NORTHWEST IOWAN'S [SIC] SHARE THEIR MEMORIES

Anthologies Written, Typed and Illustrated by Area Residents

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Illustrated by Area Residents
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Spencer, Iowa

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Dedicated
to Those Pioneers
Whose
Skills and Innovations
Made
Life Easier for Everyone

PREFACE

These creative stories and poems, written by residents of Northwest Iowa present a part of the scenes and experiences of Iowans in the latter part of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

The contributors have voluntarily shared their knowledge in order that some of the past will be preserved. Future citizens will know of the heritage upon which their lives are based.

This is a beginning from which we hope others will be inspired to write a record of their own families. The narrations may then be kept in volumes, such as this one, or in their own family histories.

Certain individuals deserve special recognition for the development and consummation of this anthology: Florence Stiles, Public Relations Director, State Library Commission of Iowa, Historical Building; Katie Gibson, Expansion Arts Coordinator, Iowa Arts Council, State Capitol Building, both of Des Moines; and Steve Fosselman, Spencer Librarian, who made application and received approval for the family history project in the Spencer area.

Charlotte Mae Brett, Instructor,
under whose direction the
anthologies were compiled.

To our readers, please overlook errors in typing, spelling, etc. We are amateurs. Ten weeks went by quickly. Editing once is not enough. We tried to be careful but errors have appeared. Some of our typewriters are old. The stories are the most important. We have enjoyed writing.

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LIFE ON THE OLD GOODRICH PLACE

As I look back over the years I realize more and more what a rich childhood my parents provided, rich not in money but rich in pleasant experiences.

We moved to Spirit Lake in 1907, when I was three, from Westport Township, Dickinson County, Iowa, to be closer to better educational opportunities. Our parents bought the place because of the location, not because of the buildings, but both house and barn provided delightful exploration through their structures.

The white frame house, almost two stories high, was well built with fine plaster walls which we found when we removed all of the old wallpaper. The original part had a double livingroom with two bedrooms above, heated by two stovepipe holes in the floor. The second addition provided a big bedroom off the living room with double doors, a good-sized dining room with a built in cupboard, a large family kitchen with sink, ample pantry and closet, and another bedroom upstairs over the kitchen which we called the east room. The wide stairway was enclosed. The east room had a hall closet, the other two bedrooms had their own.

The living room had a five-window bay that was excellent for plants. It had two outside door exits both onto separate porches, one was direct, but the other had a cloak entryway so was used most of the time. Furniture was moved through the first one.

The dining room had an outside door onto a screened-in porch. In the floor of the porch were doors leading to the storm cellar and to the full basement which Dad had added. Both had concrete steps but the floors were of dirt for storing vegetables.

The kitchen had a door to the utility room or third addition which had two outside doors onto separate porches, a coal and cob room, a bathroom, a cistern pump and a separate stairway leading to "the playroom" (later the attic or tower room). Each of us had a corner, a window, and a play telephone. Curtains were dividers. Later as an attic it held three round or barrel top trunks containing clothing of an earlier day, Mother's big flowered and plumed hats, beautiful capes of our Forbes relatives, Dad's wedding suit and needlepointed patent leather shoes, bows from

Mother's wedding dress and shoes, Dad's fireman's hat; treasures and mementos: a small tin colorful candy pail with cover, old coins, a spelling award--Mother's seashell covered box, watches, watch fobs and flowers of hair and wire, snuff box, buttons, a decorated burnt-wood box and more. Later Mother kept our prized school work: paintings, drawings, penmanship and booklets there.

When we were small we could crawl under the roof from the playroom to the chimney at the front of the house because of a hole cut into the wall for installing the carbide lights before WW I.

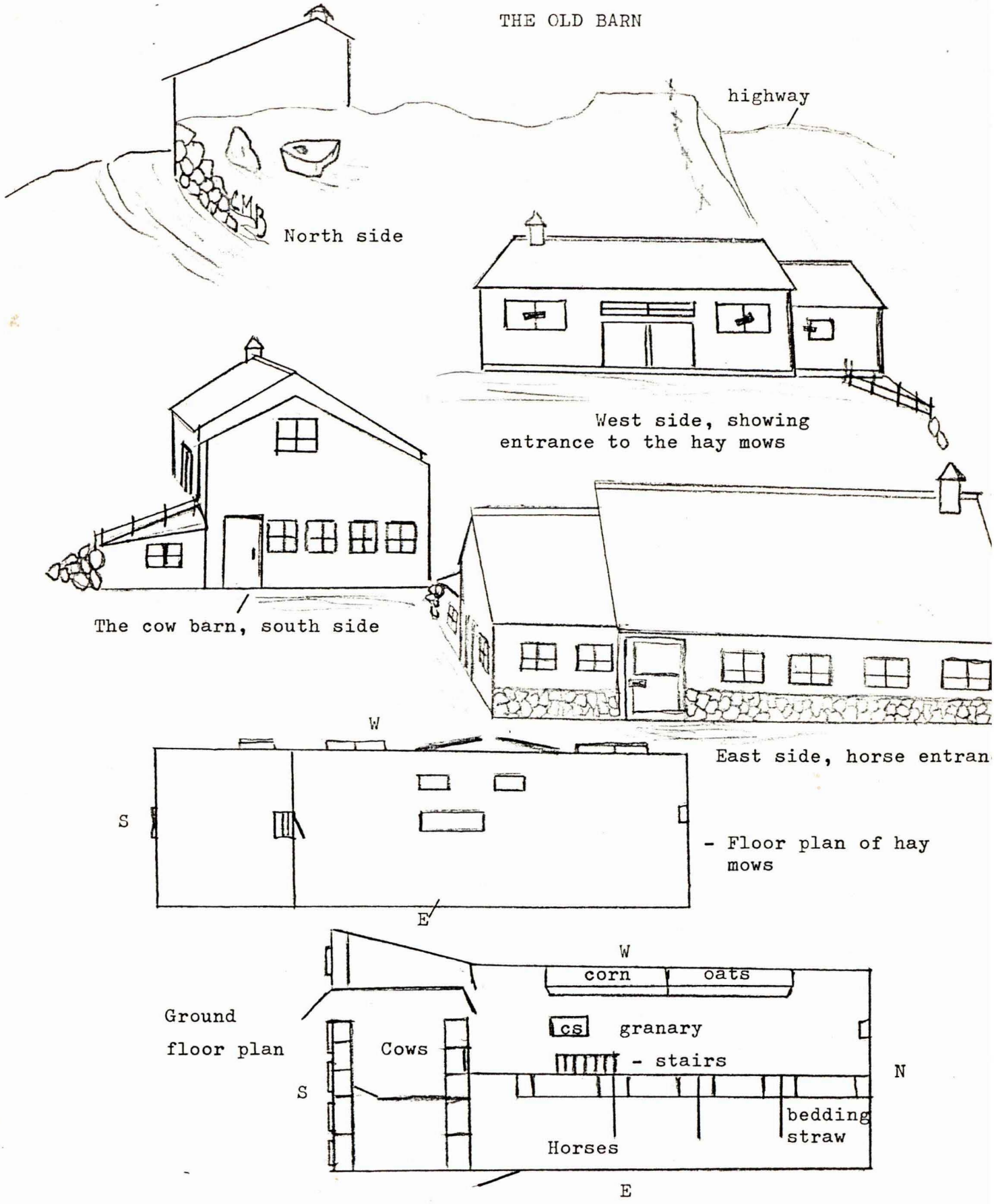
The barn was also a play area, especially when we helped put in alfalfa hay in the summer. It was set into the side of a steep grass covered hill and had an unusually high roof on the east side. The hay wagons drawn by two strong horses had to climb the hill with the loads of hay. The hay was pitched through the wooden covered windows and we inside carried the hay back into the corners. It was warm work but we were small and took our time. Sometimes we found a nest of new-born kittens. Once, in the hay, we had a tunnel down which we could slide. Another time I wore my treasured long string of coral beads. While playing in the hay the string broke. I had hoped to find them after the hay was gone, but not one was ever found!

The main haymow had three trap or floor doors. Two were for putting in the corn and oats into the granary. The larger was an entrance to steps that took you down to the granary and horse stalls. A chest-high sliding door separated the granary and corn sheller from the stalls. There was room for eight horses as each stall had deep mangers for hay and two boxes to hold the corn nubbins. One stall was used for bedding straw. There were pegs for harness and a place for currycombs and brushes. The entrance door to the horse barn was of two parts. The upper part was usually fastened open except during a storm.

Another haymow was over the cow barn separated only by a wall with a door from the main haymow. It had one window for pitching in the hay. A hole in the floor and a step-ladder led down to the cow mangers.

The entrance to the cow barn was on the south. There were three sections divided by partitions, one for calves. All had

THE OLD BARN


highway
North side
West side, showing
entrance to the hay mows
The cow barn, south side
East side, horse entran
W
S
- Floor plan of hay
mows
E
W
corn
oats
Ground
floor plan
cs
granary
Cows
- stairs
N
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bedding
straw
Horses
E

mangers for hay, which we searched when we gathered the eggs.

The lambs loved to jump and run up and down the grass covered barnyard hills and jump off a large flat rock by the barn. And we, as young archaeologists, used to dig in the top area of the hill, where we found animal teeth and stone Indian relics.

At the top of the hill to the south was an old well which became a depository for broken dishes and old toys. Wouldn't I love to explore it now! A broken fan from a windmill was near the stone wall of the barn that had been part of the greenhouse that was attached there and was left after the 1901 tornado. My sister cut her forearm on it and has a scar that remains to this day.

The barnyard hills were excellent for the homemade sleds our dad made for us. He made us swings and attached them to the sturdy boxelder branches. Swinging was a favorite pastime of mine. Dad also made us lawn furniture, one a reclining, adjustable chair.

When school days came, we usually walked the mile as there was sidewalk most of the way, but we took our lunches. We had to climb the hill on the road outside the barnyard fence. The flowers in the grass there were a delight to see: wild roses (the State flower of Iowa), pasque flowers, wild strawberries, blue-eyed grass flowers, Indian tobacco, violets and others.

Dad took us to and from school when the weather was bad or when he had time. Molly, our driving horse and family pet, was red-brown with black mane and tail. She was high spirited. Once Molly was frightened by the Milwaukee train engine, waiting near the highway, having just been brought from the round table and was still puffing. We were coming home from school in the one-seated open buggy. Dad was an old hand at driving and let her run straight ahead into the fairgrounds as the gate was open and men were working inside. His plan was to get her onto the race track and let her run out her fright. However, Molly also had a plan. When she got inside the gate she turned sharply to the left to dodge the black monster of a train engine. This threw my older brother off the back where he had been standing, the cut on his chin left a scar. The sudden stop threw my sister off the seat. I, being the youngest, was in the middle and protected. The men working on the

grounds came over to help Dad quiet the horse. In winter we were taken to school in the one-horse cutter, with lap robes made from horse hides. Dad wore fur gauntlets made from the same.

Mother always had supper ready for us when we got home around four o'clock. Chores were done after that. We had good appetites and the food was excellent. Mother won first prize for her corn-bread. She also made good gingerbread. It was fascinating to watch her dress and cut up a chicken. In winter we usually had our own baby beef, mutton, or pork. The butchering was done for us down in the sheep barn and kept frozen in the large utility room. Some was canned cold pack, some made into sausage and chops, fried and preserved in lard as we had no electric freezer or ice box.

The chickens thrived on good food, too. They had the south orchard. They got the potato scraps, vegetable parings, and the whey from cottage cheese. The cats had fresh milk at the barn.

We had our own rich cream, butter, and buttermilk. Our cattle were dual-purpose meat and milk, registered purebred Short-horns. Our sheep were purebred registered Shropshires. Our chickens were purebred barred Plymouth Rock, dual meat and eggs. In the family library was the book, "The Standard of Perfection" with interesting illustrations of the different breeds. Dad was Superintendent of the Sheep Department at the Dickinson Co. Fair.

When we first moved to Spirit Lake the folks planted two large orchards and a walnut grove. The apples were transparents, wealthies, whitney crab, two kinds of greenings, and strawberry crab. We also had plums, cherries, and a butternut tree. Our small fruits were strawberries, raspberries, dewberries, goose-berries, currants, rhubarb, and groundcherries. Mother had a hop vine for poultices. The vegetables raised were potatoes, peas, beans (wax and green), cucumbers, squash, pumpkins, carrots, turnips, onions, cabbage, lettuce, swiss chard, beets, sweet corn, and yellow, red, and pear tomatoes, with pimento peppers, dill, and horseradish. We experimented with raising peanuts and cotton.

Apples were made into jelly, sauce, canned whole, and apple butter. Some apples, the potatoes, squash, pumpkins, beets, onions, cabbage, and turnips were stored in the cool basement. The rest

were cold packed or canned by the open kettle method. The apples were usually put into two quart but the rest were canned in one quart. Very few pints were used.

We had a DeLaval Cream Separator after it was available. But before that the milk was cooled in low, wide crocks, then the cream was skimmed off as needed for the table or for making butter. We used a tall stoneware churn with a dasher. It was generally my duty to "churn the butter." But Mother took it out into a low round crock with a curved wooden paddle. She worked the buttermilk out, then salted and molded it. At one time we sold our butter in one-pound bricks. I have the walnut buttermold that our ancestors used in Maryland in 1800, for the Baltimore market.

Mother had a beautiful old-fashioned flower garden, which was our pride and joy to show to our guests. Most of the plants were perennials, many had been given to her by friends. There were white and Persian lilacs (under which we found a turtle nest), yucca plant, American Beauty rose, yellow roses, dianthus, bleedingheart, shasta daisy, nasturiums, bachelor's-button, zennias, calendulia, fuchias, baby's breath, bluebells of Scotland, sweet peas, tiger lily, iris, dahlias (my favorite), snapdragon, peonies, delphinium, marigold, phlox, pansies, cosmos, sweet alyssum, asparagus fern, and others. The seed catalogues were my coloring books.

Before my younger brother was born, Mother had the Neitert sisters make the layette. They also made dresses for us. I remember a beautiful brown wool trimmed with covered buttons and had a brown silk vestee, a lovely white mohair with a high collar with side closing, and a pretty red plaid cotton dress.

One of the delights of my childhood was going to buy hats from Luella and Amy Vavrichek. Sometimes we selected a hat already to wear, other times we tried various trimmings on a plain crown. When hard times came we ordered our hats from mail-order catalogs and renewed the faded crown the next year with a hat restorer.

Dad had a long sheepbarn built, with six pens on each side of a wide driveway, which was later used as the garage and machine shed. Here he put up a square to hold the wool bag, and chinning bar. As time passed we had problems with dogs coming out from town killing

our sheep. We would find them dead the next morning in the pasture. So ended the sheep raising. The folks had a big tent sale with a weiner wagon included. Then poverty struck. I was in junior high. We raised and sold bunch onions, butter, and cream. Dad raised and sold alfalfa hay. A few never paid. One person still owed him $200.00 when he died in 1930.

High school days soon ended without much incident except I remember my pride in drawing fine illustrations for my chemistry, physics, and health notebooks. I had prepared for college, tried the business course of shorthand and typing but didn't like it, so completed the normal training course by taking a year of post-graduate. The years of teaching that followed, along with the educational courses in a few colleges and universities through which I acquired a Bachelor of Arts in Education, a Master's Degree, and more is another story.

I am thankful that I was raised during my young impressionistic years in the wholesome environment of the farm even though we did not have the modern conveniences of electricity and running water. It was a good background for teaching. I was "a late bloomer" who wanted to hang on to certain idealisms, but reality was eventually faced with no regrets as to the turn of events. Youth should know that there is room for everyone to succeed, if not one place try another. A change of environment may be the solution. Decide on your goals, work for them.

We owned and lived on the old Goodrich place for forty years. Our younger brother was born there. Now the barn is gone. The high hill into which it was built, (then the highest point inside the city boundaries of Spirit Lake) has been leveled. The playroom tower, from which we could see up into Minnesota and Crandall's Lodge, has been replaced by a garage. Only a few of the orchard trees and the walnut grove remain. These changes leave me with a feeling of sadness.

Charlotte Mae Brett
Spencer, Iowa

LITTLE GIRL LOST

Mary was a very little girl. Nine years old and the size of a five or six year old. The morning of this day was not unusual for a February day.

Mary and her two brothers, Eathon and Errol started to school as usual. Mary's brothers always helped her along and sometimes Eathon , her older brother would carry her on his shoulders and Errol would carry her books and lunch pail.

The school they attended was a one room rural school with one teacher and about twenty five students in all eight grades. Shortly after arriving at school that morning snow began to fall and by noon it was snowing heavily. It became worse and when school was called after lunch the teacher had decided to dismiss school for the day. Mary and her brothers lived a mile and a half from the school. In those days all children walked to school and home again. In a storm like this it would be a frightful experience.

Mary's best friend Kathy lived just across the road from the school house. They spent the night together so Eathon and Errol were relieved when Kathy asked Mary to stay the night at her house. The boys were quickly off for home and would tell their parents knowing it would be O.K. with them.

Well the thing was when the girls were getting ready to go home they had a bad quarrel about something now forgotten. Mary would not stay with Kathy that night. Kathy went across the road to her home and Mary started off to walk the mile and a half to her home

in what was now a blinding show storm.

It was an impossible trip for a child so small, an impossible trip for anyone. She soon became very cold, confused and lost. It was a white world, very white, very quiet and strange. Then very quickly that white world became a totally dark world, more confusing and more frightening than before. She stumbled on falling down and getting up and going on again. Over and over again she accomplished this. She knew not where she was or how long she had been wandering around in the storm. She knew only that she had to go on, she had to reach her home and the warmth and love she would find there. Some more time lapsed when she ran into something sort of soft and at the same time solid and secure. She could not get around it, she was too tired. The large soft thing was a haystack, there was large holes in the side where cattle had eaten. It was into one of these holes that she finally crawled, some hay and snow fell covering her like a blanket and she slept.

Many hours later she awoke and it was daylight, it had stopped snowing and blowing and the sun was shining brightly. She pushed the hay aside and discovered that two rabbits had shared the hole in the hay with her, they stirred and then hopped away. Mary followed and looked around, she wasn't really very far from her home. Her house was just over there.

Her hands and feet felt funny, sort of heavy or maybe like they weren't there at all. Well whatever, she didn't think about that, She did think of her mother in the warm pleasant kitchen, her father and brothers and hot chocolate. Those pleasant thoughts were enough

to motivate her. She started on, the house now was in sight. It was a great struggle, the snow was so deep and itwas so cold and she was so tired.

When she finally reached the house and opened the door her family couldn't believe what they saw. You see she hadn't been missed. Her family thought she had been warm and safe at the home of her friend. Her mother started to cry and held her close but her father knew they had to work fast. He took her away from her mothers comforting arms. He knew what had to be done and started giving orders. She had to be made warm. Her hands and feet couldn't warm too fast. She had to have hot drinks to help stop the awful shaking. She wanted to sleep but her father kept her awake while he worked all day and all night in a supreme effort to save her hands and feet. He was successful, but a few days later Mary had pneumonia. Another battle began, this time a battle for her life.

It was many days before Mary could return to school. It was when the weather warmed and the snow melted and the flowers were again blooming in the meadow. No visible scars remain but sometimes when it is cold and snowing she could be seen setting close to the fire, chin in her hands, very thoughtful. Do you suppose she could be thinking of that night and the blizzard.

Edris M. Edwards

Rembrandt, Iowa

LOOK BACK and REMEMBER

The years of the Great Depression were very different from what we enjoy today. I said different not better. In some ways those were good days, days that people worked, and learned things that today they think society or maybe the world owes them.

We were married 9 Aug 1933. On that day we became Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Edwards. He was Jack and I Hey Kid. Jack and Hey Kid were nick names we had acquired in early childhood.

The first two years of our marriage we lived in two rooms of his mother's house. He worked on her farm for $20.00 a month. We had a milk cow and 100 laying hens that my father had given us for a wedding present. It is hard to believe but we actually saved money. We needed to buy very little. We raised all of our food except for a few staples. We bought kerosene for the lamps. I made soap and took care of the vegetables and fruit for winter use. Our fuel was in the timber for the cutting. We sold a case of eggs every week which took care of our groceries and enough gas to make the round trip to town the next week. We were never cold, hungry or lonely. We were busy.

Saturday nights were always special. In summer, Saturday night was town night. On Saturday night the chores were done early and we fixed up to look our best and went into town with our eggs and maybe a little cream. There we met our friends. We probably had not seen them since the Saturday before. We caught up on the news and a bit of gossip, had a few laughs and were home by 11:00 p.m. satisfied and full of joy and love for each other. Saturday night in winter was different. That was party night. Everyone in the neighborhood took turns. The furniture was cleared out of one room and the rug rolled up. Everyone came with either cake or sandwiches for lunch at midnight. The neighborhood band would play and we danced. No one had a baby sitter. Everyone went to the parties. There were grandparents, parents, young people, teenagers, little kids and babies. Everyone had a good time and behaved himself. That might have been due to the fact that

everyone was watching. That may have been good.

21 January 1935 we had a beautiful baby girl. I was a mother who had never held a baby before. Well we all learn fast if need be. March of that year we moved to our very own rented farm. That was great, our own home and a new baby, and much hope and many plans and dreams. The winter was bad after January first that year, but we were busy and spring came early. Hope always arrives along with the birds and wild flowers. We were again busy in the outdoors we loved. Baby Peggy was put on a blanket. The garden and fields were planted. Little pigs were born. Sweet little calves froliced in the pasture. The soft little chicks I took from under the hens. All this was almost too much joy to bear.

The summer of 1935 was hot and dry, we read stories of hotter and dryer parts of the United States and felt sorry. The winter of '35-'36 was bad but we were able to get out part of the time, and we received our mail most of the time so actually it wasn't so bad. We were pretty busy and we did see our neighbors once in awhile so kept up on neighborhood news and gossip. That winter Jack got me a sewing machine at an auction for $1.50. It was a good machine and I used it for ten years. With the new machine I began sewing clothes for the new baby due in July.

Spring came early again this year, but it was different. It was not a soft spring. Instead of the soft, warm, moist air it was hot, dry and burning. April came and our Baby Peggy was already wearing sun suits. Every day became hotter and dryer. The wind blew all day and all night from the southwest and the sky had a yellow hue. We had to raise our garden, so in the evening we would carry water to it. We covered the rows of cabbage and tomato plants with a light covering of straw to protect them from the hot burning heat of the sun. That was well worth the effort. We did have a pretty good garden and had enough to last through the worst winter yet. The weather became hotter and dryer with no relief even at night. A good nights sleep was something remembered from another day. We became cross and tired, and did not talk much. We did our work and that seemed to take most of our strength.

It was 117 Fahrenheit on July 4. We didn't do much except chores that day. After the chores were done in the evening, we decided that our little girl should at least see the fireworks display at Dunlap. So we did. We took her to see the fireworks. I know now that was an excuse. We wanted to see them. Anyway she did not enjoy them so we left early and stopped up town for some icecream and then came home.

A beautiful baby boy was born to us July 20. We called him Jimmy Joe. On the night of his birth we received a shower of rain. It was a small shower that hardly settled the dust but it did clean and cool the air for a short time. It gave renewed hope. Surely a new baby and a nice shower of rain could only mean good luck. Well that is hard to tell. Does good luck mean riches or does it mean a period of learning and growing closer to our loved ones? Well whatever, we did harvest five hundred bushels of corn, half of which was the landlords.

The weather remained hot and there was no rain. Everyone was tired, not from work, but from the heat and lack of sleep. It was now that we began to hang wet blankets in the open windows and doors. It was surprising how much they cooled the house. Of course they had to be wet often, but we did get a little sleep and began to feel a little better.

The crops were mostly dried up and pastures were brown. Farmers were already feeding precious hay that would be needed for next winter.

Then in August the farmers knew there would be no way to save their crops even if rain came. They began to think of silage. This turned out to be a neighborhood effort. No one had a silo or the money to build one, but a true farmer is never defeated. Every farm in southwest Iowa has a gully. These were opened with a little work. Then here and there a trench silo would appear. That problem was solved easily. What about a cutter and a chopper? Again no money so using my husband Jack's idea they began to build one. It was built in our yard, this awful piece of equipment. There was no money so this machine was built out of desperation, from scrap

materials, using anything that even looked like it would work. The silage cutter is something I would like to forget but probably never will. The main frame was bobsled runners. It had to be close to the ground. On this frame was mounted two razor sharp blades, each about three or four feet in length. The levers to operate the blades were mounted just above the blades. A seat was mounted and my husband had to operate that horrible rig. He sat with his legs just above the blades and operated them with the levers, one blade in and one out. That is how they cut the corn. One slip and he could have lost an arm or leg or worse. The whole heavy rig was pulled by four head of good horses or six not so good. They were driven by another man standing up on the monster. The cut corn was picked up by others, loaded onto hayracks, and hauled to the homemade chopper. It was then chopped into the silo. I know nothing about that chopper. I didn't have enough courage to look at it. All this took a crew of about twenty or twenty five men. It was a neighborhood effort, men helping men and women helping women. Young boys were water boys or whatever. Young girls helped with babies and small children. It was horrible and full of worry but not all bad. As I look back it was probably good. People helping people. Neighbors banded together for a common cause---survival. When it was all over there was a great feeling of satisfaction and great thankfulness to God for showing the way and protecting the men from injuries. We knew we would survive the winter no matter how bad. We had no idea how bad the winter would be.

The autumn of 1936 was happily received, the cooler weather seemed to revive us and the awful tiredness went away. It was nice outside and the babies and I spent much time with their father in the fresh air. There wasn't much corn to harvest so Jack spent a lot of time cutting wood for fuel and winterizing the house. All was so calm and pleasant.

The babies were growing and were happy. We were happy, also. We had no money but we did not need any. We had eggs and cream to trade for staples, we had feed for the stock, a cave full of vegetables, potatoes, squash, onions; and apples. We had two beautiful babies and we had our love. Who could want more?

We saved a few pennies and by Christmas eve we had $6.00 to spend for Christmas treats. Christmas eve morning we went to town to do our shopping. We bought a little Christmas tree for $1.00, a few small toys, some brown sugar, a few sweet potatoes, a dozen oranges, some Christmas candy and a bag of mixed nuts. We were ready to go home at noon but went to see Jack's mother and had lunch with her. It had started to snow but the weather had been nice so we lingered. By 2:00 it was snowing hard. It took us two hours to drive the thirteen miles to our home and then we had to walk up our lane. That was the beginning of the winter of '36-'37.

Christmas day dawned very cold, -15 F and there was a chill in the air that was more than the cold. It was still snowing heavily and the wind was blowing great drifts. The night before, while Jack was tending to the chores, I made cookies and a cake. I also popped corn and made popcorn balls. After supper, when the babies were in bed, we put up the little tree and decorated it with home-made decorations I had made weeks before. Christmas day my parents, who lived close, would come for dinner I was sure of that. I put the chicken in the oven to roast, fixed the sweet potatoes, and prepared the white potatoes for baking. When Jack came in for breakfast the children got up. Peggy was overjoyed at the sight of the tree. Jimmy Joe was a little young but I know he enjoyed it also. Santa had brought Peggy a small doll and Jimmy Joe a very small wagon. We opened our presents from Grandma Edwards. Teddy bears for the children, warm mittens for Jack and I. My parents did come and they brought a tricycle for Peggy, a kitty car for Jimmy Joe, and a pair of warm blankets for Jack and I. Our dinner was ready, we ate after thanking God for our bountiful dinner, for our family, and for our very fine parents.

After Christmas winter really set in. It got colder and colder. The snow continued to come down. The wind blew night and day. The sun did not shine. The temperature, for thirty one days, never got above zero degrees. It was a battle to keep the stock fed and enough firewood to keep the stoves going.

Two weeks after Christmas I came down with strep throat. Jack walked three miles to a neighbor to call the Doctor. The Doctor tried to get out but could only make it five miles out of town. He sent the medicine on by neighbor, or farmer chain. To explain, one farmer took the medicine to the next farm and in a surprisingly short time it arrived at our house. I recovered somewhat in about two weeks but in the meantime my poor husband took care of me, two babies, did the cooking, the laundry, besides all of the outside work. Every day there was a fresh storm, the temperatures never above -10 degrees. There was no mail, no way to get out. We were lucky we really did not need to go any place. It was six weeks after Christmas before anyone got out, no mail and no visitors in that time. We were truly isolated in a sea of white.

Then there seemed to be a break in the weather so Jack and two neighbor men with four horses hitched to a bobsled went to town, to Moorhead seven miles west of our home. They took all the cream and eggs, oh yes they were in good condition. They had been in cold storage you know. It was an all day trip. They started at daybreak and arrived home after dark. There was mail, lots of it. There were groceries that we were running short of. There were small gifts for the kids and goodies for everyone! It was the end of a joyous day!

In February things seemed to be looking up. We decided to have company so we had Grandma and Grandpa, and another couple with two children for Sunday dinner. It was so lovely, such fun for all of us. Our fun was short lived however. The little girl who was one of our visitors was coming down with whooping cough. Three weeks later, with the storms resuming their fury, our two babies came down with whooping cough. The snow was so high now that you could see no fences or tell where there might be a bridge. This was something we had to take care of ourselves. The coughs were bad. At first we both stayed up with them and then badly in need of sleep we took turns. We put the little girl in the baby buggy and hooked the toes of our foot under the axel, held the baby in a rocking chair and rocked thus wheeling the buggy just a little. You see if they cried they coughed, and when they coughed we

didn't know if they would breath again. This went on for six weeks! By the time the coughs ended it was beginning to be spring again. This time spring was slow but most welcome. We thanked God that it was over and we were still a family of four. Our stock was alive and would soon be thriving again.

When spring truly arrived it was with special enthusiasm and thankfulness that we could take our babies to the barn to see the little pigs and calves, the fluffy chicks and that spring some little ducks.

Those were very, very hard years, but from them we learned so very much. We learned what true love really is, also nothing is so bad that love and faith in God will not help.

Edris M. Edwards
Rembrandt, Iowa

MY DAUGHTER

My daughter came to me
in '35
Beautiful, sweet with hair
and bones so fine
She grew and played
and got lost
She knew what she wanted
but I was boss
What a joy to see a daughter
As she grows from a beautiful
baby
To a big girl
To a lovely lady
To a beautiful bride
And then to become herself a mother

Edris Edwards

PRAYER for a BRIDE and GROOM

Dear God bless this new bride and her husband.
Please make things as easy for them as you feel wise.
We who are older know that adverse conditions make
us stronger and wiser, let them know this also.
We all know there will be scraps and squabbles,
but dear God don't let them retire at night without
making up.
Let them be big enough to admit their own mistakes
of which there will be many.
And above all grant them a great sense of humor.

A men

Edris M. Edwards

MAC

Mac was adorable, the sweetest little bit of fluff anyone ever saw. We adopted him when he was eight weeks old and gave him to our son Jacob who was then twelve years old. Mac was half St. Bernard and half Scotch Collie. He was one of a litter of twelve puppies. The family that owned him had eight children. That is a lot of company for one small puppy. He rode home snuggled in the arms of Jacob all content and loving. No hint about what was to happen when it became bed time that night.

Jacob happily showed Mac off to his older brother Dick and we all played with him. He was so cute. Well bedtime came and Mac was put to bed in the box that was already prepared for him. He stayed there until every one was in bed and then he became terrible lonely. He cried and got out of his bed. He was looking for someone or something famillier. The boys slept upstairs so he picked on me. I got him comfortable on a rug close to the bed but it wasn't good enough so I finally took him on the bed with me still it wasn't enough and he ended up laying across my chest, we both slept. That routine went on for a whole week. Then he found out he could go upstairs and was happy to sleep on the floor next to Jacob's bed. That is where he slept. He had found his friend. We had a lot of fun whih Mac. He was smart and learned fast. At first he would run in mud but he didn't like having his feet washed and soon learned that any self respecting dog walked around puddles when possible. He learned many things that first summer.

Jacob's father died that first autum of Mac's life. That was a bad experience for all of us but for Jacob it was especially bad. That night when I went to check on Jacob Mac was in bed with him. When I tried to make him get on the floor he just moved closer to Jacob and Jacob put his arm around him and I didn't have the heart to make him move.

Mac grew up that night. He still liked to play and he and Jacob done an awful lot of that. He became our guardian angel and our protector. He felt like it was his duty to see that we were alright. He didn't want to stay home when we went away and the day that we went eight miles away and discovered that he was folling that was just too much. I relented and after that he went with us. He went to Nebraska with u also to New Mexico, California and Texas. Never once did a Motel refuse him room in our room. Everyone loved Mac.

The time came for Jacob to go to college. Poor Mac couldn't understand when he didn't come home the first night or the second for a week he refused to eat and would sleep beside Jacob's empty bed. Then one night he came to my room and got on the bed, kissed my cheek and said he was sorry with his eyes. I got up and put out fresh food and he ate. He was my great friend. He was always with me. I loved him. He is gone now and I wonder if he somehow knows how much he is missed. How much I trusted him. We loved so very much.

Edris M. Edwards

Rembrandt, Iowa

TO A FAITHFUL DOG

No better friend had anyone

Mac

Faithful, constance companion

Mac

Ready to play

Ready to gaurd

Ready to defend

Good Mac.

For ten years duty was first

Never running away

Patiently traveling with me

Always there.

Sweet, sweet Mac.

His eleventh year he began to fail

He was tired

Did not want to play

He began to hurt

He cried

And then he died.

Mac I love you.

Edris Edwards

MY GREATEST HEARTBREAK

We are born into this world and start a life of our own under the supervision of our father and mother for a good number of years. We go through school to get an education including grade school, high school, and for the best students we will include college.

In my case there was no money for college so I chose a trade of carpentry. I followed this trade for a few years. However, I did not like the physical part of climbing around on frame houses and other buildings that were under construction. I was very tired at the end of the day and it interfered with enjoying my family. I decided then that I was going to a trade school to learn to be a machinist and sheet metal worker. This took a total of six years of part time training to get my diploma. My first job was with General Electric in Utica, New York. I hired in as a Model maker working with steel on different machines and sheet metal fabrication. This work was more challenging. It eliminated a lot of hard work. I followed this trade for better than thirty years.

The wife and I raised two children, a boy and a girl. I enjoyed my children immensely and I think they were a great bond to hold the wife and I together during trying times. Neither of us would ever have thought of giving them up to one or the other. As time moved on we attended our children's graduation from high school and were faced with them leaving for college. When the day came for our son to leave for college it was unknown to us how much he was to be missed. He made a lot of noise when he was home, when he would run upstairs and run back down again. It did not take long for us to miss him for the silence was unbearable and I thought at the time it was our greatest heartbreak. However, it was nothing compared to what was to take place twenty years later. Our daughter also left for college and we then alone in a big house. The years went by and we became very close to each other as we had only ourselves to take care of from then on. We had more graduations to attend as our son graduated from the University of Cincinnati, and our daughter graduated from Cornell University, New York City.

Both married college sweethearts after graduation and after some time passed we became grandparents.

Now for the greatest heartbreak in my life. Years went by and we were getting close to retirement. My wife was having backaches. She made an appointment with her doctor in 1974. He discovered she had some tumors around her ovaries. She had an operation, they found two tumors and they were cancerous. They advised me to take her to Houston, Texas, to a Cancer clinic for treatment. The doctors there would not accept her medical records and wanted to do their own searching. After many tests they discovered more tumors, so she was subjected to more surgery. It was at this time that I was told her disease was terminal. I knew that it was only a matter of time she would be with me. I flew her back home in Colorado and she underwent treatment with medication. During the month of December, 1974, she was feeling much better. However, fifteen days later her condition became worse. She passed away January 10, 1975, ending forty years of a wonderful marriage, the greatest heartbreak in my life.

After you lose a loved one, the next phase is always grief and just how was I to handle my grief? I had fourteen days to work until I retired from the Company that I was working for. I had to adjust to my loss and retirement at the same time. I could not live in my house as there were too many sad memories. My wife's sister called me and wanted me to come to Spencer, Iowa, to visit her as she had lost her husband of a heart attack seventeen years ago. I did not make the trip very soon as I had made a trip to Oklahoma three weeks before and I missed my wife in the car as well as in the home. I decided to make the trip by bus so I would not get so lonely. I had gone to Denver to do some work for my son there. I then made arrangements to go by bus. We planned to drive her car to Ontario to see my daughter. On our return trip we decided to get married. After some time elapsed we decided to get married in June. I am happily married now and it softened my grief after some time by moving away from all the memories. It takes time and distance to heal a broken heart. I hope this story will help my readers in case they lose a loved one and have to heal a broken heart.

Delbert R. Fisk, Author

Throughout history man has continually searched himself and the universe to understand God. Julia King had written some excellent poetry on World War II, at that time. I asked her to try again, although years have passed. The result was the following poems.

Charlotte M. Brett

SERMON

"What's the picture of Christ in your home?" he said,
"Does it show the thorns pressed into His head?
Are His tortured arms stretched out on the tree?
Does it dwell on His bodily agony?
Or is the Master Teacher there,
Who guides His flock with loving care
And points the Path that must be trod
If we're to find our way to God?
Poor mortals, we, in darkness dwell
Embroiled in our own private Hell,
Seeking the way to inner peace
And finding naught to grant release;
Till we look up, and see His face--
That Guiding Light that leads to Grace,
Then mortals trials are left behind
As we reach out and strive to find
That road through peril, storm and strife
That leads to Everlasting Life!"

---Julia O. King
Spencer, Iowa

DUALITY

When conversation takes a turn
To philosophic ways,
How often, we're surprised to learn,
The voice of Doubt holds sway:

"Why postulate Duality?"
"How can this be confirmed?"
"There's physical Reality;
Can spirit be discerned?"

Is proof of Soul so hard to find;
So difficult to know?
'Tis seen in qualities of mind
That altruism show.

It's caught in joyous laughter's sound,
It shines through many eyes;
In love of beauty it is found,
With melody it lies.

It's felt in persons filled with love
For fellow men and God;
In thoughts that lift our minds above
The earthly paths we've trod.

Thus, through the argument and strife
We glimpse the dual role:
Though physically equipped for life,
Man IS a living soul!

---Julia O. King

ECLIPSE

I saw the Evening Star, tonight,
On a sapphire velvet sky;
And underneath, the crescent moon
Held its shadow-disc on high
To claim the lovely star too soon
And hide its glory from my sight.

A musing thought...that Terra, too,
Displays, in borrowed glow,
Her tawdry wares and shallow joys
For those who do not know
Her Shadow-disc she soon employs
To hide The Glory from their view.

---Julia O. King

AN EPISODE

During the depression a lot of illegal liquor was sold. Our family lived on a little traveled dirt road, a mile west of Royal. Toward evening most any day a car would cruise by from the south and another approached from the north. They usually stopped side by side near the plum thicket by the road. Some times my sisters and I would find coins in the dust where they had been dropped by someone making a purchase.

One fall day I happened to notice an ear of corn lying on the shoulder of the road. Realizing that it was put there for a purpose, I carefully moved it several feet to the north. That evening a car approached and stopped by the marker. After some time the man drove away and soon came back with help. There was much loud talking as the frustrated men ran back and forth for several hours hunting frantically for the missing booze.

I never did find out if they located their cache of liquor. At least they moved operations to another location and our road was once more peaceful and quiet.

Marjorie Larson
Royal, Iowa

A VISIT TO THE OLD HOMESTEAD AND MEMORIES

I recently returned from a six weeks visit at my twin sister's home in Fairfield, southeastern Iowa. The old Allender homestead, is seven miles northeast of town, where I grew up and married. The barn still stands, an old landmark built in 1870. It has hand hewn timbers, the rafters so wide that we children walked on them across the haymow. The ax marks showed and they were rough. The house is gone. My sister owns the farm. She grew discouraged keeping the house in repair. The farm has been in our family more than one hundred thirty years.

The Richwoods Church which stood on a corner of the farm is gone. Also the district schoolhouse, one half mile south of it, is no longer there. Many of the old homes with their neat well-kept premises and fruit trees are gone. There are a few old homes left, some new houses, and some empty and abandoned. It is all so different from the old community where I lived in my childhood and youth. There is no one I know in the old neighborhood as so many have passed on, or live in Fairfield now. I did visit some old friends and relatives.

People farm more land and sometimes work days and into the night, also on Sunday. As children we thought only heathen people, who did not know better, worked in the fields on Sunday. And there were no stores or shops open in town. The people around us were Methodists or Lutherans and kept the Sabbath for Church and Sunday School, rest and visiting.

I remember the Box Socials at the schoolhouse and one of father's cousins speaking a humorous piece about "Ezra and His Flying Machine." It caused much merriment as everyone thought an airplane impossible.

We children would all run when we heard an automobile coming. We would sit on the schoolyard fence to watch it go by, if it was noon or recess.

Dr. Clarke, in Fairfield, had the first auto in the County. One time it stopped on a street and he got out to tinker with it to get it going again. Some boys yelled, "Take out your knife and operate on it." He had returned from the Spanish American

War and had learned to do surgery for appendicitis. Some people objected very strongly to this and called him "a butcher."

One time he drove past our place and caused a team to run away when they heard and saw the auto coming. My father had the team hitched to a wagon out near the barn. They soon stopped at a woven wire fence and no great harm was done. The Doctor did not like this to happen and apologized. He had been our family doctor for some time and we had much confidence in him.

My grandmother Allender came to live with us when my twin sister and I were twelve years old. She told us many stories of her young married life on this home farm. They lived in a log cabin before the Civil War, but as soon as grandfather could afford it, after the war was over, he built a big new frame house. And she had a new bonnet, silk dress and Paisley shawl. Her eyes were poor so she could not read or sew very much. I wonder how she spent the days! No radio or T.V.! Sometimes she insisted on doing the dishes and that pleased us girls. She lived to be ninety six. No one dreamed of Nursing Homes for senior citizens. Grandmother was one of the family.

There is a log cabin in one of the parks in Fairfield. The DAR (Daughters of the American Revolution) is named "The Log Cabin Chapter."

Edna Allender Lawrence
Spencer, Iowa

HEARD BY A LITTLE PITCHER WITH BIG EARS

Living in a neighborhood where the older people had come here as "Homesteaders" and the middle-aged persons had been brought here as children, we children heard many stories of what are now called "pioneer days", but which our parents referred to as "when we came to Dickinson County in the 60's and 70's."

The prairies were covered with wild grasses and flowers so tall that when the eight or nine year olds walked through it, only their heads could be seen. The farmers herded their cattle in these rich prairie grasses all summer, then drove them to Fort Dodge and shipped them to Buffalo, New York. It seems that even at that early date the New Yorkers preferred Iowa beef, just as they do now. In the center of Estherville was a fenced herdlot, where herds were collected for the drive to Fort Dodge.

Before 1880 Algona was the nearest place the farmers could get repairs for machinery.

When a boy wished for some other way of getting about than his own feet, he did not ask for the car keys. He made a small "ox yoke" and broke a team of calves to drive. My father did this and took his mother about the neighborhood visiting.

One Sunday morning, mother's grandmother, Irena Mott said, "I would like to go to Service this morning." One of the children asked who was dead? Grandmother wept and said, "What a heathen country, where the only religious service the children know about is a funeral." So when the first church in the County, the Baptist in Spirit Lake, was built, she said, "I would be willing to carry sand in my apron, if it would help."

As there was neither a Catholic church nor a cemetery in this county, the families of that faith went to Emmetsburg for their funerals. One winter during a serious epidemic (I believe it was diphtheria) one child in the Sarazine family died and an older son was sent to Emmetsburg with the body. But by the time he returned home, two more had died. So he was obliged to again make the long cold trip. Incidently, at this time Emmetsburg was called the "Irish Colony."

There were so few ways these early settlers could obtain cash to buy needed articles. Most things were produced at home, but buying shoes often presented a problem. Once my Grandmother walked seven miles to town and carried a pail of butter, hoping to exchange it for a pair of shoes for her daughter. But there was no sale for butter, as everyone kept a cow, even those who lived in town. So she had to carry the pail of butter home. Later she did trade a pair of home knit sox for the shoes, so Aunt Carrie could go to school that winter.

One way some few of these people could earn money was by teaching school. But not enough taxes had been collected by the county to pay the teachers, so they were issued warrants. A. M. Johnson would take these warrants in exchange for needed articles. One term Will Pillsbury taught at Arnolds Park and was paid in muskrat skins. It took more skins for the big boys than for the little girls.

Mr. Prescott bought the cabin from Mr. Thatcher. The summer of 1857, with a team of oxen and a breaking plow, he plowed a furrow two miles east from where the bridge is now at the end of Lake Street in Spirit Lake, then south and west to where the bridge is at the east side of Arnolds Park, that designates the division between East Okoboji and Garr Lake. He claimed this territory for the location of a girls school, with the building to be located at the site of the Thatcher cabin. He called this location "Tusculum", after the country residence of the Great Roman Orator. A map printed in New York, in 1870, indicates the four southeastern townships as Tusculum.

Many of these early families had more sons than daughters so sometimes these young men were hard put to find a young lady to accompany them to the spelling bees and dances, that were held in various parts of the county. Once my Uncle Albert Arthur drove from his home on the east side of East Okoboji over to a home on the Sioux River on the west side of West Okoboji, in hopes of getting a girl to accompany him to a dance at Milford. But as he neared the house he saw what appeared to be a familiar rig disappearing over the next hill. Upon questioning, he was

told that yes it was indeed Thommy Francis with the girl going to that same dance. Why had that rig looked familiar? The Francis and Arthur homes were exactly one-fourth mile apart!

At one party where there was a scarcity of girls, my father returned home, donned his mother's best dress and returned to the party. Years later Hattie Flatt told my mother that Henry was the most popular dance partner of that evening.

In spite of what geologists may say, I have been told by some of the older people and by younger members of these pioneer families that when they came here, what is now called Sunken Lake was a grove of trees. Some say that suddenly there was a lake there. Another story is that two men were cutting trees there for firewood and fence posts, when the noon hour came, they discussed whether to take what was cut with them or leave the team and get them later. They decided to take the load with them. When they returned in the afternoon, the trees had all disappeared and where they had been working was now a lake. If this is not true, why is it called Sunken Lake?

Janet Arthur Lusher
Spirit Lake, Iowa

SHAMBAUGH HOUSE

The House I Can't Forget

Houses often have a way of captivating one's affections, and that is exactly what Shambaugh House, where I was born, has done with mine.

The love I feel for my ancestral home came not during the first twelve years of my life, when I lived there, happy as those years were, but in retrospect. It was when I began to look back from the distance and cognizance of adulthood, upon my childhood influences, that I began to appreciate the grass-roots kind of living I knew in that big, friendly house at the edge of the small, Iowa town of Arlington. The house of my birth, the house of my beginnings, is as much a part of me as the family into which I was born. It will forever be dear to my heart.

In telling the history and related events of Shambaugh House, memories are bound to emerge, memories that are likely to make me homesick for those wonderful yesteryears. If I shed a few tears along the way, I hope no one will mind - they will be tears of happiness. Let me begin.

In the autumn of 1855, Thomas Ephriam Shambaugh, who was later to become my great-grandfather, and his brother, Charles Daniel, along with their wives and young families, their widowed mother, Mary (Barrow) Shambaugh and their maiden sister, Mazy Jane, migrated westward from Frederick County, Virginia, to Dubuque County, Iowa. The following March they made their way to Brush Creek, Fayette County, in northeastern Iowa. Brush Creek, later re-named Arlington, was founded in

the year of their arrival, 1856, making them one of the first land owners there.

The two brothers soon constructed a large, frame building that was to serve as the town's first hotel, housing family members, as well. It was situated at the north edge of town, about two blocks from the heart of the main street. It was painted white and had a white picket fence in front. They called it Shambaugh House.

Eventually, my great-grandfather became sole owner and operator of the House until his death on September 24, 1867. After that, great-grandmother, Barbara Ann, who was known by everyone in the little town as Aunt Barbara, took over until her death on April 4, 1903.

If it is possible for a house to take on human traits, then it can be said that my ancestral home had a heart, a heap'o'livin' kind of heart, for Shambaugh House was widely known for its hospitality. Here, wayfarers stopped on their eager way west for food and lodging; here, also, was a place of understanding for any who had to turn back because of bad luck or illness.

Not a few babies of the travellers were born at the Hotel. Aunt Barbara became quite expert as midwife, loving the new-born babes almost as much as if they were her own, for she and great-grandfather had lost four of their own seven children.

Young love often blossomed at the Hotel whenever a young girl and a young man were amongst the travellers. My great-grandparents, having been charter members of the budding Church of Christ in Brush Creek, knew just how to go about procuring the preacher's services and setting up the wedding, complete with a wedding feast for the happy couple and their families.

There were sad times, though, when grown-ups or children fell ill and died at Shambaugh House. One time the sojourners were quarantined at the Hotel when diptheria sruck one of their children. People were just as aggravated over delay in those days as they are today. It was great-grandfather's lot to placate the disgruntled guests while Aunt Barbara acted as nurse. She knew this dread disease, for it had robbed her own nest.

Every now and then an itinerate medicine man or circuit preacher took lodging at the Hotel. And without fail, the inevitable beggar came along, and sometimes a slick swindler, adding their bit of color to the history of Shambaugh House.

As unselfishly attentive as Aunt Barbara was to one and all, she did indulge a certain whim for herself, on Sunday afternoons. Aunt Barbara had taken a shine to two of her grandchildren, Ethel Gleim, who was to become my mother, and her cousin, Elma Jane Shambaugh, because they, like herself, were high-spirited. These two girls, along with their families, were always expected for Sunday dinner at the House. Afterwards, the other children were allowed to play in the spacious yard with its swing or ride a horse from their grandfather's barn. This was not the case for Ethel and Elma Jane. Aunt Barbara hustled them upstairs where she unbraided her long, dark hair. Relaxing in her rocking chair, with her feet propped up on the edge of her bed, the two girls combed and brushed Aunt Barbara's hair to <u>her</u> heart's content - but to the utter botheration of the girls. Nevertheless, the girls were equal to this dull duty and their grandmother's indominitable spirit was reflected in their lives, even long after Aunt Barbara had departed this world.

Locked forever into the recesses of the past are many other

happenings as well as secrets of my great-grandparents' lives, that I will probably never know. Consequently, I am thankful for the above account, gleaned from conversations with family members; from them I am privileged to know something of their colorful background, their faith, their dependability, their hospitality - the rest I will have to imagine. I might add that they were staunch Democrats. There is little I know about their children, as records show only their names. Their seven children were: Mary E., who died at the age of six; Joseph died in his eleventh year; Emma died in her third year and Lena died at the age of eleven. These three survived their parents: Anna Elizabeth, mother of Ethel Gleim, my mother; James T., father of Elma Jane and a farmer of Putnam County; Charles N., a farmer of Fairfield Township.

Shambaugh House, long a landmark, was destroyed by fire. It was rebuilt, immediately, but the new structure was smaller as the family need for room, by now, was greatly reduced. Although the original Shambaugh House was gone, the heart of the home was not. Still very much in evidence was my great-grandparent's love and concern for others, that was always returned to them a hundred-fold.

It was in the second Shambaugh House where William Creigh Gleim courted and won his Annie. (Anna Elizabeth Shambaugh). He, too, was born in the east, on October 4, 1849, in Boiling Springs, Pennsylvania. My grandfather-to-be was twenty-nine when he took for his bride the nineteen year old daughter of Thomas Ephriam and Barbara Shambaugh.

Will C. and Anna E. Gleim lived in Arlington in a small house on Main Street. Will was a cabinet maker, his fine workmanship in great demand; he also made coffins. Their first three children, all sons, were: James M., born June 4, 1869, died April 3, 1870; Murray, born

November 13, 1872, died June 27, 1877; and Ernest L., born October 18, died August 29, 1878.

The Gleims bought a farm five miles out of Arlington, where their next three children grew to maturity. Thew were: LeGrand, born April 22, 1881; Harrie William, born May 26, 1888; and Ethel Norine, born September 4, 1890.

Grandfather Gleim was the head of his house and no one doubted it. He bought all the food and supplies, including clothing, for the family. They had good clothing, but not an abundance of it. I remember my mother telling that her high button shoes rarely fit properly because she was not along to try them on when they were purchased.

Whenever Grandfather Gleim went to town on a buying expedition, Grandmother relaxed the rules. She laughed, talked and played games with the three children. When Grandfather returned with his loaded wagon, Grandmother would say, "Hush, children, and behave yourselves. Your father is home." As strict as he was, his wife and children never knew him to be cruel or unkind to them.

Ethel Norine Shambaugh Gleim, my mother, was named for a dear friend of her mother's, a Scottish woman. Her name, as well as my mother's, was pronounced with a long e, thus - Ēthel.

Grandfather was fifty and Grandmother forty when their last child and only daughter, Ethel, was born. Needless to say, she held a special place in their hearts. She and her brother, Harrie, were very close. They went everywhere together, worked and played together. She was a tomboy and he preferred indoor activities. As they grew up, he often stayed inside to help, while she busied herself with out-of-door work. There wasn't an animal on the farm she couldn't ride. When she was

nineteen, her mother became quite ill, so she was forced to take over all the household duties. Harrie, then, did the hated outdoor chores.

My mother had no notion that her mother was ill enough to die until a neighbor woman whispered to her at the door, "Suppose she dies?" From then on, my mother lived in terror of that possibility.

On Christmas Eve, 1909, at the age of sixty, due to a complication of conditions, grandmother Gleim did die. Although Christmas gifts had been bought and wrapped, they went unnoticed that year. The devoted wife and mother were to be greatly missed. Family and friends, alike, knew her to be a faithful and consistent Christian. At the time of her death she was one of the trustees of the Arlington Church of Christ and a life long member of it. I have always regretted never having seen or known my grandmother Gleim.

One day, my mother's older brother, LeGrand, left the house with only a brief word to his sister, saying, "I've got something to do in town." He was all dressed up and no one in the family had any idea what he was up to, that weekday afternoon. Later, that same day, he brought Cora, the girl he had long courted, to the house. He presented her as his wife. They moved in with the family and LeGrand farmed the land for a dozen years or so, then they moved east to live.

My Uncle LeGrand smoked cigars, To me, this made him special, because no other man in our family circle smoked. He and Aunt Cora kept the parrot that was my mother's. It could say "Pretty bird!" and "Polly wants a cracker!" It could also bite. They owned a fearsome looking bulldog with a tender-hearted and loving nature. Animal pets were the only family Cora and LeGrand ever had.

About the time that LeGrand married, grandfather Gleim came

into ownership of Shambaugh House (the second one). Grandfather, my mother and Harrie and his wife, Jessie, made their home there, leaving the country house to LeGrand and Cora. Besides farming the land belonging to Shambaugh House, Grandfather and Harrie operated a dairy business.

Long about the turn of the century a new, ready-to-eat cereal appeared on the market. It was called Puffed Wheat, made by the Quaker Oats Company. Grandmother Gleim had liked the product and put it on her grocery list quite often. She also liked the size and shape of the square boxes it came in for they fit perfectly over the glass quart jars holding her home canned goods, protecting them from light. Mother continued saving the boxes after her mother's death and took them along when they moved into town. One day, the grocer, George Bates, delivered an order to Shambaugh House and carried a large sack of flour to the basement. While down there, he noticed all the Puffed Wheat boxes and teased Mother about them, saying that must be all they ate at the Gleim house. Mother was so embarrassed she began buying from the one other grocery store in town. Not long after, however, she learned there was a new male clerk in the grocery store where she refused to do business. She was told that the new clerk, one Frank Seeley, a newcomer to town, was a very handsome young man and playing hard to get. My mother made up her mind to get him, and she did, much to the chagrin of some of the other young ladies in town.

In due time, Frank William Seeley and Ethel Norine Gleim were united in holy matrimony. It was a simple, but flower-bedecked home wedding, with only the immediate family members of the bride and groom in attendance. The time was June thirtieth, nineteen-fourteen. Pre-

siding was Robert Jones, pastor of the Arlington Church of Christ. My father left the Methodist church to join my mother in hers.

For somewhat over a year my parents lived on the Gleim farm with Cora and LeGrand. It was there that my brother, Clyde Russell, was born, on June 9, 1915. Not long afterward, Harrie and Jessie moved to their own dairy farm. So it was, that my mother, with her husband and baby son, made her way for the second time to Shambaugh House, to live with Grandfather Gleim. It wasn't long before Grandfather persuaded my father to leave the grocery business in order to make a living in a "respectable way" - that of farming. Not really a farmer at heart, my father nonetheless operated the dairy. He also planted corn and oats on the land and raised and butchered hogs. He was busy almost around the clock. Mother raised chickens and a big garden, canning dozens of one and two quart jars of food every summer.

Along about midnight on May 30th, 1917, I decided to make my entrance into the world. Dr. C. Hazard, our family doctor, permitted my parents to choose either May 30th or 31st for my birthdate, since I had taken a few minutes of both days to make my birth complete. They chose the 30th, Decoration Day.

Decoration Day was not the happiest choice for a birthday, as far as I was concerned. It was customary to spend the morning at the cemetery, a gloomy fate for a child. There were many graves, from Thomas Ephriam and Barbara Ann on down to the infant sized ones, to be decorated, talked and mourned over. Much of this was beyond my young years and I would dance and jump, impatiently, over the grass, only to be instantly and decidedly reprimanded for stepping on "someone." After the tulips and lilacs and other Spring offerings were laid on the

graves, everyone gathered to hear the Decoration Day speech. Although the speaker would perspire heavily in the hot sun he seened to drone on, forever. At times he would shout in order to be heard above the muffled coughs of grownups, the cries of little children and the breezes that blew his words abroad. I never knew who the yearly speakers were, but they were well decorated with war emblems. There was always a row of men beside the speaker, standing as straight and proud as the tall-poled flags they held. The firing of the ominous black cannon followed the speech. If I remember correctly, nine shots were fired. In preparation for this, I would clap my hands over my ears and stand tense, ready for the earth-shaking booms.

When the service ended, I would give a whoop of joy. Now it could be my birthday! When we left the grimness of the cemetery behind, we headed for the family-owned timber (the woods) where we spread out a picnic dinner. Dad would get my attention while Mother placed my birthday cake, alight with candles, in front of me and everyone would call out "Surprise!" There were gifts and quite often a drive in the new Model T Ford to some place of my choosing. Thus would end another Decoration Day birthday.

Not many years ago, I re-visited that old cemetery. As an adult, the graves held sacred meaning. By then grandfather Gleim was buried beside his Annie. In 1976 I joined D. A. R. Perhaps my Decoration Day birthday - or Memorial Day as it is now called - was appropriate, after-all.

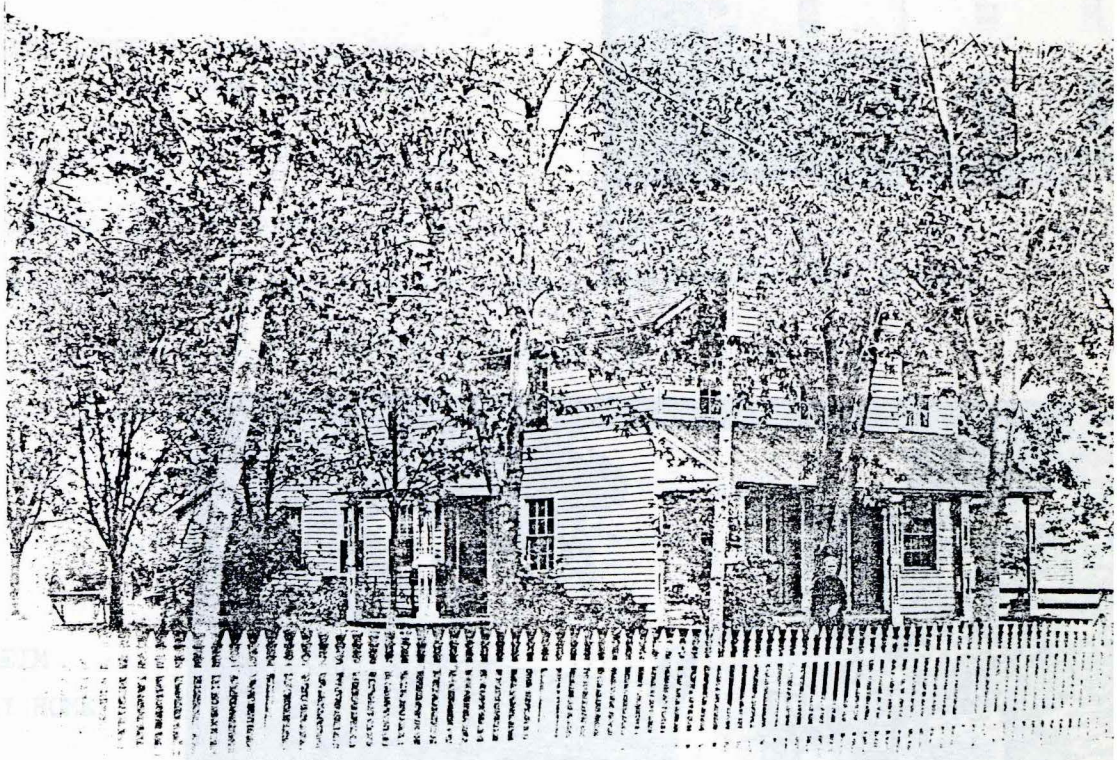
My childhood home is memorable to me because the presence of friends and relatives was more often the rule than the exception. The big dining room table seemed constantly to stretched to the hilt,

loaded and groaning with food. There would be homemade bread and cheese; home-grown vegetables, home-butchered meat, hand-churned butter, fresh milk, huge bowls of whipped cream and without fail, homemade ice cream pie, and cake. One time Mother accidentally added liniment to the ice cream instead of vanilla, so a new batch had to be made. Another time, one of the farm hands, a high school aged boy who stayed with us, said he'd like to eat all the ice cream he could hold, for once. Mother made up an extra big recipe of it and he ate and ate until he ate himself sick. After that, he could barely stand the sight of homemade ice cream.

During the winter, Mother would serve oyster stews for a crowd. Another winter event was the "round the world" feast. Friends went from house to house for portions of the dinner. One time we were to serve Dutch food. In preparation for this we cut out what seemed like hundreds of little Dutch girls from the waxed-paper bread wrappers, for decorations. In all the excitement, we forgot to use them.

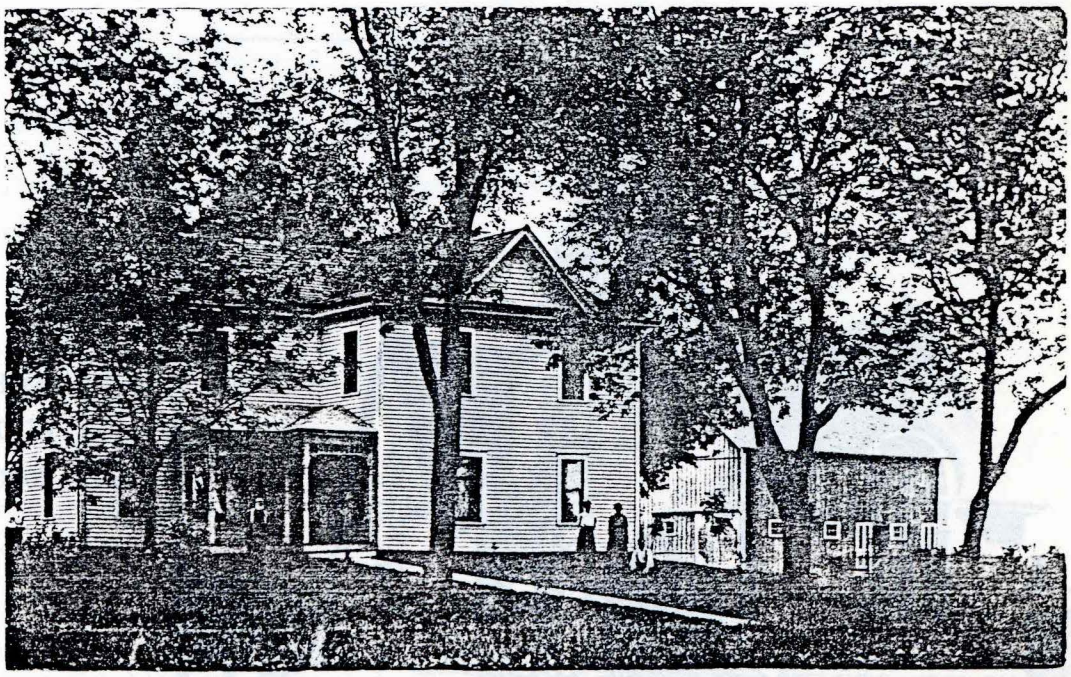
Another special affair was the annual dinner my mother gave in honor of the town's lady school teachers. For this occasion, Mother wanted everything to be perfect. We children and Dad were relegated to the kitchen and we knew better than to show our faces in the dining room. Usually a high school girl stayed at our place, earning her board and room by helping Mother; she it was who served the dinner. We children would gaze, popeyed, at the fancy food carried into the lady teachers. Of course, we got to sample the food that returned to the kitchen in the serving bowls and platters.

The big front bedroom in our house was reserved during the school year for a couple women school teachers, usually young and pretty ones. It was considered an honor in those days to room and board them and this



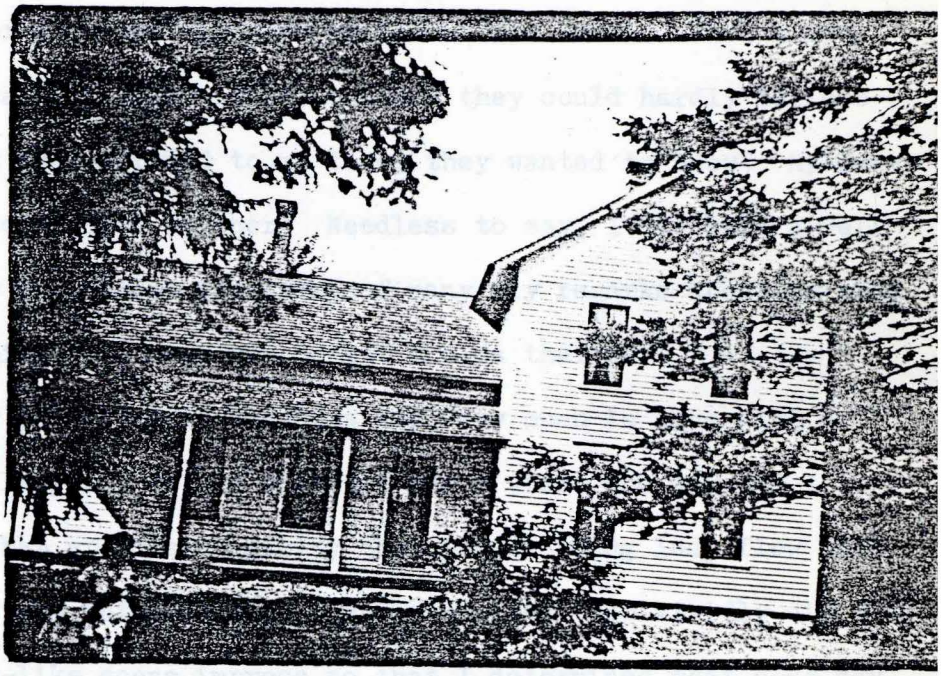
ORIGINAL SHAMBAUGH HOUSE

Barbara Ann Shambaugh in foreground

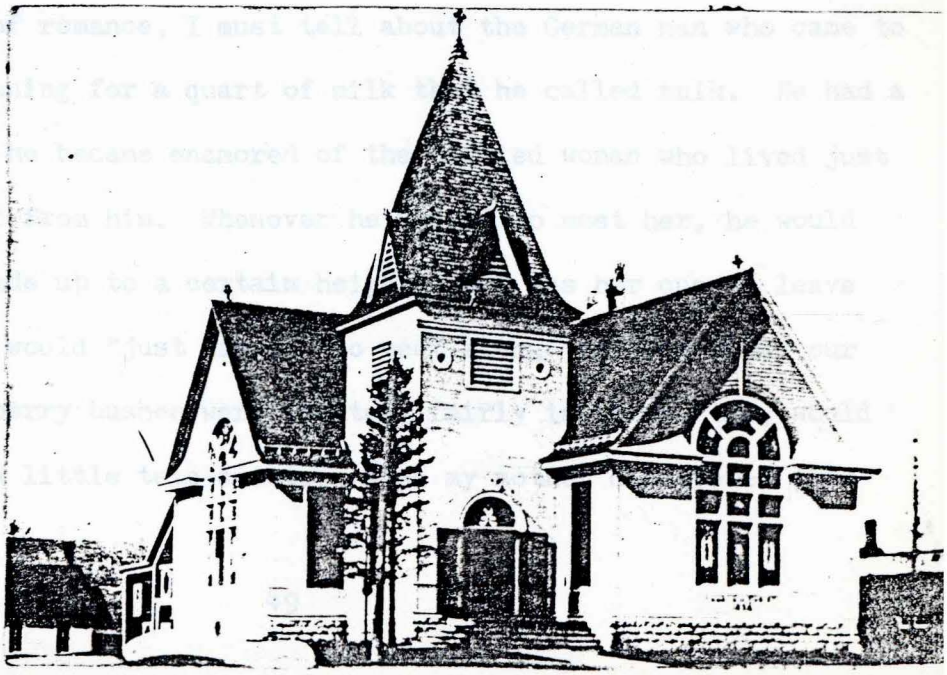


THE SECOND SHAMBAUGH HOUSE

SHAMBAUGH HOUSE - remodeled from the second one.



THE GLEIM COUNTRY HOME



CHURCH OF CHRIST IN ARLINGTON, IA.

was something my mother enjoyed doing. Each Fall when they arrived with their trunks full of clothes, we children were allowed to watch them unpack. One time I ventured into their room when they were out. I was fascinated by their fancy cosmetics on the vanity dresser. I decided to try out the rouge. About the time I had applied two round, red circles on my cheeks my mother called for me. Realizing my dilemna, I rushed to the bathroom and tried to scrub away the evidence, making my cheeks even redder from the vigorous action of the towel. When I got downstairs the teachers were with my mother; they could hardly believe their eyes. What had happened to my face, they wanted to know? My face told one story and my lips another! Needless to say, I had left a well blazed trail. My punishment consisted of many sly remarks about my nice rosy cheeks, wishing they knew how to get theirs that way.

One of our young school teachers was very much in love with a struggling young lawyer. He was expected for a visit one day and I'll not forget with what speed and agility that proper young lady flew down our open stairway and into his arms when he arrived. So vividly did that joyous, storybook-like scene impress me that I determined that some day I would marry a man as tall and handsome as he and I did.

Speaking of romance, I must tell about the German man who came to our door each evening for a quart of milk that he called mulk. He had a wife but somehow he became enamored of the married woman who lived just across the street from him. Whenever he wanted to meet her, he would pull a window shade up to a certain height; that was her cue to leave her house. They would "just happen" to meet along the lane where our fruit trees and berry bushes were located; fairly isolated, they would have themselves a little tete-a-tete. When my mother discovered this

was going on, she was very much upset, wanting no part of it. Clyde, my older brother, came up with an idea that met with her approval, an idea calculated to put an end to the twilight trysts. We took numerous pots and pans and some large spoons and stored them by the fruit trees. That evening, when the man came to our kitchen door and called for "Mulk!" we checked with our neighborhood spy. Excitedly, she told us the window shade said "Yes." We children dashed to the orchard, holding our breath until the German joined his lady-fair. Then we banged our pots and pans and shouted "Chivari!" That killed the love affair!

Enid was one of the girls who came in from the country to stay at our house, while attending high school. The Sunday afternoon she was expected, my parents had to be away. We three children were to be her welcoming committee. Clyde, the innovator, decided she might not stay if mere children greeted her. At his suggestion, I was to sit on his shoulders, with my younger brother, William, on mine. William, who couldn't have been more than four or five years old, was to wear a man's cap and my dad's overcoat was to be worn by all three of us; thus, we were to appear as the man of the house to Enid! It was tricky business, arranging ourselves in this lofty manner, requiring will power and grit to hold the position once we made it. Well, "the man" waited and waited and waited. Enid didn't show up until after my parents returned home; by then, the three-part caricature had gone its separate ways. A good thing, no doubt. If "the man" had opened the door and greeted Enid, I am sure she would have bolted straight home.

Occasionally, someone who was neither teacher, preacher, student nor farm hand, roomed at our house. One such was Charly, the *printer's devil, employed by the Arlington News. Now, Charly had certain rules

*A printer's apprentice was called a printer's devil.

and standards that he intended to live by - unless no one was looking. For instance, his religion forbade him to eat meat on a certain day of the week. He was very fond of our home-butchered meat and when that meatless day rolled round, he would conveniently forget what day it was. All went well until one of the men happened to notice this omission. From then on it was "I wonder what day of the week it is?" or "My, this steak is good, today." I always felt sorry for Charly, even if he did seem to invite his own trouble.

Aunty Murphy was a familiar figure in our house. Aunty was a term of endearment, for she was not a real aunt. For many years she did our family laundry. When my younger brother and I were born, she attended the doctor and gave us our first baths. She came several times a week to our house for milk and eggs and we children spent many happy times at her house, just a short block from ours. Her son, Don, was my dad's right-hand man. He and his wife, Betty, turned Grandfather's carpenter shop into their first home.

Many times a year, Bert and Bessie Gage (Bessie was Dad's sister) came for a visit, sometimes for several days. They had a large family and we children had to share beds, sleeping crosswise, but we were all young and thought this inconvenience fun. They lived at Greeley, Iowa, a distance of twenty-five miles, about an hour's drive in those days. Usually this included time for the inevitable flat tire.

A Gleim cousin, Mary Verna, (Mrs. Laurence Nielsen of Hardy, Ia.) lived in Arlington. We spent lots of time in each other's homes. Relation wise, we come out as second and a half cousins! She is responsible for my interest in D. A. R. I belong to the Mary Brewster Chapter of Humboldt, Iowa. She is presently serving as Regent of that Chapter.

During my Arlington years, doctors and house calls were synonymous. Many's the time Doctor Hazard made his way up our stairway with his little black bag. Mother suffered a great deal from neuritis. He came every day for several weeks when she had an especially bad spell. One time she nearly lost some fingers to a piece of farm machinery and the doctor came right to the house to dress them. When I was very ill with measles, he came every day but about all I recall was the darkened room. In all my dad's eighty years he was never sick but once and that was in Arlington, when he had an infection of some kind. For days the house was kept deathly still and the only ones to enter his room were the doctor and my mother. My parents and the doctor kept a running account of who owed who - the doctor liked his pay, for the most part in milk, cream and eggs. His daughter, Charlotte Tate, was Children's Librarian for several years at the Spencer Public Library.

A dear friend of mine, Mrs. Johnnie (Fernn) Steward of Fostoria, Iowa, was born in Arlington. However, we never knew each other until we both came to Spencer. She and her family left Arlington when she was about five. I mention her here because her ancestors, like mine, are buried in the Arlington cemetery. Arlington, therefore, holds a special place in her memory, as it does in mine.

The Arlington Church of Christ boasted not only a choir but an orchestra, too. They used to come to our house for practice. One evening a high school boy, who was so proud of his snare drum, managed to break one of its strings. I'll never forget seeing the tears run down his face when it happened. He had a younger brother, my age, who gave me one of his mother's cast off hand bags to prove how much he liked me. We were in the fourth or fifth grade at the time. Up until the eventful

hand bag incident, he had shown his affection by pushing me into a snow bank or whispering to me at school where I'd be made to sit with him, embarrassing me no end. Now he came out in the open with his amour, with the purse. I knew I'd be teased at home if I showed up with a gift from a boy, so I refused his "love" offering, much to his disappointment. Many years later he was to serve in the Armed Services during World War Two, giving his life for our country.

When the Gypsies came to town, the news of their arrival wasn't long in being known. They visited all the stores, stealing whatever they could manage. That was nothing, compared to the worry the Gypsies gave me. You see, my skin tanned readily and deeply in the summer. Because of this I was told, jokingly, to keep an eye out for the Gypsies in case they mistake me for one of their own and carry me off in one of their caravans. One day I was in the yard, swinging, when someone called from the house, "The Gypsies are coming!" I nearly had a heart attack right then and there, for sure enough, a group of them was passing by the house. I raced wildly into the house, crying and screaming. I don't recall ever being teased about them again, for my mother had a word or two with the farm hands who had filled me with that nonsense.

My great-grandmother Seeley used to visit us. She was a pretty, well-coiffed, well dressed little lady. Even at her advanced age, she kept a jar of henna on her dresser to spruce up her hair. I remember her wearing an apron with deep pockets. We children were invited to put a hand in a pocket and pull out a piece of candy or some little trinket.

My dad's mother, Mae Lydia, used to visit us, too. She came from Hawkeye, Iowa, where Grandpa Seeley was railroad ~~station~~ depot agent, so her trips were free. She came to help Mother with her Spring house-

cleaning. She was lots of fun, but not one given to showing affection. I used to want to sit on her lap and give her a big hug and kiss, but she would have none of that. Her clothing was always spotlessly clean and attractive and she was neat and quick with her work. How we loved to have her spread our bread and butter for us. She would sprinkle it with loads of sugar - a real grandmothery treat. My name, Elizabeth Mae, was taken from my Seeley and Gleim grandmother's names - Mae Lydia Seeley and Anna Elizabeth Gleim.

Christmas came every year but how the hours dragged out the last week before the Big Day. On Christmas Eve we squeeked through the sparkly snow in our new overshoes to the church where we recited our pieces for the annual program;our feet went a lot faster on the way home. After setting out a lunch for Santa, we hurried to bed, the sooner to greet Christmas morning. We children were allowed to peek at the gifts under the big tree, but we weren't to touch anything until after breakfast. It was tradition at our house to gather round the kitchen table for pancakes and sausage for Christmas breakfast. Elma Jane Shambaugh Ross and her grown son, Daryl, were annual guests, staying until after the gift opening. For some mysterious reason Dad was always absent when Santa, dressed in his bright red suit, arrived to distribute our gifts. Mother said he was doing chores and when he finally came in we excitedly showed him our new toys. One time, later in the year, I made an astounding discovery. I was rummaging through a trunk and there, before my eyes, was Santa's red suit! Clyde was with me and he pledged me to secrecy. We wouldn't dare let our parents know that we knew what they knew, he said. It would spoil their fun!

Elma Jane Ross raised Daryl by herself. Her husband, Morton, died

when Daryl was about nine. Elma was an elementary school teacher; when Morton died she returned to her profession, staying with it until she was past seventy. She will be ninety-seven on October 8, 1978. She is still of very sound mind, though her physical health is beginning to fail. Daryl is retired, living in Arlington with his wife, Doris. He had farmed for many years.

One of the biggest events to take place in the family home was the birth of my younger brother, William Harry, on April 13, 1921. I was four and Clyde was six at the time. He was named for his two grandfathers, William Gleim and Harry Seeley. (Clyde was the only one of us children not given a family name; his was the personal choice of my parents). When William was born, Clyde and I were whisked off to our paternal grandparents for several days. When we returned home we were introduced to the big surprise. He was a great joy to me and I spent many hours entertaining him and took pride in being sent to Mother's big dresser to fetch his baby clothes. Grandfather Gleim would not allow him to be called Bill. However, time took care of the matter and today, to most of us, he is Bill.

Shambaugh House, the second, came in for a face lifting during the summer of 1925. Thomas Newton Shambaugh, a son of Charles Daniel - who helped to build the first House - held an avid interest in the place. He was called Newt and as it turned out he was the proverbial rich uncle; he had made a huge fortune in oil. He thought it was time that Shambaugh House was rennovated and modernized and he didn't mind footing the bill. The open front porch was enclosed, making it a year round room. The kitchen acquired new cupboards, a sink with running water and an electric refrigerator - a Kelvinator. Indoor plumbing , a bathtub and sink were

were installed; there was a half bath downstairs. The spacious dining room had a large built-in cupboard with glass doors, for dishes. There was a wide open stairway, just off the dining area. The back stairs to the second floor, ever so handy, had to be sacrificed. We had electric lights all over the house and one of those wonderful new instruments - the telephone! Flooring was laid in the big attic and we children spent many happy hours up there. We played house, dress up and read books or looked through old trunks for treasures. Sometimes, when we had company on Sunday, we children would be allowed to stay home from evening church. Up to the attic we would go where Clyde would set up a pulpit and "preach" to us.

When the work on the House was well underway, a letter came from Uncle Newt saying, in part: "...how is the remodeling coming along? I hope just fine. Be sure and have it all done in good shape so everything will be just fine for now is the time while you are at it and if you can tell how much more money it will take let me know so I can have it there in time...we want you to have a good comfortable home when it is done."

For about five years, Shambaugh House, in all its up-to-date splendor was thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed. Uncle Newt had spared nothing to make the project a complete success. True to his word, he paid every nickle of the cost of it.

Then came The Great Depression. One day my Dad dropped a few coins in each of his three children's hands and said "Well, there's what's left of your bank accounts." We looked at the paltry amount and didn't understand. The look on Dad's face wasn't his usual, happy confident one; it struck us that he was hurting for he had a sort of crumpled look.

So it came about that we were to leave Arlington and the protecting arms of Shambaugh House. The move was a great adventure for us children. In a sense, the same held true for Mother and Dad. Dad hadn't been fond of farming and Mother had never ventured far from Arlington, except for a visit or two east, with her father.

Our move took us to Decorah, Iowa, where my parents were to take charge of a supposedly thriving fur farm. As it turned out, the venture was a wild goose chase. We made good friends during our two years in Decorah, but that is about all we made. We moved on, finally settling in Mason City, Iowa, in 1932. Dad sold supplies and did book work and Mother even did housework for others. It was years before we recouped financial stability. In spite of this set back, we managed through the years. My parents never lost faith in each other and certainly never, in God. If anything, those trying years strengthened the faith of all of us. Uncle Newt was not at all happy that we left Shambaugh House and from then on, family relations were strained, to say the very least. My parents never regretted the move. True, if they had stayed, Uncle Newt would have kept them solvent, but they valued their independence.

Grandfather Gleim died on May 1, 1925, just before the remodeling of Shambaugh House began. Grandpa, as we called him, loved to tease me every morning by sticking his cold hands down my back or by giving my pig tails a yank, just to hear me holler. He had a big leather-covered chair, with wide wooden arms and a foot rest that would slide out. With William on his lap and Clyde and I straddling the arms, Grandpa would peel apples and oranges for us and tell us stories, by the hour. He kept a sack of pink peppermints on the chiffonier in his room. I know. Mother would sometimes send me into his room to take my nap with the

strict warning to leave Grandpa's peppermints alone. I never did, though. They were far too tempting.

I remember coming home from school one afternoon when I was about eight and seeing a strange looking object on the front door of the house. It was a wreath placed there to tell the sad news that Grandpa had just died. Grandpa was laid out in his casket in the front parlor where his funeral was held. I truly missed my grandpa. Never again would I listen to his story telling or enjoy his pink peppermints; nor could I ever again stand at a window with him on dark winter mornings, watching for the first ray of light. I woudn't have guessed it, but I even missed his teasing. I also missed hearing him call me Betsy, his pet name for me. However, I never cried over his passing. His death seemed a part of the natural scheme of things.

Shambaugh House is still in existence. It has never been a lordly or stately house; it was rather plain, as houses go, and it still is. Only those related to Shambaughs have ever lived in it, from the day we left right up to the present, as well as from its beginning, long ago.

It is probably true that no two persons come to love a house through the years for the same reasons. I doubt if any of those who have lived in Shambaugh House felt toward it exactly as I did. No matter. Just as I have loved it, it has seemed to love me back. It gave me a noble birthplace, it held my family circle; it gave me shelter and friends and precious memories. Inwardly, I have never really left it, nor has it left me. Shambaugh House is a part of me and I am a part of its long and varied history.

By Elizabeth (Betty) Myhr
- Mrs. Derwin C. Myhr -
Spencer, Iowa. June, 1978

Bits of Memories

Unexpected happenings can change the course of a person's life. If my father hadn't been robbed of his week's wages on one Sunday morning, I would never have lived in Iowa. He was foreman of the Kansas City Southern Railroad yards in Kansas City, Missouri. With several other workmen, he had gone to collect his week's wages, and the entire group was beaten and robbed of their cash. When he got home, he told my mother he was through living in the city! He wrote to a friend of his, the roadmaster of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul railroad at Mason City, Iowa, telling him if there was an opening on his line, he would be willing to move there.

My father, Henry Clay Clark, was a man who liked to move, and my mother Emma, generally went along with his decisions. I was born in Silver Lake, Kansas, on December 4, 1905. From there we moved to Odgen, Kansas and later to Topeka, Kansas, where I started to school. Our next move was to Lennox, South Dakota. While there another friend of his, the roadmaster of the Kansas City Southern Railroad persuaded him to move to Kansas City, Missouri to work in the yards there.

That was one time my mother didn't want to move! She had made friends in Lennox. Everything was going well. She had such a nice garden, a little money saved up, and we had a cow, which provided us with all the milk, cream and butter we needed. However, as always, she yielded and went along with Father's decision to move, and now " This" had to happen!

Father got the job. In the fall of 1916, our belongings were shipped to Everly, Iowa, a place from which we never moved. Here my mother gained again those things she had left in South Dakota--- a house furnished by the railroad, plenty of land to have a garden, chickens, raise a few pigs, and no danger of being robbed in broad daylight!

I was the oldest and with my three younger brothers, our entire life was spent in this community. I graduated from high school here and later took a Normal course at Iowa State Teachers College. For three years I taught at a country school, two miles south of town.

My father belonged to the Masonic Lodge and he was a dyed in the wool Republican. Mother's folks were all Democrats and I have a strong suspicion that on election day, she always voted for the Democratic candiate, while my father always cast his straight Republican vote. Mother and I belonged to the O.E.S. and when our Eastern Star Lodge was closed some years later in Everly, I demitted, since it was inconvenient for me to get to Hartley, where it was moved at that time.

In 1926, my folks bought the cafe which for the next twenty years was known as Clark's Cafe. It was a gathering place for farmers, who brought their children in for school activities and basket ball games, and had to wait there until their children got back to town. It was open early and close late. There was a row of chairs in front, where the people sat and visited. It was a family place--- home cooked meals, ice cream sodas, and malts served at a marble topped fountain.

In 1927, I had married a young farmer, Harry Petersen and we began our married life on one of Mrs. Louis Moeller's farms, two miles south of Everly. After three years we bought a farm one mile east of Moneta. We couldn't have bought at a worse time. In a few years the " Great Depression" was in full swing.

In 1932, my eldest daughter was born in August. I was Worthy Matron of the Eastern Star at that time. The First National Bank of Everly closed that year. Franklin Roosevelt was elected President in November, and he was inaugurated as our President in March of 1933.

Every bank in the United States closed March 4, 1933, for a five day holiday. These were troubled times when

he became President. Creditors didn't bother people too much during these years, even though there were plenty of foreclosures in the country. Roosevelt gave new hope to the farmers but it took time for them to get on their feet.

We had no electricity. Our lights were kerosene lamps. Evenings were spent around the dining room table reading in the Des Moines Register of all the daring exploits of John Dillinger and other bank robbers. Later we bought a radio powered by a battery. We had bought a windcharger from a Spencer salesman. When the wind blew, it would provide power for our radio battery and sometimes enough power to provide us with a little light in one room.

I remember vividly the time when King Edward VIII abdicated and talked to the people of England. It was broadcast to the world, saying he was giving up the throne to marry the woman he loved---the American divorcee, Mrs Wallis Simpson. Our radio battery was strong enough for us to hear that, and I marveled at the wonders of radio, that we could hear that on our farm in Iowa!

We were lucky to have had good neighbors, who with the exception of a few well to do farmers, suffered reverses too. I believe those hard and difficult times showed us the true meaning of neighborliness---even getting big meals and feeding the men at threshing time was a satisfaction.

In spite of the crippling effects of the depression, we had a happy life. We raised all of our vegetables and there were plenty of fruit trees on the place. We had a good sized orchard of different kinds of apple trees, besides a few plum trees. A long row of mulberry trees bordered the west side of the orchard and they produced abundantly every year. I canned a great deal and in the fall our dirt cellar was filled with bins of potatoes, barrels of apples and vegetables that could be stored for quite a while. I had a big crock of saurkraut that I kept and used until I thought I should can the rest to be used later.

My second daughter was born in 1935. Both of our girls

were "depression babies." As they grew older, Clark's Cafe was a second home for them. They enjoyed eating those dishes of ice cream and all the other goodies. The girls especially liked those penny candy packages, which contained a prize. I can see my mother now, feeling those packages to find one with a ring in it for them.

Clark's Cafe at that time, was the one cafe in town serving meals. They were especially busy on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when the farmers of the community drove their cattle to town to ship on the railroad to Chicago and hauled their hogs in wagons to sell to the local buyers.

Besides raising chickens, I always had some ducks and geese. The ducks especially feasted on the ripened mulberries that fell to the ground. They had full run of the orchard.Not only that, but they developed a habit of traveling in the ditch to Moneta elevator, one mile west of us and eating the spilled corn on the ground.

On the August morning in 1932, after our eldest daughter was born at home, Dr. Hand from Hartley went outside the house and watched the line of sixty white Pekin ducks come waddling home after their trip to Moneta. In these days, doctors made house calls, and Dr. Hand even brought a practical nurse along. He had been there all night, and as I remember his bill was $35. My mother was there too, and she stayed for at least ten days and I was forced to stay in bed. How different from today! I can remember one other night, when my husband became seriously ill around midnight and Dr. Hand came and worked with him all night.

During these depression times in the thirties, bank robberies seemed to happen every once in a while, even in Iowa. It was close to noon, one summer day in 1934 and very quiet on main street, when Father took some checks to be cashed at the bank. There were only three people in the bank, Owen Goodspeed, the cashier and Bertha Molst, teller, and Father, when two men entered the bank. Before

Owen, Bertha and my father realized it, they were the victims of a holdup. The robbers ordered them to sit down in the part where the bank employees worked. They told my father to get over on that side---but he was a little hard of hearing and didn't obey right away. Finally he tried the gate and found it locked and said so to them. One of the robbers pointed at gun at him and said, "Jump." Well, my father jumped over that gate. They said later, he cleared it nicely.

While the three victims were held at gunpoint, the holdup men went through every drawer and cabinet, taking all the cash they could find. Then they ordered the three into the vault and closed the door. Luckily they didn't lock the safe, but the three didn't leave their temporary prison for a while. The men left and made their get away in a car, where a woman driver was waiting for them. It was reported later it was the Bonnie and Clyde gang.

After the excitement had died down, the last little detail told and retold, that was when some folks realized the humor of the situation----how Father, who suffered from rheumatism could jump that gate! He took it in stride, and probably had the best laugh of all.

I remember painfully, the team of mules Harry got on a trade for a team of horses. They were a fine looking pair and good workers too--named Barney and Ben. The only trouble with Barney, there wasn't a fence that could hold him. He could jump any fence around, not only on our place, but also the neighbors. He was almost as bad as my ducks with trips to Moneta. However he always came home in time to work in the field. He was hard to hold in the barn too. Also Barney had a vicious streak in him. When no one was in sight, he liked to chase calves and would pick them up with his teeth and shake the living daylights out of them. Ben would join him in this sport. Needless to say, as soon as he was able to, Harry traded them off for a team of horses.

After nine years of hard and fruitless work, we lost the farm. The next year we rented another farm in the Everly community. That fall at cornpicking time, I was kept busy cooking for five hungry corn pickers, young Bohemians who had driven in from Nebraska. How glad I was when the corn was all harvested and stored in the cribs. We generally celebrated the finish of cornpicking by having an oyster supper.

After two years we moved to a a larger farm and things were beginning to look a little brighter. Prices began coming up gradually. Harry had a herd of Angus cows, which provided extra feeders along with the baby beeves he bought to feed. Good crops, rising prices and plenty of hard work helped to get rid of the debts. Prosperity was beginning to smile on us!

Our girls were busy with school, 4H, and enjoying those happy and carefree times of young people on a farm. All of us looked forward to that week in the fall when we went to the Clay County Fair. It was the climax of the end of summer.

My mother had died on April 12, 1940, just ten days short of her fiftieth fifth birthday. It was a sad time for us. I had stayed at the cafe that night and the next morning I listened to a boy whistling as he went down Main street. Grief stricken, I felt like the world had stopped for me at that time. How could anyone be happy? However I knew that life goes on in spite of anything. That was the first death in our family until 14 years later when my mother-in-law passed away.

We stayed on the farm until 1955, when we had a farm sale and moved to Everly. My father passed away in November 1957 and my brother Ernest Clark, who operated the John Deer Implement in Everly, died in May 1958.

Our girls grew up, married and had homes of their own. We had lived in town 18 years, when death again touched us. This time it was Harry, who passed away in December 1973.

Days come and go, turning into months and now the years go by, almost like the days of the past. In writing down these bits of memories, I have relived these parts of my life. Ordinary events can become a chain of happenings to be remembered and treasured.

Viola Petersen
Everly, Iowa

The Transplanted Tree

Both of our parents, Carl Gustaf Freeburg (1849-1911) and Katrina Persson Freeburg (1846-1930) were born of humble parentage. They resided in the same Province of Vastergotland, Sweden. We think of Sweden as a lovely country full of rolling hills bordering the mountains where rills and waterfalls abounded. Between these hills are beautiful valleys studded with lakes. This land of the Mid-night sun and its people enhanced many a true story told by our parents. We can easily imagine our two young people growing up in this beautiful and healthful environment, to be strong of heart and determined in mind to succeed.

Gustaf was the youngest of five children born to Magnus Johnson and Mary Anderson Johnson. His older brother, Andrew, came to America in 1868 and his youngest sister Anna (Mrs Carl Lundbeck) and her family came in 1882. His brother John and sister Christine remained in Sweden. Three of Christin children, Ida, Henry and Albert Johnson came to America at a later date. At an early age Gustaf lost both of his parents just three weeks apart, and he went to live with an aunt. He and his sister Anna went often to the market to sell home-made candies. When he got older he worked for a farmer.

The Personality who was to play an important part in our Family Tree was a beautiful maiden with luxuriant brown hair named Katrina, daughter of Per and Katrina Persson. She came from a family of seven children. There were four brothers, namely, Peter, John, Carl and Claus. Katrina had two sisters. Emma died in childhood and Christine married and three of her children came to America in 1909. When Katrina's father died, his inheritance went to the oldest son. That was the law in those days. This infuriated John and Carl. They changed their name to Eskrom and went to sea. They were never heard of again. Three of Peter's children came to America later.

Gustaf and Katrina established their first home in Sweden. It was a small cottage on a little farm which Gustaf had rented from a wealthy landowner. He paid the rent by working so many days a week for the landlord. This little one story cottage had deep window sills that would serve as a table or as a bed for the children's day time naps. The home was heated by an open fireplace. There was an oven in the back of it where Katrina baked the Hard Tack (Rye Crisp). The food was cooked in iron kettles (three legged) set directly on the fire.

Into this home came four children; John, Carl, Selma and Clara. Along with these added responsibilities came a longing for a more secure life. Letters came from America that it was the land of opportunties. These letters fanned the flame for a more secure life. The desire for greater freedom grew and excitement ran high. Neighbors and friends were leaving. Why not Gustaf and Katrina? So they sold their few belongings at an auction in order to obtain enough money for the trip. Into a large home-made chest enforced with iron bands went the meager clothing, a spinning wheel and food enough to last through their journey. This chest was later used in America to store oats. It held half a wagon-load. Neighbors helped to take their goods to the railroad station. From there they traveled to Gotenborg where they embarked for their new adventure.

At last the day came when they set sail for America. The North Sea is known for its choppy waters. Unaccustomed to water travel, both Mother and Father became seasick. They sailed by the way of Germany to take on more immigrants. The three older children had a " hey day." They made friends with the passengers. Especially Selma, a child of four. Carl related how he watched the Germans dance. He enjoyed their singing too. " And O how they could dance." Food was furnished by the ships's company. Cattle were kept in the bottom of the boat and butchered as needed. There was no refrigeration.

The passport for the Gustaf Freeburg family is to be found in the Parker Historical Museum in Spencer, Iowa.

After three weeks of sailing (poor Mom and Dad), they arrived in New York City about the first part of April 1880. A pilot in a small boat came out to guide the sailing vessel into the harbor. After the usual inspection at the Castlegard (now the Aquarium) the family proceeded by Ferry to the railroad station. A fast train brought them to Chicago in a day and night. They left Chicago still traveling by rail to Spencer, Iowa. The food, mostly hard tack which they brought along from Sweden, supplemented the food purchased along the route. Carl tells of the eagerness of young John. John wanted a good look at America. At Algona he dashed out on the platform and a brisk wind carried away his cap. John arrived in Spencer with a large handkerchief tied around his head.

Upon arriving in Spencer, there was no brother Andrew to meet them. The mail in those days was so uncertain. Andrew had made many trips to Spencer prior to this day, with no success. Therefore he had asked a friend by the name of Bixon to meet them and send them out in a "Livery Rig" (Taxi). They finally arrived at Andrews after losing their way. A kind neighbor supplied the right directions. They received a warm and sincere welcome in the true spirit of the early settlers. Mother has often spoken about the generosity and kindness of Andrew and his family. (I might mention here that when Andrew came to this country he changed his name to Freeburg, and Father decided to do the same. In Sweden it would have been Magnusson. Every son took his fathers given name and added 'son' to it. Makes it confusing when you want to look up your ancestors.)

The first summer was spent at Andrews home. Later Andrew helped Father to buy an 80 acre tract of land a mile south of their home. Having no money to pay for this land, Father worked as a hired man for James Goodwin

who lived one-half mile west of the north Y of Spencer. He worked there for two years. Mother helped too by working as a hired girl for Mrs Goodwin. Her two little girls were permitted to be with her. The two boys made their home with Andrews and herded cattle for the neighbors. Mother sheared sheep for the neighbors to help pay for the farm.

The new home in America was a transformed granary consisting of one room. A table, a stove, a board bed and a trundle bed comprised the furniture. Just bare necessities. Fuel was gathered from the prairies. Sunflower stocks, wild hay that was twisted into bundles, weed stems, willow sticks and cow chips (dung) were used.

The first winter in America was a severe one. The snow came and the north wind blew. The blizzard blew the snow into drifts that almost covered the little house. Father was at Goodwins, and Mother was home alone with the children. One day the test came. Snow covered everything. It lay deep and wide. The fuel was gone and the food running low. The snow was too deep for mother to go for help, nor could she send the boys for fear they would be lost and freeze to death. She resolved to put the children to bed and she climbed in beside them. Thoughts like this one ran through her mind. Would someone find them in the morning frozen to death? Come what may Mother had a deep trust in her Maker, and I am sure that mothers prayer was answered that day. There came a knock at the door. On opening it mother found a neighbor, Mr. Bill Williams, standing there with food and fuel for the little family! Just in time to keep the little family from starving and freezing to death. How thankful mother was! Words could not describe it. The next day after the storm had subsided, father walked home the sixteen miles to bring fuel and and food for his family. It was a happy reunion.

Another incident relating to the early days in America concerning the tall prairie grass and mother. It was easy to get lost in it, even for an adult.

Mother went out to search for the family cow. It was milking time. It was twilight and darkness was coming on. She searched and searched but did not find the cow. She became confused in her direction and could not find home. Finally she saw a light. She followed the beam but instead of home it was a neighbors home (Rotes) a mile east of home. They set her straight in her directions. She thought she knew the way but ended up at Martin Johnsons, a neighbor who lived a mile or more to the northwest. They directed her home, but again she became confused and came back to the Johnsons. This time with a lantern in his hand, Mr. Johnson took our mother home. And wouldn't you know it, there was the cow.

Another hazard of prairie life was the prairie fire. It could outrun the swiftest horse. My brother Martin recalls the day when a menacing fire appeared out of the northwest. The few pieces of furniture were hurriedly carried out of the house and placed in the center of a plowed field along with some food. The wind changed to the opposite direction and the little home was saved. Everyone plowed several furrows around their homesteads to prevent the prairie fires from wiping them out of existence.

The Clay County History written by Gillespie (about 1908) reveals much about the hardhips of the early pioneers. Space has been there (p538) to a write-up about Mother and Father Freeburg and their contribution toward building up the land and community life.

Our parents, hungering for the Word of God and sharing it with others, joined a small group of believers--- the James Nelsons, Gus Swansons, Fingersons, Hollegards and others. These people met together at their homes to read the Sriptures, to pray and to sing their praises. At times it would be long past midnight before they departed for their homes. Later a small Lutheran church was built on a corner of land donated by Gus Swanson. (Three miles east of Royal.) Mother and Father were dutiful in seeing that their children received religious instruction in the

home as well as in the church. Severe weather never kept them at home from church services. In the winter the children were bedded down on straw, in the bobsled, with a blanket over them. Underneath the children sat snug and warm. In the summer we rode in a surrey. Side curtains went up on that when it rained or the fall weather was too cold. Family devotions will always be a cherished memory. No matter where we might roam we always knew that our parents prayers followed us. John was the first one to be confirmed and the rest followed as they came to that age. Thus the "Faith of our Fathers" was carried into the life of another generation.

The years went by, each year an improvement upon the year before. If not a new building, there would be a few more acres. In 1891 a new house was built, because now there were nine children in the family. Sometime in between the granary house and the new house, was a two room house with a loft.

Into each life some rain must fall, and our family was to experience this for the first time when our father now only 62 became ill and an operation was necessary. This operation had to be done in Chicago. We shall never forget that dark and rainy day of February 12, 1911. Our father gathered us about him for a fond farewell and to admonish us to-

" FIRST SEEK GOD AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS AND ALL THESE THINGS SHALL BE YOURS AS WELL." Matt. 6:33

Father was a God fearing man. He always planned his work by James 4:15 " IF GOD WILLS, WE SHALL LIVE AND WE SHALL DO THIS AND THAT."

After spending eleven weeks in the hospital, father died on April 28, 1911. Five years after that, Mother moved to Spencer, leaving my youngest brother, Harry, to farm the farm. In order not to make the transition from the farm to city life too abrupt, she brought along a cow and a few chickens. In 1930, nineteen years after her faithful

companions departure, mother rejoined him in glory at sunset May 26th. A mother like ours is more than a memory, she is a living presence. We can say the same about our father.

The Transplanted Tree that came from Sweden in 1880 had 4 twigs and in the last month of 1897 the last twig was added, with six others in between. There were 11 twigs in all. The Tree continued to grow and now at this date, May 31st, 1978, there are 287 living descendants. There have been 25 deaths. The tree that grew so fast with its roots so firmly intrenched in rural soil, now branches out into urban areas.

Beda Freeburg Sampson
Milford, Iowa RFD

THE PATHWAYS ARE STEEP

Preface

Some books emerge after years of research; others, like this one, grew from a half promise. During our growing-up years Dad told us interesting incidents of his boyhood. "Some day, Dad, I'll write your life story," I told him.

The busy years sped away. Finally we began the book one summer day in 1946. Dad sat in his dark red easy chair, his blue chambray shirt open at the neck, a sturdy cane idle on the floor at his side. Though nearly 80 years old, he still carried a bright twinkle in his blue eyes. When standing he was almost six feet tall, well built and erect, the skin on his face tanned but smooth, his thinning hair touched with grey.

I sat near him with a pencil and a pad of paper. He talked, and I wrote in shorthand and in time-using longhand. Once the well of his vivid memory was opened, the words came too rapidly for me to record. "Wait, Dad, you're going too fast for me." He stopped, leaned forward, elbows resting easily on the arms of his chair, his work-worn hands folded, his thumbs making chasing circles around each other. His mind was busy planning what he would say next. We worked most of that first afternoon, and at the end I had scattered notes on paper and ideas tucked away in my mind. From them I made rough drafts for his review.

We carried out this routine of writing during a period of weeks. Mother, Dad's helpmeet for forty-seven years, added good advice, and sometimes corrected him on dates and circumstances. Dad had a ripe memory of days long ago, but the great flood of later events sometimes got muddied. He told of his earliest recollection--a happening in the threshing barn when he was only two, described minutely days of learning the baker's trade when he was 14 years old, and gave a clear description of his boyhood home. Together we dug into family records and searched books to find correlating events in local and world history.

Finally, after the words had gathered together the happenings of a long lifetime, I stenciled, mimeographed and assembled the pages. By professional book standards the results were crude, for the closely-typed twenty-seven pages were too crowded with words. I see him still with the finished book in his hands, his specs on and his left eye closed as it always was while he read. Some of his life was written there, black ink on white paper, and he was pleased, so pleased!

The book was my Christmas gift to him in 1946. Nothing I had ever done for him elated him more. He enjoyed the spotlight of attention from family and friends who received copies of the book.

Ten years later, in November 1957, I wrote the book again, embellishing it, breaking it into segments for easier reading, and adding the happenings of the intervening years. For Dad the thrill was still there.

Now, with Dad gone, I write the book again, this time for his children and grandchildren, to leave them a special legacy. When I retell moments from his interesting life I record the courage, labor and hardships along with the many joys and blessings he had. God and the ocean brought him to America in the steerage hold of a big ship.

Dad's lot was that of all immigrants. Like a plant he was uprooted from his old home and replanted in a new one, there to take root. (Did he think of this transplanting during his many years of gardening?) He gave his work, strength and faith to the new land in which his desire for a better way of life was fulfilled. To God he owed immeasurable thanks for putting him here where he helped to break the prairie sod and become a landowner. He took the years entrusted to him and used them to help his family and community. He was pathetically eager to become an American, and this he achieved in January 1896.

The Statue of Liberty in New York harbor had not been erected when Dad touched American shores and first sighted the American flag proudly waving in the April sunshine. Yet, the words written by Emma Lazarus and carved in its base aptly applied to him as a bewildered poverty-touched lad of 16½ years:

"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses, yearning to breathe free
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the tempest tost, to me;
I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

I YOUTH HAS A BIRTHRIGHT

Jacob reached deep into the pocket of his coarse dark brown trousers, took out five coins, looked at them intently and quietly counted. Ninety cents lay there in the palm of his hand--all the money left to finish his journey, and he still had miles to go. He shrugged his thin young shoulders as thoughts skittered through his head. "It doesn't matter now. I'm in America, the great land of promise. Didn't my father tell me about it? I'm on my way to the little town of Andrew, but where it is I don't know and I can't understand this strange language people are talking." (Didn't this teenage boy think "Dear God, the world is so big and I'm so small. What's to become of me?")

Under him the wide Mississippi River wound its way to the sea, and the train wheels thumped a monotonous song across the ties. Through the dirty train window he looked at the river below him, spreading, churning dark water moving this spring day to the river banks and spilling out onto the land. "Soh sehr viel wasser," he said quietly. He couldn't ask questions of a silent man who sat next to him on the dark plush-red seat. They didn't speak the same language--this man and the youth who only a few months before had turned sixteen and had come such a long way.

The youth was my father, Jacob Frederick Schmid, new to the ways of America, perhaps frightened, but possessed with the strong determination that "what must be done will be."

His journey began in southwest Germany at Schorndorf, a tiny town nestled in a little rim of hills. He was born in the nearby village of Schnaith in 1867 and spent his first 16 years in a town surrounded by countryside cut into small patches of farmland. The rich soil was used for raising grapes, the sandy light for rye, and scattered bits and pieces for apple, pear and cherry orchards. Here were the deep roots of his long-lived family, and at Schnaith Dad and his four brothers got their early taste of poverty and discipline. Discipline was sometimes given by their mother who used a dust brush which she conveniently hung on a mail on the table leg.

Dad described his family as poorer than the mice that haunted the church in the town square where the family worshipped on Sunday. Two items of food they often had were potatoes cooked in their skins (or as Dad said, "With the jackets on") and a piece of bread. Often they had black bread soup made from stale bread cut into fine slices in a big bowl, then covered with boiling water and topped with a spoonful of sour cream.

His mother, Katherina Strauss Schmid, told him of extremely bad times in the early 1860's when she sometimes walked fifteen miles to the city of Stuttgart carrying a market basket on her head. Inside were a few dressed chickens, a couple dozen eggs, freshly made butter and some fruit or vegetables from the garden. She delivered the produce to a woman in the city who sold them for her. In the evening she returned home very weary, but so glad to have a little bread or flour in her basket.

I

Dad's people lived in a home typical of that time. The milk cows, the hand plow, the wooden wagon, hay and firewood were kept on the first floor. The family lived on the second and upper floors. A long steep stairway led to the living quarters which consisted of a dark kitchen used only to cook in, a large square sparse room where the family stored firewood and kindling brush, and an all-purpose dining and living area. One large room, divided by a curtain provided sleeping space. On the third story were bedrooms for the four boys, and an attic area. The hay for livestock was stacked above the third story in the gable end of the house. At haying time the bundles of cut grass were pulled up with slings on the outside of the house. Later, as needed, it was thrown down through a trap door at the head of the stairways.

Moving of the hay usually occurred once a week, and one of the boys was stationed at the trap door to warn anyone who came up the stairway. One evening Dad was assigned the job of guard, and instead of staying at his post he went to the kitchen to get warm. At this unfortunate time a neighbor woman came to buy a quart of milk. She fell through the trap door onto the hay. Dad heard her cry out, and soon his mother appeared, talked nice to her, brushed off the hay, and didn't charge her for the milk.

My father recalled a trying time during the fall of 1879 when he was 12 years old. Day after day during potato digging time grandfather woke him and his brothers about 2 a. m. to a breakfast of hard dry bread and home-brew whiskey and then a walk of five miles to work in the fields. At 8 o'clock grandfather usually brought out a jug of hard cider for them, and at noon grandmother came with soup for their dinner. At midafternoon Dad and his father went home, grandfather to do the chores and Dad to hitch the cows to a wagon and return to the field for the potatoes. Often it was inky dark when the tired boys got home.

Since Dad had no sisters, he often had "kitchen duty," when he had to put the potatoes on to boil and tend the fire. One evening a schoolmate came to get milk while grandmother was busy elsewhere, so the boys sat in the dining room to talk as boys will. A lamp in the kitchen cast its dim light through a small serving window onto the bench where they sat. Dad heard grandmother come to the stairs with the milk, go into the kitchen, open the oven door and shut it very sharply. It dawned on him that the fire had probably gone out and supper wasn't ready. When he hear her come into the hall he scurried from the bench and hid in a dark corner. Grandmother said no word but walked to the table, removed the dustbrush from its hook, took the boy over her knee and gave him a half dozen good whacks. Only when he yelled did she know she had the wrong boy. Since he was the stepson of a rich man in the clothing business and a milk customer of good standing, she got down a glass of jelly from the cupboard and gave the boy some bread and jelly. She promised she would "tend to dad." Later Dad told us, "I'd gladly have taken the licking for the bread and jelly, because we got jelly so seldom."

Even grandfather had chores around the house. One was to prepare kindling for starting fires. Many evenings Dad remembers he sat whittling pine for the morning fire. In the fall of the year he used dried grapevines which made excellent kindling.

I

Dad started to school when he was seven years old, and as was the custom then, all students were in the same class for four years. Boys attended one school; girls another. All teachers were men except for kindergarten classes. School began the week after Easter and continued throughout the year except for a few weeks of vacation in haying and harvest. If a boy had pretty good grades and his folks needed him at home, he took a note to the teacher requesting time off. Dad either was unusually smart or badly needed at home, because he often carried such a note. Even with interruptions, he was graduated from school at age 14.

In the fall of that year he began learning the baker trade. As an apprentice, he was required to work for two years and pay 200 marks for tuition, but since Dad's folks were poor, he worked an extra six months in lieu of tuition.

The kneading trough in which Dad made dough was a hollowed-out log about three feet wide, three deep and six long. Occasionally they baked special orders for some customers who brought their own dried prunes, pears and such for fruit bread. One day Dad was picking apart the dried fruit to distribute it evenly throughout the dough when he came to a piece that wouldn't come apart and discovered it was a dead mouse. He just threw it aside and went on with the mixing.

The bakery oven was of brick, eight feet wide, ten feet long and a height varying from fifteen inches at the center to twelve inches on the sides. It was bricked up underneath with a layer of sand to better hold the heat. Sand two feet thick covered the top, layered over with brick to heat the oven uniformly. The baker put two armfuls of fine-cut hardwood and pine directly into the oven, and then lighted them. After they burned, he swept the coal and ashes into a hollow under the oven where they cooled and were later removed. He used a broom made of birch brush three inches thick tied tightly together and then to the end of a 14-foot handle. Next he cleaned the oven with a long-handled mop. After that the oven was tightly closed and the little remaining dust allowed to settle. Through experience Dad learned when the baking temperature was right. "If the ceiling of the oven was white almost to the front end, it was right for baking," he said.

Meanwhile the bread and rolls were readied for baking, and the buns shaped on a canvass ready to slide into the oven on a long-handled paddle. The work had to be done quickly as baking time was only 15 minutes, and for 300 buns, the first ones in were sometimes done before the last ones were in the oven.

The baker made pretzels on the same time schedule as buns. He formed them by hand from stiff dough into cross-shaped segments, dipped them into hot homemade lye made from wood ashes, then sprinkled them with salt.

Lastly came the bread. The brown bread was made into four-pound loaves, the white into two-pound loaves and baked an hour. As it came from the oven the bread, without wrapping, was put into large willow baskets for sale directly from the baskets.

I

Baking began in the early hours of the morning and sometimes Dad, an early teen, was so tired he went to sleep with his hands up to his elbows in dough. The baker then gave him a slap on the side of his head to wake him, and he went on mixing dough.

Dad was often hungry, and all he got to eat during the baking time was some stale bread and hard cider. The milk buns, extra fancy and denied to small hungry boys were first out of the oven and a special temptation to him. Sometimes they disappeared! Dad learned about this "disappearing act" from some school chums who were apprenticed to other bakers. One day the boys went swimming after their work and Dad noticed some of them had red marks around their waists. He asked, "How come?"

"We swiped a few buns while the boss had his eyes on things in the oven and hid them inside our shirts." they said, also passing along the important information that milk buns did not burn as much as the pretzels and buns dipped in lye water.

Dad tried the methods of his chums. Once he got caught. On this day the boss seemed to be taking an extra long time getting the buns out of the oven, but all the while out of the corner of his eye he was watching Dad. After awhile he just turned around, reached into Dad's shirt, took out the buns and put them in the sale basket. He didn't say a word in reprimand, and somehow Dad felt lucky.

The baker owned a saloon and some land in orchards and meadows. So Dad took his morning stint at the bakery and worked the rest of the day on the baker's farms. While the boss enjoyed an afternoon nap, Dad had to get things ready for the next day's baking. This included splitting cordwood into smaller lengths at the woodpile on the edge of town and hauling it to the bakery. He used a sleigh in winter and a handcart during the other months of the year. Ordinarily he didn't get to bed until 9 in the evening, and it seemed to the young lad he never got caught up on sleep. One fall during threshing the hours got extra long, and finally his brother Will who was helping with the threshing asked, "Aren't you baking any more?"

"Yes, every night."

"Well, then when do you sleep?"

"From nine to twelve at night."

This bit of information must have gotten back to grandmother, for next day out of a clear blue sky his boss said he could sleep after the baking and didn't have to help thresh.

After graduation from bakery school, Dad's next step in fortune seeking took him to the city of Stuttgart. There he got a job that lasted only a month. He wasn't allowed to bake bread as he had been taught, but instead in this great city he had to be a delivery boy. His predecessor took him on the route once, and after that he was expected to carry on alone. Delivery was made in the early morning while it was still dark and at houses, and at apartments in many large buildings. Dad became terribly confused, delivering

buns where bread was to go, bread where no delivery was needed, and in general mixing up the orders. His eventual parting with the baker was by mutual consent.

Unwilling to admit defeat in the big city, he stayed in Stuttgart for awhile. He looked for work in factories, but found none. Any young man who had learned a trade was supposed to stick to it.

When he finally went home, he wasn't needed. His brothers Gottlob, John, William and Christian, had taken over his duties there. Opportunity loomed large in a new land across the sea--America--and to it he fixed his eyes. Preparation of his wardrobe took little time. He had few clothes and little money to buy more. However, he was equipped with hardiness, a sense of humor, and a good and courageous spirit. These he carried across the miles of sea to another continent that was to be his home.

II AMERICA, ADOPTED LAND OF PROMISE

No friend or relative was on the pier of Castle Garden Immigration Center when my father arrived in America on Maundy Thursday, April 11, 1884. He came as a lad of 16½ years, on the maiden voyage of the Northland, a new ship of the Belgium Steamship Line. The New York papers called the ship a "Floating Palace," and Dad rode it for $45 steerage, the cheapest class.

The boat was unloaded on Good Frieday, April 11, and Dad stayed in New York City until the following Monday. When he boarded a train on Monday he was headed for Jackson County, Iowa, where he stayed a few days with blacksmith Will Daudel and family and then went to the country to work for John S. Johnson. Mr. Johnson knew no German and Dad no English, but they got along fine. Here he had his first taste of larger-scale farming, since Johnson owned 160 acres, half in brush and half in corn and other crops. They had a few hogs and milked some cows. For some of their income they sold sour cream. The cream wagon came about once a week to pick up cream from farms all along the way. It may take days for the cream wagon to get back to town with its sour load. Dad's salary for the first year was $50. He saved $30 of it! The second year it was raised to $100, and the third year he got $15 per month for nine months.

Later he worked for Douglas Gibson, and it was through him that Dad made another important move. On returning from a hunting trip to northwest Iowa, Mr. Gibson reported that farm laborers were getting $2 to $3 per day near Milford, Iowa. For $20 he bought a ticket to Milford on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, the same line that bisected a farm Dad was later to own. This portion of the railroad was fairly new, having been laid as far as Spencer in 1879.

My father reached Milford in September 1887, only seven years after Spencer was incorporated and two years after Riverside cemetery was begun. At Milford he went to the grain elevator to ask if anyone needed a farm hand.

II

The second man he talked to was Frank Heiser, and he took Dad to the farm of A. W. Meek where two men were stacking hay in a field. When the farmer learned Dad was looking for work he ask how soon he could start.

"In ten minutes, if I can go behind the stack and change clothes," he said. This then began his first job in northwest Iowa, making wild hay from the prairie grasses.

School occupied Dad's time for about three months that winter during weeks when there wasn't much farm work. He went with the Meek children, Evie, Bessie, Blanche, Belle and Jim to School, and though he was the oldest, he got along well with the teacher, Miss Cora Cornell, and the 19 other pupils who attended the "Gillette" school that winter session.

He worked for Mr. Meek during 1887 and 1888, at $22 per month, and then went to Wm. Gillette who had a lot of milk cows and farmed 300 acres.

During his first years in America Dad got mail regularly from Germany, but as was his usual way, he seldom wrote. When he did, he sent $5 or $10 along, and once for Christmas he mailed $100. He picked up the mail at the nearest town, for rural free delivery had not reached this area.

For a number of years there was a hay siding opposite the Jacob Milleman farm. This siding appeared on maps of that time, and area farmers brought hay to this location where it was pressed similar to the modern hay baling, but with greater work and difficulty. The hay was then sent out on the train. During the extremely wet spring of 1892 this siding proved very helpful. Roads were so soft that travel was difficult. Coal came by rail cars to the siding, and farmers got it from there. The roads were kneedeep in mud, so ingenious farmers converted their wagons to two-wheeled carts, and on them they hauled 400-500 lbs. of coal per load. Under these difficult conditions it took Dad a whole day of steady work to move just two tons of coal to the Erffmeyer farm, a little more than two miles away. He used four horses for the work. In a couple of places the mud was breast high, so the front team helped the back team out of the mud. Some carried a sack of flour on their back all the way from Spencer.

Few fences guarded the early settler's land, but when Dad reached Iowa some groves had been planted. Early settlers were encouraged to plant trees, as they received tax exemptions for them.

Fostoria, the little town that was to play an important role in Dad's life, was started in 1894. Isaac Foster gave the site for the town, named in his honor. For some time a siding had been at this location, and the first building was a grain elevator, the first dwelling was a discarded school building moved from Spencer. The building today carries the unlikely name of "the flats."

III HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

He was a stalwart man of 26, nearly six foot tall, and well-developed muscles covered his erect frame. Gone were the timidness and boyish fears that were his ten years earlier. He had proved that he could make his own way, had learned a language that had been alien to him and had gained the respect of those he worked for by giving them an honest day's work for his wages. He had money in the bank, and the dream of owning his own farm moved closer.

It was time to make a visit home, to cross again the vast Atlantic Ocean, and to see his parents and brothers once more. He had finished the year's harvest at the Gillette farm, and he would use the winter months for the trip.

He traveled by train to New York the first part of December 1894, and purchased his ticket for home. Rates were very cheapthat year, and it cost him only $16 for the boat fare. He traveled steerage again, and this time the conditions seemed to be better (or were they so because of the happy prospect of going home?) They traveled to South Hampton, England, then by train through London to Harwich on the English Channel. He went by boat across the channel to Antwerp and from there through Cologne by train to Stuttgart, arriving on December 23.

During the last part of the homewardjourney his traveling companion was a policeman whose destination was about a block from Dad's home. The train was a local and stopped at every little town. After alighting the two men started up the street together. As they passed through the market place Dad noticed a group of small children following them. He turned and grinned at them, then told the policeman they probably thought he had been turned in.

"Oh, that's all right," the policeman answered with a teasing look.

When Dad walked into his home, the folks didn't recognize him until his brother William said, "Oh, this is Jacob." The reason he guessed first was that he had a dream of Dad's coming. Dad hadn't written for a long time, and at breakfast that morning William said they should surely have a letter that day.

The family was joyous to be together again, and conversation was lively. Dad said that after a month or so it was as if he had never been away. The days lengthened into a year as he worked with his father and brothers, William and Christian, in a busy haying season. The farmers clamored for workers, and often the brothers worked from 2 o'clock in the morning until night swinging the scythe, earning as much as $15 to $20 per day.

One of Dad's friends was William Mayer. William had a sister Pauline who had earlier immigrated to America, but was now in Germany caring for her sick grandmother who lived about three blocks from Dad's home. Their friendship ripened, and with new goals added to Dad's life, he returned to America in January 1896.

IV THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE

The wedding was held at high noon on a late September day in 1899. The early crops had been harvested, the later ones were ripening under an early fall sun. It was time for friends and relatives to gather and join two who had traveled the ocean to a far country.

Mother was 26 years old on that September 28th, and Dad six years older. Who was to tell them that autumn day they would raise eight children to maturity and productive lives, lose one son at the heartbreak age of 16, and celebrate together 58 years of wedding anniversaries?

Mother had no bridesmaids but her good friends, Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Dehrkoop witnessed the ceremony. Mother's brother, William, and J.L. Anderson stood up with the couple. She wore a lovely long white ruffled organdy dress fashioned with a high neckline and long sleeves. Her veil was held in place with mock orange blossoms, and her corsage was of orange blossoms. Roses and petunias decorated the home and gave a foregleam of the many flowers my parents would tend in their lifetime. We will never know how many of Mother's flowers found their way to cemeteries on Memorial days, both on graves of family members and friends. Often when we children were away from home, a box of flowers would arrive through the mail--a gift from her love and garden, kept fresh with stems inserted in raw potatoes.

Dad wore a new black suit with tails. He had a stiff wing collar and white tie, well-shined black shoes, and carried his watch on a long chain woven of human hair. The watch chain had a story of its own. On Dad's trip to Germany in 1894 he lost it in Uncle John's field. By chance it was found about 8 months later, still in good condition and only a little worse for exposure to the outdoors.

The wedding dinner was served at J. L. Anderson's home, with chicken as the main dish. In the evening after supper the neighbor men came with noisemakers for a charvari.

During the afternoon of the wedding day, the bride and groom went to Spencer to have their pictures taken. They rode in a new buggy which Dad bought for $85 and which he claimed was one of the best thereabouts. Mother inspired the purchase, because her first ride with Dad when she came to Iowa was in a lumber wagon. He was a bit ashamed of that, so on his way home he stopped in Fostoria and ordered the buggy. It was a handsome one-horse affair with top and side curtains. The buggy lasted for about thirty years, the old horse playing out long before that.

The honeymoon was spent in their own home across the road from the wedding site. Next day was work as usual--Dad dug a load of potatoes for the Fostoria grocer.

Fostoria, the little town built along the Milwaukee railroad tracks, was a long way from Schorndorf in Germany, though the towns were alike in size. What strange power draws a young girl over the stormy ocean waters, through cities and open prairie country to a small farm with struggling young trees and meager buildings near this small town, there to weld her life with a man and forever after call the place "home?"

IV

Mother was Johanna Pauline Mayer born in Schorndorf, Germany on September 23, 1873, a daughter of Johann Christian Mayer and Katherine Schnurr Mayer. She had ten brothers and one sister. Two brothers died in infancy, and the rest of the family came to America June 1, 1881 and settled in East Amana, where mother's granduncle lived. They stayed at the colony three year, and then grandfather was lured to Wisconsin by literature describing a wonderful land of plenty. The family was to go to Medford, but grandmother became sick, so they got off the train at Junction City. Here grandfather bought 40 acres of land near the town and established their home.

In 1894 Mother returned to Schorndorf to nurse her sick grandmother, and it was there she met the young man who was later to become her husband. She returned to America on a very hot August 1, 1895, landing at Ellis Isle in New York City, and went again to Junction City.

Here Pauline thought of that young man she had become acquainted with in Germany. His few letters to her, and her wish to see him again resulted in a visit to northwest Iowa. This was easy since Mother's brother, William, worked at Stauffers on the Heneman place north of Fostoria. When her train stopped at Fostoria she asked where the Heneman place was, but she was directed to the J. L. Anderson farm. Dad was there eating his dinner, and when she knocked he answered and asked her where she was going. Introductions were made all around, and Mother found her first enployment in Iowa with Mrs. Anderson for $2.00 per week.

MY FATHER WAS A FRUGAL MAN

My father watched his pennies, making them do the most work they could. Much of his thriftiness was born out of necessity. Some of it took on a humorous aspect. The banker of our small town was amused at the short pencils Dad carried. Sometimes they were only a couple inches long. These were small for his big workworn hands, but they fitted nicely into his vest pocket. He used a stub pencil to write a dollar check or one for thousands. Often he must have remembered the first check he gave in the early 1900's. With it he paid a neighbor, Mr. George Henderson, for some threshing. Dad was new to the ways of writing checks. When he told Mr. Henderson he had money in the bank, Henderson suggested that he just write on a slip of paper howmuch the banker should given him and sign his name. This he did, and the check cleared.

Dad grew up with poverty as a companion, and he was never to outgrow the nagging fear of not having enough to eat or adequate clothing to wear. His frugality, sired by necessity, became a habit that was kept alive long past middle age. It was so firmly entrenched that he could never entirely let it go.

He told us his family in Germany used a natural branch shaped with a bent end. This was used for pulling fruit tree limbs nearer for picking the fruit, and the same branch was kept for many, many years. Carefully preserved during most of the year, it was brought out when fruits were ripe.

In 1886 soon after he came to America, Dad lost some of his meager clothing in a fire. At the time he was working for the Douglas Gibson family for $5.00 per month.His duties were to feed cattle and do the general chores. One other job fell to his lot. Each morning as soon as he arose he had to build or replenish the fire in the sitting room. On a cold winter Sunday morning he fixed the fire as usual and then went out to chore. Later while Mrs. Gibson was dressing the small children by the stove, something fell on her, and she looked up to see the ceiling on fire. Most of the contents and house were destroyed by the fire, caused, they thought, from a spark on the roof. Dad reached the house on a run and raced upstairs to find his bed afire. He grabbed some of his clothes and a pair of high boots he had brought from Germany. Unfortunately in his hurried trip down the stairs he dropped one of the boots and couldn't go back for it. Later he tried to get a mate for it, but failing that, he finally wore out the boot by alternating it with a shoe on the other foot. The Gibson family was large, consisting of 8 children with two sets of twins--Wesley and Leslie, Pearl and Earl, Jessie, Edna, Maude and Roy. After the first shock of the fire had passed, the family moved into a two-room house on the same farm.

Dad was a saver of clothes, tools, equipment, and money. By the year 1892 he had saved $1600, some stored in his suit case and some lent out to others, and he used this for a down payment on his first farm. He paid $23 per acre for 140 acres, and by 1904 the farm was fully paid for.

VI WE WERE A LIVE-AT-HOME FAMILY

Dad wasn't too proud to help around the house. I never saw him run the vaccuum cleaner or push a mop, but he always helped at canning and butchering time. He turned the meat grinder or the sausage stuffer and cut up many carcasses of meat. He hulled strawberries, head and tailed string beans, shelled peas, and cored apples. That wasn't the first interest he had in these foods, for he had planted and hoed the garden plot.

He raised concord, white and beta grapes and several kinds of strawberries. He pruned grapevines closely, to Mother's despair, for she said "You've ruined them. They'll never produce anything." But another August came and the crop of grapes was abundant, sweet and big, plenty for eating raw or for making luscious jam and juice. After the strawberry patch was through bearing Dad disked it so thoroughly it looked like a ruined mess. But the next season's crop was so abundant we picked the red jewels by the dishpans full. He learned the stern necessity of deprivation and pruned both fruit vines and his own life to make them fuller and abundant.

We had a fine apple orchard of northern spies, greenings, snow apples, wealthies, transparents, whitneys and wolf rivers. He planted a pear tree that bore for a time and then winterkilled in the severe climate. The garden bore raspberries, currants, gooseberries, plums. We had many vegetables--carrots, potatoes, squash, pumpkin, cabbage, beets, and tomatoes. We raised leghorn chickens, geese, Poland China hogs, sheep and Hereford cattle.

Mother converted the cabbages to saurkraut, the skimmed milk to cottage cheese that was let to drip dry in an old sugar sack, the berries to sauce for our winter eating. We used goose and chicken feathers to stuff our pillows, and flour sacks for pillow cases, underclothing and dish towels. We churned butter in an old paddle or barrel churn, worked the whey out with a curved wooden paddle in a wooden bowl, washing it thoroughly, salted it and put it in the well to chill.

In the dining room we ate at a long table covered with a white cloth (to teach us manners!) In midweek the cloth was turned over in "dutch wash" fashion. Under the cloth was a thick white mat that we called a "silence cloth." Evenings after the work was done we sat around the big table to read books and magazines, play card games, study our lessons or play pencil and paper games. Our dogs ate the table scraps, the chickens the potato peelings and other vegetable parings, the hogs drank the skim milk, and cats always met us in the barn at milking time for a dish of warm milk from the cows.

Mornings in winter started with Dad shaking the grates of the coal and wood furnace to get rid of the ashes, the prelude to warmth in the radiators. Somehow the sound vibrated through the house, reaching to the second story where we were waking. Dad used corn cobs to start the fire for a fast heat, then added scrap wood from our own trees. We used coal only in extremely cold weather to hold the fire longer,

VI

From the apples ripening on our trees, Mother made sauce, jam and dried apple rings. For the dried rings she pared the apples and took out a round core from the center. Then she sliced the apples and put the rings on heavy cord nailed across our back porch which was enclosed by screen. When the family was large Mother used a lot of 2-quart jars for canning, then as it got smaller more quarts were used, and after awhile pint jars. The cupboard in the basement storage room was usually filled with canned fruit and vegetables. To hide the jars on the shelf from light, Mother tacked large calico curtains at the front of all the basement cupboards.

In the basement near the stocks of canned goods we stored bins of potatoes, pumpkins and squash. Each fall Dad and the boys selected a spot under a tree in the orchard to dig a pit about 2 feet by five or six feet and two or three feet deep in which to store some apples for winter. First they put in a layer of straw and laid the apples on this. More straw was laid on the top and covered over with boards. Nothing coulddescribe the aroma of the cold apples in their winter bed, their red faces turned up to us as we lifted the covering board.

We had ways of making fun. We played checkers, cassino, old maid, rummy, doggy-dog and 500. We read many books, taking our cue from Dad who was an avid reader. Even in later years he could remember the names of characters and the themes of the stories he had read.

Our family always had a pet dog or two. There was Ring, a collie with a white ring around its neck, Dash a terrier, buried in the garden, and Dash II who was put to sleep when ill with hearttrouble and arthritis. Several dogs were killed by cars that sped along Highway 71 past the farm.

EPILOGUE

So the story is finished, a tale that encompassed 94½ years, from September 1867 to March 1962. This book was written by both Dad and me, two people separated by age, by geography and time, but joined by ties of blood, love and respect. In writing, I become a part of the book, for to write of Dad's life is to write a part of mine. The book in equal measure gives tribute to Mother and weaves a part of her life into Dad's life. She was a true helpmate and mother, and under God, Dad was a more successful man because of her.

The love of the land joins a man like Dad to the soil, both that of his ancestors and home on another continent and to the land in which he was transplanted. He made America his home, but he always had a fond feeling for Germany, the place of his birth. He brought some of our ancestor's traditions, languages, food likes and customs when he moved to the new country. He loved the smell of the soil, of new-mown hay, of fruits ready for harvest. He was acquainted with the wind that dried the land after a winter of snow, that turned the windmill to give water for the livestock, that upturned his buildings in a fierce tornado, and that cooled him on a hot day.

He came to this continent at an age when he still needed the gentle care and advice of his parents, and he was no doubt homesick for his younger brothers. He transferred some of his affection to the young children of his employers, Mr. & Mrs. Mead and Mr. & Mrs. Gibson. Even when he was past 80 years of age the memory of them was so sharp he could name each child.

To prove himself, Dad had to get ahead in a new land, learn an alien language, provide a living for himself and family, and send money to his parents in Germany. This was a deadly serious business with him. Once he made his home in Iowa he liked nothing better than to stay home, never venturing further than the neighboring states of South Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Ohio. Twice he went back to Germany, the last time for a joyous celebration--his parent's golden wedding anniversary.

In this land my father helped to break the prairie sod. Here he made the community better as he started with his own farm. He raised good quality grain and sold or gave it to neighbors for seed to make their crops better. He raised bees, caught as many swarms as he could, extracted the honey and marketed it. When he sold a bushel of apples from his trees, or a box of berries from the garden, it was a generous measure.

In winter when the snow covered the land at rest with a soft cover, the cows were milked in the dark barn. A lantern hanging from a rafter provided only a dim light. The smells of hay, grain and animals merged, and the kittens mewed loudly. In the chill days we sometimes rode by bobsled under horse robes on a straw bed, sleigh bells jingling and the runners hissing on the snow.

In summer dust devils played in the fields and hot relentless winds continued for long hours, while shimmering movements of heat above the land indicated high temperatures.

Our kitchen cook stove was dual purpose--to cook our food, to keep us warm. It had a warming oven where Mother kept food hot for late eaters. Many a pot sat on our stove, bubbling about something to itself, keeping company with the teakettle and its shaft of steam. As children, gathering cobs and wood to feed the stove sometimes became a real chore. We went to the hog lot to pick up cobs in summer and to the basement coal cellar in winter, where cobs had been stuffed through a small hinged window and lay in a red pile. To fill the woodbox we brought wood from the big pile of split logs in the back yard. The axe was driven into a chunk to rest there amid sawed logs. The axe and wood block also were used for deheading chickens who flopped headless around the stump.

Mother wore big aprons with many uses--as pot holder, to carry apples, to chase chickens, to keep her dress clean. We ground coffee in a small square wooden grinder, pepper in a mill, nutmeg on a very fine grater.

We ate our chickens with no thought as to how much we chased and fed them in summer. From the layers we took eggs and sometimes were bitten for our effort. The old clucks and setters had special care, for the cycles of molting and setting were a part of the chicken business. Some of the meat went to make chicken loaf, or with noodles and baking powder biscuits. Pigs and calves were eaten without too much thought of how they looked when alive, but eating mutton gave us a little trouble. We somehow always saw the eyes of the little orphan lambs we had bottle fed. Mother rendered lard, canned sausages and meat, and larded down some of it in big crocks.

We came to like certain foods like buttered toast in hot milk with a bit of sugar and cinnamon, a trusted food when we were sick. White layer cake with lemon filling, jello with bananas and whipped cream, floating egg-white island in thin chocolate pudding were all things of home.

Dad was seldom sick and adjusted to leaving the farm for town. One of his special interests after he moved to Spencer was hardy amaryllis plants. These delicate lavender lily-like flowers came up as green leaves in early spring, died down to bare ground as summer progressed, and then finally in August sent out spears of the lovely flowers. The spring after he died, the amaryllis was the first green thing to show in the yard--a cycle of life and growth going on.

oOo

Ann Schmid
Spencer, Iowa

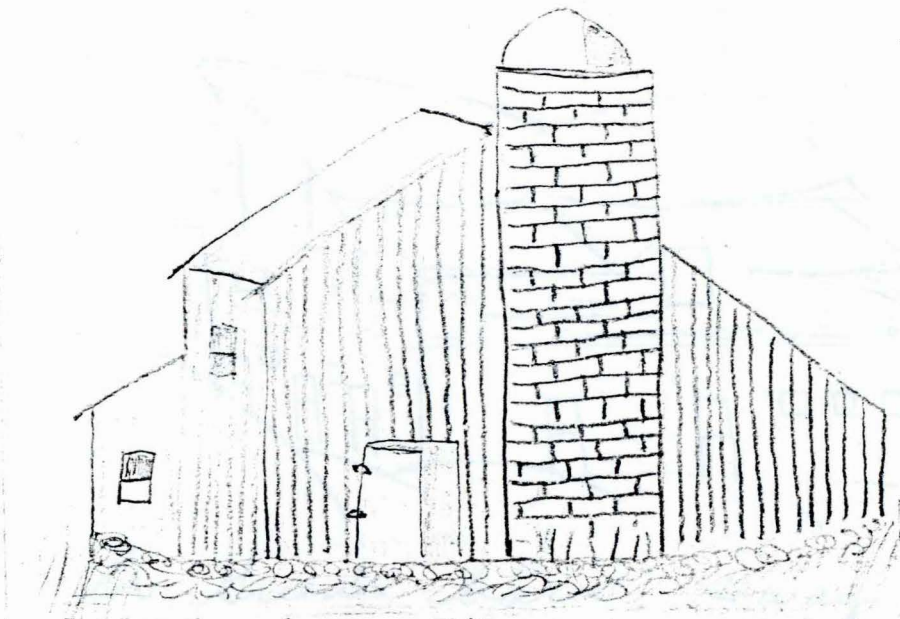
The vanishing scene in the story in drawings and sketches of old county barns. The farmstead structures were built of various designs and materials, each to meet the needs of the farmer.

Once the barns are down, they will be replaced with metal 'shed type' buildings. The farm barns is the vanishing scene and a part of our Iowa history.

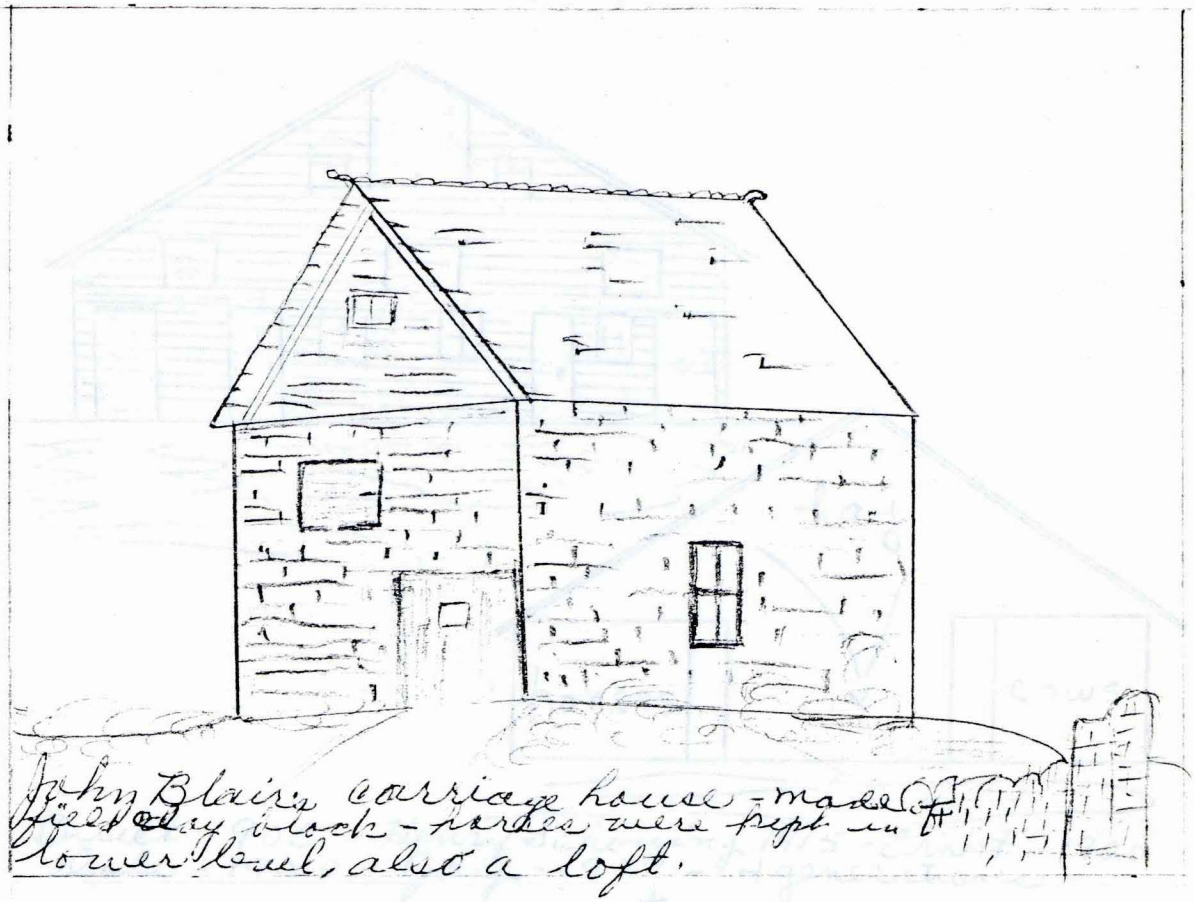
Gladys Schoning

Drawings of the barns are by
Leona Behrendsen, Glady's mother
Ruthven, Iowa

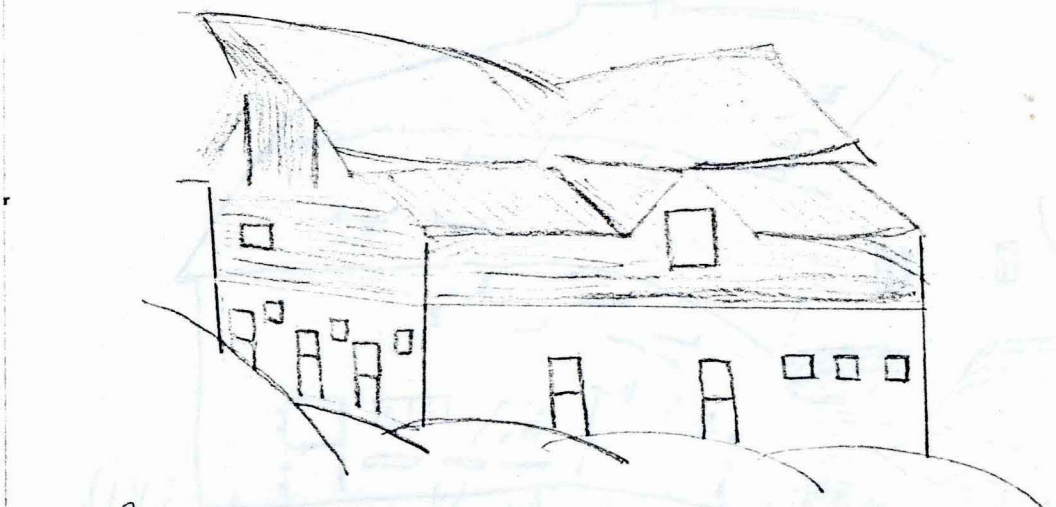
John Haemigen tile block barn - Wood silo - 40'x60' feet - built 1915 - burned 1972



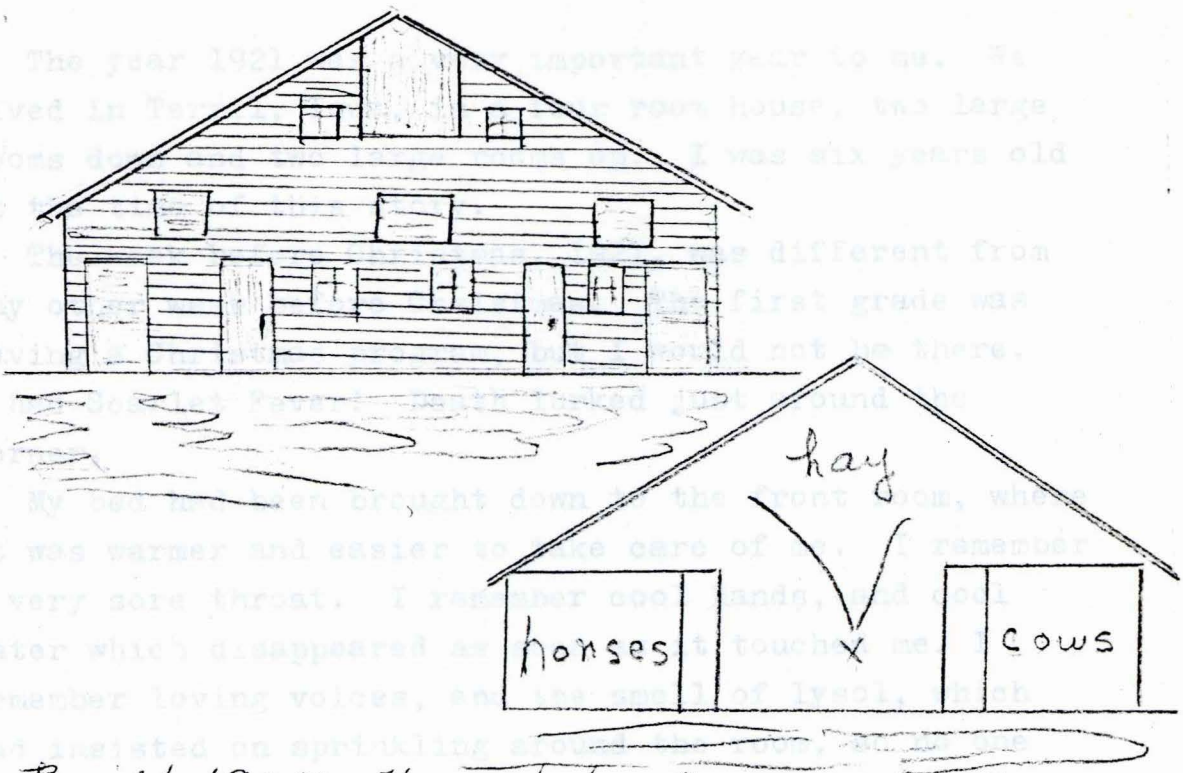
Jesse Akers barn - stone foundation, wood structure, brick silo;



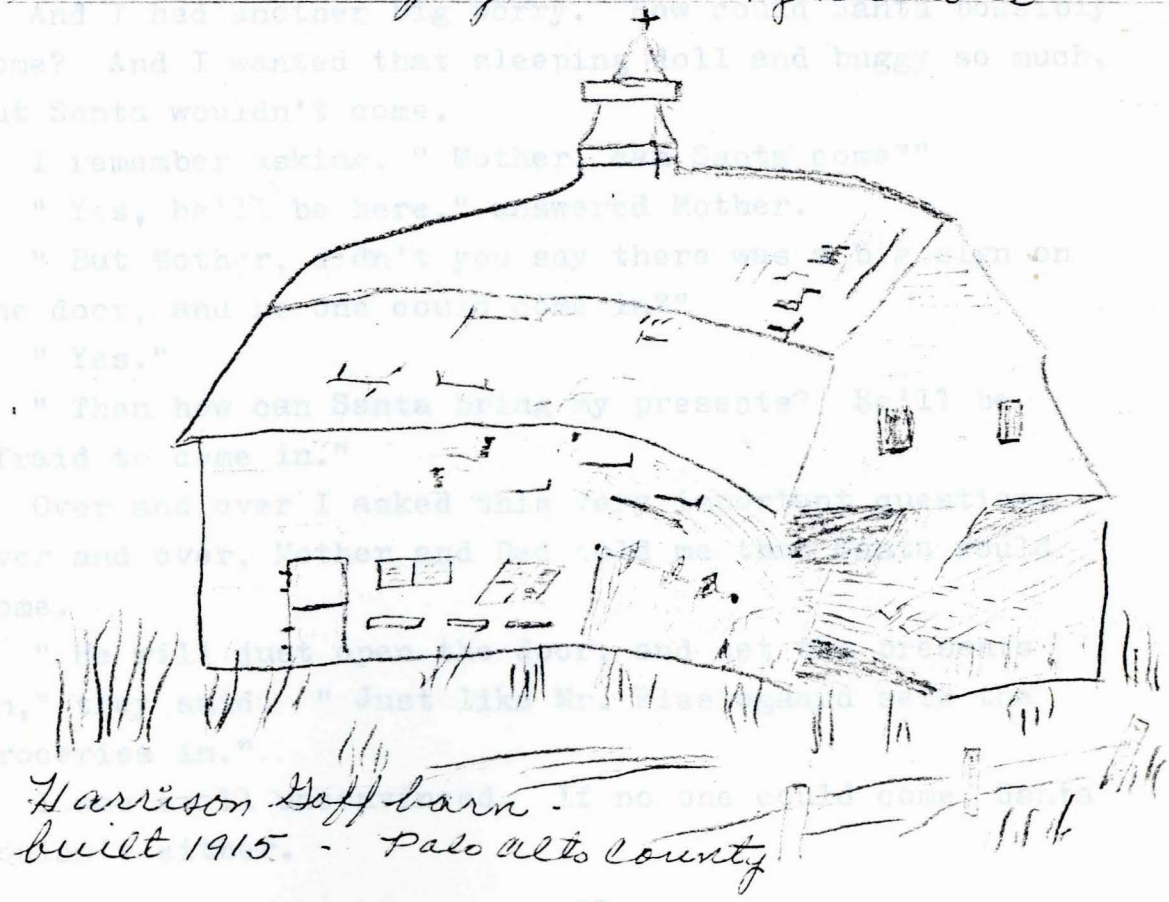
John Blair's carriage house - made of field clay block - horses were kept on lower level, also a loft.



Dr Green's barn, Hi-way 18 east of Spencer - wooden frame barn with a poured cement walls lower half.



Built 1905 - Henry Schoning, 1915 - Ernest - 1920
Dale - 1950 - Jay - 1978 - 4 generations -



Harrison Goff barn -
built 1915 - Palo Alto County

My Best Christmas

The year 1921 was a very important year to me. We lived in Terril, Iowa, in a four room house, two large rooms down and two large rooms up. I was six years old at the time of this story.

The week before Christmas, 1921, was different from any other week before Christmas. The first grade was having a Christmas program, but I would not be there. I had Scarlet Fever! Death lurked just around the corner.

My bed had been brought down to the front room, where it was warmer and easier to take care of me. I remember a very sore throat. I remember cool hands, and cool water which disappeared as soon as it touched me. I remember loving voices, and the smell of lysol, which Dad insisted on sprinkling around the room, so no one else would get the disease.

And I had another Big worry. How could Santa possibly come? And I wanted that sleeping doll and buggy so much. But Santa wouldn't come.

I remember asking, " Mother, can Santa come?"

" Yes, he'll be here," answered Mother.

" But Mother, didn't you say there was a big sign on the door, and no one could come in?"

" Yes."

" Then how can Santa bring my presents? He'll be afraid to come in."

Over and over I asked this very important question. Over and over, Mother and Dad told me that Santa would come.

" He will just open the door, and set the presents in," they said. " Just like Mr. Flaskegaard sets the groceries in."

I was still unconvinced. If no one could come, Santa couldn't either.

Christmas Day morning came. I didn't feel so hot and miserable. I looked toward the door. There stood my doll buggy heaped with presents!

" Mother," I called. " Santa did come just like you said! Can I play with my dolly?"

I didn't play too much with my gifts that day, but it wasn't long until I was enjoying all of my gifts.

Because I could not have beef or pork for a while, the Dan Shaffar family gave me some chicken and the Claus Stratman family gave me some squab. Lottie and Muriel Zenor gave me a book and some candy. I had to wait for a while before I could eat that, but it was worth waiting for. I also had my beloved doll and buggy, as well as many other presents.

Because people cared, a sick six year old girl had a lovely Christmas.

Thelma Sprout
Spencer, Iowa

The Tornado

The time was early morning. The date was April 29, 1942. I had roused up enough to know the wind was blowing hard. I could hear the storm window pulling on its hook. I got up and closed the window.

The next thing I heard was a terrible roar, and the rip, tear, rip, tear of wood being rent in pieces. The tornado had struck the old barn, which had been made into a garage. Then I heard the big apple tree go crashing down. At the same time, the house began to jump as though it had a tooth ache. The pressure lifted it, up, down, up, down, up, down. The trap door to the attic jumped up and banged down with the pressure. I wondered about the dog. Where was he? There was the sound of breaking glass, as the west window in the kitchen went out. Immediately, the house quit its wild dancing, as the air pressure became equal. Crash! Down went some more trees. Would the roar and the crashing never end?

Finally it did. It probably didn't last more than a few minutes, but it seemed like hours. Gingerly I got up, almost stepping on the dog, who had managed to get the stair way door open, and come upstairs. Lucky thing for him, too.

" I thought we were goners," remarked Dad, as he made ready to go down stairs.

" So did I," I answered.

There were no lights. The electric wires had been pulled from the house. When we got downstairs, we found mud and glass everywhere. I cleaned up pieces of glass for weeks. It had been blown deep into the linoleum, and had to work its way out.

" We'll have to make a make shift window covering, so the rain and hail can't get in," announced Dad. I do not remember what we used, or where we got it. It was not

possible to get out to the garage, because the downed wires were putting on a Fourth of July display.

Our next door neighbor, Ole Marsh, came over to see if we were all right, and he and Dad fixed up the window. I think we put blankets over it, too, so the rest of the glass couldn't be blown out.

This was my first, and I hope, last, experience with a tornado.

Thelma Sprout
Spencer, Iowa

It's Housecleaning Time

"Now you kids quit your silly giggling anf laughing before you get us all started and we won't have enough strength for lifting and carrying". You see it was one of those beautiful balmy, sunny spring days that every housewife waits for to throw open the doors and windows, and start house cleaning. The way it was done in years gone by was very different than it's done at the time of this writing. Back in the 1920's the majority of farmers wives had no vacuum sweepers or cleaners. Thus, some morning when "Mom" announced, "We are cleaning house today.", everyone including Dad, shuddered, because they knew what this involved. Most homes were two-story, which meant you started from the upstairs bedrooms carrying heavy quilts and blankets down the stairs, outdoors to the clothes lines, where they were hung to air in the sun.

Next, the hard part,: The moving of the matresses and feather beds. "Can you remember back to the time when you would sink into a feather bed on a bitter cold night?" What a luxurious feeling! Or if they weren't used to sleep on, they were put over the blankets to keep your feet warm. U-m-m so cozy and warm! Most homes had no heat registers, just the heat that drew itself up and around from a heating stove, that was usually in the living room.

Now for the mattresses; Such big bulky things to move down narrow stairs. You tried to fold them over and find a place to grab onto: Then you pulled, pushed, and tugged until you were through the door. While working as hard as you could, some one would say something funny which would start the rest giggling and laughing. The sillier you got, the weaker you got, and soon no one had any strength left. Mom would try to get us to sober up, most of the time to no avail, and soon she was joining in too.

Anyone that was lucky enough to own a carpet for their floor hung it on the line too. Now comes the time for the children to work off their excess energy. It was usually their job to beat the carpet clean. This was done by using a wire beater, shaped like a short broom, made of twisted wires, fastened to a short handle, in all about 30 inches long. You stood on one side beatting, beating and beating, then on the opposite side doing the same thing, until no more dust came out. We children would make a game out of it, timeing each other, giving each five minutes. This created trouble because soon one or the other would think the other was not doing his share long enough. The rug was then laid on the lawn, swept off on both sides, and then was supposed to be clean enough to be laid on the floor again.

All day you had watched every cloud for fear of rain, but now it was time to return everything back into the house. You went through the same process as you did in the morning, only you were more tired, you got the giggles easier and grew weaker, until you thought you couldn't lift one more thing. But you did, and finally it was all done. My, didn't it look nice! Hard work, but "oh" the fun we had, all working together.

One year, after everything was airing on the lawn, we children were having fun, jumping upon and running across the mattresses always watching that Mamma didn't see us, when our little brother fell against the nice mirror and comb case. Naturally it broke, and we were really scared, knowing full well we were in for a spanking. Back in those days a child was most always punished for his misdeeds. No doubt this mirror set had been a wedding gift to our parents. While we were discussing what would happen when the folks found out, little brother ran and hid.

It wasn't until later that we realized he was gone. Then "oh my" how we hunted. Mom and Dad begging him to come to them, calling his name, but he would not answer them. And all the while we older ones knew we were at fault for scareing him so badly. Finally at eventide Dad brought him home. Boy, were we glad to see him. And, as anyone reading this can imagine, all the silliness of the day was gone.

Post script---

How many of you had one, or can remember the old straw or corn shuck mattress? The day after threshing was done, you took your empty tick out to the straw stack and filled it with new straw, stuffing and stuffing until it really bulged. After sleeping on it several nights it became natural size. The same thing was done with the corn shucks As soon as the shelling was finished, and before a rain, you stuffed the empty ticks with new shucks.

Poor people lived very economically, but were healthy and strong, and were a proud people.

-Florence Stukey
Spencer, Iowa

The Story of My Life

In retrospect it doesn't seem to me that I have lived a very exciting life because I have lived all of it in Clay County and most of it in Peterson or vicinity. But when you consider that in my 83 years I have lived thru two great depressions, two world wars, telephones have replaced the telegraph in communication, automobiles are a necessity, electricity is "old hat," men have gone to the moon, oil powered tractors have superceded horses in agriculture, hearts are being replaced in humans, plastic lenses implanted in the eye and the myriad other improvements that have taken place it really is interesting, if not exciting.

I was born on a farm 4 miles north of Peterson on Friday, Sept. 28, 1894. My mother had employed a "hired girl" all thru the summer so she would have help when the baby came but that particular night she had gone to the Sutherland Fair and didn't come home until the next day. Anyway they got Dr. Esser to come, presumably my father had to go after him because telephones were unknown. Also some kind neighbor lady was roused from her bed to come to assist and I was born about 4 a.m. It used to be a joke that that was the earliest I ever got up in my life because I was always a sleepyhead in the morning. Since I was the first girl born in the family after having 3 boys, I was pretty special to my parents.

Speaking of parents, they came to Clay County in the spring of 1882. They came from Marshall County to Hartley by train as there was no railroad thru Peterson. They had been married at Melbourne, Iowa on December 12, 1881 at my grandparents farm home. My mother was Charlotte Jane (Jennie) Vauthrin and my father was Sam Tillinghast. Her father, Steven Vauthrin, came to the United States at the age of 16 from Roye, France and eventually landed in Rockville, Indiana where he married my grandmother Elizabeth Romaine. They lived in Indiana, then Illinois and moved by covered wagon (and ox team) to Story County, Iowa, when my mother was six weeks old. My father came from Rhode Island to Marshall County when he was 17 and lived with his brother Ray and also worked for other farmers. The Tillinghasts were of English descent.

To resume my life story, I had two brothers living, Victor age 10 and Carl age 7 when I was born. Another brother Garth died when just an infant. Victor and I were never very chummy but Carl and I

were very close. He took care of me when I was small and when I was three or four he was giving me a ride in my wicker baby carriage and a calf jumped in it. Consequently it wasn't of any use after that.

We never had a carriage, which was the fashion in those days, but always had a spring wagon. It was the equivalent of pickups nowadays. You could use one seat and haul baggage in the back or put a second seat on the back and six people could ride, three in each seat. We also had a single buggy and later a top buggy pulled by one or two horses. In the winter we had a bobsled or cutter. Two horses pulled the bobsled but one was sufficient for a cutter. The horse was hitched to one side in order to walk in the beaten track and if you turned a corner too quickly you tipped over. But that was fun, there was always a lot of robes to break the fall and you just picked up everything and piled in and got on your way. It was warm and cozy in a cutter as it was only big enough for two people. One time when I was a teenager a young man asked to take me home from an entertainment and we tipped over twice in the three miles getting home. Could be he was paying more attention to me than to his driving. Sleighbells were a great addition to the ride. They usually had them on only one horse if you were driving a team. Bobsleds were fun too as they usually put straw in the bottom of the sled and people sat on each side facing each other with a lot of horse blankets and fur robes for cover. The driver was the only one who might suffer but he probably had on a fur coat and sheepskin-lined mittens, warm cap and four or six buckle overshoes. Also everyone wore <u>clothes</u> in those days. Probably long sleeved woolen undershirts and long legged underwear. It just makes me wish for a sleigh ride to write about it.

In the winter we skated on the creek, pond or river if the snow wasn't too deep. No skating rinks, but the boys played hockey. Of course there were hand sleds. You had to receive a sled or skates for Christmas sometime in your youth and that was a proud day. Learning to skate on ice skates is an art you don't learn in a day. They clamp on your shoes so there is no fooling

around after removing your overshoes. Better to get moving or freeze your feet. When I was quite small my brother Carl took me for a ride on my sled and tho I was wrapped warmly my feet were frozen when I got in the house. My mother rubbed them with snow which is not advised now-a-days.

Chapter 2

We never had fancy furniture. My father made many articles, a large cupboard, a wardrobe, a dry sink, a flour chest which I still have and cupboards made of dry goods boxes. Our table was one my parents bought in Hartley and on the way to their farm the plow gouged it. My dad dixed it with putty and it is still fixed the same way. I have it in my kitchen to eat on. We had one rope seated chair that my dad always sat in at the table. He was six feet two inches and liked the low chair. It was inherited from my grandparents and was handmade of ash or hickory. I have two others of the same set now, no two alike. Of course we had other chairs which were store bought and probably the same kind that other people had at that time.

For cooking and heating there was a substantial stove which had a reservoir, a hearth, and a strong oven door. If you were cold, just sit on the stove hearth and get warm, that is if you first put some cobs or wood in the stove to burn. The hearth was where the ashes collected and it was a mess to get them out of the stove and outdoors. You usually left a trail of ashes across the floor. In the dining room, which was twenty-two feet long, there was a "Round Oak" stove and it sure was fun to dress and undress by it before going upstairs to those cold regions to sleep. The stovepipe went up thru my room and that helped. We burned cobs and wood mostly, very little coal. My father grew up in a woodsy state and really liked to cut and split wood. I even got so I could split some wood in later years. My parents remodeled our house in about 1908 and then we got a hot water furnace, one of the first in the country. There was not enough radiation and we didn't know how to fire it so we had a difficult time keeping warm that first winter. Almost wished for the old heating stove again.

On the floors we had rag carpet, then ingrain carpet and

finally a rug in the living room in 1909. Under the rag carpet and also the ingrain carpet there was always newspapers put on the floor and they were covered with straw. Each year the rag carpet was taken up and washed and new papers and fresh straw put down. Then the carpet was stretched and tacked down. Did you ever see a carpet stretcher in action? It was such a lovely feeling to walk on that clean carpet and listen to the straw crunch under it. After rugs were the fashion they had to be rolled up and hauled outdoors once or twice a year and beat with a carpet beater. That was a man's job if one could be corralled long enough to do it. After our house was remodeled my mother wanted to buy linoleum for the dining room floor but I prevailed upon her to leave it bare for awhile. I thought it would be fun to keep it scrubbed nice and white. That didn't last too long because I grew tired of getting down on hands and knees to scrub that twenty-two foot long floor.

We had lots of buildings, my father believed in having a building for every purpose. There were three chicken houses, the green house, the red house and the big house. Then there was a cob house, wood house, granary, and corn crib in one, a blacksmith shop, machine shed, calf shed, barn, hog house, tank house over the water tank, and the little three holer.

A cistern pump in the house and another pump just outside the door made it handy to get water. When doing a washing the boiler had to be brought in and put on the stove, then filled with water and the fire built good and proper to heat the water to boiling. If the water was hard some lye was added to it and the lime would come to the top and had to be skimmed off. That was called "breaking" the water. Then some good homemade soap was shaved into the water and when it was melted and the water was boiling hot it was ready for washing clothes. In the meantime the washing machine had been dragged in from some other region and a wash bench and two tubs set up. Then dip that scalding water into the machine, put in some white clothes which had previously been sorted and get busy with cranking, rocking, or whatever type machine it was. When deemed ready there was a handwringer to run them into the next tub and likewise into the rinse tub and out into a basket. In summer it was pleasant to

hang them on the clothesline, but in winter it was another story. First wrap up with clothes and overshoes, go and wipe the line with a kerosene rag (to keep the clothes from freezing to the line) then out you go with a basket of clothes and hopefully some warm clothespins. If it was bitter cold the clothes might freeze dry and if it was just medium cold they might hang there like some naked skeletons. Along about 4 p.m. it was time to get bundled up and go bring in the clothes. Next day or soon the stove must be fired good to heat the "sad irons" and iron whatever was deemed necessary. As time progressed we had a gasoline engine powered machine in a washhouse and of course later still an electric motor to run the machine, wringer and all. Best of all is the electric iron. Getting rid of the wash water changed from carrying it outdoors pail by pail to having a sink drain to pour it into. For a time when I was a young girl we had an old pendulum clock that I would wind on washday and turn the washing machine just so many minutes. The time seemed to go faster if watching the clock.

Likewise caring for chickens was different. First it was necessary to save eggs for setting. People always had some roosters kept over or possibly bought some from a neighbor so as to change the blood line. Then there had to be some hens that wanted to "set". A great deal of care was taken to make nice nests for them and then move them at night nice and quietly. Give them some trial eggs for a few days to see if they took to the new nest. Sometimes they didn't like the new nest and could raise a rumpus with the ones that just wanted to "set." They always had a nice pan of feed and also water so they could eat once each day. When all was going well the hatching eggs were put under them and there the patient hens set for three weeks and if the eggs were duck or goose eggs it took four weeks for them to hatch. Some hens got excited when the eggs started to hatch and maybe trampled some chicks to death. Poor things, after waiting all that time, maybe the chicks were taken away and given to some other hen as she could hover at least fifteen chickens. A setting of eggs was thirteen as I remember and of course there never was a hundred percent hatch. Each hen was put in a separate coop and fastened in. She was fed good and eventually a sprinkling

of chick feed was put out for the chicks. After a few days the hen was let outside and she was supposed to know enough to care for those chicks. Some cats and dogs learned what it was to battle an old hen. Rats or skunks or vermin of the sort could venture into a coop at night and kill the whole lot and that was sad. I was always afraid of setting hens when I went to hunt eggs in the evening so mother gave me an apron to put over my hand to keep them from picking me. After the hatching season was done we had a scratching shed where we put the persistent "setters" and kept them penned up for a week or ten days to discourage their natural tendencies. Of course feeding and watering chickens thru the year was different. In summer they were allowed to run over the yard and could pick up plenty of feed in the granary, etc. but in winter they were penned up and feed was carried to the chicken house. Warm water could be taken out at least twice per day and unless one emptied the pans the last thing at night there was a pan of ice to thaw out the next morning. Later there were chicken water warmers. They were nice until the kerosene lamp decided it had had it and started to soot up and maybe just plain quit burning. To look after that lamp was a last minute evening job also.

Some of the breeds of chickens I can remember mother raising were Brown Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks, Black Langshans, and Rhode Island Reds. The first ones I raised were Silver Laced Wyandottes and I've raised many breeds since. Incubators came into general use some time while I was yet living at home because mother had one and I later used one or two, but still later we bought the chickens already hatched and used a kerosene brooder to warm them.

The year that I should have started to school, presumably 1900, we had a tornado one week after school began. It blew our schoolhouse into smithereens. My father and I walked to the location, a mile from our home, on Sunday afternoon after the disaster and the only thing that was salvageable was a dictionary. It was one of the large ones like every school used to possess. Since the kids who had been attending school could go to the other districts with no addition to distance, they transferred and a new schoolhouse was not built for two years.

I did not start to school till I was seven and by that time I was ready to go into second grade. For Christmas I had received a doll highchair with the alphabet printed on it and I learned my letters from that. Then I was trying to read and kept spelling words to my mother. She said it was such a nuisance that she taught me to read in the first reader. We lived on the corner and it was equal distance to the "north" or "south" school so I started to the south one and afterwards went to one or the other. My dad always asked the director if it was okay. My best friends, the Jensens belonged to the south school so it was more fun there. In warm weather we played "Pum-Pum pull away" or "dare-base". Those games of dare-base went on for days, every recess or noon. In winter we went to the creek to skate or to slide down the hill. Once the teacher rang the bell for us so long and hard that she cracked it. When we finally decided to get back to school she wasn't very happy. She would let us combine the two recesses and noon and that gave us one and one-half hours to go to the creek. Occasionally we played "fox and geese" in which you started with a large ring in the snow with many cross paths in it. Such a commotion when everyone came back to the schoolhouse and started unbundling. The hall where we hung our clothing was always cold so sometimes we were allowed to bring our overshoes into the schoolroom.

The heat was from a big "Round Oak" stove and the teacher was her own janitor. Sometimes she could persuade some bigger boys to carry in some coal for her. The coal house and two toilets were built in one building, really it was T-shape inside so there was a coal space between the toilets. Laths were furnished for kindling and it was quite a trick to shave those laths and light them, then put coal on without putting out the fire. Each school received six bunches of laths for kindling and the director hauled four tons of coal for which he received one dollar per ton for hauling.

Carrying water was a privilege that everyone sought. Two kids took the pail and went to the nearest house and started back with a full pail. It might not be too full when they got it back to the schoolhouse. Then it was an honor to pass the water to each pupil.

Everyone drank out of the same dipper and we had one wash basin full of water to wash our hands in. No one thought of germs. The teacher provided a clean towel once a week.

I graduated with three other kids from the eighth grade on November 11, 1909. Graduation was held in Willow Creek Church. Reason for being in the fall was we had all taken the county exams the previous spring, but everyone had failed on one or more subjects. A new set of questions was sent out in the fall and we all passed so Miss Riley, County Superintendent, thot it would be good to make an occasion of it. Each graduate had to learn an oration. There was music and other entertainment as well as a talk by Miss Riley. My teacher was Laura Dean and the teacher in the spring was May Davis. My brother Carl had been in South Dakota doing some plowing. He got to Peterson on the evening train and hired a livery team to come to the graduation eight miles from town. I don't think I was ever any happier than when I saw him in the crowd. It was rainy and the mud was at least six inches deep in the roads. It was too late to enter high school that fall but my mother said I didn't know everything so I went back to country school. The day before school was out I got the mumps so that was the end of my country schooling.

September I started to high school in Peterson and went thru the eleventh grade. They didn't have the money or the credits to make it a four-year high school. We had two teachers and we had forty minute lesson periods. I boarded with Mrs. Gracey sometimes and part of the time I drove a horse named Bess to school. I always had to unhitch and unharness her, then walk three blocks to school. Very often it was extremely cold. We studied Botany when I was in the eleventh grade. In the spring we walked down to the "east" bridge and sat in a row boat that was tied at the water's edge to eat our lunch. That didn't consume much time so we hurried into the woods to look for wild flowers. Twenty one were required for our book. The last one or two were hard to find. Now it's not legal to pick the wild flowers in the state park which has been established there. Some years ago a florist from Spencer came and dug up ferns by the truck-load and hauled them to Spencer. There are scarcely

any ferns left in the park.

September 1913 found me attending high school in Spencer. They had a five-year high school but I graduated by going there one and one-half years. When I finished I had a teaching certificate and taught school for eleven months for which I received forty five dollars per month. It was an exciting time getting back and forth to Spencer. We had a Model T then but only mud roads so if it was rainy on Sunday it was nip and tuck to make it to Spencer. There were several other kids from our vicinity going there. In the winter we sometimes went to Greenville in the bobsled on Monday morning and took the train to Spencer. Other times we went to Everly and went on the train. Once we went all the way to Spencer in a bobsled on Sunday. That was a lot of fun because everyone was shouting and singing and maybe running beside the sled to get warm. The driver stayed overnight in town and had to make that long drive home Monday morning. What is now the Junior High was the new high school in 1913 and we didn't use the first floor till the second semester. Our home ec class was in the Lincoln school till January.

Young people in those days had fun altho kids nowa-days would think it very dull. We didn't have radio, T.V. or cars but it was every young man's hope to have a driving team and top buggy, and he always kept them shiny. There was always a lap robe in summer to keep the dust off your lap and in winter some warm fur robes and horse blankets. Muffs and fur scarfs were the "thing" for the young lady, and often the young man wore a fur coat and also a fur cap. In winter there were socials at the schoolhouse, either basket, shadow, pie or some other kind. The school gave a program, then the baskets brought by the girls were sold at auction. Sometimes the bidding was very lively as the young swain who brought the girl was supposed to buy her basket so naturally the other boys bid against him. Shadow socials worked the same way only he bought her shadow, but she had brought a box lunch. At pie socials the girl only brought a pie so they had to eat a whole pie. After supper the group played games usually starting with "pig in the parlor." The song we sung went this-a-way: repeat twice, "We've got a new pig in the parlor and he is Irish too."

There was "Skip to my Lou" and "Up the River and Down the Creek" and others. One game we sang "Crinkety Crankety" had the words: "Sing it and dance it all along/ From the heel unto the toe/ Sing it and dance it as you go." Every Friday and possibly Saturday nights there were parties or socials. I was lucky because I lived sort of in the center of two groups and was invited to both sides of the township. Sometimes we went to dances and in summer there was usually an open-air bowery dance every week. My mother didn't approve of me dancing so it was a special privilege if I got to go to one and went with my brother. If someone built a new barn they always had a barn dance, or in an old barn before they put hay in they might have a dance if they had an appropriate floor. There were waltzes, two steps, and square dances. If there was a good caller it really took your breath away.

Chapter 3

Farming with horses was hard work. Feeding grain and hay, currying from two to eight horses then harness all of them was a job in itself for a morning. That much was usually done before breakfast and that was a substantial one. Coffee, bacon or ham, eggs, fried potatoes and a hot cereal was usually the breakfast menu. Then bridle the horses and lead them to water and hitch them to whatever piece of machinery was being used. Corn planters required two, single row cultivator two, disc and harrow at least four, a gang plow six, etc. Hurry and get to the field by 7 a.m.

Oh, I forgot the milking. That was also done before breakfast and the milk separated. When I was a child the milk was poured in pans, jars, or some wide container and left set twelve hours, then the cream skimmed off. My mother made prize winning butter and had her own special customers. What was left she traded at the store. With the value accumulated from eggs and the butter she always had credit coming to buy our groceries. No true money ever changed hands. Towner and Brockschink issued some aluminum money which they paid for produce but it was only good at their store. Churning the butter was a hateful job (so I thot). There were dash churns where you stood and worked that dasher up and down till the butter formed. Washing that churn was really

simple because it was crockery. A barrel churn was another matter. Of course it was wood and it had to be scalded with boiling water, to soak it up, then cooled with cold water, then put in the cream and turn and turn and turn. What joy when you heard that certain sound of butter coming. Turn the churn slow like so the butter would gather. Of course during the churning you had to stop frequently and take out the cork to let out the air. Sometimes this was necessary and often-times it was just a stall to stop churning. After the butter was gathered, mother took over. She drew off the buttermilk, poured in some cold water, no ice available, gave the churn a few turns to wash the butter, drew off that water then took out the butter and worked it with a paddle to get out the buttermilk. It was salted a little and made into rolls or put in small jars ready for sale. Some people bought water separators in which you poured an equal amount of water with the milk and after twelve hours opened the spiget and let the water drain out, leaving the cream. Naturally all that milk went to mix "slop" for the hogs. Who ever heard of a self feeder? My parents bought a De Laval separator in about 1904. It had to be cranked twice each day and washed every morning but that was an improvement over all those containers of milk sitting around waiting to be skimmed. Once the handle on our separator broke and it required some doing to turn it, but my father got repairs the next day. After gas engines were common he got one adjusted to run our separator and of course later we had an electric motor to run it. Our separator blew up once and I mean blew up. Discs went everywhere and if anyone had been near it they could have been hurt. Getting a new one was a quick necessity and we got a Montgomery Ward one that time.

Those poor horses have been left standing all this time while I've been writing about the milking. Some horses were good at standing. Anything more aggravating than a balky horse is hard to imagine. They came in all shapes and colors. Men went around and traded horses and they were apt to have some balky ones in their stock to trade. Often-times there were blind horses too or lame ones that were doctored up temporarily. The horses would be led behind a buggy, or spring wagon and mostly were a sorry lot,

poor and emaciated from lack of food and care. I am glad that horse trading has gone out of style.

Horses and men alike got real workouts in haying and harvest time. It was always hot and three to five horses were hitched to the binder and round and round the field they had to go till the grain was cut. It had to be shocked. It was an art to set up a shock of grain that would shed water, I learned how. If a hard windstorm came, many times the shocks would be blown apart and someone had the pleasure of setting them up again. They had to set for a period of time till the threshing machine came, or in my early days the grain was stacked and left to go thru a sweat to cure before threshing. Threshing from the shock was an event for men and women. It could take as many as twenty men. There would be at least ten hayracks, a straw stacker, four grain haulers and that meant they were shoveling the grain into bins way above their heads. In the days of steam engines there were three machine men, an engine man, a separator man and the water monkey. He had a water tank with a pump on it. He put a hose into a well or water-tank and pumped his tank full. In dry years he might have to drive to town to get the water. There had to be a load of coal for the fire and the engineer always had to get up early to get the fire going and steam up because threshing might start by 7:30 a.m. if the dew wasn't too heavy. Many times there were men hauling grain to town and they might arrive back for dinner at any hour.

With all this activity going on outdoors there was plenty to do in the house. Maybe the three thresher men had stayed overnight so there were extra beds to pick up. Kids might have slept on the floor so as to give their beds to the men. In those days two people slept together, twin beds were far in the future. Then breakfast to serve to the extra people and after that dinner for twenty or thirty. Neighbor women traded help cooking for threshers and of course brot their children along. The kids had chores to help with, like carrying messages from the threshing machine to the house, carrying water out to the machine for the men to drink, watering the chickens, getting a washbench, basins,

towels and water in position for the hungry, tired and dirty men to wash for dinner. Sometimes they even put up a mirror with a comb nearby. Some one had to go to town for meat in the early morning because there was no refrigerators. Chicken might be served. They had to be killed and dressed the same morning they were to be cooked. Pie was a must so it was a hurry to get those baked before the meat had to go into the oven, if you were serving a roast. It was hard to decide on which vegetables to serve because the threshers had eaten so many places that everything was a repeat. Oh yes someone had to dig potatoes. Nobody bought potatoes and it was hoped that you had some nice ones in the garden by threshing time. Bread had been baked the previous day and it took lots of it. Also butter was churned in readiness but there weren't many salads served. The table was extended full length and a lovely white linen table-cloth put on it. After one meal it looked bad where all those dirty men had sat by the table to eat. My mother finally bought a long white oilcloth and kept it just for threshers. Many men expressed their approval of it because they knew what a lot of labor was involved in washing and ironing a three yard table-cloth with "sad irons." Of course there might be two tables of men so dishes had to be quickly collected, washed and returned to the table. Finally it was the kid's and women's turn to eat and then clean up the dishes and cooking pans. Perhaps a few minutes rest and then prepare for supper, make cakes, etc. That might start at five as the first bundle-haulers quit they would come in and eat before going home to milk, care for the hogs and other chores. Tomorrow meant another early rising to go and thresh again. Supper might continue to be served till nine o'clock, waiting till the machine stopped and those men came in to eat.

Threshing from the stack wasn't such a big deal. That didn't require more than six or eight men so the lady of the house could for them by herself. That wasn't done till later in the summer when the weather was cooler.

Silo filling came into being in my last years at home. That is hard work but comes in early fall when the weather is cooler. We learned that the men had better appetites and ate more than at

threshing time.

Haying time was a hot hard job. The hay, probably timothy, was mowed and left to dry, then raked with a dump rake which was supported by two wheels. How to drive a team on a side delivery rake was something that had to be learned. The side delivery had three wheels and I never knew exactly where the hay was going when I turned around. If you were lucky and had a hay loader, it took one person to drive the team of horses and two strong men to distribute the hay in the hay rack as it came boiling up from the loader. I was often elected as the kid to drive the horses. When the load was full, you drove to the barn, the horses were unhitched from the wagon and hitched to the hay rope. We had a big barn with space in the center from the ground up so it held a lot of hay. We also had a big fork that was clamped in some hay and when word was given, the horses pulled it up. It went into the barn on a track. When the men inside gave the word a rope was pulled and the hay dumped. Either they let the horses pull the doubletree back or unhook it and someone pull the rope back or the driver carry the doubletree and drive the horses. I was elected to help in haying time. I hated that job of driving the horses on the hay rope. The horses would step over their tugs, the doubletree was heavy, flies were tormenting, etc. But it had to be done and I got out of dishwashing and housework so that was a consolation. Later we had slings that were put across the rack before the hay was loaded then one-half a load went up at a time. Splicing rope is an art. It often had to be done as the rope had a heavy strain on it. No one wanted half a load of hay falling on him on account of a broken rope. People who didn't have barns had to stack their hay. They did it by hand or with hay stackers.

Corn picking was another long tedious job. There were high bang boards on one side of the wagon. A man picked and husked two rows at a time. They wore cotton flannel mittens. There were all kinds of husking hooks and pegs to use. If a man could husk one hundred bushels of corn in a day he was pretty smart. More were able to husk seventy-five or eighty. They were paid so many cents per bushel. Of course they had to scoop it all off at noon or night. If they picked loads that were too big they might have

three loads per day. Measurement was by leveling the load and seeing how many inches high the corn was in the wagon box. We always had itinerate help to pick corn. Some of them might try to cheat in their tallies. Corn picking always meant early hours and late suppers so it was a joy when it was done. Many people celebrated with an oyster supper. If you were thru by Thanksgiving it was cause for rejoicing. Corn shelling was another big deal, depending on how much corn you had and if it had to be hauled to town.

When I was a kid I wanted a pony and my father promised to buy me one. We had a team of mules, Rock and Dan. Rock could be driven single and was also good for riding so I learned to saddle, harness, hitch up and drive a mule. A mule is exceptionally smart when a saddle girth is being drawn up so be careful and tighten it a second time. Once I rode Dan, the saddle got loose and turned over, and I got a nasty spill so I didn't ride Dan any more. Probably I was about five and wanted to ride a horse to the neighbors so my mother let me start out. I didn't know enough to hold the horse's head up so she ate grass and I sat and yelled. Mother had to walk quite a distance to rescue me. After the mules were sold I received a pony and also a lovely pony buggy, yellow wheels and a wicker basket seat. Later we acquired several small horses that were good driving horses for that pony buggy or also a top buggy. Breaking colts in the spring was a regular task. That was done when a colt was three years old and we had an old horse named Bill that they were always hitched beside. He was a no nonsense horse and sooner or later the colt learned what it meant to be hitched up to a wagon.

For many years my father raised purebred Poland China hogs and had a sale of sows in January or February. That meant having a hired man all winter to feed and wash for. The last sale he had was on a bitter cold day and the horses got out, due to someone's carelessness in not shutting a gate. I walked three-fourths of a mile following them and froze my ears but didn't know it till evening. The sales were held in a tent and seats were put up around the sides like at a circus. Catalogues had been sent out to other Poland China breeders. I always helped with getting the copy ready for

those catalogues. Pedigrees were written and comments on each hog. After the sale pedigrees were again filled out and sent in for registry. Of course the hogs had to have a name so rack your brains for names.

Many loads of gravel and tile I've hauled. Dad was always making cement walks, foundations, feed floors or something so gravel had to be hauled in a wagon for four or five miles. Another thing he had to do was put tile in the ground. It rained so much and the crops drowned so tile was the remedy. Every year there was a new place for tile. There was a tile factory at Linn Grove and they would ship a carload of tile to Peterson by rail. It had to be unloaded within forty-eight hours so all hands had to get busy unloading from the car, loading in a wagon and hauling them home, then distributing them along the ditch or stacking them up in the yard. That meant handling each tile four to six times. But it paid off. Our farm got to be one of the best drained farms in the community.

Chapter 4

It may sound as if I had to work a lot but life was always easy for me and I had a happy youth. In the evenings we read many good books and magazines. "The Youth's Companion" was a weekly and we always received it on Mondays. It was a gala day when it was in the mail. I remember the day the first R.F.D. came past. It was on New Years Day 1903 and we were having school which we usually did on New Years. The mail carrier was Mr. Davis and he had a little enclosed buggy and drove two horses. His wife was his substitute and they carried the mail for many years. When I was four my mother took me to Marshall County on the train. We went to see her relatives and it was an experience I never forgot. Most kids of that age hadn't ridden on a train. My parents bought me a piano and I took music lessons. Never got to be a virtuso but I could play hymns and simple music and passed many hours amusing myself. I had very lovely playmates and we spent lots of time making playhouses in the grove, playing with dolls, having tea parties and all the things that kids did in those days. We drove my pony to Sunday School on Sundays when the weather was suitable. My cousin

leisure. They did everything they could to earn a little. We dress-chickens and sold them. We made cottage cheese for two or three years and sold it to preferred customers. It paid for music lessons and various extras.

The winter of thirty-six and thirty-seven was something to remember. We were snowed in for three weeks and got a taste of what old timers went thru only different. The telephone worked but the radio wasn't even dependable. Every night it snowed and blowed and the cold was intense. Fuel got scarcer and scarcer and the day that we finally got some coal we were down to burning newspapers and cow chips. In a way it was pleasant, the kids were all home and nobody could come or go so we played games and sang and sewed and everybody learned to make tatting.

The war came along in 1941 and prices rose but help was non-existent. Wayne and Kieth were in the Army and Marines, Florence worked in a munition plant and Warner and I farmed alone for two years. We had chickens, hogs, milk cows, and also some sheep so there was diversity in our operation. I bought a milking machine and that made Warner's work easier but mine was harder because I had to wash it. There were set backs also because we lost two good milk cows for no good reason. But we were doing our bit in producing food for Uncle Sam and we were just as important in our way as the fighting men. In 1943 Warner was married and I moved to Peterson to care for my mother. She died in 1948 and after that I worked at housework in a restaurant, in a nursing home, and as a bookkeeper. Carl and I made many trips by car or train to the west coast to see our children and families as three of them lived out there. He died in 1971 and now I fly to see grandchildren in many states. It has been a good life, tiresome at times but always interesting.

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