

My LIFE

BY

Edith (Archer) Martin

Stories

The beginning of my life

It was almost noon, on September 22, 1924, when the knock on the door was answered by my Aunt Eunice Sanner. There stood Dr. Bobzin with 5 hungry children ranging in ages from 3 to 9 years of age. He had come directly from the Roy Archer home which was located on the Bunker Hill-Brighton road, about three miles south of Shipman, Illinois. There he had delivered the 7th child, a girl, to the family. The 6th child, Allen, was sick with pneumonia, and Dr. Bobzin decided that Hulda and Dick (as he was called) had their hands full with a sick 1-yr. old, and a brand new baby, so he said "I'm just going to drop these other children off at Eunice's for the rest of the day, so you folks can get a bit of rest. Aunt Eunice had only one child, about the same age as the oldest of Hulda and Dick's, and she was a wonderful cook, and was thrilled to be asked to do this favor. The names of the children, from oldest to youngest were: Rodney, Anabel, Virginia Lyndal (called Pudge), Marlin, nicknamed Bart, and Allen, who was sick with pneumonia at the time I was born. Mildred was born two years later.. As Anabel says later, when they got to Aunt Eunice's, they all had peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, but Marlin (Bart) got a chicken leg, as he was the youngest, and wouldn't understand that there just wasn't enough chicken to go around. Bart later became Aunt Eunice's favorite, because she felt pretty close to him. He stayed several days with her after the other children went back home, and she proceeded to spoil him pretty good – so much so, in fact, that he really didn't want to go back home!

Home

As I tell my life stories, you'll begin to understand why I consider myself to be Thrifty, Penny Pinching, Economical, Tight, Scotch, Saving, bargain hunter, junk collector, scrounger, – call it whatever you want, and it fits me. In my defense, though, I really think that because I am all of the above, I am also very generous, with my time, and my talents, and yes, sometimes, even, with my money! I also think that I'm rather resourceful, making do with what I have on hand, and using a good imagination, can concoct things that really didn't exist. I believe that this all comes about because I was raised during the time of the depression, and no one had any extra money, much less a family of 10 people! It was sort of a necessary thing to be thrifty.. When I was quite young, we had absolutely all we needed, yet, for most purposes, one would say we were poor financially. We really weren't any poorer than anyone else in the area, because in those days, everyone lived about the same way. We all ate from the produce we raised – had a lot of beans – and we all wore hand-me-down clothes, or made over clothes. They were as precious to us as brand new clothing which was purchased at a store. Our family all felt close to each other, and knew that we had a wonderful Mom and Dad who loved us and were willing to do anything they could to make our life more meaningful.

My dad rented a 70-acre farm, one acre of it was planted into a vegetable garden, another acre had flowers, trees, melons, etc., and we called it the truck patch. There was a pasture where the cows could graze that made up another 20-30 acres, I suppose, and

the rest of the land, except for the area the house, and the buildings, chicken coops, pens, and barn land. My dad raised wheat and corn, beans, and sometimes oats. He liked to experiment with new things, and tried raising popcorn, which was really quite good. I think he even tried raising tobacco once. We always had a watermelon patch, a pumpkin patch, potato patch, and a strawberry patch, too. There were 8 children plus Mom, and Dad, and we so we needed to raise a lot of food to feed so many people. In the garden, there was quite a variety of vegetables, including carrots, turnips, beets, onions, peas, pole beans, kohlrabi, okra, cabbage, spinach, lettuce, radishes, broccoli and cauliflower, and probably other things that I can't remember. We didn't raise all of those things every year, but at least one time or more, so that we all had a taste of what they were like. Some of us liked the okra, which was fried after being rolled in a batter, but we didn't have that very often. I only remember having kohlrabi once or twice, and we didn't have brussels sprouts very often either. We always had a lot of tomatoes, too. Sometimes we gathered things that grew wild, such as asparagus and blackberries. Dad raised a little "horseradish", and would grind it up for seasoning. It was VERY hot!!

Dad was a "beekeeper" too, so when he would empty the hives, we had lots of honey. This is an interesting story – so I'll tell it, like I remember it. When the queen bee would light somewhere, the other bees would swarm around her, eventually becoming quite a large colony. Dad would don his "bee clothing" which consisted of a wide brim hat, covered with netting of some sort, and tucked under his jacket. He would wear long pants, and had them fixed tightly around his shoes. I can't remember for sure, but he must have also worn gloves. The family would then gather with pots and pans and spoons for making noise, and Dad would have placed a hive under the spot where he was going to shake down the bees. After the noise started, Dad would hit the swarm and shake them until they fell into the hive. The hive would then be carried to a safe spot in the garden or somewhere out of the way, and left, for the bees to do their job. They, then would gather around flowers, etc., sip out the nectar, and make their honey. In the fall, when it was cold, Dad would retrieve the honeycomb, and Mom would squeeze out the honey into jars. It was VERY GOOD. All of the neighborhood knew that Dad was a "beekeeper" so we often got calls from them, when a queen bee had settled at their place. One time we had to get the bees out of the attic of the schoolhouse!

As possible, all of the products that we didn't eat or sell were preserved for use in the wintertime. We didn't have electricity, so had no freezer for freezing things, as they do today. Mom would "can" the fruit and vegetables if they were the type that were best preserved that way. The potatoes were put in a potato-bin, which was a large wooden box-frame that was built up a few feet off of the ground, and was built up against the dirt wall in the cellar. Some cellar's were called root-cellar, and possibly ours could have been called that, as there were dirt floors and walls, and the potatoes, onions, carrots, turnips, and most root vegetables, would keep pretty well, down there, for quite a while. Apples would keep longer, too, if kept in the cellar. The cellar was used for a few other things too, such as the ice-box (when we had one) was kept down there, as was the incubator, where Mom kept a close watch on the eggs, which were kept warm by a candle, and the eggs needed to be turned every so often, for hatching baby chicks.

Meat was salted, smoked or canned, for preservation. Mom also make sauerkraut from the cabbage, pickles from the cucumbers, and jams and jellies from the fruit.

Dad often helped the neighbors "butcher", and then they would give him the liver and the head of the animal. Mom knew how to make "headcheese" and it was good, much like the purchased lunchmeats of today. They also knew how to make sausage, and I can still see that grinder, with the handle going round, filling the skins with sausage. The lard was rendered, and Mom made soap, and the cracklings left were SO GOOD! Each year, Dad butchered at least one beef of our own, and this meat was canned or preserved. From the cows, we had all the milk we needed, plus cream for butter and Mom made the best homemade cottage cheese that I have ever tasted. We raised chickens, so had a lot of chicken to eat – usually that was the special meal on Sunday.

To keep butter from melting, it was placed on a wood box-tray that was framed in rope, and the rope was attached to a pulley, and hung in the well, where it was always cool. When we needed it, we merely pulled on the rope and the tray was brought to the surface. Later – we had an icebox, which was a wood cabinet with shelves, similar to our refrigerators today, but it had a door, above the shelf space, in which a large hunk of ice was placed. As this melted, there was a tube that carried the water to a pan, at the bottom of the icebox. The iceman delivered ice about every other day, and he gave everyone on his route a little card that showed either 25, or 50 pounds, that we were supposed to place in the window or a conspicuous spot, so that he'd know how much ice he needed to bring in. The icebox was kept in the cellar, and since the floor was dirt, it was no problem if some of the melted ice water spilled over on the floor.

Dad and my brothers milked about 8 cows, and we had a pair of mules, Jack and Jennie, plus two horses, Dolly and Jim. Sometimes we had a few sheep, and sometimes we raised pigs – but for the most part, the farm animals included the cows, horses, chickens, and our pets, dogs and cats.

Dad farmed on the "shares", which meant that the owner of the land was supposed to get a certain percentage of the crops as his rent payment. Many times when the owner (or his manager) came to collect, he just didn't bother to collect, as could see that we really had nothing to sell, and what we did sell was needed to supplement the food we raised to feed the family.

Dad sold milk and Mom sold eggs for ready cash. The children got to help with those projects. As a little girl I sometimes used to help bring the cows up from the pasture, at milking time. The cows were milked twice a day. I can remember my Dad standing at the foot of the stairs, early each morning, and calling out "Rodney, Pudge, Bart, Allen, and then he would wait a minute for each of them to answer "What?" after which he would then call out the next name, and after the last name was called he would say, "Time to get up". The milking was done by hand. The guys had a little one-legged T shaped stool that they sat on, with their knees spread apart, and the bucket between their legs. There were eight cows most of the time, and I think each cow produced about a gallon of milk at each milking. After the milking was done, the boys would bring the milk up to the milkhouse, which had a cement trough in it, where fresh cold water had been pumped into this trough earlier and the milk cans (10 gallon) were placed in the water. The milk was nice and warm, when it first went into the can, but it was the job of my sister Mildred and me, to stir the milk until it became cool. As it cooled, the cream would rise to the top, and this was skimmed off to make butter, to use on cereal, and in baking, etc. Of course it wasn't all skimmed off, as then the milk would not bring as

much money when it was taken to the dairy. There would be a milk man come about three times a week, to take the milk to the dairy. For a while, we had a separator, which was a machine that you would put the milk into and then turn the handle and the milk would go through various functions, and finally separate the cream from the skimmed milk. At that time, we sold cream – however, that was a HUGE job, and the skimmed milk brought less money than whole milk, so that process didn't last too long, as I recall. Mom knew how to make the best cottage cheese! She would scald the milk, until it clumped, then put it in a cheese cloth, wringing out all of the moisture that she could, then she would wash it in cold water, then tie a knot in the cheese cloth and hang it up somewhere to drip. When it was nice and dry, she would open the cheese cloth up, dump out the cheese and add fresh cream and salt to it. It truly was delicious.

Regarding the eggs, we had a henhouse and quite a few hens. They were mostly "Plymouth Rocks". Each hen would lay an egg a day, normally, then they would cackle to let you know they had done their job. It was my job to gather the eggs. If a hen had decided she wanted to "sit" on her eggs, it became quite a challenge to get the egg out from under her – and she would peck at me! It was easier to just let her sit!! We used a lot of eggs, as had fried potatoes and eggs for breakfast a lot – then Mom used a lot of eggs in her baking. She also sold eggs. I would gather about three-dozen eggs a night, as I recall.

COOKING AND BAKING

When things got really tough, Mom belonged to the Home Bureau Market, and sold baked goods. This was our salvation. She would bake cakes, coffee cakes, bread, rolls, pies, nut breads, and various other things to take to the Market in Alton, Illinois, on Saturdays, and every other Wednesday. At that time a little money went a long way, and her bread sold for ten cents a loaf. I don't recall the prices of most things, but I do remember that at night, many a night, we would sit around the kitchen table, picking out black walnuts, and it was mighty hard to pick out the nutmeats, then we had to check to see that there weren't any shells in with the meat. Anyway, the walnuts sold for sixty cents a pound. Mom used some of them in her baking, too. Each lady who participated in this "market" was given a number. That number was placed on all of her goods, to identify the "baker". Mom was really a good cook, and many people requested her things. Her number was XII, which she embossed on to her pans. A few years later one of her pans disappeared, and it was an "all aluminum" pie pan, which she dearly loved. I don't know how many years later, she attended a church supper, and there was her pie pan! She made a remark about how happy she was to have found it, and the lady who brought that pie that night, said, "Oh Hulda, you wouldn't take that pan – it has been my favorite one for years." Mom's "mark" was on the pan, so there was no problem in knowing to whom it belonged – so she got her pan back!

Probably it was because of her doing so much baking, that I learned a lot about the process. In those days – where we had no electricity in the home – all of the mixing was done by hand. Mom would sometimes sit me down on a chair with a big bowl of sugar and shortening, and have me "cream" it. You would just sit there squeezing the sugar and shortening between your fingers until it became all "gooey", then it was ready to have the other ingredients mixed in with it. In baking bread, she would have me mix

the flour into the yeast mixture – I recall measuring out 12 cups of flour, which would make three loaves of bread. After the flour was fairly well mixed in, I would start kneading it, and she didn't let me stop for quite a while. This put the "air" into the mixture and helped the bread to be "light". The mixture had to raise once, be poked down and kneaded some more, and then it would be "smooth" before it was placed in the pans for baking. Sometimes we made rolls, all kinds, including cinnamon rolls, four-leaf clover rolls, etc.

Mom didn't drive the car at this time. She did drive it years earlier, but after being in an accident once, she decided to quit driving, so Dad would go with her to Alton, to take her things to the market, and then wait around to drive her back home. On the way home, they would stop at the grocery store to purchase the necessary groceries for the next week. They almost always bought a pound of baloney, which they got for ten cents. We loved that store-boughten meat!

In the fall each year, Dad would butcher a cow, and often he helped the neighbors with their butchering, too. After the skin was taken off and the meat cut into various parts, it would be a time for processing. Mom always "canned" a lot of the meat, and that was SO good. It was cooked just right, and then placed in quart jars. We often used this meat when company came for dinner. When Dad helped others with their butchering, they would usually send the liver and the head home, for Mom to make "headcheese". That was a lot like some of the lunchmeat that we see in the stores today. Mom knew just exactly how to season it to make it good. We had a "smokehouse", where some meat was smoked – especially the pork, and that process helped it to keep from spoiling. We had a grinder, and would make our own sausage and hamburger. I watched, but wasn't much help in that process.

We raised our own chickens, so had fried chicken nearly every Sunday. There was really no need to can chicken, as we always had that available, fresh. I can remember that it was my job to help Dad, when it was time to kill the chicken. He used a chopping block, and I would hold the bill of the chicken, while he removed the head, with one chop of the corn knife! After that it was hung on the line to drain, then came the process of scalding it, to remove the feathers, then singeing it to remove the small fine hairs, then the actual cleaning out of the innards, and cutting it up. As I got older and worked out for other people, I recall that the lady I worked for (Mrs. Hallie Schoeneman) had me help her dress seven chickens one day. Up until that time, I didn't know how to cut up a chicken, as Mom always did that.

As one can see, with butchering our own meat, having our own milk and eggs, and a garden, truck patch and fruit trees, there was very little food that actually needed to be purchased. Mostly flour, sugar, and spices, with occasional specialty products, were purchased, to make up for what wasn't produced on the farm. We had peach trees, a plum tree, and apple trees on the farm, then gathered blackberries and raspberries from the "thickets". There was a "Watkins" man, a "Herbeling" man, and a "Raleigh" man who had trucks with shelves all around, and they would travel to the various farm houses with all kinds of spices and condiments to sell. Mom usually purchased her vanilla, cocoa, spices, etc., from them.

I can remember one summer when Mom canned over 300 quarts of fruit. There were about 100 quarts of peaches, and about 100 quarts of blackberries. Other fruits made up the rest.

Having a garden was a lot of work, and all of the family knew how to handle a hoe, a spade, and a rake – implements that were a real necessity to having a garden.

In the spring of the year, Dad would hitch the horses to the plow, and plow up the ground. Next the horses pulled the “disk”, which broke up the clogs of dirt, after that came the “harrow” which was much like a huge rake, then came the “roller”. It was like a huge rolling pin, and finally came the “cultivator” which dug furrows, or rows in the field. After that, came the planting. We always planted potatoes on St. Patrick’s Day. The potatoes had to be cut into sections, with each section having an “eye” in it. They were then dropped into “hills” about a foot apart, with four or five pieces being dropped into each hill. For the garden (or truck patch as it was often called), we planted mostly seeds. After the plants came up, then we had to thin them out, then hoe out the weeds, which was a job that required a lot of time. Mom often would work out in the garden towards evening when it was a bit cooler, and then Mildred and I would get supper. Our supper often consisted of fried potatoes, along with some sort of meat, a vegetable (often one that had been canned previously, or fresh, if the garden was producing), and some canned fruit.

It was after the seedlings came up, that the real work started, keeping the weeds out and the bugs off! Poles had to be set up for the beans to climb on, as well as cages for the tomatoes.

When the harvest was ready, then came the job of picking the product – picking the strawberries and peas and beans, I think was the hardest. Then came the process of shelling the peas and stringing the beans, before canning could begin. Getting all of the silks out of the corn was also a challenge – but Mom would inspect it, and if we didn’t get them all, we had to continue on it, until there were no silks to be seen.

Living on a farm really had it’s advantages, in that we had fresh fruit and vegetables and we really ate well – maybe that’s what kept us so healthy. It was also work, and years later, my boss (Dr. Newland) told me that he always liked to hire a farm girl – as they knew how to “work”.

SCHOOL

We went to a little country school – one room – with the coal furnace sitting in the back corner, the teacher’s desk and chair, a recitation bench, and a piano in front. Several feet down from that were the student’s desks – several rows, with about 4-5 single desks in each row. On the last row, there were several double desks, where two people could sit. These desks had a hole – called an ink well – in the corner, and a shelf under the slightly slanted surface, where books could be stored. The seat was attached to the desk. In the back, behind the furnace, were two cloakrooms – one for the girls and one for the boys, where we could hang our coats, and there was a shelf where we could place our lunch pails. Everyone carried his lunch to school, with a little extra to have at recess time. There were two recesses, one at 10:30 AM and one at 2:30 PM, and these lasted for 15 minutes. School started at 9:00 and got out at 4:00, with an hour off for lunch. There was a big bell, with a clapper in the middle, and there was a long rope hanging from it. This bell was rung five minutes before it was time to come back in, after recess or lunchtime, then again when it was “time” to be in our seats. It was also rung a half-hour before school started in the morning, and again five minutes before school

started. At the time I went to school, the average attendance was around 25 students, and 1 teacher. Because she needed to teach all eight grades, and this was REALLY too much, some of the students skipped around. Everyone went straight through the first 4 grades, but if you were born on the uneven year, you skipped from 4th to 6th grade, then back to 5th, on to the 8th, and back to the 7th. If you were lucky enough to be born on an even year, you went straight through – but everyone had more people in his class after the 4th year. When I started to school, there were 4 people in my class, Lloyd Baker, Dorothy Fite, Juanita Jackson and me, and actually we finished 8th grade with 4 people in my class. One had flunked a year and was put back, and one who was ahead a year flunked a year, so was put in my class, and finished with us. My best friend, Dorothy, went clear through grade school with me, and is still a very good friend, today. She asked me to sing, at her wedding, so I did. Helen Kelsey played the piano. My brother Allen was just a year ahead, so he skipped around, and by the time he finished, there were only 2 in his class.

School was a lot of fun, really. The first 15 minutes each morning were “exercise”, that is, if the teacher wanted to exercise. We had one teacher who preferred to sing – so we sang for 15 minutes. That particular teacher (Alice Matlack) usually had us put on a musical program for our parents. We had programs two or three times each year, once at Christmas, and again at the end of the school year. I’m not sure when the other programs were. I remember one time I had to sing “School Days” holding the hand of Vincent Fleming, as he sang, with me. Embarrassing moments!

After the opening exercises we got down to work, and did most of our studying at school, while other classes were “reciting” at the recitation bench. The teacher would call one class up at a time, for this. At recess time, we would all play together, or use the playground equipment – which consisted of a couple swings and teeter-totters, and a merry-go-round sort of thing that was built by some of the fathers of the kids who attended school. One such piece of equipment that Dad made was a different kind of swing. It was a wagon-wheel placed on top of a tall pole, and from the spokes of the wagon wheel, hung ropes, with a loop at the end. We could hang on to that rope, run around, then jump and fly through the air like a man on the flying trapeze! The games we played as a group were “fox and geese” “drop the handkerchief” “handy-over” “red-light” “baseball” “basketball” “catch” etc. If it was a rainy day, or if it were too cold to play outside, we would play “inside” games, such as “Upset the fruit basket”, “Teakettle”, “Hide the chalk”, or other types of games that I can’t remember.

One fall, when the watermelon crop was good, Dad brought a wagonload of small watermelons to school, so each of us had our own, to eat. That was fun. We had no plates or silverware, so the melons were just broken and we put our mouths directly to the fruit and we spit out the seeds – what a mess our faces were.

One class that we took of our own free will was “Writing”, and we had a little book called “The Palmer Method”. My friend, Dorothy Fite and I worked and worked at this method of writing, and to this day, her handwriting is beautiful! The Palmer Method Writing book had special exercises that you must do. There were lines across the paper, and one of the exercises was going up and down with your pencil between the rows, drawing your lines very close together, but not going above or below the line. Another was drawing circles in the same way, and when you finished, it looked like a

long tunnel that you'd drawn. It was very important to hold your pencil correctly, and also to move your whole arm when writing, and not just your fingers.

We had a pump outside from which we'd pump a bucket of water, and there was a dipper we used to drink out of - everyone used the same dipper, but thank goodness, we must have been immune to each other's germs, as it didn't seem to make us sick. In the wintertime, the teacher would bring the bucket into the building, so we didn't have to go outside to get a drink. We had no indoor plumbing - so we had two out-houses - one for girls and one for boys. Also, in the wintertime, the teacher had to get to school pretty early to get the furnace going and the place warmed up a bit before the students got there. If a student needed to go to the bathroom, he held up his hand, with just one finger, if the job was to be a short one, and if it would take longer, he held up two fingers. The teacher would see his hand and nod, and then the student was free to go outside to the outhouse. One time, I felt sick at my stomach, so held up my hand, but the teacher didn't see it, and it ended up that I vomited all over the desk. It was TERRIBLE! The teacher told me that I should have just gone out, even without her "nodding". I don't know exactly what the problem was, but I do remember, that because I was so "skinny", my Mom tried to make sure I was healthy by giving me orange juice and cod-liver oil each morning before I went to school, and something about that orange juice, that morning, really made me sick. For years after that, I refused to eat oranges, or drink orange juice. That's too bad, too, because my folks really sacrificed to get those oranges for me. Another thing that my Mom did to try to fatten me up was to drink a cup of hot Ovaltine, each morning, before heading off for school.

The school was only about a quarter of a mile from our house, so it didn't take long to get there, and for the kids walking a distance, our house was the closest one to school, so we were the last to join the group, in going to school, and the first to drop off from the group, on our way home.

When I was 13 years old, my Mom had a surprise "birthday party" for me. I will never forget it - really think it was the only party I ever had, as we really didn't have many parties in those days - and if each of us had one, that was pretty good! On this particular year, all of the kids were heading down the road to walk home, and my girlfriend decided that she needed to use the bathroom (the outside toilet), and wanted me to wait for her. I waited and waited, and the other kids were getting out of sight - so I said "Dorothy, hurry up! The kids are almost out of sight." Then she answered, "But I'm not done yet!" So - we waited it out together, and sure enough, when we got out on the road, we didn't see anyone! When we got to our house, Dorothy said "I've got to go again!" so she walked on up to the house with me. About that time, all of the other kids who had been hiding jumped out and yelled "Surprise!" It really was a successful surprise party! I don't remember getting any gifts at all - probably didn't, as everyone was so poor in those days - but we played games and had birthday cake, I'm sure, before the kids had to get back on the road to walk home. Birthday cakes were special. My Mom always baked an angel food cake, and put dabs of coloring in some of the batter, so the cake looked like a "rainbow" cake. I try to do the same, when I make a birthday cake!

Often times, in bad weather, the teacher would "board" at our house. We had two teachers who rode horseback to school, and they both stayed with us at times. Another teacher boarded with us occasionally, as her parents lived too far away for her to

get back and forth. In those days, the teacher's salary was about \$70.00 a month, and Mom charged \$20.00 a month for room and board.

There were many rural schools in the county, and our school was called "Ingersoll", and its number was 168. There were three men (chosen from the parents) who were elected as "directors" of the school, and they made decisions, such as hiring teachers, taking care of playground equipment, etc., Dad was usually a director, as there were so many of us attending school. The directors felt that if a woman was married, her husband should provide for her - so married women were not considered for the job as a teacher.

Each year at Christmas time, the school would put on a Christmas program, and all of the kids in the school would one way or another participate in the program. Sometimes we would put on a play, recite poems, sing songs, or just do whatever we were asked. Then after the program, Santa Claus would come. We each had drawn names, previously, and gotten a gift for the one whose name we'd drawn. The teacher always gave a gift to each child, (which was usually a little box of three pencils, with our names written on them) plus a little bag, which contained an orange, an apple and some hard candy, and peanuts in the shell. There would be a big decorated tree in the front of the room, with the children having made most of the decorations, like making chains from paper, stringing pop corn, and drawing pictures to hang on the tree, or doing some paper folding. When the program was nearly over, we would hear a loud talking and yelling outside - Santa getting his reindeer to stop - then a loud stamping of feet, and Santa would burst in with a big "HoHo" carrying a bag over his shoulder. (I learned later, that Jack Fite was usually the Santa Claus) He would then distribute the gifts. One year (the year that I had become sick at school), I refused to accept the orange, and afterwards I got quite a scolding from the family - because even though I didn't want it, the others in the family could have eaten it. Fresh fruit in the wintertime was really quite a luxury, and not one that we had very often.

I can remember one time though, when we had a big basket of fresh fruit. The year must have been around 1934, Aunt Irene and Uncle Henry Jacoby had been living in Chicago, but for some unknown reason, they had moved back to Shipman, and were living in Grandma Kulenkamp's house. The folks helped them out, with some groceries, milk, eggs, etc., and as a "thank-you", they sent out a big basket of fruit. That certainly was a special treat.

I was lucky, in that I was able to go to the little country school, called Ingersoll, all of my eight years of grade school. When the time was nearly over, the county sent out a "test" for each of us to take, and the same test was given to everyone in the county. The people who made the best grades received a special honor, and were mentioned in the papers, etc., as being in the "high ten". Their name, the name of their teacher and the name of their school was also mentioned. Each of those persons had to be in the "program" at graduation. A huge graduation was held for all persons in the county, at the same time. I have a newspaper clipping that Raymond, my nephew sent me, that names all of the graduates in the year that his dad (my brother Lyndal) graduated, and two of those in the high ten, were from Ingersoll! Their names were Lois Holliday, and Arlene Kahl. Their teacher (Adeline Hunt) and the name of the school were written up in the Carlinville paper (I have a copy that Raymond gave me).

I didn't fare so well, as didn't qualify for the High Ten, but did attend the huge graduation, nevertheless.

Dorothy and I developed a "secret code" and would pass notes back and forth, and that may be why I got in trouble - I'm not sure - but apparently the teacher saw me passing a note and I had to stay after school one night. It was a rainy night, and when she left on horseback to go home - I went the other direction towards our home, and I got stuck in the mud!! Luckily, Virginia also rode horseback to high school, and she came along soon after I got stuck, and she pulled me out. We then attempted to ride the horse the rest of the way, only the saddle came loose and we both fell off!! Getting back to the "secret code" - it was much like the Celebrity Cipher's that are in the newspapers today - with each letter of the message being replaced by another letter. I love to work those puzzles, and I think it's because of the fact that we enjoyed it, so many years ago!

When I went to Shipman High School, after graduating from grade school, three of those who had been in the "high ten" were now my classmates. They being Helen Heyen, Kenneth Schaller, and Emily Harris. Emily later married a cousin of mine, Kenneth Kulenkamp. Helen later became a nurse, getting her training at Missouri Baptist Hospital where my sister Anabel had trained. She chose that school mainly I think, because the coach "Coach Lister" at Shipman High School, had married a girl who graduated from there, and spoke highly of the school. Helen and I then went to Missouri Baptist to put in our applications, and she was accepted and I wasn't. The reason for my not being accepted was because I weighed less than 100 pounds, and also because I would not be 18 years old yet, at the time of admission. Helen later married a doctor that she met while in training. Kenneth went to work in Chicago, I think after completing college, but I'm not sure what his line of work was. He was raised by his mother, and the last I heard of him, he had never married. He did come to our 50th class reunion, and that's where I learned that he lived in Chicago and had never married. Emily married my cousin, even before graduating from High School, and her husband was in the service (the war had started), so she didn't go to college. She later had a family of three sons, then developed hepatitis and died when her youngest son was still an infant.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas is a special time everywhere, and it was no different for us. We would get out the Sears and Roebuck, or Montgomery Wards Catalogs, and dream of getting some of the toys and clothes that were displayed, there. Times were tough and money scarce, and we knew that Santa could not bring very many "boughten" things, but we would dream, anyway. We usually got one present, from the catalog. But what was so special, I think, was that when we would wake up early on Christmas Morning - a beautiful tree would be sitting in our living room, with little candles twinkling all over it. The popcorn and cranberries would be strung around as garlands, and it was a gorgeous sight to behold. We would have hung up our stockings on a nail, the night before, and in it would be some little trinkets, along with an apple, orange, hard candy and some nuts. One year, Mildred and I were so impressed with Santa's coming on Christmas Eve that we decided to hang up our stockings again on Christmas night. That was a mistake!! The next morning we found only switches in our stockings!! One time, we noticed a

"surprise package" listed in the catalog and it cost only a dollar, and it had 30 items in it. We decided that it would be fun to be surprised, so talked Mom into ordering that for us. I only remember one thing that was in that surprise package, but I dearly loved it, and have often tried to make more like it, since. It was a very long crepe paper strip, that had a metal plate on one end, and a string strung through the metal plate, that you could swing around and around, and the crepe paper would fly in all kinds of circles and shapes as you twirled it. One year, the last one that I can remember when we lived on the farm - Mildred and I each were allowed to choose from the catalog, a doll, (which cost \$1.00). I chose the one whose name was "Dorothy", because that was my best girl friend's name. She had dark hair, eyes that opened and shut, and she cried when she was tipped over. She had on a blue dress, and pretty little shoes and socks. I still have that doll, though now she has a chip on her nose and her hair is all matted. Mildred's doll was "pouting", and even though she was very cute, Mildred hated her because she was never happy - so she drug that doll around by one arm, left her outside in bad weather, etc., so the doll has been gone, long ago, but now we would consider that doll to be very special. One year, when Virginia was in college, she made a box of stationery for me - using plain typing paper, and pasted a Campbell soup doll in the corner, on each page. I really don't remember any other presents that I ever got at Christmas time, but do remember Christmas as being a very special time. We almost always got clothing, too, and a new pair of shoes. There also was an "exchange" with a person who had drawn our name, at school, and Santa Claus gave that gift to us when he came to the School Christmas Program. I recall a present that I liked very much, and have tried to imitate, was a little calendar that could be used as a "perpetual" calendar. There were several little cardboards with the numbers on it from 1-31, each starting at a different day of the week, and then there were other cardboards that had the names of the months on it, so that you could change the months and the dates for the correct month. This was made of plastic, and it had a red hula-hoop in which the dates were placed, and there was a little kitten sitting on the base. In my minds "eye", I can still see it. At Christmas time, too, there was always a church Christmas program, that we sometimes went to, as well as the school program, but I don't remember too much about that.

SUMMERTIME

School started in September and continued through April, for those who were in the elementary years. High school continued on through May. School lasted from 9AM until 4PM, 5 days a week, with a week off at Christmas time. When school was "out" it was time to help on the farm - with the planting, harvesting, canning, etc. The wild asparagus needed gathering, from the side of the road, and the strawberries were ready for picking.

For the girls, it was "housecleaning" time, too, and in general helping around the house. The housecleaning consisted partly of beating the rugs! The rugs would be taken out and hung on the clothesline, then beaten with a large oval heavy wire hoop type of tool fastened on to a handle. Sometimes while this was being done, the floors would be painted or varnished. The walls might be washed, or wall papered, the dishes washed that hadn't been used in ages, and the pictures washed, etc. The stoves were cleaned out,

and taken out to the smoke house for the summer. Other jobs, such as turning mattresses, or airing them, and washing the bedding, was included. All winter long, we had flannel sheets on our beds, but now it was time to put them away, and use regular sheets. The summers were very hot, and of course there was no air conditioning. With all of the windows open, it was still pretty hot at night, so many a night we slept outside.

Spring was the time for little chickens to hatch and the sheep to be sheared. Cording wool was always a big job. The wool would be full of cockleburs and other debris, so needed to be "combed" out. The wool would then be used for comforters or maybe sold.

Summertime also was a time for doing other things. Bible school was held for 2 weeks each summer, in the mornings, and this was a time of "learning". We learned to recite all of the books of the Bible in the right order, and we learned many individual verses, as well as the 23rd psalm; and the Ten Commandments. We learned about all of the individuals in the Old Testament, and their stories. We also learned the names of the groupings, that make up the Bible, and about the New Testament and its influence on our lives. There were crafts, games, and of course food. The boys and girls from town attended Bible School, too, so our circle of friends was increased. One time, at Bible School, Mildred and I invited five of our friends to come home with us to spend the night. Mom didn't know they were coming, so she was quite surprised when she came in from the garden to fix supper, to find five extra people to feed. We all slept in the two double beds, that night - sideways! Four in one bed and three in the other. Also we attended a group called "The King's Herald's", which was a missionary study type group, for young girls. There was a missionary - Edna Deahl, who had gone to China, from our church. Her sister, Mabel Wilder, was responsible for keeping us informed about Edna Deahl's work, and the work of other missionaries from the Methodist Church.

So as to not lose track of our school friends, Mildred and I, with Mom's permission, started a "sewing club". We learned how to embroidery, with our mother's help, but for the most part, it was a time of just getting together with our friends, and having some refreshments and playing a while. We met once a week. We also belonged to a 4H club, where we learned to use the sewing machine. I recall making a pink dress one year.

Summertime also was a time for "picnics". Each town held some sort of picnic as we called it. Piasa had its "Fishfry". Brighton - "Betsy Ann" Shipman - the ATA picnic. These were like mini-fairs, with concession stands, rides, games, food, etc., and everyone for miles around came - so it was also a time of get-togethers. There was usually a program with local artists performing, and sometimes there was a parade, and bands marching and playing.

When I was quite young, I recall that every Wednesday night, there would be a "Silent Movie" shown in town, on an empty lot, and then there would be a "drawing" for a free bag of groceries. Those were the days before "talkies" or "colored movies". They were fun to watch, anyway, and through the expressions and motions, you could just imagine what was being said. It was almost like reading a real good book. Sometimes a "medicine man" would pull his wagon on to the square and try to sell his wonder drugs. People would fall for his tale - and sometimes, miraculously, his "medicine" really did help.

The summers always seemed to fly by. My Mom had a sister - Aunt Laura - who lived in St. Louis, and she tried to give us a treat by inviting each of us to spend two weeks in the city, with her. She would take us to the Zoo, and to the City Park, to the Municipal Opera, and various other attractions that the big city had to offer. It was a real treat, just to listen to the sounds and see the sights of the big city. A horse-drawn milk wagon would come down the street each morning, delivering milk, and shortly after that the vegetable wagon would come, with the owner shouting out about his wares. The telephone was quite an attraction - as one could dial a number and a voice at the other end of the line would tell you the time of day! At home, we had a telephone that hung on the wall, and it had a ringer on the side, which you had to turn to make the ring. Centrals ring was 2 longs, then other neighbors on the line had other rings - such as 1 long, a long and a short; a short and a long; three longs and a short; 1 short and 2 longs, etc. Our ring was 2 longs and 4 shorts - and it was probably the longest ring of anyone on the line. Everyone seemed to know everyone else's business - as many people "piked" in on calls. The central office was fun to visit, because the switchboard operator sat at a desk sort of piece of furniture, and on the base part were a lot of plugs attached to lines, then the back of the desk was full of holes - so that when you called in and wanted to talk to someone on another line, the operator would pull out your plug, and plug it into one of the holes, then ring a number by pushing a little lever forward, holding it a little longer for a "long" than for a "short". It was amazing how this thing worked.

Summertime also was a time for work. The boys and Dad would work in the fields, and Mildred and I would carry a water jug out to them so they could get a fresh cool drink. We would help Mom work in the garden (hoeing the weeds) or picking the vegetables. Beans and peas, strawberries, etc., were the hardest to pick.

When it was housecleaning time, we would beat the rugs! They were not tacked down, but more like huge throw rugs - so we would hang them on the clothesline, and then beat the dirt out of them - the dust would just fly!

We had our fun times, too, during the summer. I recall one time, Elizabeth Halliday and Mildred and I, and I don't recall who else, decided to go visit Tom Halliday, who was Elizabeth's uncle, and lived down the road about a mile away. He was a bachelor, but had a big watermelon patch. He gave us a nice big melon to take home, but we didn't have anything to put it in, and it was too heavy for any of us to carry, so Elizabeth had a new pair of pink satin pajamas on, and guess she had enough underclothes that she didn't need to wear the pajamas, so we wrapped the watermelon in those pajamas, and started down the road, carrying it like it was in a hammock. Well, you guessed it, the watermelon fell out and broke into a million pieces. We had to sit down there in the middle of the road and eat watermelon!! That was fun. Another time we had some girls at our house, including Nellie Springman - Phyllis's sister, and later to become our sister, too - and she tells the story that we had a quilt that we used like a hammock and put a person in it and swung them back and forth, and finally all the way around, up and over, but when it was her turn to get to swing, she fell out as the "up and over" part of the swinging was done, and she fell out. She didn't get hurt, at least not too much, but everyone thought it was funny, but me, and I felt sorry for her. It must have hurt, at least, some! Thinking of Nellie, that reminds me of another story. Phyllis and Rodney stayed at Springman's for a while after they were first married, and Mildred and I went over to spend a night with all of them. After supper that night, it was felt that a fun

game would be to go "snipe hunting". We had never heard of that game, but thought it sounded like fun, so we put Mildred behind the barn holding a big gunny sack, while the rest of us went out hunting for snipes. I soon learned that this was really a trick --- there were really no snipes! We all went back into the house to wash dishes, and left Mildred out there holding the sack, waiting for the snipes. I felt pretty bad about that, as I recall, and we soon figured out a way to relieve her of her duty!

CLOTHING - BEDDING-WASHING

During the summer time, when we didn't have school, all of us went "barefoot". After playing and running all day through the dust and the mud, our feet were quite dirty, so we always washed our feet before going to bed. The kitchen sink had a little "shelf" at one end, on which we'd sit, and there was a round washbowl in the sink that we would fill with warm water from the reservoir, and use Mom's good homemade "bar" soap, to get our feet clean.

The reservoir was a "tank" that fit at the end of the kitchen range (stove), and it was filled with water every day. As the stove was used for cooking, the water would become warm, and this water was used for washing our hands and face, for taking baths, and for washing dishes.

On "wash-day" a big copper boiler was filled with water and placed on the stove to get hot. Homemade grated soap was placed in the boiler, and the clothes were boiled for a while before being taken out to the washing machine. The washing machine had two wood-tubs, with a wringer on a hinge, located between the two tubs. The wringer would also swing around to be between the second tub, and another one, which was used for the second rinse. The wringer was two large rubber rollers that rolled together when you turned a crank, and the clothing was put between these rollers. After the hot water and soap and dirty clothes were placed in the first tub, then a rubber funnel on a handle type of tool (like a plunger) was used to dash the clothes up and down to get them clean. From there they were sent into the first rinse, then the second rinse water that had "bluing" in it, and then they were wrung out again. Then the clothes were hung on a clothesline to dry. Washing was almost a full day's job in the wintertime when it was too cold to hang the clothing outside to dry, they were strung up around the kitchen. That was quite an ordeal. A few years later, we had a "gas" propelled washing machine, and that had an agitator in it, so we no longer had to use the plunger. When a family is poor, as all of us were in those days, it was impossible to be a "clothes-horse". Everyone had the clothing they needed, but not a lot of extra. For school, I think we had only two dresses, one was worn two days, the other three days, and then they were washed to start the next week. In the wintertime, we wore sweaters and skirts, but didn't have a variety-just the necessary changes. We wore anklets and shoes in the spring and fall, and long underwear, with long cotton stockings in the winter. !

The next day was "ironing", and here again, without electricity, it was no easy job. The irons were heated on the back of the stove, and there was a cover with a handle on it that slipped over the hot oval shaped iron, then snapped down to hold the iron in place, while the clothes were ironed. The ironing board that we had was merely a padded board, which was placed over a small little table at one end and on the kitchen table at the other end. The table we used, is one that I still have- it's a little square table

with fancy knobby legs. The weather in Illinois, where all of my growing up years was spent, was sort of damp, so even the sheets had to be ironed to get them nice and dry.

In the wintertime, washing was quite a problem, as we couldn't do the washing on the back porch, since the porch was an open one, and it was too cold. The clothing we wore then, didn't need to be washed so often - neither did the bedding. The beds were made up with "flannel" sheets, and were rarely washed all winter. If it was necessary to wash - the clothing was all hung in the kitchen, draped from one corner of the kitchen to the other, to dry. With the stoves going, though, they did dry fairly well. The actual washing was also done in the kitchen. These were the days before there was such a thing as a Laundromat, where you could rent washing machines and dryers.

Many years later, when Vern and I had moved into our first house, we decided that every other month, we could afford to purchase one thing, and it didn't take me long to decide that the very first thing we needed to purchase was a washing machine. I had been scrubbing the sheets, as well as all of the other clothing, on a washboard, then trying to wring them out by hand, and hang on a clothesline outside - with the clothes still dripping wet, because I didn't have the strength in my hands to wring them very well. It was many many years later (probably about 15) before we had a dryer. Life has gotten much easier over the years. When you wring the clothes out by hand, even though the wind flapped them, while drying, they still felt stiff! Possibly some soap was left in them. Anyway, it wasn't until we got a dryer, that I had nice fluffy, soft clothes!

My Mom always made "homemade" soap. Saving grease did this - it could either be beef lard, pork or chicken grease, but ours was made mostly from beef, I think. After you had saved about three pounds, you needed to mix it with lye. Lye could be made from ashes (I don't know how that was done) or you could get a can of "lye" from the store, mix it with water, then add it to the melted grease and stir it, and stir it and stir it, until it becomes thick. Then you use a cardboard box lined with cloth lining, and pour the mixture into it to harden. In a few days, you could cut it into bars, but leave it in the box for about 2 weeks when it would be hard enough and the soap was finished! This soap really works wonders on "ring around the collar" I remember that Mom always tied a handkerchief around her nose and mouth when she put water with the lye, as the fumes could really burn the membranes of your nose and throat.

SOME INCIDENTS ABOUT MY SIBLINGS.

I think there are probably many stories I could tell about my siblings, but some stand out more than others, so I'll just tell a little about something I remember about each one of them.

1. Rodney was the oldest, being born on Jan. 20, 1915. He was a bright boy, and as Virginia once said, had he really wanted to, he could have mastered almost anything that he chose to do in life. He was able to recite the entire "Night before Christmas" when he was just a toddler. He loved pretty things, and planted a garden out in the pasture, where there was a fallen tree that he had made into a chair, with a back being chiseled out of the one side which remained taller than the rest, as the tree had fallen. Mom knew about the garden, but Mildred and I were very surprised when we came upon it, one day. Rodney loved reading, and he was interested in music, and he and his cousin, Leighton Sanner,

spent a lot of time up in the upstairs boys' bedroom, stamping their names on sheets of music, and just "dreaming of inventions". They took a magnifying glass up there one time and held it just right for the sun to shine on it, and it ended up that they started a fire! With a bucket brigade of family members, the fire was put out, thank heavens. Virginia had a girlfriend visiting at the time (Virginia Thomas) and she grabbed Mildred and me, and we headed for the barn, while the fire was being put out! Rodney quit school sometime after finishing grade school, and went to work for various different farmers around. That's when he met Phyllis Springman, who became his bride, at the ripe old age of 18. They were married on December 20, 1933. Anabel and Leighton Samier were their attendants! When Rodney was younger, we had an old Ford car that had to be "cranked" to get it started, and at one time, while cranking it, it backfired and broke his arm. This same thing happened to Bart, at one time. Rodney was overwhelmed with all of his younger brothers and sisters, and at times he felt he REALLY needed to get away - so would run away. He didn't run very far, and Mom would notice things missing from the kitchen, so knew he had come home to build up his supply of food. Actually, he had run away to the schoolhouse, and housed himself in the entryway.

2 Anabel (born September 3, 1916) was next in line, and she was Mom's other "right hand". She always had the job of watching over the younger ones, and in later years, I learned that she really resented the fact that when the folks would go somewhere, they often took the younger ones of us along, but left her in charge of the rest of the family, at home, so she didn't really get to know some of the older relatives, such as Johnny and Charlie McDaniels (Grandma Archer's brothers). Mom had to have a mastectomy when I was about 6 years old, and so she was in Barnes Hospital and at Aunt Laura's home for about 2 months. During all of this time, Anabel had to do the cooking, baking, and other household chores as needed to care for the family. Anabel didn't know how to drive a car (I'm not sure we even had one), and she didn't ride horseback, so in order to go to Highschool, she had to stay in town and work for her room and board. She worked for Herman Shultz for a time, and she worked for the Methodist Minister (Rev. Heinz) one time. In the summer, she did housecleaning work for Frances Pennington (a distant cousin of Mom's). Then when Aunt Lyd (Lydia) became ill with bone cancer, Anabel went to St. Louis and helped take care of her. This was just prior to her going into Nurses' Training, at Missouri Baptist Hospital. This hospital was close enough that she could walk to Aunt Laura's house. While she was at this hospital, I was rather sickly - she thought I had rickets and scurvy (malnutrition diseases), so that's when Mom stuffed me with orange juice and cod liver oil, etc.. Then it was decided that I had tonsillitis, so Anabel arranged for me to have my tonsils taken out. This was done at her hospital. Mom and Dad weren't even able to come see me, but Aunt Laura and Aunt Stella were there, and took care of me until I was able to go back home. When Anabel graduated from training, she continued to work for a while at the hospital, and this was the time that we moved into town. The farm where we were living had been sold, and the boys were now all grown and away from home, so it was the right time to quit farming. Grandma Kulenkamp's house was for sale, so Anabel bought it for \$1000.00, and the folks moved in. Aunt Stella Welsh, and Uncle Art, owned a second hand store, and Aunt Stella was forever finding things in the store that Anabel could purchase for the folks! One of the

things was the carpet, and eventually, Anabel inherited that carpet! She joined the Army when the war started, and was sent to Newfoundland, where she met her husband.

3 Virginia (born April 13, 1918) rode horseback to highschool each day, when the weather was nice, and then she stayed with Mrs. Bosomworth and helped her with her housework, at times, too. Mrs. Bosomworth was a "perfectionist", and I recall that she taught Virginia how to iron. The corners of the handkerchief had to exactly meet, when ironing them! She also instilled other values of art, in Virginia, so she always was the person in the family who really liked nice things. After highschool, she went to college at Shurtleff, in Alton, Illinois. It was quite a struggle, as the folks had no extra money, so she borrowed money from a man named "Ed Kahl", and I'm sure there was an arrangement made and she paid him back, but for two years, she worked at school to help pay for her college, and also worked in the summer at odd jobs. During her first year, she had a roommate named Juanita Brown, who had been in school one year longer than Virginia, so was eligible to teach one year earlier. She applied at our school where Dad was a director, and she was hired, so Miss Juanita was my teacher the last two years of grade school. One weekend when Miss Juanita's boyfriend came to get her to take her home, Mildred and I persuaded Mom and Dad to let us go to Shurtleff to spend the weekend with Virginia. Virginia usually worked in the cafeteria during the week, but was off on the weekends, which also meant that she didn't get her meals on the weekends. We hadn't taken any money with us, and Virginia didn't have very much - so we sat around in the lounge one evening thinking about how hungry we were, when Mildred happened to slip her hand down between the cushions and found a quarter! That was enough to buy a "black-cow" - so we went to an ice cream parlor called "Blocks", and got three straws, with which to devour the "black cow".

After another year, Virginia obtained her "teacher's license", and she was hired at Miles Station School, which was about 3 miles from where we lived. They didn't have a piano at that school, but wanted one - and it so happened that one of Aunt Laura's neighbors in St. Louis had a player piano that she would like to sell for \$25.00, so we begged our folks to buy the player piano, and sell their's to Miles Station School, which they did. From then on, many hours were spent pedaling that player piano and singing. Some of the music rolls were: Margie, Afghanistan, That old Gang of Mine, The Holy City, and many others. I think that contributed to my being able to play "by ear", years later, as I would often hold my hands on the keys, as they would go down, while pedaling the player, and found out a little about "rhythm". Mom also taught me how to read music and do fingering, as she played VERY WELL. Years later, I did take some lessons, too, as Mrs. Schoeneman gave me lessons for free, for the use of our piano to teach other students in town - as she lived out in the country.

Virginia was always very generous, with the money she made while teaching school, and one time a 'peddler' came by who was selling an instrument that was sort of a combination of a violin and ukulele. It had music with it, and Allen soon learned to play it. He still has it!

My hair was always straight and stringy, and when you were in the freshman class, at high school, you always had to be initiated!! The sophomores were responsible for determining your fate, that week of initiation. I don't recall all of the things we had to do, but do remember that one of them was wearing your hair in braids. Virginia made tiny little braids all over my head and tied each one with a ribbon - it was very different

from what the other girls did. We also had to wear our dress backwards one day. At the end of the week, there was a party, and a final "trick". Each classroom had a door at each end, so the sophomores fixed up the science room to use as this "spook house". We were blindfolded, and had to take off our shoes. They had wet sheets hanging across the door and there were broken eggshells on the floor, which they told us was broken glass. We had to walk across the room and out the other door. It was scary, but fun.

Soon after that, Virginia paid for my first permanent wave! Virginia was teaching school at Miles Station at that time, so was making about \$70 a month. She had never had any money, so wasn't used to having any, and willingly shared what she had. She wanted me to enjoy school and have what the other kids had - so she bought a saxophone for me, so that I could play in the band. I played in the band all four years of high school. Part of the reason for choosing the saxophone, was because I also had another problem. My teeth were very crooked, and my mouth wasn't shaped quite right, so Uncle Will Winslade came in to see us one day, and suggested that I could get my teeth straightened at practically no charge, by going to St. Louis to the Dental School at Washington University. The dentist there, thought it would help to position my teeth, if I would push back on my lower jaw - which was the position used in playing the saxophone. Getting back to the permanent - one of Virginia's classmates, Mary Alice Strahan, went to beauty school, so ran a beauty shop in the old telephone office. The permanent wave machine was like a bucket turned over with a bunch of electric wires coming down from it, and somehow on another your hair was twisted up, and placed in a curler at the end of these wires. You had to sit real still for about an hour, while your hair "cooked". Those permanents lasted about a year! From that day to this, I have had permanent waves fairly regularly, however, the method of permanents has changed over the years. Now a person can get a "cold" wave - with no electric wires attached.

4. Lyndal (born January 13, 1920) was a real help to Dad all of the years they lived on the farm. He was always pretty quiet, and didn't get into any trouble that I recall. I don't know exactly why, but he had the nickname of "Pudge", though he wasn't very pudgy! One time, the family went on a picnic and fishing expedition up near Macoupin Creek, I think it was - so in the process of fishing, his line got out of hand and the hook got caught in his leg. Pudge tells me that Grandpa Kulenkamp chewed tobacco, so he just took out a plug of tobacco from his mouth, I guess to deaden the area, and slapped it on his leg. Dad, then took out his pocket knife, and cut the hook out of his leg! I guess they must have used pressure bandages to stop the bleeding. Pudge joined the Navy as soon as he got out of highschool and was stationed at Pearl Harbor. He had been back to the states for special training in "submarines", when Pearl Harbor was bombed on December 7, 1941. He stayed on in the Navy for two 4-year terms, and before getting out he was made the "Chief Electrician's Mate" on his ship - THE BREEZE. He was always very generous, as you'll see in some of my other stories.

5. Marlin was the 5th child in this family, (born on Anabel's birthday, September 3, 1921) and it seems like he was the unlucky one - or at least seemed to be in trouble a lot. He was really "good-looking" though, and his nickname in highschool, was "handsome". Actually, his nickname for the rest of us was "Bart". I'm not sure why, guess Marlin was too hard to say, anyway, that's what we all called him. All of the boys had to help with the work on the farm, but

they had time for fun, too. Bart bought a bicycle once, and it was really a nice bike. He had laid it down on the sidewalk by the well, and it really was an accident, that one of us girls fell over it, and apparently bent or broke some spokes. I can't recall exactly what happened, but recall that Ruth Shultz (our cousin) was visiting us at the time, and Mom and Dad had gone to Alton to market. Bart found the broken down bike, and started chasing us. Mildred, Ruth and I ran up to the girls bedroom and slammed the door, then pushed the bed up against it to keep him out, but he went into the boys bedroom, and proceeded to climb out the window and over the kitchen roof, to get into the girls bedroom window, so we had to push the bed over in front of that window. By this time, Pudge was hitching up the buggy, and we ran downstairs, got into the buggy and drove to Halliday's house. Whew!! Ruth laughs now about that story, as she'd never been in a fight before, and was scared to death! Well, I'm sure Bart wouldn't really have hurt us, but we didn't give him a chance, at any rate. Bart had a hard time in school, and at one time almost quit highschool. Mom had a conference with Mr. Smith (who was the principal, then), and he assured Mom that if she could get him to school, he would make sure that Bart graduated - so that's what they did. After he graduated, Virginia helped pay his tuition for him to go to Eastern Illinois Teacher's College, where he went for one year - then he joined the Navy, and served for the duration of the war. He took some courses in woodworking while in college, and later he was almost a professional cabinet maker, though this was just a hobby. His real job was working for the telephone company (he had been an electrician's mate, in the Navy). Bart made several pieces of furniture that we now have in our home. He also made a large "cross" to hang in the church in Shipman, where we all attended while growing up. This was made and presented in memory of his son, Gerry.

6. Allen (born July 24, 1923) was just a year older than me, in fact of the eight of us, we are closest in age. He was sick with pneumonia, when I was born. I don't know whether this had any effect on his eventual hearing loss or not, but Allen started losing his hearing at a rather early age. He always was helpful at home and I can't recall his ever getting into any trouble. One time, when he was quite young, he started down to the barn to help with something down there, when a bee stung him, right on his forehead. His eyes swelled shut, and he was unable to see how to get back to the house!, so we led him back. I don't remember how long it took for the swelling to go down, but definitely recall that happening. Anabel tells us about the time, when he was born. Dr. Bobzin came out with his little black bag, that she said had Allen in it. He went in the house, and all of the rest of us had to go outside. Uncle Ervin had come out - he sat on the flat-bed wagon with all of the other kids, telling them stories, and wouldn't let any of them go in the house. After Dr. Bobzin came out, still carrying his little black bag, he told them that he had brought them a little baby brother! That's why Allen was given the middle name of Irving!. Allen in later years, told me another story that he wondered how come I'd forgotten to include! He said when he was a little boy, one of the neighbors, Tom Halliday, I think it was, gave him a couple of sheep that were sort of a runts. Allen raised these sheep until they were grown and had offspring. Some of the offspring were not healthy, so Uncle

Will Winstade was called in to treat them (he was a veterinarian), however, one still died, so Allen took the others to Uncle Will's house and laid them in the feeding trough which the cows ate from, during milking time. Needless to say, the sheep had messed up the trough's so much that the cows were a bit unhappy – which in turn made our cousin Wayne and his brothers, unhappy! I'm not sure what happened next, but have a feeling that Allen had to clean out those troughs! It may have been from these sheep, that in later years we were obliged to card the wool, from which Mom made comforters. At any rate, carding wool was quite a task, but in later years I can see what a blessing those sheep really were!

7. Edith (born September 22, 1924) was the 7th child. My story is told throughout this writing, but I do want to relate a couple of things here. They say that I was only about 2-3 years old, when I ran down towards the barn to meet my Dad who was coming in from plowing in the field. He didn't see me, but I just ran ahead, and eventually got right under the mules feet. They stopped and wouldn't budge. Dad tried and tried to get them to go, but they wouldn't, so he finally got off the plow, and found the trouble. Me! That's my closest call, so far as I know. Another funny thing though, the neighbors or someone, asked my Dad what they had named their little daughter, and his answer was "By Golly, I don't remember what Mom did name that kid!" I guess names didn't mean much by the time the 7th one came along! I'm not sure where my name came from, but I heard that it was the lady who stayed with Mom after I was born, who really gave me my name.

8. Mildred – last but not least, was the 8th, being born on August 6, 1926. She and I were really good pals and playmates all the years of our growing up. Her narrow escape came just days after she was born, when Dad was gathering up the clothes to do the washing. The nursemaid had placed Mildred on an old couch out in the yard to soak up a bit of sun, and Dad didn't see her, so grabbed the sheet off the couch, and Mildred went flying through the air, just like the man on the flying Trapeze! Mildred started crying, and soon was found a few feet away! Apparently she wasn't hurt, as no injuries were ever reported that I know of. We moved to town before Mildred finished grade school, so she was the first in the family to finish school in town. She was a good student, and finished, first, in her class. She was pretty and popular, so had lots of friends. Mildred had a lot of boyfriends, and once when a guy came up and honked – she ran out to meet him and fell in the ditch, and broke her arm! Dad said after that, the fellows could come to the door to pick her up! Virginia had married Jim in 1941, but had to keep it secret until school was out, as schools didn't hire married teachers in those days, but when school was out, she went out to California, so as to be there when Jim came home from the war. When Mildred finished high school, she then went out to California to wait with Virginia.

TEETH

The process of getting teeth straightened, is sometimes lengthy and painful, but rewarding in the end. For me, it all started when I was a freshman in high school. After the initial impressions and pictures were taken, and the method thought out, I was to

become a regular patient – going maybe twice a month to St. Louis to Washington University Dental School, for a treatment. First, bands were put around certain teeth, mainly the back ones and the front ones. These little silver bands had to be pushed around your teeth with a "jack-hammer" type of instrument, and there were little "hooks" on the bands. These hooks were for the placing of rubber bands, which stretched from the back tooth on top to the front tooth on the bottom – on both sides – thus pulling back on my lower jaw. I could take the rubber bands off to eat, otherwise they were left on all the time. Gradually the treatments were spread out over a longer period of time, and after six years, I graduated from the treatments all together. During the time I was in high school, I would ride to St. Louis with the Kahl brothers, on their milk-truck. They hauled milk every day, and didn't mind having a passenger. I would wait at the corner (at Mrs. Crocker's house), then run out when I saw the truck coming. I would only have to pay a nickel to ride across the bridge (the Mississippi River), and then a dime to ride the bus from where they would let me out at Kingshighway St. to the Dental School. I would stay overnight with Aunt Laura, and then come back the next day – meeting the milk truck at the dairy.

I still can remember the very first day I rode on the milk truck to St. Louis. On that day, I was to get off at the foot of Kingshighway, and walk over to Aunt Stella's house – which was about four blocks away. Aunt Stella then would call Aunt Laura, who would come and get me and show me where I would get off the bus, normally, to get to the Dental School. On this particular day, when I got to Aunt Stella's house – she wasn't home, and I didn't know what on earth to do, so just sat down on the curb and cried! A neighbor saw me, and came to my rescue, calling Aunt Laura, who then came. What a relief it was to see Aunt Laura!!

This business of going back and forth on the milk truck continued all through my high-school years, then when I started in Nurses' Training, in Alton, I was able to ride the "interurban" – a street car type of train – to St. Louis, and could catch the bus from there to get to the Dental School. I again used this method of transportation all during my years in Nurses' Training. It was only after I graduated, and decided that I wanted to go to Chicago to work, that my Dentist decided he would remove the braces, as they had probably done all the good they were going to do anyway.

The Dental School only charged \$5.00 a month, for their fee – but we were very poor, and even \$5.00 a month was a lot of money, especially since Dad only earned \$40 a month working for the WPA – so after Pudge (Lyndal) joined the Navy, he had an allotment sent home, out of which the \$5.00 would come.

When I finished High School and started in Nurses' Training, Anabel was in the Air Force, so she sent me \$10.00 a month out of her allotment, and I was able to use this to pay the Dentist, and ride the interurban back and forth. This lasted for about a year, after which I joined the "Cadet Corps", and then the government paid me a regular salary, which I could use for these expenses.

HIGH SCHOOL YEARS.

When I first started High School, we still lived on the farm – three miles South of Shipman. We had an old one-seated Ford Car at that time, and the boys were able to drive it, so Bart, Allen and I all rode to school in that car.

We were supposed to take four classes each year, some of which were required subjects before we could graduate. The first year, three were required subjects – they being Algebra, English and General Science. I had decided that I wanted to be a nurse when I finished high school, and that required two years of foreign language, so I chose Latin – which was the only foreign language being offered. Besides the required subjects, we were also allowed to participate in band, glee club and physical education. By this time, one of the teachers that I had had in grade school was now teaching in High School. Her name was Alta Meier. Our class was able to choose a teacher to be our class sponsor, so we chose her! She also taught physical ed. It turned out that Alta Meier was our sponsor all four years of high school. She later went to Pana, Illinois, to teach, and there was a man in our church – Bob McAfee – who had gone to school to her, in Pana. Alta wrote to me every Christmas, up until she died.

The second year we had only two required subjects, they being English and Algebra II. We had to take at least two years of science though, before we could graduate, so I chose to take Chemistry, and then had to take Latin II.

The school had quite a few extra things that made school fun, and one was putting on plays, having parties, and I'm not sure what was the occasion, but we always chose a king and queen, each year. I was probably the smallest person in school, so I was chosen to be the "crown bearer" two different years.

The third year, our only required subject was English. The others that I chose to take were Public Speaking, Typing I, and Geometry.

I don't remember what my subjects were, the fourth year of High School, except that I know English was a required subject, and I took Typing II, and maybe Public Speaking II, but am not sure. I had fulfilled my requirements for Nursing, by taking two years of science, and two years of foreign language.

Since my Dad worked for the WPA, our family qualified for some other things, which were sponsored by the government. I was in something called the NYA, which stood for National Youth Association. I was allowed to work at school, and get paid \$5.00 a month. My job was to sell candy during the lunch break, and at ball games. The candy at lunch break was sold from the principal's office, and our principal was Ben Smith. He loved to play Chinese checkers – so we often played that game during the lunch hour while I was selling candy.

I also worked at a restaurant across the street from the school during lunch hour. This was not during the time I worked for the NYA, though. I remember the restaurant was owned and run by a family named "Blakeman", and Mrs. Blakeman made the best barbequed sandwiches that I've ever eaten! Years later I asked her how she made it and she just said she made it from the left over pot-roast, adding onions and tomato sauce and the gravy – but even though I used her recipe – mine never quite tasted as good.

This must have been during my last year in High School, as I recall an incident that happened, that really had my folks upset. We had a preacher at our church during that time that had his granddaughter living with him and his wife. Her name was Rowena. She often played "hooky" from school, and would hang out at Blakeman's restaurant. Her grandfather found out about it, and she thought I had told him. I had to have a recommendation from my minister, in order to get into Nurses' Training, so I went to the parsonage to ask him for a letter of recommendation. Rowena told him not to give it to me, as I told lies. She then said, "I just feel like slapping you". I told her to go ahead if it would help her any -----and she did just that!! Of course, I went home and told my folks, which caused quite a stir. I did get the recommendation, though!

During my first year of High School, the farm that we had lived in all of my life was sold to Emmett Hall, and in March of that year, we were forced to move. Anabel was in the Air Force at that time, and she had a little money, so she bought Grandma Kulenkamp's house, for \$1000.00. After Grandma died, the family rented the house to Uncle Will Winslade, who had a County job of some sort, where he was responsible for finding housing for people on Welfare. He then used Grandma's house to house these people. I recall that before we could move in, the house had to be cleaned and fumigated. I suppose it also was re-papered and painted. The house had six rooms and a large attic. The floors were very uneven, and it had ELECTRICITY! This was the very first time that we had electricity. Out on the farm, we used kerosene lamps, and had one gas lamp. There were no electric outlets in the house in Shipman, just a light hanging from a wire in the middle of the ceiling, with a pull chain on it. It was wonderful, we thought, and from that light, we could use extension cords for any other electric things that we had. We didn't have any though, that I can recall, except a radio, and perhaps Mom had an iron.

It was fun living in town, as we could get together with our friends and play games at night, such as "Hide and Seek", "Kick the Can" "Red-light", etc. We also went to Epworth League, on Sunday nights, and then every once in a while we'd get together with the Epworth League's from other towns, for a special rally. We also had parties, and I remember one leap year, when we were going to have a "Sadie Hawkins" party. I asked Allen if he would be Nellie's guest at that party, and he said "yes". I really think that was their first date. I didn't have any boyfriends, and occasionally they would take me to the movies with them. I still remember one movie that I saw with them, and it was called "Green Pastures". That was special.

NURSES TRAINING

When I finished high school, in 1942, the war was on (it having started with the bombing at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, on 12-7-1941). There was little money to be had; in fact, Pudge had been sending money home each month, to help the folks with their expenses. I wanted to go to Nurses' Training, as that wouldn't cost too much, I thought. I applied at Missouri Baptist, where Anabel had graduated, but they refused to accept me for two reasons. One, I had to be 18 years old the day training started, and I wouldn't be 18 until September 22. The second reason was that I had to weigh at least 100 pounds,

and I weighed 86. I had gotten a job doing baby-sitting, with a family in Alton, for the summer. The mother worked in defense work, and I don't know where the husband worked. The grandpa worked, at the flourmill down town near the river, and they all lived in a "flat" upstairs, between the pool hall and the liquor store! The mother's younger sister lived with them, too, and she was about my age. The aunt, who was a taxi-driver, lived next door. There were three children, ages 8 months, 2 and 4 yrs. My job was to take care of the kids, clean up the house a bit and get the supper started. They paid me \$ 3.50 a week and my room and board. I saved my money, and one day on my day off, I went to Alton Memorial and applied there to get into Nurses' Training. To my surprise, they accepted me. I needed \$65.00 as down payment, and would need \$35.00 more after being in training for 4 months (at the time of capping). I had saved the \$65.00 but had no idea where the \$35.00 would come from - but had a lot of Faith!

I don't know how long I worked in that place, but when the folks came down - and I think it was to take me to St. Louis to apply at Missouri Baptist - and found out where I worked, they made me quit. After that I started working for Hallie Schoeneman. She was a piano teacher who had helped me learn a little about playing the piano a few years earlier. Anyway, they lived on a farm, where the work is endless, it seems. I picked cherries, helped pick chickens and helped put up hay, among other things. They paid me 25 cents a day. One day my Mom came out with her friend Leota Thomas, and Leota's daughter needed someone to work for her in Alton. Helen Hannold and her husband Ed both worked, and didn't have any children, so were happy to share their home. I then got a job (really easy) - and they paid me \$7.00 a week, just to clean up the house and get supper started. Helen taught me how to make "sun-tea" among other things. I really didn't do much work at all, and got acquainted with a young girl who lived across the street who had hydrocephalus. I remained her friend all through nurses' training. Her name was Avalon Harte.

There were about 27 of us who entered Nurses' Training. I was assigned to two roommates, since we were all small, and there were an uneven number of us. To our surprise when the roommates got there - one was quite tall! It wasn't long until she was transferred to another room, because we just had cots to sleep on. The roommates were Velma Lyons and Martell Brazel.

The probation period was for 4 months. During this time, we wore black stockings, and didn't have an apron or cap. This was a time to see whether or not we could stand up to the work, etc., One of the girls flunked out during this probation period, and another decided she wanted to get married, so she quit. At the end of the probation period, there was a capping ceremony in which each of us was given a little china Florence Nightingale lamp, and of course our cap. I remember that my folks and Aunt Laura came to the capping. This also was the time when we had to produce \$35.00 for our next portion of our nursing fee. I had no idea where that money was coming from, as had absolutely NO money. Anabel was in the service, as was Pudge, Bart and Rodney, so Anabel had an allotment check of \$10.00 sent to me each month. Pudge had an allotment check sent to my folks each month, which had paid for my dental work, and every letter he wrote to me, he included \$10.00 spending money. I didn't know it then,

but Pudge also sent the \$35.00 that I needed to continue with my training at the time of my capping. My faith was honored, again!!

I continued to go to St. Louis at least once a month, to get my braces (teeth) adjusted, and had to pay \$5.00 each month plus it cost about \$1.00 to ride the interurban train. Of course, I missed classes on this day, and at one time I was called in to the Nursing Office and Miss Cripe (our main teacher) told me that it was questionable as to whether or not I would pass, because of missing so many classes. I worked harder, after that, and did make it!!

We got moved around quite a bit, because part of our training was at other places, so about 6 at a time were sent for specialized training, (affiliations) and that always meant a shift in roommates. We went to Riley Hospital at Indiana University for our Pediatric Training - that was for 3 months, and then we went to Jacksonville, Illinois to the State Hospital, for our Psychiatric Training. Think that was for two months.

While we were at Riley, Norma Lee Twichell was my room-mate. She had been dating a fellow named George Vohradsky, and George came out to see her there, at Riley. After he left, she told me (at first) that they had broken up, and she had given his engagement ring back to him. I sort of took George's side, and told her how nice it was that he had come all that way to see her, etc., so afterwards she confided in me. Actually, ~~he~~ had taken her ring, to have another (wedding ring) made to match it. They planned to get married as soon as she got back, which would be a whole year before finishing training. It was against the rules to be married in training - therefore, she would have to keep it a secret for a whole year! She asked me if I would stand up with her, and I agreed, so soon after getting back from Indiana - actually on Labor Day, we proceeded to carry off the wedding. The first stop was to pick up a friend who worked at the courthouse, and she managed to get their license - then on to a hospital to get blood tests, then to find a preacher who would marry them on that day. We finally found one, and the wedding took place. It was a difficult task indeed to keep that secret for a whole year, but we knew what the outcome would be if we didn't - so we did!!

During our training, a program called "Nurse Cadet Corps" was started by the government. This was to assure that the students would stay in training for the duration of the war, and relieve some of the registered nurses to go into the service. I joined the Cadet Corps after being in training for less than a year. We were then given all of our expenses, plus a stipend of \$10 a month the first 6 months, then \$15 a month for the next year, and the last six months we were paid \$25.00 a month. Because of this, I was able to have Anabel's allotment check stopped, and was able to pay her back what she had sent me. . During the last six months of training, we were to do one of three things - either go to an Army Hospital and work, work in Public Health, or stay at the Hospital where we had our training. I was assigned to Public Health, and consequently, did a little School Nursing, and other types of Nursing, other than hospital.

The war was on, so most of the fellows we knew in high-school, were gone to the service, There were a few left who were conscientious objectors, or who were 4-F's (physically unable), but they were few and far between. I had never dated much in high school anyway, so really didn't miss not dating. There was a Methodist School - McKendrie College, not too far away, where I had gone to camp, once when I was in high school, and there were student ministers there. One had appendicitis and ended up at Alton

Memorial Hospital, and sort of fell for one of my classmates – Dot Holt. He then started dating Dot, and before long, brought along a buddy to be my blind date. His name was George Kennedy. I continued dating him then, through the days that he was at McKendrie, and later wrote to him when he went to Boston University Theological Seminary – but soon after going to Chicago, and the war was over – we just stopped writing. I heard that he went to the Ohio Conference, after he became a full-fledged minister.

Some of our classmates had quit, or flunked out, so there were just 24 of us who graduated on May 12, 1945. Graduation Day was always held on May 12, because that was Florence Nightingale's birthday!! We really weren't finished with our training until September, but had an early graduation. We had to be 21 years old, in order to take the State Board Examinations, which would determine whether or not we became Registered Nurses. My friend, Norma Lee Twichell and I weren't quite 21, so we had to wait a month before taking our exams. I continued to work at Alton Memorial Hospital, until I took the boards and got my grades back. The original exams were given in Springfield, but were only offered in Chicago, later. So since it was very difficult to get a hotel room, and besides, I think my Mom was worried about my being loose in the big city, so we checked around and there was a nurse who worked at Alton Memorial as a private duty nurse who had relatives living in Chicago. They happened to also be relatives of my relatives, being Fred and Mabel Jacoby. Fred was a brother of my Uncle Henry Jacoby (the husband of Aunt Irene, who was Mom's sister) They learned of our predicament and invited us to stay with them, while in Chicago. Norma Lee and I took the train to Chicago, then called them and they told us how to get to their place via the "Elevated", which is a train that goes underground down in the loop, but then goes above ground after leaving the downtown area. Mabel was at the stop to meet us when we got off the train. That evening, their brother and sister-in-law, the Oehler's came over to meet us. Louis Oehler had married Anna Jacoby – a sister to Fred Jacoby, (and also to my Uncle Henry) however, Anna had died, and Louis was now married to another lady, named Virginia. They lived just a block away. Louis insisted that he take me to see Wesley Memorial, as it was a brand new hospital then – and consequently, I put in my application and was accepted, there. The next four years found me working in Chicago.

CHICAGO

After getting settled in the Nurses' Home, which was a big apartment house, and I was assigned to live on the 16th floor with a girl named Marge Ahlgrim, I decided to check out the town. I went down to the loop, and to the Chicago Temple, which is a Methodist Church. There I met the church secretary, Louise Purnell, who sort of took me under her wing and showed me around the church, and told me about all of the activities there. Dr. Ray Goff was the minister there, at the time, and he became a friend to all the young people. Some of the groups were called "Town Hall, which met on Monday nights, "Temple Belles" (for girls) which met on Tuesday nights, "The Rec. Club" which met on Thursday nights, and then the regular Temple Club which met on Sunday nights. Saturday night was often a time for just a few of us to get together at someone's home, or

do something special in smaller groups. It didn't take me any time at all to get involved. I was so impressed with it all, that I talked two of my former classmates from Alton Memorial in to coming to Wesley to work, and they too got involved at the Temple. They were Imogene Matthew and Laura Jean Paris. I met a lot of wonderful life-long friends from there at the Temple. Louise later got married to Bob Jones, and I organized a bus load of young people to go down to Mahomet for their wedding. I took along a couple of ampules of "smelling salts" in case Bob should feel faint – and that was something he kidded me about ever after. The young people called themselves "The Temple Clubbers". Louise managed to write a newsletter every year at Christmas time, asking each of us to contribute something about what we were doing, etc, and that made us feel like a big family. Louise kept this up until she was physically unable to do it any longer – Bob had died in the meantime, and Louise finally developed Alzheimer's, and had to go down to Mahomet to live with her sister Isabelle, and she died in 2001. A few of the people still send Christmas cards, and come to see us – even after all of these years!!

I worked on a Medical floor at first, when I went to Wesley, but with working different shifts, split shifts, and never knowing when my days off would be, it was hard to have any type of social life, so I requested to work straight nights. That was from midnight until 8 AM. I could then work in anything else that I wanted to do. I wasn't on nights very long until they assigned me to work "float", which meant a different floor every night, relieving the regular night nurses. I worked mainly on the Medical and Surgical Wards, Psychiatric, Pediatrics, and Orthopedics. I never ever worked on Obstetrics, which was where Lora Jean worked. Imogene worked on Orthopedics.

It was while I was working nights that I started dating a fellow named Harold Turner, rather steadily. I really liked him. He took me home with him once to meet his family and it was a nice week-end, but it just wasn't to be, that we be anything more than friends. Harold (Tip) I called him, went back to college to get his master's in.

Architectural Engineering, which meant his going down to Champaign, Illinois. It was during this time that I decided to go to Business College, which I thought was necessary in order for me to get an office job and work straight days, with holidays and Sunday's off. I attended Mosher Business College in Chicago, while working nights. It was what they called an "Intensified College Course", because they only accepted people who were college graduates. Their philosophy was that if you had gone to college and finished, you were able to buckle down and study, which would enable a person to do a years work in just a few months. We finished school in four months, and by that time, I had just had it, so quit work and came home to the folks to rest up. I wasn't home long until Dr. Robert Bell Lynn called me to see if I would fill in for his nurse who had the mumps. She then got chicken pox, or something, so I worked a couple of months for him. I had wanted to do some traveling, so when Dr. Lynn's nurse came back, I hitched a ride to Denver with one of my former classmates – Betty Lou Niccum and her husband, Russell Winslow, and their two year old daughter, Donna. We did a lot of sight-seeing along the way, then stayed in Colorado Springs for about a week, before they brought me to Denver.

DENVER

I really had no idea of what I was going to do in Denver! One of my teacher's at Mosher Business College – Miss Mayhew – was from Denver, and she had told me about the wonderful youth group at Trinity Methodist Church in Denver – so I think that is why I felt perfectly at ease in coming here. I had no place to stay, but thought surely I could get a room at the YWCA, so had Nickie take me there. When we arrived there, they said they didn't have any rooms, but people were forever calling in wanting roomers, and they just had a call from a lady who lived at 1350 Grant St., offering a room – so we went there, and I took it. I think the price for it was \$30.00 a month. They then took me downtown, and I got off on the corner of 16th and Tremont. I told them to go along, as I would be o.k., now. I looked one way and saw Trinity Methodist Church, I looked the other way and saw The YWCA Activity Center, so checked them both out. I joined the Business and Professional Girls Club at the Y, and found out all about the Youth Group at Trinity. I had it made! Trinity had three deaconesses working there, and Dr. Sam Marble was the minister. One of the deaconesses was named Carrie Miller, and she sort of took me under her wing. I remember one time I went home with her for lunch, and we had "tongue". I guess I had eaten that at home too, but haven't had it since. It was good though, and I'm sure about the most reasonable meat a person could buy. I just never see it in the stores, anymore. We arrived in Denver on June 10th, 1949. The next day, I started walking the streets to see if I could see any Doctor's offices, as that is where I really wanted to work. I found the Arneill Clinic, on about 19th and Sherman, walked in, and was hired on the spot. They needed a nurse to work in the autoclaving and sterilizing room, plus the same nurse would give all of the injections. I did that for a few weeks, but really it wasn't much of a challenge, and I wasn't too happy with it, so one of the nurses who worked in Dr. Arneill, Sr.'s office suggested that I put my name in at the State Employment Agency. I did that, then Dr. Stander's nurse was going on vacation, and he wanted me to work for him while she was gone, which I did. It was while I was there that Dr. Newland called me and wanted an interview. He had checked out the application that I'd filled out, at the State Employment office. I ended up working for him for the next 20 years. There is a little story about that, that I must inject, here. When Dr. Newland called me, I guess I was so excited that I didn't listen very well, and all I heard was the time and place for the interview – it was 915 Republic Building at noon on August 8th! I told Dr. Stander that I might be getting back from lunch break a little late, as had an interview and he asked me where, and the above was all I could tell him. After getting myself down there, though, I found out the name of the Dr., etc., and told him that I was on my lunch break – so he called Dr. Stander to check me out, etc., and when I got back, Dr. Stander not only knew where I'd been, but that I also had been accepted. I was so shy, that I didn't even ask Dr. Newland about the pay. After the 15th went by, I thought, well maybe I'd get paid at the end of the month. That came and went, so I thought then I would get paid when the month was up, which was around the 10th. That came and went, and I was really getting desperate. I had worked on week-ends doing special duty because I was really getting broke, and I didn't want my Mom to send any of the money I had in the bank, as she was having troubles at home (Mildred almost died with an ectopic pregnancy), and Mom was taking care of Mildred's little girl, Ramona. Well, shortly after working for a full month, Dr. Newland asked me, "What is your name, anyway?" He had called me Edna, Elizabeth, Evelyn, Esther, Emily, and every other name he could think of that started with the letter "E", and I had

answered to all of them. I had a habit of just signing my name "E. Archer". After I told him what my name was, he wrote my check out!!!! I was getting paid \$175.00 per month!

YWCA

I had joined the Business and Professional Girls Club at the Y, almost as soon as I hit Denver, and they met every Tuesday night. They had a dinner meeting up on the 4th floor. After the meeting, there was always a dance, where records were used for the music. At dinner time, we also listened to music, and I was elected to be the music chairman, which meant I had to pick out the records, and set up the record player, which we brought up from the office, so we could have atmosphere with our meal. This is when I first met Vern – only I didn't know his name, etc. He worked – while going to DU – as the elevator operator at the Y – working after school until about 9:00 PM. He was always nice and carried the record player into the room, for me. Everyone liked him because he was kind and friendly to everyone. At the time he was dating a girl named Carolyn, who also belonged to the club. The dancing instructor (they had dancing lessons before the dance began) was a little short guy, named Duane. Since I was so short, too, he chose me to be his partner as he gave instructions, so I was able to learn all of the newer dances, which at that time were: The samba, tango, and rumba. We also danced all of the regulars, like the waltz, foxtrot, and two-step. Vern often parked the elevator on the floor where the dance was, and watched us dance, between his calls for service. In those days, the elevator was about the same size as those today, except that there was a wire cage door, and it didn't have push-button stops for the floors, but a hand controlled lever which was manipulated by the elevator operator. Vern had a high stool that he sat on and he did his studying while running the elevator. One night, in early November, I came into the Y, and Vern greeted me with "Have you moved? I tried to reach you, as wanted to invite you to go to a play at DU with me this Saturday night". I actually had moved. Where I originally roomed, I had kitchen privileges, which meant I was able to use the refrigerator, stove, etc., for a limited amount of time each morning and evening. The room next to me, was rented by two girls, one of whom soon got married, and the other (Raye Albrecht), asked me if I would room in with her. This saved a little money, and so I agreed. It wasn't long after that, that one of my patient's at Dr. Newland's office told me about an apartment for rent in the house where she lived, so Raye and I then moved into that. It was at the home of Mrs. Eva Greenhalge, at 1580 Vine Street. It was just before Thanksgiving that Vern and I had our first date. He then invited me to spend Thanksgiving Day with his family, however, I had made plans to go to Loveland to spend the day with Gladys and Leighton – my only relatives in Colorado. I continued to date Vern, and did go with him to meet his family on Christmas Day, at Mel and Betty's apartment. It was a basement apartment, and I think was the one that Vern and Pete later moved into, after Betty and Mel moved to Nebraska. They later got a bigger apartment (also a basement one) and there the three boys lived together – Vern, Pete, and Leon.

COURTING DAYS

Although I was a friend of Vern, I really wasn't serious about him at that time, so dated other fellows, too. One of the guys I hung around with was Jim Marble – the son of the minister at Trinity. He was a handsome guy, and all of the girls were crazy about him, but I had no intention of falling in love with anyone, so we had an agreement that we would just be good friends, that way he was protected from all of the girls who were chasing him., and I also was free to go places and to dances with Duane (the dancing instructor) and in general I was just enjoying the company of many different people. Vern had to work until 9:00 every night, so one time in particular that I remember was an especially tense day. Duane had asked me if I would fry a rabbit for him that he had gotten when he went hunting, and he had dressed it. I was to cook it for dinner that Sunday noon, which I did. Duane had a child in a foster home whom he visited every Sunday at 2:00 p.m., so I accepted a date with Bob Cook for 2:00 in the afternoon. I really was sitting on pins and needles, as didn't think Duane would leave in time. Bob had a car and wanted to go up to Broomfield to see where some of the guys lived who came to Trinity to our square dances – so we did that, and then we went to the corner store, which later was turned into a rental place, and had a dish of ice cream. I had made arrangements to be home by 5:00 p.m. to help Jim Marble with one of his science projects – we were dressing up eggs in various types of material that he had dyed, – like Easter Egg Ladies. Then he would take me to church to the Youth Fellowship Meeting, and Vern would pick me up when he got off work at 9:00 and take me home. In the meantime, Raye Albrecht (my roommate) had her boyfriend there for the whole day, and he just couldn't get over the parade of guys that came and went with me, that day. I really was lucky, I think, and probably because all of the guys knew that I liked them just as friends, and they felt safe with me, that I rarely had a dull moment. While living in Chicago, I sort of came out of the "shy" disposition I had had all of my life, and really became sort of outgoing. I was sort of forced to, since I didn't know a soul in Chicago when I went there, except for the Jacoby family who lived in South Chicago. It wasn't too surprising, then, that after joining the Youth Fellowship Program at Trinity, and having had the experiences I had had at the Temple, that I was always full of ideas for fun things, and so was elected President of the Youth Group, at Trinity. That helped me to become acquainted with everyone who joined our group. We had square dances in the gym every Saturday night, and Recreation Club on Thursday night, so there were many opportunities to get acquainted. Often times we would have bike hikes on Thursday evenings, and sometimes on Sunday's we would have a picnic in the mountains after church. We also went out to eat in a group, after church, when we stayed in town.

APARTMENTS

- 1) When I first came to Denver, I went to the YWCA to get a room, only they didn't have one so referred me to a lady who had called in with a room for rent. This was a room with kitchen privileges, and was located at 1350 Grant Street. I took the room and later moved into a bigger room with another girl (Raye Albrecht), which was mentioned above.
- 2) The next move was to an upstairs apartment in the home of Mrs. Eva Greenhalge and her two sons. She was a widow, so renting apartments was her livelihood. She had several apartments in the house, three of which were on 2nd floor, and we all shared the

same bathroom. Our apartment was a living room, bedroom and kitchen. I think the rent was \$35.00 a month. After a while, Raye moved back to Texas, and Pete's girlfriend, Rose Barnes moved in with me, but she didn't stay very long, so I decided to find an apartment where I could live alone.

- 3) While calling on a lady for church, she informed me that there was an empty apartment in the home where she lived, and it was only \$25 a month, so I looked at it and took it. It was off of a hall way on 2nd floor – a living room which also served as a bedroom as I slept on the davenport, and then there was a little kitchen and bath – all in a row. It was located at 1636 Emerson St. It was while I was living in this apartment that Vern and I got engaged. I recall one night washing dishes at the sink, and I always took off my diamond ring when I washed dishes and hung it on a nail – but this one night, it fell off the nail, and fell through a little hole in the floor!! I was really distraught – but I got my thinking cap on, and decided that maybe if I had the right instrument, I could retrieve it, so I went down to Dr. Newland's office, and borrowed a tenaculum (an instrument used in delivering babies, that he had had from many years before when he was a general practitioner), brought it home, opened it up, put it down the hole, and closed the tongs, pulled it up, and lo and behold, my ring was in it!! I always knew I had a guardian angel, and this again proved it.

- 4) Just before Vern and I were to get married, the lady across the hall (the one I had called on originally) either moved to a nursing home or died – I'm not sure which – anyway, her apartment was vacant, and it was nicer than mine, so I took it. It was again just a living room, kitchen and bath, but it had a Murphy bed that let down from the wall. That was the apartment Vern moved into (with me) after we were married.

- 5) After Vern and I were married about six months, the apartment on 3rd floor became vacant. It was larger – had a bedroom, living room, kitchen, bath and a sun porch, so we advanced to that. Before moving up there, we wall papered the whole place and made curtains for the sun porch – so it was REALLY nice!

COURTING DAYS, WEDDING AND HONEYMOON

Vern worked hard to get through college, while working to support himself – he was always so serious, but also very kind and thoughtful. There were two other fellows who worked at the YWCA Activities Building, with whom he shared an apartment. Pete was the cook, Vern was the housekeeper, and Leon was the other one – guess he did odd jobs. Anyway, those fellows were like the three musketeers – very good friends – and good guys. Leon was a year ahead of Vern in college, and Pete was six months ahead.

Leon had met a girl in Iowa with whom he was madly in love. Her folks did not want her to marry Leon, but she also was in love with him, so came out to his graduation, and they got married on June 17, 1950. Mrs. Howard, who was the boys' boss where they worked at the YWCA, gave a little reception party for them. When Raye Albrecht (who was my roommate) decided to move back to Texas, Pete's girlfriend (at that time) moved into the apartment with me at 1580 Vine Street. Her name was Rose Barnes. I don't recall living with her very long until she moved out. After Raye Albrecht went back to Texas, and after Rose Barnes had lived with me, then moved out, I thought it was too expensive to stay alone, and knew I was going to be married – so started hunting around for a new apartment. I was doing some "calling" on older people for the church one Sunday afternoon, and visited a lady who lived at 1636 Emerson. She told me that there

was a vacancy there, so I looked at it and took it. It was close enough that I could walk to work. After Leon had graduated from college and had gotten married to Rosie, he accepted a job with GE in New York. Pete graduated six months later, and he also accepted a job at GE, but before he could get there, he was drafted back into the Marines (he was in the Reserves). Vern sort of held on to the letter that came for him (knowing what it was) until he got started at GE. When Pete got the letter then, he decided to stop off in Minnesota to see his present girl friend who was home for Christmas, and while he was there, they got married, so she went with him down to Texas where he was to serve. Her name also was Rose – but not the Rose Barnes that lived with me. Her name was Rose Wallace. Vern and I had continued going with each other, getting more serious all the time, and I think it must have been in the summer sometime of 1950, that we knew we would get married. Vern didn't want to get married though, until he finished school, and I didn't want a long engagement, so we decided to wait until Christmas to get engaged. Vern continued to work every evening, so I spent many evenings typing his term papers for him. He also came over for dinner quite often, and he had a pretty good idea of what he could expect, once he was married to me! One day he brought me a picture of a lemon pie, that also had the recipe printed on it, and he wanted me to bake it for him. I didn't have any lemons, but had an orange in the apartment, so made him an orange pie! Think that was the first and last orange pie he ever ate. Also another time, we had fried chicken and I didn't have any napkins, so put a roll of toilet paper on the table!! It worked! In the meantime, in September, he took me home to Illinois to meet my family, and they all liked him. One of my cousins, Bessie Kulenkamp had come out to Denver to work, so she rode back with us. Then on our way home, Dad came with us as far as Kansas – guess Bessie must have stayed a little longer in Illinois, but she came back, because she was here when Laura was born. Getting back to Vern's introduction to the "Archer" family, Bart took us out on the Illinois River, in his boat one day, and we ran out of gas so had to paddle ashore. We were so late getting home that poor Mom was almost beside herself. She thought for sure we'd had an accident, and had drowned – but the Good Lord was with us (HE ALWAYS IS), and we got home safe. On Christmas Eve, Vern proposed and I accepted, so when we went to the Candlelight Services that night, everyone congratulated us, after spotting the beautiful diamond on my finger! We set the date for June 17th (a Sunday) one week after Vern's birthday, and about 10 days after his graduation, for our wedding.. Another girl from Trinity, Margaret Herrick was getting married on the 16th to Chuck Bowles, so we decided to share our flowers to save money. (See, I said I was thrifty). She used the flowers on Saturday, they were used for church service on Sunday morning, and they were still good for our wedding at 3:00 PM, Sunday afternoon. Vern wanted a formal church wedding (his brother had had one), so that meant expense. I saw a dress advertised in the paper, and it was supposed to be one of a kind, and cost \$70.00. I went to look at it (this was in the dead of winter, so it was a heavy skinner satin), and I put it in "will-call". I paid on it every month until I got it paid for, then had it altered to fit. (It was pretty hot to wear that dress in June, but it was beautiful, it fit, and it was paid for!). The bad thing was, that soon after I bought it, the same dress showed up in another ad in the paper – so it wasn't one of a kind after all, – however, I didn't know anyone who bought the same dress. Since I belonged to the church, I saw no reason at all in having to pay for the use of the dishes, or for the church, etc., and consequently, I didn't. I don't know whether they had

a charge or not, but if they did, they didn't tell me. I don't know if Vern paid the preacher or not, but think he did. I asked some of my girlfriends to make the punch, purchased a cake, etc., and that was the last of my worries! They did a beautiful job – having been given no recipe – no directions – or anything. They were SUPER. A girl from my nursing class for whom I'd been her bridesmaid, Norma Lee Twichell Vorhadsky, came out to be my bridesmaid, and a friend from church who was my right hand helper when I was the President of Youth Fellowship, Mary Bloomer, was my maid of honor. I took a sewing class and bought material and made their dresses just alike, plus I made one for my niece, Carol Archer, who was three years old and would be my flower girl. They were all made out of pale green organdy. Vern had a couple of his classmates, and a fellow he worked with when he first got out of the service, to be ushers and groomsmen. They were Al Gargaro, Williard Monk, and Jim Marr. Virginia and Jim and two daughters, Heidi and Gay, rode out on the train from Chicago area, and stayed in a hotel downtown. Allen and Nellie brought Mom and Dad, and Mom and Dad stayed with me in my apartment and Allen and Nellie and Shirley and Carol, went up to Loveland to stay with Gladys and Leighton. Since I had only one bed in my apartment, I slept on the davenport the first night, and the second night (the night before we got married, I stayed with Aneta and Aleta McLeod (the girls who helped serve the reception). On the afternoon of the wedding, Mom, Dad, and I took the bus down to church. I had left my dress there the day before when I think Vern must have been the one to drive me down – for rehearsal. Anyway, we all got there for the rehearsal, but Dad didn't, so I remember telling him that I would squeeze his arm when he was to stop, after escorting me to the altar, and just as I said the word "squeeze", the photographer snapped the picture! Vern had gone out to Al Gargaro's to leave the car, as we were afraid that someone would "decorate" it all up, and we had reserved the spot right in front of the church for them to park, when they got there. However – some kind soul saw the empty spot and took it!!! Vern and Al had to drive all over trying to find a place to park, and the minister was edgy because the groom wasn't there and it was time to start the wedding. Virginia, too, got worried, and asked Melvin if he thought Vern might have stood me up. Virginia had never met Melvin before, but she thought he looked like someone who might know. We did have a picnic supper in Washington Park the night before the wedding, for the wedding party and family. Vern's Mom and Betty fixed all the food. It was really nice. Well, Vern and Al finally got there, but in the meantime, Walter Boigegraine, the youth minister, helped Jim with the ushering. We were happily surprised to find Aunt Calista, Uncle Cecil, Maralyn and Tommie Wileman, and Beverly Anne and Lois Marie in the crowd! They had come from California, and Mom and Dad were especially happy to see them. They came to the apartment after the wedding to visit a bit longer. I'm not sure how all of the wedding gifts got to the apartment, as I had thought I would like to unwrap them at church, but after unwrapping two or three gifts, I gave up on it, and we went on with the reception, and then left. Mom and Dad stayed in my apartment again that night, and Allen and Nellie and girls stayed in Vern's apartment, then stripped the sheets, etc, and brought them over to my apartment where we were going to live after we came back from the honeymoon. While we were trying to get away from the church, after the reception, one of the jokers in our Youth Group, Bill Dickson, had a pair of handcuffs and tried to handcuff me to him. My Mom was pretty upset with that, but it was all in fun. We went home and changed, then went to "The Top of the

Rockies", a very nice restaurant on the top floor of the Park Lane Hotel, for supper, and after that we went to Elitch's to dance to the music of Lawrence Welk and his orchestra. A friend of ours who had recently married, told us of a motel in Boulder where she and her husband stayed on their wedding night, so we made reservations to go there. It was called "The Three Birches". After that we drove to the Tetons and to Yellowstone, for our honeymoon. We rented a cabin and did our own cooking. It was very cold, as I remember and we really hadn't quite prepared for that much cold weather – so kept the fireplace going most of the time.

BEGINNING MARRIED LIFE

We had decided that we wanted to buy a home as soon as we could afford it – but had ABSOLUTELY no savings to start with. Vern had \$200 saved to spend on our honeymoon. Our wedding had cost about \$200, and I had no savings – so we just had faith that we were going to make it! We lived at 1636 Emerson Street, and I worked at the Republic Building which was located at Tremont and 16th St. Vern had just graduated from the University of Denver on June 8th. His birthday was June 10th, and he had quit his job, knowing that we were going to be married on June 17th (1951). He started looking for work, and I started back at my job as nurse in Dr. Newland's office. We were within walking distance of downtown Denver, so we packed our lunches and walked to work.. Vern applied for a job through Clark-Madden Employment agency, and during their interview with him, I guess they decided he would be a good "interviewer" himself, so they hired him on "Commission Only". His job was located also downtown, at about 17th and Curtis. After two months of working, they decided to put him on salary – so started paying him \$200.00 a month plus commission. My salary at that time was about \$185.00 a month. We lived on my salary and put his in the bank. For entertainment, we usually invited friends over for dinner and to play "canasta", or else we were invited to their homes. All of our friends were about in the same boat, as we. Al Gargaro and his wife (Al had been Vern's best man at our wedding), were living in a housing project at the time. It was probably about six months after we were married that a girl from the Temple Club in Chicago got married and she and her husband had decided to come to Denver to live – so Louise Jones wrote and asked us to get acquainted with them. They were Ginny and Moe Sly. We did look them up, and we became very good friends. They had a baby about a year after they were married, so that kept them busy. Life changed very little over the next few years, for us. It was just a few months after we were married though, that we moved upstairs to the 3rd floor apartment at 1636 Emerson. It needed a lot of work done to make it nice, so Vern and I wall papered the rooms, made curtains for the sun porch, and got chair covers for the worn out easy chairs. The apartment was furnished, but Vern also had some furniture from when he lived at home and in apartments, so we moved much of that in, too. We bought a rather cheap folding davenport, where the back folded down to make a bed, and put that out on the sun porch. We also had a bedroom, where we slept, but it was nice to have the extra bed for company. It was a comfortable apartment, and we just loved the sun porch, where we had a table and chairs and used it for a dining room when we had company. TV had not come to Colorado yet, at that time, so we did a lot of reading, and kept busy with church activities and friends. During this time, I took a class in metal craft at the High

School (sponsored by Opportunity School), so made several metal dishes, trays, etc. I also learned a little about enameling, and made both Vern and Dr. Newland some cuff links for Christmas that year. Vern and I took square dance lessons for a few sessions, too.

Vern's former roommate – Pete Chott – had been sent to Texas, by the Marine Corps, for a while, and while there, could foresee that he would soon be discharged, and since he wanted to live in Denver, he came to visit with us while applying for work. Lucky we had that extra bed! I recall that he was sick with a cold, so I went down to Dr. Newland's office to get some penicillin, and gave him a shot – don't recall whether it cured him or not!, but it was a rather dumb thing for me to do!

We continued to walk to work and carry our lunch and save one paycheck, so on our 2nd anniversary –1953 – we were able to buy our first house. The house was just like that of our friends, Mary Helen and Lex Jameson, and just a block from them. It was located at 3224 Leyden Street in Denver. The house was just being built, so we were able to choose the colors for the rooms, etc. The price was \$12,500. We were able to put \$4000.00 down on it, and Vern having been a veteran, was able to get a VA loan at 4% . Our house payments were \$68..00 a month, which included tax and insurance. The house had a full unfinished basement, a kitchen, living room with one end serving as a dining room, two bedrooms and a bath. There was no garage. There was an empty half lot just next to us on one side, and next to that empty half lot was an apartment house. There was a new home on the other side of us, and it had been purchased by Rex and Jean Scott, who had a daughter, Sandra. We had chosen "blue" for our bedroom, and "peach" for the other bedroom. The living room was beige and the kitchen a light yellow. We moved into the house in July., 1953.

When we moved in, we were lucky that we had some furniture. We had the davenport that was mentioned above, so we moved that into the living room. Vern had had some furniture in storage at his folks house, which we moved in. Vern had a single bed that was moved into the guest bedroom. He had a white metal shelf cabinet, and another davenport that made into a bed that we moved into our bedroom. We used the shelves as a dresser. Vern had a big overstuffed chair that went in the living room. We used orange crates for end tables, because we had two beautiful lamps that we'd gotten for a wedding gift from Allen and Nellie and Gladys and Leighton. Melvin and Betty had given us a card table and four chairs for a wedding gift, so they went in the kitchen. Vern had a refrigerator and a two-burner hot plate, which also went in the kitchen. The hotplate was placed on a big barrel which was just the right height. Vern also had a beautiful gate-leg table, and a desk, which went into the dining room space. We also had silverware and dishes, pots and pans, etc., that we'd had from our apartment days, and had been using the past two years. In the basement of this house was a large double-tub utility sink, which was where we did our washing. We moved into this house in July, 1953, and were just as happy as two bugs in a rug. – We had no rugs though, except for two oval shaped blue rugs with pink roses around the edge. I don't remember for sure where we got these but think they were a gift from Vern's Mom and Dad. One was placed in the living room, and the other the guest bedroom. All of the floors were hardwood, and were

beautiful. The floors in the kitchen and bathroom were linoleum, as was the kitchen counter top.

Our first company arrived about a week after we moved into the house. (maybe less). Aunt Calista and her sister in law, Lois, had gone to Michigan to buy a new car and were going to drive it back to California – so stopped in St. Louis and picked up Aunt Laura, as they felt she needed to get away for a bit. Uncle John had died just a short time, before. They called us from Greeley, and said they would be at our house for supper. Being 7th-Day Adventists, their eating habits were a bit different – so I proceeded to prepare something that I thought they could eat --- only Greeley was farther away than any of us had anticipated, and they arrived about 3 hours after they were expected! The food was terrible, but they ate it. Aunt Calista and Lois had to sleep in our bedroom, on the folded down davenport, and Aunt Laura had the guest bedroom., with the twin bed. Vern and I slept in the living room on the other folded down davenport. We didn't have curtains, so had the windows covered with newspapers. Aunt Calista wanted to do some laundry, which she did at the kitchen sink, and the soap from her wash took off the finish on the linoleum counter, so we had a big spot to remind us of their visit, ever after. We didn't have a clothes line – just the poles were up, so she wanted me to ask the neighbors to use their line, but I hadn't met them yet, and was reluctant to do so, so I think – the clothes were draped on coat hangers and hung from the poles. Anyway, it all worked out! We didn't have any lawn in – so that was one job that had to be done fairly soon. Vern planted the seed, and then we had to water it morning and night until the grass came up. That was a chore. We had decided that we could possibly purchase one item about every other month (we didn't believe in charging anything, so had to have the cash on hand. When we bought the house, we put everything we had down on it – think we had \$3.00 left!!! We really were living from payday to payday! But we had a lot of faith!!!! Dr. Newland brought me home soon after we moved in as he wanted to see where we lived – and when he saw we were cooking on a hot-plate, he gave me \$100 to put towards a stove. The next item we purchased was a washing machine – it was mighty hard, washing on the board!! After that came a bedroom outfit, which was gotten at a good price at a railroad auction that Vern's folks had attended, and gradually we got carpet, drapes, and various other items. Vern's folks gave us a real nice drop-leaf table with 2 chairs for the kitchen. Vern worked really hard at refinishing the desk and drop leaf table, until they fairly shone. He also spent a lot of time finishing off the basement, and did a super job, considering he had only a hand saw, hammer, and screwdriver for tools! One wall was painted brown, and one lime green. We had flower boxes beside the stairs on the landing, that we filled with artificial flowers, going down, and we laid tile on the floor – with a shuffle-board built in the tile! The basement was very cozy – also had a bedroom in the basement.

We loved that little house, and were quite content. The bus line wasn't too far away, so I took the bus to work, and Vern drove the car. I continued to work, but it wasn't long until I discovered I was pregnant with our first child. Mary Helen (our friend down the street) gave a shower for me, plus the girls that I ate lunch with at the YWCA every day, bought a car-bed for us. Mary Helen had surprised me, by sending an invitation to my Mom, and she sent a beautiful hand made quilt for the baby. Aunt Laura had cut out the

pieces, but Mom put them together into a “flower garden pattern”, and quilted it. Laura still has it. Dr. Newland allowed me to continue working right up until the time Laura was born, which was on June 27th, 1954. I really thought I would quit working then, but just before she was born, he asked me if I would continue to do the insurance and book-work, and he would allow me to come to the office in the evenings or week-ends, or whenever I could, that Vern would be home to baby sit and I could keep track of my own time, and get paid by the hour. That seemed like a perfect solution for making ends meet, so I was happy to do just that. This arrangement continued on for the next 8-10 years! During this time, Dr. Newland decided to build an office at 1830 Gaylord St., and took Dr. Patterson in with him as a partner. Dr. Ed Cohen also owned part of the building, and used about half of the building. I'm not sure exactly when they moved into the new office, but it was about the same time as Laura was born.

CHILDREN

It was a hot Saturday night, and we had company. A girl Vern had worked with at the YWCA, (Edith Straube) and one who was a “regular” at the Youth Fellowship at Trinity, had gotten married to a fellow (Bob Sykes) who came home after serving some time in the Peace Corps. They had just a month earlier become parents of a baby girl, so wanted to show her off, and came out to visit us. We sat outside, as could watch the screen of the outdoor movie, from our back yard, and we visited until they decided it was time to go home. We then got ready for bed, and just as I started to climb into bed, I realized that the baby was on it's way! Vern called the Dr., and we headed for the hospital, and arrived just a half hour before Laura did! She came at 12:30 AM on June 27, 1954. We hadn't known what gender our baby would be, but since the Martins had had nothing but male babies in the last two generations, I felt sure it would be a boy, and I asked Vern if he wasn't surprised to have a girl. His answer was “No, he wasn't surprised, because anyone who wanted a girl as much as he wanted one, just couldn't have anything else!” We all got along fine, and nothing too world-shaking happened during those early years of parenthood, except one thing, which I will tell in the next story.. After a year, I became pregnant again, and this time we had our boy! Ken arrived on Wednesday, March 7, 1956, the day following a good snowfall. He was four days late, according to my calculations, and he was a big baby, so I was anxious for him to come, and went out and shoveled snow that morning. I had an appointment with the Dr., in the afternoon, and he decided it was time to go to the hospital. Ken came at 6:30 PM, right after the Dr. had closed his office for the day.

LEARNING TO DRIVE A CAR

I didn't know how to drive a car, and Vern, working in personnel, realized how important it was to keep home and office separated – so I really never ever called him at work, or expected him to help me out in any way ---- but since the new baby had to have regular check-ups, and since I didn't drive, it made it necessary to walk several blocks, carrying the baby(don't know whether or not they had strollers in those days, but if they did, we didn't have one) , wait for a bus, transfer, and wait for another, then walk a block or so again, to see the doctor. As she got bigger and heavier, I decided this was for the birds,

and I really needed to learn to drive. I got myself a book that gave all the rules for driving and I studied that from beginning to end, almost memorizing it! Then when I thought I knew it all, I had Vern take me down to the Motor Vehicle Department to take the test. I passed the written test with flying colors, but when it came to the Driving part – that was another story! The man got in beside me on the passenger side, and since he was teaching a woman to be a “tester”, she got in the back seat with her little pad and pencil. I was instructed to drive one block, then turn right. I did this, with no problem. Then I was instructed to drive four blocks and turn left. I asked the instructor “Am I on a one-way street?” He did not answer, but was writing furiously on his pad, as was the lady in the back seat. (I had been holding my hand out the window all this time, with my arm down, since we had no turn signals on the car in those days, and I thought if I just had my hand out, everyone would get out of my way, as they wouldn’t know what I was going to do next, and this turned out to be pretty good thinking). I kept looking around trying to find out if I was on a one-way street or not, but couldn’t see any sign. I was then instructed to go one more block and turn left. I did this, then was told to go one more block and turn left again. I still didn’t know whether or not I was on a one-way street, this time. I did this. All of this time, both the instructor and his student were writing furiously. As I made this second left turn I ran over the curb, and the instructor said, “Go one more block, and turn left again, then drive into the parking lot of the Vehicle Department where we started out from. I’m not going to ask you to try to parallel park.” Thank goodness, I got this accomplished, but I was a complete wreck, and was completely exhausted! When he told me to turn the motor off, he then said, “I want you to look into your rear-view mirror and tell me what you see:” I saw a black car. Then he said “Now, turn around and tell me what you see” I turned around and saw a white car immediately behind me, and a red car beside it, and a black car behind the white car. All of the time I had been taking the test, I never once turned my head, just glanced up into the rear-view mirror occasionally. Well --- you can guess, I didn’t pass the test. I was told that I had run a red light, crossed over two lanes of traffic on a one way street in making the first left hand turned, had run over the curb in the next left hand turn. The tester asked me “How did you get down here, anyway?” Well, Vern had brought me, so he wanted to talk to him. He told Vern that he would give me a “learner’s permit”, and he wanted him to take me to downtown Denver and teach me to drive, and have me back there in a month. We spent our next three week-ends driving in downtown Denver, and believe it or not I passed the next time I took the test!!! Hallelujah!! The only thing is, Vern won’t ride with me, ever since, only in an extreme emergency! I kid him that he must not have much faith in his teaching ability!

LIVING AT 3224 LEDEN ST – DENVER

We really enjoyed our house, with the big fenced-in back yard. Had a lot of company and in general things went really well. The house proved to be everything we had ever wanted, but after a few years the neighborhood started to change. The empty lot next door was purchased by the man who owned the apartment house, and he proceeded to build a garage on it, then he decided to put an apartment above the garage for his mother

to live in, and put a swimming pool in behind it. His mother called our house “The Doll House”. Well, the building then, was quite tall, and overshadowed our house, so that we had shade almost all the time. When it rained, the drains were set so that the run off from their house just ran into our yard. The swimming pool was quite an attraction to the residents in the apartment house, who were mainly airline stewardesses, and they had wild party’s and would throw their beer cans over the fence into our yard. Because of so many apartments, they needed more space to park their cars, and occasionally we couldn’t even find a place to park! We now had a boy and a girl, and they needed separate bedrooms, and we had only one extra bedroom upstairs, so we decided it was time to look for a bigger house. We sort of wanted a 3-bedroom house, possibly a split level (Dr. Newland lived in a split level, and told us that it was more practical to heat), and a house with a garage. We put our house on the market right after Christmas in 1958, and it sold in less than a week! The people who bought it paid cash for the amount we had in it, and took over our loan. They were buying it for their son who was going to be married in April. They offered to rent it back to us, until that time, if we’d like, but being the pinching-penny type that we were, we couldn’t see paying rent, so started looking frantically for a house that would meet our criteria. It took about a month for all of the paper work, etc., to get done, so we wouldn’t have to leave until some time in February. I started reading the ads in the paper, every day, and luckily, came upon one in Broomfield that exactly met our needs! I drove out to Broomfield on a snowy day, to look at it. I really didn’t know where Broomfield was, exactly, and drove past it by 4 miles, before I decided I must have missed the turn. I drove into a farm house where a lady was having a party, and asked her if she knew where Broomfield was. She said, “it’s that little village about 4 miles back”, so I turned around, and sure enough, found Broomfield! It was a rather small town that had just started to be developed, with most of the houses being only 3 years old. I found the real-estate office, and a lady who was a sister-in-law of one of my fellow nurses at Dr. Newland’s office, was the agent who wanted to show me around. She insisted on showing me about 3-4 other houses before she showed me the one I wanted to see, but when she did show it to me, I knew it was exactly what we were looking for. It was located at 136 Emerald Street. By this time it was snowing pretty hard, but I had seen a sign that pointed South, saying Arvada was 8 miles in that direction, so I decided to take that road, as knew my way back home from Arvada. When I got home, I called Vern to tell him about it, and when he got home from work that night, we again drove to Broomfield for him to see it, and we decided on the spot, to take it. We moved in on February 14, 1959. The people who had purchased the house originally, had paid \$18,000 for it. They had put in the yard, and had ordered new carpeting and drapes, then decided they didn’t want to be married any longer, so used the house as collateral to pay for the carpet and drapes, getting a loan from Mortgage Investments Company – then left them holding the bag for payment of the carpet and drapes. We were lucky, as offered \$16,500, and got it, which included the carpet and drapes! We were able to get an FHA loan at 6% interest for 25 years, so our payments which included tax and insurance, came to about \$150 a month. The yard was in – so we didn’t have to worry about that, but soon, we did have a fence put around the back yard. Our neighbors next door were a bit unhappy about that, as said it seemed like we had cut their yard in half!! Their kids who were older had been using all of these back yards as a ball diamond.

CHURCH IN BROOMFIELD

The first Sunday we were here, we found that there was a little Methodist Church, across the railroad tracks, that had existed since 1949. I suppose there were about 30 people in the congregation, and a minister who had been there just a few months – being the first full time minister the church had ever had. Prior to that they had a retired minister, and various student ministers had come out from Iliff School of Theology in Denver. It was while we were waiting for church to start, and after becoming acquainted with the minister, that he came to us and said the 4th grade Sunday School teacher couldn't come, so would we mind teaching that class? I can still remember it, as Eddie Kautz was in the class, and he wrote up a description of the ten commandments. There was only one other church in Broomfield, and that was the Catholic church. Broomfield had a population of less than 5000 people, and actually, the "Heights" as it was called, had started building houses just 3 years previously (when our house was built). There were no homes at all in Northglenn, and only three in Thornton, so Broomfield was one of the first suburbs of Denver that was started – to the North. We were half way between Denver and Boulder.

Getting back to the church – we became very active in it. The women had always supported the church in the past, but with the influx of young couples, the picture was starting to change. There was a kitchen in the basement, and a large fellowship room, which was divided up into classrooms, and there was another room that was used as a nursery. Upstairs, was just the sanctuary, the pastor's study, and one other room, besides the entry way, which was also used as a classroom. Several groups used the church for their meeting place, and the church charged them \$5.00. One such group was the Lions Club, and they also wanted a meal served, so it didn't take long to get involved in helping with those meals – which helped me become acquainted with the older ladies of the church. There was a group of younger women who called themselves "The Susanna Circle" I think there was only one member in that group, who had joined them, since Broomfield Heights was built, and she happened to live on the side of the railroad tracks where the church was. The older group of women were "Ladies Aid", and called themselves members of WSCS, however, had never hooked up with the district. The minister had been given instructions to get them organized into the Denver District of WSCS, and I was present at that organizational meeting. There has been an active group of women who have met ever since that time – although the name of the group has changed a few times. It was this very first minister that started the ball rolling to build a new church – but before that could happen, we needed a new parsonage, so that was purchased at 8th and Kohl, and the old parsonage was turned into Sunday School rooms. A year or so later, the ground was purchased for a new church at 10th and Daphne, and after a lot of elbow grease and commitment, we moved into it in 1964. At that time, we were no longer located in Jefferson County, but Boulder County, which meant the women's group had to change from being in the Denver District, to being in the Greeley District. Later the names changed again, and Broomfield is in the Peaks and Plains District, and the women's group is known as "United Methodist Women". We have continued to be active in the church – holding many and varied positions, including

Youth Leaders, Sunday School teachers, Methodist Men, and of course UMW. The church has changed too, having additions in both members and in physical structure.

FAMILY

Our children, Laura Jean and Kenneth Lee, were both raised in the town of Broomfield, and in the Methodist Church. They went through all 12 grades of school in the Broomfield schools, and except for occasional other interests, have continued to live near Broomfield and raise their families here.

My guardian angels

In the prior pages, I have mentioned several times that I knew the Lord was providing for me, and this has continued all of my life. There were several instances, though, that almost are unbelievable, and I'm going to give some examples. Mostly, they are about my driving!!

After I learned to drive, I was able to go to the office at night, as soon as we finished our dinner, and work until my work was done. Sometimes, this would be rather late. One night, while we still lived in Denver, I went out to come home and discovered I had a flat tire. I knew the police station was only a couple of blocks away, so walked up there to see if they would help me, but they wouldn't. I went back to the office then, and called a cab. The cabbie said he would change the tire for the same price as it would cost to take me home, which he did. I felt really lucky. Another time, I worked pretty late, and headed home, only to discover that someone was following me. I wasn't sure what to do, but proceeded and when I stopped in front of our house, this car pulled up right beside me. The doors were all locked, so I just sat there for a while, then finally decided to make a mad dash for the house, which I did, and the car drove off. Thank heavens. There were several times while working late in the office that I got quite a scare – one time was when (I think it was the police, but never knew for sure) a flashlight's beam started dancing around the reception room, and finally focused on me – I was sitting at the desk typing away – transcribing from the wire-recorder that the doctor's had dictated into. After the light focused on me, it stopped -- -, and I felt safe again.

After we moved to Broomfield, I had a longer drive, and these instances were a bit more scary. The kids were sick, and I had made an appointment to see the pediatrician whose office was on Downing Street, at about 8th Avenue. I made the appointment for 4:00 PM, thinking that when Vern got off work, he could come and pick them up (he worked until 4:00), and then I would go to work at the office, which was at 1830 Gaylord. We were just a couple of blocks away from the pediatrician's office when I had a flat tire. We walked the rest of the way, and I called Vern, who said he would stop and change the tire on his way to pick up the kids. He did this, and I then headed on to the office, and he went home. I worked until about 2:00AM that night, and started home, getting to the 5-points area (34th and Franklin) when I had a blowout! The tire in the trunk was flat – the lights on the Lincoln Bar were flashing and 3 dark complected men were standing on the corner. I thought they were probably three drunks! I didn't know what

to do!! But the men, hearing the blow-out, and seeing a woman driver, headed over to me.. When they got closer, I decided they weren't three drunks, as I had originally thought they might be, so rolled down the window. They explained that they were members and the minister, of the Simpson Methodist Church, and had been laying tile in the basement, and were just visiting a few minutes before they headed home. The minister (Paul Hagiia) invited me to come into the church to call Vern. Well, Vern has really put up with quite a lot from me, during so many of my wild adventures, and he had two sick kids that he was taking care of, and had to get their supper and get them ready for bed, etc, besides he was tired, and he just lost patience with me!! He said "I don't know what you're going to do, but you'll just have to figure it out!" He said maybe I could go back to the office and spend the night. – well – I had no way of getting back to the office, or to a motel, or anywhere, and besides I had no money with me – so I was really in a predicament! Paul was listening to my side of the conversation and felt pity on me, I guess, as he went out and got the two men who were waiting to see what the outcome would be – and they proceeded to drive all over Denver trying to find a tire for me at that late hour!! Miracle of miracles, they found one, brought it back and put it on the wheel, so that I could get home. Paul paid for the tire, and I promised him that I would stop by the next time I came to Denver to pay him for it, which I did. I finally got home around 5:00 AM. It was a night that proved again to me, that I had an angel watching over me – and the angel who helped me was Paul and his church members!

Another night, soon after we moved to Broomfield, I worked quite late, and was getting home at about 3:00 AM. I took Federal, as thought if I had trouble, there were houses along that street, where I could possibly get help. I noticed as I crossed 72nd, that a car pulled out from 72nd, and was following me. I drove faster – it drove faster. I drove even faster and it drove even faster. We were practically flying! Then, all of a sudden, a siren went off and a red light started going round and round. Oh,oh, I knew I was in trouble. The policeman came up to the window and wanted to see my license, then asked me how come I was out so late, and did I come this way very often? I explained to him that I did often work this late, and did come this way often, however, I didn't usually drive so fast. I only was trying to stay ahead of him, as thought since he was following me that he might try to push me off to the side of the road! I guess he must have decided this was a good answer, as he didn't give me a ticket, but said I should just slow down in the future!!

I guess I'll always have a reputation of being a fast driver, though I have slowed down a lot.

After we lived in Broomfield quite a while, and the kids were now in school full time, I decided that I really missed bedside nursing, so decided to quit office nursing and get a job at a Nursing Home. I was hired at Sunny Acres, for the evening shift. One night, at Thanksgiving time, I thought I would do something nice, and make "nut trees" for centerpieces on the tables. We had learned to do that for the bazaar that we had held at church a couple of months earlier. I stayed after work (11:00 PM) to spray them with shellac, and it was really pretty cold outside, so the night watchman told me he would start the car for me and get it warmed up. As I left, I had to make a couple of turns to get out of the area, and as I put my foot on the brake at the first turn, I noticed the car speeded up, instead of slowing down, I had to make another turn almost immediately, and the same thing happened, only this time, it ran right into a building. I put the car in reverse, and backed up into a fireplug! Then I noticed blood dripping from my lip! I turned the motor off and went back to the back door of the Nursing Home, and was banging on the door, for a bit, when the night nurse came to answer it. She said she was slow, because she was on the phone with a resident, who said a bomb had just hit his home, or something, anyway! It was me!!! I called Vern, who came after me, and of course we found that the car was totaled, besides all the damage done to the house!! Vern took me to the hospital where they sewed up my lip. The insurance company put us in a much higher bracket (if I was going to continue to drive). We found out that the night watchman had put the ice-scraper under the brake and on top of the accelerator, in order to keep the car running, so that when I put my foot on the brake, it really accelerated! At church the next morning, Rev. Olin Stockwell (who lived at Sunny Acres and was our pastor emeritus) mentioned that some drunk nurse had run into a house, the night before!!! He didn't know then, that it was me!

The one story though, that didn't involve speed, but did involve my knowing I had an angel, was on October 8th, 1983 --- the day that Ken got married that evening. I belong to an organization called TTT, and we were holding our biannual convention in Denver that year, out near I-25 and Hampton. The National President was coming in that day and would be staying with me until the convention. Sylvia Sauer, who is a member of our group had called me the day previously, and said if there was anything I needed, to call on her, and she would help me. I was headed into Denver to

the airport to pick up the National President of TTT, and had the trunk of the car filled with centerpieces that I planned to take to my mother-in-law's garage for storage, since she lived close to the Convention site, and at the same time pick her up and bring her back to attend the wedding that night. As I was driving down I-25, and got just to where I-76 feeds into I-25, the car stopped, completely!! Traffic was whizzing by me on both sides, so that I couldn't even open the car door safely. I was in a real dilemma, so just sat there trying to decide what to do, when a car drove up and stopped right beside me. The man rolled down his window and asked if he could help. There was a hotel just off of 58th, close by, so I asked him if he would mind taking me there, which he did. (He told me that he'd seen me when he was coming from the opposite direction, and thought to himself that if that was his wife, he'd hope someone would stop to help her, so that's why he turned around and came back to help) From the hotel, I then called Sylvia on the phone and she came to my rescue. I can't remember for sure, but think the man helped me get the car off to the side of the road. At any rate, somehow it got there. Sylvia took me to the airport, where we picked up the president of TTT, then she took me to my mother-in-law's home, where we picked up her car. This was a station wagon that had previously belonged to us, so I knew how to drive it, so we came back to where the broken-down car was, and packed the centerpieces into it, then drove back to my mother-in-law's home to deposit those in her garage, and picked her up to bring her back so that she could attend the wedding with us. What a day!!!

It was one I'll never NEVER forget, but thank the good Lord constantly for sending those guardian angels to me, that day! Late that night, after the wedding was over, Vern and I went back to retrieve the car and take it to be repaired -- the transmission had gone out.

I also had an experience one night late -- I had gone to the hospital to sit with Virginia Troutman, who had surgery that day, and was coming home quite late, on very icy roads. I had stopped at a red-light, when out of the blue someone came banging and trying to open the driver's side of the car. Luckily, it was locked, so I started up slowly, and got away from him!

I'm sure I've had many more experiences, but these prove that I have really had a guardian angel riding on my shoulder, all of my life!!

Trips

When the children were old enough to travel pretty well, we started taking trips each year during Vern's vacation. One time, when they were pretty small, we went to California to visit Vern's brother Mel, and family.

While visiting them, we went to Knott's Berry Farm and to Disneyland, among other things. We had a very good time.

We had the station wagon then, and we almost always camped along the way, with one child sleeping on the front seat, and one at our feet in the back. This particular time, we were on our way home, and Betty and Mel had given us a lot of oranges that they picked from their trees, so they were in the rack on top of the station wagon. We decided to see Sequoia National Park, and had parked for the night, when at about 1:00 AM we heard a noise. Looking out, it was some deer, wandering in the park. Not long after this we again heard more noises, and looked out to find some raccoons, who found our ice-box to look rather appealing, so they knocked it off the table and proceeded to bang it around until they got it open, and so had a little banquet from the bacon, etc., that we had inside. Not long after that a mother bear and her three cubs must have smelled the oranges, so came to help themselves. The mother bear climbed up on top of the station wagon to help herself ---this was just about enough!!! We started up the station wagon and moved it a bit, and she jumped off! We retrieved our belongings that were outside, and headed home very early the next morning. The ranger noticed the bear tracks on the hood of the station wagon and had a good laugh!! It wasn't quite so funny to us!

In 1958 we took the station wagon to the World's Fair in New York. We had driven across the U.S, stopping each night with a relative - Allen in Kansas, Mom and Dad in Southern Illinois, Virginia in Northern Illinois, then on to Melvin's and Anabels in Virginia and Maryland. From there we headed up to New York. As we approached the city, a man dressed as a policeman stopped us and asked if we had a place to stay - we didn't - so he jumped into the car with us and directed us to downtown Manhattan, where there was a hotel that we could stay in and park the car in their garage. We then took the train to Queens to the World's Fair. That was such an eye opening experience. We had never seen such tall buildings, and the technology they demonstrated was unbelievable. We stopped in Philadelphia on the way back, and returned staying with all of the relatives again.

In 1966 we took a trip to Florida, going through 13 states, visiting relatives and friends along the way, and doing a lot of sight seeing.

In 1968 we bought a little Toyota for \$2000 (had barely enough left to take a vacation - so camped. It rained a few times and our tent leaked, so had some fun experiences there. Camped at Anacortes, Washington and took the ferry across to Vancouver Island. We came home broke - barely drove into the driveway on our last tank of gas with which we had to borrow

money from Ken to fill up - in Grand Junction. Later found there was a hole in the lining of my purse that money had fallen in to, so had money after all!!

The kids are growing up and not too interested in going on family vacations, but did take a trip to Vail, and a rafting trip down the Colorado River in 1973.

Joined Ports of Call so took several trips over the next few years - to the Bahamas, Cuba, Guatemala, Hawaii, San Francisco and Florida among others. After missing a couple of years, we dropped Ports of Call, but soon bought a motor home, and continued taking trips, (just Vern and I) to Florida several times, to Arizona once, to the four-corners area and Mesa Verde. Then in a few years, bought a time share and traveled to Daytona Beach, Florida, Cape Cod, Myrtle Beach, Branson, Texas and Mexico among other places.

Concluding remarks

I have had a wonderful life - very fulfilling and enjoyable. Vern has been a wonderful helpmate over the years, a very good father and provider. He passed away on 2-1-2006 from a massive heart attack. He had had several hospitalizations over the years, a heart attack 10 years previously, shoulder, back and knee surgeries, all of which were rather serious, but as soon as he recovered, he was right back doing volunteerism, and the many other things around the home. He had many friends and relatives who all responded in memorials to him. He, too, would say - his life was complete.