



The



"TWIGS" of the

McGUIRES

and

PLONKS



The Twigs of the McGuires and Plonks

Louise McGuire Plonk

1979

Lovingly dedicated to my father, William Boyd McGuire, who loved the mountains and saw in them the potential development which we enjoy today.

Part I

Patrick McGuire was born in Ireland, probably northern Ireland, in 1735. He settled in Bedford County, Pennsylvania, and married Catherine Prigmore about 1775.

He served as a private and ranger in Washington's Army in the Revolutionary War, 1777-1780.

Some years following the war, probably around 1790, he and his family moved to Jefferson County, Tennessee, where he settled on Long Creek, near what is now the town of White Pines.

The following children, not listed chronologically, were born: Catherine, Patience, Rachel, Mary Margaret and Joseph - twins, Rebecca Ann, Michael, Elizabeth, Ruth, Lydia and Thomas.

Joseph, one of the twins, was born March 20, 1784 and married Jane Collins on January 1, 1811. They had five children: Sara Ann, Catherine, Lydia, Mary and Patrick. We are descended from Patrick who was born July 30, 1819.

About that time, the family of Samuel Alexander had moved from Mecklenburg County in North Carolina to Roane County in Tennessee near the town of Lenoir. Samuel's wife was Elizabeth Hinton and they had the following children: Miriam, John, Samuel, Louise, Elizabeth, Peggy, Esther, James, Robert, Elias, Mary Ann, and Sarah.

Patrick McGuire met and married the girl from North Carolina, Sarah Alexander on October 7, 1847. They had twelve children: Elizabeth, Margaret, Joseph, Samuel, Louise (died young), Mary, James, Thomas (died in infancy), Sarah, William, and Patrick.

The Civil War came, and Tennessee was divided on issues, so brothers fought against brothers. Times were difficult.

William Boyd, next to the youngest of this big family, and my father, was born March 29, 1865, just before the close of the war. He had little formal education but, being ambitious, he taught himself many trades.

When he was 14 years old, his father died, and he, with his mother, moved to Highlands, North Carolina to be with other members of the family. Then at age 19 he walked to Franklin, North Carolina, with only fifty cents in his pocket.

Will McGuire, as he was called, applied for work at a furniture making shop. He did beautiful wood work, and some of the pieces he made are still in the family. His son, William Bulgin, has a chest of drawers, a table, a china cabinet and the big cherry wood dining table around which the family gathered to eat for more than seventy years.

The shop in which he worked had no screens at the windows and in summer the watermelon rinds were thrown out of the window to rot. Flies got on them and then "invaded" the shop. Will contracted typhoid fever and almost died.

He learned surveying and surveyed many roads in the area, including Palmer Street in Franklin and the road to Wayah Bald.

As he made money, he invested in real estate. He bought a lot about one mile from the town of Franklin where he built a house. He had plans to marry Margaret Eulala Moore who was at Centenary College for Women at Cleveland, Tennessee, preparing to teach.

Maggie, as she was called, was the daughter of Jessie S. Moore and Susan Caroline Wikle Moore.

Jessie Moore enlisted in the service of the Confederate States on May 14, 1861 at the age of twenty-three. He was wounded six times and surrendered with General Lee's army at Appomattox on April 9, 1865. Jessie and Susan were married on September 19, 1865 He became a merchant in Franklin and sent covered wagons to Brunswick, Georgia, a seaport town, to get produce for his store.

Maggie and Will were married on October 27, 1891, and moved into their new home. Two girls were born there: Anna, who lived only 12 days, and Mildred Clyde.

In 1895 Will built a larger home across the road and up on a hill full of oak trees. It was later named "The Oaks."

On Halloween of that year, another girl arrived - the first to be born in the new house. I was named Mary Louise. The family continued to live there for seventy-six years, so there was a "heap of living" in that house.

My mother was a quiet person, always looking after the needs of her family. I have a vivid picture in my mind of seeing her rocking the baby brother, Hunter, who was born on June 16, 1900, and singing "Nearer My God to Thee."

On Sunday afternoons we often took a horse and buggy ride - Mama, Papa, and Hunter sat in the buggy seat, and Mildred and I sat in a seat Papa had built to fit in the back of the buggy.

On a trip to Wayah Bald, a mountain camp ground, we were riding like this. Papa stopped the horse near a bank on the side of the road to get us a drink from "Cold Springs," the coldest and best water anywhere. As we waited, I looked back, saw him pick up a stick and come running to the buggy. Then I saw a rattlesnake coiled on the bank, ready to strike and bite me. He hit the snake in the back of the head and killed it. His keen instinct had made him hear the rattlers.

On our hiking trips in the mountains, my ambition was always to keep up with Papa. He was six feet tall and took long strides which made me take two steps to his one. He always told me not to step over a log, but on top of it, and look - for there might be a snake on the other side.

I remember, with joy, many horseback trips along trails through the mountains with Papa as a guide.

Grandfather and Grandmother Moore came to live with us, and in 1900 Grandfather died of cancer of the ear.

On July 18, 1908, Mama, who had been sick for some time, died. The doctor, Dr. J. M. Lyle, was the only practicing physician in Franklin at that time. He never diagnosed her illness, but she was thought to be a victim of tuberculosis.

Mrs. Shular came to be the housekeeper and cook and to help Grandmother Moore. Mildred and I missed Mama, and were not happy. Grandma was getting senile, and Mrs. Shular was very crude and dictatorial.

Mildred and I walked more than a mile to the Franklin Private School, located where the hospital is at present. Every morning Grandma would braid our long hair in two braids and tie ribbons on the end. We would lose the ribbons, so she began to braid the ribbons in with our hair. The girls at school would laugh at us, so each morning we would hide behind a big oak tree and unbraided the ribbons and tie them again. Of course, we would lose them, and Grandma wouldn't understand, and scold us.

My father worked with the Macon Lumber Company, surveying land and selling timber. This company sold to the Ritter Lumber Company, who was happy to get a man with his knowledge and experience for their big operation with government projects. Papa spent most of his time on horseback with surveying instruments in his saddlebags. He was away from home much of the time, stopping overnight in homes of the mountain people or in company cabins. He always carried clothing and sometimes carried food to give where there was need, so he was much loved.

Papa always went to the front porch after supper, in good weather, and sat in his special rocking chair (now cherished by his grandson, Bill). One spring evening he called Mildred and me and took us on his lap. He said, "How would you girls like to have Miss Margaret come and live with us?"

Miss Margaret Bulgin was a teacher in the school we attended, and we loved her. We were delighted when Papa and Miss Margaret were married on September 15, 1909. We called her "Mother" since we had called our own mother "Mama." Hunter followed her everywhere she went and was happy.

A lot of changes took place during the next year: Mrs. Shular left, Grandma Moore went to live with a niece, the house had two more rooms, a front stairway and a large wrap-around porch added. Papa had acquired more land around the home and in the county, so John Sprinkles was hired to look after the farming and the cattle. Plans were made for Mildred and Elizabeth (Bess) Bulgin, Mother's sister, to go to Agnes Scott College. The biggest event, however was the birth of William Bulgin McGuire on July 26, 1910.

William, the first grandchild on the Bulgin side, was a "perfect" baby, greatly loved, and the center of attraction until October 8, 1912, when twin sisters - Virginia Alexander and Margaret Adelaide - arrived.

I joined Mildred and Bess at Agnes Scott College in September, 1912. Bess and I were in Chemistry class on the morning of October 8th when she was called out for a telephone call. As she came back in the room she held up two fingers, so I knew that two babies had joined our family. It was hard to wait until Christmas vacation to see them.

Three years later, on October 7, 1915, a pretty little girl with curly hair arrived. She was named Sara Elizabeth. With this adorable baby girl, our family was complete.

William, later called Bill, was eager to learn - always reading or examining something. Mother said, "We spent our winter evening gathered around a blazing fire with a basket of apples, a bag of chestnuts and our books and papers."

William entered Davidson College at age sixteen and left with a Phi Beta Kappa key. After finishing at Duke Law School, he began work, in the legal department, with Duke Power Company, in Charlotte, North Carolina, where, twenty-five years later, in 1958, he became president of the company at age forty-eight.

In 1940 William married Grace Mosley Robinson, daughter of a Duke Power Company executive, Mr. W. S. O'B. Robinson. They had four children: Elizabeth Eagles, William Bulgin, Jr., John O'Brien and Robert Boyd.

All of the girls were musical. Margaret and Virginia graduated at W.C.U.N.C., Greensboro, North Carolina - Margaret in Music, which she taught later, and Virginia, a Laboratory Technician. She worked in the Hamlet, N.C. Hospital, where she met and married Eugene Bullock in 1938. They had three daughters: Margaret Virginia, Sara Elizabeth and Eugenia Louise. After Gene's death in 1949, Virginia married David Barlow in 1969, and lives in Hamlet, N. C.

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Little Known Stories About Well-Known People

This happened several year ago, but I have kept the disgraceful affair secret to keep from embarrassing a dear friend. However, in the interest of fearless journalism, truth and honest, the story must be told. It concerns Bill Sharpe, editor of this magazine (the aforesaid dear friend), and another individual to be named later.

One time the Olin Mathiesen plant in Brevard installed a new paper machine and invited people from all around to tour the plant, see the machine, and attend a picnic in Strauss Park. Among the guest was our editor, and after getting his plate of barbecue, etc., he began to mingle with and fraternize with the other guests.

He walked over to another plate holder who was standing apart from the crowd.

"Howdy," he said, "Quite a fine occasion, isn't it?"

"Certainly is," responded the man.

"I'm Bill Sharpe from Raleigh," said Bill.

"I'm Bill McGuire from Charlotte," the other said.

"Are you connected Olin?" asked Bill.

"No; I'm with Duke Power Company."

Now, this immediately aroused Bill's interest. "Well, well," he said smoothly. "I'm an old power hand myself. I used to be with CP&L. Fine outfit. So is Duke, of course. Do

you happen to know Tom Hill, who used to be manager of the Winston-Salem office of Duke?"

"Why, yes, I know Mr. Hill. But you realize a lot of people work for Duke and I don't know them all."

"Of course not. But I tell you one thing — you didn't make any mistake when you joined up with Duke. A young man like you has a great future with such a company."

McGuire lowered his eyes modestly. "I'm glad to hear you say that. I certainly hope I didn't make a mistake."

"No doubt about it," said Bill vigorously. "I know quite a few people in your company and maybe I could give you the names of people who could help you along the way."

"I sure would appreciate it," said McGuire.

"Well let's see. Do you know John Paul Lucas?"

"I've heard of him."

"He's a fine man; been with the company a long time and very interested in new employees. When you get back to Charlotte, look Paul up and tell him we met up here."

"I'll do just that."

"By the way, Mr. McGuire, are you in the generating department?"

"No."

"Transmission or distribution?"

"No, I guess you'd say I was in administration."

"Oh. Well, just what do you do for Duke?"

"I'm the president."

Bill says that to this day, every time he sees McGuire, the Duke president says: "Bill, have you got any friends over in Charlotte who can help me along the way?" — CARL GOERCH.

Mildred graduated from Agnes Scott College in 1915, taught several years in Strasburg, Virginia, one year in Sarasota, Florida, and then married Lawrence Gould Bulgin. He was Mother's youngest brother but no blood relation to Mildred. They lived in Portland, Oregon, where a son, Randolph McGuire, was born March 4, 1931. Mildred died nine days after his birth. Mac, as he is called, grew up to be a very intellectual man, and is now a teacher at U.N.C. at Greensboro, North Carolina. Mac married Kathleen Mather on June 16, 1961. They have two sons: David, born 1964, and Andrew in 1966.

Margaret, a twin, married John Warner Cooper on June 5, 1937, in a beautiful lawn wedding. While living in Atlanta, Georgia in 1947 they adopted a baby boy, born February 7, 1947, and named him John Warner, Jr. A few years later Margaret and Warner were divorced and she and John went to Franklin to live with Mother. After John was grown, Margaret married Don Smith, and lives in Franklin.

Elizabeth, the youngest, received her B.S. degree from Woman's College, U.N.C., Greensboro, and was secretary for the Western Telephone Company in Franklin, before marrying Marshall Herald Pierson on July 2, 1946. Marshall was organist and choirmaster at the Riverside Presbyterian Church in Jacksonville, Florida, for thirty years.

Through all the years of rearing this family of seven, Mother worked hard to instill ambition and determination for success in all of us. She was a great woman. One big disappointment was that she and Papa were never able to motivate Hunter to do anything. After he grew up, he boarded with a family in the country, doing simple chores. He has lived a very useless and lonely life. William has looked after Hunter's financial care since Papa's death.

Papa died of a heart attack on June 16, 1936, leaving his financial matters in bad shape, mostly due to the depression of the 30's. Because of his strict honesty and feeling of responsibility to others, he lost all of his money when the banks closed. William, with his law training, managed to save some of the property for Mother. He made hundreds of trips from Charlotte to Franklin to look after her affairs, and was certainly a loyal son. We are all indebted to him for his wise judgement and diligent work.

William did this while holding a very responsible position with Duke Power Company, helping to rear a lovely family, and doing lots of church and community work.

After I finished two years at Agnes Scott College, I stayed at home one year, then went to N.C. State Normal, now U.N.C. at Greensboro, and took a one-year course in teacher training, call "pedagogy." This was 1916-1917.

My first job was teaching first grade in Central Elementary School in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, at a salary of \$52.00 a month. After teaching there for three years, I joined Bess Bulgin, Mother's sister, and taught one year in Fort Myers, Florida.

The year I stayed out of college (1914-1915), a public school teacher, Ethel Plonk from Kings Mountain, North Carolina, boarded at our home, and at Easter that year her brother, Thomas Motley Plonk, came to visit her. He was superintendent of a textile mill belonging to his Uncle Calvin Plonk, located in Elberton, Georgia.

For the next five years, whenever I was at home, he came to Franklin on visits. He stayed at the hotel in town and would walk over to "The Oaks", always bringing a bag of candy or some "goodies" for William and the girls. They loved him, and after five years I decided I did too, and we were married on September 1, 1920.

The name Plonk is recorded as of English origin although member of the family are of the opinion that the name goes back to some Dutch ancestry. This might be, as much migration from England to the Netherlands took place during the 16th century. The base residence of the family in England is recorded as Essex County and the same spelled "Plank". The fact the name "Plonk" evolved from the early name "Plank" may probably be accounted for by the English pronunciation of the name - that of using the broad "a" which has the name come out sounding like Plonk.

Jacob Plonk, Revolutionary hero and pioneer settler in Lincoln County, North Carolina, had been granted land by King George, III of England shortly after he and his brother, Peter, migrated to America. Jacob died in 1840, leaving six children - the youngest being Joseph, who was the father of John Jonas. He was the father of Rufus, who, with brothers William, Michael, and J. Calvin settled in, or near Kings Mountain, North Carolina. Plonk Bros. Store (general merchandise) was established around 1880, and is still being managed by the family - a great-grandson, John Plonk. The brothers also built and managed several cotton mills in King Mountain.

Mother and Papa gave me the prettiest wedding ever held in the more than 100-year-old Presbyterian Church in Franklin, North Carolina.

Our wedding was at high noon and a lovely luncheon at home followed. There were no paved roads in the mountains at that time so we left on the one daily train on the Tallulah Falls Railroad. At every stop along the way people would look at the window where we sat and smile. "Motley", as I called my husband, got off of the train and found, "Just Married" written in bold letters under our window. We moved our seat.

That train joined the main line of the Southern Railroad at Cornelia, Georgia, where we changed trains and came to Charlotte, North Carolina. We spent that night at the old Mecklenburg Hotel.

After we moved to Charlotte in the 1940's, our children often took us to this hotel for a wedding anniversary dinner.



The R. S. Plonk Home
Kings Mountain, North Carolina

Motley was the eldest of the fourteen children of Rufus Sylvanus Plonk (mentioned earlier) and Mary E. (Mollie) Motley Plonk. Other children were: Edith May, Ethel L., Rufus, Jr., Arthur, J. Calvin, Herbert Johnson, Elizabeth Yates, Ruth and Ruby - twins (Ruby died in infancy), Eva, Nannie Bethel, Frances Virginia, and Margaret Louise.

Mollie Motley was the daughter of Thomas Motley and Mary Simpson Motley of Reidsville, North Carolina. She grew up in a well-to-do tobacco manufacturer's home, with no responsibilities. She graduated from Salem College in Winston-Salem, North Carolina in 1886. At that time it was called Female Academy. When she married Rufus Plonk in 1888, and came to Kings Mountain to live, she was a beautiful young lady and wore lovely clothes.

As the babies began to come, her husband provided plenty of help - a cook, nursemaids, and later a housekeeper. At first they lived in town near the Lutheran Church, where they belonged, but later they built and lived in a beautiful colonial style twelve-room house about a mile out where the Kings Mountain Country Club is now located.

"Mr. Plonk", as his wife called him, bought all the groceries, and when the children needed clothes, he would take them to Plonk Bros. Store in the surry or a three-seated vehicle called a "hack", drawn by two horses. There he would buy whatever they needed. If his wife wasn't kept in with a new baby, she would go along.

Motley went to Staunton Military Academy the year 1905-1906, and graduated from Roanoke College in Salem, Virginia in 1910. Later he attended New Bedford Textile School in New Bedford, Massachusetts. He began work in his uncle's textile mill in Cherokee Falls, South Carolina.

What a blow it was to all the family when Mr. Plonk died suddenly on the morning of February 24, 1918, of a heart attack at age fifty-one. Louise, the youngest child was six years old.

He did not leave a will; his wife didn't know how to write a check, so Motley, the oldest son, had to leave his work in Cherokee Falls, S. C. and spend a year looking after his mother and the family in Kings Mountain., N. C.

Motley had gone back to Cherokee Falls in 1920 when we were married, so that is where we went after a honeymoon, visiting relatives in Norfolk and Hampton, Virginia, and Reidsville, North Carolina.

Cherokee Falls was a mill village with a general store, an interdenominational church, and two large houses for the managers of the mill. We moved into half of one of these houses which was up on a hill. Except for weekends when we went to Kings Mountain, life was pretty dull. Maybe it was good that the first baby

came that year. Thomas Motley, Jr. was born on June 5, 1921. We had a trained nurse (R.N.) and Dr. Hood came from Kings Mountain, 20 miles away. I remember getting so mad when I was hurting and the doctor was sitting by the bed sleeping. But he waked up at the right time! There was a big baby boy.

Two years later, on January 21, 1923, Margaret Louise arrived almost before the doctor got there. A few days later Motley came in one evening and asked me to go to the window. In the driveway was a new Ford Sedan, our first closed-in car. He said the car was my gift for having a fine baby girl.

About a year later we moved to Gaffney, South Carolina, bought a house, and thought we were settled. Motley was manager of the Globe Manufacturing Company there.

The summers were hot (no air-conditioning), so I went to Franklin when the third baby was due. One month overtime, William McGuire was born in Dr. Lyle's private hospital on August 19, 1925. Dr. Lyle had brought me into the world thirty years earlier.

When Billy, as we called him, was one month old, Motley came in the Ford Sedan to take us all home. I shall never forget when we got to Hendersonville, N. C., where one of my cousins, Florence Shepherd, lived, Motley insisted on stopping to visit her. He was great on visiting kin folk. The two older children were tousled and dirty, and I looked like a "wreck", but we stopped.

In 1926, Motley was asked to be Secretary and Treasurer of the Elmore Corp., one of the Tanner Textile Mills in Spindale, North Carolina. This would mean a move, and we hated to leave Gaffney. I especially hated to leave a big apricot tree in our back yard; to pick a delicious apricot from off that tree was a treat.

We moved to Rutherfordton and lived there less than a year when we got the "Smith" house in Spindale. It was a two-story house in which we lived for the next ten years. During this time we helped to establish a Presbyterian Church in the little town. I worked with the P.T.A., since our children were in school there. Motley was a member of the Town Council and a Boy Scout leader.

In order to have a little extra income, Motley and a friend Russell Wells, who worked for Elmore Corp., also, opened a hardware store called the "Spindale Hardware Company". They expanded by opening a store in Forest City, a nearby town. After a few years they sold this one and later Motley sold his interest in the Spindale store to Mr. Wells.

The "Depression" came and when Uncle Sam closed the banks, everyone suffered. The banker in Spindale was a good friend, and one night Mr. Aerial and Motley walked the floor, talking earnestly until after midnight. I was upstairs wondering what was going on. The next morning the bank was closed, and they had been trying to decide how best to tell the depositors. Motley could have withdrawn his money, but I am glad he didn't take out one penny. We, along with everyone, lost all we had in that bank, and we also lost some in a Kings Mountain bank.

Doing without things we thought we had to have, and working together, seemed to draw the family closer together.

Motley, also, had the responsibility of his Mother's business in Kings Mountain. Almost every weekend we drove to Kings Mountain, spent Saturday night, and drove back the forty miles on Sunday afternoon. The children knew the "halfway place" and watched for it.

Although the children enjoyed playing in the big house, jumping off the roof of the spring house and going over to the big barn, they got tired of these trips to Grandma Plonk's home.

The family had many enjoyable vacation trips, usually to Franklin or Montreat, but in 1932 we had a special one - Tom was eleven, Margaret nine, and Bill seven years old. There were no motels and few eating places along the road. Motley fastened a plank along the running board of our 1925 Buick car to make packing space and we carried a Coleman gasoline camp stove and fixed our meals, buying groceries as we passed through towns. Except in bad weather, we would find a pretty spot along the road and eat picnic style. We spent the nights in tourist homes, except in Washington, D. C., where we spent five nights at the Washington Tourist Camp and spent the days sightseeing in the city.

On the 1932 trip we visited Roanoke College where Daddy graduated in 1910, crossed over Natural Bridge in Virginia, which is a solid rock arched high above a little stream. It was worshiped by the Indians as the Bridge of God and was surveyed by George Washington for Lord Fairfax at age 18. He carved his initials

on a rock. King George III granted 400 acres of land, including the Bridge, to Thomas Jefferson for the sum of \$8.00. We stopped in Lexington, Virginia at a museum containing relics of the life of Robert E. Lee. The skeleton of "Traveler", his horse, is here. The next stop was Staunton Military Academy, where Daddy finished in 1906. We saw his old room. At Luray Caverns we got a guide and went through this wonderful formation of nature. We went through Winchester, Virginia, the town that was captured and recaptured 27 times during the Civil War. In Fredrick, Maryland, we saw the monument of Francis Scott Key who wrote, "The Star Spangled Banner". We went over the battlefield at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and the Naval Academy at Annapolis. We came back by Richmond, Williamsburg, Hampton and Ocean View, Virginia,. We traveled 1,560 miles, and had a lovely trip.

When bridge became a popular game, I played a lot with friends in Spindale. I soon realized that I couldn't do this, and other things became more important, so I gave up bridge.

The Spindale Church was in Kings Mountain Presbytery which included several counties. I became active in the Presbyterial and was installed president at a meeting in the Shelby Church in 1933. About halfway through the church year, I had to turn over my duties to the Vice President because, on February 5, 1934, a little girl was born. I called her my "Presbyterial baby". She was named Mildred Ann (Mildred for her aunt), and was a joy to all of us. Margaret, who was twelve years old, thought she was her doll. Bill fussed sometimes when I asked him to push the baby carriage.

In 1935 a big change came into our lives. Motley left the textile business, and went into Civil Service work. He went to Asheville, N. C. to take the Civil Service examination in 1934 and while there he had a picture made. It is the best picture we have of him.

He was assigned to the Internal Revenue Department, sent to New Jersey for a two months training period and then sent to Macon, Georgia, to work.

That summer, while Motley was in New Jersey, the family went to Franklin and stayed with my family. I don't see how they put up with all of us. The children loved it and got to know their Grandfather and Granny, as they called Mother.

In August of 1935 we moved to Macon, and lots of adjustments had to be made. Tom went to Lanier High School for Boys where R.O.T.C. was taught. The school was named for the poet, Sidney Lanier, who was born in Macon.

Margaret finished seventh grade then went to Miller High, an all-girls school. Billy was in elementary school.

We joined and became active in the Vineville Presbyterian Church.

Margaret and Tom were in a fine group and had a wonderful time. Pete Holliday, Victor Hollis, Virginia Saunders, and Grace King I recall especially.

Margaret went to a conference and while there wrote the following poem:

THAT THIRD PERIOD CLASS
Who cares what all the Highways are
Or why they are that way,
I wish she would forget that stuff
And what we ought to say.
These benches really get me down
They stick right in by back,
I never think of what is right --
In brains, I really lack.
"And when you get back home, she said
Now see what you can do,
Now send so much to this and that
They need it more than you."
O gee! why can't we go to swim
And think of this no more,

For when she asks for something hard
You sink right through the floor.
But honor bright it ain't so bad.
When everything is added
The only thing that's wrong is this
I wish the seats were padded.

In 1940 Margaret became President of the Young People's Group of Macon Presbytery. At that time, Miss Eleanor Belk was Y.P. Director in Columbus, Georgia, and took a group to a Montreat Conference. Margaret was in the group.

Later (1941) Eleanor came as Youth Director at Myers Park Church in Charlotte, N. C. Our family, also, came to Myers Park Church so the Plonks have known and loved Eleanor for a long time.

While we were living in Macon, Georgia, Tom and Bill went to Camp Dixie for Boys at Clayton, Georgia, and Margaret to Camp Dixie for Girls (nearby) for two months during the summer of 1937. Tom went back another summer as a counselor.

Other summers, while we lived in Macon, Georgia, and in Winston-Salem, N. C., Bill went to Franklin to help Granny. He was devoted to her. His Aunt Libby (Elizabeth) was at home many of those summers and would play the piano for him to sing. They had a good time.

In the early 40's the economy of the country was booming and real estate was a good investment. I begged Motley to buy a house, but he wanted to get transferred to North Carolina, so we rented and had to move three times in the five years we were in Macon, Georgia.

Finally, in 1940, Motley was sent to Winston-Salem, N. C. Tom was a sophomore at Davidson College, Margaret a senior and Bill a freshman in Reynolds High School, and Mildred in the second grade at Ardmore Elementary School in Winston-Salem.

Margaret had a great time, and met Bill Anderson, a tall, quiet boy in her class. Although she dated a lot of other boys, he was special, and they married later.

Bill Plonk got honors, particularly in Dramatics, in school, and became an Eagle Scout. He also sang in choirs at school and at church.

I recall being in Centenary Methodist Church on Sunday evening, December 7, 1941, listening to Handel's "Messiah" in which Bill was singing. As we came out of the church, we heard about the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in World War II.

Tom's graduation from Davidson in 1942 was a sad commencement. The class received its diplomas in Chambers Auditorium, went out on the campus - threw off their robes and underneath were their Army uniforms. Through R.O.T.C. training there, they were commissioned Second Lieutenants and went right into service in World War II. Many of that class never returned.

Tom was assigned to the Quartermaster Corps, first at Fort Warren, Wyoming, Camp Lee, Virginia, and Camp Gordon, Augusta, Georgia, where he was made a Captain.

In April, 1943, while Tom was at Camp Lee, Motley was assigned to the Internal Revenue Office in Charlotte, N. C. He and I had been to Charlotte, rented a house, expecting to move in May when Bill graduated from high school. Knowing we were leaving soon, the owner of the house we were renting sold it, and the buyer wanted immediate possession. I would have said, "wait three weeks," but my kind-hearted husband had us move to a vacant house where we unpacked only necessary things.

The morning after that move, Motley had a massive coronary thrombosis (heart attack) in his office. He would have died except for a nurse in the Health Department across the hall who knew what to do and got him to the hospital immediately. His life hung in the balance for more than three weeks.

At Easter the Moravian Church Band leader, a friend of Motley's, asked if the band could play under his hospital window on their trip around the city that morning. It was done.

At this time we were paying rent on two houses, one in Charlotte and one in Winston-Salem. Motley's doctor, Dr. William Pfohl, advised me to take Bill out of school to help me move to Charlotte. I did, and

Bill went back and boarded with friends until he graduated from high school. No member of the family was with him at that time.

Motley was sent to Charlotte by ambulance three weeks after we moved. But, after a week at home, he had to go to Memorial Hospital in Charlotte for another three weeks. That was a very trying year for all the family, but we were so grateful for the many prayers and for God's mercy that Motley was spared for 20 years longer.

World War II dictated our lives for several years. Tom was in Europe three years in command of a company in the Quartermaster Corps, and was promoted to a Major in the U. S. Army.

Bill finished high school in 1943 and had one semester at Davidson College before entering the Army at age 18. He took his boot training in Tyler, Texas, where he was selected for officer training and went to Fort Benning in Columbus, Georgia. From Fort Benning he was assigned to the Infantry Replacement Training Center at Fort McClellan, Alabama, as a training officer. In September, 1945, he was assigned to Fort Richardson, Alaska, as a Surplus Property Officer. In August, 1946, he returned to the States in time to enter the fall term at Davidson College, and graduated in 1949.

Margaret transferred from W.C.U.N.C., Greensboro, and entered her junior year at Queens College at a day student in 1943 when the family moved to Charlotte, N. C.

She had continued to date Bill Anderson from high school. He was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the Army Air Force and stationed at Kearney, Nebraska. On his last leave before being sent abroad, he flew to Charlotte on Friday, May 11. That night he and Margaret decided they must be married before he left on Monday, so with "lots of doing", they were married in the Myers Park Presbyterian Church at 5 o'clock, May 14, 1945. They had six days in Kearney before he left, and she came back and graduated with her class at Queens College in 1945.

Mildred and Jean Christian were real buddies during those years. Jean's mother helped make Mildred's dress to wear as a junior bridesmaid in Margaret's wedding.

Mildred's friends began to call her "Mitzi," and the nickname remained. Mitzi graduated at Central High School in 1952, went as a boarding student to Queens College, graduated there in 1956 as an Education major, and was a member of Phi Mu Sorority. She was president of her class in her senior year.

She taught kindergarten for one year and first grade for two years in Richmond, Virginia public schools, then spent one year organizing a kindergarten at the Westminster Presbyterian Church. From there she became Director of the Weekday Kindergarten at Covenant Presbyterian Church in Charlotte, North Carolina where she remained for three years. She now teaches three year olds in the Covenant Weekday School.

Mitzi was a member of the Spinster's Club in Charlotte.

After the war, Tom went to U.N.C. at Chapel Hill, took an accounting course, and began working with Peat, Marwick, and Mitchell firm in Charlotte.

In Eleanor Belk's Young People's Group at Myers Park Presbyterian Church he met Arabelle Boyer while they were giving a play. They became interested in each other, and were married April 17, 1948 in that church with Eleanor directing their wedding.

They lived in Charlotte less than a year when Tom joined A. E. Finley Company of Raleigh with branch offices in Florida known as the Florida-Georgia Tractor Company. Tom and Arabelle lived in Lakeland, Florida, first at the Lake Morton Apartments, when Arabelle (the fourth Arabelle on her mother's side) was born on September 12, 1949. In June of 1951 they bought a home on Buckingham Drive in Lakeland. On December 2, 1951, a second little girl, named Mary Louise for her Grandmother Plonk, arrived.

Tom was transferred to Jacksonville, Florida and the family lived there from 1954-1956 when they went back to Lakeland and lived on Sims Place. In 1960 Tom, along with others, bought out Mr. Finley's interest in the Orlando company. The family moved there in March, 1960, and on July of that year Thomas Motley Plonk, III came. Two precious little girls and a fine baby boy made the family complete now.

After six years in Orlando, Tom resigned from that company and moved the family to Raleigh, North Carolina, where he became associated with Mr. Finley again, working with A. E. Finley Associates.

The family lived at 1966 Canterbury Road in Raleigh until they bought a lovely colonial style home at 2403 White Oak Road in July, 1967. Arabelle and Tommy are still living there (1979).

On September 26, 1970, at age 49, Tom died. I have the following statement with his picture in my scrapbook: "Not a victim of leukemia, but a victor over it. True, the disease ravaged his body and did to him its fearful worst. But it never touched the inner citadel of his peace, his courage, his faith in God, his interest in and love of family."

Arabelle, Mary Louise and Tommy are written about in Part II of my story.

White Memorial Presbyterian Church in Raleigh, to which the family belongs, has benefited from Arabelle's loyal service. She has taught 9-12th grade in Church School, been Youth Advisor - Circle Chairman and Treasurer - was, for 10 years, on the Service Committee of the Church - helped with the tutoring program and on the Urban Council.

Arabelle has also helped with community projects: Volunteer chairman on the Board of Halifax Court Child Care and Family Service, volunteer three of four hours a week at the N. C. Art Museum Gift Shop, helped with the N. C. Symphony, swim meets and provided transportation for "Meals on Wheels." She also belongs to a antique group.

Margaret and Bill Anderson have two sons: William Lee, III, born on February 8, 1946, in Charlotte, N. C., and John Thomas, born June 20, 1949, in Durham, N. C.

Bill was in his senior year at U.N.C. - Chapel Hill when asked to fill out an unexpired term for a teacher of physics at Central High School in Charlotte, N. C. He graduated that year, 1950, taught another year, then was principal of Hawthorne Junior High for about ten years before becoming Assistant Superintendent in charge of Personnel. He is now an Area Superintendent in the Charlotte-Mecklenburg School System.

After the boys were in school, Margaret taught at Eastway Junior High and Quail Hollow Junior High. Since 1973 she has been a successful Real Estate Broker.

Margaret and Bill are active in the Sardis Presbyterian Church and both have served on the Diaconate.

The Andersons love to camp and have had many nice vacation trips this way, one through the New England States and into Canada. Now, they have an Air-Stream Camper which they keep at a camp ground near Myrtle Beach and go for weekends. Bill is a bird enthusiast and has a permit to band birds for study of their migration habits.

Bill Plonk went from Davidson College to Union Theological Seminary in Richmond, Virginia, where he graduated in 1954. He has the distinction of being the first minister on both the McGuire and the Plonk ancestry.

Bill's first pastorate was at Lawrenceville, Virginia. While there he made many trips back to Richmond to see a smart, attractive girl who was a senior at the University of Richmond (Westhampton College), Miss Nancy Marie Moore. Their engagement was announced on January 15, 1957, and on June 29, 1957, they were married in the Ginter Park Presbyterian Church in Richmond.

Nancy and Bill have two children, Mary Evelyn (named for her two grandmothers) was born on March 2, 1959, in Greensboro, N. C. and William McGuire, Jr. was born on October 19, 1961, in Columbia, South Carolina.

Bill has had pastorates in Lawrenceville, Hopewell and Virginia Beach, in Virginia, Greensboro, North Carolina, Columbia and Spartanburg, South Carolina, and is presently minister of the Francis Makemie and Naomi Makemie Presbyterian Churches in Accomac and Onancock, Virginia (on Virginia's Eastern Shore).

In 1970, he took the family to Hawkesbury, Ontario, Canada, and had a month's exchange with a minister in the United Church of Canada.

In 1972, the family spent four months in Broughty Ferry, Scotland, where Bill was minister of the St. Stephens and West Church (of the Church of Scotland).

Nancy and the children love to play tennis, and the family did a great deal of camping together when the children were younger.

Nancy has had various teaching positions at the kindergarten and elementary levels and is presently a lecturer at the Eastern Shore Community College where Bill also teaches part-time (Philosophy). On the next page is a Christmas poem by Nancy and Bill.

The candles of the season
Are aglow in every heart;
Each one gives off its special light,
And plays its special part!

May we light the candle of Faith for your life,
With a trust that will last through the year;
With belief to sustain you through sorrow and trial,
And make you aware that "there's nothing to fear!"
Let the candle of Hope e'er burn brightly each day,
And its spark never flicker or pass from your view;
May your courage increase with your wisdom of God
As you seek out His will for each thing that you do.
May our candle of Love bring contentment and joy,
And express the concern and devotion we share;
May each day of the year bring you happiness too,
And the peace that Christ gives to us all - everywhere!

Our love,
NANCY and BILL PLONK

On September 1, 1958, at age 68, and on our 38th wedding anniversary, Motley retired. He had been with the Internal Revenue Service for 23 years, and was head of the Audit Division in Charlotte for 15 years. He was given a big party, a Hi-Fi set, and radio. Also, there were many nice letters with comments like these: "Your record is one to be proud of," and "People like to see you coming, for you explain details cheerfully and make folks not mind paying their taxes."

Although Motley worked part-time for a certified public accountant after retirement, he had time to take trips and visit the kin. For three winters we spent the month of November in Florida in an efficiency apartment right on the beautiful white sand at Clear Water Beach.

He liked to fish, and I enjoyed taking art lessons at an Art Center. We made day trips to St. Petersburg, Tampa and Sarasota, and before coming home we always visited Tom, Arabelle and the children, and Lib and Marshall Pierson in Jacksonville.

On the 1958 trip, the Piersons, who were planning a trip to Europe the summer of '59, asked me to go with them. I wanted to go but felt that I shouldn't. We left and stopped at a filling station to get gas, Marshall followed us, and after more talk, I decided to go. On future visits to the Piersons when we passed that station, Motley would say, "That is the station that cost us \$1,500!"

However, the trip was wonderful. I kept a diary and Marshall made beautiful slides. Through my letters and pictures, Motley enjoyed it, too. He went around visiting his family while I was gone and enjoyed that.

The 1961 trip to Florida was most too much for Motley, and I drove all the way home. Although he was never confined to bed, he gradually grew weaker and, very suddenly, on April 19, 1962, he died while reading the morning newspaper. The funeral service was in the Myers Park Presbyterian Church with burial in Mountain Rest Cemetery in Kings Mountain where other members of his family were buried. It was Good Friday, a beautiful spring day, and a loving, Christian man had gone to a more glorious life. He would be missed but many happy memories remain with us all.

Mitzi was at home at this time and she made this great loss much easier; she was such a comfort. But, at Thanksgiving that year, she and Chris Folk, whom she had been dating, came in to tell me that they wanted to be married during the Christmas school vacation. Chris was Administrative Assistant to the Superintendent for Charlotte-Mecklenburg School System. He is now Associate Superintendent for Communications.

Chris, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Chris E. Folk, was a graduate of Duke University, Durham, N. C., had received his masters degree from University of Texas, and his Doctor of Education degree from Teachers College of Columbia University.

Mitzi and Chris were married at 7:30 o'clock on December 26, 1962, in the Myers Park Presbyterian Church with Dr. James E. Fogartie, the minister, and Mitzi's brother, Bill, officiating. A reception followed in the Fellowship Hall.

Before they married, they had bought a home at 3909 Fellsway, in the Barkley Downs section of Charlotte, so after a honeymoon at Hilton Head, S. C., they moved in. They were teased about buying a home in walking distance of an elementary, junior high, and senior high school. Now, seventeen years later, this was a wise choice, for they have four children, three boys and one girl, all attending these nearby schools.

Chris has a friend, Tommy Beggs, living in Madison, Florida, who has a family of two girls and one boy. For many years this two families have alternated their summer vacations together; one year in Florida and the next in the mountains.

Mitzi and Chris take time to do things with the children; Chris helps with the boys' baseball teams, Mitzi seeing that they are all good swimmers, all of them going on trips to Williamsburg, Virginia, Washington, D. C., and to Raleigh, N. C.

All of Motley's family were good and kind to us, and we loved them. His mother lived to be 82 years old and died at her home in Kings Mountain on January 1, 1951.

I would like to mention two of his family especially. One is Herbert, a brother ten years younger than Motley, who became a vice-president and member of the board of managers of Wachovia Bank and Trust Company. He helped finance Margaret's college expenses and left each of this brothers and sisters a nice sum of money when he died of a heart attack at age 55 in 1955. He married Inez Swindell whom we all love.

The other is a sister, Ethel, who taught in elementary school in Winston-Salem for 43 years in the same building. She saved her money, invested wisely, died (heart attack) at age 71, leaving a good estate which she had willed to be distributed among her nieces and nephews. Each received a nice sum of money. Ethel would have loved to travel but seemed to be afraid to go.

I wished to have her along on the two nice trips I enjoyed. One, I have written about earlier. Then, in July, 1970, I went on a tour to Europe which was conducted by Dr. and Mrs. James E. Fogartie, my minister and his wife. We visited Holland, Switzerland, France, Italy and Germany, where we saw the Passion Play in Oberammergau.

When in Luzern, Switzerland, Mr. and Mrs. Schneider, parents of Kurt, the exchange student who spent a year with us, drove from their home in St. Gallen (100 miles) to see me. Mr. Schneider spoke English, and we had a delightful visit and lunch together.

Sharon Towers, a Presbyterian Retirement Home, was being planned for Charlotte in the 1960's so I put my application in, but continued to live in our home, 2320 Sharon Road, alone, until December, 1967, when I sold it and moved to an apartment at 2219 Croydon Road.

Granny continued to live at her home, "The Oaks," in Franklin, N.C. until her death, May 6, 1971, at the age of 93. The home was sold the next year.

In the summer of 1972, while visiting in Raleigh, I fell and fractured my left hip. This made me decide that it was time to go to Sharon Towers. I was able to get an east-front fifth floor room and moved in on December 1, 1972. I have loved living here.

Margaret Adelaide McGuire Smith (twin) recalls some facts about the McGuire home on Maple Street in Franklin, Macon County, North Carolina.

It was built in 1895 by Will McGuire and occupied by the family for 76 years.

Margaret remembers when it was a sixty-acre farm with wheat fields, corn fields and apple trees on the large property, which has long since been broken up into smaller lots. It is remarkable to think of an operating farm of this size existing within the town.

Margaret recalls the family doing “lots of canning and preserving of meats.” They had their own granary and had flour ground from wheat grown on the place. It was always an exciting time when the threshers came. The family also grew rye for flour and corn for meal. Buildings on the property included an apple storage house, a smoke house, corn crib, a rock spring house, and two barns. One of the barns was used as late as the ‘60’s when a circus van overturned at the corner, and the owners asked to have a trick horse and a Brahma bull kept in the barn temporarily. In its heyday, the barn was used to keep horses for high school students who rode to town each day on horseback.

“In summer,” Margaret said, “the house was filled with relatives. I spent a good bit of time as a child rolling babies up and down the lawn.” The older girls in the family attended Agnes Scott College and brought friends home for vacations in the mountains. A clay tennis court on the property and camping trips to “Silver Birch” in a covered wagon provided entertainment.

The house has four bedrooms, a bath, and a large hall upstairs; a roomy attic; and five rooms plus large store-rooms and bath downstairs. High ceilings, large windows, a handsome stairwell, and rich wood paneling are special features of the sturdily constructed building.





The W. B. McGuire Home
For 76 Years
Franklin, North Carolina



Part II Grandchildren and Great-Grandchildren

Motley and Lousie Plonk were blessed with eleven grandchildren and to this date, three great-grandsons.

I shall try to tell a little about each one, although there is much to tell.

William Lee Anderson, III was born on February 8, 1946, in the Presbyterian Hospital in Charlotte, N. C. His father was at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, continuing his education following service in the U.S. Air Force in World War II. His mother was with her family in Charlotte awaiting his arrival.

I drove Margaret to the hospital about one o'clock that morning and, on the way, she said, "Mother, you are driving on the wrong side of the road." Anyway, we got there, and a fine boy came about three o'clock. After an all-night trip on the bus, his father arrived.

Bill, as he was called, was the first grandchild for both the Andersons and the Plonks and was adored by all. He was also fourth living generation baby on both sides.

His father began his career with the Charlotte-Mecklenburg School System in 1950, so Bill went to school in Charlotte to Chantilly Elementary, Eastway Junior High, and Garinger High. In high school he won a citizenship award, was on the track team and in the Key Club, a service club. He graduated in 1964.

Bill chose The Citadel Military College in Charleston, S. C. for college work, and graduated on June 1, 1968, with a fine record of achievement.

Bill spent two years in U.S. Air Defense in El Paso, Texas, then received his master's degree in Mechanical Engineering at Florida Institute of Technology. He did research work for Pratt and Whitney Aircraft Corporation for three years. Then, he went to Menlo Park, California (near Stanford University and in the San Francisco area) where he did a research program at the University. Now he is in business for himself as a computer programmer.

John Thomas Anderson was born June 20, 1949, in Duke Hospital when his parents were living in Chapel Hill. Soon after his birth his father was elected to teach at Central High in Charlotte, and is still with the Charlotte-Mecklenburg School System, so John grew up in Charlotte. He attended Chantilly Elementary, Eastway Junior High, and South Mecklenburg High.

During his senior high year, an exchange student, Kurt Schneider, from Switzerland, lived with the Andersons and went to school with John. This was a very satisfying experience for everyone, and lasting friendships were made.

John attended U.N.C. at Chapel Hill where he received his bachelor and masters degrees. While there he met an exchange student from Colombia, South America, Guiomar Arias. After two years of dating by mail, and with one visit to her in Tulua, Colombia, they were married on August 12, 1972. His family went to Tulua for the wedding.

John taught in Roxboro, N. C. for one year before joining the Army Corps of Engineers as a biologist in Memphis, Tennessee.

While living in Memphis, Guiomar, called Gady, graduated from Memphis State University. They bought their first home there and two fine boys were born to them: John Alexander on June 19, 1975, and Patrick Lee on March 25, 1978.

I am very proud of these two great-grandsons and there is more about them later.

In November, 1978, John got a promotion and was transferred to Savannah, Georgia. They bought a home at 918 Mill Court and are living there.

Mary Evelyn Plonk, daughter of Nancy and Bill Plonk was born on Moses Cone Memorial Hospital in Greensboro, North Carolina, on March 2, 1959, one month after she was due to arrive. Grandmother Plonk was in Greensboro at the time, and the six pounds, twelve ounce little girl had a difficult time arriving, but was ably assisted by Dr. Donald Schweitzer. Her Granddaddy Plonk was so proud of her and found every excuse he could to take movies!

On December 28, 1962, she was flower girl in her Aunt Mitzi's wedding in Charlotte, N. C. Grandmother made her dress; she got her first pair of patent leather shoes and performed well for the gala event.

When she was five, she and her brother were traveling to Richmond and were involved in an auto accident. She was in the same hospital room with her mother for one night. Her mother broke her back so Mary Evelyn went to Charlotte and lived with her Grandmother for about two months. Grandmother Plonk got her a permanent and sent her to kindergarten at Myers Park Presbyterian Church. She came home with a dog and still loves to talk about the walks with Grandmother "over the bridge" near the Sharon Road house.

When she was about ten years old, Grandmother invited her to Charlotte, paid for her plane trip, and taught her to sew. She brought home a whole new wardrobe.

She attended most of the elementary grades in South Carolina, junior high school in Virginia Beach, and graduated in three years from Onancock High School. She went to Peace College in Raleigh, N. C. in 1975–76 and transferred to the University of Richmond (Westhampton College), her mother’s alma mater. She will graduate in 1980 as an Education major.

A MIRACLE

On September 30, 1979, Mary Evelyn Plonk, a 20-year-old senior at Westhampton College, Richmond, Virginia, was driving her Volkswagen car on the university grounds, returning from a weekend trip.

As she approached a bridge over a creek, a flash flood washed the road from beneath her. The force of the water swept her along and began filling her car. She managed to get out of the car and grab a tree. The tree gave way and the water pulled her completely under two or three times.

By using survival techniques learned from a lifesaving course, she finally hit another tree and held on until help arrived. Someone had seen her and called the firemen and a rescue squad. She was taken to St. Mary’s Hospital, where she was treated for shock, and released.

The car was washed two and one half miles farther on, over a dam and completely destroyed.

When being interviewed by a reporter from the Richmond News Leader next day, Mary said, “I am here, and that’s the main thing.”

Staying calm saved Mary, and we think she is a very special girl.

William McGuire Plonk, Jr. was born at the Baptist Hospital in Columbia, South Carolina, on October 19, 1961, also one month after he was due to arrive. He weighed seven pounds, twelve ounces, and was twenty-one inches long.

Grandmother Plonk came to stay with Mary Evelyn until his mother came home from the hospital. Granddaddy took several movies of him, too, and came by to see us with Grandmother on their last trip back from Florida. Granddaddy died when Billy was exactly six months old.

When he was four, Grandmother came to Columbia to help out when the whole family was sick. Billy closed a door on his finger and nearly cut it off. Grandmother wrapped it in a towel and went with him to have it sutured.

One of our favorite home movies is taken in Charlotte (1962) at Christmas time with his cousin Tommy.

The elementary grades were spent in Spartanburg and Virginia Beach. Junior high days were in Onancock. After one year at Onancock High School, Bill, as he now prefers to be called, went to Woodberry Forest School, a boy’s prep school in Orange, Virginia, where he graduated in June, 1979. He is presently attending Princeton University.

He went to tennis camp at Davidson College for two summers and had nice visits with his Charlotte kin.

A memorable experience occurred when he completed the Charlotte Marathon in under three hours in December, 1978.

From January to March, 1979, he attended the Woodberry Campus in Britain. In twelve years he has attended ten different schools.

Arabelle Plonk Shockley, the first child of Tom and Arabelle Plonk, was born in Lakeland, Florida on September 12, 1949. She started in kindergarten in Jacksonville, Florida, when the family lived there for two years. Then she attended elementary school in Lakeland, Florida, and junior high and two years of senior high in Orlando, Florida. After the family moved to Raleigh, N. C. in 1966, she graduated from Broughton High in 1967, where she was a member of the National Honor Society.

Arabelle had two college years at Agnes Scott College, transferred to U.N.C. - Chapel Hill, N. C. where she got her AB degree in English Education, 1971.

On June 5, 1971, the day her father would have been fifty years old had he lived, Arabelle married Steven Buchanan Shockley of Charlotte, N. C., in the White Memorial Presbyterian Church of Raleigh, N. C. Her mother gave a lovely reception on the lawn of their home at 2403 White Oak Road.

Wishing to further her education, she received her masters degree in Library Education/Instructional Media from U.N.C. - Greensboro in 1973 and Curriculum and Instructional Specialist certification for U.N.C. - Charlotte in 1977.

After being a Media Coordinator an Helping Teacher for Media Services in the Charlotte-Mecklenburg School System - 1974–1977 - Arabelle and Steve separated and she moved to Winston-Salem/Forsyth County Schools, and operates a system-level Curriculum Lab.

Mary Louise Plonk Brown, the second daughter of Arabelle and Tom Plonk, was born December 2, 1951, in Lakeland, Florida. She was named for her Grandmother Plonk and baptized in the First Presbyterian Church, Lakeland.

She went to kindergarten and a part of the third grade in Lakeland, Florida, then the third through the ninth in Orlando, Florida, where she was a member of the National Honor Society in the eight and ninth grades. After the family moved to Raleigh, N. C., she graduated from Needhan B. Broughton High School in Raleigh, in 1969.

Her freshman and sophomore college years were at Queens College in Charlotte, N. C. - 1969-71, junior and senior years at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, N. C., where she received a Bachelor of Science degree in Business Administration in May, 1973.

Mary Louise took part in many activities: swim team, water skiing, piano lessons, Camp Fire Girls, Glee Club and two summers at Camp Dixie for Girls in Clayton, Georgia, where she took archery, canoeing, and horseback riding.

In the summers of 1969–1970 she worked with her father and others in the finance department of A. E. Finley and Associates in Raleigh, N. C. From June to November, 1976, she was data coder for Unigard Insurance Company, Raleigh, N. C. During these years she tutored high school students in algebra and geometry.

She says: “I always considered myself a ‘Daddy’s Girl’, loving to do anything with him, even lubricating lawnmower parts. I have many fond memories of my two summers working with him as well as all the things we enjoyed together.”

In October, 1971, while at U.N.C., Mary Louise met John Brodie Brown, Jr., who was there working on his masters degree in Business Administration. After graduation in May, 1973, he began working for Xerox Corporation in Rochester, N. Y. as a financial analyst.

Mary Louise and Brodie were married January 26, 1974, in White Memorial Presbyterian Church in Raleigh, N. C., and went to Rochester, N. Y. to live.

Now, a little about Brodie: He was born June 15, 1947, in Lexington, N. C., graduated from Davidson College with a Bachelor of Science degree in Business/Economics in 1969, was in the Army, 1969–71, spent one year in Vietnam, stationed in Saigon, and earned the Bronze Star Medal.

Even though it was cold in Rochester, N. Y., they liked living there. In the summer of 1974, Arabelle Boyer and Louise Plonk, Mary Louise’s two grandmothers, had a lovely visit with them there.

A great day was October 22, 1975, when a son, Martin Emery (Marty), was born.

In March, 1978, Brodie was promoted and transferred to Greenwich, Connecticut. They decided to live in Danbury, Connecticut, thirty miles away, and bought a home there.

Bordie was awarded membership in Xerox’s President’s Club for exceptional work in 1978, thus a trip for two to Miami, Florida, which he and Mary Louise enjoyed.

Thomas Motley Plonk, III was born in Orlando, Florida on July 1, 1960, the first boy in the family and a joy to all, especially his Grandfather Plonk.

Tommy, as he is called, went to kindergarten and first grade in Orlando, Florida. After the family moved to Raleigh, N. C. he had his elementary and junior high education there.

Finding that he was interested in the Arts, his first involvement with technical theatre was in the ninth grade at Enlo High School in Raleigh. This year he was Drama Club president, and won the Social Studies Award. In the eleventh grade he was State Committee Chairman, 1976-1977, and Technical Director of N. C. High School Drama Association's State Drama Festival in 1977, where he was named "Best Actor."

He went to the N. C. School of the Arts, High School Division, in Winston-Salem, N. C. for his senior year and graduated June 3, 1978. He entered the N. C. School of the Arts, College Division, as a junior, where he is now studying toward a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree.

Tommy has done various work in swimming instruction, growing out of six years of A.A.U. swimming. He has been Water Front Director, Assistant Camp Director, at Camp Griffin, 1978; Head Swim Coach, Raleigh Racquet Club, 1979; Red Cross Safety Instructor, 1978. He won third place (10 and under 50 meter backstroke) State Swimming Championships, 1970. He is a great swimmer.

His first car is a 1972 Oldsmobile hearse. By being away from home, I missed a ride in it when he came to Charlotte to take me out on my 83rd birthday, October 31, 1978.

Chris Evans Folk, Jr. was born in Presbyterian Hospital in Charlotte on November 1, 1963, the first grandchild for the Folks.

I spent more time with Chris and his two brothers and sister than the other grandchildren because I was alone and they lived near. I am sorry they never knew their Grandfather Plonk. I recall pushing them in the stroller up and down Fellsway, and swinging them in the back yard as I repeated "How do you like to go up in a swing?" Also, I remember reading them stories at bedtime.

Chris, Jr. loves mechanics and can fix many things. He does beautiful wood work and has made a tray, which won him an award, two sconce, a lovely table lamp and two small lamps. His father worked with him on a pretty treasure box.

Robert Glenn Folk was born at the Presbyterian Hospital September 30, 1965. He is named for his great-uncle, Dr. Robert Moore, a well known pediatrician in Charlotte at that time.

Bob loves music and played in the school band. He, also, does wood work and won an award for two candle holders which he made at school. He likes to cook and has a paper route at present.

The Folk house is full of animals: two guinea pigs, a dog, a cat, twenty tropical fish, two goldfish, and two snakes that Bob claims as his. Sometimes when the Folks are away, I look after their animals.

Thomas Mark Folk was born at Presbyterian Hospital July 29, 1968. When his father called to tell me that the baby had arrived, he said, "You know the T.V. program, My Three Sons: well, I am it!"

Mark, as he is called, likes all kinds of athletics, especially football, baseball and basketball. He has won some of the 15-20 trophies decorating their house. He made the baseball all-star team two years in a row as a ten and eleven year old.

Margaret Ann Folk was born in Presbyterian Hospital February 11, 1972. She is named for her Aunt Margaret and her mother. Being the only girl in the family, she is adored, but it hasn't spoiled her. She loves gymnastics, swimming, for which she has won several awards, climbing trees, and riding a bicycle, but also loves to play dolls alone or with friends who live near. I have made her several dresses that she loves.

At this time (1979), Chris, Jr. is 15, Bob 14, Mark 11, and Margaret Ann 7 years of age. Since I am 83 years old, I can't expect to see them grown, but I am sure they will be fine men, and Margaret Ann a beautiful, capable woman.

I am a proud and grateful grandmother.

GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

John Alexander Anderson, son of Guiomar Arias and John Anderson, was born on June 19, 1975, in Memphis, Tennessee. He is now a bright four year old boy, interested in everything and speaking Spanish

and English equally well and never confusing the use of either. On visits to Charlotte, he loves to ride the lawnmower and do things with his Grandfather Anderson.

Martin Emory Brown, son of Mary Louise Plonk and John Brodie Brown, was born October 22, 1975, in Rochester, New York. He is named for his maternal grandfather, Martin Emory Boyer. He has blond hair and blue eyes, unlike that of his parents, inherited from his Grandfather Brown. At age three, he is a very inquisitive, friendly child who loves to build, draw, talk, sing and ride his tricycle.

Patrick Lee Anderson, son of Guiomar Arias and John Anderson, was born March 25, 1978, in Memphis, Tennessee. At fourteen months old he is exploring and climbing all the time. When he wants to go out, he get his mother's pocketbook, his daddy's keys and goes to the door, saying, "by-by."