



**WESTMINSTER
TOWERS**

WINDOWS

CONTINUING CARE RETIREMENT COMMUNITY

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westminstertowers.org

BACK TO SCHOOL



LOOKING AHEAD

The Windows Committee is looking for autumn related articles/pictures for the October edition of the Windows Newsletter. Please turn in your submissions to Linda Lenz on or before September 15th.

Thank you for your support!

Winthrop University



By: Janet Yocum

Winthrop University opened its doors in 1886 to 21 students in Columbia, South Carolina. It was originally founded as an all-girls school primarily for training teachers. Nine years later it changed its name to Winthrop Normal and Industrial College allowing the school to train for industrial jobs too. At that time, it moved to Rock Hill, South Carolina. In 1964 the college desegregated and in 1974 became coeducational and finally in 1992 became a full-fledged university.

The motto of Winthrop University is Truth and Liberty, a motto as appropriate for today's students as it was in the past. It is home to 6,000 students 13% of whom are from 42 states and 45 countries. First and second year students are required to live on campus unless they reside with their parents or guardians. It is a pleasure to have the young students in Rock Hill. They add energy and vitality that only youth can provide. The beautiful university is a cornerstone to a lively, beautiful, progressive community, an economic boon to businesses in the community.

We can enjoy the cultural activities the University brings to the community, intellectual opportunities concerts and theatre. The university offers NCAA Division 1 sports such as basketball, baseball, soccer, tennis, cross country, golf and others. They are the Eagles, and they truly soar.

On the creative side, each student is required to attend three cultural events for every 20 hours of study. These include films, both American and foreign, plays, musical productions including chamber, jazz, and orchestral events as well as lectures and discussions of timely topics. The best part is that the Towers' residents are invited to attend many of these events! The university has 180 student organizations. To name a few, there are campus ministries of many denominations, Greek organizations, honor Societies, Professional Societies, and service organizations.

We are truly blessed to have this wonderful university on our doorstep that welcomes us and offers us unlimited opportunities. Our neighbors at Westminster are Winthrop graduates and professors who enrich our lives daily. God bless Winthrop and thank you for the many gifts you bestow.





CART CAPERS:

Who left this cart at the elevator rather than return it to reception for others to use?

Not kind.

- Ed FitzGerald



WELLNESS COMMITTEE:

Great fun was had by all the residents who were participants and spectators at the Westminster Olympics. Thanks to the staff for all the effort this event required. Be on the lookout for news of the winter games coming in February. With cooler weather coming we are hoping to have excursions and do some walking in several of the many parks in Rock Hill. The Walking Club meets the third Monday of the month and if it is raining we do our stroll inside. Wellness Socials are held the last Tuesday of the month in the lobby with yummy goodies provided by Chef Rick. Stay healthy, stay active and stay hydrated.—Sue Nazak

A Winthrop University Family

By: Ed FitzGerald



We are certainly a multi-generational Winthrop University family. After my retirement, I enrolled in the university's Master of Liberal Arts degree program. After completing the required studies, I received my master's degree in 2000. South Carolina offers its senior citizens a special educational program that is exceptional. This program allows seniors, over 60, the opportunity to enroll at one of the state universities and colleges, at the cost of \$5 per semester. This can be a degree track, or just auditing a course of interest. My oldest son is a WU graduate, and his youngest daughter, my granddaughter, is a recent graduate. My wife, Jody, received her master's in teaching from the university.

This is how she views Winthrop: "I began working toward my master's while living in Ohio and never dreamed those hours would count. Winthrop gave me credit and provided many opportunities for afternoon classes, through grants and other incentives to help working students complete advanced degrees. The Winthrop Fellows program provided hands-on experience in working with English Language learners in my classroom. I am so proud of my master's degree earned in 1994, and I only had to pay for one class!"

Rock Hill is fortunate to have Winthrop, a major educational, cultural, and economic force in our community. Here at the Towers, there is a small group of fans that support the Winthrop University Eagles basketball team. They are a nationally recognized powerhouse, last year only losing one game in the Big South Conference and advancing to the NCAA Championship Tournament. Hopefully, their games will be open to the public this winter, and our group of fans can ride the bus to the WU Coliseum and support the team.

From Winthrop to Westminster

Davis Kirby

Davis was of the age when Winthrop was an all-girls school so the option for him to attend was not available, but three of his sisters graduated from Winthrop and Davis was banished to Clemson, "The Cow College" as USC students called it. Clemson retaliated by calling USC the "University of Silly Chickens" Gamecocks! But Davis graduated from Clemson and is still a very proud "Tiger" and a Clemson engineer. You seldom see him without his Clemson hat.

Janet Yocum

My son-in-law's aunt Ann Chambers was a Professor at Winthrop and the Ladies Tennis Coach for many years. She still encourages us to exercise, and her brother, nephew and great nephews are and were good tennis players encouraged by their Aunt Ann.

A Winthrop Graduate Frances Stone Workman

Graduated with a bachelor's degree 1951

**Graduated with a master's degree in Science, Physics
and Chemistry in 1962**

Frances was a very pretty and bright student who graduated from High School at the young age of 16. She followed her older sister by 2 years, Gwendolyn "Gwen," to Winthrop. Gwen was studying Pre-med and became the only female student at the College of Medicine at the Univ of S.C. at that time. Frances graduated Winthrop in 1951. One day Frances saw this very handsome young man standing by a very handsome convertible. She was not sure whether she was smitten by the car or the young man, but soon found herself on a double date with him and her girlfriend. Soon he called her for a date and that began a love story that lasted a lifetime. Charles Workman proposed and she accepted. He owned and ran a sporting goods store and he encouraged her to go back to Winthrop to study for her master's degree which she did graduating in 1962 with a master's degree in chemistry, physics and science. They began to rear a family of three children and lived happily in Rock Hill.

Lynn Hornsby

Lynn grew up in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and attended Henderson State Teacher's College in Arkadelphia for two years. However, she ran out of money, so she started working. Clarence Hornsby was from Mobile, Alabama, and was sent to Camden, Arkansas, to the International Paper Co. for an engineering job. They met and became engaged. The International Paper Co. was going to build a paper mill in Pine Bluff and wanted Clarence to oversee it. They were married and lived in Pine Bluff for five years. Their two children were born there. The family moved to Rock Hill in 1961. When Bowater was about to build a paper mill, and they hired Clarence to build a part of it, the ground wood mill. Lynn started going to Winthrop for fun. She thought it would be a great opportunity to take some classes there. However, she accumulated enough credits to graduate in 1970 at the age of 40. She liked her experience at Winthrop a great deal and especially enjoyed the math classes she took. After she graduated, she began to take graduate courses. Unfortunately, she had to give that up when she developed an eye problem that hindered her sight. One of the things she enjoyed the most was working in the York County Public Library. She did the story hour for children downtown as well as in the branches.

Lynn will be presented with the Mary Mildred Sullivan Award at Winthrop in October for contributing to the quality of life in the Community. She and Clarence established the Hornsby Lectures for the Master of Liberal Arts Program. Congratulations, Lynn!!

Merle Craft

Merle has been a long-time resident of Rock Hill. While she was working at Bank of America, she decided to take advantage of some of the night classes at Winthrop. She mentioned it to her boss, Eddie Brown, who was vice-president of Bank of America, and he was very supportive. He said the bank would pay for them. He even let her leave work early in order to go home and get ready to be in class on time. She attended a variety of courses and accumulated enough credits to equal about 1 ½ years of study there. Her classes included both college students and adults.

Since Merle and her husband, Howard, both enjoyed the Fine Arts Series in Byrnes Auditorium they often attended the performances that were offered and took their children. She said those programs greatly enriched their lives.

A Winthrop Graduate Margaret Susan McCandless Housman Graduated Winthrop in 1950 A double major in Chemistry and Biology

Margaret was a sweet Carolina girl born in Chester, South Carolina, in the family home that she still owns today. She was often called Margaret Susan in the southern way. Margaret graduated from high school and entered Winthrop University in 1946 and graduated in 1950. Margaret loved Winthrop and school and completed her double major in chemistry and biology. A good student. At the time the cost to attend Winthrop was \$500.00 a year and that included room and board and tuition and books. The Lord was smiling on her in 1946 as ATT Telephone company wanted to run an underground telephone cable under her farm and paid her family \$2,000.00, enough to pay for Margaret's college tuition for all 4 years. The cable remained there until 2017. Margaret's roommate was a music major and gave her an appreciation of classical music. A bonus! After college Margaret was employed by Sandoz Chemical Company in Charlotte. During one school holiday Margaret planted young pine trees and she is still reaping the reward from that smart endeavor. Margaret said there was no public transportation when she was at Winthrop and if they needed a ride they would stand at the curb and someone would soon stop their car and offer a ride. Those were the days. Days of Navy blue uniforms, a blue line walking behind the University President to the various churches in Rock Hill on Sunday. Margaret loved her days at Winthrop and still loves the memories.

Jim Pinochet

I was surprised when I saw Jim Pinochet's name on our info sheet stating he had studied at Winthrop University. I knew Jim had graduated in engineering from Georgia Tech and even met his wife while there. So, when I cornered him and said what is this about you going to Winthrop? He said there were many subjects he was interested in that Georgia Tech didn't offer that Winthrop did. When I inquired "like what?" he said Latin. "LATIN"! I replied. When I took Latin our motto was "Latin killed the Romans and now it is killing me"! He said "yes" and other subjects as well and he passed them all! He also told me that 2 of his 3 daughters had graduated from Winthrop too. So, Jim was not only a Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech but a soaring Winthrop Eagle too.

Dot Kerr

Dot Kerr graduated from Montreat College with a BS degree. She enrolled at Winthrop College in 1956 because she needed 6 hours of graduate work to get a North Carolina Graduate Teaching Certificate. She never used it. Instead, she went to teach in Rock Hill at the College of Commerce which was a business school. She taught typing, shorthand, filing, and spelling. She even took dictation from Mr. Hackey, her boss.

She began teaching full time in Fort Mill at Fort Mill Elementary School and taught fourth grade there for twenty-five years. She went back to Winthrop every five years to renew her teaching certificate.

In the early 80s, she and her friend, Barbara Murphy, decided to go to Winthrop to get their master's degree in Elementary Education. The classes were at night and summertime and were with all adults. One of her teachers was Martha Bishop who was one of her favorites. Louise Pettus was also a teacher there at that time.

Dot's older granddaughter and stepson are also Winthrop graduates.

From Winthrop to Westminster

Continued. . .

Kelly Ozust
Assistant Professor of Performing Arts
Winthrop University

In case you do not recognize the name, Kelly is the Granddaughter of our resident Sheila Fleming. Kelly and her grandmother have made us the beneficiaries of many wonderful events and happenings that the performing arts and dance groups from Winthrop have presented. To name a few Kelly brought the Christmas Winthrop performing Rockettes the Christmas before Covid and they were probably the most enjoyable Christmas program that year. You will be happy to know she is planning to have them return this year so all you new folks watch your calendar for their performance. The stage show “The Adams Family” was another event we enjoyed just before Covid. Kelly received her BA degree at the Univ. of GA and her master’s degree at UNC Greensboro. She has been teaching at Winthrop for the past 7 years. Sheila like many of us moved here from San Diego, CA to be near her family. Kelly also teaches dance and body movement and choreographs other events. I am sure Kelly inherited some of her talent from Sheila. Want to feel inadequate? Sheila gave up boogie boarding in the Pacific surf a few years ago when she turned 85! Kelly also teaches history of music and theatre. Recently a group of senior students as their final exam danced in a program called the Senior Showcase. A wonderful show! We will keep you informed of upcoming events by this talented young lady and her equally talented grandmother.



Peggy Moore

Peggy graduated from Winthrop college in 1958...the first class that was not required to wear the Winthrop uniform of navy blue and white. They had to wear it for just one semester. After that, they had the freedom to wear clothes of any color. She remembers the Blue Line when all the students were required to walk to church the first Sunday in the school year. “We fussed all the way there”, she said. She also remembers standing on the street corner waiting for some kind person to drive her to town.

Peggy majored in Elementary Education. She loved music and was fortunate to room with a voice major. They attended many of the Fine Arts Series performances in Byrnes Auditorium during their four years.. Peggy took piano lessons for two years and accompanied her roommate on her senior voice recital. Peggy’s suite mate, Peggy Pursley, was the best friend of her own best friend, Betty Love. After graduation Peggy was hired to teach at Montclair Elementary School in Charlotte and she taught fourth grade there for 30 years. Peggy, her roommate Peggy and Betty all lived together in Charlotte. Peggy and Betty were the first singles to get a loan to buy a house in Charlotte. Peggy’s mother, aunt and cousin also attended Winthrop.

Florence Plyler
Winthrop University 1977—1984
Graduated Summa cum Laude

Florence was a Jersey girl coming from the Washington's Crossing area near Trenton her capitol. She met Bill Plyler, the love of her life, a young man from Lancaster, South Carolina who was in the Air force stationed at Bomac Missile Base on Ft. McGuire Air Force Base about 16 miles from Trenton. They married in 1958 and moved south to Bill's hometown in 1960. Florence went to work for Springs Industries and entered the world of computer science in its infancy. In about 1977 Florence at age 40 made the decision to further her education and entered Winthrop University to study Business Administration and Computer Science. She soon became known as Mom to all the young students. Instead of her classes helping her with her job, her job and business experience helped her better understand her classes and many times the young students came to her for help understanding the new world of computer science. How she juggled her job, rearing 3 children, and keeping the home front functioning I cannot imagine but she did. She studied at night and during the summer a lot. She loved Winthrop and her professors and having the opportunity to study some of her other favorite subjects such as Greek Mythology and especially History. She was awarded the Mary M. Sullivan Scholarship for 2 years even as she laughingly told them she was a Yankee. No matter she earned it! Florence graduated in 1984 Summa cum laude, earning Winthrop's highest academic award. Well done, Florence. We here at Westminster are very proud of you. God Bless you, Florence.

Imogene Blackmon

Imogene attended Winthrop college for one year in 1947, majoring in a business degree but didn't go back for nineteen years. Instead, she got married and worked as a secretary and did office work for Springs in Fort Mill. The decision to go back to school was actually made by her husband, Gene. One day he said "Let's go to Rock Hill." When they turned in the gate to the college Imogene said "Why are you going in here?" Gene replied "It's time for you to go back to school and get your degree."

Imogene took night classes, majoring in Elementary Education and minoring in History, while still working full time. She finally decided she needed to speed things up and graduated on May 10, 1970. The very next week she went to Lancaster where she had done her practice teaching and taught first grade for a month to finish out the year for a teacher who was moving.

She taught at Heath Springs Elementary School for the next fourteen years, teaching every grade between first and eighth except third. The last four years were in middle school for grades six, seven and eight. The last twelve years of her career were in administration, serving as an Elementary School Principal in Kershaw for 3 years and Lancaster at Clinton Elementary for 9 years.

She said 1985 was her hardest year when three schools were combined. To her dismay she discovered that the seventh grade students had never studied multiplication and division so she had to take on that task. She enjoyed her years in the classroom and administration and still keeps in touch with some of her fellow teachers.

Louise Pettus

Winthrop Professor Louise Pettus lived for many years in Apt. 129 in the Manor, but recently moved to the Health Center for a greater level of care. Louise was not only a professor but was the Head Administrator of the Winthrop Archives which now bears her name. She collected documents statewide and provided students not only with Winthrop history but state history and assisted many of them with their historical work. Louise completed all her work for her PhD but her father passed away and she had to take over the family business, a large cotton gin located on Hwy 521 the old Charlotte to Lancaster Highway, and manage the family 139 acre farm. God Bless you and may you rest in peace, Louise.



Winthrop Family depth!!

By: Tom "Pinky" Funderburk



EARLINE STEVENSON FUNDERBURK

My Mom started Winthrop in 1916. She was born in Winnsboro and was an accomplished horsewoman. Her Dad was a big farmer and insurance agent. When she was a Junior, her roommate Estelle Miller a senior was going to Columbia to take the Teachers exam and begged my mom Earline to go with her. Mom went and passed the exam and they issued her a teachers Certificate. So at the end of the year, she quit school and got a job teaching at Estill S.C. She lived with the Supt, who had a large buggy and horse which my mom hooked up every morning, picked up several students and delivered them to school. She was paid extra for this. Later she was transferred to Pageland elementary to

teach first grade, met my dad, who owned an electric company, went to work for him, married him and became his office manager and bookkeeper and in 1925 my Mama!!!! And mother of JANE, my sister who attended Winthrop in Sept 1938!!

In 1943 my future wife to be Vivian enrolled for an accounting degree and graduated in 1948. I remember well the Blue Line, the dances, May Day celebrations and Viv attending our dances at Wake Forest where I graduated in 49. While living in Lake Wylie and later at Westminster Towers I took several night courses at Winthrop.

So, how's that for a family handful of Winthrop? So, who was president of Winthrop in 1939??? It was Shelton Phelps of course.



ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES

By: Nancy Anderson

The Philippines is an archipelago of over 7000 islands, about 2000 of which are inhabited. The second phrase of the national anthem states that it is the "pearl of the Orient" and we found that to be true. It boasts rugged mountains, including active volcanos, tropical flora and fauna, pristine beaches, and vistas of amazing sunsets over the sea. One of our missionary colleagues would continually remark about the beautiful sunsets as seen from her western-facing kitchen window. One day her helper humorously asked her if there weren't any sunsets in America!

We lived in Manila for the first few months after our arrival and studied Cebuano in a language school that taught several dialects. This was a challenge, as Cebuano is not the language spoken on the island of Luzon where Manila is. That meant that we had to search for native Cebuano speakers who were residing or working in the capital city with whom to talk. We discovered they were very pleased that we were trying to learn their language and would be very patient with us when we made mistakes – of which there were many.

It was imperative to learn how Filipinos viewed life rather than simply trying to find Cebuano words to match our English words and sentence construction. We learned that their mindset, as reflected in their dialects, was much more passive than active. They constructed most of their sentences focusing on the object rather than the

subject, such as, “The floor will be swept by me,” rather than “I’ll sweep the floor” – like the floor was more important than the person. Other sentences we say in the indicative in English, they would say “happened” to occur. Also, they accepted hard things, such as having a child with a cleft lip and palate as an act of God and didn’t even consider trying to get it repaired.

We also discovered that we would get a better price for items in the market if we spoke the dialect rather than English. I was trying to buy an earthenware pitcher one day to use as a flowerpot to hold bamboo. An old lady was squatting nearby, and she turned to her friend and said in Cebuano, “Look at that Americana. She doesn’t know how to use that chocolate pot.” I smiled and answered her, “Bitaw, apan la-in ang akong tuyo niini.” (True, but I have a different purpose for this one.) She was shocked and a bit embarrassed that I had understood her.

We found Filipinos to be very friendly – especially the older ones who remembered the war and were thankful that the Americans had liberated them from Japanese occupation. They would tell us stories from that time. One old man recounted a night when the Japanese were getting closer. He and his son jumped into their outrigger canoe in the dark and paddled furiously to get away – only to discover after several minutes that it was still tied to the tree!

Poverty was a fact of life for so many families. They saw any American as rich, and therefore we had a regular stream of people at our door asking for loans. At first, we gave them what they asked for, but discovered that then they would avoid us, as they were ashamed that they had no way of paying us back. After a while, and with some wise counseling from fellow missionaries, we stopped loaning money. Instead, we would give them only a portion of what they had asked for, but with no strings attached. We could keep them as friends by doing that, and they got some help.

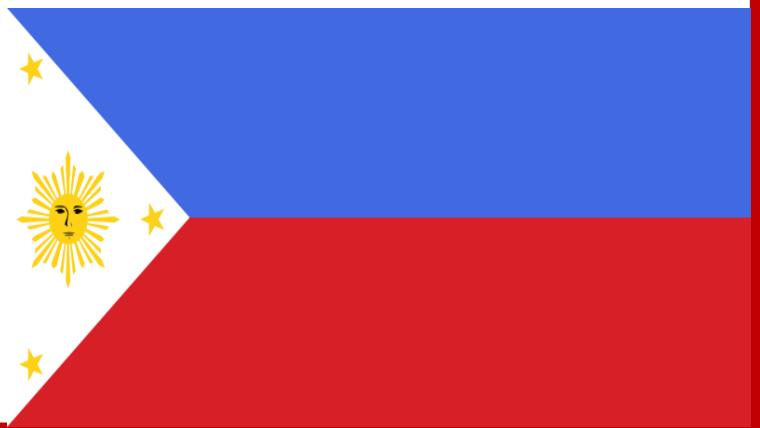
Filipinos thought nothing of cutting in line, especially when driving in traffic. A driver would simply stick his hand out, wave it around and then move aggressively into the left lane. A passenger could do that as well if he wanted to go right instead

of left. One day we were wanting to go right, but the traffic was bad, so I, as the passenger, did as the Filipinos did – and it worked! A space opened and we were able to move into the right lane. We learned that “when in Rome, do as the Romans do” applied there as well.

We spent about ten years in the country, mostly on the island of Cebu, and learned many things. It was humbling to realize and accept the fact that the American way of doing things wasn’t always the best way! And Filipinos could do things that we wouldn’t think of doing – such as climbing tall coconut trees in their bare feet and cutting down the coconuts before they fell and hit someone on the head! Or using the outer husk of a coconut to wax a floor by putting a foot on it and skating it back and forth. We learned to love most of their food, which included a lot of fish, plus an abundance of fruit and vegetables, some of which we had never even heard of. We still go to Asian markets occasionally to buy some of them.

We continue to have a tender heart toward Filipinos that we encounter here in the US. One day back in the 80s shortly after we had returned to the States, I overheard a lady in another aisle at K-Mart say with a very recognizable Philippine accent, “Do you know where I could find a ribbon for my typewriter?” I hustled around to her aisle, smiled, and asked, “Taga di-in ka ba?” (Where are you from?) She was dumbfounded that an American would be speaking a language of the Philippines! And though she was not from Cebu, she understood what I had asked her. It was fun for both her and me.

Our lives were enriched because of the time we spent there, the things we learned, and the friendships we made.

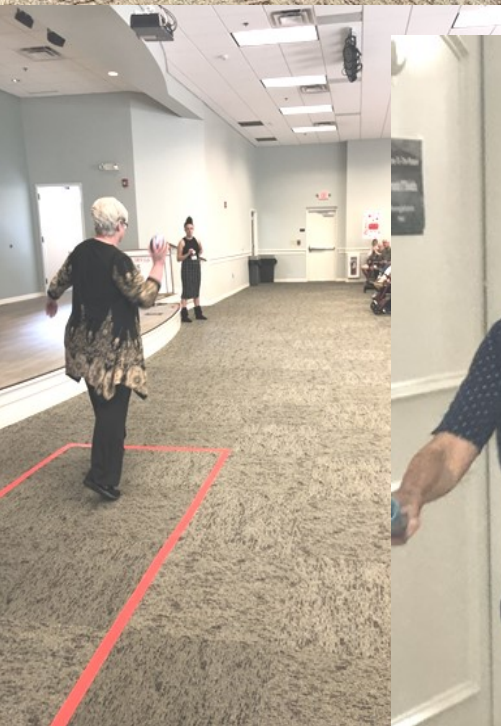


Westminster Towers



2021 Olympic Games







“INDEPENDENT” LIVING

By: Carole Partridge

“When was the last time you had one of THOSE days? No, not one of “those” days requiring an excuse to avoid gym class. You know what days to which we are referring. No, not one of “those” days when everything goes wrong and you’re singing the “blues”:

 “Nobody loves me.
Everybody hates me,
I think I’ll eat some worms.” 

One of “those days” came to me while I was filling in the cracks and lines in my face with some pancake liquid filler. The reality of truth descended upon this heart in a thunderbolt thought with a veracity that shook my being and was not to be denied: “Friend,” she said to the hand mirror with two sides (up close and personal on one side, “further down the road” on the other.) “Friend!” she repeated. “You may be LIVING in Independent Living, but you are NOT an Independent LIVER.” You do not live as an Independent (standalone) person. There are so many people whose love, attention, assistance, and WORDS prop you up, pick you up, “love-and-sustain you”. You may delude yourself into thinking that you ‘depend’ on no one, lean on no one (why else to use a rollable walker?) “need” no one else. Most of us know this in our thickest, “bone-head” moments; but we really need to face that truth again from time to time when we get “too big for our britches”, as my grandmother used to say. We DO need each other....and others.

As Independent Living residents existing during one of the most difficult and tumultuous historical

times, we need to take a sharp, critical look at ourselves in the mirror. The lines of discontent, worry, fear become deeper, more accentuated when we fail to recognize that our appearance and WORDS have positive and negative effects....upon ourselves and others.

We must be more cognizant of how the world perceives us from outside these hallowed walls of protection. Do they see us as ‘privileged’? Some do. Pampered? To a great extent. Are we viewed as the PUT ASIDE? Out of sight, out of mind? Unfortunately, that may well be TRUE...probably more than one is aware.

Where are we going with this round-the-barn house exercise in reasoning? Here is the headline, O Privileged Ones: WATCH YOUR WORDS! They can HURT or HEAL! THEY CAN LIFT UP OR SHATTER spirits, which may already be sagging or desperate and in need of sustenance. What comes out of our mouths (or pens or IPADS) can make someone else’s world a little better or a whole lot worse. Our words can send a weary housekeeper or hurried wait-person or harried maintenance man home, lifted up in the nobility of using their whole bodies in hard labor. On the opposite end of the spectrum, our words can have a debilitating effect, sending some home in tears and discouraged, convinced there is no future here for them. How “INDEPENDENT” would we really be if they did not show up for work one day?

Our consciences speak loudly sometimes in condemnation. Words can sustain hope and build up confidence and joy in work well done. “Lord, forgive our jaded and selfish hearts that allow hurtful words to tear down rather than build up a soul nearby, a soul precious to You... In Jesus’ Name, we pray....Amen”

OFF HER ROCKER

Submitted by: Lou Ardrey

In the dim and distant past when Life’s tempo wasn’t fast
Grandma used to rock and knit, crochet, tat and baby-sit.
When the kids were in a jam they could always count on Gram.
In the age of gracious living grandma was the gal for giving.
Grandma now is in the gym exercising to keep slim.
She’s off touring with the bunch or taking all her friends to lunch.
Driving north to ski or hike, taking time to ride her bike.
Nothing seems to stop or block her now that Grandma’s off her rocker.

Author: anonymous

We Celebrate Grandparents Day 2021 on September 12th

Grandmothers are Special

By: Lou Ardrey

I was born in my grandparent's home. My grandfather died when I was one year old, so I don't remember him at all, but I felt very close to my grandmother. My mother, father and two sisters lived with her until my father died when I was 3 years old. After his death we moved to a house not far away, so I still saw Grandmother often. She had snow white hair, which was pulled back in a bun, making her look much older than her years.

Mother remarried when I was six and we moved to a big house in another part of town. Grandmother moved to a small house just around the corner from us. I loved to spend the night with her. She often talked about Jesus and what He meant to her and that made a deep impression on me. I also enjoyed going to church with her on Sunday night, singing the old hymns like "Beulah Land," "In the Garden" and "He Lives." She was a wonderful gardener. I especially remember the huge roses and tomatoes she grew. She was a good cook, too, and made wonderful cottage cheese and grape hull pie. During the war she taught me to knit and helped me make a muffler for the Red Cross to send to "our boys".

When Grandmother was sixty-six years old, she had a heart attack. She was taken to a hospital in a town nearby since, at that time, we didn't have one in my hometown of Dillon. Mother brought her to our house to recuperate, but she had another attack while climbing the front stairs. She lived for several days with private nurses caring for her around the clock. Near the end she was delirious, and we knew she was slipping away. She died when I was twelve years old. Her coffin was put in our dining room where the funeral was held—a typical custom back then---and her friends came to pay their respects. I remember one good friend of hers telling me as we looked at her body, "That's just the house your grandmother lived in. She's not there anymore. She's in heaven with Jesus." That statement made me grateful that I am a Christian and will see her in heaven one day along with other loved ones who have accepted Jesus as Savior and Lord.

Grandmother's death left a big void in my life. She had often dropped by in the afternoons to visit and would call out, "Anybody home?" I missed that. I also missed spending the night with her. Since I never knew either of my grandparents on my father's side and lost my grandfather on Mother's side when I was only one year old, Grandmother played a big part in my life. I'm grateful for the privilege of having known her those brief years. She made a deep impact on my life. Her desire to share her faith with me intensifies my desire to share my faith with my own grandchildren. I hope they will be able to say someday that my life made as much of an impact on them as Grandmother's did on mine.



Earl J. Wilcox

By: Ed FitzGerald



I am sure that most of us have experienced the inspiration and guidance of a mentor during our formative years. Earl J. Wilcox dedicated over 40 years as a teacher and university professor, and during this long career, mentored and guided many students to a love of English Literature. The one mentoring that is most dear to him was with his granddaughter, Sara Elizabeth, who is currently following in his footsteps.

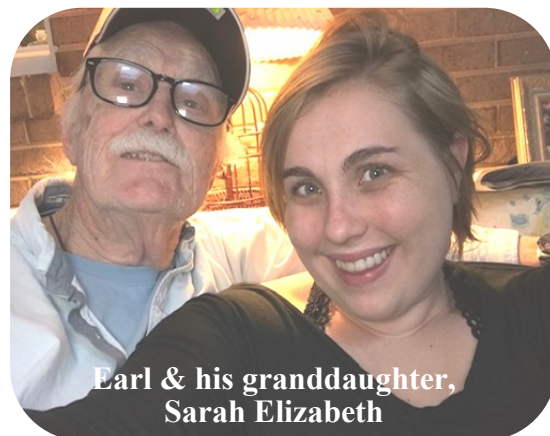
Earl was born in Paragould, Arkansas. His early years were spent in sports and reading. He was married, and then drafted into the Army. He enrolled under the GI Bill at Arkansas State University, in Jonesboro, where he received his BA in English and Business. At ASU he was named a “student of distinction” by the university. At the University of Texas, Austin, he earned a Masters in English Literature and taught as part of his fellowship. While earning his PhD at Vanderbilt University, he taught English Literature, part-time at Lipscomb University in Nashville. His doctoral dissertation was “Jack London and the Tradition of American Naturalism.” When asked what naturalism was all about, Earl, with a wry grin said, “survival of the fittest.” Remembering a recent reading of “The Call of the Wild,” I agreed. Early in his career Earl, became a noted scholar of Jack London, one of modern America’s most prolific bestselling authors. London wrote 22 novels and countless short stories during his short life span. He died at 40.

Now, Professor Wilcox returned to Arkansas State as professor and chair of the university’s English, Philosophy and Drama Department. In 1970, he was recruited by Winthrop University as a Professor of English and was for many years the Chair of the Department of English and Drama. He retired from the classroom in 2021. While at Winthrop his wife, Elizabeth, earned her BA degree in English, and for many years taught at Northwestern High School.

When Earl Wilcox’s name comes up, it is usually associated with one of America’s most famous poets, Robert Frost. He has, over the years, distinguished himself as one of the foremost scholars on the works of Frost. He has edited 4 books of essays on the poet as well as authoring numerous articles published about Frost in academic journals. The interest in the poet was stimulated by Charlie Vail, then President of Winthrop. Vail suggested to Earl that the university sponsor a scholarly conference on Frost. In 1983, the symposium was announced with a call for papers on the poet. From this very successful event Earl was becoming a recognized scholar on the works of the poet.

As an academic he edited books on Jack London including the 100th year edition of, “The Call of the Wild,” with his wife Elizabeth. This led to a connection with one of London’s daughters, who Earl and Betty hosted during her visit to Winthrop. He founded the Frost Society and the Robert Frost Review in 1990 and edited the journal for 10 years. Winthrop named Earl Distinguished Professor in 1994. He and Elizabeth lived, studied, and taught for a full year, with a Fulbright appointment at Aristotle University, Thessaloniki, Greece. For one semester, he was a visiting scholar at University College, London, in a sabbatical setting. He was granted a second Fulbright to Thailand, but it was cancelled due to political unrest in the country.

Inspired by her grandfather’s career and his mentoring, Sara Elizabeth attended Winthrop, majoring in English and French. She then earned a master’s degree from Winthrop in Eng-



Earl & his granddaughter,
Sara Elizabeth

lish Literature and joined the faculty of the university as an instructor for 2 years. Currently she is at the University of Tennessee where she continues working toward her PhD in Victorian English Literature. It is a long five-year program, but with the legacy of Earl, her late grandmother, Betty, and her maternal educator grandparents, teaching and mentoring are in her DNA. She will be a wonderful teacher when she re-enters the classroom.

In his retirement years, Earl has devoted much of his creative energy to writing poetry. He has published more than 100 poems in print and online journals. He claims that he creates poetry when inspired! Below, is a sample stanza he wrote about shopping with Towers residents..

Seniors Field Trip

On the bus to a supermarket, school kids
in their seventies. Homework lists: *bananas,*
diapers, muffins, TP, grapes, chips. Laughter
rises, ebbs. Off-key, one sings *Love Lifted Me.*
A bumpy bus ride familiar as our uneven lives.

BROKEN POTTERY

By: Wendell Anderson

Years ago, I was engaged in some study at a well-known seminary. To help with expenses I signed on as a waiter in the school's dining facility. It was a rather fancy place where white tablecloths covered the tables, and waiters wore white and balanced trays above their shoulders.

One evening I was behind in resetting my tables for the next day. I had filled my tray with water glasses back in the kitchen area and was prepared to go out to my tables. I lifted my tray over my shoulder with one hand and attempted to burst forth into the dining room as usual by pushing one of the swinging doors with my free hand and the other with my foot. Except I didn't burst forth! The head waiter, apparently thinking things were finished, had locked the doors. There was a mighty crash and glass all over the floor. I still remember his unhappy face as he helped clean up the scattered glass! I don't think I graduated with a degree in food services that year!

While not everyone may be able to identify with my skill in breaking glasses, perhaps some of us can identify with the glasses themselves at some level or another! At least King David could have. At one point in David's life, according to the Bible in Psalm 31:12 NIV, David agonized, "... ***I have become like broken pottery.***" Perhaps at times under the stresses of life we can sympathize with David. We feel that we are coming apart or have actually broken!

The only solution is to submit ourselves to the

Master Potter for repair. This is what David did, since he cries out to the Lord in his Psalm (vv.4-5), "... *for you are my refuge. Into your hands I commit my spirit . . .*" As a result, he comes to exult (vs.8), "*You have not handed me over to the enemy but have set my feet in a spacious place.*" Having committed himself to the Lord, he found that he was no longer trapped by his enemies but had room to move about safely. He also came to rejoice (vs.15) that, "*My times are in your hands . . .*" He was no longer facing the termination of his life at the will of his enemies but had the peace and confidence that his life was fully in God's control. The broken pot had been restored by the Master Potter!

If we commit ourselves to the LORD through faith in Jesus, we can trust that in all the ups and downs of life, God will be our refuge and strength. The LORD has promised to mend the damage and restore our brokenness if we are in pieces. He may do this quickly or gradually, and He often uses the prayers and counsel of other believers to help.

However, some marks of our previous condition may remain as a testimony to what God has done. I've read that skilled potters can often restore damaged pots, but some evidence of the former damage may remain, actually enhancing the beauty of the restored pottery. So even if God, our Master Potter, chooses to restore our brokenness, but not erase all evidence of the former damage, He will use this for our good, the good of others and for His own glory! So, let's be encouraged and commit ourselves to the Master Potter if we are feeling like damaged or **broken pottery!**

SCHOOL DAYS DURING WORLD WAR II

By: Janet Yocum

As I was interviewing Marshall Doswell, we were talking about growing up in Virginia. I remembered how it was growing up during the war and wonder how many of you remember those years. The call went out to the mountains for men with a trade to report to the Norfolk Navy Yard to build aircraft carriers. My father, a little too old for the draft, and a master pipe fitter, answered the call.

I was six years old and began the first grade in a school that was built during the Civil War. I was an only child and given a lot of independence. School started at 9 a.m. and I had to walk. I listened to the chipmunks sing a song at 8:30 and walked for about 25 minutes to the old school. Children had to cross a busy road and there were no crossing guards. The first thing we were taught was to Stop, Look and Listen before we crossed the road. I still do that today.

My first mistake was to report that Edward had his eyes open during prayer. I was severely admonished and had to stay after school. I was not happy. The children were all out playing and there I sat. I still don't tattle today at 85. Lesson learned. When I complained bitterly to my mother about the injustice, she explained to me the meaning of stupid. Later I caught Edward sneaking into the girls' restroom and thought I should report him, and I did. Then he had to stay after school. Ha!

Dick and Jane and Spot the dog, I learned to read and shortly advanced to Donald Duck, Dewey, Louie, and Hughey, his nephews. I still love to read. Every day I was given a nickel to spend on penny candy at a little grocery store on the way home. I kept it in my jacket pocket in the cloak room tied in the corner of my hanky. During the day I would daydream about whether I would get a BB bat sucker, a marshmallow peanut, a jaw breaker or maybe coke syrup in a wax container. I performed some misdeed and punishment was sitting a spell in the cloak room by myself to think it over. When I got released, a very poor girl from a large family reported that I had stolen her nickel and it was in my pocket and the teacher gave her my nickel. I was incensed. I was accused of something I didn't do, and she had my nickel. My mother was unsympathetic. She said to feel sorry for the child. I did not and to this very day



I hate being accused of doing something I didn't do. Lesson learned and I kept my nickel in my shoe after that!

I was allowed to go to the movies with my parents no matter what the subject. I remember standing in line around 3 blocks to watch 30 Seconds Over Tokyo. I saw it again 75 years later here at Westminster. There was no early warning system for hurricanes. You never knew one was coming until it arrived, and one blew in while we were in school. We were turned out early and told to go straight home.

On a corner a few blocks from my home there was a big revival going on and the tent had blown away. I always loved music, so I stopped to play the piano that was sitting exposed in the wind and rain. My father was called home from the shipyard and found me happily playing the piano in the hurri-

cane. Summer came and the girls played jacks and I got good at it. Good for hand and eye coordination. The boys played marbles. They drew a big circle in the dirt and put the marbles in a triangle and shot them out of the circle and got to keep them. I had some marbles and that looked easy

enough, so I thought I would join the boys and add to my marble collection. I had a boley, "a shooter". So, I joined the game. It took less than 5 minutes to lose all my marbles. Apparently, it was harder than it looked.

After dinner we played "Kick the Can" and "Home Sheep Run", but my favorite was "Prisoners Base." We had to come in when the streetlight came on. We caught lightning bugs in mason jars and put strings on June Bugs legs and let them fly around in circles, I guess till the leg fell off! It was war time and I had jobs. I stomped on the tin cans and looked for scrap metal. We didn't have butter, but lard came in a bag with a bubble holding yellow food coloring in it, and my job was to squeeze the bag until it looked like a bag of butter. We played paper dolls, hopscotch and jump rope and the boys played war with toy rifles. We listened to President Roosevelt's Fireside Chats and Walter Winchell's Good Evening, Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea. We sent President Roosevelt our dimes for the "March of Dimes". We had dogs named Blackie, Brownie and Rover.

In the 4th grade the ceiling fell in the old school and we were sent to Robert E. Lee, the school for the

big kids. We were all out at recess and not one person was injured.

Prayers of thanks went up in all the churches on Sunday. We bought war bonds and saved our gas coupons until we could get new tires for the car. I still have our food rationing book. Kate Smith sang "God Bless America" and my dad and I walked I don't know how many miles to see Bob Feller pitch a demonstration game. We had blackout shades and my father was a Warden who patrolled the neighborhood when the sirens sounded. We prayed every night for our boys overseas and that the war might be won soon. How about you? God Bless You and all our boys and girls overseas.



Westminster Towers in 2003

By: Ernie Howard

Since I've been a resident of Westminster Towers for the past eighteen years, I thought I would share how life has changed.

Entertainment: All entertainment programs were held in the lobby and we had some really great programs. Folding chairs were set up in rows facing the windows. There was a birthday party each month to recognize those having a birthday in that month, with cake or some other goody. Some activities and games were held in the community room.

Association Meetings: These meetings were held in the dining room. Tables and chairs were pushed back and folding chairs were set up facing towards the presidential dining room. Business was conducted by microphone, but those in the back could not see the speaker.

Heritage Hall: It soon became apparent that we needed more space and Heritage Hall was built. This wonderful addition to the Towers served us well. The name Heritage Hall was chosen by a group of staff and residents, from suggestions that had been sent in.

Dining Room: This is probably the biggest change. The men wore shirts and ties while the women wore dresses. There was a white tablecloth on each table and a cloth napkin across each lap.

Trips: There was a trip to Myrtle Beach each Fall and there was once a group of residents who took a cruise.

Windows: Our monthly publication has become more sophisticated. A joy to read.



THOSE WERE THE
DAYS

FAIREST FLOWER of THE SOUTHLAND

By: Lou Ardrey



“Fairest flower of the Southland, Alma Mater of our youth,
Guide our hearts in search of wisdom and our souls in search of truth.
Winthrop College! Winthrop College! How our heart beat high with pride,
Ever shall we stand together Winthrop Daughters side by side.”

My Mother graduated from Winthrop in 1928. My four sisters and I also graduated from there. From 1941 to 1958 one of us was a student there. When I was in high school thinking about college, it was never “Where will I go?” It was a settled fact that I would be following the tradition. Mother majored in Home Economics but the rest of us majored in education. Mother and all five of us girls taught school. Mother and two of my sisters taught in elementary school, the other two taught in high school and I taught music in a junior high school. My stepfather told each of us before applying for a job: “You had better be careful where you go to teach because you might fall in love with someone and spend the rest of your life there.” That proved to be true. All five of us met our husbands where we went to teach and all four of them spent the rest of their lives there. I was the only exception. Jim worked for Southern Bell Telephone Co. so we lived in five states during his career as he advanced with the company with each promotion.

I graduated in 1954---the last class to be required to wear only navy blue and white. There were no exceptions....no stripes, polka dots, checks or mixed colors...only solid navy or white. The “blue line” was a big event. The first Sunday of the school year all students formed a line, led by Henry Sims, the president, and we marched to town, dropping off at the church of our choice along the way.

Dr. Walter Roberts, a very respected musician, was head of the music department. My piano teachers were Miss Ermine Wilfong my freshman year and, after her retirement, Florence Smyth, my other three years. I also took voice lessons and was required to take part in voice and piano recitals in Barnes Auditorium on a regular basis. On one occasion I was part of a piano quartet that played for the entire student body in Byrnes Auditorium...a rare privilege. Because I was a music major, I was required to give a senior recital on my own.

The Winthrop choir was another important part of my college life. Each spring we toured the state giving concerts and staying in the homes of the town residents. That was always a treat to which I looked forward each year. Miss Katherine Pfohl was the choir director.

The music events at Winthrop during my four years were of the highest quality. The best artists in America gave concerts, including Roberta Peters. Rise Stevens, Patrice Munsel, The Robert Shaw Choral and Orchestra and the Agnes Demille Dance Group. We also saw operas like Carmen and La Traviata and heard big bands like Sammy Kaye and Wayne King.

At the end of the year there was always an impressive May Day event, an outstanding outdoor production complete with a queen and her court dressed in flowing gowns. The day before graduation was the traditional Daisy Chain when underclassmen wove chains of ivy and daisies and put them around the necks of the seniors.

There were many restrictions, limited weekends and strict dating rules which were all spelled out in the Student Handbook---a real antique which I still have.

When I went back for my 65th reunion in 2019 I was stuck with how different things are. The school I knew is a far cry from the University it is today....with men students, no limitations on what to wear, a winning basketball team, new state of the art buildings and very few restrictions.

In Loving Memory:

♥ *Fay Reynolds*

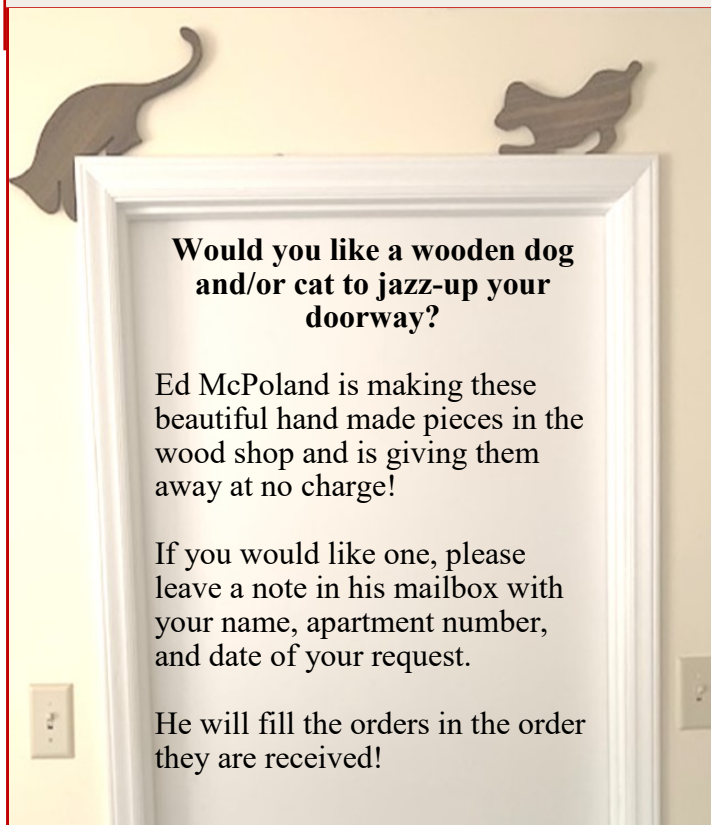
♥ *Sara Buice*

♥ *Louise Pettus*

♥ *Lou Whitfield*



Any gift to the Endowment, Capital Campaign, or Employee Assistance Fund can be made in honor or in memory of a loved one or neighbor.



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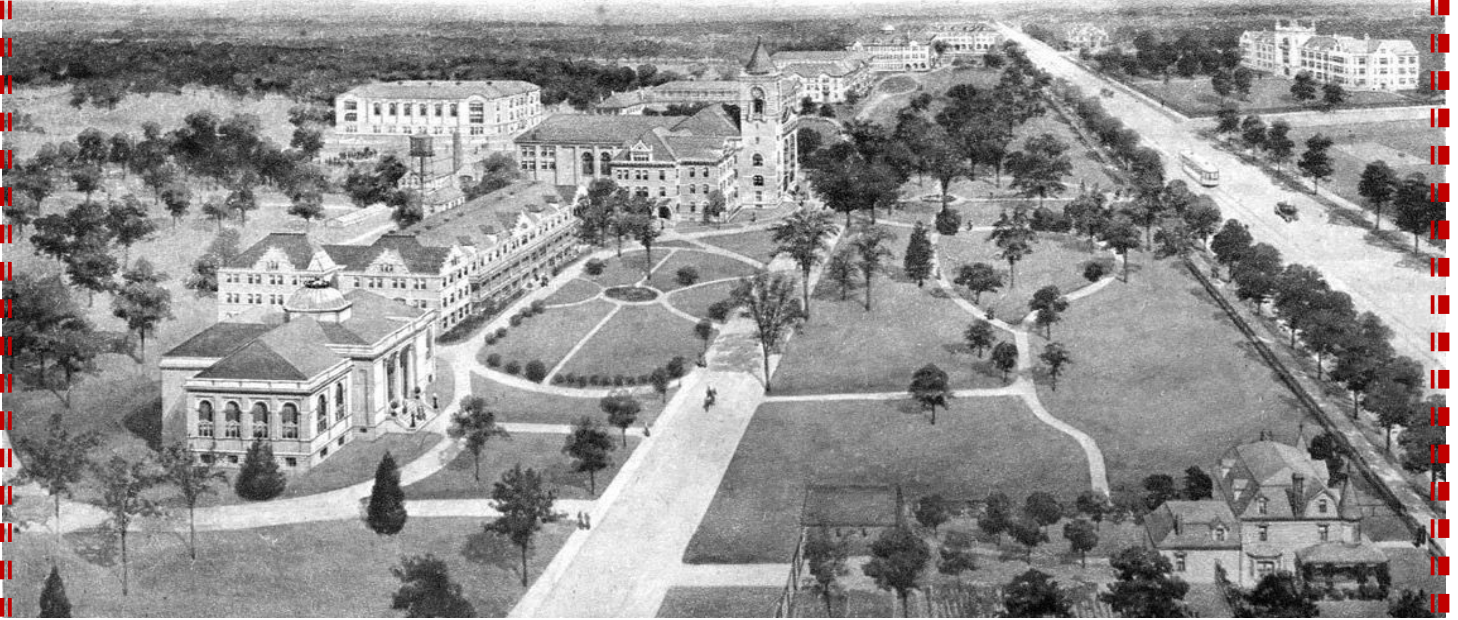
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Thank You

Winthrop campus, bird's eye view, ca. 1913



We are looking for articles about Westminster Towers residents and happenings around the Towers!

Entries can be submitted directly to Christy
O'Connor or Linda Lenz.

Deadline for entries for October is
September 15th.



Westminster Towers, an extension of the ministry of Westminster Presbyterian Church, was founded on the theological principles and values of the Presbyterian Church in America. Our mission is to provide services that inspire, encourage, and empower seniors, while demonstrating the love of Christ to support individual well-being.

Westminster Windows is published monthly for the residents, staff and friends of Westminster Towers continuing care retirement community.



Submissions and column ideas are welcomed in writing to the following members of the newsletter committee (submissions will not be returned, and they will be used according to space availability and content appropriateness).

Newsletter Committee — Committee Chair: **Linda Lenz**; Members: **Morna Matheny, Lou Ardrey, Marshall Doswell, Pinky Funderburk, Barbara Gladden, Mary Alice Mitchell, Carole Partridge, Gaylon Syrett, Janet Yocum**; Residents' Association President: **Spencer Anderson** President and CEO: **Jim Thomason**; Windows Editor/Director of Life Enrichment: **Christy O'Connor**