Lilly Bryant, Evelyn Coppedge, May Lynn Jones, Juanita McMasters, Marie Morgan, Lilly Bolton, Joe Long, Pleas Norman, Marshall Norris, Richard Shoaf, James Stafford, Willie Stinson, Ernest Stricklin, and Roscoe Twombly. To each graduate, too, a handsome Bible was presented.

James Stafford opened the exercises with the salutatory address, and the closing event was the valedictory by Roscoe Twombly. These were second and first honor students, respectively, for the past four years.

Special awards made included the Ace medal to Donald Bolton, who was chosen by students and workers for the most consistent improvement in all activities during his stay here; the music improvement medal to Martha Price and the Bible medal to Lillian Sanders for the greatest proficiency in memory work and Bible studies.

Scholarship prizes in the high school were awarded to Dwight Spencer, Nina Berryhill, Billy Everett, Janie Smith and Ernest Stricklin; similar ones to Shirley Inman, Kathleen Monroe, Jerry Young, Jimmy Hayes and Mildred Monroe in the grammar school; and the eight cash prizes offered by Fred W. Sherrill of Statesville for the most improvement were presented to Dixie Lee Buie, Bertha Lee Broome, Betty Dorton, Lillian Sanders, Earl Allen, Donald Bolton, Esau Davis, and Joe Long.
RELATIVES, CLOTHING PEOPLE AND OTHER FRIENDS:

I wish it were possible for all of you to get together and to let us discuss with you the problems of vacations during the War-time emergency. I feel sure you would cooperate with us and do everything possible to reduce to a minimum the grief and disappointment that may come to the children over the vacation situation.

Let me explain just what the situation is. Ordinarily, you know, we allow the children to visit relatives and other friends from two to three weeks during the summer period, and the children look forward to this with more apparent pleasure than to any other thing that happens during the year. However, there are always some children who have no place to go and their disappointment is all the greater when the other children talk a great deal about their trips and their plans.

We have always tried to make up to these children, who do not get a vacation, by having special provisions made for their pleasure during the summer—an extra week at our Camp on the river, for instance. Last year there were so many who could not go home that when we totaled up we found that there was more unhappiness about vacations than there was pleasure, and we want to avoid a repetition of this this summer, if possible.

Last summer the transportation difficulties and food rationing difficulties had something to do with the reduction in the number of vacation trips. This summer both of those things are more critical than ever, and fewer relatives can provide vacations than was the case last year, and that means that fewer children can have a vacation this year, than ever before.

We have tried our best to arrive at a solution to this difficulty—how to allow these few children to have their good time, and not bring about distress among the others. If all of the children were old enough to understand these things, we think we could explain it to them satisfactorily so that some could go away and some stay.
But the majority of our children are little, and they do not understand these things, and when some children go and others are denied the way to go, their disappointment is so great sometimes that it results in actual sickness, and is certainly harmful to them.

With all these things in mind, we have decided that for this one year, we will not have any vacations for anybody. We believe that all the children will be happier if we carry out this policy at this time of extreme emergency. It is in the carrying out of this plan that we are asking your cooperation.

We know that some of you live near enough to easily get the children and take them to your home for their vacation. If this were done, however, those who live a little further away, and those who live a great distance away couldn't understand why they should be discriminated against, with the result that we would have even a worse condition than prevailed last year—very many disappointed children.

We want you to work with us in this and not encourage children in believing they will have a vacation. Don't invite them, and that will make the whole thing easier. When you do plan for them to come and write to them about this, it makes it extremely difficult for us to deny them this pleasure. But if you work with us and do not invite them and do not make these plans, the whole thing will be easier.

Couldn't we just call this whole business one of the things that we are doing for the war effort? It certainly wouldn't look right if we should send children in already crowded buses to every corner of the State as we do ordinarily. All forms of transportation are now taxed to the utmost to carry soldiers and others connected with our war effort, and we shouldn't add to this burden.

We are already planning extra pleasures here for the children to make up for the lack of vacations—we will allow them to go for a second camping trip to the River and that is a glorious occasion. We are planning a more comprehensive program of games and entertainment here at the Orphanage than we usually have, and all these should make up to the children for their disappointment in not going home! As a matter of fact, their disappointment will not be so keen if all share it. So we
plead with you not to ask us to make exceptions for any reason whatever.

Remember, if you insist on your child or children going on a vacation, you may give them a little extra pleasure, but seriously hinder the whole program, and this in the long run will work against your child too!

Please work with us in this matter.

JOS. B. JOHNSTON, SUPERINTENDENT
Presbyterian Orphans' Home
JIM JOHNSTON TALKS WITH KING OF ENGLAND

July 1943

(Son of Barium Superintendent is Commander of King's Guard on Visit to Africa.)

A special Associated Press dispatch from allied headquarters in North Africa on June 16th was of particular interest to hundreds upon hundreds of friends of Major James D. Johnston, son of Jos. B. Johnston, superintendent of the Home here, for it recounted a conversation between Major Johnston and King George of England, who had made a surprise visit to Africa. Major Johnston was in charge of the King's guard and the particular part of the report by Relman Morin of the Associated Press that dealt with this follows:

"As he reviewed one particular group of American troops, the King remarked to Major James D. Johnston of Barium Springs, N. C., commander of the King's guard, that the men's uniforms looked unusually clean. He asked how they were able to do it amid the dust and dirt which was inevitable in all North African camps.

"Johnston replied promptly: 'With lots of soap and plenty of elbow grease, your majesty.'"

This was also reported over the National Broadcasting system, and an additional report was made that the King replied that he knew what soap was but didn't know about the elbow grease. It is assumed that Major Johnston explained.

Other reports coming by way of letters from friends in Africa reveal that Jim and the King talked together about fifteen minutes altogether as he reviewed the troops which Jim was commanding.

Since the seasoned troops of the Tunisian campaign are being used in the Sicily invasion, it is presumed here that Major Johnston and other Barium veterans of the African fight are now on Sicilian soil.

That special report was evidently widely read over a large territory, for many of the Barium alumni and others have forwarded clippings of this conversation to his father at Barium. Major Johnston went to the schools here at Barium, later
graduated at Davidson College, with a reserve officer's commission and entered the army as a Second Lieutenant. He has since been rapidly promoted and after a very short period after his Captaincy he was made a Major. It is understood that a commission as a Lieutenant Colonel is on its way to him.

Jim was in the thick of the African tussle and commanded the troops that first entered Bizerte. His crowd had captured the air field used by the Germans in Bizerte before the enemy had time to realize that Americans were in that vicinity.
LT. FRED LOWRANCE WAS KILLED IN ACTION
October 1943

(Definite word was received from his chaplain that he lost his life on July 30th.)

Late on the afternoon of Sept. 29th, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lowrance of Barium Springs received word that their son, Second Lieutenant Fred J. Lowrance, was killed in action on July 30th in the New Georgia area of the Solomon Islands. Mr. and Mrs. Lowrance were notified by the war department on August 21st that their son was missing in action, and the definite statement that he was lost in battle was received in a letter from Captain Dudley H. Burr, chaplain of the 169th regiment, with which the late Lieutenant Lowrance was attached.

The chaplain wrote these Barium Springs parents that Lieut. Lowrance was last seen on July 30th wounded but firing his pistol at the advancing enemy. He said that the "attack came suddenly, which coupled with the excitement of battle, leads me to say that he suffered little, if at all."

On July 31th another regiment was assigned to that territory in which Lieut. Lowrance lost his life. His body was found when this regiment regained the lost territory and the chaplain wrote that it was removed to the central national cemetery on New Georgia Island, where all of the soldiers lost in the Southwest Pacific area would eventually be buried. The fact that he was buried by another regiment other than his own accounted for the delay, he wrote, in getting definite information. Until such could be obtained he had to be reported as missing in action.

Capt. Burr paid a glowing tribute to the Barium Springs boy, who was born here, attended the schools at this Home and thus spent most of his almost 25 years in this vicinity. In his letter, Captain Burr wrote, "You may all be proud of the splendid service which Lieut. Lowrance gave to his country—a good soldier who fought for God, for country and for no reward. He died for his beliefs; there are so many people in this world who just die."
PRIDE AND APPRECIATION OF BARIUM SPRINGS
November 1943

(Voluntarily voiced by the Alumni)—The boys and girls who have been one-time residents of the Presbyterian Orphans' Home at Barium Springs are always writing back to members of the staff. Over a period of about three months, a few extracts from their many, many letters were copied, without the consent of the writers and entirely without their knowledge that this was being done. The problem was one of condensation and selection, for their words of pride in, appreciation of, and loyalty to their Home could easily have filled a much larger booklet than the 11 pages which were allotted for their use in the 1943 Thanksgiving publicity.

Approximately 30,000 of these booklets were printed. The greater majority was sent to the Auxiliaries, to be used in their fall programs, and to each individual to whom the Thanksgiving envelopes and literature were sent a copy of this booklet was enclosed. Almost 75,000 leaflets were printed for distribution to the various congregations, the material in these simply being extracts from the larger booklet volume.

In order that the general public might become more familiar with the thinking of the alumni, the series of quotations is being used in full in the November Messenger. Every inch of space in this copy could have easily been filled with kindred statements. Not a one was solicited. Care was taken that the alumni did not know of the plan, for it was the desire of officials that no comment be inspired, for the value of the booklet would have been discounted had this been known.

As Presbyterian supporters read these comments, it is felt that there will be a large sense of pride that they have the privilege of maintaining a Home which ranks so high in the hearts of the alumni, a place for which they frequently get homesick, and a Home toward which they display the highest kind of allegiance.

These voluntary comments follow:

"I wouldn't take all the money in the world for the time that I spent at Barium,
and hope to visit you on my first furlough. There's no place in the United States, in my opinion, that needs to be fought for more than Barium, and I'll be glad to give my life just in order that the splendid work that is being carried on, and has been carried on at Barium, may be continued."

I am writing you this letter knowing how sad some of the seniors will be tonight after graduation, having to leave the home that some of them hold so dear, and where most of them were raised ever since they were just little tots. That's the saddest moment in a man's life, having to leave his home. I can remember how badly I felt when I left that morning. You soon get over it but you will always have a feeling inside of you of wanting to come back."

"Five of us were together to spend a very happy evening talking about our experiences and about the good times we had at Barium."

"I know that they (the graduates) will have success in anything they undertake to do because they were raised at Barium."

"Spirit and teamwork is what every team needs to win and it's the thing that's going to carry our army to victory, with God's help."

"There are a lot of boys interested in us, and I spend a lot of my time telling them of our life at Barium."

"We ended our conversation by wishing that we were still kids just starting out at Barium. I don't think that there is a boy or girl who has gone away from Barium who doesn't wish the same.

"It seems impossible to some of my shipmates that there could be an orphanage anywhere that is unlike those which are portrayed by the pictures. They are amazed that anyone can look back and thank God for the privilege of having lived there."

"I have seen a lot of pretty country, but I guess I saw so much of Barium I still like it best."

From a wife of a Barium boy: "My husband is a good person, and is well liked by his men and officers. I am sure that he will never depart from the good training that he received at Barium in his early years. We have Barium to be grateful for."
"I wouldn't take anything in this world for the years that I spent there, and I will always call it home. I still continue to go to church and read my Testament every day. It sure does console me. It brings back memories of Barium."

"I will be getting leave in August and I am longing for Barium right now. This time I want to get some of that soil and put in my shoes to steady me for the next invasion we have. It was because I learned to obey orders at Barium that I am alive today. *** Barium is blessed so much. We didn't realize when we were there what a lucky bunch we were, always happy and enjoying life. I pray every night that God will keep Barium in the same manner He has always kept it — just as beautiful and lovely as ever."

"It seems as if there has been an umbrella of prayer over me during the campaign; keep praying."

"I really didn't know how to appreciate Barium until I got here."

"There have been some very unusual questions put to me about Barium and in most all cases I gave them an answer that made them agree with me that the Orphanage is a very good place. They have also asked me how I got to grow so big and ugly. My answer was that food was swell and the milk plentiful."

"There is a boy in my hut that used to be in an Orphanage in Maryland and he and I together are slowly but surely getting the boys straightened out about Orphanages. I told them I would not take anything in the world for the time I spent there. I really mean that, too. I don't guess they realize how much the training I got there helps me. *** I hope I can keep up the good name that so many of our boys started for Barium; but rather, the name that they have kept for Barium."

"I think of my Barium home always. To me it has become the most beautiful place in the world."

"I think about how thankful I am that I was brought up in an orphanage. I don't think I'd trade it for anything. I've been taught what is right and wrong and I try to live that way. I'll never be able to repay everyone for what they have done for me. *** I don't have a chance to go to church often, but I can still pray
and read the Bible myself."

"I know that I haven't lived the best life of a Christian but the background I received at Barium has stayed with me. Since we have been here I have seen miracles performed and I know that they just didn't happen."

"It seems like every time I am offered a drink those Sunday School lessons pop into my mind very quickly and very vividly. *** Every boy I run around with drinks a little and they ask me time and time again to drink with them but I have always refused. It seems as if I can see a light of respect in their faces."

"I shall continue my membership in Little Joe's Church and would like to send something to the church for the next church year."

"When I was at Barium I loved the Home very much but really didn't know how much until I left it."

"When I try to express my gratitude for all the opportunities received at Barium, it seems impossible. Just hope that through a wholesome and Christian life its influence might be better known. It shall always hold a warm place in my heart and be a model for our home in years to come."

"We have churches down here and I enjoy attending every time I get a chance. I go every Sunday except when I am on guard duty or some other detail."

"I don't know just yet what my pay will be, but just as soon as I get it I will send one-tenth of it."

"I stand up for Barium and what it has done for me. I can never repay in words or money or in any way possible. I believe that God is really behind the whole plan at Barium because there is something you get there that no man can take from you."

"One of our boys made the remark that he felt sorry for me because I was the only one who didn't smoke, curse or never had a yarn to tell about getting drunk, so I replied that I was very sorry for them because they could not resist the temptations of life. Since then I have made a good many friends and hardly ever hear a curse from them."

"There's one thing I learned at Barium that helps me out a lot here, and that
is the 'discipline.' It's pitiful to watch boys here, who have never had any kind of discipline, try to do or not do things they are told."

"Any small success that I may be able to achieve shall be due entirely to your splendid work. Thanks for everything and especially for having confidence in me when I made mistakes."

"I really don't believe we are praying for our boys and our country enough. It seems that all the people study about is having a big time and going places. That's why so many ships and planes are lost. If people would pray more there would be a great difference in this world."

"I pray to God every day that the day will speedily come when all of us will be together, celebrating the glorious victory, which surely will be ours, because if peace, freedom, love, and happiness isn't the right way of life, I don't care for any other kind."

"I'd be worth millions if I had a nickel for every time I've wished I was back in school again. Those were the 'grand old days.'"

"Boy would I love to see Barium again. I get quite blue when I think of what swell times I've had there. My husband thinks quite a lot of Barium, too. He's in Africa now. *** My only regret is that I didn't get to get married at Barium, but my future husband couldn't get a leave, so I just went to him."

"I can honestly say that I could write a love letter about Barium, for I do love that place."

"One of my corporals asked me where I was from and I told him about Barium. I also told him that I wouldn't take anything in the world for the time I spent there. He said that it was the first time he had ever heard a person from an orphanage say they liked it. Barium is a fine place and I think of it a lot."

"It makes me proud to know that I went to school with such a fine bunch of boys that have come out of Barium."

"I realize I will be confronted with many temptations in all sorts of disguises, but please don't worry about me. I think I'm prepared to deal with them
"My wife is in love with Barium, as I knew she would be. It certainly does the old heart good to see the homestead."

"I sincerely hope the war and its results have not, and will not, cripple the operation of Barium Springs."

"It (Barium) is one of the best places for anyone to think about, and to also know that some of your time had been spent in such a wonderful place."

"Even by being away from Barium I have always and always will think of it as my home and will try and carry the splendid name that goes with all alumni that go out from there. More than once the name 'Barium Springs' has helped where anything else would have failed. It's something that one cannot buy. This makes me, like all other Barium boys and girls, more than glad to get in here and do my bit, whatever it might be, to help make our country a place where others may get the chance that we have had because of the many fine people who made it possible, there and elsewhere."

"Everyone here likes to hear me talk about Barium and I really enjoy telling them about my fine home. When I start I usually keep talking for an hour or so and no one seems to get tired of it, even though I do it every night. I have not found a single person from North Carolina. I met one boy from California and he is real nice and a church boy, too. He and I went to the Soldier's Club Saturday night and drank a quart of milk apiece." (Ed's note: The word milk was underscored by the fellow who wrote the letter.)

"It will soon be graduation at Barium and I wish I were there. It's been four years since I graduated. I spent my happiest years at Barium and I have always considered it as my only home."

"I owe Barium a very great deal. I was very glad to get a chance to talk of Barium in one of the churches last Thanksgiving, and I hope I get another chance some other time."

"The army is just fine, but I still haven't been able to find a place that I like
as well as Barium. *** I go to church every Sunday and enjoy it very much."

"You sure sent out some good advice on the liquor question, but we couldn't get any here if we wanted it. Even if we could I'm sure I would not touch it."
LETTER FROM ERNEST STRICKLIN’S WIFE (MARY ELLEN) 
TO BILL JOHNSTON

One thing is missing—perhaps two. First, your Father took his responsibility seriously and it wasn’t just while you were a student there. He was Ernest’s guardian—that included following him through the military; receiving his pay and investing it in bonds (and counseling us when we got married how to use it for honeymoon AND save—and thus Ernest got through graduate school debt free; and when he came home from the war taking him to Davidson and telling Dutch and Dr. Cunningham “Here’s one of my boys. Where do I sign for immediate entry?” And he was there to cheer on (or console) at every football game. Ernest and I both were so proud he was honored at the same time Ernest graduated.

And the above was to be maybe a point!

The one I really wanted to make was that I think another chapter needs to be added. That is from the standpoint of those of us who married into the family. It is an experience all its own. For most of the “children” the home is/was very special. As Bobby Bosworth said in his Christmas letter—in-laws just find it hard to understand “Barium mania.” I wish I had time right now to express some of my feelings—How your parents, the staff and children—took me in as Ernest’s date; shared our joy at our engagement; some children sacrificing to chip-in on our wedding presents (and such sacrifice—ex. a silver meat fork, a china—Apple Blossom—meat platter—things far too expensive) and many attending the wedding (the Calhoun “boys”, Miss Carpenter). I suppose the children felt particularly close to Ernest because he was life guard at camp and supervised farm boys every holiday and summer he was in college—in fact, until the day before we were married. There was always a letter of congratulations on some special event (college/seminary graduation). We probably would not have gone to New Albany had not you folks been there—and you know how much it meant for the first child Ernest baptized to be the Johnston’s grandchild. Today there is still that feeling of pride, gratitude and love of Barium. Around our house, the girls and I often say when things are compared, brought up, etc. “Ernest/Father, we weren’t as fortunate as you. We weren’t raised at Barium.” And we say this with love and all sincerity.

I have rambled on far too long but we both wanted you to know how much we appreciate your sharing. Ernest says be sure to let you know how he appreciates this—and also he (and I) love his booklet—not only the article you called to his attention but all of them. They are wonderful reading/and re-reading.
Hopefully, we will not be teaching summer school second semester and will be able to be at homecoming and that you will be there.

Love to all the family and thank you again for sharing.

Love, Ernest and Mary Ellen
AN ALBUM OF MEMORIES

THE
PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME
AT
BARIUM SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA

SECTION XV

THE POST-WAR YEARS

FROM

1944 - 1953

BY

RAE POWELL JOHNSON
In 1944 the United States was still at war with Germany and Japan, and Barium Springs did not find its self free from this war. One hundred fifty Barium alumni both men and women were serving their country in the Army, Navy, Air Corps or the Marines including staff members sons and brothers.

Three known Barium boys Robert A. Wilkes, J. D. Beshears, and Ben Morrow were prisoners of the Japanese and endured the infamous Bataan Death March. Ben Morrow died in a Japanese prison camp while Robert Wilkes was rescued but later died in a hospital in San Francisco. J. D. Beshears was the only survivor of the Death March. In all, fifteen Barium boys died serving their country. Among the dead were sons or grandsons of Mr. Johnston, our Superintendent; Mrs. T. L. O'Kelly, our Baby Cottage Mother; Mr. Lowrance, our Purchasing Agent; and Mr. Thomas, the Overseer of our orchards and our Postmaster.

On June 29, 1944, Lt. Colonel James D. Johnston, son of our Superintendent died in France in the service of his country. He was awarded the Silver Star in Safi, Africa in 1942 when the second battalion with Major Johnston commanding was first to enter the city of Bizerte. For this feat his outfit was given the unusual distinction of being the guard of Honor for the King of England on his visit to Bizerte.

On July 27th of that same year Lt. Colonel Bruce Parcell died in France. Bruce went to Barium as an eleven year old boy in 1928. He graduated from Barium in 1934 and entered Davidson College, graduating from there in 1938. In 1944 he went to England and immediately began to see active combat. During his service he was awarded the Air medal and Four Oak Leaf Cluster medals.

Mr. Johnston our Superintendent, wrote letters to all our service men and women twice a month keeping them up on what was going on at their Barium home, and each Sunday at breakfast he would let us know what was going on in the war. On one Sunday he got a big round of applause when he told us about William Lindsey painting on a bomb "Air Mail to A. Hitler and Berlin from Presbyterian Orphanage Home, Barium Springs, N.C."

The children at Barium helped the war cause in any small way they could. In 1944 they contributed $107.50 to the American Red Cross.

Barium Springs was situated on eleven hundred-fifty acres of land and had many workers who helped to bring love and a feeling of home to around two hundred ninety-two children who had lost one or both parents.
Mr. Ernest Milton was one of those persons who had for eleven and one half years made Barium his home. Mr. Milton came to Barium in 1932 and served as Treasurer of Barium. During his years with Barium, Mr. Milton handled, among other things, all publicity matters for the home and was associate editor of the Barium Messenger. He also taught Sunday School and was an elder in Little Joe’s Church. Barium lost a valuable employee when in 1944 he accepted a job with Box & Tank Company of Birmingham, Ala. Succeeding Mr. Milton as Treasurer was the Rev. R. S. Arrowood. Barium graduated seventeen boys and girls in 1944.

In April of 1945, we lost our minister the Rev. Thomas C. Cook, who had been minister for seven years. Rev. Cook came to the pastorate of Little Joe’s Church in 1938 from the Second Presbyterian Church of Salisbury. During his seven years as pastor at Barium, Mr. Cook had ten calls to other pastorates, so we were fortunate in being able to keep him for as long as we did. Not only was he an excellent minister, he also had a very beautiful voice and would, on special occasions, sing a solo as a part of the church service. He also supplied the lovely Christmas scenery for the church.

Rev. Cook had very good rapport with the children of the home. He along with others wrote letters to our men and women in the armed services. He was Scout Master for the Troop at Barium. AT our summer recreational camp on the Catawba River Rev. Cook was there to conduct the vesper services each night.

1945 was a bad year for losing our good workers. For that same year we lost Miss Lorena Clark, head matron of the girls at Barium. Miss Clark had a very good reason for leaving: she was getting married. Miss Clark had come to Barium in 1924 as the only girl of a family of five children. She was valedictorian of her class of 1931; and went on to Flora MacDonald College. After finishing college she taught school several years and then came back to Barium in 1940 to take over about the most difficult job that a woman has at Barium; namely, Head Matron. She had the direct charge of all the high school girls and the immediate supervision of the Lottie Walker building. She was the general overseer of all the other girls’ departments and cottages and some supervision of the boys’ dormitories.

Every summer each child at Barium was able to spend an enjoyable week at our “Camp Fellowship”, located on the Catawba River. The children were grouped as campers and assigned one of three weeks. The younger children in the first week, the middle aged children the second week, and the high school students the third week.
In preparation for the weeks of fun on the river, supplies were taken by truck to the camp from the home. This work was done by the older boys. In the summer of 1945, on such a trip around ten boys were riding in the truck that was taking the supplies to camp when the truck overturned, scattering the boys all over the highway and into an adjoining cow pasture. All were more or less shaken up but one boy was hurt seriously. He was W. A. Johnson. W. A.'s head was cut in so many places it took the doctor two hours and a half to do his stitches. We were all so happy when we learned W. A. was going to be all right. At Barium, even with two hundred eighty-two students it was not often we had any serious accidents.

The war took its toll again in 1945. Dick Parrish was killed on Iwo Jima. This writer can still remember hearing the sad news on Wednesday night at church service. Dick's death hit us hard because he had dated our "big girl" when I was at Baby Cottage.

Dick Parrish came to Barium from Red Springs in 1927. He lived at the Baby Cottage, at Synod's, at Lee's, at Jennie Gilmer, and in the Quads. He took his turn at all the jobs which the boys had to do. He was center on the Championship Team of 1941 and made the last touchdown of the season which rounded out a perfect career. He graduated in 1942, entered Davidson and was only to finish one year before going into service.

The year 1945 fourteen seniors graduated and two others stayed for another year called Post-Graduate.

In 1945 our first "Give-To-Christmas-Tress" was started. The idea was to have a Christmas tree sometime during the holiday in which we would give to rather than get things from. It was decided to make a Christmas present to the Children of the Colored Orphanage at Oxford, N.C. We placed the large Christmas tree in the middle of the dining hall. Each person who made a contribution got a cardboard decoration with a string in it made by our print shop which he/she hung on the tree. After every one had placed his/her decoration on the tree, we then sang Christmas carols. The generous contribution came to $112.65 plus $3.50 from the black workers of the home when they heard what had been done. This money went to the Black Orphanage at Oxford.

It was March of 1946 before Barium was to get a new minister. He was the Rev. Francis B. Benton, and his family, wife Mildred and daughter Elizabeth Louise. Rev. Benton was a native of Alabama. He graduated from Southwestern University at Memphis in 1939. He was ordained by the Presbytery
of Knoxville, May 11, 1941. Before coming to Barium, Rev. Benton served in two very successful pastorates in Tennessee.

Barium children and workers were still doing their parts in raising money for worthy causes. The National War Fund received $88.55, the Junior Red Cross received $13.00, Christmas Seals received $16.00, The March of Dimes received $30.00 and the American Red Cross $79.66. Making a total for the year of $227.21.

When the war was finally over Barium held a Memorial Service for the fifteen boys who lost their lives in the war. It was brief, simple and impressive. Spring flowers made a back ground for the speakers who were seated on a platform in the auditorium of the primary school building. Pleas Norman, a Barium alumnus, sang a solo part in "Lest We Forget". Rev. Benton, was in general charge of the service reading the formal memorial to each of the fifteen boys.

They were Gastone Allessandrini, Private, U.S. Army Air Corps who spent eight years at Barium and was killed while serving on a bomber as it made its 35th mission from Guam.

Walter Archer, Master Sergeant, U.S. Army Air Corps who was at Barium for fifteen years. He tried to save his commanding officer who was left on the beach after a raid on the Japanese Coastal position. Disregarding his own safety he returned to rescue the officer and was killed in the attempt.

Leonard Fort, Captain, U.S. Army Air Corps. A Barium boy for ten years. He was serving as a bomber pilot over Austria when he was shot down.

James D. Johnston, Lt. Colonel, U.S. Army, son of Superintendent J. B. Johnston. James was killed while on reconnaissance preparatory to the attack on Cherbourg, France.

Fred Lowrance, Lieutenant, U.S. Army, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lowrance. His unit was attacking a hill on New Georgia Island when the Japanese counter-attacked in force.

J. C. McMasters, Private, U.S. Army, a member of Barium for six years. Killed in Germany but no details of his death.

Tom Morgan, U. S. Navy. He was the first Barium boy lost in the war and lived at Barium for eight years. His ship was torpedoed, and he was killed.
by the explosion or by drowning when the engine room was shut off to keep the water out of the rest of the ship.

Ben Morrow, Private, U.S. Army. Ben spent twelve years at Barium. He was serving the army in the Philippines when he was captured on Bataan, endured the infamous death march, and died in a Japanese prison camp.

T. L. O’Kelly, Lieutenant, U.S. Air Corps. Son of Mr. and Mrs. T. L. O’Kelly. He flew his plane out over the Caribbean Sea and failed to return.

Dick Parrish, Private First Class, U.S. Marine Corps. For fifteen years a student at Barium, was killed on Iwo Jima.

Bruce Parcell, Lt. Col. U.S. Air Corps. Spent six years at Barium and was killed on a mission over Germany the objective of which was to blow up a bridge. In order to accomplish this objective he flew his plane so low that he crashed to his death.

Paul Pittman, Captain, U.S. Air Corps. A Barium boy for eight years. He was serving as a test pilot and instructor when he became ill, and died in a hospital in Dallas, Texas.

Corr’s Smith, Private, U.S. Army. He spent a year and a half at Barium. He became a member of the 88th Artillery and was killed by shrapnel while sleeping in a dugout in Italy.

Robert Wilkes, U. S. Navy. Spent eight years at Barium. He served in the Philippines, was captured on Bataan, and endured the infamous death march. At the end of the was he was rescued but died in San Francisco on his way home.

The address by Dr. Pritchett followed the In Memorial and after that General Smythe was introduced; who, in turn presented General Eddy, who had a special mission. The presentation of the Legion of Merit to the mother of Lt. Colonel James Johnston. Colonel Johnston served under Major General Eddy and General Eddy paid tribute to him as comrade at arms, personal friend and a man of high courage, steadfast principals and devotion to duty. Major Smythe read the citation that accompanied the award and General Eddy handed the medal to Mrs. Joseph B. Johnston. Representatives from the families of the fifteen boys who were memorialized were present.

The Barium community was saddened by the deaths of two of its former workers. Mrs. Margaret Adams for many years matron of the larger girls and
then head matron of the whole institution and Miss Mona Clark who for so many years was the sewing room matron. Both of these fine women will be long remembered by so many students who passed through Barium under their loving care.

Big things happen all the time at Barium and on August 21, 1946 Barium had a Mule Naming Contest with first prize of $3.00 going to Vivian Jacumin for the name “Matilda” and for her original twenty-five word explanation as to why the mule should be given that names. Second prize of $15.0 went to Kathleen Ellis for her entry, “Caledonia;” while third prize of two free show tickets went to Edward Walker for his suggestion of “Boss”.

In the fall of 1929 straight from Davidson College Robert Glenn Calhoun came to Barium as a High School teacher as a coach of basketball, football and track. A few years later he was promoted to principal of the school and continued to give great assistance to the athletic teams. He continued in this work until the summer of ’42 when Uncle Sam called. Now he returns to Barium as Assistant Superintendent after a four year absence.

The 1946 graduating class was quite small because the twelfth grade was added this year. Seven were graduated.

The collection at the “Give-To-Christmas-Tree” for the year 1946 went to The Home for the Aged.

Mrs. S. A. Grier died on November 30, 1946. She and Mr. Grier had lived at Barium since 1916. Mrs. Grier had not been a worker as such but her husband Mr. Grier was the electrician and fix-it-all for many years. If the electric lights went out he fixed them, if the irons did not work he fixed them, if the water lines were stopped up he unstopped them. If the buildings were cold, Mr. Grier was summoned.

Mr. and Mrs. Grier both worked with Sunday School. Mrs. Grier teaching and Mr. Grier as Superintendent of Sunday School. I remember each Sunday each cottage had to be ready to recite a verse from the Bible at church service.

Mr. and Mrs. Grier were most loyal supporters of our athletic teams; in fact, they were loyal supporters of everything.

Every year Barium lost and gained workers. This year it was to be two. Mr. And Mrs. Harry E. Barkley. The Barkley’s were going to Black Mountain so Mr. Barkley could become superintendent of the orphanage there. Mr. Barkley had been principal of the Elementary School at Barium, as well as basketball.
coach for both boys and girls. He helped coach the football teams, as well. Mrs. Barkley was our sixth grade teacher and we loved her very much. These two people were well thought of and greatly missed.

The Barkley’s were succeeding by Mr. and Mrs. Archie Calhoun who started their teaching jobs at Barium in the fall of 1947. Mrs. Calhoun taught in the primary grades, and Mr. Calhoun taught Bible and Physical Education in high school. Mr. Calhoun also became the coach of the basketball teams.

Death came to one of the children for the first time since this writer had been at Barium. On June 5th, 1946, Richard Lee Huddleston, thirteen, was stricken suddenly as was taken to Davis Hospital in Statesville where he died from spinal meningitis. Richard was born on May 26th, 1934 and entered Barium November 22, 1941. He was a member of the largest family at Barium during his life time. He is buried at Little Joe’s Church cemetery.

* (Early records indicate that Mrs. Grier was a worker at the Orphanage. She was a matron during the early years, the teens. Ed.)
During his service to Barium the swimming pool, the Baby Cottage, Jennie Gilmer, Grammar School, Laundry, Print Shop, Superintendent’s home, the manse, several small residences for workers and other utility buildings were built, and Camp Fellowship had been developed.

There was on hand $84,000.00 for a new church, $75,000.00 for the children’s village and $11,000.00 towards the much needed gymnasium.

At the athletic banquet held in 1949, the football team honored their No. "1" Fan, Mr. Johnston, with a trophy as "Champion Sportsman."

No matter what good things are written about Mr. Johnston, they will never do justice to the man.

Mrs. Johnston was so loved because she was there not only as Mr. Johnston’s wife, but as loyal supporter of Barium.

She opened her heart and home to all, children of Barium and visitors alike. Quietly she went about her business with a smile and helping hand. Attending all programs. Enjoying and supporting all accomplishments of the children at Barium Springs.

Mr. Johnston loved Little Joe’s Church. He often talked about building a new one with a steeple high enough to be seen for miles and miles in all directions. In 1949 progress toward his dream, building a new church was coming to reality. The amount of $90,000.00 had been reached and an architect was selected. The firm of Thomas & Waggoner of Davidson would be in charge of drawing up the blue prints for the new Little Joe’s Church of Barium Springs.

Mr. Robert Z. Johnston, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Johnston died November 27th at his home in Fort Worth, Texas. Mr. Johnston came to Barium as a boy. Graduated from Davidson in 1932. His funeral was held on Sunday, December 2nd at Little Joe’s Church and he was buried in the family plot at Barium.

Not long after his son’s death, Mr. J. B. Johnston, our beloved Superintendent for twenty-seven years, died at Davis Hospital on December 17th. He was buried in Little Joe’s Church Cemetery on Tuesday afternoon December 19th. Thus ended the life of this man who had done so much for so many. We, who were children during his time at Barium, can stand a little taller knowing that Mr. Johnston gave so much of himself to us.
In 1950 Barium got a new superintendent, The Rev. Albert B. McClure. Rev. McClure was born in Toccoa, Georgia. He was married to Miss Mary McGehee of Atlanta, Georgia, and they had four children.

Mr. McClure graduated at Davidson College in 1931. His theological training was at Union Theological Seminary in Virginia.

Since 1937 he has served pastorates at the First Presbyterian Church of Lincolnton and the Waldensian Presbyterian Church, Valdese, North Carolina.

After arriving and settling in at Barium the Women of Little Joe's Church thought that the Barium family ought to have an opportunity to meet the McClure family. A reception was held for the McClure's at the Woman's Building honoring the new superintendent and his family. Beginning at 6:30 on a Saturday afternoon each child starting with the Baby Cottage children and working up to the Women's Building and Quads met the McClure's. The church, in general, ended the procession. Mr. and Mrs. Arrowood met the guests at the door and Mr. and Mrs. Sides greeted them as they entered the living room where Miss Rebekah Carpenter introduced them to the superintendent and he in turn sent them down the line. Mrs. Lowrance and Mrs. Kyles were at the punch table and Miss Mary Ann Schepman was at the piano.

In all fairness, Mr. McClure did not have an easy time of moving into the job vacated by Mr. Johnston. We older children were not mature enough to know that Mr. Johnston could not have stayed at Barium any longer. We found it very hard to accept anyone other than Mr. Johnston, and equally difficult to accept some of the new rules we had to live under. Quite frankly, we made life pretty rough for Mr. McClure.

At homecoming in 1950 the Alumni Association was to give Mr. and Mrs. Johnston a color T.V. for their long and faithful service to Barium.

Two former Barium boys were to graduate from the seminary this year. They were:

Earnest Stricklin who had come to Barium at the age of ten. He graduated from Barium in 1943 and went on to Davidson and from there to Louisville Seminary.

Paul Horne entered Barium at the age to two and graduated in 1942. He entered Davidson and from there was in the war for three years. He entered the Seminary at Richmond, Virginia.
In 1951 plans for the new church at Barium were being drawn up and to include a pipe organ for the sanctuary. The will of the late J.T. Montgomery provided for the purchase of a pipe organ to be placed as a memorial to J.T. and Mattie Lou Montgomery.

Mr. Montgomery was a highly esteemed citizen of Statesville and beloved elder of the First Presbyterian Church who loved Barium Springs and what the home stood for.

Architects visited Barium to look over the church site.

In 1951 the long awaited activity building was going up. It was hoped that it would be finished by July 4th.

On July 1, 1951 Barium was to get a new bookkeeper. Miss Juanita McInnis took up her work as bookkeeper in the office of the home succeeding Miss Lulie E. Andrews who was no longer at Barium.

Miss McInnis graduated from Mooresville High School as valedictorian of her class. She took special training at Mitchell College in the accounting department and for five years served in the office of the Superintendent of the Iredell county School as the bookkeeper.

Mr. Joseph B. Johnston was sick in Davis Hospital for two-and-a-half months. At this time Jimmy L. Johnson of Barium was called on to give blood to Mr. Johnston. These two having the same type of blood. Mr. Johnston was to miss his first homecoming since coming to Barium.

The graduating class of 1951 were nineteen.

Miss Taylor visited her homeland, Scotland, for two and one-half months. She was born in Scotland but lived most of her life in the United States. Most of her relatives still lived in Scotland. She was the housemother at Synod’s Cottage and was approaching her twenty-fifth year of service to the Home.

Barium was to get a new steam line in 1952. This was much needed and when it was finished there would be no more cold showers for the boys at the Quads. After two and one-half months of long ditches all over the campus and red dirt over everything it will take all the hot water available to make things clean again.

Dr. Ernest Ward, health office of the Iredell County Health Department, instructed the home that the county could no longer approve the use of raw milk
at Barium. So in 1952 Barium began to see its raw milk, and to buy pasteurized milk.

After thirty-one years of service to Barium Uncle Bob Templeton retired. Uncle Bob first came to Barium when Rev. W. T. Walker was its superintendent. He first worked on the farm at Barium, but in 1945 moved to the kitchen where he spent the rest of this time. Uncle Bob was a gentlemen with a gentle philosophy of life and gentle rebuke for the things that were wrong.

Barium children sent toys to a Korean Orphanage after Charles Barrett, a Barium graduate of 1948, wrote Mrs. Ruth Troutman Clark, eight grade teacher at Barium, telling of the needs of the orphanage. He stated that the physical needs of the children were taken care of, but the children had nothing to help them pass the long summer hours.

Barrett told how the Korean orphans made marbles of clay and how interested they were in marbles. He suggested that the Barium children might send any surplus marbles they like to divide with the children at Suwon Baptist Orphanage Hospital.

After a letter writing project got under way not only collection of marbles but various toys were sent. Barium officials were more than happy with the success of the school project because it showed that children could still reach across half a world to each other without selfishness.

This year one of Barium’s own girls became Queen of the Iredell County Fair. Pattie Inman of the 1951 class at Barium was selected as Queen of the Fair. Pattie received a large trophy and $50.00.

This year Ralph Spender and his family left for Barium for a new post as Assistant Superintendent at the Vera Lloyd Home in Monticello, Arkansas.

He and his wife, Bobbie, graduated from Barium and were married and continued on the campus as staff members. Ralph served as supervisor of the dairy and assisted with the intermediate age boys in Jennie Gilmer cottage where Bobby was housemother.

Mr. Arrowood accepted a call after eight years as Treasurer of the Home. Mrs. Arrowood served as Church and Sunday School teacher and was kindergarten teacher for the pre-school children.

The 1952 graduating class consisted of twenty members.
On February 17th the Activity Building was dedicated to the memory of Dr. J. B. Johnston.

The ceremony took place as part of the evening’s program including a double-header basketball game with Mooresville High School.

Mr. Albert McClure, Superintendent of the Home, presided and made the official dedicatory statement. R. G. Calhoun, principal of the school, for more than twenty years, associated with Dr. Johnston in the work of Barium spoke in tribute to him and Reverend Charles H. Sides pastor of Little Joe’s Church led in the prayer of dedication.

This building was debt free and was used for basketball as well as for skating, folk games and square dances.

An appropriate bronze plaque mounted in the lobby bears the following inscription:

"Erected to the Glory of God and Dedicated to The Memory of Joseph B. Johnston, Superintendent 1922-1949.

He believed athletics to be a valuable means of developing good citizens."

"An Athlete Is Not Crowned Unless He Competes According To The Rules."
II Timothy 2:5

Dr. Johnston’s desk, which he used for twenty-seven years in his service to the home, was placed in the office of the gym.

Members of the Johnston family there were Mrs. Johnston, Leila, and William Lee Davidson Johnston.

The Barium girls and boys did their part by scoring a double victory over Mooresville.

On Sunday afternoon October 25, 1953, Hilda Barnes, graduate in 1952, and John Whiting, graduate of 1948, were married by Rev. Charles H. Sides. Bobby Whiting, brother of the groom, was best man and Helen Barnes, sister of the bride, was maid of honor. Mary Frances Price was bridesmaid. Rae Powell sang "Because" and The Lord’s Prayer. The wedding was attended by a large number of friends and students of the home.
Robert Ervin Jackins will take a new job in Statesville with a clothing establishment and left Barium on December 1, 1953.

Buck came to Barium in November, 1918 as a small boy and a member of the household at Synod Cottage. He was captain of the football team in 1927 and finished his school career in 1928. After graduation he was employed at the Home as one of the workers and for the next twenty-five years he was to see service in the cottages, at the dairy, on the farm, on the athletic field, and his last place was in charge of the older boys of the campus and as a member of the coaching staff.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackins purchased a new home in Statesville and they together with their three children, Beth, Jo Anne and Danny moved to Statesville. Mrs. Jackins continued teaching at Celeste Henkel and the children went to school in Statesville.

Graduating Class in 1953 numbered 21.