

Salem United Methodist Church

Salem Memories



Salem JOY Club
Selections submitted by friends and past & present
members of Salem United Methodist Church
December 2004

Salem United Methodist Church
Goldsboro, North Carolina

Homecoming and Bicentennial Celebration
September 21, 1986

History

We are indebted to a former member, Col. W. S. G. Andrews, for much of the early history of Salem, which was recorded in his article published in the North Carolina Advocate of February 1856.

Daniel Deans came from Virginia and settled on Stoney Creek in Wayne County, North Carolina. He was a member of a small religious group in that community. In 1786 his mind became very much disturbed about religion. His conduct was so singular at times that his neighbors thought him deranged. During one of these seasons of mental depression, he concluded to visit his birthplace in Virginia. While he was there he attended a meeting of Methodists, heard the preaching, was taught the way of life more perfectly, and experienced the forgiveness of his sins.

When he returned home, on meeting his wife, he threw his arms around her and exclaimed; "O Elizabeth! I have seen a man in Virginia, who was worth a lifetime of labor to see. If I had known how happy his preaching could make me, I would have travelled the world over to find him. He has promised to come and preach for us, and you shall hear him and be happy."

Shortly thereafter, the "English preacher," as Bishop Asbury was called, came to the Stoney Creek neighborhood. An Englishman named Watts, who lived on the east side of Stoney Creek consented that he should preach at his house.

The sermons of Bishop Asbury were preached to the small religious group at the house of Mr. Watts, in Wayne County. Daniel Deans therefore is credited with helping to introduce Methodism into Wayne County.

A few years after Bishop Asbury preached at the Watts Home, a small log meeting house was built on the west side of Stoney Creek, and called "Deans Meeting House." It was very crudely constructed of rough logs, with holes cut for a window and a door, but no window or door was ever installed.

Some of the preachers who conducted services at Dean's Meeting House were John Buxton, John Kay, Morris Howe, and Mr. Moody. They were men of great zeal, and constant revival attended their labors.

Some years later, the little group which had been formed at Dean's Meeting House, moved to Sarah Howell's, about two miles west, and near the present location of Salem Church.

Sarah Howell had joined the church at Watts'; had lost her husband; was not in affluent circumstances; had a family dependent upon her; but she threw open her doors to the group and to the preachers. For eight years her house was the preachers' home, as well as the place of worship for the much abused Methodists, and her house was the scene of constant revival.

The preachers who officiated at Sarah Howell's were Willie Bellamy, Mr. French, Mr. Sturtevant, Mr. Hince, Sam Garrott, and Henry Warren.

In 1810 the society had so much increased that it was found necessary to build a new meeting house. The first Salem church was then built. Most of the work was done by John Hooks, Hardy Cooper, John Deans, and George Deans, with "work spells" by neighbors, hauling timbers, making shingles, hewing, etc. Of those who built this church, John Hooks and John Deans became preachers. Others later sent out from that church as itinerants and preachers were: John Howell, Daniel Deans, Jr., Curtis Hooks, James Alford, Barden H. Bradbury, John Aycock, Robert Deans, and Morris Howell.

The dark days following the War between the States found the people in the Salem Church Community destitute as in many other places in the south. To add to their woes, their church had been burned. From the ashes, a renewed religious life began in the Community with a revival meeting conducted under a brush arbor. Rev. A. J. Finlayson did the preaching and James Mahoney led the singing. Blocks of wood served as seats.

In 1869 plans were made for the construction of a building. Morris Howell gave the site, and his daughter, Elizabeth, contributed the first five dollars. The hand hewn lumber was put together with wooden pegs. The building was completed in 1873 during the pastorate of Rev. John Andrews. Dedication services were held later that year by Rev. E. A. Yates, presiding elder.

Some of the members at this time were from the following families: Crumplers, Howells, Sherards, Hooks, Starlings, Edgertons, Hams, Garrris, Pates, Bizzells, Langstons, Caseys, Hills, Deans, and Scotts.

Though the membership increased, this structure served well for many years.

In 1944 the late Myrtie Montague Smith, a devoted member and energetic worker, suggested to the Woman's Society of Christian Service that a building fund be started for the purpose of adding class rooms. Her initial gift of fifty dollars was the spark needed. On August 25, 1944 the Rev. W. R. Stevens, serving his fifth year, called together the official board to outline plans for a building program. Hubert M. Howell was elected chairman, and plans were prepared and adopted, but scarcity of materials due to World War Two delayed construction.

By June 1950, through the untiring efforts and devoted leadership of Hubert M. Howell, Salem had been transformed from a one-room frame building into a beautiful brick veneered structure; with a new sanctuary, classrooms, assembly room, kitchen, rest rooms, heating plant and memorial windows. The old church was not destroyed, but was incorporated in the educational department. In a special service on May 30, 1954, the new edifice was dedicated by Rev. H. K. King, District Superintendent. The pastor, Rev. L. T. Wilson presided and Dr. A. J. Walton of Duke Divinity School delivered the sermon.

In 1953 a beautiful brick, eight room parsonage was completed and occupied. Allen M. Harris served as Chairman of the Parsonage Building Committee.

Only a few years passed, when it became evident that more space would be needed for additional classrooms. Gifts from the Reba B. Dees and Bettie H. Howell Estates got the fund raising started, and construction was begun in November 1962.

Under the watchful eye and general supervision of W. W. Barnes, Sr., the Church School Annex was ready for occupancy on the first Sunday in May, 1963, during the pastorate of Rev. R. M. Poulk.

In 1965 Salem received a gift of 1.11 acres of adjoining land from the B. B. Montague family. This grant provides a larger recreational area adjacent to the church property.

In 1970, during the pastorate of Rev. James G. Snypes, a large enclosed Picnic Shelter was added to the recreational facilities of Salem. This structure was built under the general supervision of W. W. Barnes, Sr., with labor provided by members of the United

Methodist Men of Salem. Required funds were raised through suppers and other activities sponsored by this group.

In 1973 the Church School Annex, which had been completed in 1963, was dedicated by Bishop Robert M. Blackburn, during the pastorate of Rev. D. M. Tyson. Rev. A. F. Fisher, District Superintendent assisted in the service.

Soon after beginning his pastorate at Salem, the Rev. Roy L. Turnage expressed a sincere interest in its early history. It was through his perseverance and leadership that the Hall of History was established in 1978. He further showed a great love for Salem by the generous gift of his personal collection of books to enhance the Church Library.

In 1984 Salem joined with all other Methodist churches in celebrating 200 years of Methodism in America. At the suggestion of Rev. James L. Bryan, Pastor, a banner depicting 200 years of Methodism in America, and also Salem's Bicentennial was made and presented to the church by Marvin and Geneva Woodard. A stand for the banner was made and presented to Salem by Woodrow and Bertie Barden.

In August 1984 the first issue of the Salem Circuit Rider was published. This monthly newsletter, edited and published through the devoted efforts of Mrs. Barbara Davis, continues to be a most interesting and informative asset for Salem.

In 1985 during the pastorate of Rev. Chester Brown a new Hammond Organ was purchased through the efforts of a project sponsored by the United Methodist Men of Salem, and made possible by generous donations from members of the congregation.

A list of 46 ministers and 12 Church School Superintendents who have served at Salem since 1873 is attached. 20 members of Salem have entered the ministry since 1810. These are also listed.

Today, Sunday, September 21, 1986, Salem with its 240 members and pastor, Rev. Randy C. Blanchard, and guests, celebrates 200 years of christian service in this community. Assisting in this celebration are Rev. Wade Goldston, retired minister of the N.C. Conference, teaching adult Sunday School, and Rev. Roy L. Turnage, former Salem pastor, now retired, giving the sermon. The progress and service which has been realized at Salem could only be accomplished by the hard work, sacrifice, dedication and devotion of its members and pastors, and by the grace of God.

Ministers who have served Salem since 1873

John Andrews, R. A. Willis, F.C. Wood, W.C. Gannon, M. M. Journey, John N. Andrews, R. C. Beamon, J. E. Thompson, W. H. Call, W. M. Roby, J. G. Nelson, W. H. Townsend, M. D. Hix, M. M. McFarland, A. L. Ormond, H. M. Jackson, J. M. Benson, H. E. Tripp, J. M. Carraway, C. N. Stancil, F. F. Fulcher, C. O. Durant, W. A. Piland, K. F. Duval, C. A. Jones, H. C. Ewing, R. E. Brown, W. H. Brown, N. C. Yearby, J. B. Thompson, Kermit Wheeler, W. R. Stevens, W. C. Wilson, D. W. Charton, A. E. Brown, A. G. Tyson, L. T. Wilson, W. O. Connor, Robert M. Poulk, James A. Starnes, James G. Snipes, D. M. Tyson, Roy L. Turnage, James L. Bryan, Chester D. Brown, Randy C. Blanchard

Church School Superintendents of Salem since 1873

Lon M. King, Frank Howell, Nathan A. Howell, Leland O. Scott, Sr., O. J. Howell, Jr., L. O. Scott, Jr., John H. Best, Woodrow W. Barden, Roy F. Pate, John Lee Smith, William W. Barnes, James C. Peacock

Members of Salem who have entered the ministry since 1810

John Hooks, George Deans, John Howell, Daniel Deans, Jr., Curtis Hooks, James Alford, Barden H. Bradbury, John Aycock, Robert Deans, Morris Howell, Glenn Barden, William Alton Tew, Richard James Starling, Lewis C. Gibbs, T. C. West, Jr., J. Carlie Hinnant, Henry G. Jinnette, Glenn E. Mason, Ron Snider, William Cerny

Prepared for Homecoming and Bicentennial

September 21, 1986

By Marvin Woodard

Historical Facts of Salem

The present sanctuary was built in 1948-1950. There were 5,920 total hours of labor in building the sanctuary. This was broken down to 4,133 hours for "hammer and saw labor", 787 hours for "general labor", and 1,000 hours of "volunteer labor". The total cost for building the sanctuary was \$37,000.

Nathan A. Howell was Superintendent of Sunday School for more than 40 years.

Salem was one of five churches making up a five point circuit, including Salem, Pine Forest, Daniels Chapel, Ebenezer, and Thompson Chapel.

The Sunday School classes – seven altogether – were held in one room. There were no partitions or curtains.

Preaching services were held on 1st and 3rd Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Night services were held on 2nd and 4th Sunday nights.

Revivals were held for at least two weeks and sometimes longer.

In the winter months two wood stoves were fired with wood cut from trees on the lot. When the weather warmed up, the windows were raised and the blinds propped open to give maximum circulation of fresh air. Funeral homes furnished fans (hand operated). Some other businesses also furnished fans.

Lights were oil lamps in metal buckets attached to each window frame. A Delco plant furnished electricity for lighting around 1910.

The church had a piano and a pump organ. The pump organ was used almost exclusively.

The upkeep of the church was done almost exclusively by the Sexton who was an official of the church charged with maintaining church property. It was the responsibility of the sexton to open and close the church, keep the wood boxes filled, dust the pews and other furnishings, build fires, and sweep the floors.

The Board of Stewards was responsible to see that the preacher got paid. They had to scrounge for money at times. My father used his horse and buggy to canvas the neighborhood.

Poundings were also used to help the preacher and his family. Some items contributed were sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, meat from the smoke house and vegetables from the garden.

O.J. Howell

Our time with you so far has been short, but already we are building memories and learning to love the wonderful people called to serve at Salem United Methodist Church.

Even before we came to be with you, we were blessed by your help in making the transition to a new community. And when we arrived! So many smiling faces and helping hands. So much delicious food and offers of help and assistance. Now that we are learning names and putting these names with faces, now that we are taking our place in the long history of ministers that have served this church, we feel especially blessed to be here. As you read about the wonderful people of this church, from past and present, we pray earnestly for the future of Salem and for many additions to this "Bank of Memories". Perhaps the next edition will have a memory or two that we have provided.

*With His Love and Grace
Pastor Neal and Page Wingfield*

I have many fond memories of growing up at Belfast and of Salem Church and the members of the church. I share two poems that will bring back memories to many of the people of today.

Our Country Church

*Our country church was very special.
It was working to fulfill God's call.
It had one big open room,
And within it we did it all.*

*There we met for Sunday School,
And the teachers, they would teach.
There we met for worship service,
And the preacher, he would preach.*

*Through the many years of progress
The church has fulfilled the goal:
To spread the good news of God
That offers salvation to the soul.*

*The church has really changed,
The membership has surely grown,
The building has been remodeled;
The harvest of the seeds sown.*

*Some things have remained the same.
The members continue to love and care.
And through the work of the church,
With all God's children they do share.*

Going To Bible School

*When we went to Bible School,
We walked to the country store.
We turned down the old dirt road,
And we walked one mile more.*

*Walking along, we had lots of fun.
Sometimes we walked hand in hand.
We knew that God would bless us.
We were part of the Christian Band.*

*Someone would come up behind you,
And give you a very hard whack.
Then the race was really on,
Your just had to hit him back.*

*We ran as fast as we could run,
And the dust would really fly.
When we finally stopped running,
We were dust coated about four ply.*

*At the end of the road,
Stood a landmark for all.
There was our country church
Warning everyone about man's fall.*

T. C. West and Marjorie West

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

By Roy Turnage

Submitted by Mildred Collins

*I have a little dog named Heidi,
She's at her happiest when beside 'me.
She ask for no comfort of her own,
Except to be near me when I roam.
Her only smile is with her tail,
As it gently wags when on my trail.
She seeks no earthy gain or fame,
Except to hear me call her name.
She ask or no special treatment,
Except to give my heart contentment.
She cannot be bought for silver or gold,
For her devotion is good for the soul.
It tells me of a love greater than she knows,
Of one whose love for the whole world shows.
Of one who so much more like her,
Gives of themselves without a stir.
One who loves us for just who we are,
More priceless than the brightest star.
Of one who finds their joy in giving,
That which makes our life worth living.
It is no accident that by chance,
Man's best friend is a coincidence.
The greater One I gladly worship you see,
The lesser one appears to worship me.
The same three letters, both they spell,
And in their own way they both excell.
One friend begins with the letter "G",
The other in reverse, with the letter "D".*

April 1991

I THANK THEE

By Roy Turnage

Submitted by Mildred Collins

Dear Lord, I thank thee that I have lived long enough:

*To see the early morning rays of a new day's sunrise;
To witness the indescribable beauty of a glowing sunset.*

*To experience the ecstasy of two young hearts in love;
To know the sensitive emotions that come with the old.*

*To hear the welcoming sound of a new born infant's cry;
To rest in the sign of the aged at the end of a day's trail.*

*To look at the out-stretched arms of a baby taking its first steps;
To see the wave of a grown lad or lassie leaving home to face the
world.*

*To experience the encouragement that comes from a job well done;
To gain from the frustration that comes from unfilled dreams.*

*To feel the closeness that comes with the embracement of a loved one;
To know the pain of separation when we have to say "Goodbye".*

*To join in the singing of the beloved hymns of the church;
To hear His word proclaimed behind the sacred desk.*

*To learn of the love my Saviour has for the whole world;
To experience the love He has for even me.*

February 1991

THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER'S HAND

By Roy Turnage

Submitted by Mildred Collins

*How many times have I longed to touch
The eyes of the blind and make them to see.*

*How many times have I longed to touch
The ears of the deaf and cause them to hear.*

*How many times have I longed to touch
The lips of the mute and make them to speak.*

*How many times have I longed to touch
The feet of the lame and cause them to walk.*

*How many times have I longed to touch
The body of the sick and make them well.*

*How many times have I longed to touch
The mind of the wicked and make them Godly.*

*How many times have I longed to touch
The soul of the lost and cause them to be found.*

*Oh, t'would be a wonderful thing to have
The healing touch of the Master's hand.*

*But better still, is to have
The touch of the Master's heart,
And this is within my grasp !*

March 1, 1990

2:00 AM

WHAT'S WRONG WITH BEING OLD ?

By Roy Turnage

Submitted by Mildred Collins

*The world for some reason seems to me
Thinks being old is a disease to flee.
To avoid the ultimate at any cost,
Being old is next to being lost.
How do you avoid getting old instead?
The only way I know will find you dead.
I thank the Lord for my creeping-up years,
Everyone brought happiness and some a few tears.
In my youth there were cares to behold,
Many of these vanish now that I'm old.
When I was young responsibilities I got,
If I have any now I've already forgot.
As a child I went to bed when I was told,
Now I can go anytime because I'm old.
As a man I got up with the break of day,
As a Senior Cit I can in the bed stay.
So, my children of younger years heed to me,
Don't worry too much about things to be.
Try to live the good life in your day,
That when the time comes you can say:
I was told old age was not so bad,
To have died earlier would have made me sad.*

September 1991

When I think of Salem United Methodist Church many memories come to my mind. One of my earliest memories was of Rev. Roy Turnage and his prayers. I used to lie down on my Mom's lap during the prayer and he would dim the lights. I used to think it was magic the way he dimmed the lights. I remember seeing the device in the pulpit one day that made all that "magic" possible, but I still thought Mr. Turnage had a powerful prayer on Sunday mornings.

As a member of Salem Youth, I have fond memories and respect for Mrs. Catherine West and Mrs. Peggy King who were our youth leaders throughout the time I was a youth. As an adult now, I realize all the sacrifices they made to be a part of that program. I remember Mrs. Peggy teaching me to always return your cart when you are in a parking lot and if you see one someone has left, return it for them. I thought she was the nicest person for teaching us that. One year, we adopted the Salem Church Road and wore orange vests and cleaned all the trash off the sides of the road. That was a good experience for us.

One of my fondest memories was "preaching" a sermon on Youth Sunday one year. Everybody was so kind and complimentary that Sunday. It really made me gain confidence in myself. That confidence of speaking in front of others has helped me all throughout my life.

I was very proud of my Daddy for his part in helping restore the original Salem Church building. The dedication ceremony stands out in my memory as a time when I was really proud of my father's hard work and dedication to the church. I remember how he did many odd jobs on his own time and it taught me a lot about unselfish sacrifices for the Lord.

I would have to say being a part of the Salem Choir was one of the most influential experiences I had as a young adult. It was a place where I could go on Thursday nights and everyone seemed so happy and glad I was there. As a student in high school, no one is that happy to have you there, but the Salem Choir always accepted and appreciated me for who I was at the time. I think the music we sang really drew me closer to the Lord. I love and appreciate Michael Hinnant for making that experience so special for me. Other choir members made a big impact on me at that time as well. Thank you – Ms. Peggy, Ms. Hilda, Ms. Nan, Ms. Alice, Ms. Dot Best, Mr. OJ, Timothy, Steve Walker, Chris Lawing, Robert, Beverly, and Becky.

Salem United Methodist Church is a wonderful, personal place for families to worship and I am grateful I was raised in the church there. It was really fun when my Daddy would walk with me to church on Sunday or walk home with me instead of driving. That was special for me as a kid. I enjoy visiting Salem now, as an adult, wife, and mother of three kids. Now the same familiar faces who always seemed glad to see me welcome my children with happy faces and open arms. Thanks you Salem !

Karla Mozingo Smith

Mourning

Mr. and Mrs. Grover Dees were members of Salem Church in the 1940's. Mr. Dees was a farmer and Mrs. Reba Dees was an elementary school teacher. They did not have any children.

Mr. Dees died and some people wore mourning clothes following the death of a husband or sometimes a different family member. Mrs. Dees followed this custom. The length of time for mourning varied but often it was done for the first six months. The only jewelry that most women wore in mourning was the wedding band from her husband. Shiny jewelry was not usually worn during the mourning period. Some women wore dull black beads and dull fabrics were also worn rather than shiny fabrics.

During the next three months women continued to wear black with touches of white such as a white collar, lapel, or some small white touch.

During the next three months women in mourning wore lavender clothing usually or some other shade of purple.

Mrs. Dees always looked attractive in her clothes.

Dorothy Jean Mozingo Andrews

Remote Control Cars

I have fun playing with Remote Control Cars at church on Sunday afternoons with my Daddy and my friends. I race my Daddy. Sometimes I win. Sometimes my Daddy wins. We use a stopwatch to see how fast we race around the track. We have snacks. We have fun at Salem Church.

Andrew Thorne

My Favortie Things about Church

I like to do crafts at Children's Church. I like to color. I like to play the bells. Sometimes the bells make my ears ring.

Emily Thorne

My Wedding Day

One of the most beautiful days of my life was my wedding day. Salem United Methodist Church, in my eyes, had never looked more elegant. It was a crisp October day. The sky was "Carolina Blue". Just like every little girl, I had always dreamed of this special day. I looked forward to beginning my new life with my high school sweetheart in the very church that I had grown up in. Salem was the only church I had known. It seemed extra special this day. I promised myself I wouldn't cry – but when my daddy saw me, he mumbled, "You look beautiful." And if anyone knew my daddy – these were not common things for him to say. The tears started rolling. Then, I started down the aisle. The beautiful stained glass portrait of Jesus Christ illuminated the pulpit. The whole church had a beautiful sense of calm elegance. The fresh flowers adorned the whole church. It was all I could do to see how to walk through the tears now streaming down my face. All of my friends and family were there to share this glorious day. I cannot imagine spending this day anywhere else other than at Salem. On this day, my husband and I began our life together with our friends, family and especially with God.

UMYF Memories

During my junior high years, Salem had a very active MYF group. I have fond memories of coming to church on Sunday nights and hanging out with a great group of kids around my age. We enjoyed playing games, especially ping pong. We put on some great plays and productions. We went on trips. I remember going to Busch Gardens one year – I can't remember which Pastor it was – but he got lost. I do remember that. I didn't think we'd ever get there.

Memories of Rev. Roy Turnage

The earliest minister in my memory was Rev. Roy Turnage. He was such a kind pastor. I remember every Halloween going to the Parsonage and he always took a Polaroid picture of me and my sister in our costumes. I also have a fond memory of his Children's Sermons. He always gathered all of us kids up front and he'd always pass out Juicy Fruit chewing gum to each of us at the end of the Children's Sermons.

Angela Mozingo Thorne

Communion Committee Comments

In the early 90's, for two years, Admiral and Elizabeth Howell and Henry and Dean Simmons served on this committee. At that time Salem Methodist Church was holding two church services – one EARLY Sunday a.m., the other the normally scheduled 11:00 service. One EARLY service, on a cold, wet Sunday, Elizabeth and Henry were under the weather with the flu-bug. The one husband and the other wife met at the church to carry out their assigned duties. Do you suppose if such happened today --- would it cause tongues to wag? We would hope not !

Elizabeth was the "connoisseur" of the communion cloth. Even if the cloth had just been to the laundry, if there was so much as a fold or crease on it, Elizabeth took it home overnight and the next morning – there would be the cloth with nary a ripple on it !

Washing the cups one time, Dean broke one ! Supply stores called advised that 20 glass cups could be ordered for \$20.00 – they mentioned that many churches were using the newer plastic cups. The committee checked the church cupboards and found a beaucoup of said "throw-away" cups. So now, no more dishpan hands !

If given the opportunity to serve on this committee – you will find a blessing in doing so !

Dean Simmons

Special Opportunities

Most of the children at Salem Church went to school at Belfast Elementary School grades 1-8 during the 1940's and 1950's, but when they finished at Belfast they had a choice of going to Pikeville High School or Goldsboro High School. Buses provided transportation to Pikeville High School but students had to provide their own transportation to Goldsboro High School. I. J. and Gerald Mazingo chose to go to school at Pikeville.

Dorothy Jean and Edna Earle Mazingo chose Goldsboro High. Their daddy's first cousin, the Rev. Eugene L. Roberts was a journalism teacher at Goldsboro High School. The Roberts family lived in Pikeville. Dorothy Jean and Edna Earle rode their bicycles to the store where Highway 117 joins Belfast Road and caught a ride each morning with Mr. Roberts. Afternoon transportation was provided by mothers of different students at various times.

Gene Roberts was the Roberts' son and a senior in high school when Dorothy was a freshman. Peggy Roberts, Gene's sister was one year behind Dorothy Jean. Edna Earle was three years behind Dorothy Jean.

Gene Roberts graduated from high school in 1950? He went to Mars Hill College for two years and then went to college at UNC at Chapel Hill, NC and graduated from UNC. He went to work with the Goldsboro News Argus after graduation.

Gene was Executive Editor of Philadelphia Enquireer and turned it into one of the nation's best newspapers. During the 18 years that he worked at this paper he won 17 Pulitzer Prizes, the industry's highest honor.

After he became managing editor of the New York Times, Roberts was named one of the 50 most important journalists of the 20th century by "Editors and Publishers" magazine. "The Village Voices" called him the nation's best editor.

Gene's first job was at the Goldsboro News Argus where he wrote "The Rambling" column for two years begun by his father.

He then worked for "The Virginian Pilot" in Norfolk, Virginia. Before returning to NC to be a state government reporter and then Sunday editor for "The News and Observer" in Raleigh.

Gene worked for "Detroit Free Press" as Chief Southern Correspondent for "The New York Times" during the Civil Rights

Era. The Times sent him to Vietnam as its Chief War Correspondent covering TET offenses and the battle of Hue and Khesank.

Gene has been active in journalism organizations and causes throughout his career. He served as chairman of the Pulitzer Prize Board, the International Press Institute and the committee to protect journalists. He was the founding chairman of the Board of Visitors at the UNC School of Journalism and Mass Communication. Gene married Susan McLamb from Goldsboro. They have four grown daughters.

When Dorothy Jean started to high school in 1949 one of the courses she took was Glee Club. Her teacher was Mr. Andy Griffith. This was his first year of teaching. He had just graduated from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. He taught drama and some other courses also. When Dorothy Jean was in the tenth grade she was in Mr. Griffith's homeroom and his drama class. He had married Barbara Edwards a classmate at Carolina before coming to Goldsboro. While Dorothy was in his homeroom he got sick and was absent from school briefly, she took a bouquet of flowers to him from her mother's flower garden after school. Andy and Barbara were living in a white duplex in Goldsboro.

Andy was the choir director at St. Paul's Methodist Church while he was in Goldsboro. Barbara directed the choir at First Baptist Church in Goldsboro.

Another faculty member on the staff at Goldsboro High was Clifton Britton (Mr. B), the Director of the Goldmasquers. Mr. Britton worked with the Drama Department at the school for years. He wrote the drama "The Shepherd's Song", which was presented every year near Christmas for several nights prior to Christmas with no charge for admission as a gift to the town. The Goldmasquers were "The South's Outstanding Theater for Youth."

Some productions at this school were, "Best Foot Forward," "HMS Pinafore", and "Father of the Bride." Some of the State Championships were "Trail of Tears", "The Long Christmas Dinner", "Gooseberry Tarts", and "Where the Cross is Made."

Mr. Britton was director of the "The Lost Colony" each summer in Manteo, NC, an outdoor drama. Andy Griffith played the role of Sir Walter Raleigh and Barbara Edwards Griffith played the role of Eleanor Dare. Many Goldsboro High students worked with this production through the years.

Some of the Salem Church people in high school involved in the Goldmasquers during the 1950's were Bobby Montague, Lydia Alexander, Nan Barnes, Emily Howell, Edna Earle Mozingo, and Dorothy Jean Mozingo.

Andy Griffith taught three years at Goldsboro High School. He soon became famous on television on "The Andy Griffith Show". Many people also likes "What It Was Was Football", which was so funny which he made prior to the television show. He also had roles in many movies.

Special opportunities came to many people during this period of time.

Dorothy Jean Mozingo Andrews

*When I was young, I also remember
plans for life. How could the
dream? It was just beyond my
On "my" Sunday, I remember
were so different than the other
a professional singer like my
nights at home were spent lying
to Andy Williams records. His
were always so clear and easy
songs as I could and sing along
my words sound like his and I
would breathe. While most you
sports, activities, and cheerleading
it at an early age from my mother
For the first time in my life, I
future. This was something so
had ever thought of anything but
could we have time to plan for our
around school activities at Church
Salem!*

*I enjoyed being in Don Jordan's
each of us the opportunity to share
what was on our minds. Sometimes
and the class would offer support.
times, we learned how to really let
our love for one another. But, in*

I have many memories about Salem Church. One of my fondest memories is of a special Sunday School teacher, Don Jenkins. Don taught the high school class during the 60's. Don gave all of us a chance to talk about our interests and problems. He also gave us the opportunity to tell about what our plans were for the future --. What did we plan to do with our lives beyond high school? Each member was to select a certain Sunday and that class period was totally ours to tell about our lives and our plans for the future. For me, to do this at this time of my life, was worse than all the Algebra tests I had at Charles B. Aycock High School !

Some of the class members I remember were Gordon and Patrice Crawford and Janet Duke, who later would become my wife.

I remember that sometimes my class members were so nervous that they wouldn't show up for class ! Like me, they had to be scared to death. Yet, I also remember that some were eager to share their plans for life. How could they be so calm and cool under such stress? It was just beyond my comprehension.

On "my" Sunday, I remember being so embarrassed. My plans were so different than the others. I told the class that I wanted to be a professional singer like my idol 'Andy Williams'. Many of my nights at home were spent lying on the floor in a dark room listening to Andy Williams records. His voice was so beautiful and his words were always so clear and easy to understand. I would learn as many songs as I could and sing along with him to the recordings. I made my words sound like his and I would breathe at the same places he would breathe. While most young boys were mainly interested in sports, athletics, and cheerleaders, I had a love for music. I acquired it at an early age from my mother, Hilda Pate Hinnant.

For the first time in my life, Don Jenkins had me thinking about my future. This was something so different for our class. None of us had ever thought of anything beyond the upcoming weekend ! How could we have time to plan for our futures ? Our lives were involved around school activities at Charles B. Aycock and church activities at Salem !

I enjoyed being in Don Jenkin's Sunday School class. He gave each of us the opportunity to share in fellowship and to talk about what was on our minds. Sometimes, someone would end up crying and the class would offer support to that individual. And, at other times, we learned how to really listen to each other and this increased our love for one another. But, most of all, Don Jenkins gave us the

chance to talk about things we were unable to share with our parents. He would listen to anyone no matter what the problem was and offer his advice to us. He encouraged us and he challenged us to be the best at whatever we attempted to do. Over the years, I've thought about Don Jenkins many times and wondered if he ever realized what a profound effect he had on the youth at Salem.

I never became that professional singer, but when I was in college I did sing with a quartet for three years and we traveled up and down the east coast for Campbell College which is now Campbell University. However, music has been a big part of my life, but in a much better, more fulfilling way that I had ever planned when I was a teenager. By directing the Salem Chancel Choir, I feel I've been able to use my talents to glorify God and to, hopefully, touch the hearts of others through my music.

Michael Hugh Hinnant

Gladys Beamon Bartlett

Gladys as a youngster was given piano lessons for one year. She continued playing hymns and anthems for the family to sing. She also played for different churches in Wayne County.

Gladys played the piano for Salem for many years. When an organ was purchased she was instructed in the basics of playing. She proceeded to practice and played for the choirs of Salem until her health prevented her from doing so.

Lillian Beamon

When I was young I have no memories of going to church until my family moved to Goldsboro. My parents built a house off of Hwy. 117 in the Belfast area and we began attending Salem Methodist Church when I was about eleven years old. We all liked the minister, Robert Poulk and his family. We also felt at home at Salem because of the friendly and active congregation.

I remember going to Sunday School each Sunday and all of the special events that are a part of a church. I remember being excited each year at Homecoming and getting to see all of the former members coming back and how we all looked forward to the delicious food that was eaten outside, just as we still do. I also remember waiting on the tables for a barbecue fundraiser dinner and singing in a children's choir. I also have memories of going to MYF when I was a teenager.

Through the years, many special events in my life have taken place at Salem. I met my future husband, Michael, at Salem. We were married at Salem on June 18, 1971 and our son, Alan, was baptized here on Mother's Day, May 1982. We have attended Salem Church since we were married except for one year when we lived in Wilson.

We remember all of the children's activities that were a part of Alan's childhood – the Christmas parties with the visit from Santa, the Easter Egg hunts, the cookouts, the Fourth of July celebrations with the delicious homemade ice cream.

Michael, Alan, and I have many wonderful memories of Salem Church and our wonderful church family. Now, we enjoy our church family even more because of our involvement in the many "Salt Shakers" group that we've been a part of and a newly formed group – The Joy Club. By being involved in these two groups we have gotten to know people that we have seen at church all of these years, but haven't really known very well. These groups have made us feel closer to our church family.

In conclusion, my life has been greatly enriched by being a part of this church and its congregation. I'm so glad that all those years ago my family decided to make that first visit to Salem Church !

Janet Hinnant

I remember in the late 1940's when trees were removed from Salem Church yard to make room for the new sanctuary to be built. I recall each afternoon riding my sister's bicycle down to the church to watch. After the trees were down, I watched as the present day fellowship hall was moved and turned to be placed at the back of the sanctuary. The new sanctuary was attached to the fellowship hall. The fellowship hall had previously been the sanctuary. I watched the carpenters carefully build and the brick masons place each brick. The white stones with the brick work were interesting to a young boy. I was amazed when I observed the workers use a large crane to lift and attach the beautiful steeple on Salem. I was a young child about the age of my grandson, Andrew, when this was happening. I still recall this memory of Salem Methodist Church as if it were yesterday.

Before the new sanctuary was built, I remember that there were two wood burning heaters in the old sanctuary. I recall a gentleman who lived near Salem who would go down each Sunday morning in the winter to light these wood heaters. They were located in the front of the church. That sanctuary is now the fellowship hall.

This is a summer memory I have about Salem. Each Sunday, my sisters and I would walk down to Salem for church services. My dog, "Snookie", followed us one Sunday to church. Of course there was no air-conditioning so the front doors were left opened. We thought our dog went home, but to our surprise, "Snookie" came down the aisle to sit beside us in Salem Church. He was polite and listened to the worship service.

I remember when Frances Hollowell's mother was my Sunday school teacher. Sunday school was a large part of our social life. Mrs. Hollowell had a beach cottage at Long Beach, NC. That was really a large part of our social life too. We went many summers to enjoy the coast with our S. S. friends. I remember how sad we were in 1954 when Hurricane Hazel destroyed Mrs. Hollowell's beach cottage. We took Jimmy Grantham's Chevrolet truck down to try to load up as much of her furniture as we could get to. The house was blown down from the beach area out to the sound. We got a refrigerator that was floating by and removed the door so we could

use it as a boat. Our "frige-boat" worked to get the furniture pieces that we could salvage. Our whole S. S. class will never forget Mrs. Hollowell and her beach cottage. Priceless memories.

I also remember as a teen that we boys would sometimes ride to the store for a Pepsi between Sunday school and church service. One Sunday, we were riding with the windows down. For a little excitement, I threw a lit "penny fire cracker" out the window of the car. Lemuel Bartlett was in the back seat. Yes, you guessed it..... the fire-cracker blew back in and landed in Lemuel's white shirt pocket. It blew off his whole pocket; however, we knew better than to miss church. We quietly slipped into our regular back row pew. Lemuel with his shirt pocket blown off.

As a teen I also remember that my mother would let me drive her '52 Chevrolet to church each fifth Sunday only if we were going as a group to sing at the "old folks home." This gave Bill Dees driving his '52 Plymouth and I.J. in his Mom's '52 Chevrolet a chance to "race" back to the church. Sorry Bill, I remember ALWAYS getting back to Salem first.

I must have been about 15 years old one summer when Rev. Ted Wilson was pastor at Salem. Since my dad died when I was very young, I had never fished before. Our MYF went to the coast to fish. Rev. Wilson lent me his very precious rod and reel. As young boys often do, we were trying to out cast each other on the pier. To my dismay, Rev. Wilson's rod and reel back-lashed and was yanked out of my hands. I immediately jumped off the pier into the ocean to try to save the rod. I quickly found out that I must save MYSELF instead. The water was deep and rough. My vivid memory of that summer was spending many hours using our mule to plow Rev. Wilson's vegetable garden to pay for his rod and reel. I guess that's why I don't much care for fishing to this day.

I. J. Mazingo

The Lord's Acre

In the latter years of the 1940's before the major additions to Salem Methodist Church, a money making project called "The Lord's Acre" became a part of the project. There were a number of farmers in the Salem congregation. I remember different individuals standing up and making a commitment to give all of the proceeds from a crop raised on an acre of land to the building fund at Salem Church

Dorothy Jean Mazingo Andrews

Sunday School Convention

During the 1930's the churches in Stoney Creek Township would have a yearly Sunday School Convention for all the churches in the township. These churches included Belfast Holiness, Thompson Chapel, Stoney Creek Free Will Baptist, Free Chapel, and Salem. Each church would put on a short program. Afterwards, we would have a picnic lunch with lots of homemade goodies. The churches rotated the meeting site each year. This was a way of keeping in touch with each other.

Virginia Crumpler

Memories during the 1940's and 1950's

Mrs. Myrtie Smith (Mrs. Ernest Smith) was a children's Sunday School teacher at Salem Church in the mid 1940's. She was a very good Sunday School teacher. I remember a Sunday School class party at her home in Goldsboro. We had a good time at the party. I still have a new testament which she gave me while I was in her class.

In the 1940's , G. F. Compton (Shorty) and his wife Louise were members of the congregation at Salem Methodist Church. Mary Louise and Buddy Compton were their children.

Mr. Compton invited his niece Frances Robinson from Miami, Florida to visit them. Her mother was Mrs. Sara Pounds also from Miami. Frances's father was deceased. Frances was an only child.

Mr. Compton invited O.J. Howell, Jr. to show Frances around after she came to Goldsboro. O.J. showed Frances around and apparently they became interested in each other. Their friendship developed over time into a romance and finally wedding plans were made by Frances and O.J. for their wedding at Salem Church on February 23, 1945. O.J.'s parents were Mr. And Mrs. Oscar Jarman Howell, Sr.

O.J. made arrangements for a house on his property to be renovated for them to live in after their marriage.

Excitement was in the air for family and friends of the engaged couple.

O.J.'s college roommate was his best man in the wedding. Mary Louise Compton was the the flower girl.

Frances was a gorgeous bride. She wore a beautiful long white wedding gown which showed off her black hair, brown eyes and olive skin beautifully. O.J. was a handsome groom. The guests were happy and thought the wedding was beautiful.

The bridal couple went to Richmond and Williamsburg, Virginia on their honeymoon.

After the newly weeds returned from their honeymoon they moved into a rented apartment for a short while until their pretty home was completed.

O.J. and Frances later had two sons Timothy and Christopher.

The entire Howell family has been a tremendous asset to Salem Church for several generations.

Today Frances and O.J. Howell are still a good looking couple still living in their same pretty house. Coincidentally, this was the very first wedding I attended.

During the 1940's the Mazingo children had to walk up to the corner of Salem Church Road and Buck Swamp Road to catch the school bus.

Mr. & Mrs. Oscar Howell, Sr. lived in the big pretty white house on the corner. Somedays the weather was beautiful and comfortable. Other days the weather was very cold. Sometimes on those long cold days, the bus was late because it had broken down. Sometimes on those long, cold periods of waiting, Mrs. Maude Howell would invite us into her kitchen to get warm. Oh, how wonderful it felt to get warm. There was usually the pleasant aroma of coffee in the kitchen.

The kindness shown by Mrs. Howell will always be remembered by me, Edna Earle, I.J. and Gerald Mazingo.

During the middle 1940's Mrs. Reba Dees wanted to take a bouquet of sweet peas (flowers) to Mrs. Daughtry a Salem Church member who was sick and she lived on Belfast Road. Mrs. Dees went to the Belfast Road and found that the road was being paved for the first time, so she could not drive on the road. She went to the Mazingo home and asked me if I would ride my bicycle beside the road and carry the flowers to Mrs. Daughtry. I rode the bicycle beside the road on the dirt. About two weeks later Mrs. Dees brought a bouquet of flowers from her yard to me in appreciation for her act of kindness. That was a special gift for me.

In early 1959 I was planning me wedding for late February. I had always thought the stained glass windows in Salem Methodist Church were beautiful and I wanted the dresses of the bridesmaids to look good in the sanctuary. I chose periwinkle (bluish purple) fabric for their dresses to match that color in the windows. I also chose blue

dutch irises mixed with yellow roses and white daisies with yellow centers for the bridesmaids bouquet. They complimented the windows beautifully.

I.J. Mozingo was an usher in the wedding and Edna Earle Mozingo was the maid of honor. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Robert Poulk, pastor of Salem, (Rev. Poulk now lives in Fayetteville and is retired). I'm so glad that I still see him occasionally. The groom Harold Andrews was from Fayetteville. He and I were married February 28, 1959 at Salem.

Dorothy Jean Mozingo Andrews

My earliest memory of Salem is going to Vacation Bible School back in the 1950's. I remember standing at the front of the church with my class singing "Into My Heart". I vaguely remember attending a service in the Fellowship Hall before the Educational Building was built. The preacher stood at a lecturn where the sitting area is now. I was not a member of Salem at the time; I was a visitor with my Aunt Gladys Bartlett and cousins Elaine and Lemuel. Many years later, 1970 to be exact, Curtis Stephens and I were married in the church. Even though I belonged to another church, I wanted to get married at Salem because of the beautiful stained glass at the front and so Aunt Gladys could play the organ. The preacher at that time was Rev. D. M. Tyson who just happened to have been Curtis' preacher at Mt. Ariel UMC in Lillington when he was growing up. Small world! We have many wonderful memories of Salem. Two very special people were Roy and CoraBob Turnage. Rev. Turnage taught the Discussion S. S. class for awhile. He was like a grandfather who sat down with his grandchildren to talk about life and what God wanted them to do with their lives. CoraBob's favorite expression was "That's so special." I'll always remember the horrible accident she was in and the months of recuperation. Our three children - Valerie, Karen, and Curt - have been raised in Salem. All were active in MYF, Sunday School, and Bible School. The MYF group went to King's Dominion, to the beach, skiing. They had pizza parties, lock-ins (all nighters) at the church, retreats - all good clean fun. Yes, Salem has a lot of good memories, and we're making some more in the JOY Club!

Andrea B. Stephens

Bible School Memories

In the later 1940's when we attended Vacation Bible School at Salem we usually had it in the mornings. We had the Bible lessons, music, crafts, and refreshments. On the north side of the church there was a gazebo under an oak tree. In its center was the well which was covered with wooden boards. That's where our paper cups were put for refreshments. Sometimes we had homemade lemonade and cookies. My favorite refreshment was home canned grape juice served cold with Ritz crackers spread with peanut butter with a small toasted marshmallow on the top.

Mrs. Reba Dees was one of the teachers. Mrs. Polly Montague could make the most perfect little clay pitchers. I can picture her now as she smoothed and molded the clay with her fingers and thumbs. Then she rolled out a handle and added it.

Often we took magazines to use to help make booklets. Sometimes it was hard to find a picture just like you needed. These were carefully cut, pasted, and labeled.

Since we lived so close to the church we always walked to Bible School. We lived where Janie and Gerald now live.

M.Y.F.

In the 50's we had M.Y.F. at Salem. The youth met about 6:30 pm on Sunday afternoons.

One member of our church Wyman Best that was much older and "special" met with us too. Wyman rode his bicycle about five miles to be with us. He always seemed to enjoy being with the young people. He came even on cold winter nights. He had a light on his bike and a reflector. Sometimes when it was extremely cold some of the boys would put his bike in the pickup and carry him home.

He would take his turn and have the devotional at the meetings. Usually he'd want to sing "Sweet Hour of Prayer" when he had it.

Not many people would go to the effort that Wyman did to go to any meeting. He was usually happy and smiling and in a good mood. If only we would make that much effort.

In the Sanctuary

It was in the late 1940's before the church was added on to and remodeled. On hot summer mornings the windows were all opened as well as the front double doors.

Fans made of thin cardboard with narrow wooden handles were used to keep cool. Most of them were given by Seymour Funeral Home and were labeled and had pictures on the front.

One morning the minister was in the pulpit and everything was quiet and calm. A yellow and white kitten came in the front doors. He was meowing up and down the aisle and headed toward the pulpit.

The minister said, "I.J. get your cat!"

He got the kitten and took it outside and then carried it home.

Edna Earle Mozingo Wells

Salem's Chrismon Tree

At Christmas, 1983, Borden and I attended the Hanging of Greens program at his home church, and I was so impressed by the beauty and symbolism of their Chrismon Tree. I vowed that Salem would have its own. So began the year of the Chrismon at our house. For months my every available minute was spent with embroidery needle in hand, or with jars of tiny white and gold beads strewn everywhere. On the first Sunday in Advent in 1984, Borden, Diane and I presented a live 6ft evergreen tree, decorated with only white lights and gold and white ornaments, A CHRISMON TREE, to Salem Methodist Church. As is tradition, it's meaning was explained to the congregation and the gift was dedicated to the Glory of God... This Christmas will mark the 20th year that our Chrismon tree has been a part of our Church decorations. A large artificial tree is now used, a gift from Salem's UMW, and many additional ornaments have been added, along with a tree skirt adorned with Chrismons. Each year I am humbled by its presence. I thank God for allowing me the talent and the time to honor him in this way, along with my family.









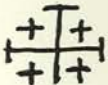

THE CHRISMON TREE

THE TREE – an evergreen – symbolizes ETERNAL LIFE

THE ORNAMENTS – CHRISMONS – (CHRIST MONOGRAMS) – Symbols from Christian history which refer to our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

All CHRISMONS are made in a combination of white and gold. WHITE, the liturgical color for Christmas, refers to our Lord's PURITY and PERFECTION; GOLD, to His Majesty and Glory. We point to the Christ as the Light of the World by using tiny white lights on the tree.

THE CROSS

-  **TAU CROSS** *Anticipatory, Old Testament, Advent. Salvation Promised but not yet accomplished. Numbers 21.9 Isaiah 53*
-  **PASSION CROSS** *(Cross of Suffering) Pointed ends remind of the points of the nail, the thorns, and the spear. John 19*
-  **CROSS OF CONSTANTINE** *The Chi Rho with the X turned to Form a cross; Christ the conquering King. I Timothy 6:15*
-  **ST ANDREWS CROSS** *Andrew was reputed to have died on a cross of this shape. Here, this cross symbolized the whole Christian Church. Ephesians 1:23*
-  **LATIN CROSS** *Long upright; most widely used form of the cross among Christians.*
-  **GREEK CROSS** *All extensions of equal length. This balanced form is easier to use in designs and was much employed by early Greek artists.*
-  **CROSS TRIUMPHANT** *A world united in Christ; triumph of the Lord over earthly sin.*
-  **CROSS PATEE with Four Scrolls** *Our salvation as proclaimed In the four Gospels. Winged man, Matthew; winged lion, Mark; winged ox, Luke; Eagle, John.*
-  **JERUSALEM CROSS** *Four Tau crosses meet to form a larger cross: Five wounds of our Lord.*
-  **CROSS OVER THE WORLD** *Christ over the world, "Go ye into all the world..."*

⊕ *CROSS IN ETERNITY*

MONOGRAMS, LETTERS, and WORDS

The earliest monograms of our Lord are in Greek letters. Originally much of the New Testament was written in Greek because many of the first missionary churches were Greek.

X Chi, the first letter of the word for Christ in Greek.

XP Chi Rho, the first letters of CHRist in the Greek Alphabet. Or, for the Latin-Christus Rex, Christ The King. The X may sometimes become a cross.

IHC, HIS First three letters of JESus in Greek. (Note: Some letters have several forms.)

IX Monogram of the first letters of Jesus and CHrist; our Lord's cipher.

*A Ω Alpha and Omega, the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet. Since only God is before and after all things, a symbol of divinity. Revelation 22.13
or
a w*

*INRI The first letters of the words in the Latin superscription, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."
John 19.19*

NIKA The Greek word for conquest or conqueror or victor.

M The first letter of the name of our Lord's mother, Mary.

*MAY THESE SYMBOLS CONTINUALLY REMIND YOU OF
GOD'S GREATEST GIFT TO US ALL, JESUS CHRIST.*

Dot Best

A Tribute to a Special Person

It is a pleasure to write about someone who has meant a great deal to me all of my life – well, most of it – since the age of approximately twelve years.

I doubt that this person could imagine my feelings regarding the influence she had on me throughout my life.

For many years she taught a rather small Sunday school class. She had such an influence on so many people in their teens.

Very well do I recall the curtained room separations for the individual Sunday school classes. Now, this was only the Fellowship Hall of the current Salem Church for all classes of the Sunday school. There were two heaters to heat the building, but so much love within.

I wish someone could write a feature article to let our current members realize what a unique lady we still have in our midst. There is always a smile and jovial words from her mouth.

I introduce you and our Salem readers to Ms. Virginia Deans Crumpler, a talented and wonderful lady.

Hilda Hinnant

The People of Salem

No one has influenced my life more than the dear people at Salem Methodist Church. I spent every possible minute I could there. I was in Sunday school, taught Sunday school, went to every MYF event that happened and served in any way I could. I was never happier than when I was at Salem. Mrs. Helen Howell and Mrs. Ellie Barden were profound positive influences. I thought O.J. Howell was the best Sunday school teacher and MYF leader in the world. He was kind, funny and a very intelligent presence. His brother Admiral Howell helped us too.

I owe it to my cousin Clara Bartlett that I was able to get to church well-dressed with my hair done.

My Aunt Nannie Woodard was a steady influence in my life, along with her friend Mrs. Maude Howell.

My friends in MYF were my support in life, as well as my cousin Madge Hill King and my friends Marjorie West and Joyce Best.

One of the most influential people in my life was Herbert Howell. No finer man can I imagine. I also remember his wonderful sister Emily Howell. My younger cousin Lemuel Bartlett is one of the pillars of Salem now, I hear. I remember the Singleton family and Edward Woodard and his family, as well as the Scotts and Leland, Jr. Carlie Hinnant was a good friend and a good influence on me. I remember Bobby Montague and his wife. They were good workers in the church. I can't recall all of the names but Salem Church was not just my church, it was my family, my spiritual home and a solid core of my young life.

Janie Bartlett Glandorf

Childhood memories of Salem

For the first 18 years of my life, Sundays were very important because I looked forward, along with my friends, to going to Sunday school and church at Salem.

My earliest memories, about 1927, was the Beginners Class and cousin Betty Howell who was our teacher. We gathered around the piano and sat around the altar rail on Easter Sunday. She came with a little basket filled with little yellow Easter chicks, probably cost 1 cent each. These were very precious to us. I can see her now, driving her big Buick, she and cousin Nathan, who was Sunday School Superintendent for most of these years.

When we were in about the 2nd grade, we were promoted to Sally Starling's class. She had a brother, James, who became a Methodist minister.

Then, I remember so well, "Miss Ellie Barden." She was a very sweet little lady. On the 4th Sunday afternoons, we went to her home on Patetown Road for a Missionary Meeting. We walked together, as a group. She would read a Bible Story and tell us about our missionaries. Her step-son Glenn was a missionary to Africa, I believe. Lib, her daughter, could only play "Wonderful Words of Life," so we sang it at each meeting. After this, she always served us cake or cookies with milk if we wanted, in her dining room. This was such a beautiful area, undeveloped at this time!

When we were in about 7th grade, we were in Virginia Deans Crumpler's class. We always had wiener roasts at her home, along with Alice, Mabel and Frank, each year just before school started.

The church was a white frame, one-room building, which my father, Leland Scott, Sr. built a model of and is now in the Church Museum. The classes sat around in groups. I can't remember not being able to hear!

About 1936, the Reverend Alton Tew, who grew up in our community, held a Revival at Salem. On this night, a storm came up during the service and the Delco lights flicked a time or so and he said, "I know you people think if the lights go out, Alton Tew can't finish his sermon. Well the windows were open, it was a hot summer night, his notes blew off the altar pulpit and the lights went out. Needless to say, he did finish his sermon and this was when I accepted Christ and joined the church

During these years, we had church on the 3rd Sunday morning and 1st Sunday night. The Epworth League met every Sunday night.

A new minister was coming on this Sunday morning and 11:30 came and no preacher. Finally he came, the Reverend J.B.

Thompson, walking down the aisle, dressed in a white linen suit, saying, "Right time, but wrong church!" He had gone to Pine Forest. Also, he had a handsome son and a beautiful daughter, a little older than I. There were 4 churches on the Goldsboro Circuit, Pine Forest, Daniels Chapel, Thompson Chapel and Salem.

Most every Sunday, we had the most beautiful flowers brought by Mrs. Reba Dees, "Miss Ellie" or cousin Betty.

As I remember, no two people were more dedicated than cousin Betty and Nathan Howell. These and others mentioned, some I haven't included, were, in my mind, the very meaning of being a Christian and each of them have been a life-long influence on my life.

A Sunday, December 7, 1941, an event occurred which changed the lives of us all. As was the custom, after Sunday school or church, we gathered outside to visit and talk. Someone had gone to their car, turned on the radio and came back to tell us that Pearl Harbor had been attacked. Needless to say, we were all stunned and upset, knowing that we were at war.

Sara Elizabeth Scott Kirby

Salem and the Bible

When I was very small, I started Sunday school at Salem. As I remember my main teachers were Mrs. Helen Howell and Mrs. Ellie Barden. I loved those two ladies. I think I was maybe four when they introduced me to Bible stories. Those stories opened a whole new world to me. We did little programs and plays on those Bible stories. I fell madly in love with the Bible and drama at the same time. I have read and performed Bible stories since then.

I went on to High Point College and majored in English and Bible, a double major. I've taught English and directed plays in some form since 1951 and I have continued Bible readiness.

I created a Bible Literature class at City High here in Iowa city. It was so popular, my classes were crowded. In retirement, I teach Biblical Literature at the local Senior Center. People love it. I am sure that without Salem Church and Ms. Helen and Ms. Ellie, I would not have found this deep and everlasting love of the Bible. I tell this story to my classes everytime I start a new one. I thank God daily for Salem Methodist Church.

Janie Bartlett Glandorf

Salem Memories

Sunday school at Salem started for me 38 years ago when I married I.J. I remember our Discussion Class was formed by Rev. J. A. Starnes. We gathered in our classroom (the pastor's church office now). This was a class of young couples beginning married life. We had many heated lessons with wonderful interaction. The years have come and tempered us with hopefully more wisdom. But, we still enjoy ending our weekend with a lively Sunday school lesson. As Paul told Timothy: share in suffering like a good soldier, compete according to the rules like an athlete, and work hard like a farmer. We try to remember these things we learned in Sunday school in our daily lives.

We study the scriptures together each Sunday. But, we also share our lives with each other. Our Sunday school bonds have helped us go through losses of parents, battles with cancer, surgeries, hardships of job changes, births of children and grandchildren, changes in all our lives. But, some of our dearest friends sit down together here each Sunday to study God's holy word. Our present teacher for over 20 years is Evan Keel. We learn together each Sunday. I treasure our Sunday school memories.

I remember how much I admired Mrs. Louise Compton when she made the beautiful alter paraments by hand. I thought it was a talent from God that she shared with Salem. We still use these paraments that Mrs. Compton made. They are extraordinary.

I always think of Mr. James Peacock each year when we have lemonade at Salem Homecoming. He had a ready smile as he handed a cup of his pride and joy fresh squeezed lemonade. What a pleasant memory of Mr. James.

For many years as I drove to work each morning, I would pass Salem United Methodist Church. Many of these days I would observe a dedicated church member bent over a hoe or rake in the church yard. I thought, "What a wonderful way to show your love for your church!" Mr. O.J. Howell has given many hours of work to his church. He probably did not know how many of us saw and admired him each time we passed. He continues to be a good example for us all to follow.

I remember each summer at Salem. My first week after school was out, Mrs. Elizabeth Howell would call me. "It's time for us to go out and clean that church kitchen," she would say. I must admit that I

sometimes dreaded going out, but Mrs. Lib always made the work enjoyable. She would "tackle" the refrigerator while others of us would get the cabinets, floors, and counters. She always said, "If it's everybody's job to do, sometimes, it doesn't get done. So we must clean this kitchen." I loved Mrs. Lib for inspiring me to know that we all have responsibilities in our church.

There is no one at Salem United Methodist Church who inspires me more today than Mr. Ted Tillman. I continue to pass Salem daily (though thankfully not to go to work anymore). There are not many days that I don't see Ted's red car there. Ted is one of the most dedicated, dependable members of Salem. No job is too small or too large for Ted. Ted inspires others to give time and talents to Salem. I thank him for all he has done and is still doing for our church.

Brenda Mozingo

*Memories of Alice and Bill Barnes
Sunday, May 28, 1995
By Roy Turnage*

*Bill was one who could get things done,
Alice was one who lifted up God's son.
Bill was provider of material rights,
Alice was provider of spiritual lights.
Bill could make church bells ring,
Alice could praises to God sing.
Bill was chairman of the Educational Building Fund,
Alice saw that the teaching of God's word was done.
Bill was known as a leader of men,
Alice was known by the saviour God sends.
Both supported one another in their love to share,
Both supported the church in their talents rare.
Both had the support of family and friends,
Both gave support to the needs that God sends.
Both had values of their own worth,
Both have their place in heaven and on earth,
Both filled their slot while here below,
Both will find their spot in heavens bestow.
Both are missed by loved ones here,
Both are in heaven where God is near.*

This is special to me because Mr. Roy Turnage wrote this 2 months after mother died. Elizabeth Stocks did it in cross-stitch and I'll always cherish this special poem. It hangs on my living room wall and everytime I go in there I can read it. Elizabeth is a wonderful friend to me.

Nan Montague

Death of a Salem Member

Isaac John Mozingo, Sr. died suddenly of a heart attack on February 4, 1949. Surviving him were his wife, Winnie Mae Mozingo, and four children, Dorothy Jean Mozingo, Edna Earle Mozingo, I.J. Mozingo, Jr., and Gerald Mozingo.

As was the custom at that time John's body was carried to the home in the coffin and placed in a bedroom and visitors came to the home to visit with the family. Mr. Robinson, a neighbor, came to the home and sat up all night at the home of the deceased. Seymour Funeral Home handled the arrangements. Some members of the Seymour family were members of Salem Church.

The death occurred soon after the old sanctuary was moved around and construction was going on in Salem Methodist Church to greatly enlarge it. The church building was in disarray with lumber, sawdust, tools, etc. Winnie Mae decided to have John's funeral at St. Paul Methodist Church in Goldsboro on Sunday, February 6, 1949.

Sunday School classes and church services continued during this time at Salem in the old church area.

Dorothy Jean Mozingo Andrews