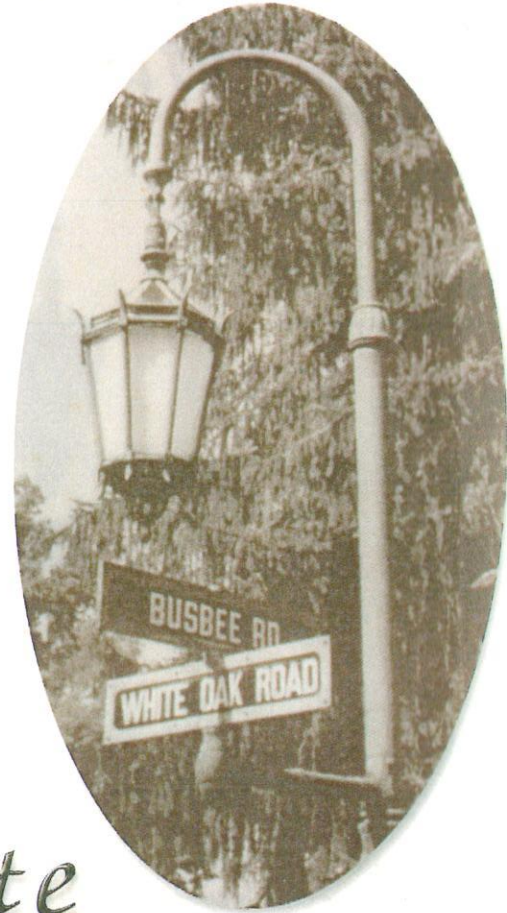


# The Children



## of White Oak Road

*A Collection of Childhood Memories*

Shuford Widman Sawyer Little Brackett McCue Cummings Coxe WalkerShaw Brackett Smith  
Woolcott Kaltreider Lyman Radeker Willingham Shuford Widman Sawyer Little Brackett M  
Coxe WalkerShaw Brackett Smith Field Griffin Woolcott Kaltreider Lyman Radeker Willi  
Widman Sawyer Little Brackett McCue Cummings Coxe WalkerShaw Brackett Smith Field G  
Kaltreider Lyman Radeker Willingham Shuford Widman Sawyer Little Brackett McCue C  
WalkerShaw Brackett Smith Field Griffin Woolcott Kaltreider Lyman Radeker Willingham S  
Sawyer Little Brackett McCue Cummings Coxe WalkerShaw Brackett Smith Field Griffin Woo  
Lyman Radeker Willingham Shuford Widman Sawyer Little Brackett McCue Cummings Coxe  
Brackett Smith Field Griffin Woolcott Kaltreider Lyman Radeker Willingham Shuford Widman  
Brackett McCue Cummings Coxe WalkerShaw Brackett Smith Field Griffin Woolcott Kaltreider  
Willingham Shuford Widman Sawyer Little Brackett McCue Cummings Coxe WalkerShaw Brack  
Griffin Woolcott Kaltreider Lyman Radeker Willingham Shuford Widman Sawyer Little B  
Cummings Coxe WalkerShaw Brackett Smith Field Griffin Woolcott Kaltreider Lyman Rade  
Shuford Widman Sawyer Little Brackett McCue Cummings Coxe WalkerShaw Brackett Smit  
Woolcott Kaltreider Lyman Radeker Willingham Shuford Widman Sawyer Little Brackett M  
Coxe WalkerShaw Brackett Smith Field Griffin Woolcott Kaltreider Lyman Radeker Willi  
Widman Sawyer Little Brackett McCue Cummings Coxe WalkerShaw Brackett Smith Field G  
Kaltreider Lyman Radeker Willingham Shuford Widman Sawyer Little Brackett McCue C  
WalkerShaw Brackett Smith Field Griffin Woolcott Kaltreider Lyman Radeker Willingham S  
Sawyer Little Brackett McCue Cummings Coxe WalkerShaw Brackett Smith Field Griffin Woo  
Lyman Radeker Willingham Shuford Widman Sawyer Little Brackett McCue Cummings Coxe  
Brackett Smith Field Griffin Woolcott Kaltreider Lyman Radeker Willingham Shuford Widman  
Brackett McCue Cummings Coxe WalkerShaw Brackett Smith Field Griffin Woolcott Kaltreider  
Willingham Shuford Widman Sawyer Little Brackett McCue Cummings Coxe WalkerShaw Brack  
Griffin Woolcott Kaltreider Lyman Radeker Willingham Shuford Widman Sawyer Little B  
Cummings Coxe WalkerShaw Brackett Smith Field Griffin Woolcott Kaltreider Lyman Rade  
Shuford Widman Sawyer Little Brackett McCue Cummings Coxe WalkerShaw Brackett Smit  
Woolcott Kaltreider Lyman Radeker Willingham Shuford Widman Sawyer Little Brackett M  
Coxe WalkerShaw Brackett Smith Field Griffin Woolcott Kaltreider Lyman Radeker Willi  
Widman Sawyer Little Brackett McCue Cummings Coxe WalkerShaw Brackett Smith Field G  
Kaltreider Lyman Radeker Willingham Shuford Widman Sawyer Little Brackett McCue C  
WalkerShaw Brackett Smith Field Griffin Woolcott Kaltreider Lyman Radeker Willingham S  
Sawyer Little Brackett McCue Cummings Coxe WalkerShaw Brackett Smith Field Griffin Woo  
Lyman Radeker Willingham Shuford Widman Sawyer Little Brackett McCue Cummings Coxe  
Brackett Smith Field Shuford Widman Sawyer Little Brackett McCue Cummings Coxe Walker



# *The Children of White Oak Rd.*



## *A Collection of Childhood Memories*

This book is dedicated to my mother, Louise Sawyer Brackett, whose inspiration and dedication made it possible to collect these from three generations of "children" who were eternally touched by the love and experiences of life in a very special neighborhood.

John A. Brackett Jr.  
December 22, 1996

# Contents

Priestly Cummings.....	1.
Laura Cummings McCue.....	2.
Elizabeth Bynum Justice Willingham.....	3.
Betty Shuford.....	5.
Canie Smith.....	11.
Catharine Little.....	12.
Dorothy June Radeker Rickey Spiller.....	13.
Emily Widman Brickner.....	14.
Field Coxe.....	15.
Fuller Shuford.....	17.
Hildreth Wilson Walker.....	19.
Ida Schilthuis Merfa .....	20.
James Arthur Griffin.....	22.
Alan Haigh Shaw.....	24.
Louise Sawyer Brackett.....	25.
Philip Woollcott, Jr.....	27.
Spencer Field.....	28.
Sallie Kaltreider.....	29.
William F.P. Coxe III.....	31.
Sally Adams Lyman.....	33.
John A. Brackett Jr.....	34.

## *Priestley Cummings*

AGE: 35

FRIENDS: Mimi Cheesborough (and others! My memory is shot!)

YEAR LEAVING WHITE OAK ROAD: 1964 (age 6)

Since I was about 6 when we moved off White Oak, I have only spotty memories - mostly following Laura and Mimi around. I remember swinging on a high rope swing in the Cheesborough's yard, and I remember marvelling at all the different strange and wonderful animals they (mostly Jay) had at their house. Mimi, Laura and I had fun with guinea pigs.

Mother used to take Laura and me to tea at Mrs. McCrea's. I remember that fondly. There was also a woman who lived up a few houses who had a bird we went to look at often.

Finally, I remember Roger Kennerly, who was man enough at a young age to let 2 girls who were bigger and older pick on him mercilessly and not hurt us back. Of all the "whatever-happened-to's", I'd most like to know that Roger is OK and to know what he's up to!



and incessant in its liveliness. Usually the two sisters, Eleanor and Elizabeth, lead the discussion, which always seemed to begin on the latest news of the week, or some local gossip involving someone in the bridge club or one of Elizabeth's neighbors in Haw Creek. No matter how the conversation started in always evolved into stories of old Asheville and the history of their lives.

Granny and Elizabeth seemed to remember every name date and event of consequence that they were ever involved with. Whether the topic revolved around growing up in Montford, some situation with the older siblings- The sisters had three older brothers. Or some event that took place in old downtown Asheville; they knew every detail. Often they would have different ideas about the same recollections, which always made for some hilarious banter. Sometimes Pa would intervene, he too was and expert on old Asheville, and settle the question at hand. "Now Mrs. Sawyer" he would say. Pa always referred to Granny as "Mrs. Sawyer"; then he would clarify the issue, and that would be the end. There was far too much respect for the patriarch of our family for anyone to argue the point.

I especially loved the stories that Elizabeth would tell of her life in Sao Paulo Brazil, where during the war years she taught school to American children who's parents worked for various American Companies. She spoke Portuguese and often used the phrases as points of exclamation or exasperation. She would sometimes attempt to teach me a phrase or two, but it never stuck. What did impress me was the fact that someone I knew had traveled so far and had seen so much. Her adventures we alive in my young mind and I often wondered if I would ever get to see the world, and bring back stories of adventure as she did. Years later I was on an airplane in Munich Germany and sitting next to me was a man who was from Asheville and a student of Elizabeths at Haw Creek School. We talked about our small town that was so far away, and I thought fondly of those times on the side porch with her, and felt a sense of warmth in the knowledge that home was never too far away.

It's been over thirteen years since I left White Oak Road to set out on my own course. And, as with anyone's life, I have had a few adventures of my own. But even as the years continue to separate me from that familiar place, the events and experiences that nurtured my youth grow stronger and, in some important way, determine who I am now, and who I will be in the future. In such a complicated and changing world we are awfully lucky to have White Oak Road in our blood. awfully lucky indeed.

*37 The Children Of White Oak Rd.*

## *Laura Cummings McCue*

AGE: 37

FRIENDS: Mimi Cheesborough, Barbara Kern, Roger Kennerly  
YEAR LEAVING WHITE OAK ROAD: 1964 (age 8)

My family and I moved to Asheville and 4 White Oak Rd. When I was four. My mother had met and made friends with Virginia Cheesborough before we all arrived. Priestley, my sister, was only two. Virginia's daughter, Mimi, was the same age as I and within minutes of meeting we were hugging each other. That was the beginning of a very close friendship that has lasted many years. Mimi is now the godmother of my youngest son, Logan. I've known her longer than anyone else in my life, it seems. Mimi lived at #4 Busbee Rd. And our houses were separated by only a short stone path. We had video phones long before anyone else. When I stood in my kitchen and she stood in hers, we could clearly see each other while we talked on the phone. It was great! We could use our hands or hold up a toy for the other to see as we talked. A row of pine trees stood between our yards and we would climb them often. One night I got stuck in one, up too high, and my dad had to climb up in his pj's to get me down. Mimi and I used to make mud houses for worms and other insects. Once Mimi picked up a bee that she thought was dead and it stung her immediately. It was terrible.

Barbara Kern was the real instigator of most of our bad deeds. She was older than us and very mischievous. We followed her like sheep. She lived on White Oak, too, across from us. Roger Kennerly was the scourge of us girls. He was always being a pain, and when we'd had enough we'd turn on him with a vengeance. Poor kid. Once we each grabbed his arms and pulled his pants down in Mimi's yard right in front of her dad who was reading the paper on his patio. He ignored the whole show and Roger fled from us greatly embarrassed.

Mimi's mom had a beautiful rock garden in her front yard and we'd play for hours in it. There was a drainage tunnel that ran through it that we were very frightened of. When our dog, Beau, would come through it, his eyes would glow yellow, and we imagined a terrible monster coming after us. Each of us eventually got the nerve to go through it ourselves.

Many, many happy summers were spent at the BFCC. We'd go over there at nine or ten on our bikes and not return till nearly four or five. We were utterly content to play cards, swim, tennis, play ping-pong and eat all day. What a great life!

*The Children Of White Oak Rd. 2*



## *Elizabeth Bynum Justice Willingham "Betsy"*

AGE: 63

Betsy turned 11 in December 1943. It was an exciting day in January of 1944 that the Country Day School bus took me to my new home at 14 White Oak Road! I soon learned the street was populated with many children. Along with Louise Sawyer, Betty Elias became a good friend. I played dolls with the girls and made roads for toy cars with Bobby Sawyer, Sydney Shuford and Griff Miller.

My memories could go on for pages. A few that stick out in my mind go from holding Fuller Shuford on my lap the day he developed polio to having tea with the grandmother Cheesborough. We were very fortunate to have quite normal childhoods. There was wonderful sledding and touch football with Kent Williamson, Jimmy Woolcott and Cecil Pless (from Buena Vista Rd.); bicycling and skating with Betty Elias, Louise Sawyer and Betty Shuford. There were the dance lessons with Forest Wood at the club and the inevitable tea dances where the boys had to practice dancing with us. I remember wearing a terrible bright red blouse and grey jumper with black patent leather baby doll shoes. Our parents would take us to heavily chaperoned dances at All Souls Parrish House.

I loved visiting with Mrs. John Fisher and her two baby boys. Before the Pruden Smith's built their home we had such fun swinging on grape vines on that property. The path beside the Misses Ethel and Bessie's home was a much used trail to Buena Vista. The house next door at #12 was the home of two unique families, the Warden Wilson's and then the Schilthuis's. We learned much from these delightful people. The Cedarcliff gate where the kindly Mr. & Mrs. Bell would admit us to the Biltmore Estate to skate and picnic was a privilege never abused.

And there was that wonderful day when World War II was over! My beloved brother Bubber (Francis) would be coming home soon to White Oak Road. It was also a treat to walk to Averys' Pharmacy next to Mr. Ingles' tiny grocery store on Hendersonville Road for a nickle double-dip ice cream cone.

As I recall the tradition originated at my grandmothers large Household on Cumberland Ave in Montford. The Collins were a large clan and it was probably the only time they saw each other. In our case, we were much smaller and saw each other all the time, but thankfully the tradition stuck.

Hardly a Sunday was missed by any of us. It was clearly understood among my friends that on Sundays, I was unavailable from 6:00 pm on. Weather permitting, Mom Dad and I would walk up to number 15, to greet "Pa" faithfully watching the news in the sun room. My grandfather just loved the news, especially the weather. He would sit intently gazing at the television, on hand cupped over his ear to hear better, until the weather report was over, then he was ready to join the rest of the family.

Granny, it seems, was always in the kitchen "whipping up" sandwiches and tea. In the winter it was hot ham biscuits and scalding hot tea and lemon; milk for Dad. In the summer it was tomato and cucumber sandwiches, made from ingredients right out of the garden. Probably the best iced tea ever created was made in that little kitchen on 15 White Oak Rd. It was true southern iced tea with lemon and fresh mint that grew outside in a patch by the kitchen door. Along with granny in the kitchen would be her sister Elizabeth, who would often bring desert in the form of a Pepperidge Farm yellow cake with chocolate icing. A woman of very independent means before it was fashionable, Elizabeth was no cook, but it didn't matter, "It's the thought that counts" as she would always say. I can taste the cold, hard, cardboard texture of those cakes right now, with great affection of course.

As with any childhood memory it is events of the summer that draw out the most vivid and cherished memories. During the warmest months of the year, when the air was still filled with the southern humidity that seemed to grow even warmer as the sun declined in the sky, we would gather on the side porch at number 15, take the pollen laden plastic covers off the wicker and iron furniture and enjoy the cool breeze that helped ward off the humidity.

I would faithfully carry out the tray of tea and sandwiches to the group, who were already engrossed in conversation that was always terrific



Next door on the other side from the Smiths were the Cheesborough's. Mrs. Cheeseboro was formerly Virginia Williamson, who grew up in my house. Her children George, Elizabeth and Mimi, always seemed have some exotic new exotic pet. Once they had baby alligators in this makeshift pool in the backyard. Elizabeth had a boa constrictor that she would let slither through the grass. She even let me pet it once. I can still recall the coldness of it's flesh, and I don't think I've touched a snake since.

Across the street were the Kennerly's and their son Roger. Roger was just older enough than me to know everything, and I was just young enough to believe him. He always had the coolest toys, including motorcycles, and the best collection of G.I. Joe's I've ever seen, including ones with Nazi uniforms. When we both attended Gibbins Hall Mrs. Kennerly would drive us in her Yellow Buick with Pepper, her black miniature poodle, sitting between her arms, it's little head poking up over the steering wheel. Roger was a mischievous kid to say the least. He had a miniature cannon that could project crabapples and he shot them into our yard. No damage was done, but he did manage to shoot holes through the windows in the upstairs garage with a pellet gun.

The lower end of White Oak was always the best for go carts in the summer and sleds in the winter. There was nothing like dragging the dusty plastic sled out of the garage after the first big snow, carrying it up the hill and attempting to zoom down to Busbee Road in the virgin snow. I always thought White Oak looked its best coated in heavy snow. The way the bare old oaks held huge deposits of fresh snow and the way the sounds were muffled into an eerie silence. And when everything began to melt away, usually the same day, it was always a little sad. To see such beauty last such a short time, so fleeting, almost like childhood itself.

It all belongs to a different generation now. The houses surrounding ours are inhabited by new families who have turned the old street into something better than it ever was before. Now on our long walks, I see children playing in the street, just as I did. And I know that they are creating, that very moment, the memories that will become a part of their lives forever.

Of all my memories of growing up on White Oak Road, nothing is so vivid or warmly familiar to me than Sunday evenings when the family would gather at Granny and Pa's house for our weekly casual supper

My entire life at White Oak Road was graced by my second other Mary Whitmire. She was like a member of the family and I love her dearly to this day.

Oh, those were the halcyon days! Our own bus system would drop you at the door if raining. The policemen knew us all and our parents could call and say Where is Betsy playing. We had the same friendly folks for years delivering Biltmore Dairy products, Trantham's groceries and Swannanoa dry cleaning right into our homes (milk in fridge, groceries to kitchen table and cleaning into left hand front hall closet).

On could go on forever but an integral part of my happy memories of White Oak was in the fall of 1947 when I was 15 years old. Jim Willingham stood in the living room with my mother to take me on our first date. This was the first time I had seen him since age 11 while at Lake Tahoma he rode up on horseback and talked with my father. The 15 year old boy ignored the little girl in pigtails and braces.

My last night at 14 White Oak Road was July 27, 1959 after the rehearsal for our wedding the next day. Our home was not sold until 1982.



## *Betty Shuford Briggs*

AGE: 61

YEAR LEAVING WHITE OAK ROAD: 1964

10 White Oak Road was my home from 1935 when I was born until I married in 1958. And even after, until it was sold in 1964, Jim and our oldest daughter, Susan, came "home" for visits. Recently, someone expressed the view that White Oak Road was "just barely in Biltmore Forest". George Shuford was heard, on occasion, to refer to White Oak Road as being in the "Shiloh section" of the Forest. Tony Lord often reminded us that 10 White Oak is an architectural bastard. All of these things may be true, but they serve only to add to the charm and character of the place.

My "class" on White Oak included my brothers, Sydney and Fuller; Louise and Bobby Sawyer; Betsy Justice, Canie Smith; Hildreth and Eric Wilson, and later, in the same house, Ida and Jack Schilthuis; and Cockie, Ann Gill and Stuart Smith. This is not to say that the other young people - and those not so young - on the block did not contribute much to our lives, or that we don't have fond memories of them, also. The Williamsons were all family friends, but Kent and Canie's brother, Bretney (Bunny) hung out with the Woolcotts, also good family friends but, as it seemed at the time, much older. We could only aspire to Virginia and Mary Lib. And I especially remember the Griffin boys, Mark, Jimmy and Dick, who moved from #8 to Hilltop Road after Dick was killed in the war. I had adored Dick, and his death was traumatic for us all. I believe it was in 1954 that our family was able to visit his grave in France. Others who loomed largely in our younger lives were the Waltons, who had no children of their own but were wonderfully tolerant of scavenger hunts and other foolishnesses. And of course we could never forget the Reeves sisters, Miss Ethel and Miss Bessie or Miss Rita Reese who all suffered us graciously, and, though we imagined that they might, never rewarded us as we often deserved for the indignities we perpetrated on them and their property. We weren't always very nice. We all admired Betsy Justice extravagantly, and all the boys had secret crushes on her as we came along. Dr. Justice was an authority on wild flowers and his yard was a tribute to his enthusi-

## *John A. Brackett Jr.*

Age: 33

Year Leaving White Oak Road: 1984

My situation is unique in that I am third generation of the same family to live on White Oak Road. My grandparents, Holmes and Eleanor Sawyer, first came to the neighborhood in the early 20's from the Montford area of North Asheville. They raised my Mom, Louise, and my Uncle Bobby in the brick Tudor house at number 15.

In 1968, when I was 4 years old, we moved from Oak Forest to the cedar shingled house at number 4. I believe the house was originally built by a doctor in the thirties. There was a legend that he attempted suicide in the house, a deed he later completed in a hotel uptown. As kids we would go into the basement and look for rope burns on the beams from where he tried to hang himself. We never found any, and I have no idea where we got the idea that he tried to do himself in with a rope and bucket. The house was eventually inhabited by the Williamsons, then the Cummings. We purchased the house from the Huffines and have been there ever since.

When you grow up in a particular place the vision of how it was during your childhood seems to be the foundation for all of your perceptions thereafter. When I come home to visit Mom and I will take long daily walks, winter or summer, it doesn't matter. As we stroll through the streets we'll talk about the current changes to the neighborhood and the way it was when each of us were children.

I grew up in a time when many of the older generation still inhabited the street. There was our next door neighbor Mr. Smith, yelling at his trusted yard man, Press, to do some chore. Poor old Press, he always seemed to be shuffling around that yard mowing, cutting or planting something. The yard was impeccable, as if each blade of grass had been polished by hand. Then there was Mrs. Walton, a respected lady of the street, but by the time I was acquainted with her she was a bit senile and would yell out her upstairs window when she saw us playing in the street, "you boys get out of my yard right now before I call the police!". Of course we were no where near her yard, but that didn't really matter.



## *Sally Adams Lyman*

AGE: 7, 1930

FRIENDS: Rutledges, Griffins, Eliases

YEAR LEAVING WHITE OAK RD: 1935 or '36

Sophia Redwood Bass and Eleanor Predwood Penovich were good friends of mine. They lived directly behind me on Buena Vista Road. We had two big dogs, once a white German police dog, June (?), and a black great dane, Mike. One day Beckie Herbert Cary was over playing with me. June, out of a clear blue, bit Beckie on the thigh. My mother threw the muzzle out to me.

When I got my first big bike, my Dad insisted he take a picture of Sophia holding the bike. I had a fit, because she could not even ride. I got sent to my room.

One time Sterling Nettles Murry (Dead) was playing with me. She and I broke several windows out of the Redwoods' house with rocks. My Dad came home, we were both petrified. He just paid for them.

I used to sled ride with Sarah Elias and her mother would fix hot chocolate and Saltines with peanut butter and marsh mellow on top for us.

I rode bikes with Mark Griffin and Melvin Elias. One time I had married Mark-Melvin was the preacher. We were under a bed. I rode with my light at night with both of these boys. Big Deal!

I lived at 7 White Oak Rd.

Can't think of anything else. It's been too long. I was a very bad child!!

We moved because my father, a doctor, was out so much at night and Biltmore Forest was so far from Mission and Aston Park Hospitals.

asm. I always loved the lily-of-the-valley that proliferated under his azaleas. Though I'm no gardener myself, his book of photographs of wildflowers of North Carolina is a prized possession.

The thirteen of us were all of an age and shared many of the rites of childhood as though we were one family. Actually, I convinced myself, at one point and to my great satisfaction, that Canie and I were truly kin. And it was not lost on us that Eleanor Sawyer and Daphne Shuford had both grown up on Cumberland Ave.

Our families' homes, numbers. 8,10,12,14,15, and 20, were as familiar to us as our own and we moved between them fairly indiscriminately, though each, of course, had its own personality that lent itself to particular aspects of our activities.

Canie's front yard was best suited for football and was at one point the scene of our most ambitious theatrical production. It was a war epic, untitled, and involved a cast of thousands. I think we acted out just about every aspect of the war of which we were aware at the time. I had two beloved costumes at the time, a nurse outfit and my favorite, a Wave uniform. I don't recall which one was appropriate for the effort, but I can't believe I didn't show off one or the other.

Not much grass grew under Canie's feet and it was always fun to join in his projects. Helping him with his entry for a soapbox derby is a fond memory, as is hauling our kites to the golf course through the woods at the top of White Oak in order to have some open space to fly them. We pulled wings off flies and examined them under my biology kit's microscope, and played fighter pilots under the table on our porch, appropriately out-fitted with chair cushions for parachutes.

When she began working at the Smith's on alternate days, I am sure our Lola felt she had only gone over to another room in the same house.

We all remember when Miss Rita Reese's apartment came down and 12 White Oak was built. The parents wasted their breath trying to keep us from playing in the construction site. The Wilsons were the second occupants of the resulting house and they toned up the neighborhood considerably. Mr. Wilson was retired from the foreign service, and we felt they were the most sophisticated people we had ever known. Hildreth had



been born in Holland, which was romantic enough, but that she had also at one time actually lived in a hotel a la Eloise was mind-boggling. I remember when we made our initial call after they had moved in, Mr. Wilson greeted us at the door with "come in and exchange bubble-gum". He was forever, thereafter, in my mind, the consummate wit. Mrs. Wilson was my ideal of elegance and she gave us a glimpse of more cosmopolitan ways of doing things. I will never forget the dinner party she gave for all of us preceding a Junior Cotillion dance at the club. Among other wonders, there were two glasses of water at each place. Following Hildy's example (watch your hostess!) I gulped from the smaller glass first and was stunned by WINE! Were we evermore grown-up! Hildy's interest in the theater was an early one and, of course, led to her meeting Eddie during a summer apprenticeship at Flat Rock. And it led to my introduction to recordings of Broadway musicals on her record player and our little tradition of enjoying Dickens "A Christmas Carol" at the movies every December for several years. The Wilsons moved eventually to Lone Pine, but they nonetheless remained a part of White Oak.

That Hildreth had been born in Holland, and the Schilthuises were Dutch seemed almost karmic to me. We missed having the Wilsons next door, but Ida and Jack were old friends from Country Day so the move was not so traumatic as it might have been. By the time the Schilthuis moved to #12, we were pretty much grown and fairly civilized, but it was nice having them there and we enjoyed knowing them outside the school environment.

When I was grown, I called on Mrs. Sawyer on one of our visits home and was invited to sit in a chair in the living room. I felt guilty during the whole visit, and had to restrain myself from plumping the cushion when we left. Throughout our childhood it was impressed upon us that the living room was OFF LIMITS, and though we ran rampant through the rest of the house we never did more than walk through the living room. Louise Sawyer was the sister I never had, and there was very little that we did not share growing up, along with Ann Weaver, who didn't live on White Oak, actually, but might as well have. My first memories are filled with Louise and Ann and we were well nigh inseparable. We spied on our brothers, played paper-dolls (and created them), tried out rabbit

The neighbors I remember as truly being nice to us were Colonel Field, the Sawyers, and the Fishers across the street. Field and I used to love to climb Colonel Field's huge hemlock tree that towered above his house.

Once on Halloween, several of us were shooting off fireworks in the woods next to the Van Blaricoms on Busbee. When the police came, we hid motionless in the woods until they left.

One winter, I kept the bath tub in my room filled with caiman alligators, turtles and fish. It really stunk in there at times when I let it go too long without changing the water!



## *William F.P. Coxe III*

AGE: 42

FRIENDS: Jay Cheesborough, Van Blaricoms, John Moon

YEAR LEAVING WHITE OAK ROAD: 1970

I used to cut through the woods through Mrs. Welch's house to get to Buena Vista. Once I lost a pair of glasses on the path to her house, and I didn't find them for six months.

Jay Cheesborough and I once shot about 10 squirrels with .22 rifles in the woods behind our house. For some reason, the police didn't come - very few squirrels did, either, for a long time.

Though our back yard was small, we built a baseball diamond there. We hit countless balls over the fence into the woods. We lost many baseballs this way.

The garage apartment behind our house was falling down and was filled with stuff that belonged to Granny Coxe, the mother of W.F.P. Coxe, Sr. I still own a few Christmas ornaments of hers that are beautiful.

One day I was washing my mother, Ann Coxe's, 1965 blue Plymouth Valiant station wagon in the driveway and decided to roll it down the driveway several feet. I lost control of the car and put a crease in the back bumper when the car hit a tree.

One day a yellow jacket flew into my brother, Field's, left nostril and stung him. Severe pain, I am sure.

We had our own pet cemetery right in front of the house, which included birds, squirrels, snakes, turtles, etc.

I received a shipment of baby turtles from a supply house in Louisiana one day. Included were false map, painted, snapping, and red-eared turtles. These turtles were shipped in boxes filled with Spanish moss. My mother opened the package before I got home from school and put the turtles in small pans of water out back. When I got home, all but 2 of the turtles had escaped.

tobacco, invaded the privacy of everyone and everything, climbed trees, exchanged opinions on every aspect of growing up, went to parties and picnics and movies and circuses, sold lemonade and blue-horse notebook paper at a stand across the street from #10, pulled dandelions from neighbors' yards for 10 cents an hour, went trick or treating- you name it.

We created wonderful villages in the Sawyers' back yard. Bobby's were generally the most imaginative. Had I heard about landscape architecture then that is what I would have imagined him pursuing as a career. And the boys built a treehouse in the back woods, which we girls did not respect as we should have. Louise always had a cat. I can recall being present in Louise's room when her cat gave birth as the record player was rendering An Open the Door Richard's. For some reason I thought that was enormously funny. Bobby was Sydney's good friend and spent as much time at our house as he did at his own - and vice versa. I'm sure I don't know half of what they were up to, but Louise and I used to creep up the backstairs to the hall outside Sydney's closet to try to find out. Bobby loved his classical music and as he got older he serenaded the neighborhood from the open window of his bedroom with his collection.

When I taught Sunday School, I could never be properly indignant at parents who dropped off their children at church on Sunday mornings. The Pruden Smiths and the Shufords were forever being "dropped off" at Trinity, for Sunday School and choir practice and later for YPSL. (How Sydney avoided the Junior choir experience, I'll never know, but he was a faithful acolyte, and the processional cross is still bent from the time he dropped it.) We first knew the Pruden Smith family through their grandparents, the Boyers, who lived down the path behind us toward the Hendersonville Highway. We spent many hours abusing poor Nana and Popu, who were long-suffering indeed. It was Nana who taught me to tie a knot in the end of thread and has my eternal gratitude. The Navy club, which was instigated by Mr. Smith in an attempt to keep us out of mischief and which started on the Boyers' front porch, continued after the Smiths moved to White Oak Road. I still have the silver dollar Mr. Smith contributed to start the club's treasury. We members first heard our recorded voices when Mr. Smith let us try out his tape recorder, in the living room at 20 White Oak. I still can't believe the strange sound. As adolescents, we all hung out a lot at



I learned the shag hanging onto the Smiths' mantel and their piano took a lot of beating through the years. No memory of the Smiths would be complete without mention of their ubiquitous cocker spaniel. Cockie lives with a successor even today.

Another club that is fondly remembered is the Nature Club which was Polly Shuford's invention and which included the whole neighborhood and involved many hikes and a few field trips, most notably to the Heazels' orchard and the Penlands' farm at Beech where we picked apples, helped slop pigs, wallowed in the creek, slid down hay stacks, and ate chicken and dumplings and lots of marvelous biscuits. And as we got older Polly would entertain us with parties at her house on Orange Street, featuring grape juice and gingerale and parlor games which are a closet favorite of mine still.

There were always animals at 10 White Oak - several ill-fated dogs from bird-dogs to a dachshund; Fuller's goat, who didn't last there very long due to his strong odor and not-very-sanitary habits; and the bantam chickens. I'm not quite sure where they came from or why but they lived by the woodpile which I was convinced was the home of snakes, though I never saw one. And then we had the usual assortment of chameleons, baby alligators, turtles and gold fish which ended up variously in creeks around the Forest, flushed down the toilet or dessicated under radiators. We left rabbits to Polly who allowed us to clean out their cages on Sunday afternoons if we were particularly good, and served them to us for Sunday lunch. Our yard was the site of after-supper kick-the-can or spy tag, and we played many games of monopoly or rummy on the side porch

Mrs. Davis, or Day, as she was known to all of us, had been Sydney's baby nurse. She moved on before I was born, but some years later she visited us at Christmas time for a week. She didn't leave until we were all pretty well grown. Day kept us in line, disciplining us all, family or neighbor "just the same, like I did my own children", and her word carried the same weight as that of Mother or Daddy. She also was in charge of the victory garden during the war when we were all eager junior commandos, and led us across the Hendersonville Highway

Once the boys, Peter, Christian, Lindley and Mark Johnson, faked a bicycle wreck and poured ketchup all over each other to look like blood. GrandSalie came out and screamed and ran in to call 911. We stopped her just in time.

I'll never forget the saddest day of my life. GrandSallie's mother (my great-grandmother, "O'mommy", died. She had burnt her arm and the infection spread. She was lying in bed when she looked to the sky, sat up, raised her one good arm, gasped and then fell back, dead. I still cry when I think about what a wonderful woman she was.

Courtney and I used to love to run into GrandSallie's dining room (which was painted with a mural of fruit trees), and get GrandSallie to pick a piece of fruit for us. She would show us her empty hands, then reach up to the wall and pluck off of a pear or peach or apple, or other kind of fruit tree, a little candy that tasted like the kind of tree from which she picked it. She is so incredibly magical.

Nothing could beat our summertime spot-light games. We would play for hours on end!

At age 3, Courtney and I would climb to the tips of her evergreen trees and sway in the wind. Our moms would have heart-attacks everytime they caught us up there. They finally cut off the bottom branches.

Once, Carmel and I dressed in rags and stood at the side of the street playing the harmonica and dancing. We held out our hats and begged for change. We got in so much trouble for that!



## *Sallie Kaltreider*

AGE: 15-on White Oak Road

FRIENDS: Courtney Chambers, Carmel Greer, Mandy Adams, Sarah-Vance Goodman

YEAR LEAVING WHITE OAK ROAD: 1986

Do you remember the annual circuses put on by Courtney Chambers and I? We had everything a real circus had! (Animals, acrobats, tight-wire, etc.)! Carmel Greer and I had one also, but it didn't turn out too well. Carmel's sister was supposed to be a clown, but she got scared and started crying. So Carmel and I were down an act; so we repeated our acrobat act!

I remember when school-fundraising packets would come out, I would race off the school bus and run around the neighborhood. I always remembered Simm Cross's house in particular. His car would always be in the driveway, and some lights would be on, but he would never come to the door. I would open the mail slot and yell "Simm!", but he would never come. Just recently, I figured out that he did it on purpose, and would run to hide every time he saw me coming up the driveway.

Once Courtney and I were swinging on the Ivey's hammock. I decided to get out and push her. I pushed so hard that that hammock flipped, Courtney fell out and hit her head on a root. She started bleeding and had to be rushed to the hospital for stitches. She still has a scar.

I'll never forget all the summers the neighborhood kids would spend up in GrandSallie's cherry tree, eating cherries.

I've always loved the Ivey's shoe(sic) tree!

We had a huge green ball in GrandSallie's front yard. It was taller than me at age 5. Everyone would come over and jump on it. Gray Adams got rowdy one day and fell off and broke his arm.

It was always a ton of fun to be able to write on our bedroom walls in my house.

to hoe weeds and pick beans. It was Day who inculcated in us a fondness for gospel music and turnip greens, taught us gin rummy, entertained the postman, fixed up her own icebox, which hung out a front window for a long time, canned soup mixes and other goodies, and generally helped us keep our priorities in order. How might we have grown up without her!

I remember riding to the school bus-stop hanging on to the milk truck, sledding down the road after infrequent adequate snow-falls or on Sydney's wheeled Flexible Flyer, learning to skate on the rough pavement (a skate key on a string still lives in my jewelry box), walking to the club, climbing over the stile to play on the Biltmore Estate, putting out a newsletter on one of those gelatin printing sets, the bee swarm in the oak out front of the house, and quarantines. We spent a lot of time in quarantine. Of course the most memorable one was after Fuller contracted polio and we all spent much time at the corners of the yard yelling updates back and forth. It was a worrisome time which we all shared. Fuller managed to survive the virus and treatments and surgeries much better than we even dared hope. How he managed to survive the ministrations of his friends and family remains a mystery.

I haven't been back to 10 White Oak since it was sold, but then I only just visited 77 Cumberland, where my mother grew up, last year, and 50 Orange St., my father's family home, is so elegant these days it's downright intimidating. Our children are eager to see it, though, so perhaps one of these days we'll make the pilgrimage. It won't be the same.



## *Canie Smith*

AGE: 60

FRIENDS ON WHITE OAK: Louise and Bob Sawyer; Fuller, Betty and Sydney Shuford; Stuart, Ann Gill and Cocky Smith; Anne Woodward.

Older Group: Jim McCoy, Jim Woolcott, Kent Williamson.

MEMORIES:

Kick the can on summer evenings in front of the Sawyers.

Monopoly games at Mrs. Boyers.

Trips to the Estate on Sundays with Mimi Palmer.

Bicycle rides on the Estate through Mr. Bell's gate.

Mr. Wendell's old Packard (referred to as the German staff car).

The great acorn-crabapple fight with the older group - Kent W., Jimmy W., etc. Our fort was on the Shuford side porch. We had acorns as ammunition, not realizing they had crabapples!  
We lost!

## *Spencer Field*

AGE: 27 now, Birth - 12 yrs. On White Oak

FRIENDS: Mikell Middleton, John Knox, Wade Saunders

The memories certainly flow as I remember my years on White Oak. The first, most immediate, is when the Saunders kitchen caught on fire. Eleanor, JK, Wade and I were playing on the jungle gym, and the view from my swing was directly into their kitchen. I just happened to glance in that direction - and immediately yelled "Afire!" - never had done that before, hopefully will never do that again. Speaking of the Saunders, John Knox's famous phrase will always linger - "This is my house. I can do what I want!" If you heard that, it was time to leave. I remember "Alma", the ghost that lived in the Middleton's house - she usually flushed the toilets. Appropriately, Mikell, Eleanor and I "built" a few haunted houses - peeling individual grapes for Aeyes". I remember when Mom would go out of town, Dad would make steak and eggs for breakfast. He made us some wonderful treats on the grill! I remember all of Bebe's puppies - one litter delivered under Mom and Dad's bed - how thrilling it was to feed the puppies using baby bottles. I remember Eleanor cutting my Barbie's hair, and telling me it would grow back - and I believed her. I remember all of the small animals - hamsters, guinea pigs and gerbils - our "Fonzie" pinball machine, listening and dancing to "My Fair Lady", "Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass" and, around Christmas, "Alvin and the Chipmunks". Obviously, I could go on forever, but these are the most vivid memories. We left White Oak in 1980, rented a house for a few months while building a house directly behind the old one. Luckily, we didn't wander too far!



*Philip Woollcott, Jr.*

AGE:67

YEAR LEAVING WHITE OAK ROAD: 1954

I have many memories. We moved to 33 White Oak when I was about 9 and Jimmy 7. We had moved from Buena Vista next to the Adams house. I think I knew the people in just about all of the houses except for the one across from the Wendells ( who were next door to us). The Wendells are, of course, a story unto themselves. Mrs. W. Was a great personality, a great card gambler, and they were noted for total nonattention to their yard, and Rickie - their ferocious dog, who, fortunately, was always on a leash.

Next down were the McCoys. Jimmy was rather odd, but I felt sympathetic. He died, I understand. I knew the Elias kids, although they were somewhat older. Two houses down from them on the same side was Vickers Rhett and his brother Ben. Didn't really know Ben - I heard he shot himself in the foot in the Army. Vickers I knew well - he was very shy but a good pianist. They moved away when I was beginning college. Next down was your family whom I remember pretty well because your mother played bridge with mine. On the other side of the street was Dr. Justice, and further down, the Shufords. Fuller had polio. And next to the Shufords were the Griffins - of the three boys, only Jimmy the youngest did I know well. The middle brother (Dick), was killed in WWII. The oldest, Mark, went into the family "business" at Appalachian Hall. They were replaced by the Bretney Smiths. Bret was one of my closest friends and we were close to the whole family. ABoots@, Bret's mother, was another bridge player with my mother. Next down on that side lived the Williamsons whom I knew pretty well also. I remember some of the people on the other side of the street (your side), but not well.

I remember much more, some of it not for publication. I left White Oak about 1952 when I graduated from med. School. Jimmy can recall a lot, I'm sure.

*Catherine Little*  
Three houses north of my home, 30 White Oak Road, was the Fisher's home. Julie Cook, my best friend, lived behind them. And most every afternoon we would meet in the Fisher's yard for one of our long walks and talks. Grandmother was always worried we would not get home before dark. She would call neighbors along the way to see where we were. Julie and I never realized how many eyes were looking out after us as we walked around the block. Granddaddy just wanted to know if we had seen any of his childhood friends, Mr. Sawyer, Mr. Fisher and Mr. Field.

Some of my best childhood memories were in our White Oak Road home.

*Catherine Russell, daughter  
moved to white Oak Rd age 10*



## *Dorothy June Radeker Rickey Spiller*

AGE: 67

FRIENDS: Betty Elias, Suzanne Elias, Edith Redwood, Dickie Adams, Bobby Sawyer

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES: The best years of my childhood were on White Oak Rd.

YEAR LEAVING WHITE OAK ROAD: 1947

I remember the Shuford children who lived a couple of doors down. They had a nurse named Mimi, who later became governess to Mamie Spears Reynolds, daughter of the heir to the Hope Diamond. Her father was a U.S. Senator and life-long friend of my father.

The Copenhaver girls lived next door to me and I believe the Rhetts lived next door to you. The Elias family lived farther up White Oak Rd.

Some of us (not the Elias girls) but Edith Redwood and some more kids I have forgotten were "holy terrors" on Halloween (before trick -or-treat). One time, on Halloween, we went over to Jean West's new house, (several streets over), and did something to her yard light. When I got home I heard about "these awful kids" who messed up Jean West's yard and could have gotten electrocuted. The police were swarming at her house. Jean West had a ladies' shop downtown where my Mom bought most of her clothes - We were never found out.

I remember playing in warm weather all over. Sometimes we got as far as the Country Club and I had to run hard to get home before dark and would almost collapse by the time I got home. We played Kick the Can, King on the Mountain and more - I can't remember the names of the kids I played with but it was great.

My only bad memories are my mother making me take a nap when I got home from school when I was younger. She would pull the shades down and I could hear the other kids play - I must have been 7 or 8 yrs. Old. I think we lived at 14 White Oak Rd. Until I was about 14 yrs. Old.

I married William Richey in 1946 and have 5 children. My husband died in 1973. I have 13 grandchildren and remarried in 1976. Needless to say, all we have (as kids) are a black poodle and furry cat and a canary.

ming was out, but the Monopoly board was an unbelievable substitute! Played every day - never took the table down where the board game lay.

Bobby and Sydney's tree house (off limits ?). Betty and I broke in one day. Well kept secret.

There are still many children on White Oak and am sure there always will be - and someday some of them will continue this story.

The families, some older, some younger, during my years on White Oak, ranged from 1922 --- on - more than 60 of us!



## *Louise Sawyer Brackett*

AGE: Born here

FRIENDS: Betty, Betsy, Cockie, Ann Gill, Fuller Sydney, Canie, Hildreth, Ida

YEAR LEAVING WHITE OAK ROAD: 1954 - returned 1967 to #4

White Oak Road, not only a place, but a state of mind. Shunned by some, envied by others. A neighborhood probably stronger today than yesterday. Hearing the voices of children now - and then, AOle, Ole, Ox in free! The echo of years past - "Betty, can you play today? Bobby and Sydney are up here setting up the electric train. Canie Smith and his brother, Bretney and sister Mary Lib are moving in today next door to you. Wonder where the Griffins are going ? "

In the summer Kick-the-Can and Monopoly were the only games in town. The radio, our constant companion - Let's Pretend, Helen Trent, Tom Mix, Inner Sanctum and, of course, Jack Benny.

Betsy Justice moved in at #14 at the age of 12, skated and played dolls with her and so glad that Dorothy June Radeker moved. She made Betty and me do cartwheels and hand stands all one summer (or it seemed like it) with a promise of a glorious parade that we could join if good enough -(never to be an actual event.)

Hildreth and Eric Wilson moved in at #12. Reluctantly, we took them in, and eventually became very good friends. The children from neighboring streets would come to play - Ann Weaver was one of my best friends - and stay all day, but would have to leave at night time. The "mud pile", the meeting place for all , to wait in line to swing on the grapevine. The Fishers eventually built there and we felt betrayed. We were members of the Junior Commandos during the war and one of our duties was to collect scrap metal and take it to the police station (two blocks away) to be picked up and recycled. We skated and skated, rode bikes up and down relentlessly.

I remember standing in the Shufords' kitchen waiting to hear the diagnosis from Fuller's illness, which turned out to be polio - tragedy had entered our young lives. That summer we were all quarantined, swim-

## *Emily Widman Brickner*

AGE: 39

FRIENDS: Jane Hutton, Debbie Parker, The McMahon Twins(Bobby and Tommy), Binford Jennings, Katherine Little

YEAR LEAVING WHITE OAK ROAD: 1978

Binford Jennings had a big slumber party one night which just happened to be after a week of racial tension and a riot at Asheville High School in 1972 or 1973. We decided to sneak out of the house with a basket of toilet paper with grand plans to roll someone's yard. The Biltmore Forest Police saw us and picked us up and threatened to arrest us because the city was under a curfew. They took us back to the Jennings house, but never called our parents! What a special police force!

Jane Hutton and I used to spend hours and hours playing tennis, cards and hanging out at the club. It seems like our parents would have fussed about the tabs we ran up at the snack bar, but I don't think they did.



## *Field Coxe*

AGE: 39

FRIENDS: Preston Willingham, Lane and Sandy Mooneyham (Elias grandchildren)

YEAR LEAVING WHITE OAK ROAD: 1970

There weren't all that many kids on White Oak in the '60s. But there were a few. Preston Willingham was in my class at Asheville Country Day and was living at his Mother's parents; house - the Justices. It was when we were about 5 or 6. Also, there were the Mooneyham children who would stay for great lengths of time at their grandparents= house, the Eliases.

The funny thing with the Mooneyhams is how we met them. My brothers and I used to go next door to Col. Field's house (it was strange to me even then that we had the same name) to climb this huge hemlock tree in his back yard. It was perfect for climbing and was taller than the field's 3-story house. One day when Bill and I were up there we heard some other kids hollering like kids do, so we started hollering back, challenged them to some kind of fight or something. (None of us knew anything about being in fights.) As soon as we came face-to-face all the macho-mouthing stopped and we were just all the kids that we really were- fairly polite, shy, and not fighting material. We remained friends with the Mooneyham kids. They would come to town irregularly, usually from some foreign country they'd been living in. I can't remember what their father did or why they traveled the way they did. The other thing about meeting these kids is that we got to know Bernie Elias a little bit. He was always talking to us about things like hiking and conservation as well as his photography.

Our other next door neighbors were the Sawyers. They were contemporaries of my grandparents and they all went way back together. In fact, Mrs. Sawyer is my mother's godmother, I think. They were nice, kind people and took the time to talk to us little kids. They would go to Florida for a couple of weeks in the winter and hire me to feed the cat, Calico, bring in the mail and newspaper. They paid me 50 cents a day. After two weeks, that means \$7.00. I was about eleven, it was 1967, and I had never felt so rich in my life.

## *Alan Haigh Shaw*

AGE: 73

YEAR LEAVING WHITE OAK ROAD: 1935 (1936-53 on Browntown)

My closest friends/classmates: Mark Griffin(classmate), Fred Rutledge and Andrew Elias. During that period, other friends on White Oak were Dick and Jimmy Griffin, Ruth and Anne Rutledge, and the other Eliases - Bernard, Sarah, William, Suzanne and Betty. Also in the group were Bill, Virginia (Toni) and Robert Griffin, although they were a block or two away.

During the years I lived there, a very good system of communication existed between the parents and households - it was impossible to get away with anything!

Those were lean years and a wonderful spirit of sharing and helping one another prevailed, creating a strong sense of neighborhood unity. Carpools for schools and social/recreational activities were the rule, not the exception. There were no supervised play groups, but a lot of ingenious youngsters had a great time with a variety of games and activities.

Those were, in many respects, THE GOOD OLD DAYS!



I remember movie shows they would put on in their garage, charging small admission fees for the neighborhood kids, a rowboat they built in their garage and a T-Model Ford that Andy restored and drove. Bernard and my brother Mark were friends. William, the youngest was two years older than me so we were not very close.

At the top of the road the woolcotts built a house after we had been there several years. Philip was a couple of years younger than me but I associated with him fairly much. He had younger brother, Jimmy.

I am the only surviving member of my family. Dick was killed in WW II in 1944 at the age of 19; my father died in 1968o, my mother in 1980 and Mark died of a sudden heart attack in 1981 at the age of 58. I was born on Christmas Day in 1926 so come next Xmas I will hit the big seven-o.

I moved to Washington, D.C. in 1949 and married Mary Colvin Murphy, originally from Snow Hill, NC, in 1950. I worked for the U.S. Treasury as an economist in the international affairs section for 31 years, retiring in 1987. We have two daughters. The oldest, Colvin, is single and lives and works in Los Angeles. Penny is married and lives just 15 minutes from us. She has a daughter and a son.

When you send the booklet, please enclose a note on who is living at 8 White Oak. Some day I would like to go in the old house and revive some memories.

For my family in particular, it was a great place to grow up because my Field grandparents lived just over on Buena Vista, my Coxe grandparents on Park Road, my Aunt Daphe practically across the street on White Oak, Uncle Arthur and Emmie Field down the street on White Oak, cousin Fuller Shuford and Jo also on Buena Vista. We were very lucky children, to have all this family so close to us.

In all , we only lived on White Oak 10 years, 1960-1970. It seems like it was longer than that. I guess that's because it represents my childhood or what I can remember of it.



## *Fuller Shuford*

AGE: 59

It is an old bit of wisdom that says "It takes a village to raise a child." And as I go back in my memory, that's the way I feel about having grown up on White Oak Road. We were, if not a whole village, certainly a true neighborhood. Everyone knew one another and respected one another's position and rights - from young to old, and many stages in between.

We walked or rode bicycles up and down the street trying to weave around the many tar stripes in the road, and, in the summer time, stopping long enough to pop the bubbles in the hot tar. We listened to Bobby Sawyer and Sydney Shuford play cars in the vacant lot next to Miss Bessie and Miss Ethel - "U-u-u-gah, U-u-u-gah" - they made a passable imitation of a Model T horn. And Miss Ethel - I still see her now strutting across our front lawn in her saddle oxfords - "Dammit", she'd say when things didn't go to her liking - "Dammit"!

Summer memories seem to be my strongest ones. With no air conditioning, windows were open and the outside was an extension of our indoor living. There were the maids walking up the street from the bus in the early mornings, a constant stream of loud chatter and yells to each other as they left to go to their respective homes. Old Press, working in the Bretney Smith yard, whistling aimlessly and waking me up on a Saturday morning long before I wanted to be awakened. And the most pungent memory - the night Bretney Smith hit the skunk with his car, then parked it in his driveway just under my bedroom windows.

And porches - Continuous games of Monopoly on our side porch (I still have that glass table and wrought iron chairs), airplane, with the porch chairs turned upside down to create a perfectly satisfactory plane to fly (even then Canie Smith was a gifted pilot), and dead cowboys and indians spread all over the porch and side yard as my friends and I brought frontier justice to the homestead. The coolness of the Sawyer=s side porch partially hidden under the trees, the intrigue of their garage apartment - off limits to us kids, but that didn't stop Louise, Betty Shuford, Ann Weaver, and others. The Pruden Smith porch was more for sitting and talking, particularly after "the opposite sex" lost its peskiness and became objects of much discussion.

## *James Arthur Griffin (Jim)*

AGE: 69

YEAR LEAVING WHITE OAK ROAD: 1943 or >44

If I remember correctly 4 White Oak is where Virginia Williamson lived with her parents. We saw her up here a few years ago and keep in touch.

We moved from 8 White Oak Rd. In 1943 or 1944 (not sure which) to 29 Hilltop Rd when I was 16 or 17. The people I remember from our time there were:

The Williamsons at no. 4. Across the street from them were the Warlicks. They had a son, Paul, much older than we. He built a tree house in the tall oak tree on our lower lot. I climbed up to it, scared my mother to death and she had it taken down.

Across the street was Sally Adams (now Sally Lyman) and her family. She was about five years older than I. She called me a sissy because at age four or five my mother had my hair in long curls. I stomped home to my mother and demanded that she cut them; she did. The Adams's moved to Grove Park and were followed by the Waltons, who had no children.

Next door to us on the other side were the Shufords with three children - Sydney, Betty and Fuller. They were much younger than me and not playmates. My favorite playmate was Jimmy Henritz, who, with his sister, Patricia, and parents, lived across the street from you. My most vivid memory of him was his telling me there was no Santa Claus.

Next door to you was the Rutledge family. Fred was my brother Mark's age and playmate. The twins were a couple of years older than me and I remember something of a crush on Ruth, although I could never be certain which was Ruth and which was Anne.

Further up the street were the Eliases. I think there were six children but I can remember only five, Bernard, Andrew, William and two sisters whose names I can't remember. The boys were all quite clever.



Apparently the Shufords had called the police to report someone had been in our house. The police were not satisfied until they carefully examined my Dad's license as identification. I remember when Fuller was stricken with polio. I remember when he came back to school in his wheel chair. I shall always admire his courage and his family's faithfulness with his treatment and exercises. WOW!

I remember taking our eldest daughter, Sharon, to my parents home and introducing her to my beloved White Oak Road. My parents moved from White Oak Road when our third child was born in 1966. We have three daughters and a son.

And yards - How many games of kick-the-can have been played up and down White Oak? And bicycle paths in the woods, and worn foot paths across front yards as we'd go the shortest route to one another's houses (except for the Justice house - heaven help him or her that got caught walking on Dr. Justice's grass!) - and that great vine to swing on until Mr. and Mrs. Fusher built their house and put an end to all the neighborhood Tarzans. And that tumble-down playhouse in the woods next to the Woolcotts. I think we all learned to smoke in that little house. And

....

White Oak Road was a great street to grow up on. And this walk down memory lane, for me, has only served to conjure up many more memories. But that's for another time.



## *Hildreth Wilson Walker (Hildy)*

AGE:60

FRIENDS: Louise, Betty, Ann Gill, Betsy J., Bobby S., Sydney

YEAR LEAVING WHITE OAK ROAD: 1952, when parents moved

Memories of White Oak Road.

I picture us playing kick-the-can - endlessly! We played games on the Shufords' back porch in bad weather, too.

Ann Gill's mother tied our sleds to the back of her car and pulled us around the neighborhood one snowy week (can you imagine the police allowing that now?)

Louise and I shared animals - one week at her house, one at mine. I remember adorable yellow ducks. And I know there was a rabbit involved - but I can't remember what eventually happened to these pets. Just as well, I guess.

Betty S. and Louise tied me to a chair in Louise's attic and left me there to die!, I think because I was a Yankee from way up in Washington, D.C.!

On Saturday mornings I would go to Louise's house and we would make fudge! It never solidified, which didn't concern us at all - we'd get big spoons and dig in.

Am living in Charleston, S.C. Eddie is retired and I work part time. We enjoy playing bad golf, and I love gardening. Most important to us are our three children, all married. We have two grandchildren and in the spring we will welcome our third!

## *Ida Schilthuis Merfa (James E. Merfa)*

AGE: 62

FRIENDS;Cocky Smith; Betsy Justice; Sydney, Betty, and Fuller Shuford; Louise Sawyer

YEAR LEAVING WHITE OAK ROAD: 1957

My family moved to 12 White Oak Road when I was a junior in high school (St. Genevieve of the Pines). I knew several families before moving there because I went to school with them at Asheville Country Day School and St. Genevieve of the Pines.

We had a smaller, simpler house on White Oak Road. It had a pullman stove-sink-refrigerator arrangement and no dining room. One had to go outside to enter the basement to get to the laundry and a larger refrigerator. I remember the tricky way we had to get in and out of the garage. There was a public access through our driveway to go to the highway behind us. So lots of folks we didn't know walked through our yard.

The first estate auction I ever went to was on White Oak Road - across the street from the Sawyer's and next door to the Justice's.

I loved the Christmas Eve parties at the Justice's. My parents and I loved Dr. Bill and Ethel. Betsy was wonderful. I remember when she got married and when she had to tell her parents. I remember Dr. Bill's piercing my ears. I remember Mary and the love she and the family had for each other. Gil Justice worked at the Enka Plant so we knew him from there as well.

I remember having fun doing homework, etc., with Cocky. Her family was so much fun but I was always sad about her Dad. I loved having long talks with Weezy Sawyer. Her parents were great friends, too.

Living next door to the Shuford's was a real privilege. I knew them before moving to White Oak Road because we went to Asheville Country Day School together. Sydney was in my first grade class. I remember his getting a chair with a cushion the first day of school. I tried to get that chair the second day but he wouldn't let me have it. I also remember riding with my Dad to look at our house one evening before we moved in. After doing whatever we needed to do we were riding home on Vanderbilt Road when we were stopped by the police.