

on one occasion he and I were sitting on the hotel porch and he was telling me a joke that he had told me a number of times before. I was sitting there about half asleep, not paying any attention to him, but just then some man got into his automobile which was parked below the hotel in front of the company store. He was having considerable difficulty getting his auto started. There was a loud grinding of gears and backfiring, which interrupted "Uncle Johnnie's" story. He stopped talking and, with an angry scowl on his face, was looking over the top of his glasses, at the man and his recalcitrant auto. Finally, however, the man got his car started but just as it got directly in front of the hotel there was a noise as though the whole rear end had exploded, and the car went dead again. "Uncle Johnnie was still glaring over his glass at the man and auto. Just as the auto stopped he raised a forefinger and shaking it belligerently exclaimed, "There, I hope By G__ he can't get away from there in a week!"

Then, there was the time that one of the negro brakemen on the railroad, to whom he had been lending small sums of money, approached him one day while he was sitting in front of the company store and said, "Uncle Johnnie," let me have twenty-five cents more and that will make seventy-five cents that I owe you." Gesticulating with a forefinger in that characteristic manner of his, "Uncle Johnnie" replied, "I don't want you to owe me another damn cent!"

Another humorous incident that happened in Lawndale a long time ago, and which Jean Schenck related in his article in the Hoover Rail sometime ago, will bear repeating. Mr. S.A. Parker, manager of the company store, was the Sunday school teacher of a class of boys ranging in ages from about eight to twelve years. One of his pupils was Irvin Reinhardt, whom everybody called by his nickname of "Rat." On the Sunday in question Parker was calling the roll and when he came to this boy's name he called out loudly, "Rat Reinhardt!" Now "Rat" didn't particularly relish being called by his nickname, especially in Sunday school. I can see him yet, with an angry look on his face, as he hesitated an instant before answering, "Present." Parker, "G__ damn you, you know that 'aint my right name!" Parker leaned over close to him and said in an undertone, "Damn you, I'll throw you out the window." I think that was Parker's swan song as a Sunday school teacher.

Turning from the humorous to the more serious, I was saddened by the news of Mr. John F. Schenck's death a few weeks ago. He, like his father, was a fine man and the people in Lawndale have lost a true friend and wise counsellor in his passing.

Another man I remember reverently is the late Professor W.D. (Billy) Burns, who was Principal of Piedmont High School for thirty or forty years. Professor Burns literally gave his life for the education of the poor boys and girls of North Carolina, and no one can measure the reach of his influence in the lives of the boys and girls who were students at this institution. He passed on a number of years ago, but he left behind him an enduring monument in the hearts of his former pupils.

Graduates of Piedmont are today in the vanguard of the professional and business life of North Carolina. Two of its former graduates who occupy positions of trust and responsibility in the state are Colonel J.W. Harrelson, Chancellor, of The Greater University of North Carolina, and Forrest H. Shuford, the present Commissioner of Labor. Both are former residents of Lawndale.

In closing this rather rambling article I want to extend my sympathy to the fathers and mothers who have lost sons in the present world conflict. Some of the boys who have made the supreme sacrifice I know personally, and grew up with the parents of several of them.

Boys, keep your chins up, for, according to the latest news from the fighting front, it won't be long now till the Stars and Stripes will be floating over Berlin and you will all be home again.

Grover G. Rollins

