

Autobiographical Notes Written by Mary Margaret Warren Shufeldt
On two legal sized, lined, yellow tablets

INTRODUCTION

When Warren and Gabrielle gave me this beautiful blank book at Christmas 1980, the implication was that they wanted me to write something. I'm neither an Erma Bombeck nor a John Steinbeck. No doubt my travels with Gene were much more extensive and just as interesting as Steinbeck's *Travels With Charley* but I haven't the talent to write a book about them. So what shall I write about? How about my autobiography? I know more about me than anything or anyone else. Can seventy-three years of living be compressed between the covers of this red book? Will trivial events be related and really important things left out? Probably.

As a child understanding family relationships was a real problem for me, and no wonder. My oldest half-brother, Willie, was older than my mother, and Harry, Charlie, and Nettie were not much younger. They were all married and in homes of their own and my thought was that although I was only a half-sister then, some day I would grow up and be a whole sister.

My father, Henry Warren, and my mother, Ida Shriver Warren, had been married for two and a half years when Mary Margaret made her arrival on Jan. 14, 1908. The place of birth was the first floor, southwest corner room of a rambling house, located on the north half of a city block. The house is now designated by the number 404 on South Madison Street, Kinmundy, Illinois. Dr. Hugo Miller was the attending physician, and Margaret Gramley who lived across the street assisted, as she often did in those days. My arrival was a complete surprise to a lot of people--"shock" may be a more descriptive word. My name, Margaret, was in honor of my maternal grandmother, and Mary was suggested by my father. It was the name of his first wife and also the name of my mother's least favorite sister. The two names fit together well and always pleased me. Margaret was not a popular name then. In fact, I can't remember that there ever was another Margaret in school with me during the first twelve years.

Being a grandparent is a lot of fun and I feel that having a grandparent is, too. I was not so lucky. My only living grandparent, William Alexander Shriver, died on the last day of the year in which I was born, so there are no memories of him. I was a pretty baby and there is one picture to prove it. My mother entered me in a beauty contest, but I didn't win. Mother said that the baby who won was actually prettier. I wish I knew who that baby was and what she or he looks like now.

Living in our home when I arrived was my half-brother Willie's daughter, Iva. Her mother had died shortly after her birth and the grandparents had taken her to care for. The grandmother died when Iva was about nine and my father cared for her alone until he

and my mother were married a couple of years later. The report was that she was spoiled and gave my mother a rough time for a while. Iva was thirteen when I was born. She was married to Ashley Holaday when I was five years old and I distinctly remember the big event of crating her piano to ship by train to her new home.

In 1897 my father had established the Warren Banking Company, located at the corner of Madison and Third Streets in downtown Kinmundy. It proved to be successful and is reported to have been the only bank in the county that stayed open during the subsequent panic and bank depression. He served as president of the bank and his second son, Harry, was cashier. My father kept his banking interests as long as he lived. The bank eventually became the State Bank of Kinmundy, then after the crash of 1929, it was consolidated with the First National Bank.

In March of 1910, just after I was two years old, my family moved to the farm located three miles north of Kinmundy and here I lived for the next eleven years. Nothing remains now to show where the farmstead was located. At the crossroads of what is now 2350 North, 1600 East, the big square two story white house with green shutters was located on the northwest corner of the intersection. This house was considerably larger and more ornate than most farmhouses of the time, but was not built for comfort. There were five large rooms downstairs, four bedrooms and a bath upstairs, two stairways, and hallways large enough to have made two more small rooms. These hallways and the parlor could have been termed almost useless. The only closets were under the stairways. Two under the front stairs--one of which opened into the front hall and one into the dining room, and there was another one for the dining room under the back stairs. There were no bedroom closets. Clothes were either stored in dresser drawers or hung on nails at the back of the high headboards of the beds.

The water for the bath was pumped into a tank in the attic by the capricious windmill. I should add that the water system was a summer-time convenience. In no way could it have survived the rigors of winter. The only protection from the elements consisted of weather boards, then a layer of air; the rooms were sealed with a layer of solid wood, covered by a layer of cloth, covered by wall paper. The air was fresh and we were healthy. Other buildings consisted of the "old house" made of logs and used for a shop and storage, two barns, two granaries, a big storage building for hay, two chicken houses, and an ice house which was no longer in use. We had ice from time to time, brought home in the buggy.

MEMORIES

My life was quite uneventful. Only a few special memories remain. My playmates were chiefly of the animal variety in these pre-school years. Every spring brought a baby lamb (or two or three) whose mother died or refused to claim it. That meant it must be bottle fed. That was fun because the lamb soon became a real pet.

Whether or not the pet
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lambs really enjoyed being dressed in doll clothes, I'll never know, but they submitted to it. Home for the lambs consisted of a circle of firm woven wire, 2 ½ or 3 feet high, having a diameter of about 10 feet, located in the front yard. This could be moved about at will so there was always fresh grass for grazing. Giving the lambs their bottles of milk became my enjoyable chore. How those tails wagged at feeding time. The only incident of punishment that I can recall had to do with a pet lamb. I persisted in opening the screen door and pushing the lamb into the kitchen. Each spring also brought kittens who didn't seem to mind wearing doll clothes. Of course I had dolls, but I liked the animals better. I don't remember having dressed up my old dog, Bowser. Maybe the doll clothes were not big enough for him.

One early memory was about the time I almost caught Santa Claus. Our Christmas tree was up but not decorated and while I was out of the room just a little while, Santa did it. The decorated tree had a number of candles on it which were lighted later for a little while. Then there was the Christmas that my Aunt Carrie Sill who lived in Kechi, Kansas sent me a big beautiful bisque doll with a kidskin body. She had real hair, eyebrows, and lashes, and eyes that opened and shut and her blue silk dress was trimmed with lace. Another Christmas, my half-sister, Nettie, made new clothes for each and everyone of my dolls. There were several of them, too. My last doll was a life sized baby doll with unbreakable head and hands and movable arms and legs. It was not as realistic as today's dolls but excellent for those times.

I don't remember the first negro that I ever saw, but my mother told me the story. It was my first train ride, a trip with my mother to Centralia. A black porter in the depot talked to me and I cried, "Mommy, he's black and he'll hurt me." Mother explained that I'd never seen a colored person before and the porter was not offended at all.

The first train ride that I remember was when my mother took me to visit my half brothers in West York and West Union. I was five or six. It was soon after Iva was married. She lived there, too. Charlie, Lucy, and their son Lowell lived in West York and Charlie worked in the bank. Willie, Birdie, and Comalita lived in West Union. I don't know what Willie did.

My father usually took his little girl with him when he drove to town on business. In springtime, he was never too busy to stop at the big red bridge on the return trip to let me go into the woods and pick a big bouquet of blue bells which didn't grow in our woods. In season our front porch was ringed with glasses and jars filled with violets of all colors, dandelions, Sweet Williams, and the rest.

I've never been tattooed but I've been branded. One winter night I was having a bath in a wash tub in front of the Round Oak heating stove. The stove trade name and size were in raised letters on the shiny metal guard on the side. Well, little Margaret

backed up a little too close and received a brand--an inverted No. 16 on her bottom.
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We usually had a hired-hand who was with us all the time. I remember Ike Blurton who wasn't too bright; Luther Gardiner, a teen-ager who would play hide and seek with me; and Sam Hensley, an old fellow who didn't like kids very much. However, he had his good points. He could cook and he assisted my mother in the kitchen considerably. He also brought in lots of wild game in season which he dressed out. He caught lots of fish and each spring kept us supplied with mushrooms. How I loved that.

Then there was Myra Funk who was a seamstress. She would come to our house and stay for a week at a time and sew for mother and me and do mending and anything else about the house that mother needed help with. When she married Joe Metzger and went to live about two miles west of us, I was one of their early overnight visitors. This was probably the first overnight visit outside my family--all by myself.

My mother did lots of cooking and she was a fine cook. I remember her going about her work singing all the time. Her songs were mostly hymns. One bothered me because I didn't understand who the "rollies" were--"When the Roll is Called up yonder." Another, "Barbara Allen," I didn't like for her to sing because it was so sad. One reason my mother did so much cooking was that my father had a bad habit of asking everyone who came to stay for dinner, which they did. In fact some of them developed the habit of arriving not long before meal time, feeling sure of an invitation. The biggest dinners were prepared for the threshing and silo filling crews. It took a lot of men to fill the silo. I remember one time there were twenty-five for dinner.

THE AUTOMOBILE

We had one of the first cars in the rural area. A few people in town already had cars. My father went to St. Louis and bought a car and since he had for a long time operated steam locomotives to run threshing machines, he didn't hesitate to start home with it. It was a red, two cylinder, Whiting. I won't say 4 doors, because there were doors to the back seat only, just openings to the front seat. All went well until just west of Lebanon. My father nearly lost control as he was crossing a bridge and it frightened him so much that he stopped in Lebanon and hired a young man from a little garage to drive it on home. With two cylinders it seemed you started and stopped fast. The parts that I remember about our trips were putting on the side curtains and patching the flat tires. We weren't out at night, so we never lighted the wicks of the kerosene headlights. The big rubber ball which you squeezed to "sound your klaxon" was my special delight. The car was always stored in the "old house" and in winter the axles were jacked up to help preserve the tires. I don't know what year it was purchased but when we moved to town in 1921, the car was brought in and stored in the barn downtown where the water plant is now. Vandals wrecked it to obtain the considerable amount of brass with which it was decorated. What a dust it stirred up in its day. And how it frightened the horses on the roads.

World War I

Living in the country as we did, my life was not affected very much when the U.S. entered World War I. In our neighborhood, only Leon and Ross Hanna were the right age to be called into service. I remember my father scanning the casualty lists each day in the St. Louis Globe Democrat. Three of my cousins were in service--Loyd and Harry Neil of Kinmundy and Raymond Ebnother of Downs, Kansas. Loyd became a 1st Lieut. but didn't go overseas. Harry, who was only 19, spent a lot of time "over there." Raymond died in service. I believe it was while he was stationed in Scotland. I never saw him. I have a picture of him taken in Scotland, wearing full Scottish regalia. When the end of the war finally came, someone called from town to give us the news and we could hear the bells clanging and the railroad locomotives whistling over the telephone. No radio. No T.V. We were all happy that Aunt Nan's sons and the Hanna boys had been spared. The influenza epidemic of 1918-1919 took the life of one young woman in our neighborhood. Lou Diss Shaufelberger, Edith (Mrs. Francis) Hammer's mother, was the victim.

School Days at Sherman, District 21

The first six years and most of the seventh year of my schooling was received at Sherman School which was located ½ mile south, ½ mile east, and ¼ mile south of our home. My first teacher was my neighbor Leon Hanna who lived just west of us. He drove to school each day and picked me up and brought me home. Teachers moved about a lot in those days. We had six different teachers in seven years. Leon was followed by Eva Wyatt (Soldner), Mary Jones (Brasel), Jane Walker (Stevens), Elizabeth Mangner (Neil), and Ruby Hanna (Lee). One of them taught us for two years. It was not that ours was a bad school, it was just the custom to move on. There were children from the families of Homer Hanna, Granville McHatton, Harry Brasel, Luther Davis, Owen George, Oscar Yund, Will Miller, August Jasper, Henry Jasper, Will Soldner, and Stephen Cornell. The last named lived the farthest away and they always drove to school since their home was almost three miles distant. The family built a shelter near the coal house for the horses.

The teacher usually boarded with some family who lived nearby. The teacher was also the janitor, keeping the dirt swept out and, in the winter, a fire roaring in the big jacketed stove in the corner. We hadn't heard about insulation then and we got a lot of fresh air. There was a water bucket with a dipper for drinking. Sometime along the way we learned about germs and each of us was required to have our own collapsible drinking cup at our desk. Our rest rooms were "two-holers" located in the two corners of the playground farthest from the school building. We had lots of fun playing Blackman, dare base, andy over and other ball games. In the winter we enjoyed fox and geese, building snow men, and skating on East Fork located down in Miller's pasture. We didn't have

ice skates, just used our shoe soles.

In my earliest dramatic endeavor, I had the role of one of the fiddlers in a
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production of Old King Cole. We made our own fiddles from dry corn stalks. My earliest remembered recitation went like this”

“I planted seeds that wouldn’t grow.
It wasn’t my fault that I know.
I dug them up each day and night
To see if they were growing right.
And what did I raise do you suppose?
A crop of freckles on my nose.”

Everybody laughed because I did have those freckles.

My most embarrassing moment at Sherman came in my first year. I had a black plush coat with a hood to match which was adorned with a big bright red ribbon bow on each side and red ribbon ties under my chin. I also had red high button shoes with tassels and red stockings. One morning the ribbons pulled into a hard knot and the more I pulled the tighter it became. It was time for school and I still had my hood on. The teacher rang the bell, everyone was quiet, and he endeavored to untie my ribbons. No luck. He finally used his pocket knife to cut the ribbon.

Another incident I remember was breaking a bone in my right arm just above the wrist playing blackman at recess. Erwin Soldner had tagged me a bit too hard and I had fallen forward with my hands turned under. Mr. Oscar Yund had a car and he took me home and then took my mother and me to town where Dr. Hugo Miller set the bone and put a splint on it. In 30 days the splint was off and the arm o.k.

I loved going to school, found learning to be easy, and got along well with other pupils. Ciphering and spelling matches were Friday afternoon treats. Most years there was a Christmas program and a last day of school program and dinner. I am still intrigued by the memory of a black and white checkerboard cake that was brought to one of those dinners. I don’t think we had much music in our school except while Elizabeth Mangner was our teacher. She also had a camera and took pictures of us, the only pictures I had from Sherman.

My geography must have been a bit limited because I remember my confusion when a Christmas play we were doing had one of the characters bring in fresh flowers from the yard in the winter time. Evidently, I didn’t know much about Florida then.

My health as a child was good. Of course I had some of the contagious childhood diseases. I had a severe case of whooping cough and of chicken pox. I caught the chicken pox from children at school who had such slight cases that they never missed school. Iva had planned to bring her children for a visit. Mother let her know about my

chicken pox, but she elected to come anyway. Burton and Lillian both had bad cases develop after they went home.

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The asafetida bags that we sometimes wore around our necks to ward off disease may really have been helpful. Asafetida had such a bad odor that no one would bring a germ really close. Also the long underwear prevented any drafts of cold air getting to us. How I hated having to fold over that underwear at the ankles when the ribbing was stretched.

VISITORS

One summer my mother's sister, my Aunt Carrie and her husband Uncle Jimmie Sill from Kechi, Kansas were here visiting. It was the fourth of July and there was a big celebration at the city park in Kinmundy. A speaker's platform with red, white and blue bunting had been erected. There were refreshment stands with pink lemonade and a shiny, new, stock watering tank filled with ice water. Attached to the tank by strings were many shiny tin drinking cups. I was with my Aunt Carrie who was meeting many old friends. All of a sudden she wasn't there. I couldn't see her anywhere. Soon the tears began to flow. A kindly lady learned that my Aunt Carrie Sill was missing. She said that she had seen Mrs. Sill just a little while before and would take me to her. It wasn't my Aunt Carrie! It was a Mrs. Sill from somewhere out in Meacham Township that I had never seen before. Just about that time, someone in my family rescued me.

One summer my Aunt Emma Ebnother from Downs, Kansas came to visit. She had beautiful clothes and was very fixy. Her husband was an M.D. and a druggist, too. He was too busy to come.

Another summer, my Aunt Mollie Shriver from Kansas came to visit. She was a nurse and was making the handsome sum of \$25 a week for her work. She really tried very hard to make me over into her idea of what a little girl should be, but she never was successful in her endeavor.

It was great to know that my Aunt Nancy Neil was coming our from town for one of her frequent visits. She did lots of things with me that my mother didn't find time to do, like hitching the horse to the buggy and driving up to the woods to hunt mushrooms. She was really more fun for me than Cousin Pauline, who also came often. Pauline played the piano at the picture show which was owned by Maude West Porter. Mrs. Porter also owned the local photography shop. I was a big girl before I ever saw a movie. You see I had no night life. I remember asking Pauline if you could see the eyelashes of the people in the movies. Finally, I stayed overnight with her and when we came down the aisle at the theater, everybody clapped. The show was about to begin. She played appropriate music all through the show. I sat down front with the kids and had a great time.

Overnight visitors were always great but when the teacher came home with me to stay all night, it was sheer delight.

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When I was 9 or 10, my brother Willie, his second wife, Birdie, and their daughter, Comaleta, moved to the farm just north of where we lived, which was also a part of my father's holdings. Comaleta was out of school but there was much visiting back and forth. Their car was the first one we had seen with a self starter. You pulled a cord near the steering wheel. Sometimes, you pulled it many times.

Harry had a car, too, by now and he and Lou and their daughter, Leone, often drove out on Sunday afternoons.

Cars were great but a pony was great, too. Prince was a beautiful, black, small horse that Charlie had had for many years. He shipped him home for me. A new saddle was purchased and riding Prince was a far cry from riding the plodding work horses. The saddle is still on exhibit in my basement.

A couple of years later, Charlie, who had been divorced from his wife, Lucy, came to our house to stay and help my father with the work which was becoming too much for him in his advanced years--about the age I am now.

Household chores had never appealed to me very much. I liked outdoor tasks more, so while I should have been learning to cook, I was milking cows, riding the ricker horse, and raking hay, even cultivating the corn. Mother could have taught me much about cooking, but sewing was another matter. She didn't sew.

In the spring of 1921, my father decided to quit farming and move to town. He had a considerable amount of machinery, live stock, and feed, so the sale drew a larger crowd. The day of the sale I went to school as usual only to find that a number of my school-mates had stayed at home to attend the Warren sale with their parents.

LIFE IN TOWN

So that I could begin attending the Kinmundy school at the first of the month, I spent a couple of weeks in the home of my Aunt Nan while our household was being moved from the farm to our house on Adams Street, just on the edge of "Quality Hill." My cousin Pauline and her husband, Ben Johnson, were there from Kansas awaiting the birth of their first child who arrived in a few weeks in the form of a son, Neil.

My brother Harry's family now lived in the house where I was born and Leone who was now a sophomore took me to school with her and helped me get organized. The superintendent was L.E. Etherton and my seventh grade teacher was Gladys Wainscott.

Leone enjoyed teasing me by calling me "Aunt Maggie" but the name didn't catch on. In short order I made new friends, two of whom have been special life-long friends-- Katherine Wormley and Alice Balance. At the end of that first month my name was on the honor roll.

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My eighth grade teachers were Mrs. Mamie Songer Brown and Miss Polly Baggott with Mr. J.H. Mallrich as Superintendent. Miss Polly was very strict and a good teacher, but she just scared me to death. Thunder storms scared "Miss Mamie" to death. She would go into the cloak room and cry when bad storms struck. On Nov. 22, 1922, Miss Mamie's father, A.W. Songer, celebrated his 90th birthday. This was really a remarkable age in those days and she had a big reception for him. The Songer-Brown home was the house Erma Ingram lives in now--1981. Of course I went. It was my introduction to punch bowls and fancy cookies.

One morning my mother sent me to town for some groceries. Maybe our clock was slow, anyway I had just crossed the railroad and was on my way up the hill when the big old school bell located in the tower at the N.W. corner of the school began to ring. I threw my groceries onto the porch of the Tyner house and took off. I was then in time to march in with the pupils who had been playing outside. This was probably my lifetime sprint record. I didn't want to have Miss Polly comment on my coming in late.

Twenty-eight of us graduated from eighth grade in 1922. The girls wore white cotton middy blouses and skirts with their long hair held back with a barrett or rubber band and set off with a big navy blue bow. Except Marcelline. She wore hers like the high school girls with puffs over her ears. To match the hair bow each girl wore a triangular navy blue taffeta sailor tie with her middy.

The boys wore suits with knee pants, long black stockings, white shirts and neckties.

In those days when a farmer moved to town he brought part of the farm along with him. Of course, the horse and buggy were necessary to get back to the farm. My father also brought a cow, too, which he kept in the barn down town and milked until summer, when the cow was pastured at the Maxey home at the east edge of town and Margaret walked out to milk the cow in the morning and again in the evening. This little chore didn't bother me much except on special days like the Fourth of July. I was having such a good time at the celebration when I had to leave, go home and change clothes, do the milking chore, then clean up, dress up, and return to the festivities.

Shortly after we moved to town, my father built a house on land in Meacham Township, Section 32, and he, mother and I spent a summer out there. It was sort of like camping out. I went to horse back riding but was afraid of rattlesnakes when on foot. My father did a lot of work trying to clean up the farm. It is now a part of Stephen Forbes State Park. The park was the best thing that ever happened to this part of the county.

Before I entered high school, an organization of Camp Fire Girls was formed with Miss Evangeline Parrill as guardian. Our first camping experience was at the Salem Soldiers and Sailors Reunion (1922) where Miss Parrill was assisted by Mrs. Fannie Page Ten

Eagan. I can't remember how many of us camped. We had two tents secured for us by Mr. Songer and my father, both Civil War veterans. We cooked out, enjoyed the morning, afternoon, and evening programs on the stage where our Frances Boyd often filled in as pianist in the mornings, and had fun on the carnival rides where the Salem Boy Scouts were ticket takers. If business was slack we often got extra long rides. I remember a slumber party at Miss Parrill's home and another camping trip at Rose Lake, Iuka. Among my present day souvenirs of my past are my Camp Fire Girl ceremonial dress and a string of wooden beads each of which is an award for accomplishment in some endeavor.

Another Camp Fire Girl outing was when a few of us spent a week at Shelbyville attending the Chautauqua where the Million Dollar band (the value of their instruments) was the big attraction along with a nationally known cartoonist, Sidney Smith. We stayed in a dormitory on the grounds. Miss Mary Shriver and two of her C.F.G. from Watson were there, too.

In the summer of 1928, I served as sponsor on a camping trip of another group of Camp Fire Girls when their leader couldn't go. We camped on the Warren farm back pasture under the old cedar tree. They were girls about five years younger than I. Alice Mendenhall (White) had her fifteenth birthday during the campout and her folks brought out a birthday cake.

HIGH SCHOOL

There were exactly 50 of us freshmen on the first day of school in September, 1922. When we graduated in May, 1926, there were just 20 left. Finishing high school wasn't seemingly too important in the 20s. And no wonder. It was very difficult for many who lived out of town. The roads were very bad at times. Some rented a barn in town and drove. Some stayed with relatives and some girls did household chores to pay for their board and room. Alma had a two year high school and some students finished by riding the Illinois Central passenger trains back and forth to Kinmundy each day. They always had to leave early to catch old #23, and they were often late in the morning.

High school was fun and I was involved in just about everything going on. We didn't have very many electives. Home Economics, P.E., Band, chemistry, agriculture, commercial subjects, and others were not to come to Kinmundy for many years. We were required to have sixteen credits for graduation.

I did get a little musical education. My parents bought a nice piano for me and I

began taking lessons from Lotta Neil Heinrich, who was an ex-concert pianist. She was a wonderful musician but not a good teacher. Not for me at least. She started me out on material much too difficult for a beginner even if she was a big girl. This explains my failure. Neither do I have any natural ability in music.

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I was elected class president in my freshman year and again when I was a junior. The debating club was really good for me. I joined when it was organized in my freshman year and participated all four years, serving as secretary in the first year and president in the third year. This interest carried over into college.

Then there were the class plays. You were just a nobody if you didn't get a part in the junior and senior class plays. As juniors our class was the first to use the stage in the new gym, which was eventually destroyed by a tornado. The stage was fitted with a very beautiful outdoor scenery backdrop and wing panels, also an interior set that could be assembled in various ways. Our junior class play was entitled "Valley Farm" and our senior play was "The Whole Town's Talking." The casts were directed by Kinmundy's local dramatic and elocution teacher, Mrs. W.W. Neil. She was quite an old lady. All that I remember about her as a director was that she had permanent wrinkles in her stockings. I don't know if she was reimbursed for her efforts or not. I hope so.

Early into high school, a HAIR REVOLUTION developed. It was the girls who were involved then, not the boys. The era of "flappers" and the Charleston dance was coming into being. Everybody--well, just about everybody--was getting her hair bobbed. My father was opposed. He remembered a Biblical quote about a woman's hair being her crowning glory. My mother was willing. No amount of persuasion seemed to work until finally my dear neighbor, Mrs. Allie Nelms came to my rescue. She won my father over by reminding him of how terrible he would feel if anything would happen to me and he would remember that he had denied me my greatest wish. It worked. I was a braggard in getting my hair cut but away out front in the fall of our senior year when three of us, Ona Arnold, Dorothy Pullen, and I had our hair cut just like the boys. It soon grew out and by the time our Senior pictures were taken, it was back to normal.

When we became seniors, we elected to publish the second year book in the history of our school. Ten years earlier the class of 1916 had published the first one named "Amulet." We named our book "Ki-Hi-An"--Kinmundy High Annual. It was the first 'annual' but it was years before another year book was published. The class of 1941 did it, and called their book "Ki-Hi-Memories". Later a real "annual" was started by the class of _____. Their book, "The Hornet" honored the athletic teams which were named the Hornets." (Memories thru 1950)

In my senior year, too, the high school girls decided that they were entitled to play basket ball although we were not allowed to play other schools. Under the leadership of Miss Lora Street, two teams were organized. The orange and black team was made up of

sophomore girls and the red and white team was of girls from the other three classes. We all wore big, black, baggy bloomers with tops in the appropriate colors. We had fun.

As in 1981, there was a lot of emphasis on sports in the 20s. Mostly on basketball. Page Twelve

However, there were three baseball games in the fall of 1925. Maybe basketball rule changes have made the high scoring of today possible, but back then scores in the 30s were rare. In the 25 games Kinmundy played in the 1925-26 season, only three times did a team score more than 30 points. We played Vandalia, Centralia, Duquoin, Carlyle, Mt. Vernon, and Salem among others and won 14 of those 25 games. On home game nights, the Lee's who ran the electric light plant let the stay-at-homes know how the game came out by blasts of the steam whistle. Not only whether we won or lost, but what the score was. The teams traveled mostly by train, then. I remember one spring when Kinmundy was playing in a tournament in Salem, so many people here wanted to go that the C. and E. I. railroad made up a special train at Salem which came to Kinmundy then backed up to Salem. After the game was over, the train brought us home and backed up again. I was among those who went, wearing my new spring coat. We didn't have a high school band, but the Kinmundy Band, which gave concerts from the band stand on summer Saturday nights, went. They played "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" as the members marched from the C and EI depot to the Salem High School. I can't remember if we won or lost.

MY CHURCH

Although as an infant, my name was on the Cradle Roll of the M.E. Church, Kinmundy, I didn't get to attend church much while we lived in the country. Now and then we went to some special service at Shanghai Church, a Cumberland-Presbyterian, Methodist Congregation. For a year or so a young couple named Owens lived next to us on the north and they attended the Christian Church in town and took me with them along with their own children. I remember Etta Spencer and Mary Gramley from those times. One was the teacher and the other was the secretary who came into the primary room, counted us, and took the collection. I really don't know who served in which position. When we moved to town, I immediately started attending the Methodist Church. Rev. T.A. Martin was the pastor when we moved to town and was followed shortly by Rev. Ernest Connett in 1921. My Sunday School teacher was Miss Anna Dillon and C.F. Pruet was the Sunday School Superintendant. He always made a nice talk on the lesson at the close of the session, summing it up for everyone. Mrs. Ellen Donovan was the S.S. pianist and played with a lot of gusto. There were always about five classes of young people in the big Sunday School room, the little ones in the primary room and about four adult classes in the sanctuary. I don't know how anyone heard his own teacher. My name was added to the church roster on _____ and I was baptized at that time. I have remained a member of this church ever since with the exception of two years that my membership was in the First Methodist Church of Klamath Falls, Oregon. During all these years I have served the church in many capacities. I am a charter member of the

United Methodist Women and belong to its Sunrise Circle. During high school years I was much involved in Epworth League. Twice I was privileged to attend the week long Epworth League Convention at McKendree College, Lebanon, and one year I served as District Treasurer--maybe it was sub-district.

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COLLEGE AND A JOB

Becoming a teacher became a goal for me quite early. There weren't too many fields of endeavor open to girls in those days. It seemed for a while that I wouldn't get to go to college because in the spring of my senior year, my mother suffered a slight stroke which affected her right arm. It was some time before she was back to normal. By late summer, however, she was well enough for me to make plans. In September, Alice Balance of Salem and I enrolled at Southern Illinois Normal University at Carbondale as room-mates at Anthony Hall. We shared that same second floor, north-east corner room of the dormitory for the two years we were there. We also shared sorrow, fun, study, and dreams.

The sorrow came soon for me. First my half-sister, Nettie, died. She was only 46 years old. Then on Oct. 29, 1926, only a few weeks later, my father at age 80 suffered a fatal heart attack. It was a lovely fall day and he was sitting in the sun in the back yard while my mother had gone to the store. Our neighbor, Mrs. Hubert, came over and found him. The next great sorrow of my life was to come in late October, just two years later.

Life at Anthony Hall was fun. There were between 65 and 70 girls living on the three floors there and they were a good group. Alice and I never thought of living anywhere else. Sarah Hardin was the counselor the first year and Alice Kelsey the following year.

I don't remember what the tuition fees were, but board and room at Anthony Hall was \$7 a week. The girls who couldn't afford that could earn part of it by working in the dining room.

I had always held any teacher in high esteem until I went to study as a teacher's college. There were some "dumb bunnies" there who probably turned out to be very poor teachers. Besides the required English, history, math, and instruction in methods of teaching and actual practice teaching, I elected to take two years of French. I don't know why. My instructor was a little old German man, Jerry Pierce, who spoke French with a German accent. Although I learned to translate in a creditable manner, I could never speak or understand the French language. One instructor, Dr. Bruce Merwin, I remember because in our Education class he startled me by asking, "Miss Warren, what do you think about this?" Nobody ever asked me to think before--only to remember what somebody else thought.

Another instructor, George D. Wham, I remember because he wanted me to know exactly what somebody else thought about matters of psychology. He was very stern and

dictatorial and scared me even more than Miss Polly Baggott had back in the eighth grade. We learned a lot of definitions. To this day I remember that "Emotion is a complex state of consciousness of high affective coloring, involving an intellectual and will attitude, appearing under sudden stress in a rapidly developing situation, either actually present or Page Fourteen

ideally represented, to which situation adequate adjustment is temporarily blocked." Well, what did you think Emotion was?

My extra-curricular activities included the Y.W.C.A., the Socratic Literary Society, and the all girl Illinae Debate Club. Both years I was chosen to represent our club in the spring For-Agor-IlI debates with the two boys clubs, and in 1928 I was chosen to play the important role of Mrs. Thurber in the Socratic spring play "Tommy." Mrs. Thurber laughed "loud and long" all through the play. At the time, this play was running at a theater on Grand Avenue in St. Louis and the entire cast went to St. Louis to see it so we could do it just right. The play was coached by Miss Mae Trovillian. The debate club sponsor and coach was Miss Julia Jonah. The trip to St. Louis to see "Tommy" was my very first visit to any big city and gave me my first ride on a street car.

In spite of my French, I managed to earn two maroon and white N's for scholastic excellence. We graduated at the end of two years in cap and gown and were ready to start teaching. Very few went on to receive the B.Ed degree, which was the only one given. We were among the lucky ones to receive lifetime teaching certificates. Enrollment was about 1200 then.

One Carbondale experience that influenced my life for years to come was an airplane ride I took with a "barnstormer." The plane was a part of Somebody's "flying Circus." It said so in big letters on the side of the plane which looked about like Lindbergh's "Spirit of St. Louis" which hangs in the Smithsonian in Washington, D.C. The pilot evidently wanted to be sure that his passengers got their money's worth, so he climbed straight up, paused a moment, it seemed, then went straight down, then did it again! It was 50 years before I rode in an airplane again.

The Board of Education of Swift School, better known as "Breakneck" and located northwest of Kinmundy, hired me to teach in the fall of 1928 for the handsome sum of \$80 a month. I had room and board with the family that lived closest to the school--Lottie and Fletcher Cole and their two children, Darlene and Bill, who were fifth and sixth graders. For nearly two months school went along nicely. There were no behavior problems; the pupils were making progress; the county Supt. Of Schools, Mr. Scott Kniseley, came to visit and gave his approval; the usual fund raising pie supper was well attended; my duties as janitor thus far had consisted of sweeping and dusting; and I was having fun.

On the evening of Sept. 11, 1928, Kinmundy Chapter #606, Order of the Eastern Star planned to initiate Mildred Bargh and me into membership, but a terrific rain

changed plans. I was on the wrong side of the East Fork of the Kaskaskia River out at Swift School and roads were under water. So I was initiated on Oct.23 along with Albert and Ethel Malinsky and Maggie Humphry. I'm still a member after 54 years, having served as Worthy Matron with R.E. Walters as Worthy Patron in 1937. About the same time I

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joined the Rebekah Lodge, eventually serving as Noble Grand and remained a member until Rosedale Rebekah Lodge gave up its charter some years later. Back in these pre-T.V. times, meetings were held twice each month and visits with nearby lodges were nice social affairs as they still are. I attended Grand Chapter of Illinois O.E.S. in Chicago with Mrs. Cecil Maxey Kell who was Worthy Matron of Salem Chapter that year--1937.

Then at the end of Oct. in 1928-, almost exactly two years from the date of my father's death, my mother suffered a bad stroke at age 59. Nellie Williams (Mrs. Marshall) finished my year of teaching at Swift and I devoted myself to caring for my mother. It was quite an undertaking for a girl of twenty but I managed. My mother regained the use of her limbs but she was never able to speak again during the six years that she lived. Since she liked to talk as well as I did (and do), it was most frustrating to her.

The next four years were very quiet ones for me. Mostly, I was at home, day and night. My brother, Charlie, who had been with us off and on since we moved to town in the spring of 1921, went to St. Louis to work. On an occasional evening out, my cousin, Pauine Johnson, stayed with my mother. I did a lot of entertaining. Often on Saturday night, my friends Katherine Wormley, Alice French and Ruth Breen came to play bridge. I popped bushels of pop corn and made lots of gingerbread. There must have been other refreshments. We had a battery powered radio purchased from P.F.Robnett and in the summer of 1929 I bought a new Chevrolet from Wilford Snelling. His girl friend, Alta Sutton, taught me to drive. The section of Route 37 between Kinmundy and Alma was being built that summer. My two door black sedan had yellow wire wheels with the spare wheel mounted in a front fender well. Real Spiffy. My dear mother enjoyed going for long drives and we got around a lot. Buying that car was the best thing I could have done. Price \$600 delivered. No tax. No driver's license. A Chevrolet was a Chevrolet in those days. There were no subdivisions in the make of car.

Though she had many mini-strokes each of which took its toll, my mother continued to improve except in speech. She read a little, but could never write again. Her handwriting had been very pretty. Now she couldn't even finish her signature. Ida War was as far as she could go. We had taken her to a doctor in St. Louis in the very beginning but he gave us little encouragement.

By the summer of 1932, I felt that with good help I could go back to teaching. Frances Boyd had given up her job to be married so there was an opening in Kinmundy--Room I grades 1 and 2, and I was hired at \$75 a month. My good help at home was in the

form of Mrs. Dessie Lucas who came every morning before I went to school and stayed until I returned. Mother liked Mrs. Lucas who did work around the house so I had little house work to do. The work at school was most interesting. I had 20 first graders and 11 second graders. There was no kindergarten then. I believe that in my 16 plus years of teaching these children were my favorites. I was privileged to have them again as fifth and sixth graders. Mr. V.V. Barcroft was school superintendant. He told me one time that he Page Sixteen

thought that I was a natural born teacher. Which reminds me of that old beatitude: "Blessed is she who tooteth her own horn, for if she tooteth it not, who tooteth it?"

My fellow grade school teachers were Hester Heaton, Rhea Hill, and Alice French. Before my second term, Rhea resigned to marry Maurice Williams and I moved across the hall to teach 5th and 6th grades. Betty Holt came to teach grades 1 and 2 and after three or four years she married and Margaret Wiseheart came to replace her. We teachers were good friends in and out of school. One Friday evening after school Alice, Hester, Betty, Katherine Wormley, and I set out in my Chevy on an adventure trip--bound for Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. We got as far as Loogoottee, Ind. that evening and spent the night in a cabin, forerunner of today's motel. Saturday, we toured Mammoth Cave and decided that since we were so far from home we might as well go onto Tennessee. We did, and toured Bumpus Mills--just across the state line--from one end to the other. We were home by Sunday night. I'm sure we by-passed interesting things to see, but we were very inexperienced travelers then. The five mentioned above along with high school teachers Anna Margaret Jones and Eugenia Boyd attended many basket ball games together, riding the school bus to out of town games. Soon after I had been hired to teach at \$75 a month, the depression worsened and our pay was reduced to \$67.50. It was a good thing I had a job. Farm crop prices were so low that my rental share wouldn't have paid the taxes. Teachers in some area schools had higher salaries but they were paid in "scrip" which was a promise to pay in the future. This could be exchanged for money if someone was willing to take the risk. We never had to take scrip.

In the winter of my second year of teaching, my 26th birthday came along as usual on Jan. 14 and that very day my mother suffered another stroke. It was a massive one and she died just a week later, Jan. 21, 1934. I continued to live at home until the end of school. Not wanting to be alone, I persuaded an old friend of my mother's, Mrs. Nan Whisnant, to shut up her home and stay with me until the end of school. This worked out very well.

My half-brother, Charlie, had married again. His new wife, Edith, was a girl friend from their youth who had lived in Chicago most of her life. They had established a nice home at the corner of 2nd and Jefferson in Kinmundy and now they invited me to come and live with them which I did for the next seven years. Edith and I were very compatible and although she was 30 years older than I, we had lots of fun together during the years that followed.

TRAVELS

Nearly everyone has some hobby or activity that is most important. It may be beautiful flowers, clothing, athletics, antiques, gambling, collectibles, household furnishings--to mention a few. Travel is mine. I guess it was the Chicago World's Fair in Page Seventeen

1933, A Century of Progress, that set the pattern for me. Since then I've seen almost an additional half century of progress, five more World's Fairs and am looking forward to seeing the 1982 World's Fair in Knoxville, Tenn. in September 1982.

When the St. Louis World's Fair was held in 1904, I hadn't been born. I'm really sorry to have missed it because it was the largest World's Fair of all, covering a thousand acres. There, the ice cream cone and iced tea were served for the first time.

Alice French had cousins living in Chicago in 1933 and they invited Alice to bring her friends, come to the fair, and stay with them. We--Alice, Ruth, Katherine, and I--rode to Chicago on an Illinois Central train, getting off at the 63rd St. station. I can still remember the shock I felt when we stepped out of the depot and the elevated trains were thundering overhead and the street below the El was congested with autos. The Century of Progress was wonderful. I was as much impressed with the new fluorescent lighting as I was with Sally Rand. The World's Fair experience that I remember best was seeing television for the first time. Sitting in a small room, we watched the T.V. for a little while then walked down the hall to another room with a T.V. set and saw ourselves on the screen. We had been televised in the first room. We not only took in the fair, but saw Chicago, too, visiting Tribune Tower, the Board of Trade, Bell Telephone and the big stores. The Goodyear blimp hovered over the fairgrounds which had Lake Michigan as the Eastern border.

OFF FOR THE WEST

My introduction to the West came in the summer of 1936. Feeling the need to further my education a bit, I decided to go to summer school at the University of Colorado at Boulder. Our school superintendent, V.V. Barcroft, was going. He and his wife, Georgia, and their little daughter, Betty, invited me to accompany them on the trip out. A nice room at a sorority house had been reserved for me and I was fortunate to get a lovely roommate--Ruth Bruce. Ruth was a registered nurse and a graduate voice student. She had once lived in Greenville, Ill., where her father was a Free Methodist minister. Ruth hated the narrow views of the denomination. She had been assigned to be my roommate because she didn't want anyone who smoked and many of the girls did. She was protecting her voice. One evening Ruth gave a lovely concert in the auditorium.

I loved the mountains, but the roads frightened me a bit. Summer school consisted of two five week terms. I took on a heavy load the first term and had my nose

in a literature or history book most of the time. No more of that! The Barcrofts returned home at the end of the first term and I set up a minimum schedule for the final five weeks, so I was free most of the time and did a lot of fun things.

My mother's cousin, George Shriver, his wife and grandson, lived at Colorado Springs. I went down to visit them. They took me to the top of Pikes Peak, to visit "The Page Eighteen

Garden of the Gods" and to Helen Hunt Falls in Cheyenne Canyon. Also up the incline to City Park.

The old gold mining town of Central City, once called "the richest square mile on earth" was presenting HMS Pinafore at the Opera House with a cast that had come out from New York City. We sat on the same little girl chairs that Baby Doe Tabor and her friends sat on in their hey-day. We made the trip to Central City by limousine and one of our party was a woman from the East who was attending the writer's conference at the university. I was at her table for dinner at the old hotel. I don't remember her name but will never forget how she ate with one hand and motioned for the waiter with the other.

Another great time was when my roommate, Ruth, and I went by limousine to attend the rodeo at Cheyenne. My first rodeo was the Big One--a real highlight. A unique part of the rodeo had to do not with horses and bulls but with soldiers and Indians. The cavalry from nearby Fort Warren and the Blackfeet Indians from Montana put on an exciting show. The soldiers entered as pioneers in their covered wagons and arranged the wagons in a circle for safety. Then the Indians in war paint entered the grounds at top speed, riding their ponies bareback, yelling, and circling the wagons. The battle that followed was almost too realistic. I've seen a number of rodeos since but none as exciting as this one. The afternoon rodeo was preceded by a big parade and many festivities afterward. We got back to Boulder just at daybreak. Another great day was a tour of Rocky Mountain National Park with a girl guide from the University. Last winter's snow in August was another first. My return to Kinmundy was by train, and sleeping in a compartment was still another first.

A TRIP TO WASHINGTON, D.C.

There is a blank space in my memory. I don't know what year or with whom but I went on a tour out of St. Louis to the Washington, D.C. area before I was married and right after school was out. I'm sure of that because it was June week at Annapolis. A Baltimore and Ohio train stopped for us in Salem and let us off at the gigantic Union Station in D.C.

We saw all the usual things in Washington--the Capitol, the White House, monuments, the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, Smithsonian Institution, Library of Congress, Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Arlington National Cemetery, and the rest. We knew how the outside looked already, but it was thrilling to walk through the White

House where so many of the world's great have walked. There were many visitors at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. The cadets were on the parade ground in full dress and the band was at its best.

Our trip south from D.C. took us first to Mt. Vernon on the Potomac, home of George Washington. At Alexandria, we visited Christ Church which George Washington
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attended, and I sat in his pew, No. 60. Then down to the restored city of Williamsburg and found it looking much as it must have in the days of Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and Washington. My needlepoint picture, Old Williamsburg, was advertised in McCall's magazine soon after this visit. The picture has reminded me of Williamsburg for 40 years. I enjoyed making it while I waited for Warren's arrival.

There wasn't much to see at Jamestown on this first visit except the statues of Capt. John Smith and Pochantas. At Yorktown we saw the place where Cornwallis surrendered to George Washington. This part of the country really made me wish that I knew more history.

(NO section title)

In December, 1937, Katherine, Alice and I decided that we should see some of the South. We signed up with a tour company in Chicago for a holiday trip to New Orleans. A special Illinois Central train with about 200 on board picked us up in Kinmundy on Christmas afternoon. We went as far as Jackson, Miss. and stayed at a hotel near the capitol building that rainy night. Then on to New Orleans. It was an exciting week. We stayed at "the next to nicest" hotel in the city. The Roosevelt was the nicest, ours was the Jung. I do remember the pretty girls in evening dresses who played the big harps in the lobby in the evenings. We were fascinated with the old French Quarter with its overhanging wrought iron balconies, narrow streets, flowers, and greenery; Jackson Square with its St. Louis Cathedral, the statue of Andrew Jackson on horseback, the artists, and the pigeons. We had a night club tour which was an eye-opener for me. We were issued club membership cards in order to enter one of them. We visited the docks where the banana boats were being unloaded; visited parks which had huge live oak trees, and cemeteries with all burials above ground. We ate at the French Market and at nationally famous Antoinettes where I had oysters Rockefeller. We took a sightseeing boat down the Mississippi River. There were many ships at the docks. As we were passing a Japanese ship being loaded with scrap metal, a fellow passenger remarked that Japan would be sending it back to us one of these days in the form of ammunition. How right he was.

The tour company took us by bus along the Gulf eastward to Gulf Port and Biloxi. We had known about Biloxi for years because Kinmundy's extremely tall Civil War veteran, Mr. W.H. Brewer had been spending his winters there. Mr Brewer was Kinmundy's first "snow bird." We spent the night in a big, new, beautiful hotel at Pass

Christian. We seemed to be the only people there. Evidently the developers made a mistake or they were just getting started. New Year's Eve was a Bang. Did you know New Orleans celebrated with firecrackers?--Out of windows, in the hotel lobby, everywhere! New Years Day 1938, we attended the football game at the Sugar Bowl. Our seats were on bleachers at one end of the field, but believe it or not, all of the action in both halves was right down in front of us. After the game we were off for Kinmundy

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and Chicago.

A CIRCLE TOUR OF THE WEST Summer of 1939 June 18 to August 17

Mr. Edwin Wormley, Katherine's father, spent a lot of time planning a trip to the west coast to visit his son Lorentz and family and to see the sights. They invited Margaret Wiseheart and me to accompany them. Margaret had a brother living in California and I went for the trip although I did see a distant Shriver relative in California and some Warren cousins in Oregon and Washington.

The trip was made in the Wormley's Model A Ford sedan with Katherine at the wheel. We departed Kinmundy at 7:15 on a warm, cloudy, pleasant June 18 and stopped for the night at the Koronado Kourt Kabins at Joplin, Mo. There were 50 cabins and we occupied two of them. The huge chat piles we saw during the day surprised us and we found them to be from the Missouri lead mines. We hadn't known that Missouri is the leading producer of lead in the U.S. We cut across the corner of Kansas and saw more great lead mines in the vicinity of Quapaw, Okla. We were on Route 66 and so was everyone else. Our first oil change was at Chelsea, Okla., the birthplace of Will Rogers. We passed the Will Rogers airport outside of Claremore and visited the Will Rogers Memorial in Claremore. The Memorial is built of Oklahoma stone with a flagstone court in front. In the entrance corridor is an immense statue of Will Rogers with the inscription "I have never met a man I didn't like." This memorial was built by the people of Oklahoma in honor of their famous son and it opened to the public on Nov.4 the previous year. The building was filled with gifts to Will from all over the world--saddles, whips, etc. A mounted calf, minus one ear and some hair, stood in one room. It was formerly in Roger's living room and he practiced his roping tricks on it. The register which we signed was placed on the altar on which he took the first three degrees of masonry, with the Bible open to the page. His petition, signed Will Penn Rogers, was also shown.

We saw our first cotton fields and oil wells south of Tulsa. Route 66 led us via some fields of bright red soil to the capitol in Oklahoma City. We were surprised to see the number of oil wells in the city, all around the capitol. We toured the capitol building and departed east on Route 270. We soon noticed that the trees were all leaning toward the N.E. on account of the S.W. wind. Before reaching Shawnee we came to a section of black soil where the country was very prosperous with fields of cotton, alfalfa, and sweet potatoes. Before entering Shawnee, we passed through an area where there were oil wells

in every direction as far as we could see. Still no Indians. We spent our second night, 730 miles from home, at Wewoka.

On across the Texas border to Dennison. All roads into Texas had a big brick sign in the shape of the state. In Dennison we visited some relatives of the Wormley's and visited a 370 acre farm which had 70 acres of pecans, and cotton, berries, roses, glads, and Page Twenty One

peaches. In the afternoon we departed for Denton to call on Margaret Wiseheart's cousins, Miss Lillian Parrill and Mrs. Jane Holt. They took us on a hurried trip around Denton which included the lovely campus of Northern State Teachers College where Lillian taught music. These two ladies eventually came back to Kinmundy to live; Lillian as the second wife of F.O. Grissom, and vocal teacher for the Woman's Club Children's Choir. After supper with them at the college residence hall dining room, we drove to Dallas to visit Katherine's Aunt Georgia and her daughter, Aliene. Next morning, Aliene took us girls on a quick tour of Dallas--the Spanish Village, Southern Methodist University, millionaire row, and the downtown area. Then on our way. At Abilene we found the wreck of the flood the day before. This heavy rain had caused the river to rise, the warehouses were flooded, and the cotton bales had gone floating down the river. The only thing in their way was a railroad bridge. The bales piled up against it causing it to give way. The highway was damaged some. We spent the night at Big Springs, Texas which I remember as a flat city with one skyscraper, the Hotel Settles.

The next day we had two flats and two new tires. Mr. Wormley had planned to really wear out the old tires and did. The first flat was at Stanton, Tex., the second was at Pecos. In between these two towns was "old bad desert" with open range and many yucca and cacti.

We drove on to Carlsbad, N.M. and out to White's City to spend the night. After securing our quarters we drove the six miles on to the cave entrance. The park ranger said that since it was cloudy the bats might not make an appearance, but at 7:07 they made a fair show--some two million of them. They would return at dawn after about a hundred miles of flight. We had supper at White's City followed by a lecture on Carlsbad Caverns. In the group was a man from British East Africa, people from Utah were in the cabin next to us, and next to them was Judge Jacks of the Superior Court of San Francisco. Mr. Wormley talked to everybody. The Judge told him that 30 days free room and board was the best he could do for him.

June 23 was Carlsbad Cavern Day. We got up early to be a part of the first tour starting at 9:15. There were about 500 persons in all, eighteen from Illinois. We entered wearing coats. Words fail to express the wonders of the cave. One can never forget the total darkness 725 feet below sea level and the song, "Rock of Ages." We walked 6 ½ miles. We ate lunch in the huge dining room--sandwiches, cake, an orange, and coffee. The journey out was quite a climb. At first we wondered why the ranger walked so slowly but we soon found out. We also found it very hot when we came out of the cave

at 2:30. We didn't need our coats now. We took U.S. 62 to El Paso over some very rough, rocky, hilly roads which passed close to the highest peak in Texas.

June 24. Out of the U.S.A. for the first time. We boarded a street car for Juarez, Mexico. We visited the markets, the chapel, and the jail. The latter was quite an experience. I still have a mental picture of walking around a young woman prisoner
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sitting on the cold stone floor holding a small child in her lap. We walked back across the international bridge, declared our citizenship and the contents of our packages. I still have a woven bag purchased that day.

Leaving El Paso the next day we headed for the Petrified Forest National Park via Las Cruces and Deming. It was hot in the desert. We were fascinated by the numerous whirlwinds. Going north on 260, we almost ran out of gas because a town shown on the map proved to be only an abandoned gas station, Jackson, New Mexico. Pleasanton really looked pleasant to us. We had only three quarts of gas left. After spending the night at Glenwood, we were off early to get out of the mountains before traffic started. We traveled 71 miles without seeing a sign of life. The Petrified Forest was hot but great. We visited Rainbow Forest, the museum where we listened to the lecture, and the Agate House. Just as we were leaving the park, it began to rain--the first rain in the area in about nine months. So, the Painted Desert was not so colorful--just desert. Back to good old U.S. 66, headed for the Grand Canyon via 66, 89, and 64. The float on the car stuck on a curve but we soon fixed it. We arrived at the Canyon for sunset, a cabin, and freezing weather. Golly what a gully! It is useless to try to describe the Grand Canyon. If you've not seen it, you will not believe any possible description; if you have you know it cannot be painted in pigments or words.

The next morning we were up at the crack of dawn--4 a.m.--for sunrise. We dashed to the canyon for the sun. It came up all too suddenly. After breakfast at Bright Angel Lodge we drove around some more, then departed for Williams driving through the Kaibab National Forest. Back on 66 again we bought gas at Kingman from the man who sold gas to the Gables. We saw the parish house where Clark Gable and Carole Lombard were married. Imagine that. Our next destination was Boulder Dam, now called Hoover Dam. The desert sun was hot and we were climbing. We had to stop once to let the motor cool. Lake Mead looked like a giant emerald. We drove on to Boulder City, Uncle Sam's model city. Such green grass! And beautiful flowers and trees! We looked up the Joy Fields family. After the inferno of Boulder Dam, their house seemed like heaven--cool. They had a unique air-conditioning system working. A fan forced air through some dripping water. Joy, a former schoolmate of Katherine's and mine, was employed as an electrician and he took us all through the inside workings of the dam. They invited us to stay all night with them but it was a short night. We were up at 2:30 to drive to Las Vegas while it was cool. We were there by 3:30 A.M. and the gambling houses were still doing business and the city was brilliantly lighted but we proceeded on to Baker for breakfast. We were inspected at Barstow and received a permit to drive in California.

Dorothy Widdis DeReimer, another classmate, was expecting us when we arrived in Glendale. Margaret Wiseheart's brother and his wife came for Margaret, who planned to rejoin us later in Bend, Oregon.

The Frank DeReimer home became our home for the next eight days. Dorothy had a lovely step-daughter, Betty, about 16 years old. At their home we visited with all of

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the Widdis family except Grace, and with their home as our base we explored the Los Angeles area. Katherine and I went to Los Angeles all by ourselves and took tour #2 of the city. We saw the movie colony, Santa Monica, and S.W. Los Angeles. Another day downtown we had lunch at Haggerty's, formerly The New Yorker, and went to Warner's Downtown Theater to see "The Kid from Kokomo."

One day the three of us spent calling on a lot of people in the area--9 A.M. to 9 P.M. In Southgate I called on a distant cousin, Georgia Shriver Laflin. At Anaheim, Mrs. Snell had the most beautiful hydrangeas I've ever seen in my entire life. Her geraniums were super, too. We called on Vic Barcroft's parents and their daughter and husband and Patsy that day, too, at Covina. But better than the visit to people was our visit to the old mission, San Juan Capistrano. We drove south along the coast from Newport Beach to Balboa, Laguna Beach, and Dana Point to the Mission. We didn't know about San Clemente then. The doves were at the Mission by the dozens, but I don't recall any swallows. Founded in 1776, destroyed by earthquake in 1812, the restored adobe church gave us a feeling of history. Lovely vines, flowers, bells, and pottery. On Sunday night, July 2, the DeReimer's took us to hear evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson. She put on a good show, but I didn't feel as if I'd been to church. Her theme was "God Bless America", and she and the choir members were all dressed in red, white and blue satins. Other highlights of our stay was our tour of Forest Lawn Memorial Park with Dorothy and Betty and a tour of the Los Angeles Times where Frank worked. We spent the 4th of July with Charity and Gordon Lowe. In the evening they took us to the Rose Bowl for the Policeman's Circus and Fireworks.

On July 5 we left for Monterey where Katherine's brother, Lorentz, and his family, wife Jean and Larry (Bud) and Phyllis lived. The coast road north from L.A. is spectacular and a little scary. Sometimes we were at sea level and sometimes 1700 ft. up. We saw Morro Rock (the American Gilbralter) and the Hearst Castle at San Simeon standing far back from the highway and overlooking the Pacific. We saw oil wells in the ocean, drove through the Big Sur and finally arrived at the trio of cities described thus: Carmel-by-the-Sea, Monterey by the smell (sardines), and Pacific Grove by god (site of Methodist Camp Meeting).

Two weeks with the six Wormleys were wonderful. Everything we did was a "first" for us three from Illinois, as it had been since we left St. Louis. Bud had a paper route and part time job and Phyllis had her flute lessons and dates and was in high school during the mornings. The rest of us were seeing and being shown the sights. The

Seventeen Mile Drive and Carmel Beach with its quaint homes of noted people and a birds-eye view of Monterey took our first day. The next day we were off for a look at some of the tallest trees in the world. The Giant in the Santa Cruz area was 306' tall, with a circumference of 66 feet. We stopped at the Santa Cruz pier and boardwalk, too.

We went to the San Francisco World's Fair twice. Half way across the Bay Bridge Page Twenty Four

we had our first glimpse of Treasure Island, the Golden Gate Bridge, and Alcatraz. The setting and lighting of the Fair made it a veritable fairyland. We heard Benny Goodman and saw the gorgeous pageant, "Cavalcade of the Golden West." The exhibit of Mrs. Thorne's miniature rooms sticks in my memory. Each trip we arrived at home about 3 A.M.

In between the two trips to the Fair, we spent a big day in San Francisco seeing the sights. We stopped at Santa Clara University and Leland Stanford University on our way. I was especially impressed with the architecture of the latter, where the red stone buildings are all connected by covered walkways. In San Francisco we walked to Coit Tower on the highest point in the city, saw China Town, Fisherman's Wharf, Market Street, and Golden Gate Park. We had a picnic dinner in the park and nearly froze while eating it--on July 12. We walked out on the Golden Gate Bridge (finished in 1937) as far as the first tower, clutching our hats with both hands. The towers are 746 feet high, equal to a 65 story building. We returned home via the Oakland Bay Bridge and Berkley.

We went to the Salina rodeo. A rodeo was not a new experience for me. We were in the grandstand to see the parade enter. About 950 cowboys and cowgirls participated. Some had lovely costumes. The soldiers from the Presidio at Monterey put on a grand performance with their horses. Great riding. It was a marvelous show and spectacle.

The day after the rodeo we left for two days at Yosemite National Park. We went via the Big Oak Flat Road (a controlled access road), not the best entrance but we were able to load the car with huge pine cones that we found near the new road (closed with a movable barrier) that Lorentz had worked on the previous summer as a civil engineer. We shipped a huge box of the cones to Illinois and I've used them nearly every year since as part of my Christmas decorations. Forty-four years of memories. We visited the bear feeding grounds where the fence was to keep the tourists away from the bears. There was a program of music at the Lodge after dinner at the cafeteria and at 9:00 P.M. we witnessed the beautiful "Firefall" which was almost as impressive as Yosemite Falls but didn't last long. We had quarters for five for the night for \$9.00.

The scenery in Yosemite Valley is so beautiful and is completely dominated by Half Dome and El Capitan. Bridal Veil, Vernal, and Yosemite Falls are all three extra special. We drove to Glacier Point for a panoramic view of the valley and here Katherine slipped and sprained her ankle. It could have been worse. Being among the giant

Sequoia trees was like being in a great cathedral. The road passed right through one giant. We saw the greatest of the big trees--the General Sherman, 3500 years old, 272 feet high, and 101,6 feet around. It contains enough lumber to build 40 houses. On arriving home we received word that Margaret Wiseheart was in Bend Oregon and had just had an emergency appendectomy. Poor Margaret.

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Jean entertained several ladies at a tea for Katherine and me on my last day with them. The Wormley's next door neighbor, Mrs. Crowd, and some friends were going to San Francisco the next day and they invited me to go along to be picked up by Katherine and her dad two days later. They suggested that I stay at the Stewart Hotel which was the stopping place for many visitors coming in from all over the world, especially the orient. I couldn't get a room at 9 A.M, so I checked my bags and later was assigned room 528. In the meantime I visited Chinatown, entering many shops as did other tourists. "This is a Chinese store, visitors welcome" said some signs. The Japanese stores said nothing. Tension with Japan was building then. I intended to eat in Chinatown but got into the meat market area first and changed my mind, so I went back to the Golden Pheasant adjoining my hotel for lunch. Spent the afternoon in the big stores on Market Street, notably the Emporium. That evening I saw a play at the Curran Theater in the next block, starring Helen Hayes and Herbert Marshall in "Ladies and Gentlemen." The following morning I took a cable car to the Ferry Building, then the ferry to Treasure Island, arriving about 10:45. This was a day to see things I'd missed. The Indian's exhibit in the Federal Building was excellent. I visited several foreign buildings but like Japan's best. I saw the Folies Bergere--beautiful but sometimes shocking to this country girl. At Homes and Gardens I bought a set of blue and ivory Rancho Franciscan Ware to be shipped to me at home. Only three pieces remain in 1983, 44 years later. I left the Fair via ferry at 10 P.M.

After breakfast the next morning, I took a cable car all the way to the end of the line then back to Fishermans' Wharf. Here, there were huge vats on the sidewalks where shrimp were being cooked and fish were being dressed and nets dried on the decks of boats tied up at the wharf. A new food item for me, abalone steak, was the entrée for my lunch at Fisherman's Grotto.

Katherine and her father picked me up about 1:30 and we headed north over the Golden Gate Bridge but we couldn't see the Bay for the fog. On route 101 to Ukiah where we found a county fair and Indian Pow-Wow in progress-so we spent the night there. Leaving Ukiah, we drove through the Redwood Empire, passing through one park after another of indescribable beauty.

At Eureka we were in the most westerly city of the U.S.A. This was 20 years before Alaska and Hawaii were admitted to the Union. On the coast road from here to Crescent City we couldn't see the ocean for the fog.

Our cabin at Cave Junction was new, Swiss décor, and a Swiss hostess. We must have known about Oregon Cave National Park, only twenty miles distant, but we were bound for Crater Lake now. Mr. Wormley rather wanted to go via Klamath Falls where he might look up Eugene Shufeldt, a fellow railroad man, but Katherine thought the route via the west entrance was much shorter and that neither she nor I had lost anything in Klamath Falls. Little did I dream that Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Shufeldt would be living there two years later and that I would be the Mrs.
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On reaching Crater Lake we were amazed at the beauty of the scene before us--water bluer than any we had ever seen, a thousand feet below us, so clear that a white plate lying in a depth of 25 feet could be distinctly seen. The Phantom Ship, Wizard Island, and the Devil's Backbone! Katherine and I walked about half the distance to the water's edge. Mr. Wormley went all the way. To this day Crater Lake remains my favorite spot of natural beauty. We departed via the north exit for Bend to visit our no longer fellow traveler, Margaret Wiseheart, still in the hospital recuperating from her appendectomy. Her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Bostic, invited us to stay all night with them and took us to the top of Pilot Butte for sunset. In Bend, I met a "new" second cousin, Cecil Goodfellow, who remembered my brother, Charlie, and insisted that we go to see his Aunt Pearl Gingrich at Colfax, Washington. Driving west from Bend we came to the great lava beds and the craters--desolate country. From an observatory we had a better view of Mt. Jefferson, Mt. Washington, Three Sisters, and Bachelor. At Eugene we saw the University of Oregon and the movie, "Daughters Courageous," with the Lane Sisters. It had its setting in Monterey and Carmel.

Leaving Eugene we followed 99E to Salem where we were most interested in the beautiful new state house just being finished--marble with a gold sheathed dome and window sashes and doors of bronze. On to Portland, the City of Roses, where we had a beautiful view of the city from Mt. Tabor Park. Some local folks advised us to take the circle trip around Mt. Hood which we did, following routes 50 and 23. We visited the inn at the timberline, called Timberline Inn, naturally. We returned to Portland on the beautiful Columbia River Highway, stopping at Bonneville to see the big dam with its fish ladder for the salmon. We found quarters for the night about four miles further on and I had salmon for dinner. It was indeed a scenic drive back to Portland--high bluffs, waterfalls, and the ever widening river. Back in the city, we visited the downtown area and Lambert Gardens with its beautiful roses.

North on U.S. 99 we stopped at Longview, Wash, the newest city in the U.S.A. (in 1939) where many fellows were wearing bright red hats advertising the lumberman's festival, the "Rolleo" that was coming up. From Mary's Corner via No.5 to Mt Rainier National Park--a place of quiet, beautiful flowers, bears, and glaciers. We drove as far as the mile high Paradise Valley Inn. Katherine and I did a little snowballing. We saw a mother bear and her two cubs on our way down. On to Tacoma for the night. In Tacoma we saw the first stadium built in the West, the BIG totem pole, Point Defiance Park, and

the old fort.

In Olympia we visited the State House and the Supreme Court Building, and then on to the Bremerton Navy Yard. We were granted admittance to visit Dr. Clyde Camerer and his wife, Martha, former Kinmundians. Dr. Clyde had to return to the hospital but Martha took us to see things. We were privileged to go aboard the S.S. West Virginia even though it was not visitors day. Leaving Bremerton, we went by ferry and U.S.101 to Port Angeles where we had the least nice quarters of the entire trip. At 7 A.M. the next

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morning we boarded the Port Angeles ferry for the 18 ½ mile trip to Victoria, British Columbia which took about 1 ½ hours. Midway the water was rather choppy and we were engulfed in a cloud bank.

Victoria, we found, was very British and we were in the very heart of it when we came off the ferry. We visited the Chamber of Commerce, had breakfast, and then started out on the city tour as outlined by the C. of C. leaflet. The capitol building, Empress Hotel, residential district, and three lovely gardens were high points. Nowhere else have I ever seen such colorful, luxuriant hanging flower baskets as in the Empress hotel area of the city. Every light pole had a basket. Flowers bloom the year around there. Butchart's Garden introduced me to evergreens pruned to resemble living figures. The pair I liked best consisted of a big bear and a little bear, both standing upright. I stood between them and the resulting snapshot was dubbed "The Three Bears."

Leaving Victoria we drove up the Vancouver Island Highway to Nanaimo. Along the way we had beautiful views, rough roads, and a flat tire but we made it there in time to board the 6:30 ferry, the Princess victoria, for the city of Vancouver. A dozen uniformed members of a Scottish Band came on board just as we were ready to embark. They told us that each uniform--kilts, shawls, etc.-cost \$105. This big ferry could carry 1100 people by day and 300 in cabins at night. The sunset was lovely and soon the moon came up. The bright lights of Vancouver and the oil company boats made a great welcome for us at the end of a long day. The next morning after leaving our tire to be repaired, we did some window shopping at the big Hudson Bay Company store, had breakfast and started to see Vancouver. After the downtown section we followed the main drive through Stanley Park, then the Marine Drive around Point Grey. We found that Vancouver was not nearly so English in appearance as Victoria. One outstanding difference was the great number of people--young and old on bicycles, and each bicycle had a license plate. It was Sunday and the entire population seemed to be riding out to the beaches and parks, most of them carrying lunches and little cases. Vancouver is beautifully situated with mountains to the north and arms of the sea on three sides.

We proceeded south to the U.S.-Canadian line without ever having seen a Mountie. Customs officials were nice, just took a peak at our luggage. We saw the big lumber mills at Bellingham with logs floating and waiting on the water. We left Bellingham by Chucknut Drive. I love that name. At Everett we had a new generator

installed, left our battery to be charged and went to call on more Kinmundians, Mr. and Mrs. Myron DeWert, who were gone for the day. We spent the night just out of Seattle and the next morning continued our sight-seeing. First we found the Seattle locks, second in size only to those in the Panama Canal, then on downtown to find the Post Office. There were three letters for me--from Edith, Pauline, and Alice. Seattle was decorated for their rodeo. We saw the campus of the University of Washington, then drove back up to Everett, had dinner, and went to see the DeWerts again. They were insistant that we stay over the next day. We met their daughter, Stella Marlatt, and her son, Joe, and several

other relatives. Mr. DeWert drove us out to Woodinville to see Charlie and Kizzie Williams who once were business people in Kinmundy. They ran a restaurant then. Katherine and I went home with Stella to spend the night. The DeWerts wanted us to participate in social activities the next day. We went to a big tea from 4 to five the next day in honor of a lady from Boston. We didn't know anyone but we had a good time. Mrs. DeWert poured and Stella served in the dining room. That evening we went to Eastern Star and found many interesting differences in the proceedings in Washington. The Worthy Matron gave her report from Grand Chapter and the Rainbow Girls' Mother Advisor gave a report from a meeting in Tacoma.

Next morning we bade the DeWerts good-bye and left Everett on State 15 through Snokomish, along the bouncing Skykomish River and over the Stevens Pass with its beautiful scenery and some bad, bumpy road where a new road was being built. Between Merritt and Nason Creek we stopped at Ray Rock for gas and drank at the "Fountain of Youth," 100% pure. The attendant presented us with radioactive rocks--silica. We drove through the Wenatchee Valley with its wonderful apple orchard to the city of Wenatchee where we had lunch and bought sun glasses . Then north to Waterville where we were amazed to see the rocky foothills suddenly give way to great rolling fields of wheat just ready to be cut. Date, Aug. 2. This area raises either spring or winter wheat. The only rain is at planting time, and if it doesn't rain, the farmers don't plant.

After passing through Moses Coulee we came to Dry Falls State Park. Most amazing. Scientists believe that eons ago the great Columbia River passed this way, then changed its course. We visited Grand Coulee Dam to the north which was under construction and were told that when finished it would be the largest man made structure. We traveled through many more wheat fields to Davenport for the night.

We didn't stop in Spokane the next morning but drove south, picked up a man who had a tire blow out just in front of us and took him into Colfax. Here in Colfax we found my Cousin Pearl Gingrich at her home with her sister, Cousin Minnie Stevig. It was good luck that Pearl's daughter and grand-daughter, Grace Gingrich Kauzlarich and baby were visiting there. We had a nice visit, lunch, and pictures, then we took Pearl and Minnie with us and drove westward to LaCross to call on Dr. and Mrs. Harry Craig. Mrs. Craig was a cousin of my cousins and Dr. Craig originated in the Kinmundy area. Back at Colfax we saw the clinic and some homes that brother Butch (Everett) had built, then

to meet Everett himself. The Warren family in eastern Washington proved to be great people. They sent many greetings back to Charlie in Kinmundy. We went back to Spokane for the night, with breakfast in Coeur d'Alene the next morning. Then north on U.S. 95 to Sandpoint. On entering the city we crossed the longest wooden bridge in the world. Nearly three miles in length, it crossed the north end of Pend Oreille (Ear Ring) Lake. We took State Route 3 to Ravalli with a stop for lunch at Thompson's Falls, then north on U.S. 93 to Polson and Flathead Lake. Excepting the great Lakes and Great Salt Lake, Flathead is second in size only to Lake Champlain in the U.S. We drove through

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the Flathead Indian Reservation including the agency grounds and on to Kalispell which had a population of about 11,000. This was a tourist and agricultural city with many new homes and lovely shady streets, with the Court House at the end of the main street. Dinner at the Blue Moon Tea Room.

Saturday, August 5--Glacier National Park Day--We entered the park by the west entrance and followed the Going-to-the-Sun Highway, passing along Lake McDonald and over Logan Pass. From the parking area here we took a four mile hike to see Hidden Lake--two miles up and two miles down, a good sequence. When I presented my rock specimens to the ranger for identification, he took them from me, but he put them where I could get them when he looked the other way. From here we followed along St. Mary's Lake and out the East entrance, through Browning to Helena. We had the road mostly to ourselves, took a picture of sheep we met on the highway. Helena's main street was very crooked--so they couldn't shoot so far in the old days.

The next day--Sunday Aug 6._ was a misty, rainy, day, notable because we hadn't had any rain to speak of during the trip. The State Capitol in Helena was right at the east edge of city. A cowboy was riding herd just across the fence separating range from lawn. On our tour of the capitol building we saw a huge painting, "Lewis and Clark meeting with the Flatheads". Churches in Helena mostly had two spires each. In early days, great riches in gold had been taken where the main street in Helena now runs. The city had many bars, and the architecture of the Civic Center made it look as if it belonged in Morocco instead of Montana. From Helena, we drove to Anaconda where we made a tour of the great copper smelter. Its smoke stack was the second highest in the world, made entirely of brick, 75 feet across at the bottom and 50 feet at the top. Ore was hauled in from Butte, the richest hill in the world. We were seeing a lot of "the greatest" on this trip. Our dinner was at Butte, then we drove eastward to Springdale to visit the Carney family which Mr. Wormley had known years before when he had worked in the area.

When we picked up mail at Big Timber, I received news of the death of my sister-in-law, Lulu Warren, Harry's wife and Leone's mother. She had been suffering from cancer for a long time. We proceeded on as far as Laurel through nostalgic territory for Mr. Wormley. At Laurel we headed back to Yellowstone National Park on the Red Lodge-Cooke Highway. We climbed to an altitude of almost 11,000 feet by means of many switchbacks and traveled a long way at about 10,000 ft. elevation. It has snowed

the night before and the upper levels were still covered with snow. There were many small lakes along the highway. Just before reaching the N.E. entrance at Cooke City, we had an exciting view of Pilot Peak and Index Peak and we were a bit excited when we met a grizzly bear in the road. We stopped to view the "Palisades." It looked like a log wall around a cliff. This formation was caused by the basalt cooling quickly. We saw Tower Falls with a 132 ft. drop, and buffalos lying out on their range.

At the Canyon Lodge we got a nice cabin for \$1.50 per person, then went to the Page Thirty

Bear Feeding Grounds where 25 bears showed up for the 7 o'clock feeding. There was one mother bear with FOUR cubs, also three sets of twin cubs. Along with the bears there were many sea gulls and ravens. At 8 P.M. we attended a clever program at the Lodge put on by the young people employed at the park who called themselves the "Savages."

The air was rather cool because of the snowfall and the temperature went down into the 20s during the night. The next morning we were awakened at 6:30 by the porter who came into the cabin to build our fire. That was a "first." This was to be a big day. We viewed Yellowstone Canyon from Artist Point and Inspiration Point. At the latter place a U.S. Army plane flew dangerously near the sides of the canyon, turned around and repeated. Before reaching Inspiration Point, I descended the 496 steps to the top of the Great Falls. We then retraced yesterday's route back to Tower Falls, then westward to Mammoth Hot Springs. We saw the standing petrified tree on the way and many trees that had been killed by insect infestation. From the Hot Springs we drove southward to Old Faithful Lodge. We saw all the springs, terraces, geysers and rumbling mountains along the way. You have to see to really believe. There was an evening program at this Lodge, too. We saw Old Faithful erupt by night and again the next morning. Two young men did a clever stunt at Old Faithful. Near the geyser, they had an auto steering wheel set up like a huge valve and when it was time for O.F. to erupt they started turning the wheel slowly increasing their speed as the water shot higher and higher, then finally closing the "valve" as the eruption ceased. We walked a trail to see more geysers and I bought a couple of Haynes pictures. Then we completed our circle tour of the park at Canyon City where we had lunch at a cafeteria. Returning southward we stopped at the Fishing Bridge and at West Thumb where we visited the paint pots and more springs. We decided that the "Abyss" located here was the most beautiful. It was green--no algae.

We left Yellowstone Park by the south entrance and drove through the beautiful Teton National Forest, looking across the ice blue waters of Jackson Lake to the majestic jagged Grand Teton Range. We stopped at Jackson for the night. Next morning there was frost everywhere and we needed the car heater. Gasoline was very expensive--\$.29 a gallon. We paid \$5.00 for our log cabin with rustic wood furniture.

Next day we were in Kemmerer for lunch and in Salt Lake City by evening with rooms at Ye Castle Court. Katherine's cousin, Elsie Rohrbough taught English at the

University of Utah but was away on a trip. That evening we drove by the capitol building with its back against a mountain, and the University and on to Temple Square. We visited the museum and then a Mormon guide took us for an hour long tour of the grounds. At 7:30 we heard the 350 voice Mormon Tabernacle choir rehearse. The next morning we heard the organ recital in the tabernacle after we had toured the capitol. Salt Lake City must have been the only city in the U.S.A. that reserved the heart of the city, restricted parking spaces and space near fire plugs for out of state cars. After lunch we drove 15 miles west of the city to Salt Air Beach, Sunset Beach and Black Rock Beach. I went swimming at the latter. There was salt in my ears 12 hours later. On our way eastward Page Thirty One

through Emigration Canyon we stopped at the Mormon Pioneer Monument, "This is the Place". We took a beautiful winding, climbing road east out of Salt Lake City, then south on #40 to Park City in the interest of Mr. Wormley's silver mine business, then back and on to Evanston, Wyoming for the night.

Breakfast the next morning was at Little America's Coffee Shop. This little village was all new--white--and a little silly because the penguin idea was combined with palm trees--artificial ones outside the cocktail lounge and painted palms on the outside walls. It was an interesting drive to Casper. There were most unusual rock formations at Green River and Rock Springs proved to be quite a city. Wyoming had been mostly desert until we reached Rawlins. Other points of interest: "Devil's Gate" and Independence Rock where the pioneers celebrated the 4th of July and where the first Masonic Lodge meeting in Wyoming was held in 1862. It is also called Register of the Desert. Also of interest were the red buttes and the oil tank fields.

Leaving Casper the next morning (Sunday, Aug. 13) we drove eastward, passing several refineries and tank fields and finally came into the Big Muddy oil field where the 155 wells had been producing for 20 years. Then we went north to Edgemont and Hot Springs in South Dakota. On entering S.D. we noticed this sign, "Our roads are paid for". On to Wind Cave National Park. There is a strange whistling sound at this cave made by the wind rushing out of a small opening when the barometer falls; when the barometer rises the wind rushes in. The cave was discovered by a deer hunter in 1881. The cave has a passageway at least 10 miles long. We enjoyed seeing the boxwood formations near the entrance. On northward again. We drove to the top of Mt. Coolidge and climbed to the top of the observation tower. Then on to the Game Lodge, the summer White House in 1927, and back through the awe inspiring 10 mile Needle Drive to Sylvan Lake where we stopped for the night at the Hotel Annex. The reflections in this small lake were perfect. We saw a number of bison and 47 deer during our evening drive.

We were up early next morning and drove to Mount Rushmore to see the great carvings. The figures can not be well described in words. Borglum's Lincoln interested me most of all. The model of this great work in the studio showed the great amount of work to yet be done. We were fortunate to see the men going to work via cable car, ladders, and ropes--about 35 of them--at 7 A.M. After breakfast at Keystone we went to

Deadwood and visited the museum and the cemetery where lie the remains of Calamity Jane, Wild Bill Hickock and Preacher Smith--characters from the early history of this mining town. We talked to an old man in the museum who gave us some first hand information. Maybe. Next we went to Lead and the Homestake Gold Mine, through Spearfish Canyon to Spearfish where we had lunch, then called on Anna Sexton Whitlock. We also met her two daughters and a grandson. Via Deadwood and Sturgis we arrived at Rapid City and visited Dinosaur Park with its life-size prehistoric reptiles recreated in concrete. There is much to see in them thar Black Hills.

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Visiting the Bad Lands the next day, we decided they had been well named. At the same time they were beautiful with their strikingly vivid markings of rose and rust and their minarets, towers, and grotesque. Lunch at Kadoka. We almost had a blowout at Chamberlain. We got a new tire.

The Corn Palace at Mitchell serves as a sort of Civic Center. The entire outside surface is decorated by murals done in colored corn and grasses. From Mitchell we went south to Tripp where Mr. Wormley had worked 46 years ago. It was a small town with only two messy cabins, so we were domiciled in the Linder Hotel, The Finest Little Hotel in S.D. (The soap wrappers said so.) Before leaving Tripp we stopped at the Tripp Lodge to see another Kinmundian, John Craig. He took us on a 20 minute tour of the city and then gave us a tour of his well equipped printing shop.

As we continued on our way one of the water pumps quit working about 14 miles out of Yankton and caused us no end of worry. The necessary repairs were made at the Ford Garage while we were having a late breakfast. We went through the University of S.D. at Vermillion and at Des Moines we drove to the capitol which is a very large building with one big gold leafed dome and four small ones. The grounds were lovely as were the statues. Our last night of the trip was spent at the Thornton Shell Cabins in Newton, Iowa.

After breakfast at Grinnell on the last day of our trip we drove in the rain to Iowa City to surprise Eugenia Boyd who was at the U. of Iowa furthering her education. She went with us and we took a hurried trip around the city and the campus.

At Keokuk we saw the dam, crossed the Mississippi River into Illinois and went south to Quincy. We ate lunch in Meredosia while Helen Balance Peters entertained us, and we spent our last change. We still had Travellers Cheques. We arrived home at 7 P.M. glad to see family and friends.

Maybe this account has been more than you wanted to know about our Circle Trip to the West but it has been fun reading notes, thinking about it in detail and tracing the route on the map after 44 years have come and gone.

It was just an ordinary day of teaching in mid-year 1939-1940. At noon an old school mate from high school, Eugene Shufeldt, dropped by to visit his alma mater. He went into Hester Heaton's room and stayed until recess. They had been class-mates. I was a bit surprised when he asked if he could come into my room to visit. Well, of course he was welcome. Quite some time before, our school had been advised to expect a visit from the state inspector. I had told my pupils that if they ever felt an urge to be naughty, NOT to be naughty when the state inspector was visiting. They assumed that Gene was the state inspector and behaved like little angels. At the close of school, he invited me to go to a show with him that evening. Paraphrasing a song from "South Pacific"--"one enchanted afternoon, across a crowded room"--(crowded with kids, that is)--a romance began.

Gene was visiting his family in Salem, on leave from locomotive engine service in Klamath Falls, Oregon. We had a lot of fun together the remainder of his stay and exchanged numerous letters after his return to Oregon.

Immediately after school was out, Charlie and Edith and I went to Chicago. They needed to make repairs on a two flat building that Edith owned and I went along to have fun down in the Loop for four days with Eugenia Boyd, staying at the Y.W.C.A. Residence. We did a little shopping but mostly we saw shows and ate. Movies: "Edison, the Man", "Over the Moon", "Virginia City". Play "Irene" with Anna Neagle and Bob Crosby and his band. We ate at special places: Oriental Gardens, Old Heidelberg (Shopper's Special \$.45), DeMets on State Street, Henrici's, Ireland's Sea Food, the Yar (--all Russian food and dress and goat cheese), the Blackhawk Restaurant, and A Bit of Sweden. We also enjoyed a tour of Chinatown and city night life and saw the Decoration Day parade from the corner of Michigan Ave. and Ontario. The parade lasted three and a half hours and we saw it all. The famous Black Horse Troop was the most colorful entry.

This same summer, 1940, I spent two weeks in August on a conducted tour out of Chicago to attend my third World's Fair and to see some more of the world. My friends, Katherine Wormley, Ruth and Virginia Rohrbough and Jim Green took me to Effingham where I boarded the Illinois Central Seminole at 2:15 A.M. This was a very fast train and I arrived in Chicago with a headache. After a 25 minute visit at the depot with my cousin, Loyd Neil, I joined the Simpson Tour made up of 37 congenial people. This was back

when Senior Citizens were staying quietly at home and letting the young people do the sight-seeing. Our train trip to Detroit was on an even faster special train which rolled from side to side. I wasn't able to eat lunch. So many passengers complained that it was finally slowed down.

Today I wouldn't take a chance on a strange roommate, but mine proved to be a very pleasant traveling companion. She was a high school chemistry teacher from Waukesha, Wisconsin about my age who traveled extensively in the U.S., Mexico and Europe. We never did let the rest of the tour members know we were school teachers
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because there were some teachers in the party who were continually "talking shop". At Detroit we boarded the cruiser "Greater Detroit" with 1200 passengers aboard. It could accommodate 2000. We crossed the length of Lake Erie that night very smoothly. After breakfast on board we took a bus for Niagara Falls where we enjoyed one of the natural wonders of the world. Then back to Buffalo and on to Albany for the night at the Hotel Ten Eyck. The next morning we went by taxi to board the Hudson River Day Line, "Robert Fulton" for an all day cruise down the river to New York City. There were many stops for mail and passengers. At several stops local kids were diving for coins tossed overboard by passengers. Two views I especially remember along the Hudson were West Point and the home of the self proclaimed black God, Father Divine.

Well, I had always thought that New York City would be about like Chicago, only cover more space. I can still see the street with wall to wall yellow taxi cabs--and the speed. It wasn't like Chicago.

We stayed at the Hotel Taft at 7th Ave and 50th St. We couldn't believe it. When we looked down on the street below our window at 2 A.M. it seemed to be as crowded as it was at 5 P.M. The first night we went to Radio City Music Hall to see the precision dancers, the Rocketts, the ballet, and the movie, "Pride and Prejudice". Times Square! The signs--Wrigleys and Planters Peanuts! Remember, this was before T.V. I didn't think any city could give me the thrill that New York did.

My first subway ride took me to the World's Fair. We spent the day there arriving back at our hotel at 2 A.M. We hit the high spots during the day and joined an American Express group for the evening. This enabled us to view the Lagoon fire and water display from reserved seats in the garden of the Czechoslovakian building where we had dinner. This was followed by a Greyhound bus ride around the Fair, and Billy Rose's Aquacade starring Celeste Holm and Buster Crabbe. Back to our hotel via the subway.

The next day following a morning tour through Radio City, four of us had lunch at Jack Dempsey's restaurant. Jack happened to be eating there with his two little girls. We came away with his autograph on each of our menus. I didn't ask for mine. It was brought to me by one of the others. Lunch was followed by a fine afternoon tour of the city. The two florists from Indiana had a gardenia for every woman in the party. The

aroma was terrific. We even did the aquarium and took the ferry out to the Statue of Liberty. In the early evening, we were visited by Myrtle Ford, originally from Farina, whom I had known since high school days. She took me and my roommate to eat at the Automat--a new experience--where you put in the right coins for each item and the little door opened. You ate with your tray at a school type chair. Later we saw the play "Louisiana Purchase" which was a spoof on Huey Long. Ending that day we saw the radio broadcast of the Ask-it-Basket which was next door to the theater.

I've written in detail about the first few days of this trip gleaned from some notes I Page Thirty Five

found, but they quit too soon. The last days report ended thus: "I couldn't stand many days like this--and so to bed."

One exhibit at the 1940 Fair that I've thought about many times since was housed in the Perisphere and depicted in model form the highway system of the future. It looked just like the Interstate system of today. I said, "oh, no. That will never be." I was wrong. There were clover leaves, and interchanges as complicated as those on I 70 approaching the Poplar St. bridge over the Mississippi River at St. Louis today.

When we left New York, it was by ocean steamer--overnight, up to Boston. I know we were beyond the three mile limit because gambling was allowed as soon as we reached that limit.

Our tour of the Boston and Cambridge area made American history come alive. We visited Faneuil Hall (the Cradle of Liberty), the Old North Church, Paul Revere's house, site of the Boston Tea Party, the frigate Constitution better known as Old Ironsides, and the Boston Commons where Revolutionary War soldiers trained. We also visited the headquarters of the Christian Science Church and at their publishing house there, we walked through the Mapparium, a hollow replica of the world. From the glass bridge which passes through the center, we saw the world from inside out. At Cambridge we visited the Longfellow home and Harvard University museums. I remember only the Gutenberg Bible and the Ware collection of hand blown glass flowers. The flowers are so delicate and perfect; they represent the entire 50 year output of Leopold Blaschka and his son, Rudolph.

Leaving Boston by bus we traveled northward to the St. Lawrence, stopping at Marblehead where there were more saiboats anchored than I'd ever seen in my whole life before. In Salem we visited the House of Seven Gables built in 1668. At Mt. Washington in New Hampshire, we rode the famous Cog Railway to the 6288 ft. summit of the rugged peak. This was the world's first cog railway dating back to 1869. The steam powered little puffer-belly stopped to take on water part way up.

We entered the walled French city of Quebec by boat in the early morning and had

breakfast at an elegant dining room of the elegant Hotel Frontenac. It was the most prolonged breakfast I've ever had. Everyone moved very very slowly. Quebec is an entirely different city from any other I've visited. The Upper Town with the Citadel, public buildings and residences lies some 300 feet above Lower Town which is the commercial section of the city with narrow cobblestone streets, some without sidewalks. We were lucky to see a colorful parade and changing of the guard at the Citadel. Nine out of ten people in Quebec were of French origin. All the street signs were in two languages. By bus we drove down the St. Lawrence River shore to Montmorency Falls where electricity is generated for Quebec. We continued on to visit the beautiful cathedral, Saint Page Thirty Six

Ann de Beaupreau. At this cathedral there were literally hundreds of crutches, canes, wheelchairs, etc left there by people who had come to be healed and evidently had been.

The next and last remembered highlight of this trip was a cruise among The Thousand Islands. We left the dock at Kingston. Actually there are about 1700 islands. I don't remember much about the return home from this point. Most of it was by train. I do remember making a train transfer in Toronto. I must have been saturated with sight-seeing by that time. The fourteen day trip cost about \$140.00 I don't know how much food that included.

(end of first legal sized yellow tablet)

September 1940 arrived. School began and progressed as usual. In mid-winter came young Lochinvar, in a brand new Chevrolet coupe. Eugene Shufeldt came to visit his family again. I had received a letter telling me that he would be coming back East soon and he arrived almost before the letter did. "In spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love". It worked that way for both of us. In mid-March, I presented my resignation to the Board of Education, showed everyone my engagement ring and started making plans. I continued teaching those last two weeks of March while someone was found to take my place. That someone proved to be Alice Hanna.

About every other night there was a party or shower for me. We set the wedding date for April 2 as we didn't think April Fool's Day was quite appropriate. In those days, nobody in our area had a church wedding with white dress, veil, attendants, etc. I went to St. Louis to purchase my wedding outfit. It was an ensemble of soft blue wool with beige hat, shoes, and purse. Gene had come to Illinois with two beautiful new tailor-made suits--one navy and one brown. I do believe he wanted to be prepared just in case.

We decided to have the Rev. W.E. Williams of Murphysboro perform the wedding ceremony in his church, so we had to go to Murphysboro in advance to obtain our license. Rev. Williams had been Kinmundy's Methodist minister in 1939, and had

preached the funeral sermon for Gene's father and we both preferred him to his successor in Kinmundy.

The morning of April 2nd arrived. Gene arrived at Charlie and Edith's home to pick me up. Norris Vallow, Ye Editor of the Kinmundy Express, arrived to get a scoop for the local paper. Katherine arrived to bid us good-bye. She did ask a number of questions about what route we were taking to Murphysboro but we weren't aware of it. We ate lunch in Murphysboro and stopped by the parsonage to find that Rev. Williams had already gone to the church. Imagine our surprise upon entering the church to find seated in the pews: Katherine, Virginia Rohrbough, my cousin Pauline Johnson and her

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son Neil Johnson. The Ladies Aid was having a quilting in the church so we invited them to come to the wedding, too. We had plenty of witnesses.

Our first night was spent in Poplar Bluff, Mo., then to Little Rock, Memphis, and home via Vincennes. Of course we were looking at the world through rose colored glasses anyway but we found Arkansas delightful. The early magnolias were in full bloom, the grass was green and the weather perfect. In Hot Springs we decided that we should try the baths. We didn't realize that nearly everyone was trying to cure some complaint. Finding that we didn't have any, the management cheerfully gave us samples of every kind of bath they had. Our honeymoon lasted a week. Along the way we sent postcards to Katherine and Company: "Having a wonderful time. Don't wish you were here."

Then we were back in Salem and Kinmundy for a week getting better acquainted with our new families, and deciding what I should take along to Oregon. Gene's mother told me she was so glad that Gene had someone to look out for him. My folks felt the same way about me. Gene and I wondered who would look out for the two of us. I'm sure Gene's sisters, Mary and Pearl, wondered about me when I let one of Gene's white shirts go into the washing machine with a pack of cigarettes in the pocket.

We took the long scenic route to Klamath Falls, Oregon via Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arizona, and California. You could call it Honeymoon Extension. Three special events along the way: a terrific rain in Oklahoma, a terrific dust storm in Tucumcari, N.M., and a scary encounter near Needles, California. When the rain came, Gene said, "Make the most of it. You probably won't see any more rain this summer." He was wrong. Several miles out of Tucumcari the peculiar atmosphere changed into swirling air laden with dust and sand. I had never seen anything like it before. We stopped at a little rural gas station. The attendant's face and hands were as dark as if he belonged to a different race. In answer to our questions he said, "I don't know where it comes from. It just blows in from the outside." We found a motel in Tucumcari. The next morning the sun was shining and all was quiet.

We had just crossed the Colorado River below Needles, Calif. and were out of the

car viewing the river and wasteland and taking pictures when a lone motorcyclist approached us. We were sure it was going to be a stick up but he just wanted us to use his camera and take his picture with the bridge in the background.

THE KLAMATH FALLS YEARS

Klamath Falls was to be our home for the next 2 ½ years. Our first home was in the Klamath Apartment Hotel. Our second floor quarters were small but adequate. There was an efficiency kitchen with a fold away dining table. The living room had a fold away bed which, when folded, rotated into the dressing room where the built in clothes closet and dresser were located. The bath opened off the dressing room. From our windows we
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could look right out at beautiful snow covered Mt. Shasta which is slightly higher than Pike's Peak.

Gene's sister and brother-in-law, Hazel and Gordon DeVore, lived over the mountains at Lakeview and soon after getting settled we went to visit them. Their older daughter, Gwendolyn, was working in Klamath Falls and we enjoyed her company and she enjoyed eating with us. Harriet was still in high school and working at the theater in Lakeview. She came to K. Falls now and then but it was no fun to cook for her. She was a non-eater.

Soon Gene was back at work on the OC and E (Oregon, California, and Eastern) railroad. His hours were the usual type for those days--16 hours a day for 20 days followed by 10 days for recovery. His salary was excellent--more than \$200 a month. Our apartment was only two blocks from the main business street so I did a lot of window shopping. We transferred our church membership from the Kinmundy church to the First Methodist Church of Klamath Falls and soon I was attending meetings of one of the twelve circles into which the Woman's Society of Christian Services was divided. I attended Eastern Star a few times and was invited to attend the Past Worthy Matron's Club. Gene's friends became my friends.

The summer of 1941 brought an unheard of deluge of rain to Klamath Falls. People were going about the streets in boats. Basements and underpasses were flooded. Gene's prediction made in Oklahoma was wrong. I did see more rain. On his free time, Gene took me all over the area to get acquainted with the land. I even bought a book on Oregon trees and plants but there were too many varieties for me to master. Living among the mountains, lakes, deer, and rattlesnakes was a really different kind of life. I always stepped high in the forest but I never saw a rattlesnake. We had a number of outings with Hazel and Gordon that first summer. We caught rainbow trout in the icy mountain streams and cooked them on the spot. Never before or since have I tasted such good fish.

One Fourth of July weekend Hazel and Gordon came over and the four of us

explored the mysteries of Gold Hill where it seemed as if there was a local magnetic pole; we explored the marble Oregon Caves at the National Monument of the same name; we traveled along the Rogue River and enjoyed the beauties of Crater Lake where Gordon had a frightening experience with a mamma bear which he was hand feeding. When he ran out of food, she made a pass at him with her mouth. When he came to the car his face was as white as a sheet.

In mid-summer we drove up to Carnation, Washington to visit Gene's brother and sister-in-law, Walter and Florence. We also got a taste of Oregon ranch life when we went up to the George Hoyt Ranch for a few days as guests of old time cowboy, Bob Fleming, who was in charge.

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We had been at home all day on Sunday in early December. Gene walked down to the Greeks to get some item needed for our supper and heard the news. The Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor. It was Dec. 8 We hadn't had our radio on. The entire west coast went on alert.

As time went on I realized that my husband was all that I had expected and much more. He was so kind and considerate, thoughtful and cheerful that I was glad to be wherever Gene was, though it was 2000 miles from Kinmundy. Our joy was complete when we learned that we were to become parents. I had a wonderful doctor, Dean H. Osborn, who asked only that I walk a lot and eat sensibly--leaving off all sweets. It certainly worked for me. I gained less than 10 pounds and came home from Klamath Valley Hospital with a fine healthy baby boy who was born on March 21, 1942, just 12 days before our first anniversary. This date was also my brother Charlie's 68th birthday. We named our baby Warren Eugene for obvious reasons.

Baby Warren proved to be the victim of colic and in spite of powders mixed in his food, he cried a lot. The colic didn't harm his health or growth but it was hard on his parents. We carried him around a lot in the middle of the night so we wouldn't be evicted from our apartment. In a few months the colic was over and we could hardly wait to take him back to Illinois to show him off.

Warren's first car trip was from K. Falls to the coast where we spent a week at Manzanita Beach when he was two months old. We even went up to Astoria one day. Round trip mileage from home was over 700 miles. Two months later we spent another week there while Gene received treatments for his back which had been giving him trouble. He caught a lot of fish in the surf, too.

In late August when Warren was five months old we made the trip by train to Illinois. We made our headquarters in Salem with Grandmother Shufeldt and Mary and Pearl and with Uncle Charlie and Aunt Edith in Kinmundy. Winter came early to Illinois that year. On Sept. 19, a hard freeze solidified the green leaves on the trees and destroyed every flower. Then it warmed up nicely and the weather was lovely until we departed for

K. Falls by train on Oct. 12. When we arrived there, the flowers were still beautiful and the weather was warm in spite of the high altitude. The train trip took four days each way. We had to spend most of a day in Omaha on our return trip and there Warren had his first street car ride and saw his first movie. The train out of Omaha was jammed with soldiers and looked as if it hadn't been cleaned for days. We were afraid our baby would be contaminated. Gene finally succeeded in getting a drawing room for us for the last part of our journey to Cheyenne where we had to give it up. The conductor wouldn't bother with us he collected all the tickets for a whole train load of passengers. Gene just kept pestering him.

On arriving home, we took off by car the very next day to spend a week in
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Lakeview with the DeVores. Then Gene went back to work.

We had a secret. We didn't tell our folks in Illinois that we were expecting again. I didn't have time for doing needlepoint this time but I did do lots of walking. Warren's carriage remained on the first floor and I took him for an outing nearly every day until we moved into a small furnished house up in the Hot Springs section of Klamath Falls.

Finally spring arrived and so did little Robert Charles--on March 21, 1943, the birthday of his brother and of his Uncle Charlie. He, too, was a fine healthy baby but without the colic. We didn't want to complicate his life with too many Shufeldts named Charles but we wanted to honor his grandfather Shufeldt's memory and his Uncle Charlie Warren so we chose it as a middle name. Gene had an Uncle Robert and we both liked the name, so baby had a name. Our families in Illinois had big surprises via telegrams. Hazel came over from Lakeview and took care of Warren and Gene while I was in the hospital. She baked Warren's first birthday cake. Warren was just at the stage before walking. In one way he was different from most babies. He never crawled, but he got around--on the soles of his feet and the palms of his hands. This was a nice clean method.

We were so happy but on April 17 sorrow arrived in the midst of it. Word came that Gene's mother had died. Walter, Florence, Hazel and Gene went back to Illinois for the funeral and Gordon came to K. Falls and stayed with the babies and me while their daddy was away.

A BIG STEP

Gene had been railroading for twenty years. War time conditions were trying. We had discussed the fact that since Charlie was in poor health and it was becoming difficult for him to supervise the 410 acres I had inherited in addition to his own land, we should either sell our land or go back and take care of it ourselves. Railroading was keeping Gene away from home so much I said that someday the boys would see him around the house and say, "Mommy, that man is here again." So after his mother's

passing Gene arranged to buy the 7/8 interest of his brothers and sisters in the 160 acre Shufeldt farm located one mile south of Kinmundy and we prepared to leave the railroad and become farmers. The family priced the land at \$45.00 an acre, a far cry from today's prices. Just being able to get gasoline coupons to make the trip to Illinois became a big problem in those days of war and rationing. (Up to this time getting diapers had been the biggest problem.) We finally succeeded when we presented certified proof of land ownership in Illinois. Gene got a leave of absence from his duties as engineer on the OC and E, but at the earliest opportunity fellow workers with less seniority demanded that he come back to work or give up his rights. He did the latter.

Walter and Florence came to visit us on their return from Illinois. My cousin, Pearl Gingrich, came down from Washington state for a visit, too. We packed a trunk and Page Forty One

sent it on its way to Illinois, packed the Chevrolet, loaded in the little boys and took off via Lakeview to visit the DeVores for the last time.

We took almost a week in August to make the trip to Illinois. Warren, 1 year 5 months, and Robert, 5 months, proved to be good travelers. The back of the coupe was loaded from the floor almost to a level with the top of the front seats, with the mattress from the baby bed on top. Robert was cooing or sleeping back there most of the time. Warren sat between his parents on the front seat and caused no problems.

After visiting Hazel and Gordon, we left Lakeview and drove eastward over the desert, through the Antelope Range of northern Nevada to Winnemucca and on to Elko and Wendover on the Nevada-Utah state line where the giant cowboy sign signaled all comers to play the slot machines. Then we crossed the Bonneville Salt Flats to Salt Lake City and dropped south to pick up U.S. 6 and U.S. 50.

From August to mid-March we were with Mary and Pearl in Salem. Buying diapers had been difficult, but buying equipment to start farming seemed almost impossible, Gene finally was able to purchase a new John Deere tractor on steel wheels with a mounted planter and cultivator, a plow, disc, harrow and wagon, and some horses, cows, and a few sheep. Only that first year did we ever raise any pigs.

Gene worked at the farm making repairs and improvements although the Sullivan family didn't move out until well into March. Then with the help of my brother, Charlie, and others a new cabinet was built in the kitchen and the downstairs was all painted and papered.

Mary and Pearl and I canned a lot of pears from our small orchard in Meacham township and the little boys ate a lot of them during the winter. We finally became convinced that too many pears were causing the boys to have hives. I took them to Dr. Logan and he said, "something is eating these kids up alive. It is either bed bugs or fleas." It was fleas. Gene was bringing them home from the farm on his clothing. The

Sullivans had kept fox hounds--in the basement, in the barn loft, under the porches, everywhere. When they moved away with the hounds and we moved in, there was a real problem. The dogs were gone and humans became the next best source of food. The University of Illinois provided us with the information to eradicate every little flea.

Although rural electric lines were in operation in every other direction out of Kinmundy, the area to the south had not yet been provided with electricity by the R.E.A. when World War II brought continued development to a halt. So our life on the farm began without the comforts electricity can bring. We had an ice box, coal range with water reservoir and warming oven, a "coal oil" stove for summer, kerosene lamps and one Alladin lamp, a gasoline motor powered washing machine and a battery radio. We were lucky to have a sink with a pitcher pump which brought in soft water from the cistern. Page Forty Two

Drinking water was carried in from the well and the water bucket and its dipper sat on the work table. Our relatives donated some furniture to us and I collected a few pieces of my own that my relatives had been using or storing--my piano, my father's desk, my grandmother Shriver's rocking chair, a chest of drawers, and my little red rocking chair. Mary had an identical one and she and Pearl refurbished both of them for the boys.

We had been living close to other people for so long that we were a little jumpy at first about strange noises in the night. Those strange noises overhead proved to be squirrels in the attic. Then there was the night that the hollow handle of the dipper filled with water and sank to the bottom of the bucket with a big bang in the still of the night!

In the beginning Gene farmed only the 160 acres where we lived. Later he added the 90 acres of the Shriver farm and finally the 50 acres of tillable land in Meacham Township, the Followell farm, so named from the renters who had lived there. I wasn't much help with the farming as I was so busy doing household chores and caring for two little boys. The farm was a great place for them. They had a puppy that first summer and some cats. Robert and the puppy were so cute together, at first. The puppy grew faster than the boy and soon was upsetting him.

That first summer I learned about cooking for the threshing crew with the efficient help of my neighbor, Florence Weiss. I really got a workout when the Engels from the Farina area came to bale our oat straw. In addition to dinner at noon they expected lunch in mid-morning and lunch in mid-afternoon. Busy, busy, busy.

There are no records now to tell just how well we did with our farming operation in those early years. Gene was determined to make a success and worked very hard to make it come about. Farming had changed greatly since he left the farm twenty years earlier.

Gene set out a nice orchard in the lot behind the granary--apples, peaches,

cherries, plums, and pears--but as time went on he found it was a mistake, because if he had taken time to spray each variety each time it was really necessary he would have had no time left for farming. So the orchard was abandoned and we bought nice fruit from the local orchards. However, for years we did have a strawberry patch, a grape arbor, and a nice garden. I became adept at canning, both cold pack and pressure type, and at freezing which was much easier.

Our second spring, March 1945, we began a celebration of March birthdays that was to endure for many years. We invited Henry and Mildred, and Mary and Pearl to come for birthday dinner on the Sunday nearest Gene's birthday, which was Mar.3. Henry's birthday was Mar. 5.and Pearl's on March 8. Then to celebrate Warren and Robert's and that of their Uncle Charlie, all on March 21, we entertained Harry, Charlie Page Forty Three

and Edith, and Pauline. Charlie was with us for only one party as a massive heart attack took his life as he was picking up his morning mail at the Post Office only days after our first celebration.

ACTIVITIES

Eugene had been a union man as a railroader and realized the benefits that organization brought to the working man, so when he was invited to join Farm Bureau he didn't hesitate and was soon encouraging other farmers to join. He immediately became active with the Soil Conservation Service in endeavors to conserve soil and water on the farm. The resulting waterways, terraces, pond and drop-box made us pioneers in conservation in our immediate neighborhood. Before these improvements could be done, it was necessary to remove a half mile of mature Osage orange trees that split the farm in half from east to west.

In 1946 the Marion County Home Bureau was organized. I thought it was a fine thing but I didn't want to take an active part for a few years. Never-the-less, I found myself serving as the first chairman of the Kinmundy unit and later served two years as County President. For six months of that time our county was without a Home Advisor but a hard working set of board members kept things going. By that time the boys were 9 and 10 and it was my privilege to attend the State Citizenship Conference in Peoria on the campus of Bradley University while the boys were enjoying 4H camp at West Frankfort and Gene was shifting for himself. I went to this meeting at Peoria the next year, too, in the company of my good friend, Katherine Wormley.

The Kinmundy Woman's Club was organized the same year as Home Bureau and after three years, with no campaigning, I was elected president for a period of two years and attended one state convention in Chicago in the company of Mrs. Cecil M. Kell, president of the Salem club. Later I served as district secretary for a period of two years.

As soon as Warren and Robert were big enough to stay in the primary room at

Sunday School with their teacher, Annie Young, I found myself teaching a Sunday School class again.

Gene and I joined the Salem Community Concert Association and Mary and Pearl entertained the boys while we attended concerts. My sisters-in-law came to my rescue a lot of times when I needed help.

Warren and Robert had lots of activities. As their mother, I had problems but there was one question they never seemed to ask, "What can we do now, Mom?" They could think up more things to do than they had time to accomplish. Digging deep holes in the ground was high on their agenda. There was no kindergarten in Kinmundy in those days and when Warren boarded the school bus bound for Annie Young's first grade class
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he carried a little lunch bucket for a few months. Then the lunchroom opened and has been in operation since then. The boys started taking piano lessons from Cousin Pauline Johnson at an early age but gave up piano when they became involved in band. The boys liked school, were good students, and caused Mom and Dad no problems. From third grade on they were both playing the clarinet in the band and participating in solo contests. Mrs. Grissom, who had taught vocal music in a Texas College, deplored the lack of music in our school and organized the Woman's Club Choir made up of children. She did a great job with them and the choir was invited to come to Chicago to sing at the annual convention of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs. With a number of parents and sponsors accompanying we took the group to Chicago on the C. and E.I. railroad. The children sang, had a tour which included the Museum of Science and Industry and returned home the same day. At age 10, Warren and Robert each became a 4H member with Gene Ernst as leader. They played basket ball, some base ball, were involved in Future Farmers of America, took part in class plays, and when graduation time came, Warren was valedictorian of his class and Robert was a co-salutatorian of his class.

CARS

After driving the 1940 Chevrolet coupe for nine years we finally bought a new car, a big four door dark green Hudson which we drove for about five years trading it in for a free-wheeling, green with white top, 1954 Nash. This was followed by a creamy white Ford and in 1965 by a beautiful medium blue Oldsmobile 88--a Holiday Sedan--which we drove for fifteen years, and has been my favorite car up to the present time. It was like one of the family.

Our first long auto trip away from the farm was in the new Nash. With Mary and Pearl accompanying us we struck out for the west coast. This was more than ten years since we had left that part of the country.