

I Remember...

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The Seventies

The best days of my life were growing up the 1970s. It was a time of fast old cars and good classic music. Car shows and pizza restaurants seemed to go together.

The 70s slipped away from me, and I moved to North Carolina from the big city of Baltimore. In the 1980s I went to work in the automotive field. I wanted so hard to bring back the 70s. My brother had two old cars for sale. One was a Cutlass Supreme, the other was a '71 Cutlass Olds with a 350 engine. That's the one I wanted to fix up real nice. So I bought it and started fixing it up. For about five years all I did was work and fix up my car. I had a custom-built car and a real nice jam system.

One day I was riding through town and the 70s slipped away from me again. Someone ran into me and totaled my nice car out. Now all I have is memories of the 70s, but I hope one day I can bring them back.

Jerry Kaifos, Laurel Hill



I spent five years fixing up this Olds.

The Blue Dragon

My husband, Gene Moore (1962–1993), was office manager and accountant for Pitt & Greene Electric in Farmville for 31 years. When our boys were in grade school, we had a blue Chevrolet Nova. It was a unique car. When you started off, it would belch and a cloud of black smoke came out the exhaust. Our boys nicknamed it “The Blue Dragon.” I would take them to school, and they would ask me to let them off a block from the school so their friends wouldn't see the belching and black smoke.

Later on, we got a new car. One day, the boys and I were riding down the road and we saw the “The Blue Dragon.” A teenager was driving it, and it had been wrecked with a crumpled front end, multiple dents and a cracked windshield. All of a sudden, the boys were very quiet. That car was a part of our family.

Ann Moore, Farmville, Pitt & Greene EMC



I worked at one restaurant 35 years.

Learning to love waiting tables

When I was 9 or 10 years old, my grandma and aunt lived in a log house near me. They cooked a lot of food in their fireplace.

A man owned a farm near them and asked my grandma and aunt to cook lunch for his farm workers. Grandma told him they would be glad to cook for them. My aunt asked me to come and help serve. There were six or seven men who were very hot and tired when they got to the house for lunch. My aunt had set up tables and chairs under a big shade tree where it was cool. It was a lot of fun carrying food to the tables and helping to serve them.

After my husband died and my children were grown, I went to work as a waitress. I developed a love of waitress work when I was helping those farm workers. I worked at one restaurant for 35 years and always enjoyed it. I was 80 years old when I retired and had made a lot of friends. I still keep in touch with some of them and enjoy seeing my previous customers up town or in the community. 🍷

Monnie Sullivan, Lillington, South River EMC

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