

# *"Ninety-Four Years of Memories"*

Biographical Chronology  
of  
William Allen Zulker  
January 2021



Bill and Isabel

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(This was originally written for my Eightieth birthday in 2006 as a gift to my children and grandchildren)  
(First it was "Eighty Years of Memories" - then it was "Ninety" - "Ninety-one"- now "Ninety Four")

(Many revisions have been made since 2006)  
(Most recent - January 2021)

This is by no means an exhaustive or complete autobiography. Rather, it is a simple effort to record some of the memorable dates and experiences of my life for the benefit of my children and grandchildren. The more I talk with them about my past, the more I realize how little they know about me. This is not an attempt to brag nor boast of my accomplishments, nor excuse or explain away any of my failures, but I hope that this overview, though certainly incomplete, will help the family understand the way the Lord has blessed my life. Also, as I recall each event now, this will hopefully cause me to rejoice in the knowledge of God's favor in those experiences even though I may not have been fully aware of it at that time. Thanks be to God.

The absence of any recounting of disappointments or frustrations is not to deny that they were there, but to write about them now would serve no purpose, as far as I am concerned.

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**THERE ARE SIX SECTIONS IN THIS 2020 PAPER**

- I. **MEMORIES – (PG 2)**
- II. **PLACES WHERE I & WE HAVE LIVED – (PG 80)**
- III. **A QUICK TIMELINE – (PG 81)**
- IV. **TRAVELS – (PG 84)**
- V. **CHURCHES WHERE I HAVE PREACHED – (PG 84)**
- VI. **PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN – (PG 84)**

**SECTION I – MEMORIES**

William Allen Zulker

**December 20, 1926**

Birth at 105 Linden Avenue, Pleasantville, New Jersey



Son of William John Zulker (October 15, 1898 – June 29, 1960)  
and Virginia Idell Carr (June 14, 1903 – December 13, 1984)



Mother and Dad

Siblings: Elizabeth Josephine (Curcio) (April 9, 1921 – d Oct. 16, 2011)  
Walter Leathem (January 19, 1924 – d Mar 11, 2009) see twin Robert  
Robert William (January 19, 1924 – d July 1924) see twin Walter  
Charles Bates – (December 20, 1926 – d June 13, 2019) my twin brother  
Virginia Idell (January 16, 1933 – d December 12, 2009).

Baptized at Wesley Methodist Church, Pleasantville, NJ on March 6, 1927 by Rev. John J. Messler, Pastor

**1927** (Age 6 months)

Family moved to Cape May Court House, New Jersey on Mechanic Street near the old Gazette Building - Father was transferred there from Pleasantville, NJ by employer – Gulf Oil Company.

**1932** (Age 5)

First job – self employed as a five-year old candy-boy standing on the street in front of our house. I remember that I went to the corner *American Store* and bought some candy to sell. That evening, when my father came home from work, he saw me standing on the sidewalk and asked me what I was doing. When I told him, he asked me how much I had paid to buy the candy, and when I said, "a nickel a piece, he asked, "How much are you selling them for?" I replied, "A nickel a piece." He then convinced me that I wouldn't make much money that way, and that I should buy three candy bars at a time which were selling for ten cents and then sell them for a nickel a piece. In that way, I would earn a nickel for every three I sold.

I was an immediate successful businessman and continued to sell candy that way until I was about twelve or thirteen, even when I had other jobs. I had a regular candy route in the neighborhood and would go to each house and knock on the door. Few people turned me down. I would go to all the gasoline stations and repair shops, and would look for utility workers in the area. Riding my bicycle, I would go to the seventh hole at the Lakewood Country Club and wait for the golfers to come by. Who could possibly turn down this little kid – working so diligently?



Twins Bill and Chuck

**1933** (Age 7)

I had my first spiritual experience one Sunday afternoon as I knelt down at the sofa in the living room with Mother and gave my heart to Jesus. I was so very young, but I can remember it so distinctly and it had a continual effect upon me, conditioning my behavior and making me hesitant to do things that might bring shame to my Christian parents. That was a primary concern.

**1933 or 1934** (Age 7)

Family moved to Lakewood, New Jersey (Box 227 County Line Road) – Father transferred by employer – Gulf Oil Company. Lived at County Line Road, two houses from New Jersey Central Railroad tracks. Attended Public Grammar School No.5 and Lakewood High School through eleventh grade.

#### CHILDHOOD MEMORIES –

Living in Lakewood, we were only ten miles or so from the Lakehurst Naval Air Station where there were blimps and even dirigibles. Dad took us there when they held "open house." It was there on May 6, 1937 that the "Hindenburg" airship blew up. A ground crew of many young men was required to pull the ship down and secure it. One of my sister Betty's boyfriends was involved that night. She was there, too, and saw the destruction.

Kids living in Lakehurst attended the Lakewood schools and brought us

aluminum pieces of the Hindenburg as souvenirs. No one at the time told us to keep them, so through the years they were lost.

Sometime after that, Dad took us again for another tour at Lakehurst and we saw the famous “Akron” airship and actually climbed aboard the “Graf Zeppelin” which had become a museum. It had been decommissioned after the Hindenburg disaster when hydrogen was no longer used because it was so flammable. During World War II we often saw Navy blimps fly overhead en route to their surveillance over the Atlantic, just a few miles away.

### 1938 (Age 12)



At the age of 12, I started working as a paper-boy with Perigorgi’s News Store (Clifton Avenue) delivering early morning papers from Philadelphia and New York before going to school; the *Lakewood Daily Times* after school; and the evening papers from Phila and New York after supper. On a rainy day, it meant changing clothes several times. When I bought a new bicycle, Dad took me to Pep Boy’s in Asbury Park, loaned me \$35.00 and then recorded it in a little loose-leaf notebook. He told me that I was to pay him \$1.00 each week until it was paid off and that until then, **it was his bicycle**. I worked hard and fast to make it mine.

Across the street from our house was a wooded area where we would play and dig a hut in the ground and cover it with pine branches. In the summer, we would walk down the railroad to “the arch,” a small bridge of the New Jersey Central RR, over a small creek and then swim in the creek (naked of course). Fortunately, only a few trains went by each day. We could also ride our bikes down to “the arch” on a nearby road.

Our daily recreation was playing ball on the nearby dirt street where Arnold White lived, a street that was hardly used by anyone other than Arnold’s father.

During this period of my childhood I was interested in art. I entered the American Legion Poster Art Contest and won second place on May 19, 1938 by drawing a poppy, the official flower of the American Legion.

Poppy Drawing  
by Bill Zulker



### 1941 (Age 14)

Attended Summer Camp Meeting at the Methodist Church Camp, Seaville, NJ. Felt deeply moved regarding spiritual matters.



Seaville Camp Meeting Tabernacle



Bill

**1942** (Age 15)

During World War II, Dad was having some financial difficulties keeping the family of seven well-clothed and well-fed. Though he was still working with Gulf Oil, and after hours serving as the sexton at the Methodist Church, it was not enough.



Walt, Ginny, Betty, Bill – Lakewood  
100<sup>th</sup> Anniversary 1992

He moved us all to a 3<sup>rd</sup> Floor Apartment on 2<sup>nd</sup> Street (115 Lexington Avenue) in the center of Lakewood where he became superintendent of the three-floor, four-apartment building for free housing. He was responsible for cleaning two offices on first floor, as well as the stairway and had overall general care of the property including heating (coal furnace needing constant attention) and snow removal. We three boys all had our share of responsibility keeping the coal fire going and cleaning out the ashes.

Brother Walt joined the Navy in 1942 soon after his graduation from high school. Sister Betty had returned from Evanston Collegiate Institute in Illinois after a year and a half there and was working at Taylor's Drug Store where she met her future husband Norman Curcio, a farmer boy from Freehold, working as a truck driver with the GLF (Grange, League, Federation) feed company.

Living now in town at Lakewood, I found another job as a delivery-boy at Mr. Munch's Butcher Shop on Second Street. Then, during the Summer, I became a baker's helper at Gertner's Bakery on Second Street in the wee hours of the morning, rising at about 4:30 am. One of the Gertner's sons was named Penny. He was in his late teens or early twenties and had an attraction to one of the young female employees. He tried to cover it up and be as discreet as possible and I was one of his covers. On several occasions he asked me if I would like to go swimming at Rocky's lake after work. The former John D. Rockefeller estate had become a public park with swimming and picnic areas. When I got into Penny's car I was joined by his female friend and the three of us went swimming. I was a very conspicuous third party, but his dad, the owner of the bakery, never knew what was going on, or didn't let on if he did.

And best of all, I worked as a stock-boy at Mayer's Men's Shop on Clifton Avenue, an excellent preparation for a later job at The Eton Shop in Trenton when we moved there the following year. Dave Mayer, the owner was Jewish and a very smart businessman. The store was top-rate and attracted the best clientele. I stocked the shelves as directed, ran errands, cleaned up, and also collected the weekly membership dues for the "suit club." Members, or participants, paid a dollar a week into the club for a stated number of weeks such as twenty-five. The money became credit toward their next purchase and also entitled them to participate in the weekly drawing – the winner receiving a free suit or coat. It was a smart advertising gimmick which assured the store of an income and a continuing base of customers. During the week, after school, I made the rounds to designated places – a gasoline station or an office – to collect the dues. I enjoyed the outside freedom of walking around town, sometimes eating an ice-cream cone en-route. The only other employee was Joe, both a tailor and an excellent salesman. Without him, I doubt that Dave would have been so successful. I learned a lot from Joe whose last name I forget.





Lakewood Bowling Alleys

Also, I set up bowling pins at both the **Lakewood Bowling Alleys** and the alleys in the YMCA on Second Street, just across from the apartment house where we lived. There were just two lanes at the YMCA. We set up the pins by hand, before there were mechanical pin-setters. Standing in the pit behind the pins where the pins would fall, we pressed down on a foot-pedal lever that raised a metal pin at the spot where the bowling pins should stand. We placed the wooden

bowling pins on the metal risers and then jumped up and sat on the edge of the pit trying to avoid getting hit by flying pins when the next ball came thundering down the alley. It was dangerous and always a fearful time. Then came the day when the Lakewood Bowling Alleys started with about ten alleys, all with mechanical set-up machines. Until the system fully developed, a pin-boy was still needed, but only as a trouble shooter when the equipment didn't function..

I also started my own business, The Ajax Cleaning Company. I had business cards printed and then went house to house lining up jobs of raking leaves, washing windows, taking out ashes, etc.

During my junior year in Lakewood High School, I signed up for "Air Watch" duty during World War II. We were permitted to get out of class in order to go to one of the nearby hotels that had a roof-top room, and watch for any aircraft that was in sight. With binoculars we would scan the sky and then telephone "central control" to report the direction of the plane, its estimated location and speed and, if possible, its type. Without radar in those days, that was the way the Navy protected the skies.

### **1943** (Age 16)

In the winter of this War Year, Dad was transferred by Gulf Oil Corporation to Trenton, NJ. For a few months, he commuted once a week, rooming at the YMCA on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights and returning to our apartment house for the weekend. By spring, Dad bought his first house at 121 Park Avenue in Trenton, Hamilton Township, and moved there with Mother and my sister. Betty and Norman had married and moved away. Walt had joined the Navy. Because Chuck and I were anxious to finish our Junior Year at Lakewood High School, Mother and Dad arranged for us to board at Mrs. Thomas's home on Fourth Street. She was a friend of Mother's and her son Raymond went with Walt into the Navy. We stayed there until the end of the school year and then joined Mother and Dad and Ginny in Trenton.

During the Summer of '43 I found a job as a stock boy at a children's store on Broad Street in the center of Trenton. I didn't like the place and after a few weeks I found a better job in the next block at The Eton Shop, a store for men's and boys' clothing. I was taken under the wing of both Mr. Max Levin, the owner, and Walter Bentley, the store manager. I continued working there as a salesman through the next two years until I went into the Army in June 1945. Mr. Levin even took me back after I returned from the Army in 1947.



121 Park Avenue, Trenton, NJ

In September, 1943, Chuck and I attended Hamilton High School as juniors, having been kept back one year because Hamilton didn't think Lakewood schools met their same standard. Of course, I rebelled and did very poorly in class from that time on. As the school day neared an end, I would sit on the edge of my seat waiting for the bell to ring so that I could dash out the door and run down the street to catch the next bus to work at the Eton Shop. My Math teacher, Mrs. Larzaleer would say, "Sit back William, the class is not over yet." Then she would laugh as I scurried out. Miss Louise Baird, the music teacher, took great interest in me and put me in different programs, singing, and in one I was a magician pulling a coin out of my ears. Maybe she saw that my ears were big then, too.



Max Levin  
Eton Shop

Sister Ginny attended grammar school around the corner from our home.

**May 28, 1944** (Age 17)

Sometime during the Spring, the Methodist Church where my sister Betty was attending at Bridgeton, NJ was holding special meetings with evangelist Billy Opie from California. Betty invited me down over the weekend to stay with her and attend the meetings. I was very impressed listening to Opie who also was accompanied by his brother Earl, a tenor soloist and Hal Morona as song leader. Earl and Hal played trombones and Billy the saxophone. Their music was very meaningful and something like I had not heard before. They had the congregation sing old songs and new in a way that was very moving to me. Billy's preaching was so dramatic and convincing. They left Bridgeton and went to some other churches in the area and then to the Trinity Methodist Church in Millville, NJ. I hitchhiked back to Betty's for the last weekend in May and on Sunday, May 28 after the evening meeting was over, I made my personal decision for Christ and felt the call to the Gospel Ministry. I went back home to Trenton and to school on Monday, but as soon as school was over on Friday, I hitch-hiked back to the Southern Jersey towns wherever the Opie Team was holding meetings.

**Summer 1944** (Age 17)

All summer long I continued working at the Eton Shop and began looking for a church that would meet and challenge my new found faith. After my decision for Christ, I became dissatisfied and unfulfilled with the services of the South Broad Street Methodist church where we had worshipped as a family. I began to visit many other churches. Having a weekly bus pass because of my job at Eton, I used it traveling all over Trenton on Sundays looking for spiritual food. One of these churches was The Church of Christ which had good Bible teaching and good fellowship, but they did not condone the use of any musical instruments in the church saying that none were found in the New Testament. That turned me off. I never did find out what they believed about all the musical instruments we read about in the Old Testament. Having been brought up in a musical family and seeing the way that Billy Opie used musical instruments in his services, I visited there only once or twice.



Hal Marona, Billy Opie, Earl Opie

On another Sunday I visited the Church of the Open Bible where the Rev. Virgil Geren was pastor. After the evening service, the people invited me to their regular Sunday evening broadcast at the local radio station WTNJ. Most of the people were seated in the studio for the broadcast as I and a few others sat in an adjoining studio looking through a large window and listening. After it was over and the people began to leave, someone asked me where I lived and how I was traveling. When I said I was taking the bus, which meant one to the center of town and then a second one home, I was told that Rev. Geren lived near me. When they introduced me to him, I found that he lived just around the corner from our home on Park Avenue. He offered me a ride, and that began a wonderful life-long relationship with him and his wife Harriet. On the way home, they spoke of their daily morning radio program and invited me to ride with them to the station. Being summer, I did that each morning unless I had to go to work early. Somehow, they found out that I could sing and read music, so I sang the alto part, Geren the lead, and Harriet filled in with the tenor part. Occasionally, they would take me along for a program at a church out of town, or to a mission or prison service. One time, I went as far as Cleveland with them, though I can't recall if it was before or after I was in the Army. Harriet and Ger had a very strong influence upon my life as a Christian. Much of my later life in Christian service was based upon the many experiences I had with them before I went into the Army and after I returned before going to college. When I was in the Army, overseas, Ger continued to write to me, as did my grandfather.



Rev. Virgil Geren and  
Wife Harriet

On Labor Day weekend, - **1944** - I hitch-hiked to York, Pa. where Billy Opie and his team – brothers Chuck, Earl, Jack and associate Hal Marona, were holding meetings in a tent on the York Fair Grounds for the Rev. Ralph Boyer of the York Gospel Tabernacle. I met all of Boyer's family including his son Dave, who later became such a well-known Gospel singer. I stayed in a room at the YMCA. After the last meeting on the night of Labor Day, I was introduced to Mr. Fred Dienert by Billy Opie. Mr. Dienert offered to let me ride with him back to Norristown, Pa. where I caught a Red Arrow Train to Philadelphia and then a bus to Trenton in order to get to work the next day. Dienert later became the advertising agent for Billy Graham (Walter Bennett Agency). Fred's son Ted married Bunnie Graham, the daughter of Billy Graham, whom we met at the home of our friends, Bob and Barbara Straton. Bob later became President of the agency. Bob, a tenor soloist, also sang many times for me at my preaching engagements in later years, and at my induction as Moderator of the Philadelphia Presbytery in 1978.

**Fall 1944** (Age 17)

Though I was still working part-time at the Eton Shop as I had been during the past two Summers, and now in my Senior year in Hamilton High, I hitch-hiked, as often as I could, to many more Billy Opie meetings which were being held in Glassboro, Pitman and last of all in Somerville, NJ. I would get out of school as early as I could, particularly on Fridays, hike to the meetings, find somewhere to stay overnight and hitch-hike home after the last service on Sunday night.

One Saturday night, I tried to get back home to Trenton from one of the South Jersey meetings but could get no farther north than the Campbell soup factory in Camden. One of the South Jersey trucks loaded with baskets of ripe tomatoes took me



there. Because it was now after midnight, I went to the nearby ferry-slip, rode the ferry back and forth a couple of times across the Delaware and then went into Philadelphia to the old Broad Street train station at City Hall. There I went into one of the private washrooms (25 cents), freshened up, and took the ferry back to Camden. Then I got a bus to the Airport Circle (now the intersection of routes 30 and 130) and hitchhiked back to the Sunday services at one of the towns (I forget which one) where Billy Opie was preaching. Mother had no idea where I was, but surely must have been praying for me.

**1944 December 20** (Age 18)

Because of the War, all eighteen year old boys (now men) had to register for the draft on their birthday even though we were still in high school, I in the 12<sup>th</sup> grade.

**1945 April 1- 8** (Age 18) Trip to Canada with the Wigdens

Worshipping now at the Church of the Open Bible in Trenton, we met the Wigden Colored Trio, musical evangelists from Naples, NY, who were conducting special services at the church. There was Lawrence, the preacher, singer and guitar player, a graduate of the Practical Bible Institute at Binghamton, NY, his brother Bob, the song leader, guitar player and soloist, and their sister Gladys, piano player, guitar player and soprano soloist. They made wonderful music and were marvelous Christians.



Lawrence, Bob, and Gladys Wigden

As they traveled about in their ministry, primarily in white congregations, they stayed in the homes of the people. Gladys stayed in our home at Park Avenue, much to the astonishment of our white neighbors. As their meetings were coming to a close on Sunday evening, Lawrence persuaded me to travel to their home in Naples with them for a visit and to go with them for a week to Canada for some meetings. But first I had to get permission from the local Draft Board to “Depart From the United States” since I was due to be enlisted as soon as school was over. Permission was granted. So at about ten o'clock on Sunday night after the last meeting at the Church of the Open Bible, the four of us got into the car and traveled about six or so hours, arriving at their home in the little town of Naples, NY in the wee hours of the next day.

I immediately went to bed, but found that by early morn, Lawrence was up, got me up, and took me with him to the auto garage to get the car ready for the next trip which was to begin right after lunch. In Canada, we stayed in the homes of church people, with Bob and I staying together. I was thrilled when they occasionally asked me to join with them in a song. We returned to their home in Naples and I hitch-hiked back home to Trenton.

As the three of them conducted their traveling evangelistic ministry, another sister, Millie, maintained their home, washed their clothes and prepared their meals. She was just as affable as the rest. It was a delight to be with them. Lawrence was also the pastor of the Naples Gospel Tabernacle, a church that was one hundred percent white, with the exception of the Wigdens. They had significant impact upon my Christian life.

On the afternoon that the Wigdens (and I) were to start for their next meetings which were in Ottawa City, Ottawa, Canada, Lawrence asked us all to get down on our knees at the dining room chairs and pray for safety and blessing. He then said that we were *all* to pray. I found out that he meant for all of us to pray aloud at the same time. It

was a new experience for me to listen to them and at the same time to try and keep my thoughts together. Very impressive and memorable!

**1945 June 5** (Age 19)

On June 5, I graduated from Hamilton High School with a very poor academic record – Final grades were English – D; Problems of American Democracy – D; Spanish 1 – E; Health and PE – C; Vocal Music – A.

But I did receive a Certificate of Proficiency in Journalism awarded by The Asbury Park Press on May 26, 1942, ha ha. Who ever thought then that someday I would become an author? Certainly, not I.

**1945 June 25** (Age 19) **Inducted into the US Army.**

Reporting early in the morning on June 25 with twin brother Chuck and a large group of inductees at the Trenton train station, we traveled to the Armory in Newark, NJ for preliminary physical exams. I did not pass the blood test until the next day. Chuck, however, passed the tests on the first day and was sent directly that afternoon to Fort Dix for further orientation. When I arrived at Fort Dix the next day, I was assigned to a different company. Our paths separated at that time and I didn't see him again until several weeks later at Camp Croft in South Carolina where he had been sent before me.



Bill 1945

After a few days at Fort Dix where we received clothing and equipment, and got various immunization shots, etc., I too, was sent to Camp Croft near Spartanburg, South Carolina. I will never forget the agony of the troop-train trip that took a couple or more days to get there. Of course, there was no air-conditioning on the train in those days, and it was an extremely hot summer. We had to sleep the best we could – some of us climbing up on the luggage racks to stretch out – and eat c-rations or the like that were distributed to us from the “mess car”, such as they were.

Quite often, the train would lay-over on a siding for a more important train to pass. The time dragged on. It was interesting to see the country-side of the South as we traveled. So much looked different than what we knew in the North.

Our train did not go directly to South Carolina, but first went to Camp Pickett in Blackstone, Virginia. We were there only a few days but one of the things I remember was the Prisoner of War camp that was just a few hundred yards from our barracks. We did not get any closer and did not have any contact with the prisoners.

The ground through North Carolina and South Carolina was red clay, something I had never known. Later, I would soon find out that red clay was devastating to us in training on a rainy day. We had two sets of fatigue uniforms and at the end of a rainy day we would have to wash our muddy outfits, hang them up to dry in the barracks and wear the second set the next day. Of course, there were no washers, nor dryers. We washed everything by hand. But on several occasions, when the rains continued, they didn't dry. So, on the following day, we wore our clean ones which were still wet.

**I grew up in the Army.** I mean that I became aware of the vastness of the world in which I was living and that it didn't really revolve about me. I learned that I wasn't the center of it all. I was just a small part of it and had to learn to adjust or be destroyed by it. The Second World War had already decimated the population.

Upon arriving at Camp Croft, I began my 16 week infantry training. This was a

no-nonsense experience as we were expecting someday to go into battle. Though fighting in Europe had ended with the surrender of Germany in May (May 8, VE Victory in Europe Day), it continued in the South Pacific against Japan. No one knew how long it might be before the Japanese would be defeated. The idea of the Kamikaze pilots willing to commit suicide by crashing their planes onto Allied ships had a frightening effect upon the nation. We would soon learn that all our Army “Basic Training” would be to prepare us for battle in the South Pacific.

Most of our officers had returned from the war in either Europe or the South Pacific and were intent that we would be better prepared than they had been. Basic training for me was very rough and difficult. I had never been a Boy Scout, gone camping or even shot a gun, but I was determined I would do as well as anybody else.

The extreme heat of South Carolina in July and August was likened to that which we might expect in future war zones. And of course, in 1945 no one had air conditioning. The Army barracks did not have fans or anything that might give us relief. Long hikes in the sun along with other military training maneuvers were designed to harden us to reality. We would learn to accept orders that at the moment seemed unreasonable but might save our lives later on. Accepting the unacceptable would become a lesson to help us later in civilian life as well.

In my eleventh week of training, Chuck, who had also been sent to Camp Croft but in a different company, and I, found out that twins could not officially be separated if they desired to be together. All we needed to do was to request a transfer. Since he could not join my company because we were already more than half way through our fifteen weeks training, I joined him in the fourth week of his training. The interesting aspect was that he had been assigned to a Quartermaster Company preparing for office work, record keeping, and the handling of supplies – clothing, equipment, food, petroleum, etc., but I had been in an Infantry Company. Quite a difference!

Soldiers in the Quartermaster were not expected to enter battle and needed only limited training in arms and combat. When the officers realized that I, in an Infantry Company, had already been through so much of the preliminary training, they pulled me out of the ranks and assigned me to some very easy support services while the rest, including Chuck, continued their regular training. For example, when the Company marched five miles out to the artillery and rifle ranges, something I had previously done in my Infantry Company, I was sent ahead this time riding on the mess truck to start the cooking fires under the large metal barrels where everyone washed out their mess gear after eating. Then, when done, we emptied the containers, loaded them back onto the truck and rode back to Camp while the others marched back.

It was in the Quartermaster Company that I had to attend typing class and learned a skill that was so greatly needed and useful in later life in College, Seminary and the ministry. We also learned to use desk calculators and found them to be very practical in our office while later serving in Germany, but how outdated they are today in the age of the computer.

**1945 Summer** (Age 19) *Spartanburg, South Carolina Gospel Church*

On one of the first Sundays that we were able to get a pass to leave Camp Croft, Chuck and I went looking for a civilian church in Spartanburg, the nearby town.. After a couple of visits to churches that did not appeal to us, we found the Spartanburg Gospel Church – what we call a store-front church. It was a new experience for us to worship in

a former store building that had several rows of folding chairs, a raised pulpit platform, a small electronic organ and a piano. But the preaching of Rev. Harold Horne, the piano playing and singing of his wife, Jackie, and the friendliness of the people made us feel as though we were back at the Church of the Open Bible in Trenton NJ with Rev. Geren and his wife Harriet.

Chuck and I enjoyed the services and before long became very active in the church and started a Soldier's Gospel Trio with another soldier, Maynard Morgan. There was also one soldier, a piano player who was supposed to be related to Mary Martin, the actress and movie star, though at the time I didn't even know who she was. We attended morning and evening services and often would go to other churches in the afternoon with some of the church people, to services that they called "Sings." Special musical groups from various churches would join together for an afternoon of music. It was great!



Chuck, Maynard and Bill

At one of these "Sings", we met Horace Jones, a tenor soloist with a very sweet Christian spirit and well-loved by so many people. He was regularly heard on a daily radio program, "The Bright Spot Hour", originating in Greenville, South Carolina. We became quite friendly and two years later when I was out of the Army and directing Trenton Youth For Christ rallies, I invited Horace to come up to New Jersey and be one of our special guests – which he did.

Those very enjoyable Sundays would end too soon and we would occasionally be driven back to Camp by people like Lee Webster, or catch the military bus filled with drunken soldiers. Our days with those church people were very special, as were the people themselves. At times we would be invited for a meal in their homes and sometimes stayed overnight in the home of the minister. With the singing experience there, which had begun with Mother at home, and added to that with the Gerens at the Church of the Open Bible, I was being further prepared for later Christian service without realizing it.

### **1945 September 2**

VJ Day, - Victory against Japan. What a relief it was for us still in basic training. But now, we weren't sure where we would be sent. Our training continued as usual for we still had to defeat the Japanese.

### **1945 December** (Age 19)

Chuck and I finished our military training at the end of December, but not before we spent a few days on bivouac in an unusual snow storm in South Carolina. I can remember how we pitched our individual small pup tents together and lit small candles in them in order to keep warm. We had already gathered pine needles and placed them on the wet ground under our sleeping bags. What an experience. After that, we were then given a furlough before being sent overseas. My recollection is that we were still in South Carolina for both our December birthday on the 20<sup>th</sup> as well as Christmas Day, arriving home shortly thereafter.

### **1946 January** (Age 19)

While on furlough, I hitchhiked to Naples, New York to see my friends, the Wigden Colored Trio. They were having special meetings at their church. Their church

and their home seemed to be the stopping off place for many ministers and musicians who had become their friends through the years. It was there that I first met musician Davy George who played the marimba and with whom I became better acquainted in later years. When I became Director of Trenton Youth For Christ in 1947, I traveled to visit with Davy at the King's College in New Castle, DE to get him to participate in our opening rally on Memorial Day at Dunn Field. Also, while I was at the Wigdens, Cliff Barrows stopped by, but at the time I had no awareness of who he was and that he would soon become the world-renowned associate of Billy Graham. In fact, at that time, Billy Graham was hardly known outside Wheaton, Illinois. There were also Merrill Dence and his sister Wilma who made quite an impression upon me – particularly Wilma. I have often wondered about them and a young man named Harold.



Bob and Bill

### **1946 February** (Age 19)

From the time of my decision for Christ in May 1944, I had been associating with evangelical ministers who all seemed focused on Adult/Believers Baptism by immersion. They did not recognize the validity of Infant Baptism nor Covenant Theology. Neither had I discussed this issue with any ministers who did. So, I went along and was baptized by immersion by Rev. Geren (or Rev. David Allen) on February 17, 1946, while still on furlough. Interestingly enough, the service was held at the Central Baptist Church in Trenton, NJ which later figured into my choice of a college and my preparation for the ministry.

When our furlough came to an end, Chuck and I reported to Camp Kilmer in New Brunswick, NJ to await deployment to the European Theater of Operations. Each day we answered roll-call and then sat around waiting until orders were posted. If the posting wasn't early in the morning or at least by early afternoon, then it was certain that the next posting of orders for shipping-out would not be until the next day. At least that was what we counted on. It was a boring time as we sat around doing nothing but wait. We could go to the USO Center and spend the evening and sit around, but that was no fun for me.

So, one day, I decided to do what some other GI's were doing, and sneak out of camp and go back to Trenton to see my girlfriend, Ginny Wright, (who later married my brother Chuck). Though the camp was surrounded by wire fence, there was a "hole in the fence" that led down to the river road and then out to the main road to Trenton. I found it and hitch-hiked home. I was hoping that I would not be found,, otherwise I would be in deep trouble for leaving the Camp without an authorized pass. That evening, my brother Chuck called me from Camp to say that our names were on the list for deployment the next morning at daybreak. Well, that meant that I wanted to stay home as long as possible, but I did get back somewhere around midnight.



On board concert by soldiers

The next morning, we were on a troop train to a New York dock and boarded a troop ship the "USS Coaldale."

How well I remember walking up the gang-plank struggling with my heavy duffle bag with all my earthly belongings, and the trombone I had bought in South Carolina. On board, Chuck and I were both assigned to the Special Services Office,



which had the responsibility of public address announcements for the soldiers and the production of a mimeographed daily newsheet, distributed on board. We were bunked in the holds on suspended bunks about 4 or 5 high. Chuck and I had been separated. I did not see him for a day or more, so I sent an announcement over the troop intercom that he was to report to the Special Services Office. When he did, he was so sea-sick that he could hardly stand up. He said he hadn't eaten a thing for two days except an orange that had rolled on the floor over to his bottom bunk.

The ocean-going trip was great. I shall never forget the phosphorous glow of the sea at night time. And what a beautiful sight it was to see the White Cliffs of Dover, England as we sailed into the English Channel. We could only think of the popular war-time song with that title that was so familiar to us. "There'll be bluebirds over the White Cliffs of Dover, just you wait and see. They'll be joy and laughter and peace ever after, tomorrow, when the world is free ". It was one of the most popular songs during WW II, and the song of hope for victory.

When we arrived at the port of Le Havre, France, we were immediately taken by truck to Camp Lucky Strike, about 40 miles inland near the town of St. Valery. It was one of the several tent-camps by similar names that had GI's both coming and going between Europe and the USA. Of course, those en-route to America were the war-seasoned veterans of the fight including the Battle of the Bulge, the Invasion of Normandy and the like. They were tough, and we respected them. They also tried their best to intimidate us by recounting some of their experiences and warning us about the French. If I recall correctly, we spent only a day or two there and were then transported by train across France into Germany, traveling a couple of days and nights in box-cars named "Forty and Eights".

Bill at boxcar at  
Fort Indiantown Gap 2006



In other words, they could hold 40 men or 8 horses. (There is one on exhibit at the entrance to Fort Indiantown Gap, PA). There was a very wide sliding door, like most box-cars, and two small window openings, one on either side about six feet off the floor. We were provided with c-rations for our food, and we slept on the floor or in our sleeping bags. We leaned out the door to relieve ourselves or waited until periodically the train would stop and we jumped off to the side. Once the train was stopped, nearby residents or farmers would come running up with bottles of wine or some other food-stuffs which the GI's would buy with either cash or cigarettes. On one of these mid-night stops in a town-like freight yard, I bought a little flashlight that had no batteries, but was operated by squeezing it. Somehow in the passing years, I lost it but have been looking for one in antique stores in Germany in recent years with the hope that I will someday find one.

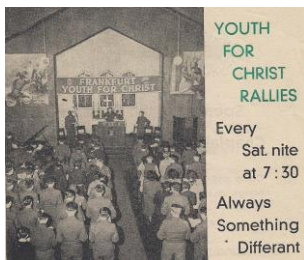
Our train went on through France and Germany until we came to Bamberg, Germany to a military camp. I recall very little about the few days we were there except that I remember being on guard duty one night. We also walked into the nearby town near the end of one day and I was surprised to find that the houses were all grouped together in the town and did not have any front yards. The houses were built right up to

the sidewalk that went through the town. In later years, during our several vacation trips to Germany from 1990 – 2005, I found out that that is the typical way. In fact, many small towns in the country are built with their barns and storage areas adjoining their homes, and even the cattle and tractors are there. It is interesting to walk the sidewalks of the towns and see the cattle through the barn doors or window opening.

We then were sent by train to Frankfurt, Germany, and transported by open truck to “Able” Barracks on the outskirts of the big city. We occupied former German Army barracks which were large four-story concrete structures grouped together. Between two of the buildings there was an in-ground swimming pool. There were two of us in each room with the wash room down the hall. It was very nice living.

Chuck and I were assigned to a Quarter-master unit with offices in the Lurgi House located in the center of Frankfurt just a few blocks from the I. G. Farben Building used as the Headquarters of the European Theater. Each day we would catch the trolley from our barracks to work or hop a ride with someone who had a jeep. At work, we were assigned desks and then told by our military supervisor what we had to do. Our Major had the responsibility of supplies-control of equipment and the like that was arriving from the States by ship at the various ports of entry such as Le Havre or Bremerhaven. He or someone above him then determined where the supplies were to be sent. The work I had as a Corporal didn’t seem to make much sense. I guess you could call it just busy-work designed to keep us around as occupation troops in the event of a military need.

On the first day in Frankfurt, as we left the Hauptbahnhof (main train station) on the open truck, I noticed a small sign on a corner light post advertising Saturday night Youth for Christ meetings in “Roundup Chapel“. Upon determining the location, Chuck and I went and found a good-sized gathering of GI’s singing and praising the Lord in a former Lutheran Church building taken over by the Army as a chapel. Before long, both of us were attending Saturday nights as well as the Wednesday night Bible Study and ultimately the Tuesday board meeting. He and I sang duets, he sang solos and we joined two other GIs as a quartet. Soon, Chuck became the official song leader and I was elected President and Director or Master of Ceremonies of the Rallies.



Bill/Chuck on pulpit 1946



Bill/Isabel 1990



Sign

The meetings continued to be held in Roundup Chapel and I never did find out why it was so called, but it was the worship center or Chapel for the main part of the base. In 1990, when Isabel, Barbara and I spent our first of many vacations in Europe, we visited the Chapel and found that it had become a Lutheran Church Nursery School. It was a very emotional experience to walk through the building and recall all those wonderful rallies some 44 years earlier.

Among the many activities of YFC was our Sunday afternoon silent witnessing while standing on the remains of one of the bombed-out bridges across the River Main

handing out German language Gospel tracts. I personally had written to several American publishing houses asking for as many Christian tracts as they could send. We received thousands upon thousands from organizations like the American Tract Society and the Scripture Gift Union, all printed in German. The bridges had been damaged during the war so that vehicles could not pass, only pedestrians. We would stand there in our military uniforms and ask in German, “Would you like something to read?” – “Etwas zu lectr?” Most everyone responded favorably and took the literature..

One of the military chaplains was Captain Dwight L. Baker of the 508 paratrooper unit. He was a young dynamic preacher, smartly attired in the paratrooper uniform and well-liked by the troops. Whenever the troops had to practice jump, Chaplain Baker was there among them. In the Summer of 1946, he arranged some old-fashioned Southern Revival meetings in a temporary tent building set up on site of his unit. Many of us from other units attended to hear him and other chaplains such as Colonel Paul J. Maddox, Chief of the Chaplains in the ETO (European Theater of Operations). I still have photographs of the tent and of Chaplains Baker and Maddox on site. Paul Maddox later became a personal aide to Evangelist Billy Graham in his world-wide ministry.



Chaplains Baker and Maddox

The first time I ever heard Billy Graham was in the fall of 1944. He was the speaker on a river-cruise sponsored by the Philadelphia Gospel Center meeting in a church on North Broad Street. The Center held Saturday night Christian rallies attracting hundreds of young people each week and preceded the founding of the Youth For Christ movement. Rev. Walter H. Smyth was the director. He, too, later became an associate of Billy Graham and was in charge of all Graham’s crusades for many years.

At that time, I was attending the Church of the Open Bible in Trenton, NJ which sponsored a group attending the Cruise. Though Billy Graham was virtually “an unknown” in 1944, I did not forget the experience of cruising down the Delaware from Philadelphia to Wilmington, Delaware and back with a ship load of Christians on the Wilson Line listening to the evangelist and great gospel music.

Now, over in Germany in the early summer of 1946, a few of us GI’s were on a weekend pass sailing on a cruise yacht on the Rhine River. It was reported to be one of Hitler’s yachts – *The Mainz* – taken over by the Army and used recreationally by the Special Services unit. It cost us nothing and we were even served refreshments and supper on board before the cruise ended. As we sailed, I suddenly recalled the Philadelphia cruise and wondered if Frankfurt Youth For Christ might be able to sponsor such a Christian-oriented cruise. I spoke with Chaplain Baker who suggested that I meet with Colonel Maddox and then inquire of Special Services, the branch in charge of the ship. In doing so, I requested that we (YFC) sponsor a cruise on **Labor Day, September 2, 1946**. Permission was granted and I, along with a good group of GIs began our advertisements and invitations. Because I had already made contacts with local German printers for our other programs and flyers, I prepared the announcements, a red, white and blue four-page program and several large colorful cardboard posters to hang on board, and a specially-made flag to flutter above the yacht.

## THE RALLY ON THE RHINE – September 6, 1946

The “Rally on the Rhine” was a great success. Excerpts from soldier **Dave Kocher**, editor of Volume 1 No. 6 of the YFC monthly news-sheet are as follows:

“Never before in my life have I ever enjoyed myself as much, or never did I receive such a blessing as I did with that boat load of Christians at the “Rally on the Rhine.”...The trucks and busses started pulling up to the docks about 2:00 pm...WAC’s (Women Army Corps), GI’s, and American civilians swarmed aboard the *Mainz*, the yacht....



The YFC Council was having a council meeting...all the last minute details being ironed out and Bill Zulker, chairman of the rally, drove home once more...it was an opportunity to bring a message from the word of God to many they might never reach again....

“Attention, Attention”, sounded the loudspeaker, “every one back aft for the Bible Quiz of the day.” Rev. Kolf, an American preacher...was the quiz kid of the day. It was then time to eat, everyone was served a fine meal in the dining halls....

Then, at 6:30 the Rally on the Rhine was ready to start. It was started by singing a couple hymns and then a prayer by Chaplain Baker. We sang a lot of our favorite choruses and had some special music from Sgt. Ernie Brooks, Negro spiritual singer, the YFC male quartet including Chuck and Bill Zulker, The Hedderheim Quartet, and the Weisbaden Duet. As usual, Lil King was at the piano and making those ivories talk like she never had before. The Zulker twins, with Chuck leading the singing and Bill as master of ceremonies did a fine job and kept the rally going at a fast pace. There were six chaplains aboard, and when Bill announced that an all Chaplain sextet was going to sing, we all were completely surprised, especially the six Chaplains. It wasn’t enough that he made them sing once, but when they finished he gave them a book and asked them to try reading the music and see if they could get a little harmony, at least....

Then the treat of the evening began as Chaplain Pat Patterson, ex football star of Wheaton College, brought us the message of the evening....[he later became Campus Minister at Wheaton]....During the invitation, the YFC Quartet sang, “Shall I Crucify My Savior”....



Don Creswell, Chuck Zulker, Fred Rodman, Bill Zulker

Soon, all were back on trucks and busses heading for home. As I rode to Frankfurt, I rode in silence, and went over all that had

taken place. What a glorious day that had been, what a joy, what a blessing, truly it was something I shall never forget. As the truck I was in, bumped along, I looked back over all the wonderful times I've had since I let Christ take over my life. Immediately I thought of all the swell Christian fellows I've met since I've been in the Army. When I think of all the wonderful times we had together, it hurt to think that as the Army separates us we will never see each other again. But as a Christian, I know many of us will meet again someday. And I wouldn't be surprised if some day, when walking down a street in that Golden city, someone will come running across the street and say, "Well, if it isn't Dave. I knew I'd find you here somewhere. Let's see, where was it I last saw you". Then we'll both sing out together: "I remember, "THE RALLY ON THE RHINE."

In the Fall of 1946, I became the Assistant to the Chaplain at Hoechst, a small town just a few miles outside Frankfurt. The previous Assistant, Fred Rodman, was active in YFC and was being shipped back to the States. He recommended me to Chaplain John Young who had me transferred accordingly. Because I had attended an Army driving school, passed the driving exam and got my first driving license, I was then qualified to drive the Chaplain's jeep. Chaplains did not drive the vehicles assigned to them nor were they required to have a daily trip ticket granted by the motor pool each day as others were required to do. So, I virtually had my own jeep – my first vehicle – and was free to use it after hours as I pleased as long as the Chaplain approved, which he always did. So to Frankfurt I went most evenings to meet with the other Christian GIs.

The military compound at Hoechst was a former German military base. It consisted of a large drill field surrounded by a four-story high concrete building on three sides used as barracks. On the fourth side was the covered gated entrance with offices on each side. There was also a small elongated room used as a chapel. Seldom did the chaplain conduct any services in the chapel for the men on the Base except on Sunday mornings. But, he conducted English speaking services at the nearby German Lutheran church for the American dependents (wives and children) of military officers, who were now arriving in Germany after the war. Germans were also free to worship there as well. Many years later, in 1992, Isabel and I visited this church and met the pastor, telling him of our previous experiences there. One of them I remember was of the pump organ that was pumped by hand. Apparently, problems with the electrical system as a result of the war meant that it couldn't be operated in the normal fashion. Also, there was a young lad, Guenther Vahlberg who pumped it. Guenther was also our German interpreter in the Chaplain's office and we became good friends with him and his Mother.

On one occasion, Guenther's mother invited a few of us GI's to their home for tea. When we arrived at a very large and lovely home, we learned that Guenther and his mother occupied only two of the rooms of their house with the rest being shared with other families whose homes had been destroyed in the bombings. It seems that this was the procedure all over Germany. When we thanked Mrs. Vahlberg for the cookies, she in turn thanked us for the sugar and flour and other ingredients that we had obtained for her from the kitchen at our barracks. One wonders how many times and in how many other places this scenario was taking place with other GI's and German families.

Many years later, after Isabel and I were married, we began 1990 to travel to Germany (and Europe) for our vacations. In 1994 we visited Hoechst and inquired at the Lutheran Church and the police headquarters for information about Guenther, seeking to



find his address and visit him. But no information was found. It was suggested that we check the phone directories in Frankfurt for an Karin Wahlberg whom they thought might be a daughter. She was, and gave us his address in the distant city of Saarbrücken. . That meant another delay until our next visit. We corresponded with him, were invited to his home in 1995 and had a wonderful reunion which included his wife and another daughter, Elke. By that time, he was sixty-five year old and had retired from a successful career as a banker. To me, sixty-eight years old, it was almost unreal that our reunion took place after so many years. Writing this now in 2018, I am sorry to say that both Guenther and his wife have passed away.

Guenther + wife  
And Isabel



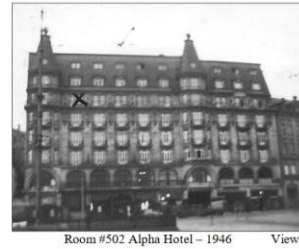
Guenther + wife  
and Bill

Of course, many other interesting experiences took place during my year in Germany in 1946. On one of the weekend passes, Chuck and I traveled to the country of Luxembourg. Because I was serving as a Chaplain's Assistant and drove the Chaplain's jeep, I also had good relations with the Motor Pool which handled all military vehicles. Somehow, I don't remember how, I managed to get permission to have a jeep for our extended weekend visit to this neighboring country. As we motored over the mountains between Frankfurt and Luxembourg – about 115 miles – we saw the remnants of war with destroyed military vehicles abandoned on the side of the road. One can only imagine what happened to the soldiers in those vehicles.

Bill – 1946



Alpha Hotel



When we arrived in this beautiful city we stayed in the Alpha Hotel just opposite the main train station, in a room on the fourth floor. As usual, I saved the menu from the hotel restaurant for many years along with a photo of the Hotel. In 1992, when Isabel and I were on vacation in Germany, we stopped in Luxembourg on our way North through Belgium and Holland.

We found the Alpha Hotel right next to a new and modern hotel, and went in to register. Showing the desk clerk my old photo and asking for the same room on the fourth floor, she replied that it was occupied but that the room next to it was just like it.

Upon entering, Isabel, somewhat disgustingly, said that the room looked exactly like what it must have been in 1946, with no improvements. The carpet looked like it had not been cleaned for a long time, if ever. Nevertheless, I was pleased. In the dining room, I showed the waiter my old menu and asked if the prices would be the same. He called the chef and together we all had a good laugh. He then asked if he could photo-copy it.

My last days in Germany were over Christmas 1946 and New Year's Day 1947 in Bremerhaven in the North awaiting the arrival of a troop ship. My, oh my, was it cold!

We slept in a very large airplane hangar with very little, if any, heat. At mealtimes, we stood outside in long lines all bundled-up to keep warm. Finally, we were on board ship homeward bound for New York harbor then to Fort Monmouth, NJ and on to Fort Dix, NJ for separation from the service.

**1947 – Winter** (Age 20)

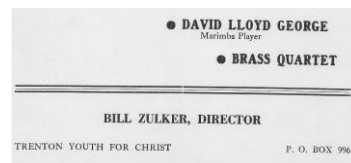
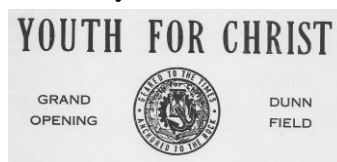
I was discharged from the Army on February 14, 1947 and returned home to Trenton, NJ and to 135 Independence Avenue where Mother and Dad had moved while I was in Europe. It was about three blocks away from 121 Park Avenue where we lived while I was in high school. Now that WWII had ended, there were thousands of service men and women returning home and flooding the job-market. The Government stepped in and gave all discharged servicemen and women \$20.00 a week for 52 weeks. All we had to do was to show up at the proper office and receive our paychecks. That kept us off the job-market and gave us time to make a readjustment to civilian life. We goofed off.

In addition, the Government developed the GI Bill of Rights offering free education for a limited time. I forget now, for how long of a period.

**1947 – Spring** (Age 20)

In 1947, after I had been discharged from the Army, Rev. Geren encouraged me to start Trenton Youth For Christ. I went to Philadelphia to meet with Rev. Walter Smyth, the Eastern Regional Director of Youth for Christ International and requested approval to begin our local group. When I recounted my experiences as President and leader of the Frankfurt YFC he gave me a certificate of approval. That was the beginning of another fantastic experience in Christian service.

With a lot of advice from Geren, I began to plan for Saturday Night Rallies. I rented the Contemporary Auditorium on West State Street and began to invite speakers and musicians to speak and sing. In order to get a good start, I arranged for our opening Rally to be held at Dunn Field, the local sports center of outdoor athletics. There was a small grandstand in front of which we located our speakers platform. I contacted Rev. Robert Frazer, a blind radio-evangelist, known to many, to be our key speaker. Then I asked a well-known singer, Shorty Yeaworth, of The Good News Quartet in Philadelphia, to lead the choir and singing and for his wife Jean to play the piano. Davy George, of Philadelphia played the marimba. I printed several thousand announcements and began to distribute them to local churches. On Memorial Day, May 30, 1947 we held our opening Rally with several hundred people at Dunn Field, preceded by a parade starting at the Post Office, going past City Hall and up Broad Street and on to Dunn Field. We were off and running. I have a picture of my home-made float towed on the back of my old Willys, the first car I ever owned.



Each Saturday night thereafter at The Contemporary Auditorium we had other speakers like Alex Dunlap, Lester Harnish, Marty Walsh, Mickey Walsh, Leon Sullivan, Bob Finley, Dave Morken, Horace Jones, and several others. I directed the Rallies with brother Chuck as the song leader and Ginny Wright the piano player. We also had a 15 minute weekly radio program on WTNJ Trenton on Friday nights. We used this to help

advertise the Rallies.

The Wigden Colored Trio of Naples, New York also accepted my invitation to sing at one of our Saturday night rallies. At that time they heard Walt, Chuck and me sing – as The Zulker Gospel Trio – and invited the three of us to accompany them on a missionary preaching and singing tour to churches in Kentucky. We drove up to Naples, NY to meet them and then joined the three Wigdens plus two other preachers – both white – and in two cars traveled the long distance to Hazard, Kentucky, for a week-long evangelistic mission.

Remember now, this was a good many years before the civil rights of black people were granted. At that time in 1947, we in the North were quite I about the whole racial situation in the South. The three of us had been brought up in a Christian home where we were taught respect toward “red and yellow, black and white”. In our small town of Lakewood there were just a few “colored” people and one family in particular was held in very high regard by the community. So when we were with the Wigdens, we saw this as being normal. We got some very quick lessons on our southern trip.

I shall not forget a time when we stopped at a gas station that also had a soda-fountain of sorts. I was the first in and sat at the counter ordering an orange soda. When Gladys followed me in, I asked her what she would like. She replied that she would like the same thing. Mine was served in a glass – but hers was served in a paper cup. It was obviously done because she was black. When we got outside, I questioned her about this and she replied that it was better to be served in a paper cup than to be served in a glass and then to later hear the glass being broken so that the glass wouldn’t be used again by a white person.

Because we could not make the trip in just one day, we had to find a place to stay overnight en-route. Very tactfully, Lawrence suggested that because we had a long way to go we should keep driving well after dark. Then he stopped at a road-side “motel” with several wood cabins. He told us to wait in the car while he made arrangements. He then directed us down back off the road to our small cabins, the preachers to theirs, etc. He said that we needed to get an early start the next morning, which meant before daybreak, not telling us at the time that we had stayed in a “black” motel, the only place the Wigden’s could stay, and we white people were kept “undercover” and left before anyone would know about us. In Hazzard, Kentucky, we again were divided up by race in our accommodations, but had no problems in the churches. It wasn’t until sometime later that we realized what he had done, and why. We had stayed in a “Black Cabin Site” and he did not want it to be known that the Blacks and the Whites were traveling together. It was dangerous for all of us.,

On our return trip, I was anxious to get back to Trenton because of my responsibility at YFC, so rather than traveling all the way up to New York and then down to NJ, I got out of the car in Ohio, near the West Virginia border, and hitchhiked home. I actually crossed the Ohio River in a row boat at a so-called ferry crossing. It was very similar to an experience we had in later years while in Germany on vacation when we crossed the Rhine River on a very small passenger ferry, flat-bottomed, powered only by the movement of the river.

## 1947 - ISABEL ENTERS MY LIFE

One of the church groups of young people who attended our Youth For Christ rallies at the Contemporary Auditorium, came from the West Trenton Presbyterian Church where Rev. Harold Murphy was the minister. The group was very animated with people like Dick Foster, Lois Race, Virginia Race, Richard Tooma and an attractive blonde named **Isabel Cox** who had just finished her Junior year at Trenton High. One Summer

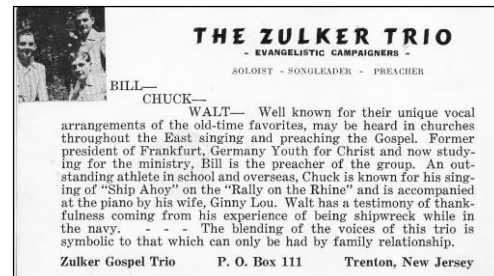


B-day February 9, 1930

Saturday night after the rally I tried to date her by asking her to accompany me to have ice cream. She flatly refused but suggested I ask her friend Lois. Apparently, Isabel or her mother thought that I, an Army veteran, was too old. And her mother didn't like preachers either. I don't remember now whether or not I dated Lois, but a week or so later, I asked Isabel out again and she consented. She never told me why she first refused.

Before long, we were dating regularly, and in the Fall, when she was back to school for her senior year and I was working at The Eton Shop on Broad Street, we would meet after school on the corner at Broad and State Street, at the center of Trenton where she had to change buses to get home to West Trenton.

She would also accompany us when Chuck, Walt and I went to various churches to sing as The Zulker Gospel Trio, accompanied on the piano by Ginny Wright who at that time was dating Chuck. We started to sing together in the Spring of 1947 shortly after we had all returned from military service. Walt's girlfriend, Miriam Waldt also traveled with us from time to time. Later, Walt married Miriam, Chuck married Ginny, and I married Isabel.



Though I had purchased a real old Willys automobile in the Summer of 1947, I sold it and purchased a 1935 Plymouth from Isabel's father in the late summer of 1948.

### 1948 – SPRING AND SUMMER

I kept working at the Eton Shop for a while where I had been promoted to salesman, but then took a summer job at the **Trenton State Hospital** as a night attendant in the mental wards. Just why, I don't know. I think that I wanted daytimes free to start the Trenton Youth Center. TSH was a mental hospital. But I had a free room, though just a dinky little hot and stuffy one, and I had the daytime free whenever I wasn't sleeping and that gave me time to be involved with YFC and the Youth Center.. After a night's work, I would drive a mile or so first thing in the morning to Isabel's home and meet her for just a few minutes before she had to catch the school bus.

The job at the Hospital was the worst that I have ever had. Two of us attendants were locked in a ward with about twenty or thirty patients, many of whom could be quite hostile at times. Some were often boisterous and vulgar while others quite docile and friendly. One deranged patient had a unique plan to catch mice, by leaving food in an open paper bag alongside his bed. He would wait until the mouse was in it then close the bag, kill the mouse and eat it. Another became so unruly that one of the attendants

punished him by putting him in the shower and alternating hot and cold water on him. I found out that many of the attendants were troubled individuals; some were alcoholics who worked only long enough to earn enough to satisfy their addictions. They would then go and get drunk and lose their jobs. But then, they would move on to another town, apply to another mental institution, state their experience and get a job. The cycle continued with some of them telling me of the various institutions where they had worked. It was too much for me so I quit in just a few weeks.

Unfortunately, Rev. Geren left the Church of the Open Bible in the early Summer of 1948 and I decided to attend the Central Baptist Church in Trenton. My decision created a separation between Ger and me that was never overcome. It was further widened when I was ordained as a Presbyterian minister. Though there were never any disparaging words between us, Geren never acknowledged the validity of my ministry as a Presbyterian. Never did he invite me to preach for him at the Shadyrest Bible Conference.

A similar development occurred later on with Rev. David Allen, pastor of Central Baptist. While I was attending Eastern Baptist College, at his recommendation, everything was ok, but when I joined the Presbyterian Church, he terminated our relationship. He, too, never invited me to preach for him despite the numerous other places where I was invited to preach.

Early in the Spring of 1948 I started to open the Trenton Youth For Christ Youth Center. We rented a third floor at Front and South Broad Street just a block from the center of town. I wanted a place for Christian young people to gather, meet with other Christians, play games, have something to eat and study the Bible. A lot of work needed to be done in the very large room over a store of the first floor, and a beauty shop on the second. We were able to get an electrical shop to donate supplies and another to donate paint. Some of the young people gathered to help us get started.

Dave Boyer Playing sax  
1948



Dave Boyer  
2014



We planned our Grand Opening on Memorial Day, 1948, which was the first Anniversary of Trenton YFC. We had another parade through town and met outside the Center for the dedication service. Rev. Ralph Boyer and musical family were there along with the Mayor of Trenton. For more detailed information see my report on TRENTON YOUTH FOR CHRIST that is found in my papers. There is a list of the speakers we had during the year and a half from May 1947 to August 1948

### 1948 SUMMER

In the summer of 1948 took a job at the **Trenton Rescue Mission** because I wanted to find out the inner workings of the mission being that I was planning to enter the Christian ministry. I moved into the Mission and slept in a large third floor open dorm room with the other men. My job was to drive one of the trucks that picked up old clothes, newspapers, and etc. that were then sold to benefit the mission. It was very interesting. After breakfast each morning, one of the men, some former drunkards and



some current ones, would accompany me on the truck as we headed out to various communities both in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Many homes saved newspapers for us and we tried to collect the most on our truck in competition with the others..

After breakfast and a brief devotional around the tables, a paper-bag lunch was given to us which we could eat whenever and wherever we wanted. Sitting by the side of the road one day having lunch, I didn't notice the patch of poison ivy surrounding me, but I sure found out by the next morning. I can still feel the pain that stayed with me too long, particularly at night as I slept in the stifling heat of the third floor dormitory room at the Mission. By the end the summer, I was out of there, but before that, my father gave me an ultimatum. It seems that some of the neighbors had missed seeing me and asked him where I was living. He reluctantly and embarrassingly had to tell them that I was living at the Rescue Mission. He thought that they wouldn't understand my purpose. Not liking that, he strongly suggested that I come home or else pack up everything I owned and stay there. I moved back home.

**1948** (Age 21)

During that summer of '48, I was being encouraged by various speakers at YFC to attend college. At first, I was not enthusiastic about it because I was enjoying my Directorship of Youth for Christ, was interested in getting the Trenton Youth Center in full operation, and was involved with our ministry as The Zulker Gospel Trio with Chuck and Walt. I liked preaching and the study of the Scriptures. Never a good student in high school and always interested in the actual practice of things rather than theory, I was afraid of having to deal with too much background and not enough of actual experience. Nevertheless, in my preaching, I was becoming aware of how little I really knew and how much I really needed a college education if I were to be effective in ministry. So, reluctantly at first, I applied to Bob Jones University in Greenville, South Carolina. A good friend, Ernie Csato had attended there as had Lois Haley, my long-ago high school girl friend.

The University had just moved from Cleveland, Tennessee to a new large campus with all new buildings. It was anxious to enlarge its enrollment and was accepting the GI educational benefits granted military veterans. It seemed unlikely that they would accept my poor high school credits but they might look favorably upon my experience in Youth For Christ. With as many letters of recommendation that I could secure from the YFC speakers I had personally met and from a couple of local pastors, I mailed a very late application for admission. Surprisingly, I was approved with the understanding that I would start right away. I mean, in about three weeks. Apparently, my new found faith and my experience in leading YFC in Frankfurt, Germany and Trenton, NJ worked to my favor.

Announcing that brother Walt would become the Director and that brother Chuck would lead the musical program, I packed up all my personal possessions in my 1935 Plymouth in September and headed south.



Bill at Bob Jones Univ.



**1948 - Fall** (Age almost 22) – ATTENDANCE AT BOB JONES UNIVERSITY

When I arrived at Bob Jones University in Greenville, SC in September, I was impressed with all that I saw except for the fact that the University had admitted too many male students and had run out of dorm rooms. Because I was one of the last to apply, my “dorm” was an old used pre-war travel trailer (made in the 1930’s), one of ten or twenty grouped together at the back end of the campus. I was assigned to a trailer with two upper-class students who apparently had volunteered for the assignment and were glad to help this military veteran, and “older” student make the adjustment to college life – particularly as designed by Dr. Bob Jones, the Founder. I do not remember their names but both were extremely helpful and kind to me.

The pre-war trailer had two bunks, an upper and lower, and a temporary bed that was made when the table was lowered to the same level. I was given the upper bunk. During the day, the table served as a working desk. A “bathhouse-toilet room” was located nearby and served all the men in the trailer camp. Having been in the Army, I did not mind the accommodations except that the trailer was very hot during the day and night in the typical weather of South Carolina.

Before or at the end of the first semester, I was moved into one of the new dorms – quite an improvement. It was overcrowded, however, with five students in a room with a three-tiered bunk bed on one side and a double bunk bed on the other. Each room had a sink which was very convenient and the washroom with showers and toilets just down the hall. It was a clever idea that helped eliminate the morning rush to get ready for breakfast which everyone was required to attend, whether or not they ate.

We had to rise at 6:30 am and be at the Dining Commons at 7:00 am where all 3000 students sat at assigned tables. At one end was an upper-level dining room for the President and his invited guests. If he was not there, another administrator, professor or guest welcomed everyone and gave the morning grace. As waiters served the tables, we had to wait until our host or hostess gave the signal before we could begin to eat. Then, as we finished, announcements for the day were given from the upper dining room. Our host or hostess then gave permission for us to leave the table only after everyone at the table had finished. Such style!!! One wonders today how many colleges could get away with such behavioral regulations. But frankly, it did us no harm and helped us learn the etiquette that would often be needed in later life. Personally, I am grateful for it.

Before classes began at 8:00 am, we returned to our rooms to be sure that our beds were made-up, everything picked up off the floor, the sink cleaned and the room left in perfect condition. The dorm supervisors checked each room and gave out demerits for infractions. I am proud to say that though demerits were freely given for just about everything, I did not incur a single one during my year there. I was also older (hopefully more mature) than most of the students and was in favor of a life-style that seemed to me quite in keeping with Scriptural teaching. Military training experience paid off as well, for I had learned to take orders.



Rodeheaver Auditorium



Doctor Harry Ironsides  
and  
Ma Sunday, wife of  
Billy Sunday

Down the hall, a few doors from our room was one of the study-halls provided on each floor of the dorm. Absolute silence prevailed. We spent a lot of time there because of the crowded condition of our rooms, but I also managed to do a lot of studying while sitting on my bed. At the close of the day, before the required “lights out“ at 10:00 pm, the students in three rooms would meet together for devotions and prayer. It was a special time for me. I remember just three of the students by name: Guy Corigliano of New Jersey with whom I renewed acquaintance in 2000, Don Baker, a real conscientious Christian with a wonderful mild spirit, and Bill Brown who later became one of the crusade directors with the Billy Graham ministry. In 1960, when the Graham Crusades were held in Philadelphia, Bill and I renewed our friendship as we met together in his office on 15<sup>th</sup> Street. At this Graham Crusade, I was asked to read the Scriptures on a Sunday afternoon in the large John F. Kennedy Memorial Stadium which was then known as the Municipal Stadium. 100,000 people were in attendance for this meeting.

Dr. Bob Jones, the founder of the University, was a famous old-time Southern evangelist turned educator. He was about 65 years old at the time I was there and had a son, Dr. Bob, Jr. a Vice-President of the University, who was well educated, culturally minded and as well-respected as his father. They had recruited a highly qualified faculty and loyal staff ready to abide by their every wish. It was somewhat eerie in that everyone seemed in total agreement with clear cut goals and well-designed strategies to achieve them. It was the Founder’s philosophy and rule, that if you were unhappy there and were prone to complain about things, then you should leave – voluntarily or otherwise.

Though BJU has frequently been criticized through the years, most of the criticism I have heard has been from those who have never been there. The students, faculty and staff were extremely happy and content, and the success of the institution is remarkable.

Because I was planning for Christian ministry, I was considered one of Dr. Bob’s “preacher boys.” The class of about 200 by that name was taught by a remarkable young 26-year old Ph.D. professor, Robert Schaper. What a marvel he was. He was also Dean of Men and became one of my models in life and ministry. Though I left the University at the end of that year, I have never forgotten his marvelous Christian witness and influence. It was not until 1988 that our paths crossed again when I visited Fuller Seminary in California and unexpectedly bumped into him on the pathway. He had been serving there as a professor for many years after having left BJU. Greeting us as strangers, he introduced himself – filling me with many emotions at the moment.

The class teaching was also shared by Dr. Monroe Parker, another great preacher who some years later became President of Pillsbury College in the South. On several Sundays each semester, the preacher boys, including me, were required to participate in gospel teams that traveled to nearby churches. It was a good experience for me

Bob Jones believed that cleanliness was next to godliness and made sure that not only was every room clean and tidy each morning. But all sidewalks were also swept each morning.

Some of the widely-known regulations which were often criticized by outsiders related to male/female relations. All dating was restricted to the Dating Parlor located in the Social Center Building. There was to be no physical touching between the sexes and there was none! What happened off-campus can only be surmised. Of course, there was no dancing, smoking, drinking or going to the movies allowed. Shakespearean plays and

other dramas were performed by the University as part of our cultural education but off-campus theater attendance of any sort was prohibited.

Shortly after arriving at the University, I met Dave Kocher, a fellow who had been in the Army with me in Germany. I sold him my 1935 Plymouth and was now without a car until the Fall of 1952, after we were married.

Isabel, who had started in the nursing program at Philadelphia General Hospital, and I kept writing to each other, not knowing what our futures would be. At Thanksgiving, I decided to travel home to Trenton and then visit her in Philly. On the Saturday after Thanksgiving – [I think the Army and Navy game was being played that day], I took her to the Walnut Street Theater to see the stage play “Harvey”. I have often thought that it was Jimmy Stewart who was on stage for that performance, but I am not sure. After the show, I took Isabel back to the Hospital and hitch-hiked back to Greenville, South Carolina.

Very late at night, I was standing on the highway in Washington, DC, right by the Treasury Building when a man stopped his car and offered me a ride. When he asked me where I was headed and I replied Bob Jones University in Greenville, South Carolina, he told me he was a golfer and knew Bobby Jones only as a golfer and not a preacher. They were not the same person, of course. But he was apparently impressed with me and my sense of Christian calling for he paid for my supper later on and took me all the way to Pinehurst, North Carolina, where he was going for a golf vacation. Finally, I got back to the University campus.

I was very impressed with BJU because of its high standards, its unapologetic Christian stance and the strong emphasis upon culture and the arts. The Shakespearean plays, the concert series, the Sunday afternoon musical programs called “Vespers“, and the annual Bible conference with world-renowned preachers and speakers like Dr. Harry Ironsides, Ma Sunday, and Dr. John R. Rice of Sword of the Lord ministries, were unforgettable and made an indelible impression upon me.

Because of the good musical training I had received in high school from Miss Louise Baird, a superb musician and teacher who took great interest in me, from my mother, and from the Gerens, in addition to the experience I had with our YFC quartet in Germany and the Zulker Gospel Trio, I auditioned and was selected to become a member of the Bob Jones University Radio Double Quartet, singing bass for their Sunday afternoon broadcasts. The vocal teacher, Mr. David Barnes was one of the best.

### **1949 Summer** (age 22)

At the end of my Freshman year at Bob Jones University, I returned home to Trenton and lived with Mother and Dad at 135 Independence Avenue. I was re-employed by Mr. Levin at the Eton Men’s and Boys’ Shop as a clothing salesman. If I had not felt called to the Gospel Ministry, I believe I would have continued in a similar business.

### **1949 – September**

For some reason or reasons not entirely clear at the present, I decided not to return to BJU in the fall and applied to The King’s College in New Castle, Delaware. Actually, it was quite a way south of New Castle on a country road that led toward Delaware City, one of the smallest towns ever. Later, it was purchase by Tidewater Oil Company and developed into an oil refinery.

Percy and Ruth Crawford



King's, founded by the radio evangelist, Dr. Percy Crawford, was a very small college in comparison to BJU, and was more like Crawford's summer camp Pinebrook, located in the Pocono's. [Pinebrook was the place where Isabel gave her life to Christ] Everything at Kings seemed to be in contrast to the quality and excellence at BJU. The dorm was an old mansion in poor condition, the campus poorly maintained, the students often acted in ways that would have meant expulsion at BJU, and there seemed to be very little administrative control. Regulations were at a minimum, and academic standards hardly existing. Students seemed to be totally on their own, and I felt a lack of spirituality. I was not the only one who was distressed. There were two other former BJU students who shared with me their deep concern. In fact, the three of us often had prayer together asking the Lord to take more control.

All this is not to say, however, that Dr. Crawford, his wife Ruth and many of the faculty were not deeply spiritual and trying to do their best in establishing a Christ-centered college. But, there did not seem to be the proper leadership on campus needed at the time to fulfill their dreams or mine. Of course, Dr. Crawford was not able to be there on campus because of his other ministries in evangelism, radio, camps, and bookstore I do recall having three very good professors: an old previously retired religion and language scholar who really knew his field; an English Professor – Charles Davies – who did his best to convince me of the value of learning literature; and a music teacher, Ms. Jean Whittaker who introduced us to and took us to the Philadelphia Orchestra at the Academy of Music. We actually had seats in the upper level of the Proscenium Box, now occupied by organ pipes. Eleven years later, when I was employed as Director of Admissions at Eastern College, Jean had become the Registrar at Eastern and was the one who had been handling all admissions up to that time. We continued serving together in the Administration for several years until she got married and retired.

While at Kings I met Sam Seymour, tenor soloist with Dr. Percy Crawford and the Young People's Church of the Air quartet, the Ohman Trumpet Trio and Hilda Schmeiser, soloist. On Sunday evenings after I had been in Trenton for the weekend, I would go to 46<sup>th</sup> and Market Streets in Philadelphia where Crawford was telecasting his program "Youth On The March" at 10:00 pm. Afterwards, I would hitch a ride with the Ohmans back to the King's campus in Delaware. We became friends. Sam Seymour and I later attended Temple University School of Theology together and he also became my assistant in the pastorate in later years.

On one Sunday evening at the telecast, I was standing in a studio overlooking the program in a studio below and got talking with a preacher-man standing there too. He told me he was the father of the musical director Shorty Yeaworth whom I already knew from YFC. Dr. Yeaworth was the minister of the Bethany Temple Presbyterian Church where several years later I became the minister. We too became friends through the years and when I was graduating from Seminary he invited me to become his assistant in a church in Cincinnati, Ohio where he had gone after leaving Bethany. But I continued at Bethany Temple and became the minister.

At Christmas 1949, when I went home for the holidays, I became ill. It may have had something to do with my distress at college. Expressing my concern to my pastor, Rev. David W. Allen at Central Baptist



Bill meeting Isabel at State and Broad Trenton, after school in 1948



Church in Trenton, he suggested that I look into the Collegiate Division at the Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary in Philadelphia, PA.

But the most important event of that year was on Christmas Day when I gave Isabel an engagement ring. It resulted in our marriage continuing for 69<sup>th</sup> years in 2019, and we are not yet finished!

**1950 – January** (Age 23)

I enrolled in January 1950, taking a train from Trenton to the Seminary and residing in a room on the fourth floor. When I went to the Seminary to apply, I was ushered to the office of Dr. Joseph Bowman, Registrar. He looked at my papers and saw that I was twenty-three years old, an Army veteran with a very poor record in high school. I had finished one year at Bob Jones University with good grades and one semester at the King's College with an incomplete transcript due to my illness that prevented me from finishing the courses. In my favor was my pastor's recommendation and my preaching experience and my work with Youth For Christ. Nevertheless, as I sat there waiting for a decision, I was quite worried.

Dr. Bowman indicated that he would have to talk with other members of the Admissions Committee and he excused himself. It was a long wait for me, but in a short time he came back. Approval was granted even though the semester had started and I was to begin immediately. Whew!

Though I was classified as a second year student in the college, my roommate was an upper-class student in the seminary. Rev. Andy Anderson was the Pastor of a church in the coal region of Pennsylvania and came to the Seminary four days a week. He taught me a lot about study habits. The Seminary and College were quite unique in that a student attended the Collegiate Division for four years followed by three years in the Seminary. At the end of seven years, two degrees – Bachelor of Arts and a Bachelor of Divinity – were awarded at graduation. Happily for me, this arrangement was changed in 1952 allowing the Bachelor of Arts degree to be awarded at the end of four years. I continued my studies at Eastern.

In my growing up years as a child and then teenager, I had little or no interest in school. I was far more interested in working and thoroughly enjoyed meeting people in the adult world in this manner. But when I went to BJU I became excited about all the things I could learn if only I read and studied. Professors like Dr. Robert Shaper impressed me with all their knowledge, and I was greatly challenged. Upon arriving at Eastern this challenge continued through such professors as Dr. Robert C. Campbell, Dr. J. Wesley Ingles, Mr. Joseph Bowman, Dr. Alexander Gregolia and others. I became hooked on education at the age of twenty-three even though I never became a scholar!

Isabel and I had continued our relationship even though I had gone away to Bob Jones University, The King's College and now Eastern Baptist Seminary. When I had started at BJU, she had begun studies in the Nursing School at the Philadelphia General Hospital from which her sister Eva had graduated. But during her second year she dropped out of the school and **on Christmas Day 1949 I gave her an engagement ring.** At the end of my second year of College we decided to get married.





**June 1950** (Age 23)

On June 10, Isabel and I were married at the Presbyterian Church, in West Trenton, N. J. She had attended that church all her life and lived just three or four blocks away. My grandfather, Rev. Walter H. Ott of Linwood, NJ performed the ceremony. Isabel's brother John sang.

For our honeymoon, we caught the train and went to New York City. We had no idea where we would stay, but as soon as we got off the train, we were met by someone (a salesman) who suggested The Claridge Hotel right on Times Square. We took up the offer (so innocent) and found a suitable place right across from the famous Astor Hotel.

Upon returning from our honeymoon, we went to Philadelphia where I had sub-let, from an upper-class student, a small one-room with bath efficiency apartment for married students in Eastern Hall at 63<sup>rd</sup> and City Line Avenue. It was operated by the Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary and was "our first home". We knew we would have to move out at the end of the summer, but that would give us three months to find a suitable place. Neither Isabel nor I had a job, but I found one at a nearby apartment complex, *The Seville*, on Montgomery Avenue in Bala Cynwyd. We did not have a car, but I was able to catch a bus to work. I was employed by the Superintendent of the Apartments to assist in the cleaning of the halls, garages and grounds because he had been injured and not able to work. It provided enough income to put food on the table and pay for the rent.

Within three weeks time, my grandfather, Rev. Walter H. Ott, founder and minister of the Linwood Community Church, Linwood, NJ was taken ill with another heart attack. The doctor told him that he could not preach for several weeks and must rest. Granddad then asked me to substitute for him on Sundays until I had to return to school in September. The church would not be able to pay me but my Aunt Josephine and Uncle Eugene Berry would provide a place for us to live without cost. They were both very active in granddad's church conducting the music and playing the piano for the services.



Bill in pulpit at  
Linwood Community

They invited us to room with them during that time in one of the small – really small – bedrooms on the second floor of their Cape Cod style home at 105 Linden Avenue, Pleasantville, NJ about five miles from the church. It was the very same house in which I was born. My Mother and Dad had purchased the home from the Sear's catalog in the early 1920's and had it constructed there.

Aunt Jo and Uncle Gene bought it when Dad was transferred to Cape May Court House, NJ by his employer, Gulf Oil Corporation.

Isabel and I were then offered summer jobs with the American Stores by a good friend of the Grandpa's, Mr. Marty Ney, who was a regional manager. Isabel caught the bus to the Ocean City store and I was assigned to the Somers Point store. We ate our meals with Aunt Jo and Uncle Gene and I conducted the worship services on Wednesday night and Sundays at the church.

**Fall 1950** (Age 23)

In September we returned to the Seminary and found a third-floor apartment in North Philadelphia, in the manse of the Oak Lane Presbyterian Church at 6635 North 11<sup>th</sup>

Street where the Reverend John Henry Strock was the minister. The “apartment “-so called – consisted of a bedroom, a sitting room, a bath, and another room which served as our kitchen. It did not have a stove or a sink. At that time, as a Methodist turned Baptist, now living in a Presbyterian minister’s home, I had no idea that someday I would not only be ordained a Presbyterian minister, would be a guest minister in this church, and would also be elected Moderator of the Philadelphia Presbytery in 1978, an honor granted only one minister or elder each year – a potential pool of more than 500 persons.

To get to the Seminary each day, I had to catch three different bus lines, and often wait in the rain and snow. While waiting for one transfer in Germantown, about the middle of my trip, I saw a small men’s and boys’ clothing store, Cherry’s on Germantown Avenue and applied for a job. Because of my earlier experience at The Eton Shop, I landed the job and worked there through the Fall of 1950 until after Christmas.

Isabel found employment at the Philadelphia Life Insurance Company at 111 North Broad Street in the very center of Philadelphia. She caught a bus each day to Broad and Olney and then transferred to the Broad Street Subway. Both of us spent considerable time traveling each day.

**January 1951** (Now married – 24 years old)

The trip to Eastern Seminary each day was too far and too much for me. So, looking for something closer we found another third-floor apartment in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Phenna at 918 North 64<sup>th</sup> Street in West Philadelphia, about eight blocks from the Seminary



Isabel on porch at 918 64<sup>th</sup> Street

Mr. Phenna was an engineer on a Merchant Ship and sailed most of ten months a year. He had a two-month vacation which meant that we didn’t see him very often. When he was home he sat in his big comfortable chair. Mrs. Phenna moved among the social class of the Main Line and had her own friends. She was very kind to us in many ways but always distant. Living on the third floor, we had to use their front entrance and went through the living room. At times, when someone was visiting Mrs. Phenna, we felt strange interrupting them. Nevertheless, our stay there for two and a half years was a pleasant one.

We still did not have a car at that time and had no way to pay for one. Isabel had to get a bus on 63<sup>rd</sup> Street, just a block away to her job in center city but she still had to transfer to the elevated-subway train at 63<sup>rd</sup> and Market Street.

I walked back and forth to the Seminary for my college-level classes. I was still on the GI Bill of Rights paying for my education and receiving the allowable stipend for a veteran – which I forget. (Recently I read a newspaper report that in December 1945 Congress approved payment of up to \$500.00 a year for a veteran’s education with a subsistence allowance of \$65.00 a month, if single, and \$90.00 per month, if married. What it was in 1950 I don’t recall but with the addition of Isabel’s salary we managed to get through. .

**1952** -

As often as we could, we got a bus or the train and traveled back home to

Trenton, NJ to see our parents. When there, we worshipped with my parents at the Central Baptist Church where the Rev. David W. Allen was the pastor. Dad had become the sexton there and at the time, it seemed that I would enter the Baptist ministry. Though I had been brought up as a Methodist, I now decided to join Central Baptist. Shortly, thereafter, I was licensed to preach by the church on October 5, 1952. It was a validation by the church of my call to Christian service.

On **August 16, 1952** my grandfather, Rev. Walter Haseltine Ott passed away. It was a very sad time for me because I felt so close to him. He had given me my first opportunity to preach at the Linwood Community Church, Linwood, NJ, of which he was the founder. The day after he died I had to preach at the Central Baptist Church in Trenton – not an easy thing to do. Then on Monday was the viewing and the funeral on Tuesday at granddad’s church. I conducted the service though there were seven other ministers in attendance including the well-known Bible teacher, Dr. David W. Allen, of Hazel Park, Michigan, whom granddad had won to the Lord.

Though I had not yet been to Seminary, I was invited to speak at different churches at this time. I recently found some of the dates in an old date book.

**June 9, 1952** – Bethana Bible Conference

**June 15, 1952** – Shadyrest Bible Conference, Chesterfield, PA – Rev. Virgil Geren

**July 27, 1952** – Oxford Valley Chapel, Oxford Valley, PA – Rev. Phillip Weiss

**August 17, 1952** – Central Baptist Church, Trenton, NJ

**August 24, 1952** – Sunday School lesson at Central Baptist

**September 5, 1952** – Central Baptist Church, Trenton, NJ

**October 26, 1952** – St. John’s Methodist Church, (music by the Zulker Trio)

**December 7, 1952** – Hammonton Baptist Church, NJ (Zulker trio)

**March 3, 1953** – Frankford Baptist Church, Phila.. (Zulker Trio)

**March 15, 1953** – South Broad Street Baptist – Preach

Sometime during this year, in order to earn more money to pay our bills, I became the part-time janitor/sexton at the South Broad Street Baptist Church, Broad and Reed Streets in South Philadelphia. It was a dying church with an Eastern Seminary Student as Pastor – Dave Lydecker. I had to catch a bus from our apartment at 918 64<sup>th</sup> Street to 63<sup>rd</sup> and Market, then get an elevated train to Center City Philadelphia, and then the Subway to South Philadelphia, and then walk a few blocks to the church. The job kept food on the table. One Sunday morning, I got the furnace going and after changing clothes I preached at the morning worship service.

On one occasion I arrived at the church to find two detectives from the Police Department inside. Somehow, without my knowledge, they had obtained a warrant to enter and had set up a communications center there in order to tap wires to an adjoining residence suspected of being a drug center. I had surprised them as they thought no one was in the church during the week, at least not until an evening service.

Near the end of my second year at Eastern Baptist located at City Line and Lancaster Avenues in West Philadelphia, our President, Dr. Gilbert Guffin announced that a new campus had been purchased in St. David’s, PA and that the Collegiate Division would move there in September. That would be my senior year. Somehow, I would need to find a way to get there from our apartment at the Phenna’s. My brother Walt bought a car for me. That also provided a way for me to get a job at the Thomas Wynne Apartments (110 apts.) in Wynnewood, PA, an apartment complex being

constructed. During the summer, I worked as an Evening Desk Clerk and somewhat security person at the entrance. Also, whenever I could, I washed windows there as apartments were ready for new tenants. It gave me some much needed extra money. On some mornings, I began to wash windows as early as 5:30 am as soon as it was light enough.

**1953** (Age 26)

While I was still a college student, Isabel and I had been attending various churches to hear preachers that I might not get to hear when once I became a minister. One of them was Dr. Donald Grey Barnhouse, minister at the Tenth Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia and the well-known radio Bible Teacher. (In later years I was the guest minister in this church on several occasions) A classmate, John Horton, also encouraged me to read Lorraine Boettner's book The Reformed Doctrine of Predestination. I soon realized that I had embraced Covenant Theology and began to think of attending the Reformed Episcopal Seminary rather than Eastern Baptist Seminary. I applied and was accepted. (From that time on, my Baptist pastor, Rev. David W. Allen had nothing to do with me. And even when I was later ordained as a Presbyterian minister, he never invited me to preach in his church).



### **A BIG, BIG CHANGE IN MY LIFE AND MINISTRY**

During the spring of my senior year at Eastern Baptist College in 1953, one of the chapel speakers was the Reverend Robert Beach Cunningham, minister at the Bethany Temple Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. I missed chapel that day but was surprised when so many students talked excitedly about the speaker. I thought that we had better go hear him at the church on Sunday.

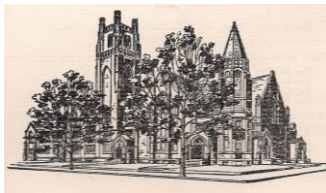
At the time, having been brought up a Methodist and then having become a part of an independent Bible Church, then a Baptist, I had no idea that other Presbyterians besides Dr. Donald Grey Barnhouse were so evangelical. As previously stated, we had attended the Tenth Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia on several occasions to hear him, but we thought that he stood alone. But on Sunday, when Isabel and I attended Bethany Temple and heard Rev. Cunningham we were pleasantly surprised. Then, on the following Tuesday evening he showed up at our third-floor in-house apartment and showed real interest in us. Again, we were surprised, for we were only students "passing through town" as it were. We went back again to the church every Sunday and Wednesday evenings as well. At the door, Rev Cunningham often expressed how busy he was – leaving me with the impression that he might consider me as an assistant.

Sharing this information with Dr. George Claghorn, my professor of Philosophy and the Dean at Eastern Baptist College, he encouraged me to meet with Rev. Cunningham and offer myself for employment. Cunningham asked me to preach for him on Sunday evening, June 28, 1953, following which he presented me with a very nice New Testament, which I still have and treasure. It was my first sermon in the church where later I would become the senior pastor. I spoke on Hebrews, Chapter four with the topic "The Word of God Is Quick and Powerful." At that time, Rev. Cunningham informed me that a decision on employment would have to wait until summer was over. My, oh, my, what anxious summer months they were.

As I waited, and having completed my college studies, I applied for admission to

the Reformed Episcopal Theological Seminary at 43<sup>rd</sup> and Chestnut Streets in Philadelphia, and was accepted. Our landlady, Mrs. Phenna, also informed us that she expected to move. So, Isabel and I then found a second-floor apartment at 116 South 43<sup>rd</sup> Street, just a half block from the Seminary. I could walk to classes and she could get the bus a block away on the corner of 43<sup>rd</sup> and Chestnut Street to her job in the city with the Philadelphia Life Insurance Company at 111 North Broad Street. In the evening the bus stopped at 43<sup>rd</sup> and Walnut, one block away in the other direction. On May 18, 1953 I graduated from Eastern Baptist College, St. Davids, Pa with a Bachelor of Arts degree. The Commencement Exercises (as they were then called) were held at The Baptist Temple at Broad and Berks Streets in Philadelphia in its large sanctuary. There were 23 students in the graduating class.

During the summer of 1953, I sold health insurance in the Philadelphia area from a company located at Broad and Columbia Streets, (now a part of Temple University), until I realized that the company was taking advantage of the poor. The idea was to enroll them in the program with just a small first month's premium, which was my salary. The company seemed to care less as to whether or not the buyer would be able to keep-up regular payments. It seemed to me that many could not. I thought that the company knew it and was unethical, so I quit.



### BETHANY TEMPLE PRSBYTERIAN CHURCH

In the middle of September 1953, after classes had begun, Rev. Cunningham informed me that I had been approved by the Session of the Bethany Temple Presbyterian Church and could begin as the Assistant to the Minister. My salary was around \$1580.00 for the year. I think his salary was around \$7,000. Plus the manse. On his first visit with us we had been living on the third floor of the home of the Phenna's which was beautifully furnished. Because we did not have a separate entrance, our visitors had to enter the Phenna's home and ascend the stairs to our rooms. They were large but filled only with second hand furniture that we had begged, borrowed or purchased at a thrift shop. Nevertheless, it was nice. But when I started at RE Seminary the apartment on 43<sup>rd</sup> Street was run-down and quite a contrast to what we had earlier. Rev. Cunningham visited us there to tell me I had been employed, but he showed that he was quite dismayed that "his" assistant would be living in such a place.

Before several months passed, we moved to a very nice, large twin home at 450 South 50<sup>th</sup> Street, (sharing expenses with another seminary student). The house was owned by a Physician who had offices on the ground floor with a side entrance. We joined with Ron Zorn and his wife and young daughter, in sharing the first floor living room, dining room and kitchen, and then each of us took two bedrooms on the second floor with a shared bath.

Ron did not stay at RE Seminary after the end of the school year which meant that because of the expense of the house we had to look for another place, this time at 5401 Angora Terrace, a nice first-floor apartment. (We lived there until I had graduated from

Seminary, was ordained, and was called as Minister at Bethany Temple, all in June 1956. We then moved into the Church-Manse, a large, stone, single house with driveway and yard right next to the Church, 5339 Spruce Street in Philadelphia. There were still just the two of us – our first child Beth was not born until September 22).

December 10 - William Allen Marshall was born

**1954** (Age 27)

In addition to hearing the Bible teaching of Dr. Donald Grey Barnhouse, and being influenced by a Presbyterian classmate, I was now serving as a seminarian in one of the largest and finest Presbyterian churches with a great evangelical heritage. It was founded by John Wanamaker about whom I would later write a book. Several of my seminary professors like Dr. G. Hall Todd and Dr. George Handy Wailes at RE and Dr. Andrew W. Blackwood at Temple School of Theology were Presbyterian. Then too, Dr. Robert Rudolph, my Professor of Theology at RE was a strong proponent of Reformed Theology which I embraced with enthusiasm. As a result, I then decided to become a Presbyterian. With the suggestion by Rev. Cunningham that I not join Bethany Temple because I was employed there and it might affect proper evaluation of my work, I spoke with Dr. G. Hall Todd, one of my professors at RE Seminary and Minister of the Arch Street Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. He understood the problem, agreed with Rev. Cunningham and invited me to join Arch Street. It would be understood that I could not, however, attend there and that I would continue serving and worshipping at Bethany Temple. I was received into the membership of Arch Street Church in the **Fall of 1954**. James Lawrence Mellon Sr. November 14<sup>th</sup>.

**1955** (Age 28)

After six months as a member of a Presbyterian church, the minimum time allowed by Presbyterian law, The Philadelphia Presbytery received me on March 8, 1955. As a Candidate for the Christian Ministry in the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America. The next step was to take the formal written examinations leading to Licensure preceding Ordination. I passed the exams and formally was licensed by the Philadelphia Presbytery on April 9, 1956 at a service at the Chambers Memorial Presbyterian Church on South Broad Street, Philadelphia. The church was named after Dr. John Chambers, Philadelphia's best known minister in the middle of the nineteenth century. Little did I know at the time that it had been John Chambers who was instrumental in leading John Wanamaker to the Lord and that some years later I would be an occasional preacher in this church and, in writing a biography of Wanamaker, tell also about Dr. Chambers.

The Candidates Committee of the Presbytery advised me to attend a "Presbyterian Approved" Seminary instead of Reformed Episcopal and suggested Princeton Seminary or Temple University School of Theology. Because Isabel and I did not want to move and I did not want to give up my job at Bethany Temple or have to commute to New Jersey, I chose Temple in North Philadelphia. I began there in my Senior year. This was now the fifth academic institution I attended during my first seven years of study for the ministry. (That would not be the end).

In the fall of 1955, Rev. Cunningham resigned as minister of Bethany Temple in order to accept a position with the Presbyterian Board of Evangelism in New York City. When he left, the Presbytery assigned Dr. Earl Ziegler as the interim minister. His full-time work was as an editor with the Presbytery Board of Education. He preached on



Sunday morning and evening at Bethany Temple but requested me to conduct most of the worship services, lead and speak at the Wednesday evening Prayer Meetings, meet with all the committees of the church, oversee the Sunday School and the Youth programs as well as make hospital and home visits. All this during my senior year in seminary! It was a very, very busy time of my life. Nevertheless, I graduated and actually received the School of Theology Preaching Award presented by Dr. Ross Stover, Philadelphia's famous Lutheran Pastor and Preacher, and my professor. We became friends..

Sometime about March 1960, the search committee at Bethany Temple, seeking a permanent minister since October, realized that I would be graduating from Seminary and would be available for a call to a church. They began to evaluate my experience with them over the previous three years and extended a call to me. They knew that the Ministerial Relations Committee of the Philadelphia Presbytery would have to approve before final approval could be given by the Presbytery. Unfortunately, the chairman of the MR committee was against this action. He knew that I had been a Presbyterian for less than three years, had not attended a Presbyterian Seminary, was only 29 years old and he felt that I was too inexperienced to become the minister of such a large church. He was older, more experienced and his church had about 500-600 members. He refused to let the committee approve the call, but they didn't reject it either. But his committee would not permit the church to officially meet or extend a call at that time.

He knew, however, that other churches and ministers would feel threatened in similar situations if the MR committee flatly rejected the request of the church, so he came up with another idea. He suggested that Bethany Temple be allowed to employ me as Stated Supply Minister (temporary) for a period of six months after which the congregation would then hold a congregational meeting and vote. He thought that by that time, the people would know that I was not adequately qualified for the task. In the meantime, however, I was permitted to proceed with ordination and to begin full-time ministry at the church.

**1956 June 14 & 22** (Age 29)

On June 14, 1956 I graduated from Temple University School of Theology with the S.T.B (Sacred Theology Bachelor) degree. Having passed the Presbyterian ordination examinations, I was ordained by the Presbytery of Philadelphia on June 22, 1956, as a minister in the Presbyterian Church in the United States. The service was held at Bethany Temple Presbyterian Church where I then



Elizabeth Ann Zulker

officially began my ministry. Dr. Zeigler finished his work as Interim Minister and I was in full charge. My salary was \$5500.00 a year plus use of the Manse. I was now a full-time minister with a large congregation of about 1200-1300, but serving as Stated Supply, not yet officially installed as "The Minister" of Bethany Temple. In July, we moved into the Manse at 5339 Spruce Street adjoining the church.

**Beth was born on September 22** at the Presbyterian Hospital in Philadelphia.



Bethany Temple  
Bill Performing Wedding

**1957** (Age 30)

During the six months of my full-time ministry, the congregation increased their determination that God was leading both them and me to a permanent ministry. So when the Ministerial Committee allowed the congregation to meet, I was called, the Presbytery approved and I was formally installed on February 20, 1957, the Service of Installation being another highlight of my life.

Not much changed for me (not even my salary) as I was already preaching at all services – one on Sunday morning, one in the evening, one at the Mid-week Prayer Meeting on Wednesdays, conducting weddings, funerals and making pastoral and hospital calls. Before long, however, I sensed the need and employed two seminarians as part-time student’s assistants – Paul Randolph and Bruce Giles. Both entered the ministry though Paul took up other employment after a while. When they finished their studies, I employed Rev. Samuel J. Seymour as a full-time Assistant. We had been classmates at Temple School of Theology after which he had begun ministry in a Methodist church in Maryland John Vesper Jr. was born April 29<sup>th</sup>.

**Chaplain of the Philadelphia JAYCEES -1957-59**

One of the community organizations I was involved in while I was at Bethany Temple was the Philadelphia Junior Chamber of Commerce, later known simply as The JC’s, where I served as one of the chaplains. This was an organization of young men in business, each of whom had the potential to become very successful in either business or the community. They met once a week for lunch at the best restaurants such as Bookbinders on 15<sup>th</sup> street and at each meeting a prayer was given one of us chaplains. An interesting age limitation was set at thirty-six after which one could not belong. It kept the organization moving forward with new ideas and leadership, a thought for the church to consider.



Lacandon hut



Bill & Ginny boarding plane

**1958** (Age 31)

In February, I had a wonderful experience traveling to Mexico to visit the ministry of the Wycliffe Bible Translators. Because Isabel was expecting a baby and did not want to travel under such conditions, my sister Ginny accompanied me. We met two other ministers and their wives at the Wycliffe Center in Mexico City for introductory meetings. While there we toured the city, the Cathedral at Guadalupe, the Xochimilco Gardens, the nearby pyramids, and ancient ruins. Then we flew south to the Missionary Jungle Camp near the Guatemalan border, and deep into the jungle to see the Bible translation work of the missionaries putting the Scriptures into the language of the Indians. Because of the lack of toilet facilities in the jungle, only the three men were permitted to walk through the forest to the village of the Lacandon’s where we stayed overnight in a thatch-roofed hut with mahogany wood-slat sides. We met missionary Phil Baer who with his wife had been ministering there for fourteen years without a convert. What dedication! General Director Ben Elson and jungle-camp Director Earl Adams made a strong impression upon me. It was also there that I was introduced to the Mission aviation Fellowship pilots and mechanics who played such an important part in flying

missionaries to remote places and keeping them in supplies. When I returned to my pastorate, I endeavored to do everything I could to further this important Christian ministry. In fact, I talked so much about foreign missions, that when I resigned from Bethany to serve at Eastern College, the congregation thought I was actually headed to the mission field.

**Barbara was born – April 3<sup>rd</sup>** in the Presbyterian Hospital, Phila.



Barbara Jean Zulker

**1959** (Age 32)

About December, 1959, Dr. George Claghorn, Dean of Eastern College in St. Davids, PA, called my secretary at the church to ask for an appointment. He told her that he had a problem that he wanted to discuss with me. For the life of me, I couldn't imagine what that problem might be. Was it something personal or a matter relating to the College?

Dr. Claghorn had been my professor in Philosophy and his parents had at one time been members of Bethany Temple. His

brother was also a Presbyterian minister. But how did all that relate to me at that time?

Upon meeting together, he discussed the recent growth and spiritual development of the college that had separated from the Seminary in 1952 and was now on its own but under the same Board of Directors and President. He invited me to become a member of the administration as the first Director of Admissions, a newly created position, to begin on July 1, 1960 at the beginning of their fiscal year. Prior to that time, all admissions procedures were handled by the Registrar of the college, and a part-time teacher assisted in recruiting students. Now, they wanted a full-time Director who would visit Guidance Counselors in high schools to promote the college, interview students and develop an Admissions Office to conduct the entire admissions process. In addition, church pastors were to be visited in an effort to secure names of prospective students. If I accepted, I would join the President, the Dean and the Registrar in the daily operation of the college and would also be classified as a member of the Faculty.

I was flattered by the invitation for I would be given the responsibility and freedom to set up a new office, devise new systems, develop promotional procedures and literature. I would become a part of a Christian educational institution preparing Christian young people within the framework of a Biblical world-view for a life of service in either the life of the church or in a secular world.

I wanted my decision to be guided by whatever I felt the Lord would want in my life. After all, I had committed my life to Him for Christian service not knowing where that might lead me or in what form my service might be given. It was not an easy decision to make, for I thoroughly enjoyed preaching as well as the organizational opportunities and challenges of church ministry. The pastoral responsibilities had its plus and minus aspects which I felt that I could relinquish when the time came. But preaching and organizing were two facets that I did not want to give up.

So, I was really excited about the college offer. I would be permitted to preach as often as I wanted and have considerable liberty to develop a new program. Unfortunately,



Dr. George Claghorn

July seemed a long way off in light of the rapid change that was taking place in West Philadelphia. As white people moved to the suburbs and black people moved in, it was certain that major changes were going to occur in the churches. Many of our white neighbors were angry over the influx, and some, if not many, members of the church were worried and felt threatened by potential changes in worship, music, leadership and organization.

**1960** (Age 33)

In March I accepted the invitation to go to Eastern College as Director of Admissions with the starting date set for July 1. On March 10<sup>th</sup>, however, a fire completely destroyed Bethany Temple Church sanctuary. On Sunday, three days later, we met at the nearby Oak-Park Presbyterian Church for a combined service. Unfortunately, though it seemed only fair to the congregation, and wise, I announced at that service that I had been called to Eastern College and that I would be leaving Bethany on July 1. I indicated that I had met with the church Session the day after the fire and had explained the situation to them at that time. It seemed important that everyone knew that I was not leaving the church because of the fire, but that the call from the college and my decision had already occurred.

Obviously, it was a shock to all of us and it was a trying time for both the church and me in making this transition over the next four months. Our worship services continued to be held in the Oak Park Presbyterian Church at 50<sup>th</sup> and Pine Streets. They were without a minister and Bethany was without a building. It worked out very nicely for several months until clean-up at Bethany was completed.

After many meetings with the elders and trustees of the church, and executives of the Presbytery, I felt that things were sufficiently settled so that I could continue with my resignation as of July 1 and begin my new work at Eastern College. The Presbytery appointed an interim minister for Bethany.



At this point we did not know where we would live when I would start at Eastern on July 1. We looked around Wayne and St. Davids but the price of homes there was much too high. In speaking with a friend in real estate, Alex Dunlap, he told us of a home in Glenmoore, PA that was up for auction. We looked, liked it, and decided to bid. It's a



Glenmore, PA

long story, but suffice it to say that we bought it for \$13,600.00 and settled on May 31, 1960. On June 29<sup>th</sup> my father died.

**Beverly was born on July 24<sup>th</sup>** and on July 26<sup>th</sup> we moved from the manse in West Philadelphia to our new home in Glen Moore, PA, twenty-seven miles from my new office at Eastern College. My office at



Beverly Sue Zulker



Eastern was in Ott Hall, second floor, next to the President's Office and across the hall from the Dean of the College, Dr. George Claghorn, who actually ran the college. Dr. Gilbert L. Guffin, President of the Seminary and College had submitted his resignation after eleven years to be effective in 1961 and was seldom seen at the College, his main office being at the Seminary, eight miles away. George and I spent many hours during the summer planning for my new position and making the change-over of admissions procedures from the Registrar's Office.

In the fall, I bought a brand new car - a 1960 Volkswagen "beetle" – and began my travels to high schools and churches to interview prospective students. I was given the responsibility of developing admissions brochures and recruitment literature for the college. It was also a new phase of my ministry as an "itinerant minister" or "guest preacher" at various churches. In just six months I preached at twenty-five services with a similar schedule of approximately 50 preaching engagements each year for the next thirty years.

Oh, yes, my salary was \$6500.00 a year. Quite a bit less than my salary and benefits at the church which had increased slightly each year, and included pension and social security benefits?

In September 1961, the Billy Graham Crusade was held in the old Municipal Stadium that had been built in 1926 in conjunction with the Sesqui-Centennial of the US. It was there that the famous historical boxing bout between Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney was held.

I served on the Crusade committed as one of the several local pastors while I was still minister at Bethany Temple Presbyterian Church. On Sunday, September 2, 1961 I read the Scriptures at the Crusade, standing on the raised wooden platform facing the crowd of 100,000 people. At that point, I was also greeted by Bill Graham and other members of the team. The Crusade Director for the Philadelphia Crusade was Bill Brown who was a part of our residence hall prayer group while both of us were students there in Graves Hall.

Phila. Municipal Stadium  
Walter Smyth in Center  
Bill Brown on right



Bill Brown

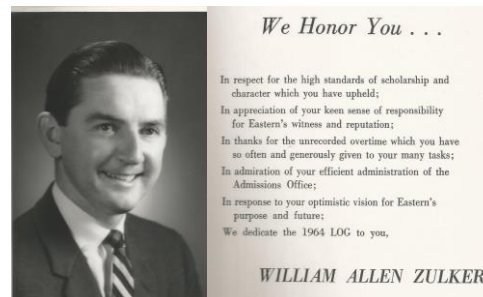
**1962** (Age 35)

The College Dean asked me to assume the responsibility for the awarding of scholarships and financial aid to students with the new combined title of Director of Admissions and Financial Aid.

**1964** (Age 37) The College yearbook,  
THE LOG was dedicated to me.

**1967** (Age 40)

In the Spring I earned a Master of Arts Degree in Education at Villanova University on May 15, where I had been attending classes in the evenings and Saturdays for the past two years.



After traveling back and forth from our home in Glen Moore 27 miles to the college in St. Davids, and then almost 100,000 miles a year for the College, we found a house for sale just six blocks from the office, sold our home in Glen Moore on October 24, 1967 for \$16,900.00 and moved to 134 Poplar Avenue, Wayne, PA on Thanksgiving weekend where we lived for 39 years. We paid \$19,600 for our new home.



Village  
Market  
Poplar  
Ave  
Wayne

134  
Poplar/North  
Wayne  
Pennsylvania  
Aves.



**1969-1974** (Age 43-48)

In 1969 Isabel and I bought Mr. Camac’s corner grocery store at the end of our street – Poplar Avenue and North Wayne Avenue in Wayne – which Isabel ran for four years. The three daughters (age 9, 11, 13) were a great help until other interests took over as they got older. We sold it in 1974 to a neighbor woman. In 1978, a young man, John Vesper, Jr bought it from her and turned it into a hoagie and sandwich shop. Shortly thereafter, he met our daughter Beverly; they got married and now, in 2010, have celebrated these many years together. Another story!

**1973** (Age 46) - Following the arrival of Dr. Daniel Weiss as President of Eastern College, I started the musical ministry of “Turning Point” as part of my work in Admissions. This was a five-student vocal gospel team which I trained and scheduled in churches – 40 times during the school year and 60 times during the summer months. I continued this for 16 years until I resigned from the College in 1990.

**1974** (Age 47) – While on vacation at Harper’s Ferry, Va., Isabel, the girls and I were staying in a KOA Campground where there was a museum of sorts. In it I saw an old-fashioned 3-D stereoscope like the one my grandparents had when I was a child. Isabel surprised me when she bought it for me as a gift. That was the beginning of a new hobby and a collection of stereographs and scopes. A few years later I was invited to give a lecture at the National Stereoscopic Association in Columbus, Ohio and to become the volunteer Curator of the Oliver Wendell Holmes Stereoscopic Research Library which we housed at Eastern College at my suggestion. For a while, I gave lectures at various places using my collection for a hands-on experience for the audience.



**1976** (Age 49) – After serving at Eastern College for sixteen years as the Director of Admissions, President Daniel Weiss asked me to change positions and become the first full-time Campus Minister of the College with the title Dean of Christian Life. I was to create and develop the Christian Life Office and coordinate all the religious programs on campus. It was too exciting for me to say no. So, I made the move on July 1 from Ott Hall to an entirely new office/center in Walton Hall, the grand old mansion at the center of the campus. What a facility – vaulted ceiling, walnut wall book shelves surrounding a large stone fireplace (not to be used), and an adjoining office for my secretary on the other side of the door. Just down the hall was the dining room which meant that the students would pass the doors to the Christian Life Center while on the



way to eat. Also, the College Book Store, where Isabel became the manager (for 12 years), was just a few feet away. We saw each other frequently during the course of the day.

Though chapel services were held each day at 10 am in another building – McInnis Hall – there was a small chapel room a few feet away from the Center. In that room, we held prayers times and small group fellowship meetings. With the help of students I also developed ten-minute recorded devotionals with music and Bible readings which could be activated by the push of a button. This allowed students the opportunity for moments of prayer, praise and meditation.

**1977** (Age 50) – I was elected as First Vice Moderator of the Philadelphia Presbytery and attended the General Assembly of the Denomination which was held in Philadelphia I served as chairman of the Philadelphia Presbytery delegation.

**1978** (Age 51) – MODERATOR OF THE PHILADELPHIA PRESBYTERY

When I was ordained to the Gospel Ministry in 1956, I had no idea that in November 1977 I would be elected to the high office of Moderator of the Philadelphia Presbytery, the second largest Presbytery in the Presbyterian Denomination. This was a one-year term. Realizing that there were about 300 ministers in the Philadelphia Presbytery and an even larger number of church elders eligible for election, it was a very unusual honor and privilege to be elected to serve in this capacity.

The duties and responsibilities of the office included the conducting or moderating of each monthly Presbytery meeting, officiating at the ordination services of new ministers and at the installation services of ministers at churches. In the year preceding the moderatorial year, it was the custom to serve as the First Vice-Moderator for a year. Then, the year after being Moderator, I became the Chairman of the General Council of the Presbytery. All three years were very busy and very significant.

A highlight of that time was the Service of Induction as Moderator. Because of my employment at Eastern College (my 18<sup>th</sup> year at that time – and serving then as Dean of Christian Life) – I chose to have the service held at the College in McInnis Hall Auditorium. It was on Tuesday, January 10, 1978. The regular Presbytery meeting began at 9:00 am and was led by the out-going Moderator Dr. James Clinton Carraher. By my request, luncheon was served in the College Dining Hall during which time the out-going Moderator always presents a mock-gavel to the incoming Moderator. It is a bit festive. Attending were my mother, wife, daughters and their husbands as well as some of my brothers, sisters and in-laws. Sister Ginny was in the hospital.

Following the luncheon, the Induction Service included some of my closest friends: Beverly Earlyynn Davis Moore, Organist

Prelude: Finale in B Flat, Caesar Franck

Postlude: Finale From Symphonie 1, Louis Vierne

Ruling Elder Philip G. Zink, Call to Worship

Rev. Samuel J. Seymour, Tenor Soloist

“The Lord is My Light”, Allitsen

Rev. Kermit Overton, First-Vice Moderator-elect

Dr. Gerhard H. Grau, Sermon

Rev. Dr. Daniel E. Weiss, President of Eastern College

Presentation of Gavel

Robert Straton, Tenor Soloist “Eternal Life”, Dungan

Moderator's Gavel – “Presented to the Reverend William A Zulker by Eastern College on his installation as Moderator of the Presbytery of Philadelphia January 10, 1978”



The gavel presented by President Weiss was fashioned from wood that came from the old Log Cabin at Eastern College, built in 1912. Mr. Wayne Perry, Business Manager joined with Mr. Joseph McGraw to prepare this and handle all other physical arrangements for the day.

### IT WAS QUITE A MEMORABLE OCCASION FOR ME!

During the Moderatorial year I was busily engaged in Presbytery activities as well as keeping up with my responsibilities as Dean of Christian Life at Eastern College. In my report to the Presbytery I indicated that I had participated in services of Ordination, Installation of Ministers, Church Anniversaries, retirement Dinners for ministers, officiated at ten monthly meetings of the Presbytery and attended various committee meetings. I was also the guest minister at various churches preaching fifty times during the year.

During the same year I completed my studies, classes and thesis-project “The Role of the Dean of Christian Life at a Christian College”, and received the Doctor of Ministry Degree from Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary on May 2, 1978.

Beverly graduated from Radnor High School, Beth from Eastern College, and Beth and Jim were married on June 10. What a year! Three graduations and a wedding!

It was also the summer of the tragic travel-van accident of “Turning Point”, and the death of Janice Stead, one of the students. My Mother broke her hip in June after falling at Jim and Beth’s wedding, and my secretary Barbara Easterday fell and broke her ankle while ice-skating – her pastime activity. While on his honeymoon, Jim sprained his ankle and needed x-rays.

**1980** (Age 53) – President Weiss asked me to rescue the admissions program following the disaster created by my successor after I had left that office to become Dean of Christian Life. So in July I changed positions again and became Dean of Admissions and was appointed to the President’s Cabinet. I also initiated President’s Luncheons – to which I invited a dozen or so ministers to meet the President and hear of his plans for the college. We held two each semester.

**1981** (Age 54) Eastern College named me Alumnus of the Year

January 9 – Ellie Murphy Mellon was born  
August 15 – Bev and John Vesper were married  
October 2 - James Lawrence Mellon Jr. was born

**1983** (Age 56) –The College called Robert Seiple to become President following the resignation of Daniel Weiss. He wanted to

develop a new approach to admissions and literally fired me with four days notice. But, after pressure from Tony Campolo and some others, Seiple appointed me as Assistant to the President, a position I held for the next seven years until I resigned from the college in 1990. During Seiple’s years I organized several “Celebrations” in various cities in large churches or a high school auditorium in order to promote Eastern. We highlighted Tony Campolo as the main speaker, as well as the President and the music of “Turning Point.” I had the



responsibility of renting the facility, handling the printing and promotion, and enlisting the support of local ministers and churches. Attendance ranged from 500 to more than a thousand. We held two or three a year for the next seven years – all under my direction. Lisa Mellon was born April 7<sup>th</sup>.

**1985** Katie Vesper was born November 21.

**1984** Johnnie Henry Vesper III and William Allen Vesper were born May 8<sup>th</sup>  
June 8 – Jeffrey Newton was born

**1986** (Age 59) – Being interested in opening a Used Book Store when I retired, I decided to pursue another academic degree in Library Science. I thought that it would help me organize the collection. In the Spring of 1986 I enrolled at nearby Villanova and began by attending evening classes. The time was convenient for those of us who were employed. Little did I realize then that the basic courses I took in Library Science would open the door for me to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania and the Wanamaker Collection two years later.

September 22, 1986 – Nicolas Mattero was born

December 19, 1986 - Sarah Christine Vesper was born.

**1987** (Age 60) – President Bob Seiple resigned and Dr. Roberta Hestenes became the new President. She was an ordained Presbyterian Minister and President of World Vision USA. The two of us related very well and I continued my work as Assistant to the President, still leading “Turning Point“, conducting “Celebrations and holding luncheon meetings with ministers and the President. I also continued my evening studies at Villanova University. If I were to complete them I would have my fifth earned degree.

May 4, 1987 - Claire Di Lullo Vesper was born.

August 24 - Andrew Robinson was born

**1988** (Age 61) - JOHN WANAMAKER: KING OF MERCHANTS



In the fall of 1988 I read in the newspaper that the Historical Society of Pennsylvania – 13<sup>th</sup> and Locust Streets in Philadelphia – had received a very large collection of papers, records, photographs, etc. from the John Wanamaker store in Philadelphia.

The store was down-sizing, and had closed the John Wanamaker Museum which had been centered around Wanamaker’s office on the eight floor in the store since 1976. His office had been preserved for 54 years exactly as it was when he died Participating in the United States Bicentennial in 1976, and realizing that many people would be visiting Philadelphia, the store had removed several walls of JW’s original office, replaced some with glass and made a very attractive display of Wanamaker memorabilia. Included was JW’s desk as it was on December 12, 1922, the day he died.

In 1978, Carter, Hawley and Hale, a major retailer based in Los Angeles had purchased the sixteen John Wanamaker stores. But in 1986 they sold the business to Woodward and Lothrop who then decided that the upper floors should be used for something other than sales. Downsizing, they kept the first five floors for merchandizing, and restructured the upper seven floors for offices. The three underground basement floors were reconfigured for a garage with an entrance off Juniper Street and an exit onto

13<sup>th</sup> Street.

The 9<sup>th</sup> floor office of John Wanamaker, with its museum constructed in 1976 was dismantled. The photographs, furniture, bookcases, files, records, correspondence, and other items were distributed to several organizations including The Historical Society of Pennsylvania, The Pennsylvania Grand Lodge of the Masonic Order, The Atwater Kent Museum and The Presbyterian Historical Society.

When I read about it in the paper in December 1988, I called the Historical Society of Pennsylvania and asked if I could see the Wanamaker papers. Being told that they had to be processed, cataloged, etc. before being made available to the public and that they had neither the personnel nor money to do it, I volunteered to assist. I explained that I was part-way through a post-doctoral Masters Degree in Library Science at Villanova University, which I had begun in 1986, and that I had some idea as to what needed to be done. They welcomed me.

**1989 – January** (Age 62)

My, what a treasure I found at the Historical Society of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia when they allowed me to research John Wanamaker. In addition to furniture, books and photographs, there were more than **100 large cartons** of documents including, deeds, diaries, store financial and personnel records and thousands of letters.

To begin the processing of the Wanamaker papers, the curator, Linda Stanley, gave me four large Wanamaker cartons containing personal letters of John Wanamaker, his wife Mary, and other members of the family. I was instructed to separate them into file folders according to classification and place them into file boxes. Because I was a volunteer and working on my own schedule, I took time to read as many as the letters as I could, and kept my own notations for future reference. Linda even allowed me to photocopy whatever I wanted for my own files.

**1989** (Age 62) - I continued my employment as the Assistant to the President (Dr.

Roberta Hestenes) at Eastern but asked for a Sabbatical to further my research of the Wanamaker papers. The President did not concur with my request but did grant me a free day each week to be free and absent from my office, “as long as you can get your work done.” So, I spent every Monday at the Historical Society and at other important venues.

Jessica Marie Mellon was born August 23<sup>rd</sup>.

**1990** (Age 63) – From February 23 to March 3, Isabel and I had the wonderful privilege of visiting the Holy Lands. Son-in-law John drove us to Kennedy airport in New York from which we flew to Tel-Aviv. The details of our trip are recorded in one of our photo albums. In addition to visiting Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jerusalem, Jericho, Masada, The Dead Sea and the Jordan River, we also sailed on a motor boat on the Sea of Galilee. It was a thrill to actually see the geographical sites that we had read about in the Bible.

Capernaum



Isabel on camel



Masada at Dead Sea



### **1990 – (Age 63) - September**

After several months with the Wanamaker Collection, I realized that it was going to take a long time to get through all of it and that I needed more time. In addition, I was so impressed and amazed at the information about Wanamaker, that I felt I should write a book about his multi-faceted life. So I decided to quit my job at the college and devote full time to the effort. After Isabel and I agreed that we could adjust our living and survive on her baby-sitting income along with my preaching income and our assets, I submitted my resignation to President Roberta Hestenes, to be effective on December 31, 1989. She, however, did not want me to leave in the middle of the school year, so by relieving me of some of my responsibilities, she persuaded me to defer my departure until June 30, 1990.

**1990** - All throughout the Second Semester, I spent most of the time at the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. I now had two purposes: one to complete the processing of the papers for the Historical Society and the other to write a book. The two were intertwined. The more information I found, the greater the task of writing became. I had to pursue various topics by going to other sites such as the places where Wanamaker lived, the churches he founded, the institutions with which he was associated and other museums and libraries. I also interviewed many individuals both currently and formerly employed in the Wanamaker stores.

**1990 – July 1** – Now, retired from “gainful employment” I devoted myself to the writing of my biography of John Wanamaker. My preaching in various churches continued and . Isabel had started a home-based child-care business with three pre-school children of employed mothers, which provided a satisfactory measure of income..

After many, many hours of research, I started to write. I wanted to make the book as appealing as possible and initially tried staying away from the usual format of a biography. I attempted to model it after The Reader’s Digest with both short and long articles and called it The Wanamaker Digest. It was quite a challenge because every fact had to be documented. My card files with notations and my loose-leaf notebooks kept growing with information. There seemed to be no end of the data I was finding. But finally, I decided that it was time to finish writing and to complete the book even if I did not cover all subjects exhaustively. The work was tedious, to be sure. I transformed the third floor of our home so that I could leave papers strewn out on the table and floor for easy reference. But life had its other aspects as well.

**1990 - In September**, Isabel and I went to Disney World in Florida for our vacation arriving first in Tampa where we stayed with Walt and Miriam. We then went together to Disney.

### **1990 - November - Trip to England and Germany**

While all this writing of the book was taking place, our daughter Barbara was employed as a travel agent. At that time she was given the opportunity to travel to England on a free familiarization trip with a guest of her choice. Here was the opportunity for Isabel and me to make our first trip to Europe together. Isabel would be the free guest and I would pay my own way. To make it even more exciting, Germany could be added. Having been stationed with the Army in Germany in 1946 and 47, I had always wanted to go back.



Isabel, Barb & Bill at Disney

Now, I could show both my wife and one of our children places where I had been.

On Thursday, November 15, we flew with British Airways from JFK Airport into London and onto Germany where we spent five days in Frankfurt, Wiesbaden and Heidelberg with a final swing back into London for four more days. Barbara made the arrangements with the hotels – the best – and was given first-class treatment. All she had to do was to meet briefly with the hotel execs, obtain information for future client, and then was free for sightseeing.

On the way over, Barb and Isabel had first-class tickets in the upper deck of the airplane while I sat in the economy section (of course). About half way into the flight Barb told the first-class stewardess where I was and asked if any allowance could be made for me to join them. When the stewardess approached me and requested that I follow her, I am sure that my seat companions wondered what I had done. But up to Barb and Isabel I went for the rest of the flight.

We arrived in Frankfurt on Friday November 16 and rented a car to drive to our pre-arranged Hotel Ursulahof in the town of Nied, near Hoechst. Upon arrival there we hardly had time to get to the evening concert at the Jahrhunderthalle in Hoechst to hear the Berliner Sinfonie-Orchester with Claus Peter Flor. We had purchased tickets by phone while in the US. But there was a mix-up with our tickets and we had to run to the Holiday Hotel to obtain them. The concert was great, very enjoyable, though Barb and Isabel were so tired that they could hardly stay awake. When we got back to the Hotel, we were exhausted and slept-in the next morning until the woman proprietor called us by phone to say that we had 15 minutes to get to breakfast. The room was tiny with a sink and shower stall that had been added. The toilet was across the hall. Barb had a separate room. Though we had made reservations for two nights, we told the lady we would not be staying the second night, which made her very unhappy. We then checked into the Holiday Inn Frankfurt Conference Center – room 1902..

On Saturday, November 17, we visited the military barracks in Hoechst where I had been stationed in the Army in 1946-7 as a Chaplain's Assistant. It was still under the control of the Army and when I told them that I had been there 44 years earlier, they treated us very cordially and took us to lunch. We then went into Frankfurt where we visited the Dom, the cathedral that had been so badly bombed during WW II, Round-up Chapel □ (now a church-operated nursery school) where I had conducted Youth for Christ meetings, the Romerberg and the Zeil, the shopping center.



Bill and Isabel at Roundup Chapel



Barb, Isabel  
Staatstheatre

That night we attended a wonderful concert – an International Musical Gala – in the Alte Opera House in Frankfurt, which had also been destroyed and had not been rebuilt until 1980. Now it is magnificent.

In Wiesbaden, On Sunday, November 18, Barbara had arranged accommodations



for us at The Penta Hotel, the very best in Wiesbaden. That evening she and I attended Beethoven's *Fidelio* opera in the Staatstheatre, a beautiful concert hall unmatched in its magnificence. Isabel was too tired to go anywhere.

We stayed in Wiesbaden all day Monday and walked the shopping area. (Isabel had regained her strength). On that day we also found the little town of Assmanhausen on the Rhine and located the tour boat, the *Mainz*, on which, in 1946, I directed the "Rally on the Rhine" for 500 GIs on the American Labor Day, September 2..

We traveled through the city of Worms on Tuesday; the 20<sup>th</sup> and visited the Cathedral where Martin Luther posted his 95 thesis and began the Reformation. In the nearby square there is a large memorial with statues of several of the reformers like Zwingli, Knox, Melancthon and others. From there we drove to Heidelberg and stayed in another Penta Hotel, a courtesy granted to Barb who was surprised with a large basket of fruit in the room given by the management. The swimming pool and sauna were terrific. Our first ever visit to the Heidelberg Castle was thrilling as we realized that it was here that Sigmund Romberg placed his musical, "The Student Prince". The view over the Neckar River and Valley was breathtaking. It was an experience that continues to remain in memory.

Driving back to Frankfurt for our final day in Germany, we again stayed in The Holiday Inn Frankfurt Conference Center – room 2419, a typical big city high-rise hotel. We did a bit more sight-seeing and then packed our bags for the early morning flight to London. Late that night as we were packing, one of our suitcases fell apart which necessitated some last minute adjustments. Then, as I realized we had an early morning flight and had to return our car beforehand, I got worried about making the flight. So, Barb and I made a quick dash to the airport to determine exactly what we would have to do in the morning. Fortunately, we made it on time for our flight to England.

Back in London for three nights we had average accommodations in one of the real old distinguished hotels – The Strand – right at Trafalgar Square. It had seen better times, I'm sure. While there we visited The Tower Bridge, London Bridge Prison, the grounds of Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Church and took a boat trip on the Thames River. One day when Isabel and Barb went shopping at Harrods, I visited the home and church of John Wesley as well as the church where he was converted and said, "My heart was strangely warmed."**It was an emotional experience for me to stand in the pulpit** from where he had preached and won so many people for Christ. Similarly, it was an unforgettable moment to see his prayer chair and the little pump organ where his brother Charles Wesley had written so many memorable hymns.

**1991 - January 23** – Brianna Funk Mellon was born

**October** – Isabel and I went back to Germany (France)

**November 9** - Christopher Allen Mellon was born November 9<sup>th</sup>.

**1992 – September** – Isabel and I went back to Germany (Austria)

**November** Benjamin Cross was born on the 9<sup>th</sup>

**1993 - Spring**

Over four years had passed since I began my research



Isabel and Barb at Tower of London



Bill in Wesley's pulpit

and in the Spring of 1993 I submitted a proposal to several book publishers with disappointing results. They thought the book was too regional, not national, and would have only limited interest. In other words, not enough copies would be sold to justify their involvement. One publisher, however, at the American Baptist Publication Society, gave it a positive review and told me that he regretted that his advisory committee would not give him the approval to proceed with its publication. He then strongly encouraged me to publish the book myself. I took up the challenge.

When I was writing, longhand, I enlisted daughter Beth to help type the manuscript on the computer. I, as such, was a greenhorn and needed constant help. As we went along, constant word-changes were made and re-typing was a constant. I then employed, Mrs. Marti Meyer, a former editor of the Baptist Publication Society, to edit my manuscript, and Stephanie Young, a skilled publicist, to design the book, the layout and cover. Learning that the Haddon-Craftsmen printing establishment in Scranton, PA was the major book printer in the East, I contacted them and met with their book representative. As the book took form in print-mode, numerous changes had to be made in the pagination to meet proper publishing standards. Decisions had to be made regarding the size, weight, and color of the paper, the number of pages in multiples of thirty-two, the end-pages, the cover, and whether we wanted to print paper-back copies as well as hard-covers. And, of course, the number of each. We decided on 1500 soft-cover and 2500 hard-covers for an initial printing total of 4,000.

The International Standard Book Number (ISBN) had to be obtained along with bar-coding and the copyright.

After several weeks in the hands of the printer, the book was completed. On September 8, I rented a good sized U-Haul truck early in the morning and drove alone to Scranton, PA to Haddon-Craftsmen, and picked up the books myself. My first stop was to deliver 1500 hard-cover books to the John Wanamaker (Woodward & Lothrop) warehouse in New Jersey, near Camden, for their 15 stores. Arriving at the delivery dock, and announcing that I was delivering some books, the dock-hand opened one of the boxes and asked me, "What are these"? I replied, "It looks like a book about John Wanamaker". He said, "Who \*!\*\$%+=% would want to read that"? I didn't tell him that I was the author. I simply shrugged my shoulders and said nothing. But as I drove away, I was hoping that a good many would want to read it.

Having ordered an initial printing of 2500 hard-covered and 1500 soft-covered books for a first-printing total of 4,000, and having now delivered the first order of 1500, I drove home and with the help of some family members, un-loaded the remaining 2500 books to our basement. On the next day, I went to our local Encore Books Store and spoke with the woman manager telling her that I was a local author with a fantastic story of the world-famous merchant John Wanamaker. Here was a new book that she would certainly want to sell in her store. She took six, which left me with only twenty-four hundred ninety-four. I then went to the Encore store in Ardmore and told them that the same story and that the Wayne store had purchased six. They took six more. Then it was off to all the Encore stores in the greater Philadelphia and South Jersey area with the same experience. On the following days and weeks, and months I visited every bookstore in a 50 mile radius with very encouraging results. It took a lot of time but it was worth it.

In addition to direct sales to bookstores, I had developed an extensive mailing list

of churches and other organizations like the YMCA, college, university, historical and local libraries, the Masonic Order and anyone I thought might be interested. We mailed numerous announcements and flyers indicating that the book could be purchased directly through our Post Office Box, or by phone. It was exciting. Of course, it meant buying the right size envelopes, wrapping tape, and mailing labels, and then preparing each day's orders and taking them to the Post Office.

We also sent out mailings announcing my availability for an illustrated lecture, "The Incomparable John Wanamaker." At each lecture we sold autographed copies.

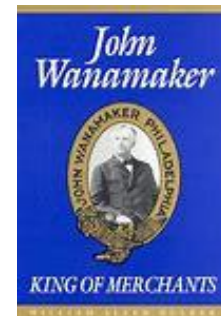
The most exciting event took place on Friday, September 24 when the official release and "book signing by the author" took place in the Grand Court at the Wanamaker Store, 13<sup>th</sup> and Market Streets, Philadelphia. What an occasion it was. Large signs had been posted throughout the store and a platform set up with a desk for signing. I was introduced by the Vice President of Wanamaker's – **Mrs. Jan Heppe** – to whom I presented the first copy of my book. Then, additional presentations were made to the following: **Ms. Susan Stitt**, President of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, holders of the most extensive collection of Wanamaker memorabilia; **Rev. Benjamin Sheldon**, Minister of the Bethany Collegiate Presbyterian Church, Havertown, founded by Wanamaker; **Mr. Elliot Shelkrott**, Director of the Philadelphia Library, in recognition of the John Wanamaker branch of the library; **Ms Jorene Jamison**, Senior Vice President of the Philadelphia YMCA, where Wanamaker was the first Secretary as a young man before entering business; **Mr. Milton Kenin**, representative of the Philadelphia Grand Lodge of the Masonic Order, where Wanamaker was a 33<sup>rd</sup> degree Mason; and **Mr. Richard Nye**, Philadelphia Postmaster, John Wanamaker having been Postmaster of the United States 1889-1893.

Many people observed the celebration followed by signing many books. Mrs. Heppe presented me with a beautiful Parker fountain pen for the occasion and then had it engraved with my initials as a personal gift. To top it off, many members of our family joined me for lunch in the upstairs Terrace Dining Room.

### **AT THE AGE OF 66 I HAD WRITTEN AND PUBLISHED MY FIRST BOOK**

**1993** –

As soon as it was known that I was writing a book about John Wanamaker, I began to receive invitations to speak on the subject. I titled my lecture "The Incomparable John Wanamaker" and spoke at libraries, historical societies, schools, colleges, retirement communities and various organizations over 175 times, showing slides and memorabilia. I also appeared at many bookstores for "autograph-book-signing" events. When the first printing of 4,000 was sold out, we had three additional printings of 1,000 each for a grand total of 7,000 – all sold. [The book is now out-of-print!] The lectures continued until I got busy in my own bookstore venture beginning in 2000.



Even after my book was published, I continued my voluntary cataloging and research at the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. There, I completed a 185-page index of the John Wanamaker Collection as well as the Fred Yost Collection of Wanamaker memorabilia – Yost having been a Vice President at the JW stores for over thirty years.

He was also the creator of the famous Christmas Light Show at Wanamaker's Philadelphia store.

My own collection of Wanamaker memorabilia includes some very important items: 1924 Graduation ring from the John Wanamaker Commercial Institute,; a personally autographed letter from John Wanamaker as Postmaster General of the United States dated June 5, 1889; an autograph book of several hundred "celebrities" who visited the store from 1955 to 1980: an eagle key chain; a very large bronze John Wanamaker signature sign that hung on the outside of the Philadelphia store; autographed photos of John Wanamaker; a personally written letter from John Wanamaker to a young member of the Bethany Sunday School whose mother had died; the Bethany Sunday School desk bell rung by Wanamaker each Sunday to call the school to order; two 1911 Royal-Daulton china cups from the coronation of King George V brought from England by Wanamaker and given to members of Bethany, various medals and anniversary pins.

Many items were given to me by the executives of Wanamaker's at the time of the closing of the stores. Some I purchased on the internet or at antique stores and still others were given to me by various individuals.

My interviews with John Rodman Wanamaker, great-grandson of the Founder, with other members of the family, with VP Reeves Wetherill and with VP Fred Yost were invaluable to me in writing the book.

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The **1990's** decade was just the beginning of our European Travels – as follows:

**1990**- November – England and Germany – with daughter Barbara

**1991**- October – Isabel and I went back to Germany – (France included)

**1992** - September – Isabel and I went again to Germany – (Austria included)

**1993** - THE BOOK (no travels)

**1994** - Bill and Isabel to Germany, Luxembourg and Belgium

Deborah Leigh Mellon was born September 20<sup>th</sup>.

**1995** - Bill and Isabel to Germany, France

**1996** - Bill and Isabel to Toronto, Montreal, Quebec City, Canada

**1997** - Bill and Isabel to Germany, France, Austria, Switzerland (with grandson Jimmy Mellon)



Bill, Isabel, Jimmy at Linderhof



Lisa, Bill Jimmy, Isabel

**1998** - Bill and Isabel to Germany, Austria, France, (with grandchildren Lisa and Jimmy Mellon - Jimmy's second trip with us to Europe)

**1999** - Bill and Isabel to England and Scotland

\*\*\*\*

**2000**

**January** (Age 73)

I would have to say that 2000 was one of the most unusual years of my life. So many different events occurred.

January began with the Y2K scare. Due to the technological age in which we were living, with so much of life being dependent upon computer transactions, many

knowledgeable people wondered if the computers could handle the change from 1999 to 2000. It seems that many computers were using a two-digit calendar, i.e. 97, 98, and 99, rather than four digits, 1997, 1998, and 1999, because it was a cheaper procedure at one time and lacked a long-range view. Thus, it was thought that the computer would confuse 00 for the new year with the year 1900 and major problems would occur. Some analysts questioned whether major utilities would operate correctly or shut down completely. Would lights go out, elevators stop between floors, airplanes fly off-course, trains collide? Some end-time quasi-students of the Bible predicted the end of the world.

As a result, many people refused to travel away from home on New Year's Eve and waited for the news media to report tragedies or destruction. One could hardly escape the warnings in newspapers, magazines, radio and television. People were advised not to use their computers for a day or two into the new year until all was reported to be well.

Isabel and I decided we would end the old year by attending the New Year's Eve concert of the Delaware Symphony Orchestra with, Stephen Guzenhauser, Director, in the Wilmington, Delaware Opera House, an hour's drive from our home in Wayne. It was a festive evening with dinner first at the nearby Wyndham Hotel just a block away. The concert focused on the Strauss waltzes and was very enjoyable. As the end of the concert everyone was given noise makers and party hats as we sang "Auld Lang Syne".

Arriving home without incident before midnight, we watched the New Year's celebration at New York's Times Square on TV and waited for the power to fail, but nothing unusual happened – so off to bed.

### **February**

To celebrate Isabel's 70<sup>th</sup> birthday in February, the two of us flew to Disney World in Florida and spent three enjoyable days together. We were especially impressed with Epcot.

### **April**

We had an exciting time visiting with Bev, John and their family in their new summer home at Nags Head, North Carolina, just a block from the beach.

### **May/ June**

To celebrate OUR 50<sup>TH</sup> WEDDING ANNIVERSARY (June 10), Isabel and I took the whole family (16) for a long Memorial Day weekend to the Willow Valley Resort in Lancaster, PA. It was a fun time for all with plenty of food, swimming, golfing on the nine-hole golf course, and an "old-time" family photograph with everyone dressed up in 1890's clothing. We worshipped on Sunday together in the non-sectarian chapel on the grounds and finished the day with the fabulous buffet in the Palm Court restaurant. We didn't want the family to spend their money celebrating "our" anniversary so we planned and paid for the event ourselves and invited them to attend. Again, so as to celebrate it in our own way, Isabel and I scheduled a June weekend at Williamsburg.

50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary  
Family gathering  
2000 June





First, we traveled to the Gettysburg Battlefield, visited the Eisenhower Farm and Harper's Ferry, W. VA. From there we took the Skyline Drive to Luray Caverns, to Staunton, VA where we visited the home of President Woodrow Wilson and headed to the home of my brother Walt and his wife Miriam in Murphy, NC. While there, we went to Cleveland, TN where once I had visited my high school girlfriend Lois Haley while she was a student at Bob Jones College, before it moved to Greenville, SC.

When we finally arrived at Williamsburg, we stayed at a vacation center that tried to sign us up for an annual visit. They didn't succeed. But we had a good time in the area before heading back home, having toured Old Williamsburg and Busch Gardens.

**July - 15** – Barb and Bill Marshall were married. The whole family traveled to Massachusetts for the wedding. We spent the weekend there and hurried home for the next big event of my life.

**July 17** - We purchased THE BOOKSHELF in Wayne, Pa. Located at 4 Louella Court, it had a long history, the last owner, Mrs. William (Lee) Dewitt, for twenty-two years. Previously, the Spencer sisters owned it. I understood that at one time it was the only bookstore in Wayne, selling only new books with a section in the store devoted to a Lending Library. That was not unusual for small towns. Avid readers who did not wish to purchase every new book but did not want to wait until the local library acquired it, could borrow the book for a small fee.



Lending books was a profitable endeavor and was a way to get customers into the store to purchase greetings cards as well. When book store chains such as Borders, Barnes and Noble, and Encore Books moved into an area, small privately owned book stores could not compete. In Wayne, another store, The Reader's Forum also opened in recent years and was much larger, better located and more aggressive in marketing. Also, all the drug stores offered a better selection of greeting cards. Mrs. Dewitt then added a section for art and the downstairs room was devoted to the sale of used books. It seems, however, that few people knew of the change. Sales continued to decline.

For many years, going back to 1947 when I was discharged from the Army, I wanted to open a book store. Originally, I thought it would be a religious book store opening at a time when such stores were few and only in the big cities like Philadelphia. There, Rev. Percy Crawford had opened The Pinebrook Book Store at 730 Chestnut Street, Rev. George Palmer had The Morning Cheer Book Store on South 13<sup>th</sup> Street, and Rev. Robert Frazer, blind evangelist had a store on Chestnut Street in the twelve hundred block. But in Trenton, NJ where I lived there was none. Sometime in 1948, when I was directing Trenton Youth For Christ, I bought a small Army surplus building from Fort Dix. It was about 25' or 30' by 60' or 70' and was prefabricated as were so many military buildings constructed during World War II. It was dismantled and moved to the empty lot next to my dad's home on Independence Avenue. But by September, I decided to go to college (age 21) to prepare for Christian Ministry, and the building sat there. At this writing, neither I nor any of my siblings can remember what Dad did with it while I was at Bob Jones University in South Carolina. I wish I knew, for it is not something of which I am proud.

For more than two years I talked with Mrs. Dewitt about buying the business and

the building she owned.. She was initially interested is selling only the business but retaining the property. But in March of 2000, at the age of eighty-four and now a widow, she consented to give it all up. She mentioned her price which I thought was terrific and I ran to the bank for the money. It was a happy day when we opened on July 17, 2000 with the announcement that we were now a “Used Book Store”. For three years I enjoyed most every moment I spent there. It was close to home, casual, a pleasure to meet people who loved books, and a lot of fun without pressure.

**August**

Isabel and I went again to Germany

**2001**

**May**

Isabel and I went again to Germany  
(Included Switzerland, Lichtenstein)

**2002**



**June**

Isabel and I went back to Germany with two  
Granddaughters Katie and Sarah Vesper  
(France, Austria, Switzerland included)

Kate, Sarah, Isabel and Bill

**2003**

**March** (Age 76)

One day, an investor offered to buy the bookstore and the building. I was reluctant to do so at the time and waited a month to make my decision. Setting the price high with the thought it would not be accepted, I was surprised when the potential buyer didn't flinch. Believing that such an offer might not be repeated at a time in the future when I might be anxious to sell or for health reasons might have to do so, I agreed to step aside in March 2003. We sold the property to him and the books separately, which nicely increased the profit. It was a long-awaited venture which I enjoyed very much.

**July 18**

After Beth and Jim moved to Richland, Jackson Township, Lebanon County, PA, they convinced us to purchase two nearby properties in the same development – Royal-T Estates (101 and 108 Country Lane). We did so in July but were not sure what we would do with them but thought it would be a good investment of the money we had gained from the sale of the book store.

**September**

Isabel and I made our 12<sup>th</sup> trip to Europe in September taking grandchildren (Jessie and Chris Mellon) to Germany, France, Austria, Switzerland, and Lichtenstein.



Chris and Jessie

**2004**

**July**

We began building a four-bedroom house at our property 108 Country Lane, Richland, PA 17087, and made settlement on it in November. Though we began to furnish it, we still were not sure whether we were ready to move out of Wayne where we had lived in the same house for 37 years. Our daughters Bev and Barb were not anxious for us to sell the house which had so many memories for them. Bev was only six years old when we moved there; Barb was nine. Since our new house was just four houses

away from Beth, she felt differently.

**October-November**

While our new house was being constructed in Richland, Isabel and I went for another trip to Germany, #13. This time, Beth, Jim, Chris and Debbie went too. (France, Austria, Switzerland, Lichtenstein included).

**2005**

**February 19** – Family celebrated Isabel’s 75<sup>th</sup> birthday with a party at Bev/John’s

**April 1** –

It was a real blessing to be able to schedule our friends Nick and Lucy Della Valle for several speaking engagements in the Philadelphia area as he began his second “Walk Across America” sharing the message of the Gospel of Christ along the way. This little man (4’8”) dresses like the Biblical character Zacchaeus and speaks in churches where he is invited. I contacted churches, a TV station, a radio station, and a College for a total of eighteen engagements over a two week period. I arranged for him to begin his walk at the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia.



In addition, we held a reception for them in our home with our neighbors and friends in attendance. (see my folder Zacchaeus 2005 in box 107 for details.

**May 21** – Attended Birthday Party Celebration for Tony Campolo at the Hilton .

**June 11** -

Jimmy and Ellie were married at the Wayne Presbyterian Church with Ellie’s family priest assisting me in performing the ceremony.

Isabel and I spent the last eight months going back and forth between the two houses at Wayne and Richland and completely furnished the new one at 108 Country Lane with the thought that we might rent it out for a while. But slowly, after spending three or four days at one location and three or four at the other, we concluded that we really liked our country home better. We then decided that we would rent out the house in Wayne, fully furnished, and decide later where to settle down.

On July 1, we officially changed our address to 108 Country Lane, Richland, PA and advertised the Wayne house for rent. Still we had not made the move final.

108 Country Lane



We were fortunate to hear from a business executive whose company wanted him to spend several months in the Wayne area. He, his wife, and three young children moved in on August 1, 2005.

**July 8** – I participated in Missions at the Airport (MATA) – Wycliffe Missions – first time, and followed up with contacts with pilots.

**August 15** – Had breakfast with Carl Wenger at Dutchway – “Wengers of Myerstown”

**October/November** – Oct. 19 - Nov. 1

Isabel and I made another trip to Germany #14, Jimmy and his new bride Ellie included. (Also France, Switzerland, Austria and Lichtenstein.)

**November 15** – My last lecture “John Wanamaker: King of Merchants” – Radnor Memorial Library, Wayne, PA

## 2006

**January** (Age 79)      LEARNING TO FLY

Cap 10 – French-made tail-dragger  
Bill at the controls



January 20, I began flying lessons. I always wanted to fly and actually had a few lessons at the Morrisville, PA airport near our home in Trenton after I was discharged from the Army in 1947. At that time I started to use the GI Bill allowance for education but decided to go on to college. But after moving to Richland in 2005, I met Captain John Sibole, a commercial airline jet-pilot with US Air with whom I struck up a friendship. We were both Christians and we found out that we had a mutual friend in Al Shannon, a missionary. John consented to instruct me in his **most** unusual plane, a Cap 10, French-made low-wing, tail-dragger, aerobatic plane. Though John taught aerobatics, I was satisfied just to take lessons simply to fly straight forward. Thus far as of this writing in December, I have flown more than 45 hours. Learning to fly has been one of the most exciting experiences of my life. Little did I think that my dream would come true. I found that my mind was challenged with an entirely new vocabulary including the nomenclature and principles of flying that I never knew existed. Though I may never get licensed, I will be fully satisfied if one day, with my instructor sitting next to me, I can take-off, fly around, and land without him having to do anything but enjoy the flight. Wow! Dream on.

19 – On this day I decided to walk 365 miles in 365 days – 3 today – See Dec 31

**February** – 27 – Isabel and I went to hear the Glenn Miller Orchestra in Lancaster, PA

**May - 25** – I spoke at Teen Challenge, Bethel, PA breakfast meeting

**June** - A PERMANENT MOVE TO RICHLAND –

In June, our renters in Wayne moved out. Little by little, as we realized that we were not going to move back to 134 Poplar Avenue, we began the slow process of moving my Wanamaker Collection and other items we had left in the third floor room in Wayne, which had been off-limits to the renters. Over the Fourth of July weekend, our daughters all selected the furnishings they wanted and after a yard sale we moved what was left to Richland.

25 – 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of my ordination to the Gospel Ministry – Presbyterian Church, USA at Bethany Temple Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, PA

**August 1** - we put the house in Wayne up for sale – by owner – and on September 29 we signed with a buyer for settlement on December 13.

13 – Preached at Zion Methodist Church, Myerstown, PA

## **October 6** – ISABEL’S SURGERY – 2006

In August, after visiting the doctor and having an examination, Isabel was told that she had breast cancer and surgery was advised. On October 6, a lumpectomy was performed at The Good Samaritan Hospital in Lebanon, PA with chemotherapy following for twelve weeks and radiation for another six weeks.

**December 13** – Settlement/Sale of 134 Poplar Avenue, Wayne, PA. (That was our home for 39 years – 1967-2006)

**December 20** – my 80<sup>th</sup> birthday – Willow Valley to celebrate

**December 29** – another flying lesson to celebrate my 80<sup>th</sup>

**December 31** - **I completed my walking regimen of walking a mile each day with 365 miles in 365 days.** Because of bad weather or other reasons, I occasionally missed a day or two and then had to make it up later, which I did.

## **2007**

### **January**

**1-** As the New Year began, Isabel continued to make progress in her recovery from breast surgery, though very much concerned at the loss of hair due to chemo treatments. At each follow-up visit to the Surgeon, Dr. Klatcho, the Oncologist, Dr. Perez, and the Radiologist, Dr. Unal, she received good reports, with no evidence of further cancer.

**12** – Isabel’s only sister, Eva Marie Cox Astbury, passed away.

**20** – Jimmy, Ellie, Isabel and I went to New York City to see the Broadway Musical “The Drowsy Chaperone” in the Marquis Theater at the Marriott Hotel on Times Square. Afterwards, we went down front to the theater orchestra pit and met with orchestra trumpeter Dave Stahl, who has become such a good friend.

**25** - My flying lessons continued. On January 25, in a Piper Cherokee fixed-winged plane, I finally succeeded in making three unassisted take-offs, fly-around and landings at two airports – Farmers Pride Airport in Fredericksburg, PA and Keller Brothers Airport in Buffalo Springs, PA. Both are un-paved grass runways at which I have more confidence than on a paved runway. Though Captain John Sibole was in the co-pilot seat, he said that he did nothing but sit there. As a result, he declared that I had flown “solo” for the first time. Of course, I know that the true meaning of “Solo” is just that. But since I am doing this for fun and not for future employment, I need not jump through the ropes of a written and a physical examination, officially needed. - # 51 hours now

At the completion of my lesson today we ran into a snow squall as we flew back to Deck Airport. I literally could not see the runway, but fortunately John, with all his 20,000+ hours of flying knew what to do and landed us safely.

### **February**

**2** - What a wonderful time I am having in learning to fly. On the average, I have a lesson once a week for an hour or two. On February 2, when I went for my lesson with Captain John Sibole, the Piper Cherokee we had been renting at Deck Airport at Myerstown, PA was in use. So we rented a Cessna 152 at Keller Brothers Airport in Buffalo Springs, PA and flew to Lancaster, PA airport. We met granddaughter Jessie Mellon who had her first lesson with John in a rented helicopter. I waited. Then, John and I flew the Cessna back to Keller. Jessie wants to learn with the hope of becoming a missionary pilot and mechanic.



5 - John invited Jessie and me to fly with him to Lancaster, Ohio, near Columbus, in a 4-seater Cessna, as he wanted to check out a helicopter he was interested in buying. He gave me the controls all the way – 3 hours – until landing. Then, on the way back, he had me sit in the back while Jessie had the controls – 2 hours. We ran into a very heavy cloud-cover that necessitated flying only with instruments. Quite an experience, like flying inside a milk jug.

9 – Isabel’s 77<sup>th</sup> birthday

12 – Flew with John Sibole and Jessie Mellon in Cessna to Columbus, Ohio to look at a Helicopter for sale. I had the controls of the Cessna for three hours.

### March

2-4 – Spent weekend with our children and grandchildren in Ocean City, NJ at Watson’s Motel just like so many times we had there in the long-ago past.



Debbie, Chris, Jessie, Sarah,  
Kate, Billy, Johnny, Lisa, Jimmy

April - In April, John Sibole purchased a two-seat 300CB Schweizer Helicopter and convinced me to take lessons in it which I began on April 20, 2007. After his CAP 10 aerobatic plane was upgraded and brought back into service, I alternated lessons each week between the plane and the helicopter. By the end of 2007 I had completed 22 hours in the copter and 80 hours in the plane, which is tail dragger (rear wheel) said to be more difficult to learn than a tri-cycle gear (nose wheel) plane. Whatever!



Bill at Helicopter controls – landing in our backyard

### May

1 – Isabel continued Chemo and Radiation Therapy.

15-21 – Jimmy, Ellie, Isabel and I traveled to England #15 – for vacation. Visited White Cliffs of Dover, Dover Castle, Buckingham Palace, Trafalgar Square, Harrods, St. Paul’s Cathedral, Canterbury, Outside Parliament Building and Westminster Abbey, etc. (see Travels Book # 17 – website).



Bill, Isabel, Jimmy, Ellie

### June

7 – Attended “Broadway’s Best” musical at the American Music Theater, Lancaster

- 10 – Our 57<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary.
- 11 – Traveled to Ewing, NJ Cemetery for Joyce Cox Memorial Interment.  
(Isabel's sister-in-law)
- 16 – Richland, PA 100<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Parade – Neptune Fire Co.
- 25 – Fifty-First Anniversary of my ordination to the Gospel Ministry of Jesus Christ.

### **July**

- 8 – I preached at the Beadle Memorial Church, Cape May Point, NJ for the last time  
(many previous delightful occasions there).
- 21 – Went to American Music Theater, Lancaster, PA to hear the current Glenn Miller Orchestra.

### **August**

- 1-3 Isabel was in Good Samaritan Hospital, Lebanon, PA with apparent blood clot.  
Vascular issues resulting from breast surgery in 2006.
- 1 - I entertained a dozen local ministers for lunch at the Country Fare Restaurant in Myerstown, PA to meet Tony Campolo. Peggy Campolo stayed at our home during lunch and then she, Tony and I went to Mt. Gretna Tabernacle for his evening address.

### **September**

- 8 – I met with friend Rev. Paul Stauning and several other ministers for lunch at Cornwall Manor. Refreshing time of reminiscing.
- 9 – Attended Dave Stahl Concert at church in Lebanon, PA
- 10 – Had lunch with Myerstown businessman Carl Wenger.
- 16 – Attended 60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of Shadyrest Bible Conference/Church, Chesterfield, NJ to see friend and co-founder Mrs. Harriet (and Rev. Virgil) Geren, great and influential people in my early Christian life.
- 17 – Dr. George and Shirley Claghorn visited with us here. He was my Eastern College Professor of Philosophy, encouraged me upon graduation to apply for the position of Assistant to the Minister (1953-1956) of the Bethany Temple Presbyterian Church where I later became the minister (1956-1960). Still later, he employed me for my first of several positions as Director of Admissions at Eastern College (1960-1990). My other positions: Director of Financial Aid, Dean of Admissions, Dean of Campus Life, Assistant to the President.

### **October**

- 8 – Humperdinck concert at American Music Theater, Lancaster, PA

### **December**

- 19 – Isabel and I attended The Christmas Show 2007, Lancaster, PA at the American Music Theater.
- 31 – Completed walking – 310 miles in 2007 – a bit shy of 365 in 2006

## **2008**

### **January**

- 16 – Isabel fell - slight injury to face and finger.

## May

- 1- Settlement – Sale of 202 Woodland Ave., Wayne, PA rental property
- 7-27 – Alaska Cruise – Isabel and I went with Barb/Bill, Beth/Jim – (see Travels – Chapter #18 – website).



Bill M., Barb, Jim, Isabel, Beth, Bill Z.

## July

- 6 – We had “Christmas in July” Our family celebration at our home.

## August

- 14 – Had lunch with Tony Campolo at Quentin Tavern Restaurant.

## September

- 28 - Attended Dave Stahl and Sacred Orchestra worship at Grantville, PA with Jimmy and Ellie.

## October

- 4-5 – “Missions at the Airport” - Keller Airport
- 6-7 – Nick and Lucy Della Valle (Zacchaeus portrayer) visited us.
- 14 – I called Dr. C. Everett Koop (former US Surgeon General) to wish him well on his 92<sup>nd</sup> Birthday – long-time friendship.
- 26 – Attended Harrisburg Symphony Orchestra Concert.

## December

- 4-11 – Isabel, Jimmy, Ellie and I traveled to Germany #16 (see Travels - Chapter #19 – website).
- 12 – Bill’s sister Virginia Idell Zulker passed away – Lebanon, PA, 78 years old (1930-2008).
- 31 – Finished 137 miles walking this year and 133 hours flying – 87 in a fixed wing plane, and 46 in the helicopter.

## 2009

### January

- 19 – We attended “Valkyrie” Movie.

### February

- 8 – Isabel and I attended Harrisburg Symphony with Jimmy and Ellie to celebrate Isabel’s 79<sup>th</sup> birthday.

### March

- 7 – Attended Memorial Service of Dave Stahl’s mother.
- 8 – I flew to St. Louis and Glen Carbon, IL to visit my brother Walt in hospital.
- 11 – Bill’s Brother Walter Leathem Zulker passed away – (1924-2009)
- 14-16 – I flew to St. Louis for Walt’s funeral, burial at the Veteran’s Cemetery in St. Louis, MO.
- 27-30 – Visited with Sister Betty Curcio at Lynchburg, VA., and toured Liberty University with grandson Chris Mellon and his mother Beth.
- 31 – Isabel and I attended the Sight and Sound Theater in Lancaster, PA.

### April

- 14 – Attended Glenn Miller Orchestra at the American Music Theater, Lancaster, PA.
- 17 – Isabel and I stayed at the Comfort Inn at Valley Forge, PA while planning to attend the wedding of Sarah and Jeff the next day.
- 18 – Our granddaughter Sarah Christine Vesper and Jeffrey David Roger Newton’s

wedding at the Trinity Presbyterian Church, Berwyn, PA. I married them assisted by Rev. Jay Wilkins, the minister of the church. We shared the glory!!! Reception was at Bolingbroke Mansion, Radnor, PA.

### May

3 – Isabel and I attended Harrisburg Symphony.

17 – Jimmy, Ellie and I attended Harrisburg Symphony.

### June

3-6 - Isabel and I visited with Barb and Bill Marshall – Brewster, MA.

25-July 3 – Germany trip #17(Katie / Sarah (see Travels Chapter #20 – website)

Isabel with toes in the Ost Sea at Graal Mueritz



### July

12 – Attended Tim Zimmerman Orchestra Worship Service at the Exeter Bible Church, Exeter, PA with Jimmy and Ellie.

18 – Isabel and I attended the Lawrence Welk Stars Musical at the American Music Theater in Lancaster, PA. The oldies!

26 – Attended Dave Stahl Sacred Orchestra at Mt. Gretna Conference.

### August

19 – Heard Tony Campolo at Mt. Gretna Conference.

29 – Isabel in the Good Samaritan Hospital, Lebanon, PA.

### October

3 – We attended the Harrisburg Symphony.

10-11 – Missions at the Keller Airport – JAARS

18 – Jimmy, Ellie, Isabel and I attended the Dave Stahl and the Sacred Orchestra at St. Daniels Church, Robesonia, PA – worship service.

### November

15 – I attended the Symphony Orchestra Concert at the Lebanon Valley College, Annville, PA.

23 – We attended the Harrisburg Symphony.

### December

5 – Attended Birthday Celebration for Dr. George Claghorn at Eastern University, St. Davids, PA. Personal friend and my former Professor, then my employer (see above – Sept. 17, 2007)

27 – Our Family Christmas Celebration here at 108 Country Lane.

31 – Continued Flying Lessons throughout the year – now 146 hours

## 2010

### January

6-7 - I took the train to Lynchburg, VA to see my sister Betty Curcio at Westminster-Canterbury Retirement Center.

9-12 – Isabel and I flew to California to visit Isabel’s brother Bill Cox at her cousin Marcia and Mel Means’ home in Pasadena.

February 14 – We held a Family Celebration for Isabel’s 80<sup>th</sup> Birthday at Willow Valley

Resort, Lancaster, PA – (see booklet of video Chris Mellon and I prepared).

### March

12 – Isabel’s brother Bill Cox passed away in California.

14 – Harrisburg Symphony.

### April

8 – Attended “Disney on Ice” in Hershey, PA at the Giant Center.

### June

Zulker Family at West Trenton Presbyterian Church

4-6 – Our three daughters took Isabel and me to West Trenton, NJ, then to New York City to celebrate our 60<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary. We went to Times Square near where we spent our honeymoon in a long-gone hotel – The Claridge. Attended West Trenton Presbyterian Church on Sunday ( where we were married in 1950), and were surprised when all our grandchildren showed up with their spouses, as well as the daughter’s husbands. We had dinner at Freddie’s where Isabel met the owner’s sister who works there. Irma and Isabel attended elementary school together. We also visited the homes where both Isabel (West Trenton – Upper Ferry Road) and I (Hamilton Township 121 Park Avenue and 135 Independence Avenue, Trenton, NJ) had lived with our parents when we first met in 1947.



Isabel’s - Upper Ferry Road



Bills - 121 Park Ave



Bills - 135 Independence Ave

### July –

In July I began to write a column each month for the *Lebanon Daily News*, Lebanon, PA entitled “The Way It Was” in a long-ago year during a comparable month. It was published on the first Sunday of each month. The front page of the July 4, 2010 Sunday paper featured an article about me titled “Retiree Shares County History.” I continued the column for two and a half years until December 2012 at which time it was too much effort to get to the Library at Lebanon Valley College in Annville, PA for my research of the old papers. In an Editorial on December 30, 2012 the Editor wrote a very nice thank you article about my endeavor. I printed all of the articles in my web-site for future reference. See ([www.williamzulker.com](http://www.williamzulker.com)).

10 – Attended Mt. Gretna for worship service with Dave Stahl and the Sacred Orchestra.

### August

2-3 – Traveled to Lynchburg, VA to visit sister Betty Zulker Curcio

October 1 – Married Grandson William Allen Vesper/Alexis Rosko at Aldan Union Church, Aldan, PA., with my friend and their pastor Rev. Paul Thompson assisting. Reception was at Drexelbrook Catering Center, Drexel Hill, PA

3 – Attended Harrisburg Symphony ??????



## November

24-30 – Visited daughter Barbara and husband Bill in Brewster, MA

## December

22 – Isabel and I attended American Music Theater Christmas program, Lancaster, PA

## 2011

### January

1 – Still flying – 150.5 hours

### March

26 – Graveside Memorial Moments with Burial of Ashes for Bill’s sister Virginia Idell Zulker at the Atlantic City Cemetery located in Pleasantville, NJ. (with her son Charlie and Michelle Zulker). Then visited Bill’s cousin Doris Berry Endicott in her home in Ocean City, NJ.

### July

22 – Grandson John Henry Vesper III and Claire Elyse Di Lullo’s wedding at Middletown Presbyterian Church, Middletown, PA. I married them assisted by Rev. John King. The reception was at the DuPont Country Club, Wilmington, DE

23 – Barb and Bill Marshall and Pop Pop Zulker toured Pea Patch Island in Delaware.

29 – Granddaughter Jessica Marie Mellon and Andrew Robinson’s wedding at Coleman Memorial Chapel. Brickerville, PA (Near Brickerville Restaurant on Rte. 501). Lititz, PA. I married them assisted by Rev. Tim Bouffard. The reception was at the Eden Resort, Lancaster, PA.

31 – Attended Dave Stahl and The Sacred Orchestra Worship Service

### August

24 – Went to hear Tony Campolo at Mt Gretna Conference Center

### September

4 – Heard the Couriers Gospel Singers at Lebanon Expo Center

7 – Graveside Memorial Service for John Cox (Isabel’s brother) at Ewing Church Cemetery, Trenton, NJ.

### October

2 – Missions at the Airport – Keller – JAARS Missions

6 – Elizabeth Josephine (Betty) Zulker Curcio died (Bill’s sister) 22-23 – I took the train to Lynchburg, VA for Betty’s Memorial Service at Peakland Baptist Church, and stayed at Westminster-Canterbury Retirement Home where she had lived. Visited with her son (my nephew Jeff Curcio), and his wife Cheryl, and Jeff’s daughter Amanda, and her mother Sharon.

### November

26 – Isabel threw a nice surprise fantastic 85<sup>th</sup> Birthday Party for me with all the family, neighbors and friends. Even Nick and Lucy Della Valle from Kansas, and the Stoltzfus family showed up. See my report – “Bill’s 85<sup>th</sup> Birthday”.

Stoltzfus Family  
and Isabel



Bill/Isabel

Lucy/Nick



### December

- 18 – Bill’s sister-in-law Miriam Waldt Zulker died in Glen Carbon, IL.
- 22-26 – Isabel and I took the train to Brewster, MA (via Providence, RI) to spend Christmas with daughter Barb and Bill Marshall.
- 27 – I flew from Boston to St. Louis for the funeral and burial of sister-in-law Miriam Waldt Zulker (Walt’s wife) at the Military Cemetery in St. Louis. I stayed with nephew Richard Zulker and his wife Debbie in Glen Carbon in Walt’s old room.

**2012**

**January**

- 8-9 – Isabel and I visited with Bev and John overnight at their home on Meadow Lane in Wallingford, PA.
- 28 – We attended “Sound of Music” at the Lancaster Bible College.

**February**

- 5** – We gathered the family to celebrate Isabel’s 82<sup>nd</sup> Birthday at the Old Country Buffet in Reading, PA.

**March**

- 5-9 – We went to John and Bev’s place in Nags Head, NC.

**May**

- 3 – Wenger’s Praise Dinner at the Lebanon Expo in Lebanon, PA.  
Tony Campolo was the speaker. We sat with our friends Clyde and Marian Deck and met a former banker in Richland, PA.



Vesper Beach House

- 11-13 – Ocean City, NJ with family at Watsons
- 27 – Bill preached at Zion Methodist Church, Myerstown, PA. **MY LAST SERMON** – begun in 1944 at my grandfather’s church, Linwood Community Church, Linwood, NJ.) Our Amish friends – Alvin Stoltzfus family from Richland, all attended. Lunch followed at Jim and Ellie’s home. **This was the last sermon I preached** - 86 years old and voice not good.

**June**

- 3 – Dave Stahl Sacred Orchestra worship service – Palmyra, PA
- 10 – Family gathering here at Richland to celebrate our 62<sup>nd</sup> Wedding Anniversary.
- .21 - Debbie married Ben Cross

**August**

- 12 – Attended and met again my friend Musician Ken Medema in concert at Mt. Gretna (PA) Bible Conference. We first met when I scheduled him for a concert at Eastern College many years ago,



**October**

- 6-7 – Missions at the Airport – Keller Airport – JAARS

- November** 15 – Went to Radio City Music Hall in New York City for the Christmas program with Beth and Jim, and also took the Stage Door Tour, meeting one of the Rockettes. The event reminded me of the time several years ago when Sam Seymour and I met with our friend George Wesner, organist at the Music Hall, after one of the programs. He took us up onto the stage for a view of the magnificent 6000 seat auditorium, then backstage, under the stage, and

throughout the building. UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE.

17 – Still Flying with lessons in the Helicopter – 51.6 Hours

18 - Luke Marshall, son of Bill Marshall (our daughter Barbara's husband) was killed in an automobile accident.

### **December**

7 – We went to Barb and Bill's home in Brewster, MA for the Memorial Service of Luke Marshall.

20 – Attended the Amish School Christmas Program – Reistville Road, Schaefferstown.

30 – Our Annual Family Christmas Celebration here in Richland.

## **2013**

### **January**

5 – Flying Lesson with Captain John Sibole – 153 Hours

27 – Jim Cox, Isabel's brother passed away – Attended viewing and military service at a Funeral Home in Newark, Delaware.

### **February**

9 – Isabel's 83<sup>rd</sup> Birthday

### **March**

25 – Birth of Isabelle Rose Robinson – our Great granddaughter - Parents: our randaughter Jessica Mellon/Andrew Robinson

### **June**

5 – Bill's cousin Rev. Glenn Doughty and wife visited us in Richland. Glenn's grandmother was Bill's Father's sister Elizabeth.

### **July**

5 – Grandson Christopher Allen Mellon and Brianna Beverly Funk were married on the lawn at Stone Gables Estate, Elizabethtown, PA. The reception was at Ironstone Ranch down the street.

21 – Attended Dave Stahl Sacred Orchestra Concert and Worship Service at Mt. Gretna Conference.

### **August**

11 – Attended the Tim Zimmerman and the King's Brass Concert and Worship Service at the New Beginnings Church in Myerstown with Jimmy and Ellie.

14 – I had lunch with Carl Wenger and wife, along with Tony and Peggy Campolo at the Iron Valley Golf Club Restaurant at Cornwall, PA. Then, I attended the Mt. Gretna Conference to hear Tony Campolo in the evening.

### **September**

4-6 – Michael and Catherine Cox (Isabel's nephew and wife) visited us7 – We went to Ewing Church Cemetery in Trenton, NJ for the graveside memorial interment of ashes of Charlotte Staples Cox, wife of John R. Cox, Isabel's brother. Michael (son of Charlotte and John) and Katherine Cox spent several days with us in Richland. (Marc, Joan and others were there.)

### **October**

11- Isabel's nephew Michael and Catherine Cox here at Richland, PA

20 – Attended Dave Stahl and the Sacred Orchestra Worship Service at a church in Denver, PA with Jimmy and Ellie Mellon.

## **November**

11- Next door neighbor boy Evan Swan invited me to attend the Veterans Day Observance with him at his school – ELCO Elementary. The teacher prepared a light snack for Veterans and had each of us tell our Branch, Rank and years of service - WAZ – US Army, 1945-1947 – Corporal.

## **December**

5 – Bill and Nancy Cox (Isabel’s nephew and wife) visited us. 13 – We attended the graduation of Grandson Christopher Allen Mellon at the Lancaster Bible College, Lancaster, PA 29 – Granddaughter Lisa Mellon left for short term medical service in Tanzania, Africa.

29 – Zulker Family gathered here in Richland for our annual Christmas Family Celebration.

## **2014**

### **January**

30 – Scott Astbury died (Isabel’s nephew).

### **February**

9 – Isabel’s 84<sup>th</sup> Birthday

12 – I attended Fireplace Ministries Banquet, Myerstown, PA and sat with friends Clyde and Marian Deck.

### **March**

20 – Isabel and neighbor Jean Wahlberg had lunch together

### **April**

1 – We started construction of the new First-floor Bedroom here at 108 Country Lane, to keep Isabel from having to do steps.

7 – Christopher Bittenbender visited us with son Glenn and daughter Caroline. Isabel baby-sat for both children when we lived in Wayne. Chris is a professor at Eastern Univ.

20 – I had lunch at the Country Fare Restaurant with Paul Nee and Rev. Richard Purnell, friends from Zion Methodist Church.

**May** 19 – Barbara Easterday (my long-time Secretary at Eastern College) and Dr Joy Hodges Spink LaValle (former EC student and member of my singing group “Turning Point” and now a Professor at Eastern) came to visit with us.

### **June**

9 – Roger and Jean Cooper, our friends from Bethany Temple and now living in Lititz nearby, visited us and had lunch here.

15 – Isabel and I attended a luncheon at the Stouch Tavern in Womelsdorf, PA to celebrate 90<sup>th</sup> Birthday of our friend Rev. Richard Purnell.

20 – Attended the Wedding Rehearsal Dinner at the Country Fare Restaurant, Myerstown for Debbie Mellon and Benjamin Cross

21 – Attended the wedding of our granddaughter Debbie Mellon and Benjamin Cross at St. Paul’s U.C.C. Church in Robeson, PA

### **August**

6 – Friend Rick Seifert, Wanamaker enthusiast and historian, visited with us to talk with me about John Wanamaker. He is giving lectures on JW.

9 – Flying Lessons with Captain John Sibole ended 154.3 hours total. 18-24 – Friends Nick and Lucy Della Valle, from Kansas visited us in and out as he continues to

present Biblical characters (Zaachaeus, Innkeeper, etc.) at various churches.

(August 2017) Bill, Isabel, Lucy, Nick



19 – Great granddaughter Josephine Elyse Vesper born.  
(Parents: our grandson John Henry Vesper III and  
Claire DiLullo Vesper).

31- Isabel had a dizzy spell and fainted during morning worship at Zion United Methodist Church, Myerstown today. We rushed her to the Good Samaritan Hospital in Lebanon by ambulance where she was detained over night. She was discharged the next day – having been diagnosed as being de-hydrated but ok to go home.

### **October**

4-5 – Missions at the Airport program with JAARS Missions.

20 – Mike and Catherine Cox visited with us here.

### **November**

20 – Isabel and I attended the wedding of our Amish friends Barbie Ann Stoltzfus and Leon King held at the Richland Greenhouse. A very interesting Amish wedding – such a meaningful spiritual celebration all throughout the day and evening. Nothing like our typical secular-style weddings with a touch of religion”.

23 – Three days after the wedding, Barbie Ann and Leon visited with us as is their custom to visit special friends.

29 – I attended the Myerstown Holiday Parade. Quite different from those in the Metropolitan areas where we used to live, in that everything was low-key and homey. Wonderful.

### **December**

13 – I attended the Funeral/Memorial Service for Jim Thomas, a friend from the Zion Methodist Church, where the service was held.

28 – All the family here to celebrate Christmas together.

## **2015**

### **January**

24 – Abby Cox started working for us, cooking, cleaning, caring, etc.

Abby, Bill, Isabel



### **February**

8 – We had a Grand Party for Isabel’s 85<sup>th</sup> Birthday.

### **April**

16 – Bill was interviewed by an Elco High School student (Lauren) with teacher John Bickel in conjunction with a United States Veteran Project to talk about his Army experiences during WW II. It was then filed with a Veterans Agency or such in Washington, DC.

20 – Wanamaker historian Rick Seifert visited Bill to see his collection and talk about



John Wanamaker.

25 – Great granddaughter Charlotte Ann Robinson born (Parents: our granddaughter Jessica Marie Mellon/Andrew Robinson).

### **May**

24 – I attended the morning Worship Service at the Tulpehocken UCC Church as Abby Cox professed her faith in Christ and was received into the membership of the church.

### **June**

4 – Great granddaughter Kayleigh Grace Cross born (Parents: our granddaughter Debbie Mellon/Benjamin Cross).

1-3 – Isabel's nephew Michael Cox and his wife Catherine visited us.

7 – I participated at Zion United Methodist Church in Myerstown, PA in serving Holy Communion at the morning worship service.

25 – The 70<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of my induction into the US Army – 1945.

### **July**

22 – I took Tony Campolo and his two associates to lunch at the Quentin Tavern in Quinton, PA, but was not able to attend his preaching service that evening at the Mt. Gretna Bible Conference because of home responsibilities..

### **August**

16 – Attended Grace Baptist Church, Lancaster, PA where our grandson Chris Mellon was the worship leader.

25 – Isabel was scheduled for hip-replacement surgery at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Lebanon but it was suddenly postponed when a blood-clot was discovered during a pre-op examination. We then rushed her to the GSH for admission and observation where she stayed overnight and was discharged the next morning. Surgery had to be rescheduled until after at least three months of a blood thinner and a re-check on any blood clots.

### **September**

14 – Great granddaughter Mercedes Jane Mellon born. Parents: our grandson Chris Mellon and Brianna Beverly Funk Mellon.

### **October**

11 – Granddaughter Kate Louise Vesper and Nick Mattero were married at Nags Head, NC. Upon the Doctor's advice that Isabel not travel that far in her then present health condition and impending hip-surgery, we were not able to attend.

18 – I went to hear Dave Stahl's Sacred Orchestra at Zion United Methodist Church, Myerstown, PA.

### **November**

1 – The Alvin Stoltzfus family with wife Miriam and daughter Marilyn visited us. They are our Amish friends!



### **December**

27 – Our Zulker Family Christmas gathering was here.

29 – Isabel entered the Good Samaritan Hospital and underwent hip-replacement surgery with orthopedic specialist Dr. Victor Farelli. She was discharged on New Year's

eve to Manor Care in Lebanon, PA for rehab. She remained there until January 5, 2016 when we had her transferred to Stoneridge Towne Center in Myerstown, PA for more rehab.

## **2016**

### **January**

- 1 – Isabel in Manor Care, Lebanon, PA for rehab following hip-replacement surgery on Dec. 29, 2015
- 5 – Isabel was transferred to Stoneridge Towne Center in Myerstown, PA for more rehab following her hip-replacement surgery. She remained there until January 21, and came home.
- 11- Great grandson Albert James Mellon born – (parents: our grandson James Lawrence Mellon III and Ellie Mellon).
- 22 – We brought Isabel home from Towne Center, Stoneridge.

### **February**

- 7 – Bev and John here to help celebrate Isabel's 86<sup>th</sup> Birthday. Katherine, Michael (his girlfriend Ada Fisher), Leon, and Daniel Stoltzfus, our Amish friends, brought dinner to celebrate with us.

### **March**

- 2-4 – Donna Faulkner here with us.

### **May**



- 1 – Josefien Van Kaam's parents and sister from the Netherlands visited us here. Josefien is studying in the United States for a year at Conrad Weiser High School in Robeson, PA and has been a house-guest of Abby Cox and her parents here. She has been visiting us regularly.
- 2 – 9 Isabel's nephew Michael Cox and wife Catherine from Bryan, Ohio were here for a few days in and out.
- 18-19 – Nick and Lucy Della Valle, from Leawood, Kansas visited us. They are the portrayers of Biblical characters, presented at churches around the nation.

### **June**

- 15 – I attended the 91<sup>st</sup> birthday luncheon for Rev. Richard Purnell at The Stouch Tavern, Womelsdorf, PA along with Paul Nee and a couple of others at the invitation of Richard's daughter Suzanne. Friends at Zion Methodist Church.
- 22 – The 60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of my ordination by the Philadelphia Presbytery of the United Presbyterian Church in the USA, Philadelphia, PA as a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

### **August**

- 29 – Great granddaughter Jordan Rose Mattero born (Parents: Our granddaughter Kate Louise Vesper/Nick Mattero).

### **September**

- 1-3 – Isabel's niece Marcia Cox Means and husband Mel from Pasadena, CA visited with us. Our daughter Barb and husband Bill Marshall joined them here.

2 – Great grandson John Henry Vesper IV born (parents: our grandson John Henry Vesper III/Claire Elise DiLullo).

### **October**

28 – Isabel's nieces Sally Astbury Caola and Sandy Astbury Bittner, along with their husbands Vic Caola and Bill Bittner visited us. Isabel's nephew Bill Cox and wife Nancy also here.

### **November**

- 8 - I attended the wedding of our Amish friend Kathryn Stoltzfus, wed to Daniel Stoltzfus at the bride's home at the Richland Greenhouse, Richland, PA. Bride's parents are our friends Alvin and Miriam Stoltzfus. Isabel was unable to attend.
- 15 – Rev. Stan Murray ( a former member of my Admissions Staff at Eastern University) and his wife Marty had lunch with us here at Country Lane. Stan is now retired having served as a missionary in Okinawa and later as the Southeast Asia Executive for the National Board of Missions for the American Baptist Convention in Valley Forge, PA.
- 19 – Jim Mellon's mother Terry Mellon passed away.

### **December**

- 2 – Rev. Bob Figge and wife Nancy joined us for lunch here at Country Lane. Bob was a young ten-year old boy when I served as his minister at Bethany Temple Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, PA. Bob went on to college, then Seminary, earned a Doctorate, and became a Baptist minister in the Philadelphia area. He also taught part-time at Manna Bible Institute in Philadelphia. They now reside in Lancaster and worship at Grace Baptist Church where our grandson Chris Mellon is on staff and one of the Sunday worship-leaders.
- 11 – The Vesper Family (our daughter Bev/John) children and grandchildren came to celebrate Christmas with us here.
- 21 – I attended the Amish School Christmas program at the invitation of Marilyn Stoltzfus, 13 year-old daughter of our friends Alvin and Miriam.
- 23- 29 – Isabel was suddenly taken ill after breakfast and collapsed. We called 911 and rushed her to Good Samaritan Hospital in Lebanon via the ambulance. She was diagnosed with a severe case of cellulites and detained there until December 29. Fortunately for me, Barbara was here at the time and remained until after New Years. Others in the family also visited Mom as I traveled back and forth to 108 Country Lane.
- 29 – Jan. 9 – Isabel was transferred to Stone Ridge Towne Center in Myerstown, PA, just a few miles from home, continuing rehab there until January 9. I became quite familiar with the local restaurants as I traveled back and forth.

## **2017**

### **January** –

- 1-9 – As above, Isabel was in rehab at Stone Ridge Towne Center, Myerstown, PA recuperating from her cellulites attack.
- 9 – Isabel returned home and continued various types of rehab with qualified therapists for two more weeks.

### **February** –

- 9 – Isabel's 87<sup>th</sup> Birthday

14 – 70<sup>th</sup> Anniversary – I was discharged from US Army 1947.

**May –**

26 – Isabel’s nephew Michael Cox and wife Catherine here with us from Bryan, Ohio for a few days.

**June –**

10 – Our 67<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary – celebrated at our home at 108 Country Lane, Richland, PA.

25 – Great granddaughter Peyton Hope Cross born. (Parents: Our granddaughter Debbie Leigh Mellon Cross/Benjamin Cross.

**July –**

21 – Rev. Neil Fichthorn and wife Mary Esther made a short visit with us here. His musical career and Christian ministry (with Mary Esther at the piano) was quite varied. Starting as a public school music teacher, he was also the Music Director at the Pinebrook Bible Conference in East Stroudsburg, PA., then full-time in the same position at Sandy Cove Bible Conference in North East, MD, assisting Dr. George A. Palmer; then the Director of the Gull Lake Bible Conference in Michigan, and back again to Sandy Cove as the Conference Director. He was also the speaker and director of the daily radio program “Morning Cheer” heard on several stations in the area. Beyond all that, he assisted me in directing the music for a student ensemble “Turning Point” that I organized at Eastern College and sent to minister in numerous churches. Neil and Mary Esther have been wonderful friends through the years.



Neil Fichthorn

**August –**

5 – Harriet Geren’s 99<sup>th</sup> Birthday. Another wonderful friendship that started in 1944 while I was still in high school and we lived two blocks apart. Her husband Rev. Virgil Geren (“Ger”) became my spiritual mentor, a story told elsewhere on my web-page.

17 – Virginia Louise Wright Zulker passed away in the hospital near their home in Shapleigh, Maine. (wife of Bill’s twin brother Charles).

**December –**

1 – Our granddaughter Lisa Mellon, our medical PA, is spending the month of December volunteering to treat Rohingya refugees in Bangladesh.

2 – Neighbor Jean Wahlberg visited Isabel here.

10 – Several Vespers came to celebrate Christmas with us here – Sarah, Jeff, Kate, Nick, Jordan, Bill, Alexis. Missing were Johnny III, Johnny IV, Josephine and Claire, because of colds.

13 – Granddaughter Jessie, Andrew, Isabelle and Annie Robinson came for lunch and another Christmas Celebration.

13 – Raymond and Esther Mae Zimmerman, our Mennonite neighbors, brought their church group of about twenty to sing Christmas carols for us – gathered in our kitchen and hall.

17 – Another Christmas Celebration as the Mellon Family gathered here - Beth, Jim, Jimmy, Ellie, A. J., Jessie, Andrew, Annie, Isabelle, Chris, Brie, Merci, Debbie, Ben, Peyton and Kaylie. Missing was Lisa, our PA volunteering in Bangladesh at

the Rohingya refugee camp.

18 – Donna Faulkner came for an overnight stay.

20 – My 91<sup>st</sup> Birthday (twin brother Chuck’s too). Son-in-law Jim Mellon, Sr. took me to lunch for my birthday at the Railroad Diner, Richland, PA – one of my favorite places. Several other members of the Mellon family prepared a birthday dinner for us here at Country Lane. Beth, Ellie, Jimmy, AJ, Jessie, Isabelle, Annie, Debbie, Peyton, and Kaylie.



Donna Faulkner

Abby Cox was here earlier in the day.

25 – CHRISTMAS DAY –

Barb and Bill arrived from Cape Cod in time for a wonderful dinner prepared by Ellie and Jim Mellon. Also present were: Beth, Jim, Jessie, Annie, Isabelle, Andrew, and AJ.

27 – Another Christmas celebration here at 108 Country Lane with the visit of granddaughter-in-law Claire DiLullo Vesper (Johnny’s wife) with her daughter Josephine and son Johnny IV, granddaughter Kate Vesper Mattero and her daughter Jordan, and our daughter Bev.

**This Ninth Decade of my life has been Interesting, Exciting, and Troubling (or should I say Challenging). At the least, it has been totally Surprising.**

**But by the help and grace of God – we (Isabel and I) have gotten this far. On December 20, 2017, I somehow turned 91, and on February 9, 2018, Isabel will be 88. WOW! Who would have ever thought that it would happen that both of us would live that long?**

31 – And so now on this last day in 2017, Isabel and I are alone as we look back with gratitude to the Lord for His Blessing and Presence over the past days and years. NOW, we wait for the Crystal Ball in Times Square to drop and usher in a new year – 2018. We do so – “Trusting in the Lord with all our heart, leaning not to our own understanding; in all our ways acknowledging Him, knowing that He will direct our path.”

## **2018**

Fortunately, (2018) would not be QUITE as eventful (WAIT) as in the past. For that we are very thankful. At our age, life becomes very routine – but not boring as some say. Not for us. Isabel and I enjoy the times of solitude when we can just sit and ponder. When the weather permits, we spend many hours sitting on our front porch or back deck overlooking the neighbor’s farm, marveling at the beauty of the sky and watching the birds at the feeders. Then too, the airplane vapor trails remind us of our delightful journeys of the past, wondering where those fliers are going or have been.

### **January**

18 - Nicolas Anthony Mattero was born – (Katie Vesper/Nick Mattero)

### **February** –

9 – Isabel celebrated her 88<sup>th</sup> birthday

### **March** –

10 – 58 years since the fire that destroyed Bethany Temple Presby. Church

**June** –

10 – Our 68<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary

22 – 62<sup>nd</sup> Anniversary of my ordination to the Gospel Ministry of Jesus Christ

25 – 73<sup>rd</sup> Anniversary of my induction into the US Army

**July** –11- John Wanamaker – 150<sup>th</sup> Birthday!! (1838)

**August** –

5 – Harriet Geren – 100 years old – I talked with her by phone  
– great memories

7 – NOW THE EXCITEMENT BEGAN –



After our usual early morning tea and coffee together, which Isabel and I enjoy so much while getting started for the day, I showered and shaved and then set up breakfast. But just at that time I found my speech thickened and the left side of my face felt so strange. My left eye began to close up and gave me the feeling that I was going to have a stroke.

I told Isabel about it and said that I had just called granddaughter Physicians Assistant Lisa Mellon who advised me to call 911 which I did. Lisa called her Mom and Dad and the three of them all arrived about the same time. Before I knew it, the ambulance arrived and I was off to the ER while the attending physician in the back kept checking my vital signs. Lisa was in the front. During the following hours the Good Samaritan Hospital physicians and staff were very, very thorough in trying to determine what was happening. I found out about all the Cat Scan, Echo-Cardiogram, MRI, and probably a few other things before they concluded that I probably had something called Bells Palsy. It could be minor or severe with an uncertain future. But after two days, they decided that there was nothing that a further stay in the hospital would help, I was sent home to resume my normal activities with a watchful eye. FORTUNATELY, the previous symptoms totally disappeared after a few weeks time and they have stayed away! Thanks be to the Lord.

28-31- Isabel's nephew Michael Cox and his wife Katherine came from Ohio to visit.

**September** –

4 – Our friends Neil and Mary Esther Fichthorn stopped by for a lunch visit. As previously indicated in the 2017 report above, they have now retired in Florida after a most interesting and busy ministry for Christ.

5 – Isabel's nephew Michael Cox and wife Katherine, from Ohio were here overnight following their visits in New Jersey and the memorial service of Isabel's nephew Bill Cox who passed away a few weeks earlier.

15 – Granddaughter, Physician's assistant Lisa Mellon left for her second short-term medical mission in Bangladesh helping the Rohingya refugees from Myanmar. This time she is with the Samaritan's Purse Ministries for three or more months.

**October** –

15 – Barb came for a few days visit.

**November** –

25 - ANOTHER HOSPITALIZATION - During the previous week I was feeling quite short of breath with chest pains and very dizzy. I made an appointment with our family physician Dr. Sherpa who was not sure if the problem was with my heart,



or just vertigo. He wanted to see if the later could be treated with some medication and said that if the symptoms got worse to call 911, get to the ER and check out the heart. At the time, all my vital signs seemed normal.

But by Sunday, my shortness of breathing got worse, so I checked into the ER at The Good Samaritan Hospital. Immediately they decided to keep me there. Following the usual preliminary tests and Electrocardiogram results, they found that my blood pressure was too low (not unusual!) and kept me for the second day. After the second night, numerous checks and an Echo-Cardiogram, consultations with my cardiologist who confirmed that my on-going aortic valve issues were not going to improve, and that surgery would not be advised at my **ADVANCED AGE**, I was sent home with **STRONG ADVICE**. I was instructed to be careful when I sat up or stood up so as not to faint or fall.

22 – **THANKSGIVING DAY** – I continued to remain at home. Isabel enjoyed a few hours with the Mellon family at the home of Jessie and Andrew.

### **December** –

8 – Here with Isabel enjoying another day of relaxation! After supper Donna Faulkner came to visit.

13 - Raymond and Esther Mae Zimmerman and three of their children came by with a group of about 30 from their church – Elmview Mennonite – to sing Christmas carols for us. We all gathered in the living room and dining room for a musical time together praising the Lord..

16 – Bev, Katie, Nick, Nickie, Jordan, Bill, Johnny, Claire, Johnny IV, Josephine, and Sarah all came to celebrate Christmas as well as Sarah’s birthday (32), and mine (92). Alexis was not able to come because of her mother’s recent stroke. John is still recuperating at home, and Jeff was at home on call with American Airlines. Fun time! Abby dropped in and we had a nice surprise when Lorraine Eshelman and her husband came to visit while they were all here. She is the one who cooks for us when Abby is not available.

20 – **MY 92<sup>nd</sup> BIRTHDAY – AS WELL AS MY TWIN BROTHER CHUCK**

He called me yesterday from his home in Shapleigh, Maine as we exchanged birthday greetings. He lives alone in his own home connected to the home of his daughter Connie Lee and her husband John. His wife of 68 years, Connie Lou, passed away in 2017.



21 – Well, the birthday celebration was endless. Barb called before I got out of the shower. Then, one after another of the family called. Many, many Facebook and family; More e-mails, and cards in the mail. It was topped off with a dinner here at home with Beth, Lisa (back from Bangladesh), Jessie, Jimmy, Ellie, AJ, Isabel, and Abby. Dinner, balloons, ice cream cake as well. Very memorable and enjoyable. Today was spent trying to resume normality, though exhausted.

25 – **CHRISTMAS DAY**

This was a very quiet day for Isabel and me. We relaxed and just took it easy with nothing planned since we had already celebrated Christmas with the

Vesper family. The Mellon family party is presently unscheduled. Barb and Bill Marshall came late in the day and will be here for the week, probably leaving on December 31.

27 – We had quite a gathering for supper with Bill, Barb, Beth, Jim, Jimmy, Ellie, A.J., Lisa, Jessie, Andrew, Isabelle, Annie,

31 – NEW YEARS EVE – Here the two of us are, having said good-bye to Barb and Bill. We are not going to watch THE BALL drop in Times Square, but going to bed at our usual time. We cannot believe that 2018 is coming to a close. We remember New Years Eve in 1999 at the close of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century. Some wondered if the world would come to an end as we entered the 21<sup>st</sup> Century. Y2K was a great mystery. But now, eighteen more years have passed. And on, and on, and on, it goes.

THANKS BE TO OUR LORD AND GOD

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## 2019

Here we are in another year trusting in the continued blessing of the Lord. He has given us more than expected, and waits for us to face the challenges of “old age” in a manner pleasing to Him.

### January –

1 - Began the year very quietly at home

23 – great-grandson Marshall Allen Mellon born. Parents Chris/Brie Mellon

### February –

9 – Isabel’s 89<sup>th</sup> Birthday

14 – Bill discharged from Army 1947 – 72 years ago

### March –

10 – 59 years since Bethany Temple Presbyterian Church fire

### May –

1 - Bev and Barb here for a few days visit

28 – Bill’s 75<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of surrendering to Christ

### June –

10 – A BIG DAY – Our 69<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary, and the 41<sup>st</sup> for Beth and Jim Mellon.

As is the case these days, we planned to celebrate it alone at home. But, we had the enjoyment of having Mike and Katherine Cox spend the evening and night with us on their way to New Jersey. Katherine brought home-made dinner for the four of us, all the way from Bryan, Ohio.

13 – My twin brother Chuck passed away at his home in Shapleigh, Maine where he was living next door to his daughter Connie Lee Bosse. His funeral was held on the 21<sup>st</sup> at the Shapleigh Baptist Church next door with Jonathan Bosse and Chuck’s son Tim Zulker officiating. Unfortunately, Isabel and I were not able to attend.

15 – Mike and Katherine returned here on their way back to Ohio and brought Mary Lynn (Cox) along with her husband Jorge Bosso for an overnight visit – a very delightful time. Jorge is from Argentina and met Mary Lynn in London several years ago when both were working with the BBC radio. They now live in Madrid, Spain and have three adult sons. Jorge is a professional actor and had a very important role as the Mexican military Colonel in the movie One Man’s Hero, a

story about the Mexican-American War. I liked the picture of him in full military uniform riding a horse.

### **ANOTHER HOSPITAL VISIT**

17 – Monday –

Isabel woke up with severe pain in her right knee and was unable to stand. After trying to help her, but to no avail, I called Lisa (our Physician Assistant granddaughter) who came along with daughter Beth. It was decided to call 911. Isabel was transported by ambulance to the Good Samaritan Hospital in Lebanon, where they tried to determine the cause of her disability. After an MRI, Cat-scan, and examinations, she was discharged the next day to the Stone Ridge Rehabilitation Center in Myerstown for therapy. She was at Towne Center for eleven days until the 27<sup>th</sup>.

18 – Granddaughter Lisa Mellon, Physician’s Assistant, left for a six-week medical mission with Samaritan’s Purse Ministries in the Democratic Republic of the Congo, Africa to help combat the Ebola epidemic.

22 – 63<sup>rd</sup> Anniversary of Bill’s ordination to the Gospel ministry.

27 – Friday - Isabel came home from Rehab but will continue with treatment.

### **July**

4 – Thursday – A July Fourth Celebration – Here at “Country Lane Manor” looking out from our back deck across the corn fields to the Zimmermans. What a view!



14 – Several members of the Bev/John Vesper Family were here for a visit

### **August**

3 – Granddaughter Lisa Mellon, PA, returned from her medical mission in the Democratic Republic of the Congo in Africa.

9 – Abby Cox and Josephine Van Kamm (from the Netherlands) came for a visit and made supper for us. So Nice!

### **September**

13 – Scott Keating, who worked with me in the Admissions Office at Eastern came for a visit. So nice to see those who were of such help to me in those days and years so long ago.

18 – Rev. Keith Buckbee, the new minister at Zion Methodist Church, Myerstown, came for a visit.

26 – Great-grandson Vincent Michael Mattero born - parents Kate and Nick Mattero

### **December**

2 – Donna Faulkner came for a visit.

17 – Bev, Sally Caola, Bill and Sandy Bitner came for a visit

- 21- Our friend and neighbor Dean Nolt and his wife came with a group of their friends to sing Christmas carols for us in our family room. – Eight adults and 12 children under 6 yrs of age. Wonderful!!
- 22 – The Jim/Beth Mellon Family (16) all came to celebrate Christmas with us. Here is a photo of one half of our family (Zulker, Mellon, Robinson, Cross) here for Christmas. (see other half below)



### Zulker Family Christmas Celebrations

#### Part 1 - Zulker, Mellon, Cross, Robinson

- 23 – Our Amish friends the Alvin Stoltzfus Family came to visit and sing Christmas carols. Alvin and wife Miriam, Marilyn, Leon and wife Kathryn, Steve and wife Ellie, Daniel and wife Kathryn, and their two children.
- 25 - CHRISTMAS DAY

- Barb and Bill Marshall came to celebrate Christmas and stay a few days.
- 28 – Tony and Peggy Campolo came to visit with us.
- 29 – Bev/John Vesper Family (15) joined Barb/Bill Marshall (2) here to celebrate Christmas. Barb and Bill staying until December 31.  
This is a photo of one half of the family (Zulker, Vesper, Mattero, Newton, Marshall) here for Christmas (see other half above).



### Zulker Family Christmas Celebrations

#### Part 2 - Zulker, Marshall, Vesper, Newton, Mattero

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As He said, “I will multiply your descendants as the stars of the heavens...”

Exodus 32:13

Generation I - 1/1

Generation II - 3/3

Generation III - 9/8

Generation IV - 12

Total as of Dec. 25, 2019 = 37  
Two more expected soon

30 – Abby’s mother Kelly and her aunt came to visit.

31 – Isabel and I spent a quiet evening listening to quiet music before going to bed at our usual time, letting others “Ring in the New Year “ with fireworks, horns and whistles.

### **ONCE AGAIN, WE THANK THE LORD FOR HIS LOVE AND MERCY**

#### **2020**

##### **January**

We began the New Year with a measure of fairly good health with some limitations. Isabel, soon to be 90 (Feb. 9) travels from the bed to her easy chair, kitchen table or puzzle table via her wheel chair. I, at 93, watch our helpers each day as they assist Isabel, make our meals, clean, and launder for us. They are so very, very helpful and make it possible for us to remain here in our beautiful home. When the weather permits, we enjoy sitting on our back deck watching the birds at the feeders, and counting the vapor trails, remembering our wonderful travels in long-ago years. We could not ask for much more than all that!

**January** – Isabel and I started off the New Year in a quiet manner here at home, remembering twenty years ago when Y2K (Year Two Thousand) was a concern for so many. Some thought that the universe might come to an end cataclysmic-like. But nothing unusual happened at the time, but soon.

11 – Roman Allen Vesper born – son of Bill and Alexis Vesper

##### **February** –

9 – Isabel’s 90<sup>th</sup> Birthday. We celebrated here at home with family.

During the month, there were disturbing news reports that a new virus – Covid 19 – had surfaced in China and was rapidly spreading, even to the United States. Not many seemed to be concerned.

14 – 73 years ago Bill was discharged from the US Army.

**March** – 10 – Sixty years ago, Bethany Temple Presbyterian Church burned down during Bill’s ministry there.

**April** – Covid 19 has now become a Pandemic reaching most of the world with devastating effect. More and more people are becoming alarmed.

**May** – Isabel and I have not ventured out of the house for several weeks and are more and more dependent upon our family and our employed

care-givers.

31 – Greyson Benjamin Cross born – son of Debbie and Ben Cross

**June** – 10 – Isabel and I celebrated our 70<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary here at home. Barb and Bev came for several days and joined with Beth and other family members to help us celebrate. We received many, many card, e-mails, and phone calls, flowers, plants and other gifts.

22 - 64<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of Bill's Ordination to the Gospel Ministry.

25 - 75<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of Bill's induction into the US Army during

WWII.

**August** – 5 – I called Harriet Geren with wishes on her 104th birthday.

**September** 2 – Magnolia Grace Mellon born – daughter of Chris and Brie Mellon.

**December** 20 – Bill's 94<sup>th</sup> Birthday.

**December 25** – **CHRISTMAS DAY** – Quiet day for us in light of the pandemic. Unlike previous years, we were unable to have our usual family gatherings.

We are all practicing “social distancing” recommended by health-leaders in the nation and around the world. The picture has been gloomy, though new vaccines have been developed and are beginning to be given. Due to the Covid-19 Pandemic, the year 2020 was the most unusual year of our lives and of the world in recent times. Governments issued “Stay at home” directives” closed many businesses, and restricted travel both at home and abroad. Many colleges shut down on-campus activities, delayed or cancelled sports events, and taught classes on-line. Churches went viral with services or limited the number of people who could attend at one time. Restaurants closed or offered limited seating or take-out food.

For Isabel and me, the required quarantine that was either self-imposed or CDC recommended, did not mean any change in our lives; we hadn't been going anywhere for quite a while.

We sold our car in August, which had been sitting in our driveway for some time. There was no reason to continue to pay for insurance, inspection, nor renewal of the registration. If we had needed to go anywhere at all, we would have had to ask someone to take us. She hasn't driven for several years, and I stopped driving last year.

All in all, our health has been pretty good, though physical strength continues to diminish. Neither of us has had to go to the Doctor except for the annual insurance company and Medicare required check-up at the beginning of the year. Our ability to remember has slowed but life goes on. We are blessed to have three very capable and devoted home-care workers who assist us in numerous ways, taking care of our home, providing meals,



assisting in personal needs, while supplementing that of family members. Moreover, we are so privileged and thankful that we can be in our own home, eating when and what we want, as well as determining our own schedule. How grateful we are to our Lord who has blessed us so abundantly.

So, here on this first day – January 1, 2021 – we watch and wait for what will come.

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“Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last for which the first was made:  
Our times are in His Hand  
Who saith, ‘A whole I planned,’  
Youth shows but half,  
Trust God:  
See all, nor be afraid.”

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## **SECTION II** **PLACES WHERE I & WE HAVE LIVED**

1926 – 105 Linden Avenue, Pleasantville, NJ  
1927 – Mechanic Street, Cape May Court House, NJ  
1930 February – (Isabel) Glen Olden, PA  
1931 (Isabel) – Upper Ferry Road, West Trenton, NJ  
1933 September – County Line Road, Lakewood, NJ  
1942 September – 115 Lexington Avenue, Second Street, Lakewood, NJ  
1943 June – 121 Park Avenue, Trenton, NJ  
1945 June – February 1947 – US Army  
1945 June – Fort Dix, NJ (for assignment)  
1945 June – Camp Croft, South Carolina  
1946 January – Camp Kilmer, New Brunswick, NJ (for overseas assignment)  
1946 January – Bamberg, Germany (for assignment)  
1946 February – Frankfurt, Germany  
1946 September – Hoechst, Germany  
1947 February – Fort Monmouth, NJ (for discharge)  
1947 February – 135 Independence Avenue, Trenton, NJ  
1948 September – (Isabel) began Nursing School at Philadelphia Gen. Hospital  
1948 September – June 1949 – Bob Jones University, Greenville, South Carolina  
1949 June – September 1949 – 135 Independence Avenue, Trenton, NJ

1949 September – December 1949 – The King’s College, Delaware City, Delaware  
1950 January – June 1950 – Eastern Baptist College, Philadelphia, Pa

**JUNE 10, 1950 MARRIED ISABEL CLAIRE COX OF WEST TRENTON, NJ**

1950 June – July 1950 – Eastern Hall, City Line Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa  
1950 July – August – 105 Linden Avenue, Pleasantville, NJ  
(2<sup>nd</sup> floor room with Aunt Jo and Uncle Gene Berry)  
1950 September – January 1951 – 6635 North 11<sup>th</sup> Street, Philadelphia, Pa  
(3<sup>rd</sup> floor apt. in Oak Lane Presbyterian Church Manse, Rev. John Henry Strock,  
Pastor. At that time I was a Baptist. In later years as a Presbyterian minister, I  
was guest minister at this church)  
1951 January – June 1953 – 918 N. 64<sup>th</sup> Street, Philadelphia, Pa  
(3<sup>rd</sup> floor apt. with Mr. & Mrs. Charles Phenna)  
1953 June – December 15, 1953 – 116 S. 43<sup>rd</sup> Street, Philadelphia, Pa  
1953 December 16 – May 29, 1955 – 450 S. 50<sup>th</sup> Street, Philadelphia, Pa  
(two-story, four-bedroom house shared with another married student -  
Ronald Zorn, wife Charlene and daughter Sharon)  
1955 May 30, 1955 – June 1956 – 5401 Angora Terrace, Philadelphia, Pa  
1956 June – July 1960 – 5339 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa  
1960 July- November 1967 – Main Street, Glenmoore, PA 19343  
1967 November- June 30, 2005 -134 Poplar Avenue, Wayne, PA 19087  
2005 July 1 - 108 Country Lane, Richland, PA 17087

**SECTION III**  
**A QUICK TIME LINE**

1926 – December 20 – Birth at Pleasantville, NJ  
1927 – Moved to Cape May Court House, NJ  
1933 – Moved to Lakewood, NJ  
Newspaper Boy, Candy boy, worked at Mayer’s Men’s Shop  
1943 – June –Moved to Trenton, NJ  
July – Stock boy at Eton Men’s and Boys’ Shop  
September – Junior year at Hamilton High School and Eton Shop  
1944 – Continued at Eton Shop after school and Saturdays  
May – Gave my life to Christ for Christian service  
Summer – Eton Shop  
September – Senior year at Hamilton High School  
1945 – Senior year at Hamilton High School  
Continued at Eton Shop  
June – 5 – graduated from high school  
June – 25 – drafted into the US Army – Newark NJ Armory, Fort Dix, NJ  
Camp Croft, SC for basic training – Christmas in SC  
1946 – January – furlough – then on to Camp Kilmer, NJ  
February – shipped to Germany via France in boxcar train  
February – Stationed at Frankfurt, Germany – Quartermaster Corp,

- began participating in Frankfurt Youth For Christ meetings and became President/Director when previous one shipped home
  - August – Reassigned as Chaplain’s Assistant – Hoechst, Germany
  - September – conducted “Rally on the Rhine”
  - December – Christmas eve at Bremerhaven, Germany
- 1947 – January – was shipped back to the States
  - February – on to Fort Dix – for discharge – February 14, 1947
  - returned to parents home – 135 Independence Ave. Trenton, NJ
  - started flying lessons at Morrisville Airport – never finished
  - worked at Eton Shop in Trenton
  - May - started Trenton Youth For Christ organization
    - Zulker Gospel Trio ministry
    - had radio program on WTNJ
  - June - met Isabel, dated later
    - bought old Army barracks intending to open Religious Book Store
- 1948 – January to May – worked at Eton Shop
  - May – Started Trenton Youth Center
  - June – worked at Trenton Rescue Mission, driver
  - September – enrolled at Bob Jones University, Greenville, SC
- 1949 January – May – Bob Jones University
  - Summer – worked at Trenton State Hospital, ward attendant
  - September – enrolled at Kings College, Delaware City, Delaware
- 1950 – January – enrolled in Collegiate Division, Eastern Baptist Theo. Sem., Phila,
  - June 10 – Married Isabel Claire Cox – West Trenton Presbyterian Church, NJ
  - lived at Eastern Hall, an efficiency apartment at the Seminary
  - July – Began preaching (grandfather ill) at Linwood, NJ Community Church, lived with Aunt Jo and Uncle Gene, Pleasantville, NJ
  - worked at American Stores in Somers Point, Isabel same in Ocean City
  - September – back at College at EBTS
    - lived on 3<sup>rd</sup> floor at Rev. Strock’s, North Philadelphia
    - worked at Cherry’s Men’s Store in Germantown til January
    - Isabel worked at Philadelphia Life Ins. Co, Phila. til late 1953
- 1951 – January to May – Eastern Baptist College
  - February – moved to Phenna’s 3<sup>rd</sup> floor – 918 N. 64<sup>th</sup> Street, Overbrook, worked odd jobs
  - Summer –drove Tasty Kake delivery truck to stores
  - Fall – Eastern Baptist
- 1952 – January to May – Eastern Baptist College
  - Summer –sold health insurance – Worked as Janitor/Sexton at the South Broad Street Baptist Church, Broad& Reed Streets, Philadelphia
  - attended Make-up courses at Temple University Summer School
  - Fall – Eastern Baptist College
- 1953 – January to May – Eastern Baptist College – earned BA degree
  - worked at Thomas Wynne Apartments, Wynnewood, receptionist and cleaner
  - Summer- moved to 2<sup>nd</sup> floor apartment South 43<sup>rd</sup> Street, Phila. Pa.

- June – Interviewed for Assistant to Minister – Bethany Temple Presbyterian Church, 53<sup>rd</sup> and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia.
- Fall – Began as first year student at Reformed Episcopal Seminary, 43<sup>rd</sup> and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.  
 Joined Arch Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia  
 Applied for entry under Philadelphia Presbytery for ministry
- September – Employed as Assistant to Minister – Bethany Temple  
 Isabel started working at Philadelphia Presbytery office  
 Began at Reformed Episcopal Theological Seminary, Phila., PA
- 1954 – Moved to 450. South 50<sup>th</sup> Street and Larchwood Avenue, Phila. – a four bedroom house shared with fellow Seminarian, Ron and Charlene Zorn & daughter.
- April – Licensed by Philadelphia Presbytery for ministry, service at Chambers- Wylie Presbyterian Church on South Broad Street.  
 Transferred to Temple University School of Theology, Phila.
- 1955 – Moved to 5401 Angora Terrace, Philadelphia
- 1956 – June – Graduated from Temple University School of Theology, S.T.B. degree  
 June 22 Ordained for Ministry by the Presbytery of Philadelphia, United Presbyterian Church in the United States.  
 Began as Minister of Bethany Temple Presbyterian Church, Phila., PA  
 Moved to 5339 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, PA
- September 22 – Daughter Elizabeth Ann born – Presbyterian Hospital, Phila., PA
- 1958 – April 3 – Daughter Barbara Jean born – Presbyterian Hospital, Phila., PA  
 Traveled to Mexico – Wycliffe Bible Translators Jungle Camp
- 1960 – March 10 – Bethany Temple Church burned to the ground  
 March - Submitted resignation to Bethany Temple Church effective July 1  
 May 3 - Purchased home at Rte #282 River Road, Glenmoore, PA - \$13,600.  
 June 29 – My father William John Zulker died at Montrose, PA  
 July 1 – Began as Director of Admissions, Eastern Baptist College, St. Davids,  
 July 24 – Daughter Beverly Sue born – Presbyterian Hospital, Phila., PA  
 July 27 – Moved to Rte #282, River Road, Glenmoore, PA
- 1962 – July 1 – Appointed both Director of Admissions & Financial Aid, Eastern College
- 1967 – November – Thanksgiving Day – Moved to 134 Poplar Avenue, Wayne, PA  
 Earned MA in Ed at Villanova University
- 1973 – September 1 – Began the student musical ministry of “Turning Point” at Eastern
- 1976 – July 1 – Appointed Dean of Christian Life, Eastern College
- 1978 – January – Elected Moderator – Philadelphia Presbytery, Presby. Church USA  
 June – Earned D. Min. – Doctor of Ministry Degree from Eastern Bapt. Sem.  
 Beth graduated from Eastern College – B.A Degree  
 Bev graduated from Radnor High School
- June 19 – daughter Beth and James Lawrence Mellon married
- 1981 – August 15- daughter Beverly and John Henry Vesper married
- 1980 – July 1 – New appointment as Dean of Admissions, Eastern College
- 1983 – July 1 – Appointed Assistant to the President, Eastern College
- 1987 – July 1 – Re-Appointed Acting Director of Admissions along with title of Assistant to the President
- 1990 – July 1 – Retired from 30 years at Eastern College to write Wanamaker Biography

- 1993 – September – Published biography John Wanamaker:King of Merchants  
 2000 – July 15 daughter Barb and William Allen Marshall married  
 2000 – July – Opened “The Book Shelf” in Wayne, PA – sold in April 2003  
 2005 – July 1 – Moved to 108 Country Lane, Richland,, PA  
 2006 – January – Began Flying lessons with Captain John Sibole in Cap 10  
 2007 – May – Still learning Airplane,  
     Began **helicopter flight training** with Capt. John Sibole.  
 2014 – August 6 – ENDED FLYING LESSONS - Fixed wing 98 hours, Helicopter 57  
     hours – Total Flying -154 hours. Fantastic Experience (age 79-87)  
 2016 - December 20 – Bill reached age **90** - (Isabel only 86)  
 2019 - Isabel and I celebrated our **69<sup>th</sup>** Wedding Anniversary by stayiing home!  
 2018 - December 20 – Bill now **92** .  
 2019 - February 9 – Whoops – Isabel now **89**  
 2019 - December 20 – Bill, the aged, now **93**  
 2020 - **ONWARD**

#### **SECTION IV** **TRAVELS**

Both Isabel and I have had the privilege of traveling to different countries:  
 From 1990 to 2007 we went to Europe sixteen times. Detailed notebooks, photo albums,  
 and diaries record those visits.(See Boxes 126,127,128,141,159,166).

- 1946 - Bill to Canada with the Wigdens, Musical Family Evangelists  
 1946 - Bill to France and Germany with the US Army  
 1948 - Bill to Mexico (Wycliffe Missions)  
 1962 - Bill to Canada with the Eastern College Choir - organizer  
 1986 - Bill and Isabel to Quebec, Canada, St. Johns, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia  
 1989 - Bill and Isabel to Quebec, Canada  
 1990 - Bill and Isabel to Israel - The Holy Lands Tour  
 1990 - Bill and Isabel to England and Germany with daughter Barbara  
 1991 - Bill and Isabel to Germany and France  
 1992 - Bill and Isabel to Germany and Austria  
 1994 - Bill and Isabel to Germany, Luxembourg and Belgium  
 1995 - Bill and Isabel to Germany, France  
 1996 - Bill and Isabel to Toronto, Montreal, Quebec City, Canada  
 1997 - Bill and Isabel to Germany, France, Austria, Switzerland (with grandson Jimmy Mellon)  
 1998 - Bill and Isabel to Germany, Austria, France, (with grandchildren Lisa and Jimmy Mellon - Jimmy’s second trip with us to Europe)  
 1999 - Bill and Isabel to England and Scotland  
 2000 - Bill and Isabel to Germany  
 2001 - Bill and Isabel to Switzerland and Germany,  
 2002 - Bill and Isabel to London, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, France, Italy, Liechtenstein (with granddaughters Katie and Sarah Vesper)

- 2003 - Bill and Isabel to Germany, Austria, Switzerland, France, Liechtenstein (with grandchildren Chris and Jessie Mellon).
- 2004 - Bill and Isabel to Germany, France, Switzerland, Liechtenstein and Austria, (with daughter Beth, her husband Jim and our grandchildren Debbie and Chris Mellon)
- 2005 - Bill and Isabel to Germany, France, Austria, Switzerland, and Liechtenstein, (with grandson Jim Mellon and his wife Ellie. Jim's third visit with us.
- 2007 - Bill and Isabel with grandson Jim (4th) and wife Ellie Mellon to England.
- 2008- Bill, Isabel, Jim, Beth, Barb, Bill to Alaska – cruise
- 2007 Bill, Isabel, with grandson Jim (5<sup>th</sup>) and wife Ellie Mellon to Germany
- 2008 Bill, Isabel, with granddaughters Kate and Sarah Vesper to Germany

## **SECTION V** **CHURCHES WHERE I HAVE PREACHED**

It has been my privilege to preach in almost 150 churches, the majority in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. I will not attempt to list them here but they can be found in my church files, alphabetically by City and State, and then by the name of the church. (see Boxes 78-80)

Also, there are copies of the Bethany Temple Church Sunday bulletins in loose-leaf binders (see Box 173), as well as copies of all the sermons I have preached. (see Boxes 110-113)

A loose-leaf notebook contains a chronological listing since 1960 (when I left Bethany Temple) of all the sermons I preached since then with the name of the church included. (see Box 173.7)

There are pocket-size date-books from 1961 to the present, in which I listed my daily activities, preaching engagements, and appointments. (see Box 174)

## **SECTION VI** **PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN**

Even before I entered the ministry I began to meet some very important people who were serving Christ as preachers, teachers, musicians, and in other forms of ministry. I look back over the years and realize how fortunate I have been to be influenced by them. Some I got to know very well such as Dr. Tony Campolo who was in college with me and later became a colleague when I was an administrator at Eastern and he became a professor. He also wrote the foreword to my book John Wanamaker: King of Merchants.

The list is too long for me to include here, but may be found on my computer and in my files under the above title.

## **CONCLUSION** -

Sometime ago I began to compile "Our Life in Photos" and "Our Life in Pictures." See Photo Albums #34 and #35 in Box 133. The story is incomplete but it is a quick survey.

Looking back has always been an inspiration for me. It is not as though I would want to return to those times or repeat them; rather, the past has been a foundation to



build upon.

I am amazed at the wonderful things that have happened to me. I have tried to put the Lord first in my life and He has surely blessed me. I am thankful for my wife Isabel, our three daughters Beth, Barb, and Bev, including their husbands (one each), their children and grandchildren. THANKS BE TO GOD!!!

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