

PART V - MEMOS ABOUT THE FAIR AND CASE FAMILIES

Mother and Daddy

While Mother and Daddy have been mentioned many times in the preceding pages, there has not been enough said to let the reader know what they really meant to me.

Mother was the dominant influence in my early life. Daddy was extremely important, as was sister Mary Nance, brother Jim, Aunt Nance, and many others, but Mother was the most important. She was not a “stay-at-home” housewife but she made a point of being there when the children were home. She insisted that the family have breakfast and dinner together, and she was around in the evenings to help in every way she could. This was not true of Daddy since he spent so much time traveling. Sometimes he would be gone for as long as three weeks and it was up to Mother to take care of everything.

Both Mother and Daddy were supportive of the children. They attended school events and encouraged us in every way possible. They gave us the feeling that we were very important—they encouraged us to do well by favorably comparing our accomplishments with theirs. Both parents, Mother especially, were quite modest in what they had done and where they came from. I don’t know why. They showed a lot of respect for us and were full of praise when we brought home a good report card. They enjoyed our successes and endured our failures.

Both Mother and Daddy served as excellent role models. They were not arrogant in any way, but they did prize those characteristics that we needed to have: love, honesty, trust, reliability, and family. They were not afraid to show affection to each other and to us. They were religious but not to the extent that they forced their beliefs on anyone else. On Sundays they went to Sunday School and church. We all did until we were teenagers and then, if we didn't want to go, they didn't make a scene about it. On the other hand we hated to "let Mother down" by not going. When we went, she would surely show us off to all her friends.

There was not a lot of money around the house. We were taught early to save. Mother encouraged us to come home for lunch every day and Jim and I did, even though we only had thirty-minute lunch periods in junior high and high school. There was no sense in spending 15 or 20 cents for lunch in the cafeteria. I also think she wanted to see us in the middle of the day. I even sent my laundry home from Charlottesville in order to save money. That was certainly all right with Mother.

Mother was a love. She also had a good sense of humor. She set high standards although she didn't make too much of an issue of it. She played the piano and we sang a lot. She was very active in the community but only when she could be home when we were home. She may have been the only person in Little Rock who was president of three PTAs: elementary, junior high, and high school. She was president of the Women of Second Presbyterian Church, the Rose Garden Club, the Cosmopolitan Club, and the Arkansas Pioneers. For a while she worked part-time selling cemetery lots. On top of all of this, we always had somebody staying at the

house. Early on it was Case relatives from Mountain View. Then it was school teachers from Little Rock High School. Then it was Uncle Rob and Aunt Nance. Everyone paid room and board and that helped the financial situation. Finally, Mother was known all over Little Rock for her cakes, especially her angel food cakes. She would bake as many as 10 to 15 a day during the Christmas season and sell them for five dollars each in the late 1940s.

Daddy was the disciplinarian and definitely the father figure. He spanked us a number of times, and all of us were a little afraid of him. His main concern with Jim and me was that we would not grow up to be manly. Jim was especially skinny when he was little and had a high squeaky voice. Daddy's solution was to send him to camp in the summer and to a gymnasium in the winter. He encouraged sports and took Jim and me to hundreds of baseball games. When he had a flour and feed distributorship during the late 1930s and early 1940s Jim worked part-time at tough, hot, and dirty jobs.

Daddy and Mother were very proud of their children. They attended all graduations—junior high, high school and college—and made them a big deal. I still have the beautiful letter Daddy wrote me when I entered Harvard.

Mother and Daddy were very pleased with their children's marriages. They welcomed and enjoyed their son-in-law, Bill Stramm, and their daughters-in-law, Merle and Camilla. All three families spent a week or more every year with the folks. Daddy and Mother were not only glad to see us but were especially glad to see the grandchildren.

When I was about fourteen Mother was hospitalized with bleeding ulcers. She had to have an operation and was very sick. Mary Nance was home that summer from college and was the designated “woman of the house.” She prepared the meals and Daddy had cautioned Jim and me to cooperate with her while he spent most of his time at the hospital. One night I missed dinner by a couple of hours and didn’t let anyone know. When I came in Daddy was home and was really mad.

He got all over me and finally slapped me, knocking my glasses across the room. Neither of us ever said anymore about this incident until the last time I saw Daddy, 36 years later. He was approaching his 92nd birthday and Camilla and I were visiting Little Rock. When it came time to say goodbye and all the hugs and kisses had been exchanged, I hugged Daddy and he said, “I’m sorry I slapped you”. Those were his last words to me. I didn’t realize what he meant until we had left.

Although we lived about as well as everyone else we knew, Daddy had to work all his life. He was still working when he died in 1975. He received his last pay check after his death. Mother lived to be 87 and died at Presbyterian Village in Little Rock in 1978.

Daddy and the Fair Family

Daddy (James Rutherford) was born and raised in Newberry, South Carolina and was one of eight children. All the children lived for at least two years, although three of the four oldest died as very young children. The third child was a daughter, Lucy. She lived until she was twelve when she died of disease. The last four children lived to old age. Robert Pearson (Uncle Rob) was 78

when he died; William Young, Jr. (Uncle Will), 72; Mary Nance (Aunt Nance), 98; and Daddy, 92.

Grandmother (Mary Williams Nance Fair), died in 1886 when Daddy, the youngest, was three years old. This left Grandfather Fair with five children to raise. He didn't remarry for several years and many of the stories about life in the Fair family center around the difficulties of growing up without a mother. The problems grew more intense when the older daughter, Lucy, died. She was the oldest and was regarded as the "woman" of the house, and her death must have been extremely hard on Grandfather. Without a mother it seems that Daddy and Uncle Will pretty much ran wild. Daddy had story after story on the mischief they got into and how Grandfather's reaction, time and time again, was to spank or switch them.

Daddy talked about the trouble he got into at school. One of his teachers in grammar school was a Miss Octavia Garlington and he related how often she would punish him. One way she did it was to make him stand on a chair with his chin hooked over one of the blackboards—the blackboards were hung like pictures in those days. There was some space between the top of the blackboard and the wall behind. The punishment was uncomfortable and embarrassing. The interesting thing here is that a few years later Grandfather married Miss Garlington and she became the children's step-mother. Even though Miss Garlington was hard on Daddy, I don't remember him ever saying anything bad about her.

Grandfather was raised to be a gentleman. After the Civil War he turned to farming but Daddy didn't think he was ever good at it. Times were hard and the

only way the family existed over the years was to sell off land. Grandfather inherited the farms from his father, while his sister, Sally, inherited the town house. She married a veteran who later became a lawyer, Young John Pope. Daddy told a lot of stories about walking into town to visit Aunt Sally Pope. The Popes lived fairly well and it was a treat to go to her home for a meal. Daddy was somewhat afraid of Aunt Sally. She followed her brother's lead in disciplining the Fair boys.

All three of the boys had to work on the farm. They did all the usual chores, but they also had a good time. Daddy played baseball and claimed he was offered a scholarship to the University of South Carolina. He remained a baseball fan for life.

Daddy went to the Speer Street School in Newberry and graduated from the eighth grade. He then worked for a couple of years at the post office where Grandfather was Postmaster. Then he went to college.

With the help of Aunt Sally Pope, Grandfather sent all three boys to college. Uncle Rob attended Clemson for three years. Uncle Will went to the Citadel for two years. Daddy went to three schools: Clemson for one week, Wofford College for the fall semester, and the Citadel for about three months. He didn't like Clemson and he left the Citadel after being caught sleeping in the mattress press during the daytime. He liked Wofford and had a good time. He was initiated into Chi Phi Fraternity and came home for Christmas dressed as a dandy wearing a derby hat. Grandfather decided over the holidays that Daddy needed more discipline and sent him to the Citadel.

While the Fair boys were making the social scene around Newberry, Aunt Nance attended Miss Randolph's School in Norfolk, Virginia. Miss Randolph was a granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, and Aunt Nance was very impressed by that. Sometime after completing Miss Randolph's school Aunt Nance attended Columbia University and then stayed at home until she was married in 1912.

A number of Newberry families, including the Fairs, went to the Bonclarken Presbyterian retreat in the mountains of North Carolina in the summer. There may have been little money, but this was the traditional thing to do and traditions had to be upheld.

Apparently there was no lack of servants and workers around the farm and in town. When our family lived in Newberry, Grandfather had three servants at all times: a cook-housekeeper, Minnie; a yardman and handyman, Benson; and a nurse, Emma. Minnie and Benson were children of slaves owned by my great-grandfather Simeon Fair. Benson lived in a small apartment in the back of the College Street lot. Minnie and Emma were married and lived in Newberry.

Incidentally, I loved Minnie. She would give me a little coffee, liberally laced with sugar and cream, in exchange for a "coffee hug." This was ritual in 1928-29 when I was three and during the two later visits when I was six and eight. I would also go out to Benson's shack and beg coffee from him. When I went back to Newberry in 1948 Uncle Rob took me to see Minnie. It was a very hot day and she was washing clothes. As soon as she saw me she wanted her "coffee hug" and I was pleased to give it.

After Daddy left the Citadel he went to Atlanta to work. Uncle Will had already left to become a salesman for a meat packing firm. Uncle Rob had gone to work as an accountant for the Indian Refining Company in Lawrenceville, Illinois.

The Case Family and Mountain View

The Case family immigrated from England to Pennsylvania, then to Ohio, and finally, to Batesville, Arkansas. Richard Case, my maternal grandfather, was born and raised in Batesville and in 1880 married a hometown girl, Angie Eakin White. Shortly after they were married they moved up the White River to a town called Ruddles where Dick Case opened a general store. Uncle Junius, the oldest of my nine aunts and uncles, was born in Ruddles. Shortly after he was born, the family moved to the county seat of Stone County, Mountain View, where Grandpa moved his general store. He ran this store until he died in 1934.

In the late 1880s Mountain View was a very small village in a remote section of the Arkansas Ozarks. The entire county had a population of less than 1,000 as late as 1940. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Case—Granny and Grandpa to me—were leading citizens of the town, county, and probably of that part of Arkansas. They had a big family, a big house (including, of all things, a tennis court), and owned a lot of property there and in other parts of Arkansas. The house was so big, and the area so hard to get to, that they opened it to visitors, including traveling men, after some of the children moved away. It was in this house that Daddy, the traveling man, met Mother, the daughter who was waiting on tables. Some

time in the 1920s the house burned and they built a new house closer to the center of town; that was the house that our family visited.

We went to Mountain View often. It was Mother's home and there were always a lot of aunts, uncles and cousins around. When I was growing up, three uncles and one aunt and their families lived in town and the others were constantly visiting. This meant that there was family, especially cousins, to be with at all times. The house and yard were large and interesting. Granny and Grandpa had a huge side yard, a large garden, several outbuildings where the kids sometimes slept, a woodyard, a small orchard, pig pens, stables, wash yard, and more. Their grounds took up an entire city block. Uncle Oris and his family (with two boys just my age) lived next door. Uncle Charley and his family lived two houses away. There were two boys about brother Jim's age in that family. Uncle Ray and Uncle Walter lived down the street.

Being from the big city of Little Rock, I found it quite a change to spend two or three weeks in Mountain View. For one thing there were no picture shows. About once every two weeks someone came through town to show a movie in the courthouse or the American Legion Hut. About the time I was a teenager Uncle Ray built a theater, and there were movies every night.

There were no paved roads in north Arkansas. The area is mountainous and the roads are full of curves. The curves, the dust, and the time it took to drive there usually made me car sick, and Daddy or Mother would have to stop. Mary Nance had the same problem. Once when Daddy drove Jim, Mary Nance, my cousin Virginia

Weigart and me from Little Rock to Mountain View, he had to stop eleven times to let one or the other of us out of the car to get sick. He was fit to be tied by the time we arrived.

Granny and Grandpa's house was one of few houses in town with electricity and running water. There were two bathrooms but the kids were not allowed to use them. We had to go to the two-holer in the backyard. When we took our twice-a-week bath we were only allowed a couple of inches of water in the tub.

Granny was quite a woman. She had been raised a lady in the reasonably sophisticated town of Batesville. In spite of this she was surely the power behind the throne in the move to Mountain View and the raising of the family. There was never more than one doctor in the town but there were ten healthy children born and raised with no apparent problems.

According to Mother, Granny never got up for breakfast but had it brought to her in bed. There were always two or three servants—usually young girls from the country who would work at the house in turn for room and board. This also gave the girls a chance to attend school, which Granny encouraged. One of these young girls was Bessie Moore. She worked for my Aunt Nettie (Janet) and attended the Mountain View schools. Bessie later attended college and graduate school, became head of the Arkansas Library Association, then the National Library Association, and finally a member of the United Nations' UNICEF board. She helped establish the National Folk Art Center in Mountain View. Bessie received all sorts of awards and was still going strong at 90 years of age. She died in 1995. A building at

the University of Arkansas is named for her as is the new library in Mountain View. She was a close friend of the family and we called on her every time we went to Little Rock.

Granny was very determined. Stone County was so remote when she and Richard Case moved there that roads had to be built. Granny took that as a challenge and was instrumental in building the road from the White River where there was a railroad to Mountain View. She did more than just lobby for the road. She recruited workers, supervised the building, and generally pushed it to completion. She was known as the “road builder” and in fact was responsible to a great extent for that part of Arkansas being settled. In 1975 Bessie Moore and Granny—Angie White Case—were named as two of the ten most outstanding pioneer women in the history of Arkansas.

Every other year in June there is a Case family reunion. I attended two or three when I was growing up and still get invited. I haven’t been back to Mountain View in years and would like to go. I am sure that it had a lot to do with who I am and what the rest of the family has accomplished. I am told that it is a thriving community with a population of over 2,000 and that the Folk Center and the nearby Blanchard Springs Cave and Park attract a large number of visitors every year. The nearby White River is a designated scenic river with good fishing that also brings vacationers to the area. It is a beautiful place and I have a soft spot in my heart for it.

Granny ran that house full of children, grandchildren, visitors, and hangers-on with an iron hand. She would discipline one and all with no questions

asked. There was one story about an uncle who, despite Granny's warnings, got his head stuck in the front porch banisters. He was frightened and crying. Before Granny got him out she spanked him good for disobeying her.

My cousin Donald Weigart and I had a similar experience. When we were about seven or eight years old we were sliding down the corrugated doors of the well pump house in the front yard. Granny saw us and told us to get off. We didn't and soon I cut my bare foot on a nail. Granny, Mother and the aunts and uncles on the front porch got excited when I started crying and led me around to the back porch to be treated. By the time they got me there Granny was waiting with a switch. Before anyone could do anything about my "wound" Granny switched me for disobeying her. To be fair, she switched Donald too.

We had a lot of family fun in Mountain View but we dreaded Sunday since we had to go to Sunday School, then church, and then church again that night. In addition we were discouraged from making much noise on Sunday. Of course Mountain View didn't get the Sunday papers with the funnies until Monday so we didn't even have them to read. During the week, however, we had the run of the town. Even though we were only six, seven or eight we still went all over town looking into most stores, post office, garages, and the court house. We played at anything and everything.

The Weigart children were the cousins we played with most of the time. They were about our age. Virginia was a year younger than Mary Nance, Dorothy was a year younger than Jim, George Perry was a year older and

Donald a year younger than I was. I always wanted them to be there when we went “to the View”.

Mary Nance Fair and Jim Fair

My sister, Mary Nance, and my brother Jim, and their families have played a major role in my life. Mary Nance was seven years older than I and that made a tremendous difference to me as we were growing up. She was the oldest, and a girl, and it seemed we had little in common almost to the point that I hardly knew her. As we both grew older we grew closer and we eventually spent a lot of time together. Jim, on the other hand, was the big brother that I could identify with. In fact, I tried to do everything he did. Whether it was baseball or trains, school work or play, I wanted to be just like him. For some reason he was able to do most things better than I could—even after I was the age he was when he was doing them—but I tried.

Mary Nance was very bright and skipped a grade-and-a-half in school. This meant that she graduated from high school when she was not quite 16 years old and from the University of Arkansas the summer she was 20. She later lamented that she was too young and insecure when she started her career as a school teacher. She taught music and English in the Fayetteville and Little Rock public schools until World War II when she served with the American Red Cross in Europe. After the war she continued with the Red Cross in veterans' hospitals in Chicago, Dallas, and Japan. While in Japan she met and married an army officer, William Stramm from Brooklyn, New York.

The Stramms had three children, William Robert (Billy), born in 1949; Mary Fair, born in 1950; and James Nance (Jimmy), born in 1956. The Stramms were stationed in a number of army bases in the U.S., Europe, and Thailand. Bill retired from the army at Fort McPherson, Georgia in 1968. Shortly after this retirement he went back to work for the army as a civilian and was transferred to Ft. Bragg, North Carolina. He retired from this position in 1979 and now lives in New Jersey with his younger sister and her husband. Mary Nance died in 1993.

I first met my nephew, Billy Stramm, in the fall of 1949 when he was about six months old. Over the years I have watched Billy, Mary Fair, and Jimmy grow up, marry, and start their own families. Camilla and I have been with them so much we almost consider them our children. Billy went to the University of Arkansas for a year and in 1970 joined the army. He went to Officers Candidate School in 1971 and was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in an armored division. He served for 22 years and retired as a Lieutenant Colonel. The army sent him to the University of Tampa for his undergraduate degree, and he received an MBA from the University of Southern California. He is now working as a consultant in the Washington, D.C. area. Billy and his wife, Diane, have two children, a daughter, Dana, and a son, Sean.

Mary Fair married a Marine Lieutenant, Randy Krick, who now works for AT&T in Reading, Pennsylvania. They have two boys, Jim and Jon. Mary Fair worked for a while after high school and then went to West Georgia University where she earned her

bachelor and master degrees. She is an instructor in a school for handicapped children.

Jimmy and I have spent a lot of time together. He graduated from Appalachian State University and the University of North Carolina-Charlotte. He worked in television and media for several years and then came to the Darden School in 1990. Prior to his coming here he spent time in Charlottesville talking to me about an MBA and about Darden. While he was at school we saw each other every day and he was a student in my reading seminar. During his two years here we got to know him and his wife Jackie very well, and we are fond of both of them. Since graduation in 1992 he and Jackie have had two children, Sophie, and James Nance II. Jimmy works for Dixie Yarns in Charlotte, North Carolina.

We have visited back and forth with all of Mary Nance's children and think they are wonderful people. We have great hope for the future when we are around them and their children.

My brother Jim is a graduate of Georgia Tech in chemical engineering with a masters degree from Michigan and a doctorate from the University of Texas. He was with Monsanto until he retired in 1979. Since then he has held a chair in chemical engineering at the University of Texas. I was Jim's best man when he married Merle Innis in 1950. He was my best man when Camilla and I got married four years later. Merle and Jim have three children, all outstanding people: James Rutherford III, Elizabeth, and Richard. Jim III is a very successful architect in Los Angeles, California. He heads the L.A. office of Helmuth, Obata, and Kassenbaum as a senior vice president and is a member of the company's

board of directors. He and his wife Linda have two boys, Robert and Eric. Jim's daughter Elizabeth attended Indiana University and worked for a while as a newspaper reporter. She received her MBA from the University of Texas. She married Don Drews and now lives in Chicago. Don and Beth have two children, Ellen Elizabeth and Thomas Rutherford. Richard Innis graduated from Trinity and Southern Methodist University (MBA) and worked for Manor Care in Indiana. In 1994 he married Kathy, a Ph.D. graduate from Texas. She teaches at the Indiana University—South Bend.

We have not been as close to Jim's children as we have to Mary Nance's, though we keep in touch. We see them from time to time and hear about them often from their proud parents. We know enough about them to consider them interesting people—intelligent, practical and gifted. All three will go far. As with the Stramm children, we like being with them and wish we could be with them more often.

Grandfather and Newberry

As I recall it, we went to Newberry in 1928 to take care of Grandfather who had recently been widowed (again) and who was fairly feeble. Although it was never mentioned, I also think we spent 15 months in 1928-1929 at Grandfather's because Daddy was not doing too well financially. It must have been hard on both Mother and Daddy. They were separated for a long time, with Daddy only coming from Arkansas to South Carolina from time to time. Daddy traveled a great deal and lived to some

extent on the expense account. His headquarters was the Marion Hotel in Little Rock although he didn't stay there very much.

We went back to Newberry for the summer in 1930. Grandfather was even more feeble and spent most of his time sitting in a Morris chair in his bedroom. He seemed to like to see me and I spent some time with him every day. Once he got up to go to the bathroom and fell. It scared me to death and I made quite a scene with the grown-ups for allowing him to fall.

I remember Grandfather presiding at the dinner table. Also, he liked to sit on the front porch. He had a little white and black dog that he kept close by at all times.

Jim had a tree house in the side yard and a number of "train tracks" running throughout the back yard. He was also stuck with me for the movies, going to the train station, and for visiting some of his playmates from two years earlier. I don't think he wanted to take his little brother with him as much as he had to, but he did anyway.

I remember riding on the horse-drawn ice wagon as it stopped in front of the house and then went around the corner to the side entrance. Not a long ride but enjoyable. I remember rolling down a hill at the house next door. Then I thought it was a big hill; really, it is very small.

In addition to our family, Aunt Nance would pop in from Memphis during the summer. She always got things moving. I can still hear her calling from the back

door that peaches and cream were being served. South Carolina is a big peach state and we had a lot of peaches and cream during the summers.

Grandfather died in 1932. He was 86 years old. That summer we went back to Newberry. Two cars made the trip. Daddy drove one, Mother drove the other. We stopped by Memphis to pick up Aunt Nance, Aunt Evalina, and a friend, Polly Gowans. Polly was purported to be a good driver which Daddy found not to be the case, and she and Mother shared the driving. The first night was spent in Winchester, Tennessee, which was the post office for Camp Riva-Lake. Mary Nance attended the camp the previous summer. We drove through Chattanooga and Atlanta, and the cars got separated between Atlanta and Athens, Georgia. We spent a fair amount of time (and temper) getting re-connected. Otherwise, the cars kept together.

Once we were settled in Newberry, Daddy and Mary Nance drove back to Little Rock. I think Mary Nance spent some time in Tonganoxie, Kansas that summer. While we were in Newberry we went to Charleston for a few days. On that trip Aunt Nance decided that we should all visit several old churches and cemeteries. This quickly became very boring to me, and Aunt Nance told the story of me looking up to her—I was not quite 7 years old—and saying, “Don’t you think this is a terrible way for a little boy to spend his summer vacation?” While in Charleston we went to the Isle of Palms to swim in the Atlantic Ocean and to visit one of Octavia Garlington’s nephews. He and his brothers lived with Grandfather after he married Miss Garlington. In a way the Garlington boys and Grandfather’s children were

like brothers and sisters. They kept up with each other until they died.

While we were in Newberry in 1932 we did a number of things that I remember. We went swimming at the country club, we went to Lake Murray, we swam in the creek behind Grandfather's house on Chapman Street (a municipal swimming pool was later built there), we went to the Opera House (movies) a number of times, and to the train station to watch the trains come in. On the way back to Arkansas by way of Asheville, North Carolina, we stopped to see the Vanderbilt mansion. We also saw the gorgeous French Broad River Valley north of Asheville. We spent the night in Crossville, Tennessee, and the next night with Aunt Nance at the Parkview Hotel in Memphis.

We feel closely tied to South Carolina. Camilla's Mother was born and lived in Easley before moving to Atlanta. Many Nance and Bill Stramm were stationed at Fort Jackson in Columbia (where son Jimmy was born) and later had a condo in Myrtle Beach which we visited on three occasions. Drayton worked in Charleston for three years after he graduated from college. Prior to his being there we had vacationed at Seabrook Island several times. We like South Carolina and especially Charleston. It is such a beautiful place.

The Impact of Aunt Nance

Aunt Nance—Mary Nance Fair Richardson—
influenced all of our lives. Growing up she was the only surviving girl in a family of three boys and a widowed father. She lived at home until she was married in 1912 at the age of 32. She was a “presence” wherever she went

and she more or less ran things all her life. She married Walker Richardson and had two children; they died in infancy. In 1917 Walker was killed in a train wreck. These disasters encouraged Aunt Nance to volunteer for the Red Cross during World War I. She spent four years in France and Germany during and after the war. Part of that time she headed up a segment of the Red Cross.

After the War she came to Memphis where her brother, Uncle Will, was living. She became a teacher in a private girls' school. She taught the first three grades in Miss Hutchinson's School for 30 years. She lived at the Parkview Hotel most of that time and then moved to an apartment on McLean. Finally, she lived in another apartment just behind the Parkview.

Aunt Nance took a great interest in Mary Nance, Jim, and me. The family spent many a Christmas in Memphis, and she entertained us royally. A big treat for us any time we went to Memphis was dinner at the Peabody Hotel. We would eat in the main dining room with an orchestra playing. The hotel itself was a fascinating place to be: the fountain in the lobby with live ducks swimming away, a roof garden where there was dancing under the stars.

Aunt Nance bought us clothes. She bought Mary Nance a number of things and Jim and me our first suits (I was about five and Jim ten years old—a picture exists of us in our new clothes). Later she bought Jim and me more clothes. She always wanted us to stop by Memphis when we were going to college so she could take us to Phil Halle's, the best men's clothing store in Memphis. She knew the people who owned the store and didn't hesitate to use her leverage to get us the nicest things she

could. She bought both Jim and me our first tuxedos. She bought a suit, a sport coat, some slacks and two white shirts for me in February, 1946 when I was on my way to college, and when it was almost impossible to get men's clothes. She later bought me a top coat.

Aunt Nance was instrumental in my going to the University of Virginia. She recommended it when I didn't even know about it. She helped Daddy financially a number of times and arranged for Jim to borrow money from her, Uncle Rob, and Uncle Will for his Georgia Tech education.

She was very close to all of us. She was different. She was of a different social strata, or so it seemed. She knew about parties, etiquette, table manners, cocktails, the "good life." She lived at the best place in Memphis, the Parkview. This gave her an "in" with many of the local shakers and movers. Also her teaching introduced her to many of the city's first families.

Aunt Nance was a big traveler. She had lived in Europe for four years and spoke some French. She met Evalina Harris—Aunt Evalina—while in the Red Cross, and the two of them lived together for 50 years. Both Aunt Evalina and Aunt Nance had lost their husbands at about the same time. Aunt Evalina was from Memphis and that drew Aunt Nance to that area. Both of them lived into their late 90's so they shared a lot of their lives together.

In the early 1960s Aunt Nance gave up her apartment and rented the back bedroom at 1524 Schiller. She furnished it and paid Mother and Daddy a monthly rent. She also paid board while she was in Little Rock.

She was not there a lot of the time. She had friends in Plainfield, New Jersey, and she spent a lot of time there.

She was a big one for visiting. She came to our house several times as part of her rambling. She spent at least a week with us in Sharon, another week or so in Columbus, and came by Charlottesville at least once. She was in Columbus in 1962 when President Kennedy was killed. She was 82 at the time. She came to Charlottesville two or three years later when she was in her mid-80's.

I can't forget an experience I had in Sharon. Aunt Nance's room was at the head of the stairs. As I went upstairs one morning I saw her on the floor and panicked. She was only doing her sitting up exercises. I was not prepared for that from a woman 80 years old.

Once the three of us were grown and out of college Aunt Nance concentrated on Mother. She bought Mother a whole new wardrobe and took her to New York to see the shows. This was Mother's first airplane trip and only visit to New York.

As she approached 90, Jim took over and helped her get settled in a retirement home in Memphis. When she could no longer handle this he moved her to Presbyterian Village in Little Rock where she lived until she died in 1979, in her 98th year. Aunt Nance didn't like growing old and didn't like Presbyterian Village. She had to share a room, and the Village frowned on her having a cocktail before dinner.

There is one story that epitomized Aunt Nance and her character. Her education was somewhat unusual. She went to the public schools in Newberry and then to

a private school, Miss Randolph's, in Norfolk, Virginia.

After she spent some time there and was back home she decided she wanted to teach school. While visiting one of the Garlingtons at Governor's Island in New York City she applied to Teachers College at Columbia University. This was a graduate school. After she was admitted and it was discovered that she didn't have an undergraduate degree—or any undergraduate work at all—they told her she would have to leave. No, indeed, said Aunt Nance. She had been admitted and she planned to stay. Stay she did for two years. She didn't graduate and may not have received full credit, but the education she acquired qualified her to teach for the rest of her life.

Two Special Uncles

The four Fair children, Aunt Nance, Uncle Will, Uncle Rob, and Daddy, were very close. This may have been because of their Mother's early death or perhaps due to life in the late 1800s in a small town in the South. For some reason they were close and stayed that way throughout their lives. Aunt Nance was really the connector, the glue that held the three boys together over the years. In any event, there was a lot of correspondence, phone calls, and visits. This was true even when Uncle Rob was in Illinois, Uncle Will was in South Carolina, Aunt Nance was in Memphis and Daddy was in Little Rock.

Uncle Will spent most of his early years in Memphis where he was with Swift & Co. He married a socially prominent Memphis woman, Amalie Sykes, and did well until the depression. He lost his job and he and Aunt Amalie divorced. For two or three years it was quite rough. He then went to work for Kahn Meatpackers out

of Cincinnati. He was with them until he died in 1954. He traveled the Southeast and we envied his spending time in Florida in the winter and Virginia and Washington in the summer. He sold meat to large hotels and country clubs and usually stayed in very nice places. He and Aunt Amalie had one daughter, Amalie Fair Robinson, who now lives in Jackson, Mississippi.

Uncle Will was always interested in us. He came to Little Rock when he was unemployed and newly divorced and spent quite a while there. He was a lot of fun and could be talked into taking the children to the drug store for ice cream. He visited us on several other occasions during the next several years, and attended a family reunion of sorts at Christmas in 1945.

When Jim went to the Citadel in 1938, Mother, Daddy, and I went to Lake Summit near Tuxedo, North Carolina, to spend several days with Uncle Will and his new wife, Kate Calhoun Patterson. While at UVA, I twice visited him and Aunt Kate in Greenville, South Carolina. They were always the perfect hosts. I invited Uncle Will to my graduation at UVA and he came. He also bought me a suit as my graduation present.

Uncle Rob spent a lot of time with us in Little Rock. In fact he rented the back room during a half a dozen winters in the late 1940s. He was nothing less than a character. He was crippled and, I think, in a lot of pain and that didn't add to his good humor. Actually, I think it was quite a trial for Mother to put up with him. He treated me very nicely but, of course, I wasn't around much.

On one of my trips to South Carolina during my stay at UVA I spent a couple of days in Newberry. Uncle Rob had converted the sheds in the back of the College Street home to a little house or "shack" as he called it. That's where he lived. The shack had a small living room, a smaller bedroom, a bath room and a tiny kitchen. It also had a small front porch. When I visited he got a room for me at the local hotel.

He had an old car and drove it with great difficulty. We were always afraid to ride with him and couldn't understand how he could drive from Newberry to Little Rock without an accident. My visit required him to drive me around the town and the countryside and it scared me to death. He was also deaf and that didn't help his driving any.

You couldn't tell Uncle Rob anything. He knew all the answers. He was especially proud of South Carolina and critical of Arkansas. This created quite a stir around the house occasionally.

In September, 1938 we spent about a week in Newberry. The visit was timed to coincide with Jim's enrollment in the Citadel. We stayed with Cousin Kate in her home (complete with white columns) on Calhoun Street for about three or four days. One afternoon Daddy, Jim, and I went to Columbia to see a baseball game. Columbia was in the Sally League and had a first baseman named Nick Etten. Etten had played for the Little Rock Travelers and had been demoted to Columbia. He did especially well there and eventually played for the New York Yankees. A couple of days later we went down to Charleston to take Jim to the Citadel. Mother, Daddy, and I came back to Newberry and then

went to Tuxedo, North Carolina to visit Uncle Will and Aunt Kate. Mary Nance didn't make the trip.

We have visited Newberry several times in the last 40 years. We've taken the children, and Camilla and I have stopped by at least twice on our way to and from Charleston. In every instance we go by the house on College Street and the one in Prosperity, visit the cemeteries, the location of the "farm" house, and generally drive all over town. Newberry is a pretty town and has some big old homes. Many of the streets are named for the family: Fair Street, Fair Avenue, Nance Street, Drayton Street, and others.

Simeon Fair Family

Great-grandfather Simeon Fair was a lawyer, a state representative, and a large land owner. He was a delegate to and signer of South Carolina's Articles of Secession in 1861. He owned the land on both sides of the road from Newberry to Jalapa, a distance of about five miles. He donated the land for Newberry College and the cemetery next door.

Simeon Fair's life has been summarized in at least two books. He was probably the most prominent personality in Newberry County before and during the Civil War. It is said that he had 1,000 bales of cotton tied up on the docks of Charleston at the end of the War.

Simeon's wife, Mary Butler Pearson Fair, presided over one of the largest houses in Newberry, just one block from Newberry College. In 1865 the US Army occupied the area and were housed at the college. Shortly after they moved in the officers asked Great-grandmother

if they could live at her home. She accepted them and their money, much to the dismay of the rest of the town. To have the hated Yankees in her home was unthinkable. She allowed them to stay and eat on the ground floor—the English basement—but did not allow them to come upstairs or otherwise associate with the family.

Simeon and Mary Butler Fair had seven children. Three of their sons were in the Confederacy army. One was an officer in Charleston most of the War. A second, Robert, died in camp. The youngest, William Young, Grandfather, was particularly caught up in the War. He ran away from the Citadel in the summer of 1862 to join General Bee, a South Carolinian and friend of the family, at the first battle of Bull Run. He was only 15 years old at the time. After the battle he was sent back to the Citadel where he remained until near the end of the War. When he was 19 he organized a cavalry troop and was their Captain. For Great-grandfather and Great-grandmother to have lost one son and to have the rest of the family upstairs and the dreaded Yankees downstairs must have been difficult. The daughter, Sally, married a soldier, Colonel Drayton Rutherford, who was killed. She later married another soldier, Young John Pope.

In 1865 the occupying federal troops appointed the government of the county. Several of those appointed were former slaves. Unfortunately, most of the slaves could neither read nor write so it was impossible to appoint them no matter how much the occupying forces wanted to. Great-grandmother had defied the law prior to the War and had personally taught her house servants to read and write, which led to their appointment as part of the government. Her butler was appointed a federal judge and as such, acted on the applications for citizenship. All

residents of the Confederate States lost their U.S. citizenship as a result of the War and had to swear allegiance before a federal judge. Simeon, Mary, and the children all had to go to court and appeal to the judge, their former butler, for their citizenship.

Federal troops occupied Newberry and all of South Carolina for eight years. This was the reconstruction period and was fraught with problems. Carpetbaggers descended on the South, and the local citizens (assuming they were granted citizenship), were held back. This led to much resentment on the part of South Carolinians.

Grandfather was so opposed to the U.S. Army, both for the War and for reconstruction, that he never forgave them. Of great personal interest to me is the story of Aunt Nance and a beau, a U.S. Army officer. Grandfather would not let the officer on the property so Aunt Nance had to go out to the gate when her beau came to call. No Yankee soldier was allowed in Grandfather's house, not even his yard. And this was 40 years after the War. When Camilla and I got married in 1954 Aunt Nance, then 74 years old, came to the wedding with the same man, the former army officer. They had both married, had families, and were now widowed. Somehow they got together again and saw each other for some time.

Great-grandfather Simeon came from a large family. One brother, Samuel, was a doctor in Columbia, South Carolina, before and during the Civil War. A story about Uncle Sam is that he delivered a baby during General Sherman's burning of Columbia in 1865. Apparently the house in which the pregnant woman lived

caught on fire and Uncle Sam and the servants brought her and her bed out to the street where the baby was born.

Simeon Fair and his family are buried in Rosemont Cemetery in Newberry. The family plot is on the highest ground, probably a condition for giving the land. Samuel Fair is buried in the cemetery at the First Presbyterian Church in Columbia. Brother Jim has a portrait of Simeon and I have one of Samuel.

Old Family Homes

The William Fair family home (circa 1800) still stands just north of downtown Prosperity, South Carolina. It is a two-story white frame house on the crest of a hill. Some modern houses have been built in front, but the house still stands and is occupied.

Simeon Fair's large two-story brick town house with an English basement was torn down about 1963. It was used as a grammar school for years, and Mary Nance and Jim went to school there the year we lived in Newberry (1928-1929). A new school was built in front of the house in the 1950s and the older house was demolished to make way for the school's playground.

Simeon Fair's farm house, which was located about a mile from the town-house at the end of what is now Fair Avenue, has been demolished. My grandfather was given that house to live in and that is where my father and his brothers and sisters were raised. The family sold most of the land around the house to a textile company that built a large mill nearby. What used to be

the old turnaround in front of the house is still there, and the house location is almost like a little park.

Along both sides of Fair Avenue (which in the late 1800s and early 1900s was the driveway leading up to the farm house) are several frame homes. Prior to and for years after the Civil War there were slave cottages on both sides. Many of the Negroes who lived there stayed after the war. One of the slaves—Governor—was Grandfather's valet during the war. He remained after he was freed and raised a family in one of the cottages. To a great extent he ran the farm and Grandfather. The two were devoted to each other. Governor died in Grandfather's arms. Eventually the cottages were torn down and replaced by private dwellings.

In 1923, Grandfather and his second wife moved from the farm to a new house in town. This house, which still stands, was built on Great-grandfather's (Simeon) property on the corner of College and Chapman Streets. It is a two-story frame house that had a large front-side porch (since removed). Our family lived there from 1928 to 1929. We also visited there in 1930 and again in 1932.

Grandmother Fair was Mary Williams Nance prior to her marriage to Grandfather in 1871. Her parents' home still stands on the south side of Newberry. It is an imposing two-story, red brick house. It is listed, along with the William Fair home in Prosperity, in the city's list of historic homes.