

Paula and Gene  
Love from  
Grandmother Linville

*My  
Life  
Story*



*by Bertha Williams Linville*

PUBLISHED IN 1988  
WITH THE HELP OF  
LESLIE LINVILLE



## Introduction

I have wanted for a long time to write something about my life. I thought that possibly the family might like to know a little more about me and would be interested in their ancestry.

First I want to give a little of the family history before my time. My father, Delsy Marvin Williams, was born in Marshall County, Kansas, on November 7, 1877, the fourth child and second son of Samuel Noah Williams and Sarah Shipp Williams. On October 1, 1902, he was married to Belva Madona Harp. Madona is pronounced with a long o, as in low. She went by the name of Dona, with the long o, all her life. She was the oldest of five daughters of James Marian Harp and Nancy Tucker Harp. She was born in McDonald County, Missouri, on January 23, 1879. Later her parents moved to Maple City, Kansas, where her father was a blacksmith. She went through grade school there and attended one year of school at Southwestern College in Winfield, Kansas. Dona taught school for one year in Greyhorse, Oklahoma, where she taught the white children on an Indian reservation. She stayed with an uncle and family while she was there.

One summer she went from Maple City in Cowley County to Marshall County to help a neighbor and friend who had moved there with her housework. It was there that she met my father.

After they were married, they moved to a farm where purebred Duroc Jersey hogs were raised. My father worked for the owner. On November 28, 1903, their first child, Morrison Edward, was born.

About this time my father's parents moved to Logan County in western Kansas. They settled south of Page City. Grandpa Williams farmed but also built many barns and one room school houses around the area.

In 1905 my parents followed his folks to western Kansas. They came by

train, and father took a 160 acre homestead southwest of Winona. The homestead was the E 1/2 of the W 1/2 of 4-13-36. First he built a dugout and later a sod house on the land. His brother Archie, who was still single, took the W 1/2 of the W 1/2 of 4-13-36 as his homestead. He and father had always been very close. The two of them worked plastering many houses in the area. I am not sure how long Uncle Archie lived on his homestead, but he didn't prove up to it.

I am going to insert a story here by father's youngest sister Flossie Mapes. It tells more about what life was like in the late 1800s and early 1900s than I could. I am also including the story of a trip my Grandmother Harp made over the Oregon trail when she was not quite seven years old.

Aunt Flossie's story was written and sent to me in 1969. I hope you will enjoy it, although you did not really know any of the people she writes about.

#### Aunt Flossie's Story

Before the story begins, I would like to say that all the little happenings I have written sound light and humorous, but most all children's lives are like that until they grow out of their childhood and become old enough to take responsibility. In this story, I think I had responsibilities quite young, and I am thankful that I did.

One thing I want to add is I also got in touch with my Saviour quite young. And he has helped me through many sorrows and failings, but I never gave him up, and today He is the source of my strength and joy and peace. I expect to dwell with Him and our loved ones through eternity.

Flossie W. Mapes

This is my testimony I leave with you.

"Every day with Jesus is sweeter than the one before."



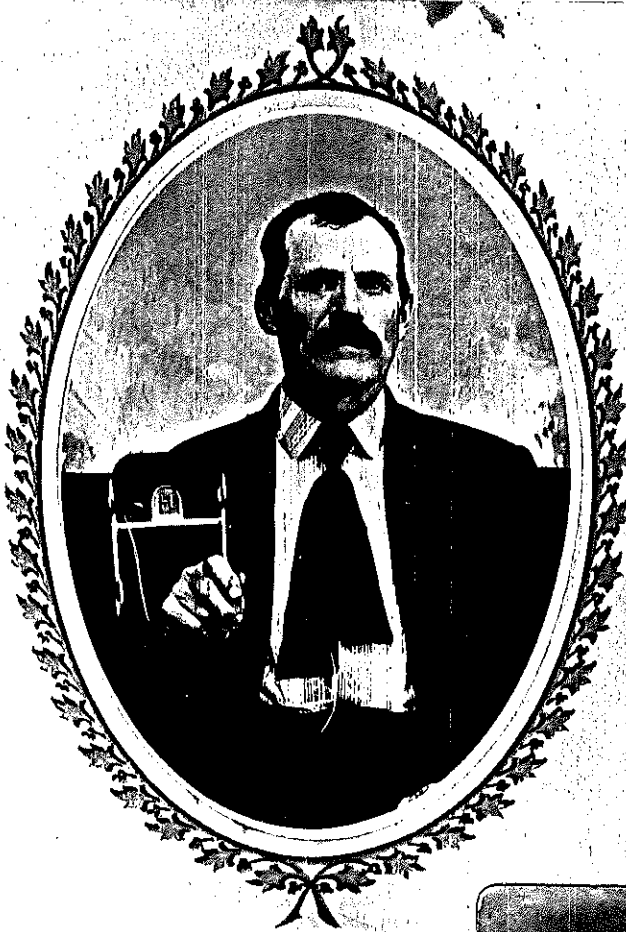
Dona Harp before her marriage about 1900



Sarah Shipp Williams about 1914



Samuel Noah Williams and Sarah Shipp Williams about 1905 and possibly his Brother and wife.



James Marion Harp



Nancy Drucilla Harp



James Marion Harp



Bertha Mary and Morrison  
Williams 1900

## The Story

I was born near Bigelow, Kansas, June 4, 1888, but I have no recollections of that place, for the folks moved to a place we always called "The Boarding House". I remember this place very well, for it had a big stone quarry on it, and my father was the foreman and worked a lot of men. That's why we called it the "boarding house." The old stone quarry is quite vivid in my mind yet. Jessie and I used to run and play on the large layers of rocks, and watch the men get them ready to load. I would say the stones were about 12 x 30 feet when they were trimmed and ready for the large derricks to hoist them onto the flat cars. I think we only lived there 2 or 3 years. Our next home was known as the stone house, perhaps made from some of the stone from the quarry, but I didn't see them cut any stones that small. This was a large two story house, and our family was all at home then. The family consisted of three brothers, George, Delsy, and Archie, and sisters Lillie, Nellie, Jessie and myself, I being the youngest of the family. My oldest brother George left home here to start out on his own. After a year or two, he met his future wife and then came home and lived in part of our house. I don't know just what he did, for Delsy and Archie helped with the farming. It was some of the best farm land, only the river sometimes would get over the corn fields, but I don't think it ruined the corn at any time. This is where I started to school. It seemed like a long way over the hills and meadows, but when Delsy and Archie could go, after the crops were gathered, they would carry me by holding onto my hands between them. I thought that was a lot of fun. One day before I started to school, Mother was going to town and had to drive past the school house. I wanted to stay there while she went to town. At recess I got pretty snooty and was looking into the lunch pails. When Nellie came in and wanted to

know what I was doing, I told her I smelled apples and wanted some, so she told me not to do that, so I didn't get any apples. Then when Mother came along after me and Nellie was fixing my hat on, she was putting the elastic under my braids and it pulled my hair, and I told her not to pull my wool out, and the children were all in their seats. Of course they could hear everything I said. I expect Nellie was glad when I left for home.

I started to school the next year and had a lovely teacher, Jenny Johnson, from Irving. It was here we had a cyclone scare. There were several young people at our place, including one who became my husband, Alpha Mapes. It was Sunday afternoon. Daddy had been watching the storm from the living room, and when it was coming towards our house, he came in the kitchen where we were all assembled and told us to go to the cellar, there was a cyclone coming. Before we got started, it had turned and didn't come clear to the house, but went across the river. It blew down a large barn and killed several horses. It left a path through the timber that could be seen for several years. It also killed 2 or 3 people in the little town of Irving.

Not having any refrigerators then, we had to rely on cool cellars or spring houses. We had a nice spring house here which was ideal for milk and butter. The floor was all rock, and the water came out from under rock in one corner, and a large place was cut out to hold the water where we could set the milk and butter. One night the door was left open, and the next morning a coon was happily sitting in the water. I guess there was no damage done.

We used to go gooseberry picking, for there were lots of wild ones in the timber. Jessie and I used to like to go, but we weren't very good at picking. There were too many thorns, and we would rather go off and play



somewhere. When they got their pails full, we went home and had to take the stems off. That too was tiresome work. Mother used to can 100 quarts, and that is a lot of gooseberries to be stemmed at both ends.

Daddy thought he could do better by moving again. This time was across the river on a cattle ranch known as the Edwards ranch. That was the man's name that owned it. It was a lovely place. It had a large cattle barn and many other buildings and a nice house. It also had nice river bottom land where we raised corn to feed the cattle. The cattle were bought in the fall and fed through the winter to fatten for market in the spring. So there was no care of the cattle in the summer. It kept Daddy and the boys busy taking care of the crops. We had a few apple trees so I had all the apples I could eat.

Daddy had his 50th birthday here on January 20, 1899. Mother and Nellie planned all summer for a surprise dinner for him. Mother would can something special in the summer, and she would tell Jessie and I that was for Daddy's birthday. I don't know how Jessie and I kept a secret so long. The day arrived, and Mother had the dinner ready for the older people and neighbors, but no Daddy there yet. He had to go some place on business about the ranch. The guests just sat around the table and visited. It wasn't long until he came. I don't know what he thought seeing all those buggies in the yard, but I think he was pretty much surprised, especially when he came in the dining room. After dinner was over, they spent some time visiting until they had to leave. Daddy supposed that was all, but the young people began coming in the evening, and that was another surprise. There was in the group a brother and sister who were musicians. I am not sure, but I think they were cousins of Daddy. They made the evening delightful with their music. I guess they enjoyed playing as well as we

enjoyed listening, for they played far into the night.

I will try and describe the one big barn they stored the shelled corn in. I couldn't say how many feet long it was, but it had a driveway through the middle, and I think four wagons could be in there at one time. The large cribs were on each side, but under one side was a basement where the feeders went down into troughs, and the corn would run down as the cattle licked it out. Then there were big doors fastened up over head to be let down in stormy weather, so the cattle were kept warm and dry.

I had my first experience hiding Easter eggs here. There was a smaller corn crib closer to the house, and each evening when I gathered eggs, I got up in this crib of shelled corn and buried them in one corner. It was an ideal place, I thought, until one day I heard Daddy tell Archie to hitch up the horses and load that corn, for he had sold it. My heart began to pound, for now they would find the eggs. When they backed the wagon up to the corn, I stood around watching every move, for I didn't have a chance to rescue the eggs. Soon after a few scoopsfuls were taken out, the eggs started tumbling down. I wanted to act innocent, but the guilt showed on my face, so Archie let me get a pail and take them to the house. They were all frozen anyway, so I didn't hide any more.

Not having any entertainment in those days, the men of the neighborhood held debating at the schoolhouse about every two weeks. Some times they would add a little more by some of the ladies and girls giving a recitation. It was always something to look forward to. Jessie and I usually went with Nellie and the boys. My oldest brother and wife lived a few miles beyond us from the schoolhouse, and when they went, they would stop at our gate and we would ride with them, always a wagon of course. He had nice horses and on the way home, he and his neighbor would run a race. O how I hated that, for



GRANDMOTHER WILLIAMS IN CENTER FRONT AND HER DAUGHTERS  
FRONT LEFT NELLIE CHERRIE, FRONT RIGHT LILLIE SAVILLE  
BACK ROW JESSIE WILLIAMS, AND FLOSSIE MAPES



DELSY AND DONA WILLIAMS ABOUT 1910



JOHN AND LILLIE SAVILLE



SAM WILLIAMS FAMILY ABOUT 1890 FRONT ROW SAM HOLDING JESSIE, NELLIE STANDING SARAH HOLDING FLISSIE, RACE W. DELSEY, GEORGE, LILLIE AND ARCHIE



GEORGE AND WIFE LEXIA



ARCHIE WILLIAMS

*Archie Williams*

the road was rough and frozen. It was no fun trying to hold on while standing in the back of a wagon. I was always glad when we would get to our gate and we could get out. Then the other team would get ahead of George. It was all done in fun and sport.

Here is how I learned to milk. When the cows would come in the afternoons for water and stand around chewing their cud, I would go out among them and pick out one that would stand still for me. I would try milking her. I had no pail, so I milked it out on the ground. Some little pigs were usually roaming around, and when they got the smell of milk, they would come close, and I would shoot the milk in their mouth. My how they liked that! I expect the milk pails had a few squirts less that evening. It only happened once.

We used to attend the Old Settlers Reunion every year, usually held in August for 3 or 4 days, but we only went one day. The farmers drove their wagons with hay and feed for the horses for the day. They would be tied back in the timber away from the picnic grounds. When lunch time came, maybe several family friends and relatives would put their dinners together in some nice shady spot and spread out the tablecloth and have dinner together. No picnic tables or water fountains there. The entertainments were about the same as now. We girls always wanted to ride the Ferris Wheel and Merry-go-round. This picnic ground was about a mile east of Irving. Now Irving has been moved away, and this is all covered with water from a dam lower down the river by Manhattan. This was built to protect the farms south and east. My it ruined some lovely farms, but it didn't do any good. I always admired the lovely crops and beautiful homes when we would drive past them going to our camp meetings and Conference.

I don't know why Daddy wanted to leave this place. It was the best,

but we did move about 30 miles south to a little town of Blaine. We lived in town about a year, and Daddy worked on the R.R. Mother and Nellie worked in a hotel. Mother was cook, and Nellie was waitress, but we didn't care for city life, and Daddy rented another farm. Then we had more to do. Mother and Nellie continued working. That left Jessie and I to carry on at home. We were milking several cows and had no separators then, so we strained the milk in gallon stone jars and put it in the spring house for several days. This was another lovely spring house and so cool. Then we would skim the cream off the top, and when we had enough, we would churn it with an old fashioned dasher churn. We worked the milk out of the butter with a paddle, packed it in a bucket, and carried it to town to sell it for 12 cents a pound.

Speaking of the hotel, that's where Nellie met her future husband. He was the depot agent and boarded at the hotel. Having no cars in those days, they would walk out home in the evening after Nellie got her work done. He was fond of fresh milk, and he would bawl like a calf when they got close enough for us to hear them. We would usually be putting the milk away. Mother would give him his glass of milk, and when everything was done, we would go into the house and we had an evening of singing. Nellie would play the organ, and Charlie was a good singer, so we had many happy evenings. Mother and Daddy enjoyed listening, but never took part.

This was in a Catholic community, especially the school. The church was close to the school, and I went to funerals and weddings sometimes with my girl friend. However the school wasn't run by Catholics, and none of the teachers were Catholic.

I got some of those little creatures that get in peoples hair sometime. Believe me, Mother wouldn't let me go to school that day until she was sure

they were all gone. Just to give you an idea how bad they were, I could sit and watch them in the girl's hair sitting in front of me, especially when the sun was shining on her hair. Enough of that subject.

This was Daddy's last year of farming in this part of the state. The Union Pacific R.R. was selling land pretty cheap in western Kansas, and Daddy went out and looked at 160 acres and liked it. Then we started preparing to move out. We were going to drive, so Daddy fixed an over-jet and bows on the wagon and a good canvas cover. Then we were ready to load and got on our way.

Neillie had quit working in the hotel. Delsy and Archie were working on the R.R. They rented a house, and she stayed there and kept house for them. We took all we could in the wagon, but left the organ with them and shipped it out after we got a house built. It was like seeing a long lost friend when it came. We were three weeks making the trip. We left Blaine and drove to Waterville the first day. Mother had a cousin living there, and he wanted to go along. We waited a few days until he got his wagon fixed, then we were on our way. We took our cows, and that meant someone had to walk and drive them. The cousin had an old blind horse extra. He could ride her when he got tired, but not Daddy. He preferred walking, so he did. He didn't ride in the wagons either. Jessie drove one team, and I the other one. Mother wasn't able to drive for her eyes were very poor. Not much to say about the trip. Every day was about like the day before. We would try to camp by a farm house so Daddy could buy feed for the horses and cows. Jessie and I would go to the house and buy bread, milk and butter. No, we didn't buy milk, for we had our own with us. The weather was good except one Sunday. It was a drizzly rain, and we kept traveling all day.

After landing on our place about noon, April 25, we set the over-jet on

the ground to sleep in till we could get a house built. We also unloaded the range stove and cooked our dinner on it. It tasted better than over a fire. Daddy traded a cow for a large empty building, and that made enough lumber to board up our dugout which they dug out of the bank. The empty building had a good roof, and it just fit the dug-out. It also had flooring. It seemed like a mansion when we got moved in. It was warm in the winter and cool in the summer. The only thing wrong with it was it was too close to the bottom of the draw. We got along fine until the next spring when the warm days came and melted the snow too fast. It filled the draw up to our door and about a foot inside. It really didn't damage anything, only we had to close the screen door to keep the frogs out.

Mother loved flowers, and she had the small space for a yard looking so beautiful that summer. Jessie and I had to herd our cows all summer. But part time, she had to do it alone, for I had to take ours and the neighbors milk to a creamery in Page City. It would take me all morning, for I drove a one horse buggy without any top. A lot of the farmers hauled their milk there too, and I had to wait my turn. We would drive around to the back of the building and take back about the same amount that we took in. It was always scalding hot after the cream was taken out. We could feed it to the pigs and calves. It would be a pretty hot trip before I got home with 2 cans of hot milk and the sun.

The next spring we got our place fenced, and that ended our herding. I don't think the creamery ran any more either. I guess it wasn't a paying thing. We had no water yet, but carried it from our neighbor that lived just across the draw and up on the level. We kept our cows in his corral where they could get water. It was no small job to carry water for house use, especially on wash day. We would take the tub and two buckets at a



time. We had a friend that had moved out from Blue Rapids before we did, and he had a drilling augur. He came over, and he and Daddy drilled a well by hand with the augur. It was a happy day when we saw the water in the bottom of the well. We had lots of good water then, raised a lot of garden with water from the well. This friendly neighbor was there watching the day they struck water, and when he knew it, he turned and went home without saying a word. He wasn't very anxious to see his land taken up, but he soon got over it and was a good neighbor. He was a bachelor and a little odd.

Jessie and I had a near accident that summer. Daddy always put the horses on a picket rope on Sunday, and when time came to bring them in for water, Jessie and I volunteered to go after them, for we had learned to ride and took every opportunity we could get to ride. So we went and picked the horse we were used to riding and turned the others loose so they could follow. One sauntered behind for a while, then took the notion to catch up with us, and when he came galloping behind, our horses jumped to one side, and we both went off backwards. I didn't know when I hit the ground and just laid there till Jessie came back and helped me up. She held on to her horse's bridle reins and was dragged quite a distance. We didn't go to the horses corral, but the horses did. We went right to the house, and I was sure sick all night. Mother was gone too at that time. She went with her cousin to Colorado to see her parents whom she hadn't seen for years, but we got over the fall all right. We were pretty lonesome at times, especially Daddy. He had to be away from home carpentering. He built a good many houses and barns around Winona. Jessie and I started to school that fall which was a short distance from home, "Orange Lawn," in fact, and I see by Leslie's book you taught that school, Bertha. I thought it was closed by that time. Jessie went two years there, then a month to Normal Training at

Russell Springs and got her teacher's certificate. She taught school 4 years, then went to Kansas City to a Deaconess training school. She wasn't home much after that.

I continued another year or two. Then a young man came into our neighborhood, and we fell in love and were married April 25, 1906. He was a farmer and had a farm ready for us to start housekeeping, but our marriage didn't last long. He took sick in October, and the doctor didn't do him much good. Some one suggested taking him to Hot Springs, Arkansas. His brother-in-law went to Kansas City with him, and his father met him there and went with him. He wasn't able to take the hot baths, so he went back home with his father and that was as far as he got. He had rheumatic fever the year before he came out to Kansas. His father lived at Guilford, Missouri, and that weakened his heart. After a week or two of expecting him home anytime, and they kept writing he would come as soon as he was able, I went down there. I got to their place in the evening and he passed away about seven the next morning. I was so thankful I got there before he passed away. I went back home and stayed with my folks for I was expecting our baby in the spring.

It was a long five months before the baby was born. I was always glad it was a boy, but his life ended almost identical as his father's. He married and had two boys. One was married and the other in the army when their father passed away. His widow is living in Sacramento. She was the one that was so much help to me during Lela's sickness last summer.

I continued living with my folks for a couple of years. In the spring of 1907, Alpha Mapes came out and bought 160 acres and later moved his children out. His wife had passed away two years before leaving him with three children. The youngest was a new born baby, which his wife's sister

adopted. The other two were Earl, 9, and Eva, 5.

Having both lost our companions and being old acquaintances and also he was a brother to my brother George's wife, we began a courtship, and on January 12, 1909, we were married. Earl and Eva were very appreciative of a mother, but Harold, my son, was too young to realize any change, but his Grandfather Williams did. It almost broke his heart when I took him away. I guess he thought I would be with them the rest of their lives. We were only about 5 miles away, and I could go home every week. Sometimes I would leave him with them for a day or two. October 24 our first daughter, Edna, was born. We were still living in the little house that was on the place, only we had added a nice room for a bedroom and living room. We were happy farming and raising garden and chickens. We also had our milk cows. We only had one dust storm that was very bad, and the children took spoons and a little syrup pail and scooped up the dust that sifted through the window. Yes, the food and dishes were gritty. October 27, 1911, another baby girl came. We named her Lela.

The next fall we had a sale and moved back to Blue Rapids. We had already spoken for a farm. We also went back in a covered wagon, but had no cows to drive. Mother and my oldest sister Lillie were living in Waterville, 5 miles from Blue Rapids. We had raised some young horses and drove them back to Blue Rapids. This was the year so many lost horses with foot and mouth disease. One of the pretty little mares got sick the last day we were traveling. We could have gotten into Waterville, but couldn't on account of her. Seems like we left her at the place we stayed all night, and we drove on into Waterville where Alpha's folks lived. He and his father went back and brought her into his father's place, but the vet couldn't do anything for her.

We got settled on the place we had rented. Mother and Daddy were living in Waterville, and he wasn't able to work anymore, so my brother George wanted them to come out to Colorado and live with them. They had no children. They went out the next spring, but Daddy took sick and passed away in March. Mother came to live with us for awhile, then went to my brother Delsy's for awhile.

On November 7, 1913, another baby girl came to live with us. We named her Beulah. Alpha had a brother and two sisters living in Fort Collins, Colorado. Somehow we took a notion to go to Colorado. So in 1916, we had another sale and moved out, this time only keeping our furniture and car. The children and I went by train. Alpha, Earl, and a friend of Earl's went by car. Alpha had a brother-in-law that was a pretty good real estate sales man, and we were badly influenced in buying a mountain ranch which proved a mistake. One thing, it was too high for Alpha, and we didn't have enough cattle to make a living, nor was there enough farmland, so about all the income we had was cutting, peeling and hauling poles to Fort Collins for potato cellars or telephone poles. It would take most of a day to go down and dispose of the poles, then back again the next day. We could raise some lovely potatoes dry farming, that is no irrigation, and they were better flavored. We had no trouble selling them. We moved down to Fort Collins, and Alpha worked for the sugar plant. Earl was working for the Pacific Fruit Express and stayed with that company in Montpelier, Idaho, until he passed away in 1968.

In March, 1919, another baby girl came to live with us. She was named Vera Pearl. That spring we moved back to the ranch and planted our potatoes, and we stayed there until February, 1920, when we sold the ranch and started for Kansas, having all of Colorado we wanted. Alpha worked in

the gypsom plant for a few months or until threshing time. He hauled water and worked with the engineer through harvest. We continued farming for nine or ten years, then felt the call to California. On January 27, 1931, our long looked for son arrived, who bears the name of Glen.

The next summer before Edna married and came to California to live, her husband had an uncle there that had a ranch at Ripon and wanted to rent it. Edna, probably being a little homesick, told him her folks would like to move to California. So he wrote and told about his place and what rent he wanted from it. It all sounded good. He being a Christian man, we could trust his word. We wrote him that we would take the place. That meant another sale. Harold was married now, but was going to farm his father-in-law's place. Beulah was also married, and they weren't farming, so they decided to come to California with us. We left Blue Rapids December 9, 1934, shipping out our dishes and bedding. We drove two cars. We had an extra man drive our car, for Alpha wasn't able to drive that far. We first stopped at Winona and spent a few days with your folks, Bertha. Then on to Fort Collins, Colorado, to visit Alpha's brother and sister. Then on through Wyoming where we had our first and only stormy weather. It wasn't too bad, just the first day, after leaving Fort Collins. The second day we got to Earl's in Pocatello, Idaho, and spent a few days there and just got out ahead of a big snow storm. Arrived at Edna's in Sacramento a few days before Christmas. We went on down to Ripon about the third of January. We didn't get to move on the place for about a month, but the folks rented an apartment for us until they got moved. The weather was nice, and the almond trees were soon blooming.

Alpha and Herbert, Beulah's husband, would drive out to the ranch and prune the trees. We had mostly almond trees, some cherries, apples and

peaches, so there was quite a lot of work to be done. This was all different farming than we were used to. We kept it two or three years, and Alpha couldn't take care of it any longer, so our son-in-law from Blue Rapids came out and took it over. This was Eva and family. Harold came out the year before, now all our family was here.

We sold our place in Blue Rapids and bought two and a half acres south of Ripon, and Alpha went to work for the school doing janitor work. We had almonds on the place and a chicken house we enlarged and built a garage. We had about 800 laying hens which helped on our living. I also worked in a government supply depot 18 months before we bought the chickens, then I didn't work anymore. Lela and I would pick up walnuts for some of the farmers.

Alpha's health was failing. He couldn't manage his janitorial work any longer, so we bought our home in Ripon and sold the other one. This is still my home, and I am left alone now. The family tree is still growing. I have 28 grandchildren, 75 great grand, and 9 great great grand.

Extra: I left out another incident that could have been much worse. I was working for Morrie Watts. They used to live east of Orange Lawn school house. This was before I was married. He had quite a lot of cattle and was needing some salt, so he had me go to Winona and get a barrel. I had to drive his team and wagon. I made it to town and got the salt. When I came back, I stopped at home and Mother came out and we were talking. The road was down grade right there, and one of the horses got his tail over the line, and that didn't suit him. They started acting up, and I saw that I couldn't hold them, so I jumped out of the wagon and let them go. They didn't stop running until they got home. Mr. Watts was there when they got there. Of course he was anxious to know what had happened to me, so he

THE FOUR DAUGHTERS OF  
JAMES M. AND NANCY HARP



DONA WILLIAMS



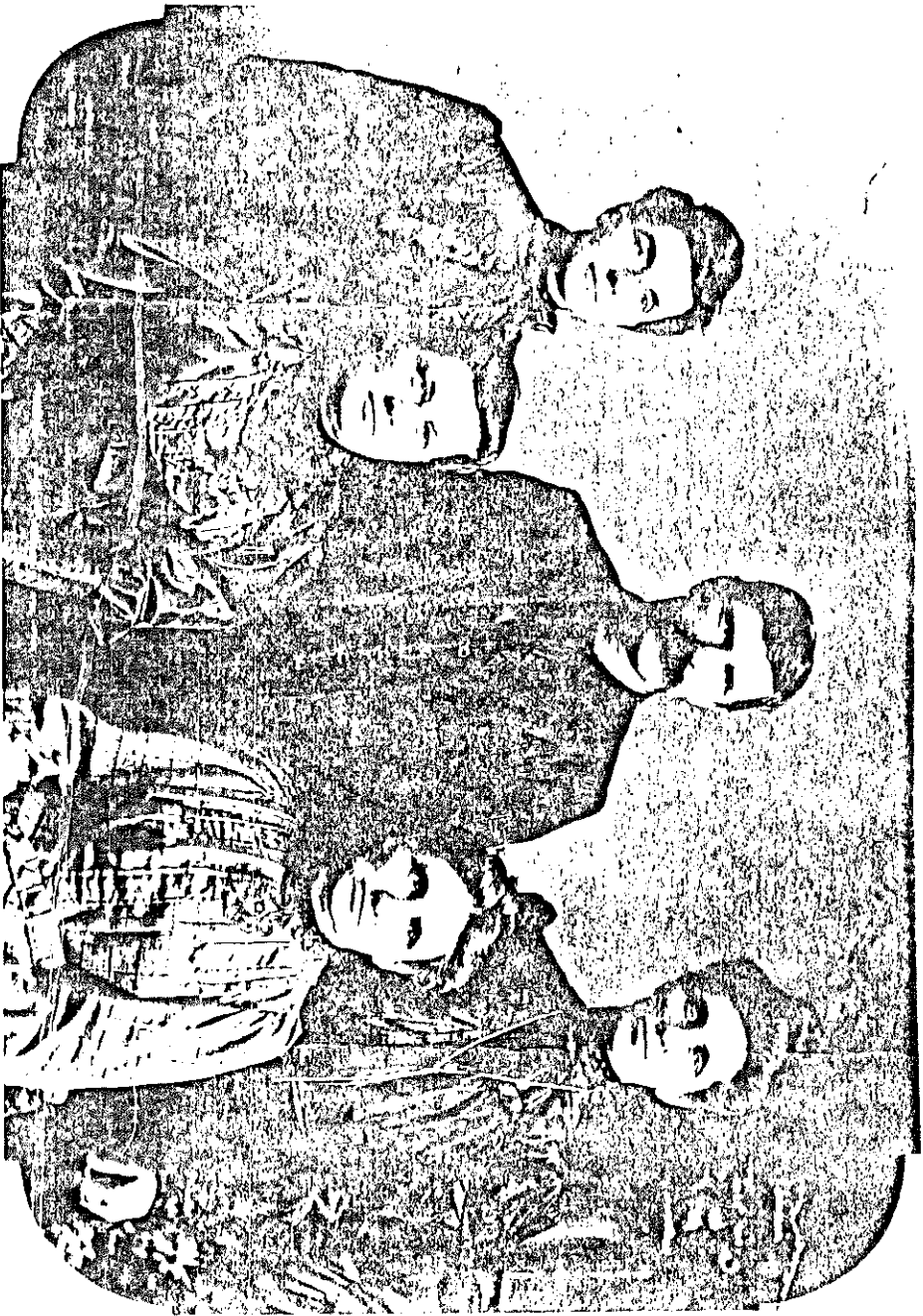
BETHA SHELHAMER



EFFIE UTT AND  
TWIN DAUGHTERS



REED AND PEARL BUTLER



- PART OF THE TUCKER FAMILY - MARCH 1907 -

SEATED (L TO R) - SARAH FRANCES COSGROVE, NANCY DRUCILLA HARP  
STANDING (L TO R) - CYNTHIA CAROLINE BRATTIN, ROBERT BERGIN TUCKER,  
PERLIWA PRICE GHISUM

*(Picture taken at home of Robt Tucker Sr's death)*



turned them around and made them run just as fast as they went before I started to walk when I saw him coming. I got in and he ran them on home. He was pretty cruel to his livestock, and I felt sorry for the horses though they did get away from me. The Lord spared my life several times, and I am very thankful He is still my strength, and I want to do His will. This finishes Aunt Flossie's story.

I hope my readers find this glimpse of long ago lives interesting. Aunt Flossie died just after Christmas of 1980 on January 4, 1981, at the age of 93 1/2 years. Her mind was still very clear, and I received a Christmas card and letter from her in early December that year.

The next story I am copying is from Mother's side of the family and is written by her mother's sister, Mary Ellen Tucker Reynolds, who was between 14 and 15 years of age when this journey took place. What really interests me is the fact that one of the younger children on this trip was my grandmother, Nancy Drucilla Tucker Harp, who would have been about 6 1/2 years of age. She, along with her father, Robert Tucker Jr., and mother, Nancy Jerden Tucker, and ten children, made this trip in 1864. How much I wish I had talked with my grandmother of old times and heard her version of the trip. She never mentioned it to me, although I saw quite a bit of her in the late 1920s and early 1930s. Mrs. Reynolds, who wrote this, was born October 14, 1844.

#### Aunt Mary Reynolds Story

Taken from THE PUTNAM PATRIOT, PUTNAM, CONN., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1924

#### MRS. REYNOLDS CROSSED PLAINS IN HISTORIC COVERED WAGON

Because Mrs. Mary Reynolds of Fremont Street made the tiresome and hazardous journey from Springfield, Illinois, to Healdsburg, California, back in 1864 in her father's covered wagon drawn by four yoke of oxen, she

is extremely interested in the fact that the famous and historically accurate moving picture drama entitled "The Covered Wagon" is going to be shown at the Bradley Theatre here the first three days of next week.

Mrs. Reynolds cannot be classed as a movie fan, as evidenced by the fact that she has not been in such a theatre for at least ten years. But still she is all enthused because this picture of experiences encountered on the Western plains is to be shown in Putnam, and though close to eighty years of age, she expects to be in the Bradley audience on one of the days that the play is shown on the silver screen. It would appear that the only thing that will prevent her from comparing her experiences with those pictured in the film version of the covered wagon days will be ill health. It is the hope of everyone who knows of her ambition that nothing will prevent her from seeing the picture.

#### START FOR CALIFORNIA

It was back in the early days of the Civil War that Mrs. Reynolds started with her father, mother, brothers, and sisters from their farm in Illinois for California. They had three vehicles to ride in and transport household goods, provisions, etc.

There was the freight wagon, so called, that was drawn by four yoke of oxen. The lower part of this wagon was fitted up to provide storage space for provisions and the like. The floor of the wagon embraced the sleeping quarters of most of the family. Another wagon, drawn by four horses, provided additional sleeping quarters, and in it was carried bedding and many other things, including a sheet iron stove for cooking purposes. A third vehicle, a carry-all was provided for Mrs. Tucker, mother of Mrs. Reynolds and her daughters. This vehicle was the "pullman" of transportation on this trip. It was drawn by a span of mules. To the

daughters of the family went the responsibility of the care of the mules, harnessing and unharnessing, feeding, and driving. Though only fourteen years old, Mrs. Reynolds was a good sized girl, and she not only did her share of the work, but delighted in doing it.

From Springfield, the wagon train traveled its snail like way through farming country, forest lands, and over good roads, wretched roads, and veritable quagmires of mud. It was a strenuous journey, and it took about a month to reach St. Joseph, Missouri.

#### ARRIVE AT ST. JOSEPH

Now St. Joe, as that place is known even to this day, was the gateway to the far west for travelers from the east. The railroad from the east went no farther than St. Joe. It was the stopping off place, and if one wanted to keep going westward, he had to buy and equip his covered wagon.

Great long "trains" of covered wagons left St. Joe almost daily, bound for the western plains or California. Pioneers reaching out into an unsettled, unknown, dangerous country to settle with their families and wrest from the earth a living or a fortune.

Joining one of these "trains," Mrs. Reynold's father, with the family, started on the journey to California. Besides the vehicles spoken of previously, Mrs. Reynold's father took along three cows and two spare horses. The cattle provided fresh milk twice a day, and from a part of this, butter was made.

The train of covered wagons made about fifteen miles a day and followed without deviation the government stagecoach road. This was the desirable thing to do, not only because it was the best road to travel, but the safest, for there was always the danger from Indians who did not take kindly to the white people coming into their land.

## STOP AT SETTLEMENTS

Every twelve or so miles along the highway, the train arrived at government stations, where there was a fortress and companies of soldiers on duty. Here one found quite a colony of settlers and stores. The travelers in the covered wagon caravan always stopped at the stations for a day or two to rest themselves and their horses and cattle, for the journey across the open country was arduous and wearying. It was at these stations, Mrs. Reynolds states, that a supply of meat and other needed provisions or apparel were purchased.

Between stations, as the wagon train moved slowly along the way during the daylight hours, the men were busy driving oxen, horses, and cattle. The women sewed and busied themselves in useful ways, and the young people tramped along, picking flowers, but never wandered beyond sight of the wagons. Sometimes they rode off on horseback, whole groups of them together, and often times they had races.

At night the wagons of the train were lined up at the side of the road, and then each family became engrossed with the family meal. The women mixed bread in the morning before starting out, and at night did the baking, making at least enough to last twenty-four hours and frequently forty-eight hours. Each family had its campfire, and almost every night there were large groups of people about one or the other. There was music, both vocal and instrumental, story telling, and frequently sermons, for there happened to be a clergyman in the caravan. These nightly events were not only restful, but enjoyable and were bright spots in an otherwise hard experience.

## SEE OBJECT THREE MILES AWAY

An idea of flatness of the wide open spaces of the west in those days

may be gained by one incident Mrs. Reynolds recalls. She states that early one morning the caravan came into view of what is known as Chimney Rock. It appeared to be within less than a mile away, but the wagon train traveled three days before it reached and passed the spot.

Questioned concerning the Indians, Mrs. Reynolds recalled that on only two occasions did the caravan become alarmed by reports of warlike activities of the redskins, and then precautions were taken against a surprise attack at night. On these nights the wagons were grouped or corralled so as to form a great circle, with horses, oxen, and cattle tethered within the circle, and the people were grouped in the very center of the circle. On these nights there wasn't much sleep for anyone, for everyone was keyed up and nervous. Guards were posted, and scouts were sent out. But on neither occasion did anything happen. On these nights, it seemed, Mrs. Reynolds says, that the baying of the coyotes, which came as near as they dared, was more alarming and "creepy" than on other nights.

#### CROSS THE WYOMING DESERT

Crossing the desert in Wyoming was one of the interesting experiences encountered by Mrs. Reynolds. Great preparations were made for the hazardous journey, and the caravan rested a day before attempting the adventure. Food enough to last forty-eight hours was cooked. The train moved along day and night while passing through the desert. The trip was made without mishap of any kind. Upon reaching water at the other end of the desert, cattle and other animals of the caravan nearly went wild, Mrs. Reynolds recalled, for they had had nothing to drink for more than forty-eight hours. It was all the men could do to control the animals and prevent them from drinking too much when allowed into the shallow and muddy brook.

Another of the thrilling experiences that fell to the lot of Mrs.

Reynolds on this trip--one of thousands of like character that made American history--was the crossing of the mountains. At places, a few inches separated the covered wagons from a drop over the mountain side. However, all of the wagons, cattle and horses passed over the mountains without mishap, and everyone breathed more freely when the last of the mountain road was covered.

#### ON ROAD FOUR MONTHS

It was not until the latter part of September, 1864, that the covered wagon train arrived on California soil. Many of the families with their belongings had left the train by this time, some leaving before starting over the mountains to settle wherever their fancy chose or going on to specific location.

Mrs. Reynolds and her family therefore were on this road for four months before they ended their journey in Healdsburg, California, which was about forty miles from San Francisco. It took four months to travel across the barren plains the way Mrs. Reynolds made the trip. The stage made the journey in twelve days, and as a further comparison, the trains covered the ground when the rails had been laid as far west as California in six days.

Mrs. Reynolds' father leased a farm at Healdsburg and went to tilling the soil. He became restless nearly two years later and yearned to go back east. And he went, taking his family with him.

#### MARRIES IN CALIFORNIA

Mrs. Reynolds, however, did not return with them, for in the brief time she had resided in California, she had married. She was only fifteen at that. However, in the fall of 1869, she and her husband and their three children came east and for a time, stayed with her parents in Illinois, where they had settled again. Sometime later her husband was called to the

home of his parents in Rhode Island, and Mrs. Reynolds and children went along.

Mrs. Reynolds has six children living. They are Nancy Ellen Pratt of Hartford; Sterling P. Reynolds of Putnam; Mrs. Bertha Case who lives in California; Samuel Reynolds, manager of the Putnam Foundry and Machine Co.; William Reynolds of Hartford; and George Reynolds of Torrington.

The far west--California--has always held a big place in Mrs. Reynold's heart because she liked the country from the moment she arrived there, and every moment she remained, her affection grew. In 1907 she returned for a two year visit and had one of the most pleasant times of her eventful life.

Though but a child when she crossed the country, her experience made an indelible impression on her mind. The details of the trip are remembered as if they happened yesterday and her recital of them, when she can be induced to talk about them, are of fascinating interest. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that she is so keen about seeing the "Covered Wagon" when it is screened next week at the Bradley Theatre.

This is the story as Mary Ellen Tucker Reynolds told it in 1924 to a reporter in Putnam, Conn. I hope you enjoyed it.

Mrs. Reynold's father, my great grandfather, seems to have had an itchy foot, as he moved many times in his life. He was in his earlier years a soldier in the war with Mexico. He made other wagon train trips. I have a very good account of the Tucker family movements from a second cousin, Richard Brattin, of Yukon, Oklahoma. His grandmother was Cynthia Brattin, a sister of my grandmother Nancy Harp.

Now I will proceed with the story of my own life.

I was born on March 29, 1906, on my father's homestead. I was born in

a dugout before he got his sodhouse built. My older brother, Morrison Edward, was born before they left Marshall County, Kansas, on November 28, 1903.

I have a few dim memories of the homestead. I can faintly remember the sod house. I can remember Mother's cookstove which had two oven doors, one opening on each side. Some way I can remember Mother taking a pan of light bread from the oven. I also know my brother and I slept on a trundle bed which was rolled under my parent's bed in the daytime to make more room for daily activities. One memory I have of that place was a stormy, rainy night with lightening flashing, and Father's horses backed almost against the sod house to get shelter from the storm. When the lightening came, I could see them plainly, and it was frightening to a little girl.

Another memory that has stayed with me all these years is the time my brother Morrison and I ran off to find our cat. Father had been helping a neighbor 2 or 3 miles northeast of where we lived, and he had told us our cat was up there. So one sunny February afternoon when we were playing out by the chicken house, we decided we should go get our cat. I was almost four years old, and Morrison past six. Mother didn't miss us for a while, as she was in the house with our little sister Mary, who was two years old. When Mother found we were gone, I think she figured out where we were going pretty quick. When we got up the road about a mile and a half, we could see the buildings of the ranch where we later lived. We followed a road turning east south of this place. I can still see in my mind a lady standing on the porch of the house staring in our direction with her hand shading her eyes. They had a telephone, and she called the neighbors to the east where we were headed and told them what she had seen. They were the Jim Creech family, and the lady who had seen us was Mrs. Rube Buell. The Creeches teen age



daughter hitched a horse to their buggy and came to meet us. The river was between us and their home. They didn't know how long we had been gone from home and thought we might be hungry, so we were given some bread and honey to eat. I really don't know the details of when they first saw Mother. The girl put my brother and I in the buggy and went to meet Mother and Mary somewhere down the road. Everyone was crowded into the one seated buggy. It was so crowded they put me on the floor by their feet. On the way home, the buggy hit a bump in the road, and I fell out, the back wheel of the buggy ran over me. When I hit the ground, I landed on my face and tore my lower lip loose from my gums. I remember all the blood and how frightened I was. A lot of these details Mother told many times, which is one reason I remember it so vividly. The fright and the lonely feeling I had when I realized we were a long way from home I distinctly remember. I don't remember whether we found the cat!

#### MOVE TO THE RANCH

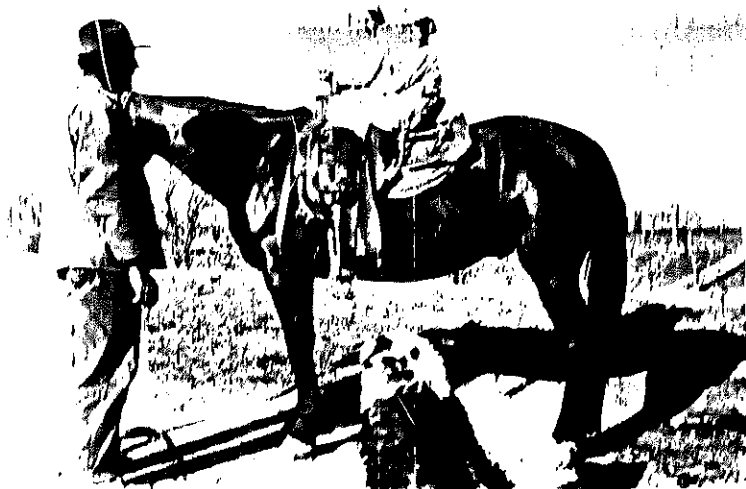
Later that spring of 1910, my father was offered the job as foreman of the M. B. Williams ranch, which was a few miles north of us. So our family moved up there. It was a large cattle, horse and hay ranch. I cannot remember anything of the move to the ranch. There were two houses, one for the owners and one for the foreman and family. Ours was a square yellow house with a chimney in the center of the roof. There were four rooms, kitchen, living room, and two bedrooms. The living room was also my parents bedroom. One of the bedrooms was for the hired men. Father usually had two hired men year around and more in haying season.

The large house where the owner lived had two stories, and while I have memories of the luxury of it, I cannot remember too well just how it was arranged. On the northeast corner was a large den where the owner, M. B.

Williams (no relation), had his things. It had an oriental rug on the floor and an open stairway going to the upstairs with some large oriental bells hanging beside it. There was a large fireplace and on one side of the room were bookcases almost to the ceiling and covering the whole wall. All around the room he had trophies of his many hunting expeditions mounted. There was a large elk head, several deer heads, an alligator, and several long snake skins were hanging by the fireplace.

We were never allowed to play close to this house, but a few times, Mrs. Williams asked us over. There was quite a space between the two houses and both yards were tightly fenced with woven wire fence. Both yards had locust and box elder trees in them. The Williams had a son, Billy, who was the same age as I. He and my brother and I played together a lot.

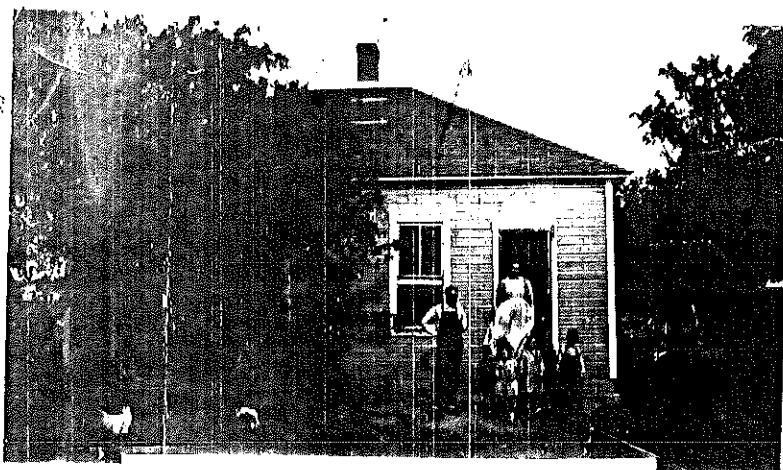
The farmyard was quite large. Just east of the yellow house where we lived was the shop, with an anvil and forge. It was a square building made of native stone. The windmill and a large wooden water storage tank were just east of the big house. Mother had a garden by the windmill. On beyond the garden was the corral with some cattle sheds all along the north side. South of the corral was a very large barn which was built after we moved to the ranch. Charles Ward Sr., of Winona, built it. It had stalls for the horses on the west side and stanchions for the cows on the east side. There was feed way down the middle that the hay from the haymow above could be pitched down for the animals. In the south end of the barn was space for buggies, wagons, and other storage. There was also a pen for young calves that were bucket fed on the east side. There was a huge hayloft over the whole thing which was filled with alfalfa hay in the summer. A rectangular cupola was on the top of the roof of the barn with another square cupola on top of that. Altogether it was very high and could be seen for a great



Delsy Williams with Bill the saddle horse, Esther and Howard in the saddle and Jack the dog looking on



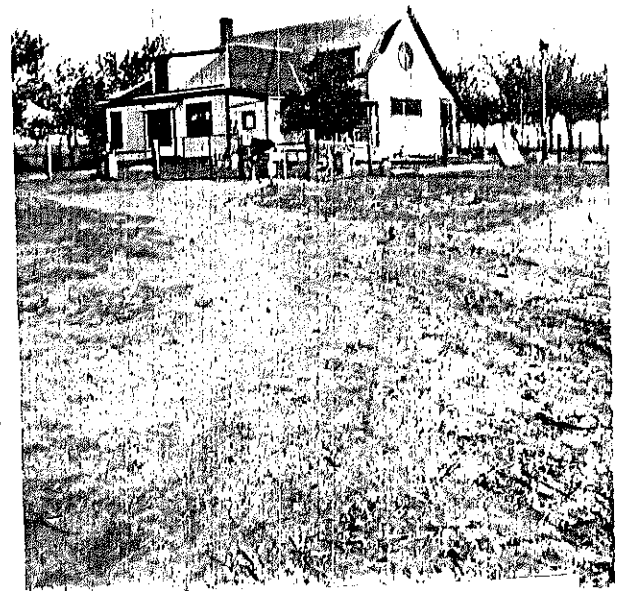
All the Williams children on Bill except Bertha holding him.



The four room house we lived in on the ranch.



Bertha age 4, Mary 2 and Morrison 6  
in 1910



The ranch house of M.B. Williams  
east of McAllaster



M.B. Williams owner of the ranch  
where we lived

distance. The barn was painted red, trimmed in white. A dairy house made of native stone was built on the southeast corner of the barn. There was a pitcher pump where we got our water for house use. The cream separator was also kept there. A screened box was built just outside a large south window to sun the separator parts and milk pails free of flies. In one corner of the building, a place was built of cement to hold cool water and the cream cans. Milk and butter were put there to keep cool. There was no refrigeration in our house. I can remember the many times Mother would sent me to the dairy house to get milk or cream when she was preparing a meal.

A granary was west of the barn, also an ice house which was filled with ice in the winter for summer use. I remember an incident that happened after playing in a bin full of shelled corn in the granary. For some reason, Morrison, Mary, Billy, and I were covering each other up in the corn. When covering me up, they even put it in my mouth. Early the next morning when I awoke, I was choking. Mother grabbed me out of bed and went running across to the big house to get Mr. Williams to help me. He had studied medicine in the past. I evidently had a corn husk in my throat, but when Mother jarred me by running with me, the husk dislodged, and I got rid of it before she got me to the big house. I could breathe O.K. again.

There was a hill to the west of the farm yard with a road leading west to McAllaster, about four miles away. McAllaster was a little village where the folks got their mail and bought most of the groceries. There was also a depot for the Union Pacific railroad and a schoolhouse.

A road led north out of the farmyard to the alfalfa fields along the North Smoky Hill river. The road went across the river and on to Winona nine or ten miles further. Of course all the roads then were just wagon trails, no surfaced or straight laid out roads.

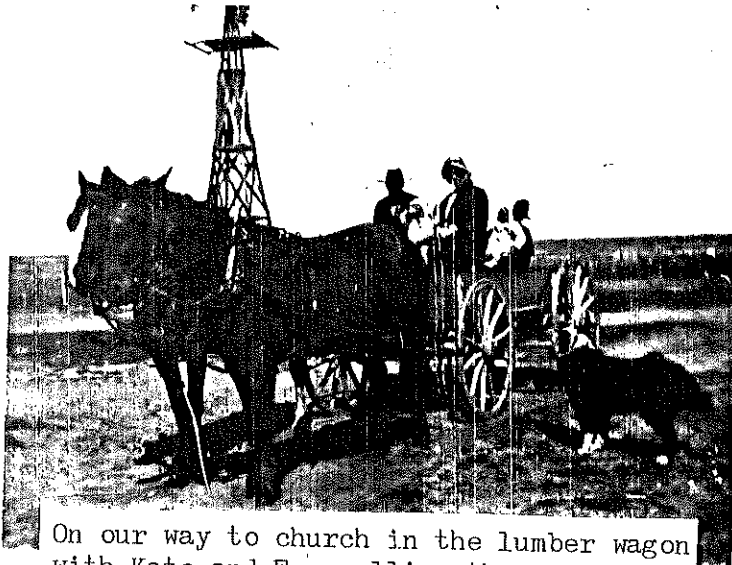
It was an all day trip in the lumber wagon when we went to Winona. Father would put some hay for the horses in the back of the wagon, and when we got to town, he unhitched the horses and tied them to the wagon, and they could eat. Father had a pretty team of bay horses that he usually drove that he bought from the Marstelliar family south of Page City. They were called Kate and Fan. Another team he drove that belonged at the ranch were black, and they were called King and Queen. They weren't ever in too much of a hurry, but plodded along. Almost always Father and Mother, when in town, would buy some crackers, and they weren't like the crackers of today. They were about 2 1/2 inches square. They would also get a piece of cheese cut from a big round chunk kept in a round container with a sharp knife to cut a wedge from it. Sometimes in the hot summer, it would get quite oily from the heat. Also he would get a piece of bologna and maybe some cookies to eat on the way home. The crackers were kept in a large cracker barrel in the store, and the cookies were kept in metal boxes with glass fronts. It was always a special adventure when we went to Winona.

Something we children liked to do was take an old iron rim from a wagon or buggy wheel, and with the aid of a stick, see if we could roll it down the hill leading into the farm yard from the west without it tipping over.

I can remember watching the men building the big barn. I wasn't allowed too close. They sometimes used pretty salty language. I got in trouble once when I tried some of it and Mother heard me. She threatened to wash my mouth out with soap, but I don't remember that she actually did. At least I didn't do that again. Another time I was playing with a hatchet that was old and beat up. It had an old pipe for a handle, and the head was real rough on the back. I was swinging it hard with both hands chopping the ground in front of me when I hit the back of my head with the rough part of



The Williams children in front  
of their ranch home about 1915.  
Mary and Bertha in back and  
Howard Esther and Morrison in front



On our way to church in the lumber wagon  
with Kate and Fan pulling the wagon  
and our dog Jack watching



Mother's garden by the large cement  
tank. The big house in the background



Back row Bertha, Morrison  
Front row Howard, Esther  
and Mary in 1914



The John Forlow store  
in 1914



the hatchet. It caused a bad wound and bled a lot, frightening everyone.

I will give the reader here some of the background on M. B. Williams, the owner of the ranch. He was quite a man. He was an Evangelist and had worked with Billy Sunday, a noted Evangelist of the time. He sometimes filled the pulpit at McAllaster or Winona. Sometimes he was gone for weeks at a time holding revival meetings all over the country as far away as New York state. He had traveled and had hunted big game in Africa. He often dressed similar to Teddy Roosevelt with a helmet and khaki clothes. He bought the ranch about 1909. At one time he had title to over 3000 acres. Legal description of part of it is the W 1/2 of the W 1/2 of 20-12-36, all of 21-12-36, all of 29-12-26, and all of 31-12-36. He had a large herd of Black Angus cattle, as well as a large herd of horses and mules. Lots of alfalfa was grown on the river bottom. Rev. Williams had studied both law and medicine, as well as theology. He wrote several books of a religious nature. Among them were "*Where Satan Sows His Seeds*," "*Plain Talk on The Amusements of Modern Society*," and another which I have is titled "*Among Many Witnesses*." He also wrote the words for a hymn called "My Mother's Bible." I also have the song book with that song in it. He served one term as State Representative from Logan County. In the early teens, he sold the ranch to Lincoln S. Heafield, who was a real estate man from Chicago. Father continued working for Mr. Heafield. In the 1930s, Rev. Williams was living in St. Petersburg, Florida. Morrison visited his there.

Something we children loved to do in the spring and summer was to gather wildflowers. We would gather the rose moss or Kansas Beauties, as we called them, and braid the stems together and make crowns for our heads. We liked the wild pink morning glories and many others. We would pick the leaves of the box elder trees and make play tea of them.

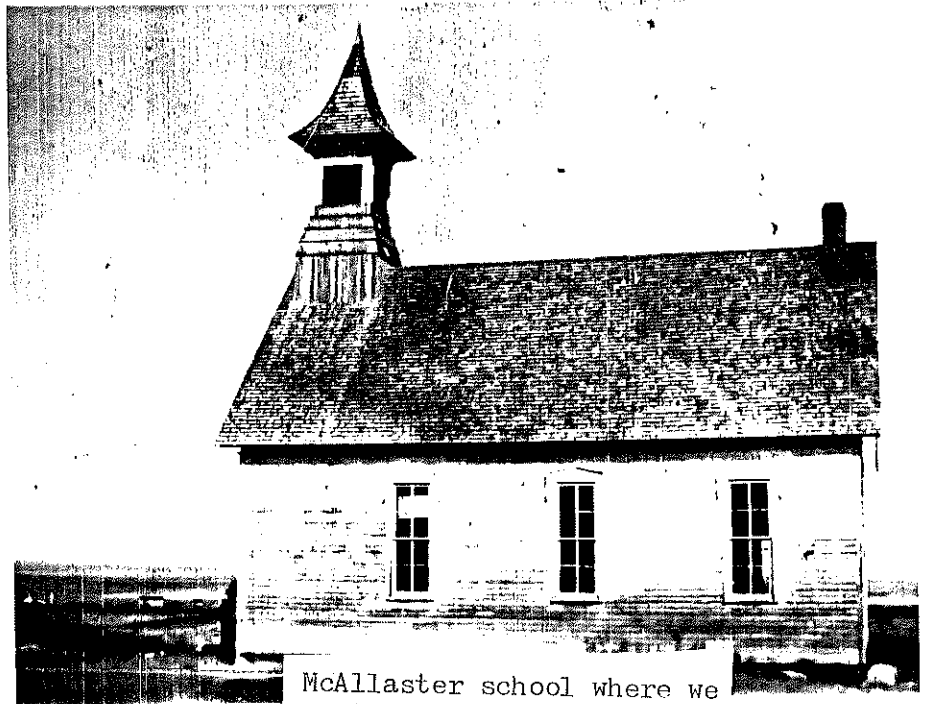
Our family always attended church in the frame school building in McAllaster. We did almost all of our trading there. On Sunday we would all get in the two seated buggy that was called a trap and drive to church. In later years, we went in the lumber wagon. Mother and Father and our little brother Howard would sit on the high spring seat, while we three older children sat on a board laid across the wagon back of the spring seat, and Morrison or I would hold our sister Esther.

Esther had been born March 11, 1912, after a big blizzard. Dr. Stroup, from Winona, came in some sort of sled to help her into the world. Our Grandfather Williams was there at the time, and he fixed popcorn and tried to keep we children out of the way. Esther was six years younger than I. Our younger brother, Howard, was born April 23, 1913. We always called them the Babies, and it was the responsibility of we older children to take a lot of the care of them. Some way it seems I generally looked after Esther, and Mary took the responsibility of looking after Howard. Of course, at a very early age, Morrison was helping Father with chores and other farm duties.

Morrison, Billy, and I started to school together in 1911. Lela Wellman was our teacher at the Lone Tree School about a mile from the ranch. I was only five when I started, and Morrison was nearly eight. There hadn't been enough pupils in the district to hold school. Morrison was late getting started to school. Mother started me young so there would be enough to have school. Our teacher, Lela Wellman, lived a few miles up the river from us. She drove a team of spotted ponies to a buggy. They were named Kitty and Rowdy, and the buggy she used was what was known as a top buggy with one seat and a top that could be used raised up to protect from the sun or folded down when not needed. One time she took Morrison and I home with her overnight. We adored her as a teacher.



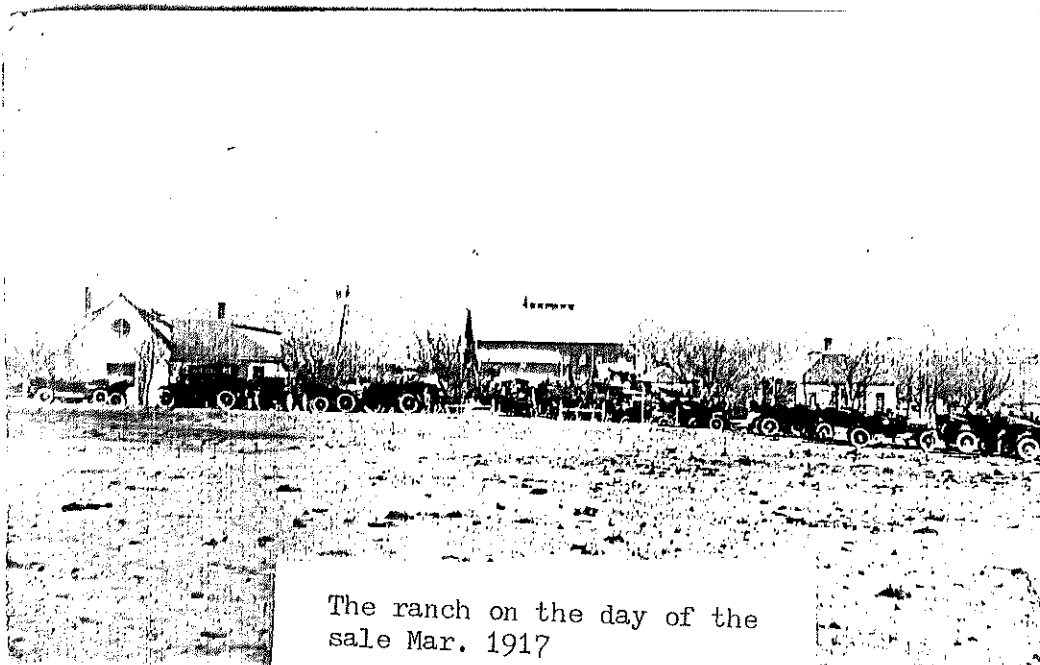
Lone Tree School when Vira Kirkham was teacher. The little elm tree was what the school was named for.



McAllaster school where we went to church and where we took the county exams



Sunday School at McAllaster about 1914

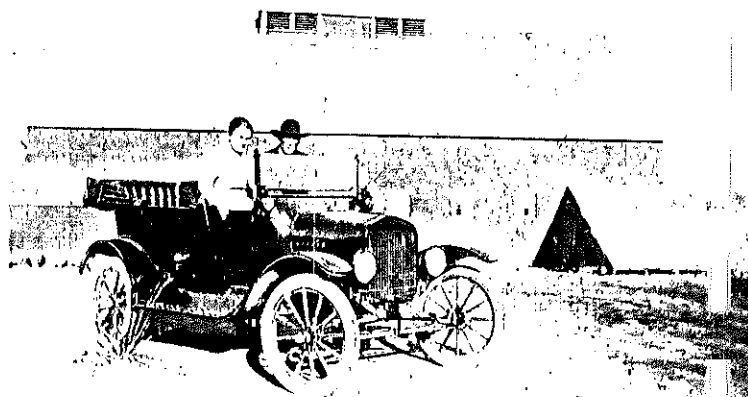


The ranch on the day of the sale Mar. 1917



*Lone Tree School  
March 22, 1917.*

Lone Tree School, Back row  
Mary, Bertha and Burlie  
Stinecipher, front row  
Howard, Kenneth Burdick and  
Esther. Morrison wasn't present



Delsy and Dona in their new Model T in 1917

On the first day of school, Mother walked to school with us as there were mules in the pasture, and she was afraid they might harm us. I remember wearing some big pink hair ribbons in my hair. Mother braided my hair back in two braids off my face, and then they were braided in with the hair in back in two braids on each side of the back of my head with the ribbons. One thing about hair ribbons, they were not as easily washed as materials are today. We would wash them out carefully in warm water and then wrap them around a straight drinking glass tightly and let them dry instead of trying to press them with an iron, as the material could not stand heat.

Our school was the usual frame one room country school with one teacher and all grades. It was about a mile southwest of the ranch. It was district 42 and was called the Lone Tree School because a lone elm grew a little west of the school. One of the chores Father had was breaking some horses which had never been ridden or driven to ride and to drive. He would often come by our school with one of the wild horses or mules hitched to the lumber wagon with a well trained horse to teach them what to do. He would often come by the school at dismissal time and pick us up. We would get a ride home with the animal he was breaking pulling part of the load.

At recess at school we played the familiar games of the times: blackman, dare base, steal sticks, and ante over, which was throwing the ball over the school house with teams on each side to catch it. I liked steal sticks the best, for I liked to run. Each team would have a pile of sticks quite a ways back of a line that separated the two teams and the one that could get to the other's pile of sticks first and steal one and get back across the line without being touched by one of the other team had scored a point, and the team that could get all the other teams' sticks won.

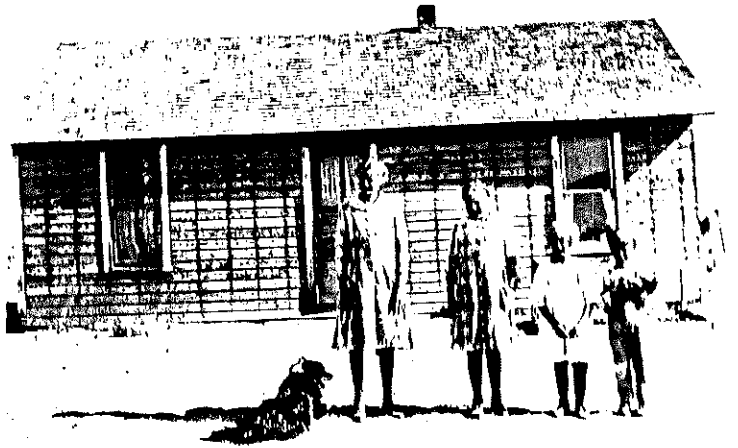
My father received the magnificent sum of \$50.00 per month as foreman, but of course his housing was furnished, and Mother was paid for boarding the hired men. Father was allowed to keep his own livestock. He had several head of horses and cattle. Mother also had chickens and turkeys and always made a garden. They raised quite a few turkeys, and in the fall would kill and clean the young ones and ship them to market. There was a large wooden water tank near the windmill that stored enough water for the cattle and household use. One noon as we were eating our noon meal, it burst and water came running down the drive. A large cement tank probably five feet or so high and wide across was built to take its place. It is still standing today at the sight of the old ranch, the only thing still standing there. Even the trees are gone. There is some of the old barn foundation that is still visible.

The winter of 1911-1912 was a very snowy one. In the fall, Rev. Williams sold and shipped out nearly all of the alfalfa hay raised on the ranch that summer. He thought the livestock could get through the winter by grazing the grass. When the big snows came and the stock needed feed, there was no hay. Mr. Williams and his family were spending the winter in Florida. When Father sent him a telegram asking what to do for feed, he received the ridiculous answer to plow the snow off the grass so the cattle could get it. I remember Father turning the cattle in around the buildings to gather a little forage and for more protection from the storms. Many cattle died. I can still remember them bawling for food. Father and the hired men were kept busy skinning the dead cattle to at least get the money for the hides.

The rabbits were terribly thick that winter and would flock into the yard to eat on what little food there was for the cattle. Morrison killed a



Helen Heafield daughter of the owner of  
the ranch from 1915-1917



The three room home Father built  
on the homestead. Bertha, Mary  
Esther and Howrd and old Jack



The Susie Miller store in McAllaster  
where I worked the summers of 1924  
and 1925

# MUSICAL RECITAL

GIVEN BY THE  
PUPILS OF MRS. NONA PHILLIPS  
At McAllaster Hall

ON  
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14th, 1917,  
at 8:30 o'clock, p. m.

## PROGRAMME

1. America.....Smith  
May Gill
2. Duett—Kensington.....Crist  
Bertha and Mary Williams
3. Evening Zephyrs.....Tharp  
Helen Garrity
4. Sweet Eileen of Killarney.....Olman  
Vivan Armstrong
5. Oakland March.....Crist  
Mary Williams
6. Sobre Las Olas.....Rosas  
May Gill
7. Reading.....Selected  
Helen Garrity
8. (a) Clayton March.....Blake  
(b) Clarinda.....Kinsey  
Margaret Masters
9. My Old Rag Doll.....Carter  
May Gill
10. Adelpian March.....Crist  
Bertha Williams
11. Sweet Bye and Bye.....Butler  
Clyde Dews
12. On The Other Train.....  
Vivan Armstrong
13. Bohemian Girl.....Balfe  
Jeff Shelton
14. March Des Troubadours.....Roubier  
Mrs. Jessie Billinger

ADMISSION: 25 cents. Proceeds to be used in paying for piano in Hall.



lot of them that winter with his rifle. He collected a bounty of a few cents for each pair of ears. Another thing my brother did to make money was to set traps along the river and catch animals for their furs. He would skin them and stretch and dry the pelts, then ship them to various dealers. He caught lots of muskrats, a skunk now and then, and a badger or two. Sometimes I would go with him in the early morning to check the traps and see what he had caught.

We really had a very enjoyable childhood. We had a lot of big trees to climb, mostly box elder. We would chase after the hay wagons and grab on the back and ride down to the big barn on the wagon. The hay was stored in the big hayloft of the barn. I can still remember how nice it smelled. My brother and sister and I could think of a lot of things to do, some of which got us in trouble, such as sliding down the roof of the ice house and getting our backsides full of splinters from the shingles.

A highlight of our summers was the annual visit of Aunt Nellie Cherrie, father's sister, and her two daughters, Dorothy, who was about Morrison's age, and Stella, who was my age. Aunt Nellie's husband, Charlie, worked for the railroad in San Luis Obispo in California. They could ride the train on passes, and they came every summer to visit Grandma Williams in Marshall County and would stop by our place to visit for several days. We had a lot of fun with them. I think 1916 was the last time I ever saw them. Dorothy played the piano well, and we enjoyed that.

I am not too sure of the exact year that M. B. Williams sold the ranch to Mr. Lincoln Heafield of Chicago, who was a real estate man. He was a widower with four grown children, John, Helen, Dorothey, and Stanley. Stanley, the youngest, was fifteen or sixteen. They spent the summers on the ranch, and John worked through the year on the farm part of the time.

Father found him to be very good help. Helen was a student at Wellesly College in Massachusetts. She was a girl who loved the outdoors, and Father and Mother liked her a lot. Dorothy and Stanley didn't seem to be very much at home in western Kansas and weren't out of the house much. We didn't get too well acquainted with them. The Heafields had a new car, a Ford, I think, and when Helen would go to the post office at McAllaster for the mail every day, she would take some of us with her. That was most exciting for us, as cars were very rare in those days.

The first car I ever rode in belonged to French Oliver, who was Mrs. M. B. Williams' brother and was also an evangelist and song leader for other evangelists. In fact, he had a part in a big revival that was held in Colby about 1910. The big tabernacle was built for that revival. It is now the agricultural building on the fair grounds. Mrs. Jessie Dimmitt told me this. She sang in the choir for the revival when she was in high school. Anyway, Mr. Oliver had a car. I think it was a White. He took us for a ride of a mile or so up to our schoolhouse. I think this was in 1910 or 1911. That was a real thrill.

A sad incident that has always stayed in my mind happened in 1915. There had been a huge rain that had caused the North Smoky to overflow its banks. Quite a few fences were washed out and also our telephone line where it crossed the river east of the ranch. A few days afterward, our neighbor, John Long, and Mr. Symes, from the telephone office in Winona, were repairing the line. They both had their sons with them. They were 12 or 13 years old. Glen Long was a school mate and a good friend of Morrison, but we did not know the Symes boy. They were swimming in the river when suddenly Glen noticed that the other boy was in trouble. He called to the men, and his father, Mr. Long, jumped into the river to help without

removing his shoes or clothing. As a result, he and the Symes boy both drowned. Glen jumped into the spring wagon they had with them and raced the team about a half mile to the ranch to get help. He was screaming at the top of his voice, "my Daddy's drowned." I remember very vividly. Mother had a washing hanging on the line which I can still see, with Glen driving wildly into the yard screaming. Father and Helen Heafield both went at once to try to help. They were both good swimmers, but they were unable to get the bodies out in time. It was thought that Mr. Long may have died of a heart attack. Mr. Long's funeral was held at their home a little ways down the river from us. I think it was only the second funeral I had ever attended. Glen and his Mother moved away shortly after. She and Mother always kept in touch with each other, and she and Glen and his wife visited Mother and Father once 20 years after. Morrison got to visit him briefly in the fall of 1976. Morrison was going through Manhattan on the last trip he got to make back to Kansas and called Glen, and they got to visit for the first time in many years.

There were some relatives of the Heafields who spent some time on the ranch. I really don't remember how long, at least a year or so. I think they were Mr. Heafield's cousins. There were two sisters and their brother. Their names were Gertrude or Gertie, Belle, and Fred Stryker. They also were from Chicago. They were really nice people. Gertie was an invalid, she had asthma or some lung disease and had trouble getting her breath. Belle and Mother enjoyed each others company very much, and she was real good to all of us. She especially enjoyed playing with and doing things for Howard and Esther, who were three or four years old then. Frederick worked as a hand on the ranch. He was very tall and frail looking, but was very good help on the ranch and a nice man. He became a real friend of my

parents and we children also. The Strykers always sent us a card at Christmas time.

I have already mentioned my first teacher, Lela Wellman. The name of our school was Lone Tree, named for a lone elm tree that grew a ways west of our school house. It still stands, but is not very pretty anymore, as it was struck by lightning many years ago and was badly broken up.

My teacher in the third and fourth grades was Vira Kirkham. She lived with her family on the South Smoky. She also drove a buggy to school with one horse. The teachers had to bring the drinking water to school as there was no well. Vira later married Lucien McMillan, and they were good friends of my parents and all of our family. Howard worked for them as a farm hand for several years. At the time of this writing, Vi is still living and is 96 years old. She lives in Montrose, Colorado, near an adopted son. She was able to make it back to Winona last April for the Centennial observance of the Methodist Church there. It was so nice to get to visit with her again.

My teacher in the fifth and sixth grades was Clara Estee. She lived at Holton, Kansas, but had formerly lived in Logan County, and her mother had been a teacher there. Several families had moved from the district by this time, and there was only Morrison, Mary, and I, and Burlie Stinecipher, from McAllaster, who attended Lone Tree School while Clara was there. To make it more boring, she boarded and lived with us. School was very dull those two terms. There weren't enough of us to do anything on the playground. We carved various things from the soft limestone rock. We made a full set of doll dishes this way and then painted little flower designs on them with water colors. She helped Mary and I with our piano playing. Morrison even learned to crochet from her and made a pretty crocheted basket. Clara loved

to ride 'Old Bill,' the saddle horse at the ranch, and she did that whenever she could find a chance.

For the seventh and eighth grades, Harriot Matheny, or Hattie, as everyone called her, was our teacher. She also lived on the South Smoky. We had several more in our school while she was there. Esther started and also Kenneth Burdick and Brainard Orton. The Armstrongs were on the ranch by this time, and Vivian Armstrong, their granddaughter, was a pupil. Hattie was a very strict teacher, but a very good one. I should mention here that because we only had seven month terms, we had to go nine years to grade school. In the seventh, eighth and ninth grades, we had to take state examinations in certain subjects in order to get a grade school diploma. These examinations were held in April in central locations, with several schools meeting at one school for the exams. Our school, as well as the one Leslie was attending, and two or three others all went to McAllaster for the tests.

All our teachers had several social events over the years. Box suppers were a popular way of raising money for extras in the school, such as books, a globe, an organ, etc. I never hear the song "*Joy to the World*" without remembering Vi Kirkham trying to teach it to us for a Christmas program. She wrote the words on the blackboard, and then we tried to sing it. She wasn't much of a songstress, and I am sure none of we children were very blessed with good singing voices. I also had a part in a tableau portraying the hymn "*Rock of Ages*." I am not sure how the lighting was handled, but I stood with some gauzy material draped around me and a cross in front of me and sang the hymn with gestures and with some kind of colored lights burning beside me.

There were also the last day of school dinners when the pupils put on a

program of recitations and dialogs or playlets. The parents brought a bountiful feast of goodies. We were always so thrilled when school was out, and we could go barefoot. Through the summer we only put our shoes on when we were going to town or to church. Another thing we were glad to be rid of was our long winter underwear. I hated them with a passion, almost as bad as I hated to wear the clumsy overshoes we had to wear most of the winter. We would have to pull the legs of the long underwear down around our ankles as far as we could and then fold them over neatly around our ankles and then try to hold them there while we pulled our long black cotton hose over the underwear trying to keep everything smooth so there wouldn't be a bulge to show. This wasn't accomplished very often, and I am sure most of the time we looked well wrapped.

My last teacher in grade school in the ninth grade was Kate Armstrong, the daughter of the man who was then on the ranch where we had been. She is still living in Oakley and is 91 years old. We also had a new schoolhouse in the district that we moved into about midterm that year. It was located just a little way south of the ranch. This building was later moved near the South Smoky and made into a Lutheran church. My brother Howard and Lorene Hanson were married in this building on December 25, 1940. Later it was moved to Russell Springs where today it is an Episcopal church. I graduated from grade school that spring along with my brother Morrison. All the grade school graduates of the country schools gathered in Russell Springs, the county seat, for graduation. Morrison and I were always in the same grade from the first grade through high school.

Our family started attending Sunday School and church at McAllaster after we moved to the big ranch in 1910. Services were held in the one room frame schoolhouse there. Part of the time a Baptist minister, Rev. Dodge,

preached there. I do not know where his headquarters were. He was the minister that baptized Father, Mary, and I by immersion in the Turkey Creek pond under the Turkey Creek railroad bridge west of McAllaster. Most of the time we were attending at McAllaster, it was a charge connected to the Winona Methodist Church. Services were always held in the afternoon.

In 1917, the ranch changed hands, and the Bob Armstrongs moved on the ranch. Mr. Heafield had a sale in March of that year, and we moved back to the homestead two miles south. Father had built a three room house, a small granary and a barn. I some way do not remember the actual move, except for the fact that when a friend who was helping move put the piano in a lumber wagon and then decided there was also room for Mother's tall dish cupboard. They laid the cupboard on its side by the piano. It wasn't wrapped, and one of the cupboard drawers jiggled out, and a knob ground a deep hole in the side of the piano. Mother was heart sick over this as she was so proud of the new piano and valued it so much. The hole is still there today. I must tell the story of getting the piano. I am not sure of the date, but am quite sure it was 1915. Allen Kemp of Winona was the one that the folks bought it from. It came by rail to McAllaster. It was late in the day when Father went to get it in the lumber wagon. We were all so excited and anxious. He backed the wagon up to the back porch which was almost the same height as the wagon bed. He took it carefully out of the big wooden box it was shipped in and carefully got it in the house. The piano was a very prized possession, and something I especially loved. Mary and I took our first piano lessons from Mrs. Phillips, the wife of the depot agent in McAllaster. She was a very good musician and also played the violin. After she moved away, we took lessons from Mrs. Oscar Freeman who lived on a farm west of McAllaster near the Turkey Creek bridge. She was also a very good

musician and very thorough in her teaching. As of now she is still living in Florida and will be 100 years old in May 1988. I still hear from her occasionally. Morrison used to drive Mary and I and the two Masters girls from McAllaster out to her place, and she would give the four of us lessons on the same afternoon. Later I took lessons from Mrs. Kenny, who lived a little west of McAllaster. She also played the old pump organ for our church services. She was a short fat lady who really pepped up the music.

After I started to high school, we didn't go to McAllaster so much, and in my later high school years, my piano teacher was Mrs. Charles Howard, the wife of the school superintendent at Winona. She was an outstanding musician. Her husband was the brother of Earle Howard, who was one of our neighbors in Thomas County years later.

There were several small incidents at the ranch that I would like to tell. They were not too important, but do tell of our life.

One time, and I am not sure of the year, the folks had a skating party for friends. The men had been putting up ice off one end of the skating pond, and Father had warned the skaters to stay away from that end. However one young lady who was visiting her aunt and uncle, the Forlows in McAllaster, and one of the young men of the community, I think it was Roscoe Stinecipher, got on the thin ice, and the lady went through. She was terribly chilled. I can remember them bringing her to the house and putting her to bed. She was there for a day or two.

One time when our teacher Clara Estee was boarding with us, the folks had a Halloween party, and everyone came in costumes. Clara fixed me up like a Japanese girl with a Japanese-like kimona and my hair decorated with fancy hairpins. Blanche McMillan, a neighbor lady, made a big pumpkin head out of crepe paper and wore that.



Another time Mrs. Forlow and Mother planned a Christmas dinner at our house. Mrs. Forlow furnished part of the dinner and also a small real Christmas tree. This was the first time we ever had a real tree. It was real fun decorating it. Mrs. Forlow really loved to do things for Esther and Howard. They had no children of their own. She died not too long after this. Mother was helping take care of her and was with her when she died. Hers was the first funeral I ever attended, and I can remember lying on the grass in our yard and looking up at the white fluffy clouds, thinking she might be on one of them.

One spring the spirit of the season really got to Mary and I. The lumber wagon was parked just outside our yard near a bunch of currant bushes that were in full bloom. If you have ever smelled currant bushes in blossom, you will know how nice the spicy odor is. We were sitting up on the high wagon seat and singing at the top of our voices. I can still recall that beautiful spring day.

One of the things I really hated to do was wash the dishes. When I was only about four or five years old, my Grandmother Williams got a wooden box for me to stand on and showed me how to wash dishes. After that, I was always supposed to help with them. I sometimes would make it a point to run off outdoors and climb a tree quite a distance from the house at dishwashing time. Often times when I would go back to the house after some time, Mother would have all the dishes done, but one time she came after me and I had to do them. Another time in the middle of winter on a wash day, which took Mother all day scrubbing the clothes on a wash board, boiling them in the boiler, etc., I didn't want to do the supper dishes. I told them I was sick and went to bed. It didn't work. Papa came and made me get up, put on my clothes, and do the dishes. I really didn't like wash day in the winter, as

the house would be filled with the odor of boiling clothes, and things weren't always as tidy as they might have been. Looking back, I really don't know how Mother kept up with all the work. Howard and Esther were babies, and there was almost always two hired men to cook for, plus boarding the teacher for two of those years. There were no modern conveniences. Water was carried from the well, food was cooked on the coal range in the winter and on a kerosene stove in the summer. All the bread was baked at home. Mother baked at least twice a week, seven loaves and a pan of rolls each time. The rolls were served at noon, and the other bread baked after dinner. I can still remember her kneading her bread and singing hymns such as "*Leaning on the Everlasting Arms*," "*God Will Take Care of You*," "*Beulah Land*," and others. At that time she sang a lot as she worked. I can't remember her doing it after we moved back to the homestead.

A time I was really frightened happened one Thanksgiving Day. We had gone to our neighbors, the Longs, for dinner. Morrison and Glen were playing outside, and Mrs. Long asked Mary and I if we would like to go upstairs and play with Glen's toys. We were having fun going through the toys when we suddenly came across a large spider. His legs were moving, and we were both real scared. We rushed downstairs and told the grownups about the large spider. Mrs. Long went upstairs to see about it, and then we got laughed at as it was a toy spider with springs for legs that moved with the slightest motion. We didn't care to go back upstairs and play with the toys anymore.

An incident in connection with Esther's birth concerns Grandma Harp. She and Grandpa were living in New Mexico at that time, as Grandma was bothered with bad asthma attacks and seemed to get along better in that climate. They had lived there for several years. She planned to come and

help Mother with the work and the new baby when Esther was born. She came by train from Stanley, New Mexico, and got as far as Scott City, only to find that the branch of the railroad that went to Winona was unable to operate because of the big snow drifts. She stayed at a hotel in Scott City over two weeks and ran out of money and had to wash dishes and help with the cooking, etc. to pay for her board and room. Finally the railroad people sent her to Salina, and she rode the Union Pacific train to Winona. We children were really surprised when we got home from school on March 29, my sixth birthday, to find her there. She brought me a little U.S. flag, about 6" by 8". I still have the little flag. I was really proud of it. That was the first time I ever saw my Grandmother Harp.

When I was almost four year old, Mother had taken Morrison, Mary, and I and went by train to Winfield and Arkansas City to visit her sisters, but Grandpa and Grandma Harp were already living in New Mexico then. I remember parts of that trip, mainly how frightened I was of the big noisy trains when they came into the stations. It seemed that the current of wind they caused was pulling me under the wheels. I also remember how homesick I was for Papa. I just really felt sick. Mother had her hands full with the three of us on that trip.

Thirteen months after Esther's birth, Howard was born on April 23, 1913. Dr. Butler was the doctor this time, as Dr. Stroup had moved away. It was a mild, showery day. When I found out we had a new baby brother, I ran to the barn where Morrison was doing the morning milking. He didn't seem too excited about a brother. His remark was that the baby would never be big enough to play with him. At that time he was nine and a half years old.

Susie Stinecipher, a friend of the family from near McAllaster came and

helped Mother after the birth of both Esther and Howard. Mother thought she was very good help, but Father liked to tease her. She had red hair and a temper to match. She sometimes let people know what she thought about things in no uncertain terms.

#### Back to the Homestead

In 1917 our family moved back to the 160 acre homestead we had left in 1910. The homestead was a mile long and a quarter mile wide. The south end had some flat land suitable for farming. There was a deep draw through the middle of it with a little flat land on the north end. This was where Father had built our new farmstead. This was quite a change for the whole family. Father and Morrison farmed the farm land and milked several cows. Mother had a flock of Barred Plymouth Rock chickens. She had also brought her turkeys with her, but soon gave them up as they would go down the big draw to the river a half mile east, and we would have to go drive them back. Also there were no trees for them to roost in.

Mother was always sure that Barred Rock chickens were the best. Their eggs were brown. They were a large breed. She raised her own baby chicks by setting the hens when they became broody and started staying in the nest. She would always put thirteen eggs under each hen. She would fix the nest with new straw or whatever was available for nesting material. Then she would write the date on each egg with a pencil and then make pencil marks all over the egg so she could tell which eggs she was supposed to be sitting on. It took three weeks for the eggs to hatch. Mother would fasten the opening of the nest shut in some fashion so the hen could not get off the nest or other hens could not lay eggs in it. Once a day someone would let the hen off the nest to eat and drink and exercise a bit. In a few minutes she would be ready to go back to the nest, but before settling down, the hen

would shuffle the eggs quite vigorously so as to turn them. When the eggs started hatching, they were watched carefully, and the empty egg shells were removed from the nest. The chicks were fluffy little black balls with some touches of light yellow on their heads and wings. Mother generally had some wooden boxes that she used for coops and would soon move the mother hen and chicks to that. These were fixed with doors that could be closed at night to keep predators out. Every evening about dusk we had to be sure that all the coops were closed tightly for the night. It was interesting to see the old mother hen scratching for insects and seeds to feed the young. She had a special sound she would make to tell them to come and get it. Also to keep them following her, she had a special clucking sound. Little chickens were cute little things and were always a part of our spring. We generally had our first fried chicken on the Fourth of July and enjoyed it very much, for it wasn't available all year round as it is now.

A garden spot was worked up near the house, but Mother always had some flowers in a small bed near the house. Sweet peas were her favorite flower, and she would generally manage to have a few at least. The problem was that no water could be found near our house, and we had to haul our daily supply of water from a well about a fourth of a mile away. Later Mother planted her garden in the field area, and a few years when there was sufficient rain, it did real well. In 1920 she had a big watermelon crop and sold some in Winona. A common thing for Mother to do was to take her hoe and walk to the garden three-fourths of a mile away and work till noon. Mary and I did the housework and got dinner for the family. We also did the washing and ironing for the family that summer. Mother would be real tired when she got back at noon and would generally sit and mend in the afternoon. She especially liked to mend overalls. I never understood why she liked doing

this so much, but it gave her great satisfaction. She always mended by hand and not on her sewing machine.

Her garden did very well, and I can remember yet how good fresh green beans and little new potatoes were cooked together. There was also a good corn crop one year, and Mama dried lots of it. It was impossible to can it at that time, as there were no pressure canners. Papa made frames of chicken wire, and Mama covered them with cheese cloth, then spread the cut off corn on it thinly with more cheese cloth on top of it to protect from insects. The frame was put in the sun on saw horses, and in a few days it would be dry. It had to be taken in every night and also if a rain threatened so it wouldn't get damp. It was really good. She also had a wooden barrel in the cellar where she kept her cucumbers in brine to be made into pickles later. I liked the pickles out of the brine and often helped myself to one. Later in the winter Papa made a five gallon stone jar of hominy from the dry mature field corn. He cooked the corn in lye water, then rinsed and rinsed and rubbed and rubbed until he got the husks off and then cooked it.

One summer Father worked for the railroad for several weeks. He would take a team of horses hitched to the lumber wagon and would camp in the wagon for several days at a time. He moved dirt along the tracks with a scraper at a place about six or seven miles north of our place. Morrison did the farming mostly by himself and milked the cows morning and evening. Mother and Father were finding it hard to make a living for all of us at this time. We mostly lived on what could be raised on the farm. We had plenty of milk and vegetables, and Mother made lots of cottage cheese. I can remember when a lot of our diet was cottage cheese and lettuce from the garden or wild greens that Mother picked. Lamb's Quarter, a wild plant that

was plentiful, made very good greens. In my opinion, it is better flavored than most of the tame greens. It had to be picked when it was young and tender.

Our clothes were very limited. I only had four dresses, and one of those I wasn't supposed to wear except on dress up occasions, such as church. In the winter, I had a long tweed colored raincoat that I wore with a sweater under it all winter. We walked over a mile to school, and it wasn't too warm.

The lack of clothes didn't bother me too much when I was in grade school, but after I started to high school it did. For the first two years I felt very much the ugly duckling. My clothes didn't look like the other girls'. Mother always told us that if our clothes were clean and whole, it didn't matter if they were patched or not the latest style, but somehow it did matter.

Mother was a person who always saw everything as black and white, good or bad. If it was bad, you just didn't think of doing it. You didn't yield to temptation, but did what was right. There was no gray in between. Father was more easy going, and we could talk to him about things we were afraid to tell Mother. They both used corporal punishment very little. In fact, I can't remember of either of them ever laying a hand on me in punishment. I did see them punish the younger children a few times.

We had some fun times. I can remember one Christmas especially. I think it might have been 1917. Howard and Esther were still small enough to think Santa Claus was real. We got a little cottonwood branch for a Christmas tree and decorated it, and then we three older children had a lot of fun telling Howard and Esther big stories about Santa Claus. On Christmas Eve, Morrison went outside and made noises of Santa arriving and

pretended to be Santa. I don't remember what gifts we got, but I think that was the year that Belle Stryker, our friend from our ranch days, sent us all knitted scarves. Mine was pink. Also Aunt Jessie sent us a box of prunes stuffed with pecan meats. We always went to the Christmas program at McAllaster where every child was given a sack of candy, nuts, and an orange. The parents furnished a gift for their own children.

One of the things Howard, Esther, and Mary liked to do in the summer was to fish in the water holes in the draw for crawdads. They would put a bent pin on a string and catch them. A few times they even cleaned and cooked them.

#### High School Days

In the spring of 1920, Morrison and I graduated from the ninth grade. I do not remember much about graduation except that Mother made me a white dress to wear. Morrison was past 16, and I was 14 years of age. That fall was an exciting time as we entered Winona High School. That first year we drove from home eleven or twelve miles, with Morrison driving the folks' Model T. The roads weren't graded or paved. When it was muddy, there were a few hills that were a real problem, and when winter came, it was a cold drive. There was no heater in the car, and the old button down curtains didn't keep out much cold. When we got to school, Morrison always had to cover the radiator or drain it to keep it from freezing.

All of we children went to Winona to school that year, and part of the time we went by the ranch and picked up Vivian Armstrong, the granddaughter of Bob Armstrong, who was living on the ranch. I enjoyed the classes and teachers and made some new friends, most of whom are gone now.

The first fall we were in high school was the same time the folks had the big watermelon crop. We could hardly wait until we could get home from



school and get a nice watermelon and cut it. They were really good.

I think it was the summer of 1920 that Leslie Burdick, our neighbor a half mile to the southeast, found an Indian grave a little to the north of his home along the North Smoky River. A rain had washed out a copper kettle that covered the skull of the Indian. His dog had been buried with him, as well as his saddle, bracelets, and other ornaments he was wearing. Mr. Burdick dug everything out and displayed it on benches in his yard. People came from far and near to see this. These artifacts are now in the Butterfield Museum at Russell Springs. We searched the spot a few times for Indian beads.

The second year of high school, Father rented a house in Winona, and Mother and we children lived in town while Father stayed on the farm. We did the same our junior and senior years, but rented a different house. Later Father bought sixteen acres a short way southwest of Winona, and he took the job of janitor for the Winona schools so we could get our high school. About the time I left home, he built first a basement house and then completed it on this acreage.

On the first day of school in September of 1920, Morrison and I enrolled in high school. There were six of us in the class, three boys and three girls. There was another girl by the name of Bertha, and Supt. Brewster, who was enrolling us, made the remark that we were starting out with the Berthas. I am the only one still living of the six. It was a big change from our little country school.

Lester Brewster was my algebra teacher. He was also the Superintendent and a real gentleman. Earle Greene taught Elementary Science and Ancient History. I was always a little afraid of him, but he was a wonderful teacher and brought many new things to the Winona schools, such as tennis,

swinging Indian clubs, and was also the basketball coach. Morrison and Leslie both played on the basketball team under him. He later taught in the St. Francis schools for many years and died there a few years ago. Fannie Stout was my English teacher and was a very down to earth, no nonsense teacher that all the pupils liked. Mrs. Earle Green was my Latin teacher and the only one that I felt wasn't a very good teacher. She didn't make much of an effort to teach. Later teachers I really enjoyed were Leo Watson and Charles Howard. Charles had been raised on a farm near Colby, and in later years, his brother Earle and family were neighbors of ours. Charles was a wonderful teacher and could explain things so clearly that even in my Physics class they were clear to me. Later he became Dean of a college in Oregon. He visited us one time after we moved to Colby. He died in Oregon a number of years ago.

Another teacher I loved very much was Bertha Gwin, who was my Domestic Science teacher. She was a small lady with a big wide smile and not out of college very long. I still have the notebook she had us keep with recipes of foods we fixed in class and also samples of different types of seams and sewing procedures and drawings of the articles we made in sewing class. As of this writing, she is living in a retirement home in Greeley, Colorado, and keeping very active. I still hear from her occasionally. She must be near ninety years of age.

When I was a junior, our Domestic Science class cooked the meal for the Junior Senior Banquet in 1923. We also decorated the room and tables for the banquet. We used lilacs for decoration, and the class had so much fun going around to various homes in Winona and gathering the flowers. I had never been around many lilacs until then, and I really fell in love with them and their odor. We also made fancy place cards and menus for the

table. As my class was the host for the affair, we got to attend the banquet also. Someway I don't remember the Junior Senior banquet when I was a Senior nearly as well.

During summer vacations I helped a number of different ladies with their housework. One lady I had helped when I was only twelve or thirteen and still in grade school was Mrs. Oren Lewis, who lived west of McAllaster. When I was younger, she had been my Sunday School teacher for several years, and she was so good to me and to all children. She and her husband lived in a very well kept sodhouse. They had no children of their own. He raised beautiful horses and was very proud of them. They also had a nice orchard of cherry and apricot trees which they watered with their windmill.

The very first time I ever tried to help someone was when I was only eleven years old. Will McMillan came up to get me to help his sister Blanche while she was ill. They lived three or four miles south of us on the farm where my brother Howard lives today. She asked me the first thing to clean a chicken for their dinner. I had never done this before, but bravely started on it. I had watched Mother clean them many times. I got it done some way, but it took me quite awhile, and I am sure I made quite a mess in the kitchen. I wasn't sure after that whether I wanted to work out or not.

Later after I was in high school, I worked for Lulu Kirkham two summers in hay season. They owned a hay and cattle ranch on the South Smoky and during the haying season had several extra men to cook for. We also did the annual housecleaning. I remember taking up the old fashioned rag rug she had in her living room which had straw for padding. After cleaning, it was put down over clean straw and tacked down all around the room. Another thing I did there was churn butter in a large wooden churn that turned by

hand with a crank on the side. Her husband Wendell was a brother of Vira Kirkham, who had been my teacher in the third and fourth grades.

During the high school years, I helped several women with house cleaning, washing, babysitting, etc. About the hardest I ever had was helping Grandma Jackson with her annual spring cleaning. She was an elderly lady who lived alone on the east side of Winona. It was common practice then to move everything out and clean the whole house and every thing in it in one swoop. She wasn't able to help too much, and I moved furniture from here to there, some out into the yard, washed windows, curtains, dishes, knickknacks etc., besides scrubbing floors, carpets, etc. Then everything had to be put back. It took two long days of solid work.

Another job I had the summers of 1924 and 1925 was to work for Susie Miller at McAllaster. She ran the general store and post office there. This is the same Susie who had helped Mother when Esther and Howard were born. She had married, but her husband left before long, and after he had gone, she gave birth to a baby girl who was just two weeks old when I went to work for her. She lived in one side of the store where living quarters were built. There was a variety of things to do, help care for the baby, keep the living quarters, and work in the store, besides doing the cooking for she and her brother, who worked in the store also. This was something entirely new to me, but I liked it. It was impossible to keep very organized, as you never know when a customer would come in with cream or eggs and wanting to buy groceries or maybe just after their mail. I worked there the second summer when the baby was a year old. I had more baby tending to do then, as well as sew some clothes for them that year.

I think I enjoyed my senior year of high school the most. I was more adjusted. I made good grades and felt good about that. Also I was in the

senior play, and that was fun. I had gotten quite proficient on the piano and played for various activities. I never dated while I was in high school. Mother had told me I couldn't date until I was eighteen. I am not sure that I would have anyway, for I was still shy. Mother let Mary date when she was sixteen, and Esther was going out at fourteen. That's what comes from being the older daughter. I never missed much in the way of going though, as Morrison was in my class, and we went together to all sorts of places. He was real good to take me. In fact, I can't remember that he ever dated in high school either.

When we graduated the spring of 1924, I was Salutatorian in my class of eight. We were still living in the little three room house in the west side of Winona. I had wanted to go to Kansas Wesleyan College, as several of the Winona teachers were from there, and become a kindergarten teacher. Leo Watson, one of the teachers had assured me he would help me find a job in Salina. I really don't remember much about high school graduation. I know the other girls in the class all wanted me to get my hair cut short as they had theirs, but I guess just to be stubborn, I wouldn't do it. Then a month or so later I had it cut. A few days after graduation, I came down with the measles, and Morrison did too.

#### My Teaching Days

I kept my dream of going to Kansas Wesleyan until one day in the middle of August. While I was working in the store at McAllaster, two school board members from the Orange Lawn school south of Page City came to the store to ask me if I would teach their school that year. It was only two weeks until school was to start. I talked the idea over with Mother and Father, and Father gently told me he thought it might be a good idea to take the school and earn some money before I tried to go to college. I really don't know

where I thought the money was coming from to go, as I wasn't earning too much. So I agreed that it would probably be best to take the school.

I began trying to get organized to be a teacher. I had to get a temporary teaching certificate as there wouldn't be a teacher's exam until December. There would be ten or twelve students in five or six different grades in the school. I had to find a boarding place. I found a place to stay with Arthur Davids two miles south of the school house. I planned to walk the two miles to school each day. The thought never entered my mind that a car would be nice to have.

When I got into teaching, I soon found that it would have been better to have done more preparation. I had trouble controlling the children and was too unsure of myself in the classroom. All in all, I wasn't a good teacher that year, and when school was out in the spring, they let me go.

I made some good friends though and learned a lot. At mid term I decided that the two mile walk straight north in the dead of winter wasn't very easy, so I moved a mile north to the John David home. They were Arthur's parents, and their single daughter, Stella, still lived at home and did the housework and cooking. She fixed nice lunches and very good meals for me, and we became good friends. In fact, the David family had connections with our family from the time my Grandfather Williams had moved his family to Logan County in the early 1900s.

I should mention that the Orange Lawn school where I taught was in the home district of Margaret Stone, a very good friend of mine who had graduated from high school a year ahead of me in Leslie's class. She had taught this same school the year before I did, and she and her family had moved to California in the summer of 1924. We have kept in touch all these years, but she is having serious health problems now. I have only seen her

twice since they moved away. She and her new husband stopped to see us in 1928 when they were on their honeymoon, and once in 1949 we were in California and saw her briefly.

Another thing I must tell is how my family met the Linville family. The first summer we lived on the homestead after leaving the ranch in 1917, Father suggested we go visit our neighbors about four miles southeast of us. I don't know whether father had ever met them or not. Anyway he knew of them. I don't remember much about the visit except how thrilled we were to find young people of our age. We didn't have many young friends that lived near, most quite a distance away. Leslie and Morrison were about the same age. Doris, Mary, and myself were close in age, and Margaret was a year older than Esther. That was the beginning of a life long association.

It was in October after I started teaching that I had my first date with Leslie. Morrison was dating Flora Dickinson, who later became his wife. He wanted Leslie to find a date, and they would all go to Colby to a church conference in the Colby Methodist Church which was brand new then. Leslie asked if Mary or I would like to go with them. Mary refused, but I said yes. The church was full, and we sat in the west balcony. It was the first time I had ever been in Colby. After the service Leslie drove us around Colby to see the town, and I remember driving down one street and hitting a bump or a big hole or something which we all thought was funny. We had a very good time, and Leslie and I went steady from them on. He always volunteered for the job of taking me to my boarding place on Sunday evening and often picked me up to take me home on Friday evening. In the spring of 1925 I was hired to teach the Pleasant Valley school, which was near where my brother Howard now lives. There were ten or twelve pupils, and I enjoyed them a lot. I had time to make plans and prepare which made

this school a lot easier than the first. I taught there two years. One summer, and I am not sure whether it was 1925 or 1926, Doris and I roomed together for a normal school in Russell Springs that lasted two or three weeks, and I am sure it was a help to me, although now I don't remember too much about it except going on a field trip to see a large fish skeleton that Mr. Sternberg was excavating from the limestone south of Russell Springs. I think it is the one that is in the Oakley museum.

The first year I taught at Pleasant Valley I roomed with the Foulke family a mile and half west of the school house. Again I got to school by walking. Mrs. Foulke had died, and her daughter Selma kept house for her father and brother. She was the same age as I, and we became good friends. I had many enjoyable evenings with the family playing cards or just visiting. Selma was engaged to be married. She was a very good cook and housekeeper.

The next year I roomed with the Deaver family who lived on the place where my brother Howard has now lived for many years. It was closer to school, and Selma had married. I had four of the Deaver children in school, and there were three little boys still at home. They were a busy family and made me seem one of them. Mr. Deaver worked for the county road department and was gone all day. Mrs. Deaver worked hard taking care of the family and raising a big garden. The children also worked hard at whatever had to be done. They were good pupils in school. I still keep in touch with some of the family.

While teaching at Pleasant Valley, we had a box supper and bought a bookcase and some books for the school. There was also a Halloween party at the Deavers for the neighborhood. There was a large crowd, and games were played in the yard. At Christmas time our school went to the Gill school





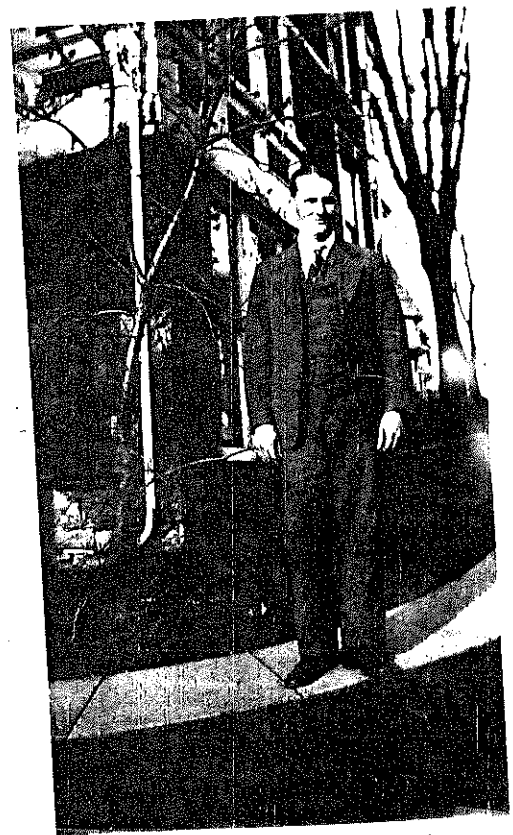
Bertha Williams 1924



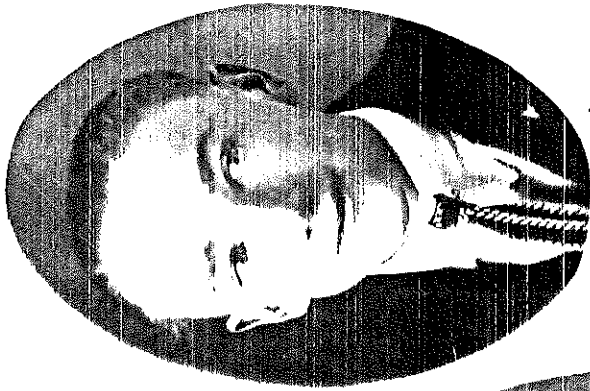
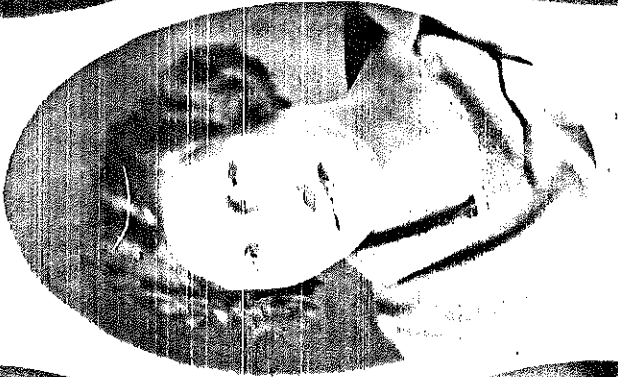
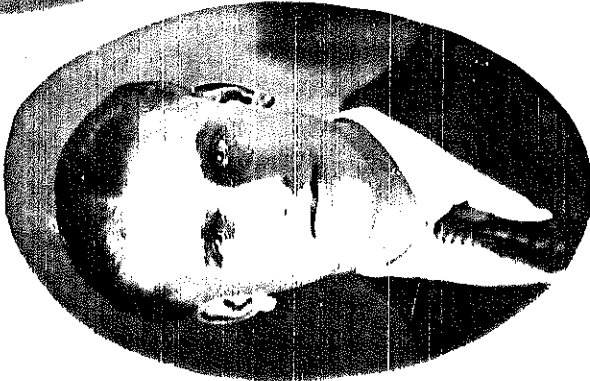
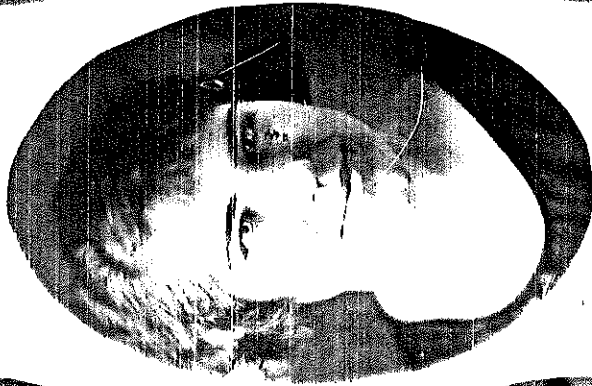
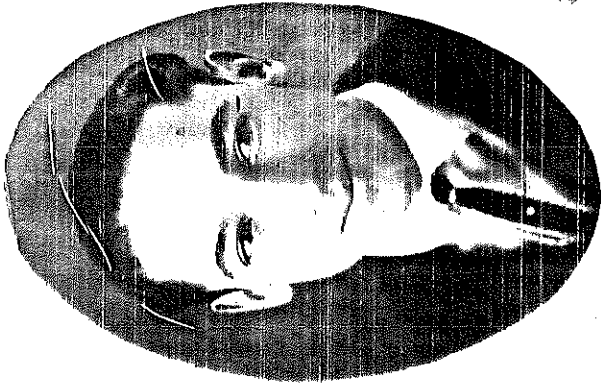
Winona Home Ec. Class of  
1921 and 1922 in front  
teacher Bertha Gwin in back  
Margaret Stone, Beulah Dragoo  
May Lowe, Bessie Venable  
Bertha Williams and Doris Linville



Mary Williams when in  
High School



Morrison Williams in  
Vermont 1928



Winona High School Class of 1924  
Top Row Ray Emel, Bessie Venable, Leslie Meff  
Middle Row Flossie Baker, Faye Enix  
Bottom row Beulah Dragoo, Morrison Williams and Bertha Williams

west of us and helped put on a joint Christmas program with them. I made many good friends with the people of the Pleasant Valley district and enjoyed my years there very much.

In the meantime, Mary had graduated from high school in 1925 and went to Hays to study nursing at Hays Protestant Hospital. It was just newly opened, and Mary was in the first class to graduate there. It is now Hadley Memorial.

Our family was beginning to each go their own way. Morrison had worked at the Winona Post office since high school, and in 1926, he began carrying the mail to Elkader.

In September, 1926, Morrison and Flora Dickinson were married in the Winona Methodist Church. Rev. Henry Husted married them with only the family present. Leslie and I were their attendants. They settled down in a little house in Winona, but shortly after the first of January, 1927, they moved to Burlington, Vermont. Flora's mother and sister were living there. Morrison got a job as chauffeur for a man who manufactured children's clothing, and Flora was hired as cook for the family. Morrison never lived in western Kansas again. They lived with this family for several years and spent several winters in Florida with this family. When he and Flora would get back to visit in Kansas, they would always bring lots of remnants of material from the factory that his employer ran for me to use for my family's needs.

Another thing that happened in 1927 was the completion and dedication of a big new school house made of brick for Winona. The school that I taught and several other country schools dismissed for the day and attended the ceremony. Father was still janitor and was very proud of it.

I also remember at this time that Mother's parents were visiting the

folks. They had recently returned from New Mexico to southeast Kansas to be nearer their family. Father had recently completed a basement house on the acreage he had bought west of Winona, and the folks were living there. In 1919, he finished building a house over the basement. It had three bedrooms, a living room, dining room and kitchen.

I think it was the summer of 1926 that Father and I visited his mother and sister Flossie and her family in Marshall County. We took the train from Winona to Manhattan, then a small jitney train from Manhattan to Blue Rapids. Grandma Williams was bedfast at the home of Aunt Flossie Mapes. It was the last time I ever saw my Grandmother Williams, as she died in 1929. When we got to Ellsworth on the way home, I changed trains and went to Wichita, and Father continued on to Winona. My cousin Ernest Butler, Aunt Pearl's son, met me there. Aunt Pearl, Mother's sister, lived in Milton, Kansas, a small town near Wichita where her husband was a section foreman. Ernest was just a few days older than I, and a year or so earlier he had visited us in Winona. His fiance had relatives in Grinnell, and he had taken her to visit them and then came on out to Winona to see us. We had a lot of fun when he was there, and I can still remember him singing the song, "*It Ain't Gonna Rain No More*," which was rather popular then. He and myself, Aunt Betha's son Robert, and Aunt Effie's daughter Helen, were all born within three months of each other, three of us in March of 1906.

I stayed at Aunt Pearl's several days. Ernest worked in a store in Milton. Aunt Pearl was raising a granddaughter, Geraldine, who was five or six years old when I was there. She also had a daughter, Maude, a few years younger than I, and an older daughter, Ruby Ryno, who lived in Valley Center. Her husband was a carpenter who worked in Wichita. She was the mother of Geraldine. I don't remember how I got up to Valley Center, which



Wedding picture of  
Morrison Williams and  
Flora Dickinson in  
Sept. 1926



Wedding picture of  
Howard Williams and  
Lorene Hanson Dec. 25 1940

is north of Wichita, but I did and spent two or three days there with Ruby and her family. We rode the interurban, which was running then, into Wichita one day and spent the whole day in town. We went to a Valentino movie, ate lunch, shopped, and had a good time.

Later I took the train from Wichita to Winfield and visited Aunt Betha Shelhamer. She was a jolly, short, heavy-set lady who always enjoyed company. Her husband was quite a bit older than she was and was retired from farming. They had two sons, Robert, who was my age, and Elmer, who was Esther's age. Robert also worked in a store. They took me all around Winfield, and on Sunday took me to Silverdale to visit Aunt Effie Utt and her family. Her husband was also a section foreman on the railroad. They had a large family of twelve children. Many of them still live in the Wichita area. Helen and Hazel were the two older children. Helen was my age and had just married two weeks before I was there. Hazel took me around quite a bit, and we enjoyed each other. Helen was real dark haired and dark eyed, while Hazel was a blonde. Later I spent a few days with Helen in her new home in Belle Plaine, Kansas. Helen took me to see Grandma and Grandpa Harp who were living near by. They were living with, keeping house, and doing chores for an old bachelor. I remember them making a freezer of ice cream the evening we were there. I took the train from Wichita to go home shortly after this. I had really enjoyed the trip and had gotten acquainted with aunts, uncles and cousins I hardly knew, and I never saw them very often afterward. Of the four cousins who were near my age, I am the only one still living. I did visit Ernest Butler and his wife in Wichita several time over the years, and I also saw Helen Utt a few times and kept in touch with her until her death just before Christmas in 1986.

### My Marriage

The most important event in my life occurred in the spring of 1926 when Leslie asked me to marry him, and I consented. We had been going steady since the fall of 1925 and found we really enjoyed each others company. I decided that I would much prefer being his wife to pursuing my teaching career or going to college. So I began planning for our future life by making some things for our home and buying others, such as a set of dishes, tableware, and linens.

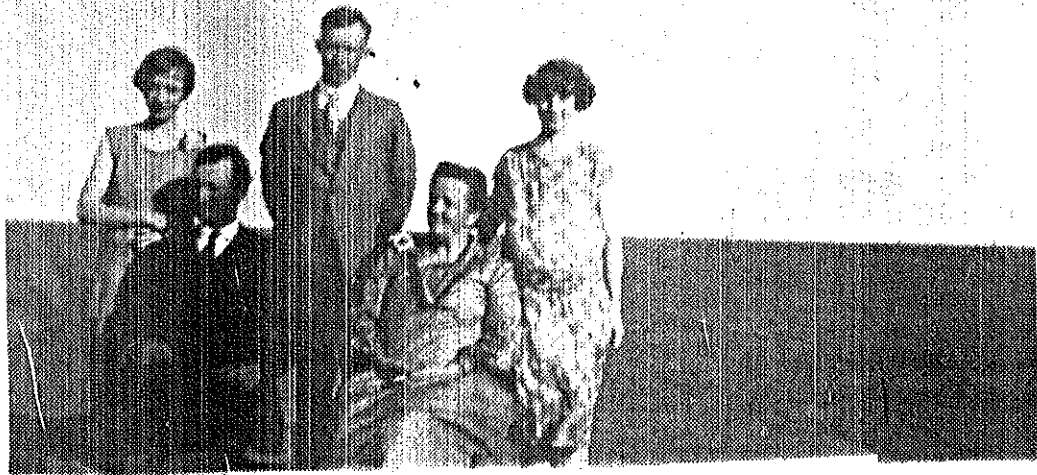
In September of 1926, we had a separation of two months when Leslie got the chance to go to South America with some dairy cattle. It seemed he was gone a long time, but it was thrilling to get letters from South America. I still have most of them. When he got back, we decided on April 17, 1927, as our wedding date. It was the first Sunday after my school would be out for the spring and was also Easter Sunday, which seemed a good day for new beginnings. A week before our wedding, Mrs. Charles Howard, Mrs. Leo Watson, and Mrs. P. A. Wright had a shower for me, and I received many nice gifts.

Several of my friends in Winona wanted me to be married in the church and offered to help me get ready for it, but I felt neither the folks nor I had time to prepare for a church wedding. We were married in the folks' basement home by Rev. Henry Husted, the pastor of the Winona Methodist church. Our two families were all the people present. We felt bad that Morrison and Flora could not be there, but they were in Vermont. Leslie's family brought a freezer of ice cream, and we had cake and ice cream afterwards. After everything was over, Leslie and I went to the farm on the Smoky where he and his family had lived for many years. His parents were moving to southwest Missouri, and we were to take charge of the farm. So a

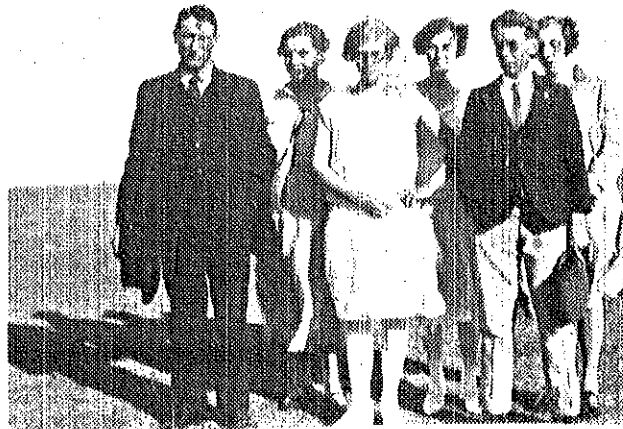




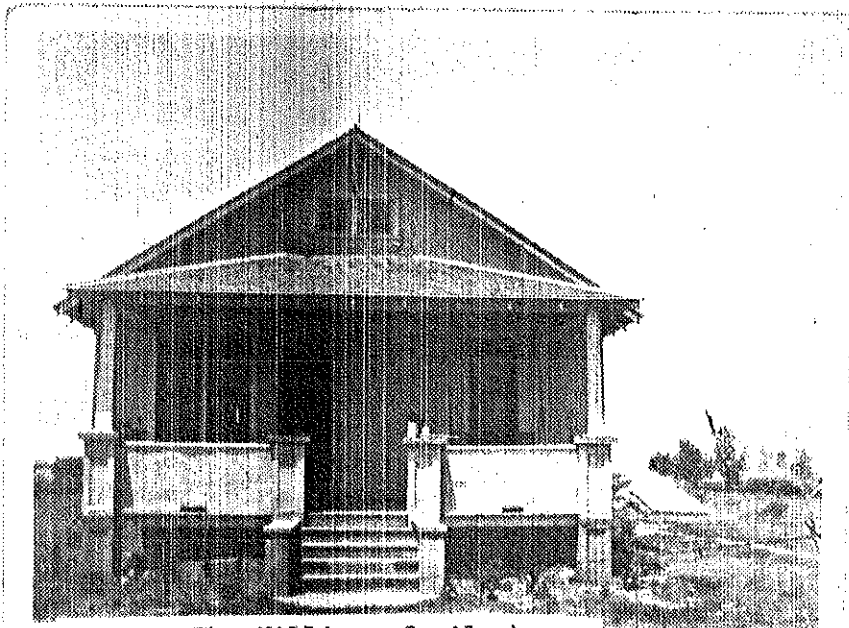
BERTHA WILLIAMS and  
LESLIE LINVILLE  
April 17 1927



Front row WILL and ALICE LINVILLE  
Back row, Children Margaret Leslie and Doris  
April 17 1927



WILLIAMS FAMILY, DELSY, DONA ESTHER BERTHA  
HOWARD AND MARY



The Williams family home  
west of Winona

few days after we moved to the farm, his parents moved to Missouri.

A week or so after we were married, I invited Mother, Father, Esther and Howard to eat Sunday dinner with us. I can't remember what I fixed, but can remember how proud I was to fix a meal for them in my own home. In the afternoon we walked down to the alfalfa field, past some currant bushes which grew west of the barn which were in full bloom and smelled so nice. It was a beautiful day.

I planted a small garden north of the house. I am not sure what I planted, but a few weeks later when Mary came to visit for a few days, she wanted to help and was hoeing the weeds in the garden and accidentally hoed up a lot of the garden, thinking she was hoeing weeds.

The first summer we were married, I had the privilege of being the pianist for the sixtieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Hobbs, of Winona. They were friends of both our families, and he was a Civil War veteran. They went through the ceremony of repeating their wedding vows. At that time we had Leslie's mother's piano, and I practiced and practiced on the wedding march and other music for the occasion.

It wasn't too long after we were married until I realized I wasn't feeling quite normal, and that I was pregnant. In those days you didn't go to the doctor except in dire circumstances. I never saw the doctor until time for the baby to be delivered. Of course Mother gave me lots of advice, and about a month before the baby was due, Leslie went and asked Dr. Butler in Winona if he would deliver the baby. He said he would, but did give Leslie a lecture about my not coming to see him.

I went up and stayed with the folks a week or so ahead of time, as we had no telephone, and Mother was planning on taking care of me and baby. Richard Eugene arrived at two a.m. on January 28, 1928. He weighed eight

pounds. A few years ago we found the bill from Dr. Butler for the amount of \$25.00 for the delivery. This was his total charges.

Doris had been going to college in Greeley, Colorado, and she came and stayed with us for awhile. I had no training whatever in baby care, but was determined that my baby would have the best of care. Dr. Butler had given me a book on baby care, and I followed it to the letter. That was in the era when you were supposed to keep babies on a strict schedule, feeding at exact times even if they cried because they wanted food at other times. They were never to be given food from the table. We had no refrigeration, so I couldn't strain fruits and vegetables ahead of time and keep them. He didn't get enough of this type food and later became anemic. Richard was a handsome little boy, and we were very proud of him.

When Richard was less than a year old, I became pregnant again. The baby was due in August of 1929. That summer Leslie was using his tractor to pull a combine for Tom Bishop in harvest. We still had no phone, and I was afraid to stay by myself, so would go to the folks all day and come home with Leslie late at night. Leslie had to go home and do a lot of chores after dark, then we would get up the next morning and do it again. I am not sure how long this lasted, probably three weeks or so. This time we decided that we would go to Hays to have the baby. It was the closest hospital in our area. Mary had graduated as a nurse there in the spring of 1928 and was working as a registered nurse at the Hays hospital. Dr. Butler had an alcohol problem and wasn't always available when needed. A week or so before the baby was due, Leslie took me to Hays, and we rented a room for me across the street from the hospital, where I stayed until August 5 when Walter Owen arrived. I had left Richard with Mother and Father. While I was gone his anemia got worse, and they had to take him to a doctor. He was

given an iron prescription, but was so weak that he had to learn to walk for the second time.

In looking back over these past events I can't help but realize how my parents helped us out at every turn. Whenever we needed help, they seemed to have been there. It must have been very worrisome to them, and I now realize how very much they put themselves out to help us.

#### Leslie's Accident

I think I was in the hospital two weeks. Leslie came and got me. That evening was when Leslie was attacked by the bull. I won't go into too many details here as Leslie has told the story in his "*Grandfather's Memories*" book. I will tell a little of my own feelings at the time. I heard Leslie calling for help from the barn even though the barn was quite a distance from the house. I went down there, and he called to me before I got there to not come into the corral, but to go get help. I ran to the nearest neighbors, who were a widower and his grown son. They lived about a quarter of a mile east of us. When they answered me, there were two women there also. The women went to Winona to get the doctor, and the men took me back and went to help Leslie. My mind is a blank as to what happened next. I know the doctor finally got there. The men went in the hayloft and down the ladder to where he was. I can't remember them getting Leslie out of the barn or bringing him to the house. I do know they didn't do this until the doctor got there.

The next thing I remember was going into the room where they had laid Leslie to tell him that the doctor didn't want me to go to Hays with him to the hospital because I had the baby to care for. He wanted Father to go with him in case he needed help on the way to Hays. I know the doctor took me to Winona and got Father to help load Leslie into the back seat of his

car. There was no such thing as an ambulance in Logan County then. I some way don't remember much else of that frightening evening. I think I only got to Hays once to see him while he was there. He was in a cast over most of his body.

When he was ready to come home a month later, he got a little jitney that came to Oakley and came by himself. Someone picked him up there, but I can't remember who. In the meantime my parents were doing all they could to help out. I was staying with them. We had been looking for a place to move before this happened, as the farm had changed hands. When Leslie got home, he was not in shape to do much and still had a lot of recuperation ahead of him. We moved into the folks' basement and lived there that winter.

Leslie's mother and sisters moved back to Monument shortly after Leslie's accident, and Father, Howard, and Leslie's mother moved the household goods from the farm. I suppose I surely was, but can't remember being back down there for several years after.

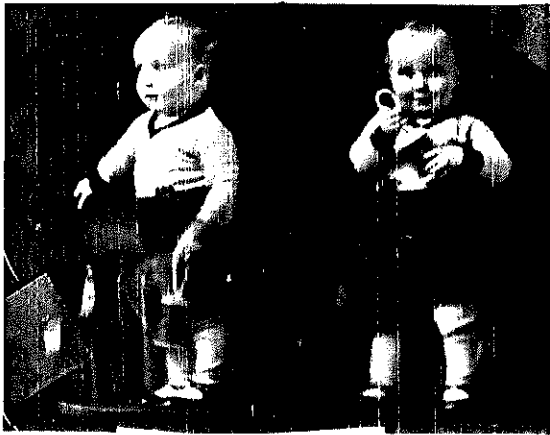
We lived in the basement until the next May when we rented a house in Winona and moved there. That summer on July 19, Mary Maxine was born. Mary happened to be visiting us at the time. We had called the doctor the evening of the eighteenth, but nothing happened and he left, and I slept through the night. The next morning about seven, things began happening fast. Leslie had already left for work. No one could find Dr. Butler as he had been called to a small accident near Winona, so Mary delivered the baby. Thank goodness she was a nurse! Of course she didn't have the medicines a doctor would have had, and I began to hemorrhage badly. She rushed over to the drug store to get some medicine to stop it, but they couldn't let her have it because she wasn't a doctor. I had blacked out by the time the doctor got there. I was very weak for several weeks after. I was real



HOWARD AND LORENE WILLIAMS  
1941



RICHARD LINVILLE  
5 months



HAROLD LINVILLE  
1932



LOUISE LINVILLE  
1933



DELSY WILLIAMS HOME  
WEST OF WINONA



HOWARD AND MORRISON WILLIAMS  
sometime in the 30s



DELSY WILLIAMS ABOUT 1940



happy to have a girl after two boys.

#### Move to the Stone Farm

That summer we were looking for a farm to rent and finally found the Stone farm south of Page City. It was the place where my friend Margaret Stone had lived with her parents and two brothers before they moved to California in 1924. We were glad to get it, as it was a pretty good farm. We moved on it the first of September, 1930. The house was a frame two story structure with a large kitchen and dining area on the south end, a fair sized living room on the north end downstairs, and three bedrooms upstairs. There was a screen porch on the south end of the house with a cistern there that was filled from the windmill. This made it much easier to get the household water. I also kept my washing machine out there. Leslie had gotten me a new Maytag washer that summer while we were living in Winona. It had a gasoline motor that the operator had to kick down on a pedal to start it. It didn't always start easy, but was sure an improvement over the washboard. Before I got the washer, I had washed with a tub and scrub board with three little ones and lots of diapers. It was much easier with the motorized machine.

We had only been on the place about seven months when the infamous blizzard of 1931 struck on March 26, 1931. It started with a light spring rain and swiftly turned terribly cold with a hard north wind and lots of snow. It was getting toward spring, and we were out of coal for our heating stove in the north room. We soon gave up trying to use it and brought the baby bed into the kitchen close to our gasoline burner cook stove. Our north room soon had considerable snow in it that drifted in through cracks around the windows. I sat Richard and Walter on chairs as close to the stove as possible and moved the bed with Maxine in it close. Again I won't

try to tell many details, as Leslie has written of it in his book. The only way we had of heating the upstairs bedrooms was through an opening in the ceiling of the kitchen that let the heat go up. I think God was looking after us or we would have frozen to death or else burned the house down. This is a little like the incident with the bull, as I was under so much stress that my mind has blanked a lot of it out, and I really don't know how we managed. It was way below zero, and the wind was blowing very hard. We could not see any of the outbuildings, the drifts were immense between the house and the barn. I can always see in my mind's eye how the universe looked when late in the evening of the second or third day the sky cleared and the sun came out. It was shortly before sundown, and the scene was one of complete desolation. Snow and snow drifts of immense size, and along the road into our place, several dead cattle that had died in the storm after drifting along the road. We were lucky that we did not lose any cattle, as Leslie had them shut in the barn so they were safe. Many, many cattle died in that storm. Sam Selley, the father of a neighbor family who lived on down the road from us, came by after the storm cleared with some corn cobs for his daughter's family. He stopped and asked if we had fuel, (what we had was buried up), and he dumped some from his load in the road for us as he couldn't get into the yard.

I must mention here that Leslie's mother was also most kind and good to us in all our problems. She had been so worried about us during the blizzard that the first day anyone could get out, she got the minister from Monument to bring her out to see how we had gotten along. Many times she kept the children or came out and stayed with them while we went to our neighborhood card club, or she came out and helped me put up garden produce. She gave me old garments that could be made over into clothes for the

children. She was so good to me,

September 3, 1931, Harold Leslie was born. I went to Hays again for his birth, as Mary was still there. He was a round-faced, jolly little boy that his Aunt Margaret always called the cutest baby that ever was. For his first few years he was bothered badly with allergies, and he has been to some extent all his life. He had a little green suit when he was about a year and a half old that we called his grasshopper green suit. He wore a little hat with a rim that turned up all around it.

Soon after Harold's birth, Mary left Hays. She had met her future husband, John Brown, in Hays, and they left the first of October, 1931, and were married in Salina, and then went on to Louisiana where he was supposed to have a job, but when they got there, it had been given to someone else. He was an engineer and had been in charge of paving highway 40 from Hays to Russell. The depression was setting in, and it was very hard to find a job.

The dust bowl and the depression would have either one been very bad, but when they both hit at once here, it was a catastrophe. From the time we moved to the Stone place until we left in the spring of 1938, we only had one crop that was any good, and it was hailed out.

Leslie worked very hard at anything he could find to do to keep his family going. He did farm work for other people, worked on WPA doing road work, building dams, and also helped with an addition to the courthouse at Russell Springs. The weather was terribly cold part of the time, and he didn't have the warm clothing he should have had. At noon he only had a meager cold lunch. The government was giving out some supplies for needy families. We got some of them, and I remember very well the canned meat they gave out. I could hardly eat it, knowing it came from the skinny cattle that the government had bought from the farmers for \$10.00 per head.

On September 12, 1932, Doris Louise was born. This time the doctor was Dr. Miller from Oakley. Leslie's mother let me come to her basement home in monument for the baby's birth. Josie David, who was a neighbor and also a registered nurse, was with me. This is the same lady that I had roomed with when I first started teaching at Orange Lawn school. We were glad to get our second girl, as we now had three boys and only one girl. We called her Louise so as not to confuse her name with Leslie's sister Doris. We also called Mary Maxine by her middle name to distinguish her from my sister Mary. Believe me, we had some busy and lively times with five little ones. Louise was very active, and before she was very old, she was holding her own with her brothers and sister and telling them what to do. I can remember having a pink organdy bonnet for her to wear when she was about a year old. One time when our landlady came to visit us when Louise was small, she told us it would have been easier to have had all five at once, as the Dionne family in Canada had done when they had their quintuplets, than to have had them separately so close together. We survived, and so did the children, and we found each to have their own individual personalities. We loved them all.

During the dusty years, we did very much as everyone else did. We worked to keep the dust out by sealing windows, and we covered our table with cloths after setting it until we were ready to eat, etc. It was a horrid time, and I learned to thoroughly hate the smell of dust to this day.

In 1935 we had a little shower, and the children were thrilled to get out and play in the puddles. This was too much for Walter, who was five years old at the time. He came down with dust pneumonia and became delirious in the night. He was very sick for about two weeks at home. Then we took him to Hays to the hospital, and he was there two more weeks. After

he got home it took him another two weeks to gain his health back. He started to school in the fall. Richard had started to school when he was only five. He had started two or three weeks late, as we had taken a trip to Missouri to visit Leslie's father, and I started him when we got back. I later regretted very much sending him so young. He wasn't ready for school, and the other children were already settled into the routine of school. He was a very shy little boy and was afraid of strange things. He didn't like riding the school bus, and we would have to make him get on every morning, and he would go to school crying. He was so unhappy, but dumb me, I thought that as I had started him, I couldn't give up. The next summer he stayed with Leslie's mother and the girls, who were in summer school at Hays, and he went to school there and made up some of what he didn't get in the first grade. He also had his tonsils out that summer. He did better in school the next year.

Everyone was in the same boat in those years when it came to having much money, and with all the children, we didn't go very much. Our neighborhood did have card parties often and sometimes neighborhood pot luck dinners. Some of our neighbors were the Markhams, John, Art, and William David, who were all related, Charles and Ross Marstellar and their families, they were brothers, Clint McIntoshs, Albert Kroths, and later the Ben Kruses.

We didn't go to Sunday School and church as I had been raised to do, but it just seemed impossible to get five little ones ready to go plus take care of them if we did. We did sometimes go to the basketball games at Page City after<sup>1</sup> the children started to school. I should mention that Leslie's sister, Margaret, was teaching at Page and had Richard in the second grade and started Walter, Maxine, and Harold.

I joined the Farm Bureau Unit at Page City. This organization later had no connection with the Farm Bureau organization and was called Home Demonstration Units. I gained much from this group and was a member for twenty-five or more years. I belonged first in Logan County and later in Thomas County. I learned so much that helped me better my housekeeping skills, in nutrition, sewing, home decoration, and everyday living. I have always been grateful for the many things that were taught through those groups from the extension service in Manhattan. Also it was good to have the fellowship of the other women. One year our County Agent, V. S. Crippen, took a load of us to Manhattan to the state meeting. Mrs. Tom Williams from south of Russell Springs, Lute Gfeller from Winona, and I were the group he took. Mrs. Williams was a little Welsh lady who was a very well educated and loved to read any book she could get ahold of. We had an interesting time in Manhattan as we roomed together. She was probably fifty-five or sixty and left all practical things to me. She didn't pay any attention to where she was or where she had been. As for me, I didn't know my way around Manhattan at all and was green as could be at finding my way around. Mr. Crippen was very good to us and took us quite a bit, but he did expect us to manage part of the time when he would be at different meetings than we were. I remember one time after getting out of a meeting, we walked and walked and looked and looked for the rooming house we were staying in, only to find the house was on the opposite side of the street from where I thought it was that morning when I left. I really did like the talks and lessons we went to. There was a banquet one night, and one of the foods they served was frozen peas. This was the first time I had ever seen or eaten any frozen vegetable. They seemed so much like fresh garden peas that I was an immediate fan of frozen vegetables. They were just coming

into use then. This must have been in the mid thirties. In the thirties, Father developed cancer and had to have cancer surgery. I was really upset and so concerned. Howard filled in for him as janitor at the Winona school. Father was well liked in the Winona community and got so much support from everyone. I still have a sack full of cards and letters he received while in the hospital. I don't remember how long it took him to recover, but he did.

The place we were living on was sold in the late thirties, and we had to be off by the first of March, 1938. We looked all around for a place. We went to Elizabeth, Colorado, also a place up in the mountains west of Denver, and one at Arriba, Colorado, as well as other places. None looked like a place we could make a living on. A man Leslie knew told him of a farm he knew of in Thomas County. It was southeast of Colby. The house was a basement house, but it was well built, fairly roomy, and had a water tank that furnished running water in the house, also an indoor toilet, a first for us.

#### Move to Thomas County

We moved on this farm the first of March, 1938. It was strange to all of us, for we weren't acquainted with anyone in the area. The first day the children went to school, Mrs. Gunckel, one of the teachers, told the children that Grandma Tallman of Monument had died. Mrs. Gunckel knew the Tallmans, and Leslie's mother had called her at school and had her tell us of Grandma's death.

Richard was in the fifth grade, Walter and Maxine in the second, and Harold in the first when we moved. Louise would start that fall. The district where we moved was a country school district, but that term they were sending their pupils to Colby. They hadn't formally joined the Colby

district, so no school bus ran in our district. Leslie had the chore of taking the children to and from school that spring.

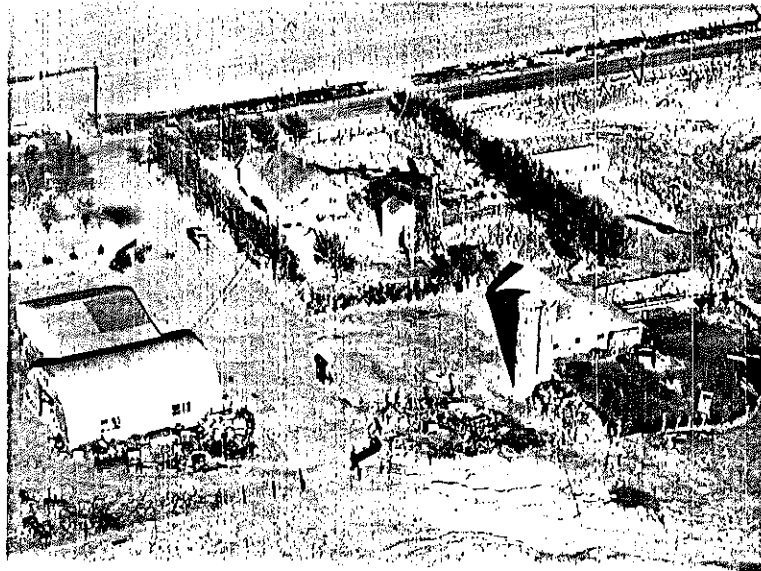
On August 26, 1938, Norman Dale was born. He was born at home in our rented basement, making three of our children born in basements, Richard, Louise, and Norman. Dr. Grosjean of Colby was my doctor this time. Leslie's mother came and took care of us for a few days, then we hired Madeline Wade to help. She was from a large family and pitched right in and did everything that needed to be done. She was good help.

Norman was a lively little fellow. He always liked to be around grownups and loved to go places. One thing I remember was his coming to me the day before he was to start to school looking real serious and almost in tears. You see, Mrs. Vacin, a neighbor who was the mother of Gary, a little boy Norman's age, had been teaching her son school for the past year. It suddenly dawned on Norman that he didn't know as much as Gary, and he was troubled by it. He looked up at me and said, "Mama, teach me everything." I had to explain that I couldn't, but that he was going to school to learn a lot of things.

It was a busy time getting five off for school while caring for a baby and all the other chores there were.

It was here that I started buying ready hatched chicks instead of setting hens. We bought a brooder stove and set it up in a brooder house. A person could handle quite a large number of chicks at one time in this way, and they would all develop at the same time. There was more danger of disease or of chilling if the stove didn't work properly, or just as bad was overheating if the wind came up and caused the stove, which burned coal, to burn the fuel too fast. Many night trips were made to the brooder house to see that all was well.





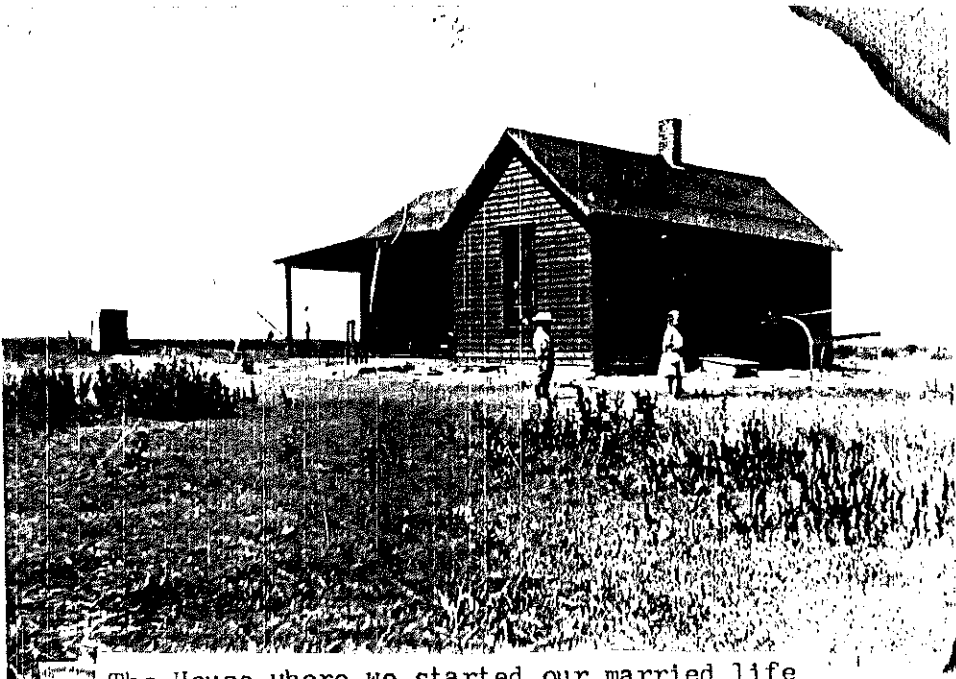
The Linville farm southeast of Colby where the family lived from early 1941 to August 27 1957



Larry Linville 18 mo. old by the basement house we lived in from March 1 1938 to early 1942



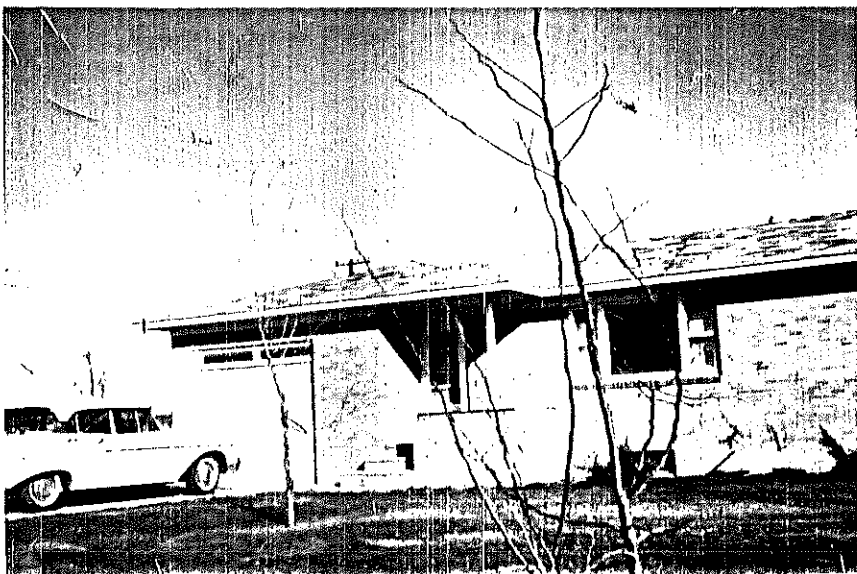
Donald Linville in 1949



The House where we started our married life  
The picture was taken about 15 to 17 years  
before we were married.



The farmhouse S.E. of Colby where we  
lived from early 1942 to Aug. 27 1957



The house at 905 S. Range where we still  
live as it looked when we moved in Aug. 27 1957

Leslie was more satisfied here. The weather was cooperating, and we did raise crops. He still helped other farmers quite a bit with harvesting and other work. He let the boys run the tractor when they were only nine or ten years of age.

Some of our neighbors were the Vacins, Leaks, Stewardsons, Bremen-kamps, Epards, Kropps, Swansons, and Upchurches. Myrtle Snyder and her son Glen were our closest neighbors. Mr. Snyder died shortly after moving to the neighborhood from the Monument area. They were really good neighbors. Earl Howard and family lived not far away. He was the brother of Charles Howard, who had been school superintendent in Winona when I was in high school. In fact the farm where Earl lived was the farm where Charles had grown up.

In the fall of 1939 Leslie was called to southwest Missouri. His father had been in an auto accident. I don't remember how long he was gone, but do remember an incident that happened while he was gone. We had a neighbor not far from us who was having mental problems. For some reason he had taken a dislike to Leslie and had several times talked to him in a threatening manner. One morning while Leslie was gone and the other children were in school, I was alone except for baby Norman, this man drove into the yard, which frightened me very much for I didn't know what he might do. I watched him get out of the car and go over by a feed stack and lay down on the ground. He started fanning himself with his hat as though it was hot sunny weather and not chilly fall. I quickly went to the phone and called a neighbor who lived north of us and told him what I saw. He came down right away. I really don't know or don't remember what he did, but the man got in his car and left. Later he was sent to Larned State Hospital for a while. I was really glad when Leslie got home that time.

On July 15, 1940, Lawrence Edward was born. We have always called him

Larry. He was born in Colby at the home of Belle Cook. Dr. Marshall was the doctor. On the day he was born, the temperature was well over a hundred and no air conditioning. Mrs. Cook took very good care of me, and the family batched at home. Mother had taken Norman and kept him for three weeks. Now Norman had a little brother near his age for a companion and playmate. Larry liked to be in familiar surroundings, and when we went some place was apt to say, "Let's go home." When he was tired he would go in on his bed and go to sleep without having to be made to.

#### Our Own Farm

In the fall of 1941, we were finally able to buy our own farm. Mrs. Belle Cook, the lady who cared for me when Larry was born, had a farm about a mile east of the place where we were living, and we bought it. We had a lot of building to do on the place, and shortly after we got it, World War 2 broke and it was hard to get a lot of things. Leslie remodeled the house first. In early 1942 we moved into the house, even though it wasn't finished, and so found ourselves finally living on our own place and experiencing the pride of ownership. It was a lot of hard work for everyone. Over the years Leslie, besides remodeling the house, built a barn, a large chicken house, a well house, put up a large Quonset building, two silos, and other smaller projects. The boys helped with these, and he also hired help. While we lived here, he kept working on the house. He built a room on the south out of an old porch. An attic bedroom was made for the boys. We also put oak flooring in the living room and had it finished. We never seemed to get through, so there was a lot of time that we were torn up doing something to the house.

One morning the spring after we moved there, Leslie and the boys went to repair fence. They took Norman, who was then almost three and a half

years of age, with them, but didn't take Larry, as he was less than two. He had wanted to go with them. I went to the chicken house to fix nests for the hens. The girls were working in the house doing up the morning work. I thought Larry was with them, and they thought I had him. Then we found he was no where around. We frantically searched all around and hadn't found him when Fred Harding, a man who lived in Colby and had farming interests in the area, drove into the yard in his pickup. He had found Larry asleep in the middle of the road a little east of the house. Fred had been frightened when he first saw him, thinking he had been hit by a car. Larry had simply gotten tired trying to find Leslie and the boys, and so laid down in the road and went to sleep. What could have been a real tragedy was prevented, and we were so grateful to Fred and God that Fred saw him in time to stop and brought him home safely.

Leslie's father had a heart attack in late 1942. Leslie went to Aurora, Missouri, to be with him and found him in very serious condition. I don't remember how long Leslie was gone, but long enough to dispose of his father's property and settle his business affairs. Then he brought him to the Colby hospital where he was a patient for some time. Later he was at our place for a time, but died in the Colby Hospital on March 31, 1943. He is buried in the Monument cemetery.

My father died on June 7, 1945, at his home west of Winona. He had developed cancer in the roof of his mouth a few years earlier. He had surgery in Denver for it and treatments in Hays, but it couldn't be stopped. This was a very hard time for my sister Esther. She and her infant son were living with the folks then, as her husband Jesse Gardner was in the navy, stationed in the Pacific area. She was the one who took Father for his treatments to Colby, Denver and Hays and helped in many ways. Her husband

got home from the war a few months before Father's death, and they were living in Garden City at the time. Father died early in the morning on June 7. All his children, except Morrison, were present at his death. It was a miracle that Mary and her husband Brownie and son Joe were there. They had driven in the night before. They lived in Oregon at this time, but were on vacation visiting his family in Missouri. It was a surprise to all of us when they arrived that evening. So the four of us and Mother were around his bedside when he died. I will always believe that he recognized us. He had been in a coma for a day or so before, but just before he died, his eyes opened wide, and I have always been sure he knew we were all there. His funeral was from the Winona Methodist Church, and his grave is in the Winona cemetery.

I have always remembered the 1940s as good years. Crops were good, and prices were also. There was always something going on at our house as the children reached their high school years. They were involved in a lot of activities in school and 4-H. Someway my memory is not very clear on who did what and when or where. Friends of the children were often at our house. We had hired help during wheat harvest and also for feed cutting in the fall. There was lots of cooking and sewing and general household duties with the large family. Over all, as I look back, it was a pleasant time with everyone busy about something. I do remember harvest time. As soon as breakfast was over, I would clean several chickens, bake some pies, and whatever else needed to be done before the noon meal. The girls carried a big load in those days. It was usually ten thirty to eleven at night before we were through for the day. Leslie and the boys had a load too. There were few things done automatically then. The wheat was scooped into the bins by hand. It was always so important to get the wheat cut before a

hailstorm or some other catastrophe destroyed it.

The children were greatly involved in 4-H. Sometimes there would be a Sunday baseball game in our pasture, and young people came from quite a distance to play. Several times there were square dances in our Quonset, or a group of neighborhood children would drop in for games and a place to hang out.

In 1945 Richard graduated from high school and went to college at K-State that fall. That was the first real break in our family. He attended college for two years.

My sister Mary was having health problems in 1946. They were living in Bend, Oregon. She had a son, Joe, born in March of 1945. In February of 1946, her husband Brownie sent me a telegram asking me to come at once. I took the train from Oakley and went to Bend. Brownie took Mary to the hospital in Portland, Oregon, the next day after I got there. I stayed there and took care of the baby for over a month. Then I flew back from Portland to Denver, my first real flight, and came by train back to Oakley. It seemed unbelievable that I was home in less than twenty-four hours. It had taken me almost three days to get out there on the train.

Mary still wasn't well, and when Joe was three years old, she stayed with us quite a bit. When he was kindergarten age, he stayed with us for the school year and attended school in Colby. Later when he was in the seventh grade, he stayed with us and attended Colby school. He is now married and has four children. His son, John, is twenty-two, and triplets, Dustin, Quint, and Brandi, are seventeen. They have lived in West Germany two different times. The first time they were there for two years, and the next time, for three years. They returned the summer of 1987. Joe is a computer programmer. They now live in the Washington, D. C. area.

In the spring of 1948 Maxine and Walter finished high school. Maxine attended a secretarial school in Kansas City, but Walter didn't care to go to college.

In February of 1948, another son was born, Donald Ray. He weighed less than six pounds. He hadn't been expected until the middle of March, but arrived on Washington's birthday, February 22. He was born in Thomas County Hospital, and Dr. Marshall was the doctor. He was about six and a half years younger than Larry. I think the children thought they had a new toy. He seemed to be welcomed enthusiastically and received plenty of attention in his early years.

When Donald was about four weeks old, we had a snowstorm. Highway 24 had been routed by our place as the main highway was being repaired. Early in the morning of the snowstorm, a big semi truck jackknifed at the top of the hill west of our house and blocked all traffic. Milt Warner, who ran a store in Colby but lived in Gem, was the first to discover that the road was blocked and came down to the house and called the highway officials. They didn't do anything to halt traffic, and by noon, traffic was stalled over a half mile. It was a few days before Easter, and quite a lot of people were trying to get places. A lot of the people came into the house, as it was too cold to stay in their cars. One bus load stayed in the bus, but came in to use the bathroom. When noon came I wasn't quite sure what I could do, but with the girl's help, we made lots of hot biscuits and as we had a good supply of eggs, fixed scrambled eggs. We met some really nice people that day. One group from Newton, I believe, sent the children some books afterwards. Another couple ran a children's store in Kansas City and sent Donald a nice sweater outfit. Some sent chocolates, and we heard from several with thanks for us giving them a place to get out of the storm. I



was worrying what could be done when night came, but about four p.m., they finally got the truck straightened around, and people got on their way. Donald was so small and ate so slowly that a lot of people felt obliged to give me advice on how I should take care of him. I felt that him being my eighth, I had a fair idea of how to care for a baby.

After Father's death, Mother had remained in their home west of Winona, but she did not drive a car, and it was a mile walk into town. We children worried about her, and in February of 1947, we persuaded her to sell the place there and buy a home in Colby where I could look after her some. It was a big change for her, for she had lived in the Winona community or nearby since 1905 when they had moved to Logan County. She accepted it all, even though I know it was hard. She made a pretty good life for herself in the new environment. The home she bought at 115 South Garfield in Colby was used by her for nearly twenty years. I made it a point to check on her whenever I was in town, took her to church, etc. She soon had several baby sitting jobs lined up and made a number of close friends.

One incident that occurred in late 1948 concerns a man Leslie hired to help with the fall feed cutting. He was good help, and while he was working for us, he married a Colby woman. He confided to her that he was an escaped convict from a Texas prison. He had been held there for armed robbery. He was using an assumed name which I don't remember. One Saturday he and Leslie and the boys were hauling feed. The wind came up so strong they couldn't work, so Leslie had gone to a farm sale somewhere. Harold and Louise were to go help work on a 4-H project at a little country school house south of Colby, which the Wise Owl 4-H club (their club) was using as a meeting place. They took the hired man with them to drop him off in town. I didn't know they took him. That day the law enforcement officers were

going to pick this man up as his wife had told the authorities that he was an escaped convict. The lawmen had stationed their cars on various roads into town from our place and had the place surrounded. I don't know how Harold and Louise and the hired man had gotten through, but they did. Several of the men drove into our yard and asked if I knew where he was. I told them I thought he was working in the shop in the Quonset. They went to the Quonset, and with guns drawn went in, only to find just Walter and Larry there. This gave the boys quite a scare, or as Walter later said, gave him a thrill. It frightened me terribly when I found out what was going on, as I was afraid he might have done harm to Harold and Louise, but he hadn't. The officers found him in Colby and arrested him. He was sent back to Texas. He always claimed he was innocent, and while he was in prison wrote us several letters. He even made Leslie and me nice billfolds in the prison shop. I still have mine and use it all the time.

During those years the family took many trips. A lot of them were to the Colorado Rockies. We would camp out for a week, usually in August after the summer work was done. One year in the forties when gas and tires were rationed because of the war, the only way we could make the trip was to go out and pick fruit, and that was what we did. We took some canning jars along. We found out what it was like to be the hired worker, not the boss. We weren't treated too well, but Leslie and the boys picked quite a few peaches and pears. We got some for ourselves and stopped on the way home at Lillian Ukele's home in Silt, Colorado, and canned peaches. Lillian was an old friend from Kansas and had at one time been Leslie's teacher in the country school where he attended.

Another time we went to Yellowstone Park with the Bud Chase family. We had a memorable trip there seeing the wonders of Yellowstone, the geysers,



WEDDING OF MORRISON WILLIAMS  
AND MARGARET LOMBARD 1951



FAMILY PICTURE ABOUT 1950 FRONT ROW MAXINE LESLIE WITH DONALD BERTHA LOULGE  
BACK ROW NORMAN WALTER RICHARD HAROLD



DONALD L. THVILLE 1950

the wild life, etc. We even found out about the bears that lived there when we came across a camp they had raided the night previous. The boys had a lot of fun camping there. I think this was the place that we went down some steps to the bottom of the canyon, and Maxine got weak or sick, and Leslie had to carry her back up. On our way back we came through Salt Lake City and saw the great Salt Lake, the Morman church buildings, etc.

In April of 1949 we went to Los Angeles to bring Mary and Joe back to Kansas. Esther and Howard went with us. We were rushed for time, so didn't get to do much sight seeing. Mother kept Donald, who was just past a year old then. We did get to see the Pacific Ocean and Knotts Berry Farm. We also saw the saguro cactus, ocotillas, and other desert plants as we crossed Arizona. The orange groves were impressive in California. We got a glimpse of the Grand Canyon one evening on the way home and also got to see the big meteor crater.

When Richard finished his second year at college, he took a job with the extension office in Colby and worked there for a year or so. He then enlisted in the Air Force. He had his basic training at Lackland AFB in Texas. When that was finished he was stationed at Vance Air Base in Enid, Oklahoma. He was there until he was discharged after four years of service. In June of 1949 he was married to Opal Griffin in the Colby Methodist Church. They lived in Enid for the next three years. Their son, Steven, was born in Enid on June 11, 1952. He was our second grandchild. Walter and Carol Ann Post were married on April 16, 1950, in Salina, Kansas. Our oldest grandchild, Leslie Michael, was born in the Colby Hospital on July 27, 1951. I can still remember the proud feeling and also disbelief that we could be grandparents. It seemed strange to be called Grandma and

Grandpa. I hurried to the field to tell Leslie that we had a grandson. Our family was fast leaving the nest and making lives for themselves.

Harold and Louise graduated from high school in 1950. They went to K-State that fall. Harold decided at the end of the first semester that he would rather do something else. Louise finished two years of college. On June 7, 1953, she married Dale Sanford in the Methodist Church in Colby. They moved to Leon, Kansas, to start housekeeping where Dale had employment as a teacher.

Harold and Janice Denny were married April 10, 1955, in the Colby Methodist Church. They started their married life on our farm in a mobile home. Leslie had taken the position of insurance agent for the Farmer's Union Insurance Company and had an office in Colby. Harold had been helping carry on the farming business. Debra Lou was born to Harold and Janice on April 14, 1956, in the Colby hospital. In the meantime, Louise and Dale's son, Arian Dale, was born in Wichita January 10, 1955, and a daughter, Aleta Diane, was born on March 14, 1956.

#### Leslie's Eye Problems

In 1955 Leslie began having a lot of trouble with his right eye. He went to several eye specialists, but got no relief. Janice told us of the Foote Clinic in Hastings, Nebraska, where her parents, Forest and Eva Denny, had taken her. It was an Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat Clinic. The Dennys had an appointment in December, so we got one too, and they took us up there. At the clinic they found that Leslie had a tumor back of his right eye that was causing the trouble. They also found that his left eye had glaucoma. He would have to have surgery for the right eye, and they didn't want to try it with their facilities. They made an appointment for him to go to the Mayo clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. We left Colby on New Years Day 1956.

We spent the most of the next three months there. The tumor was removed and found to be cancerous. They told us that he had a tiger in his eye and that they had removed the tail, but the tiger was still there and would have to be removed. He also needed surgery for the left eye for the glaucoma. Leslie couldn't stand to think of losing his eye, as that was his good eye due to the glaucoma in the other. He refused at first to consider it. A day or so later the doctor talked to us again and told us he thought the best procedure would be to do the glaucoma operation first and then make the decision about removing the right eye. That is what we did. After the operation for the glaucoma we came home for awhile for that one to heal and then went back for the removal of the eye.

These were black times for us. A memory that has always stayed with me is that as they were wheeling Leslie from his room to the operating room, he winked at me with the eye that was to be removed. I could hardly stand it. We did have a lot of support from family and friends, and we found a very nice rooming house in Rochester where I stayed while there, and Leslie also stayed there when he got out of the hospital and the doctors still wanted to check on him often. These people were so kind to us. Their names were Mr. and Mrs. Dohse, who had been farmers in Minnesota before moving to Rochester to run the rooming house. They both died not too many years after we were there. She had heart problems at the time we were there.

Our life has never been quite the same since that surgery. It was very difficult for Leslie to adjust to one eye, as it would be for anyone, but he very bravely met the challenge and tried not to let it stop him from carrying on as usual.

After Maxine finished her secretarial course in Kansas City, she came back to Colby and worked in Gerald Stover's office. He was a lawyer and

long time friend of the family. While Maxine worked for him, she lived with Mother in Colby, but she came home on weekends. I can't remember just how long she worked there, but the job was rather boresome, and she later got a job with the Kansas Job Service in Manhattan. While there she met Roy Brooks, from Mineral Wells, Texas, who was stationed at Fort Riley at the time. They were married in the First Methodist Church in Manhattan on November 19, 1955.

Leslie's mother and Doris had moved to Colby in the late forties or early fifties. They built a home at 680 South Lincoln. Doris taught in the Colby schools several years. Norman and Larry both had her as a teacher. Leslie's mother was far from well. She was nearly blind and was having heart trouble too. In March of 1957 she became worse. In the midst of a big blizzard in late March, she became really bad. Leslie couldn't get to town, for the roads were drifted shut. The Colby National Guard sent a tank out to the farm and took Leslie in to Colby. His mother died that evening on March 25, 1957. Roads and our farm yard were cleared enough that we could get to town for the funeral, which was held in the Colby Methodist Church with the Reverend Oren McClure presiding. She was a wonderful lady and had been so good to us all through the years. She is buried in the Monument Cemetery beside her husband and her parents. The snow drifts were so bad the day of the burial that the casket had to be carried from the cemetery gate to the grave site by the pall bearers.

#### More Problems

In the summer of 1957 Leslie had a lump come under his left ear. Dr. told him the cancer had come back and that he should get back to Rochester at once. He decided he should sell the farm first and get the family moved to town. He did not tell me about the lump. He sold the farm to William



and Ayesha Watt in late July and immediately began getting ready for a farm sale. It was really a big job getting ready for it, as we had lived there for over sixteen years. The Watts were wanting possession of the farm as soon as possible. First we had to find a new home in town. At the time of the sale, which was August 27, 1957, most of the family came home to help. Just as the sale was over, a big rainstorm came up, and we had a muddy ride into town. We all went to a cafe for supper, and now we were town folks. I had liked the farm, and all in all, they had been some of our best years. I had never lived in town, so was a little fearful how I would like it. We found our new home at 905 South Range. In about a months time, we had sold the farm and were settled in Colby. From our front window we could see across the street the pasture of the Colby Experiment Station with sheep grazing there. There were no buildings then on the west side of Highway 25, and when we looked out the window, it looked as though we were still in open country as on the farm. Of course that is now changed with business buildings taking up the space west of the highway, and also with the coming of Interstate 70, we are the main road into town, so lots of traffic goes by.

In the meantime Leslie never <sup>he</sup> did tell me that the cancer had returned. When he went to Mayos the first of October, I thought he was just going for a routine checkup. He insisted he go alone. He had told his secretary, Eldora Biggs, in his insurance office why he was going, and Jim Hurst, who was a good friend and helped some with the crop insurance. He also told my sister Mary, who was a nurse, but no one told me. The night after he got there he called and told me that Mayos had put him in the hospital, and he was to have surgery the next day. Then he broke down and couldn't talk anymore. I still have the letter he wrote me that evening thinking that

everything was over for him. I didn't know where the cancer was or what might be involved in the surgery. I spent a most miserable night. The next day I made call after call to Rochester to get some information. Finally by late afternoon I found out that the surgery was removing the lump which I had known nothing about and also taking the lymph glands from where the lump was under his ear down to his shoulder.

I got ready to leave for Rochester the next day on the Rock Island Rocket. The Dennys volunteered to keep Donnie while I was gone. Harold and Janice were living in Manhattan at this time, and Richard and Opal were expecting their second child. It was a scary trip for me. When the train got to Des Moines about one a.m., I had to wait until one p.m. the next day to get a train north. I had to walk about a block from the depot to a hotel at that time of night, and I was terrified.

The first time we went to Rochester in January of 1956, Harold and Janice were living at the farm and looked after the boys. When we went back in March of that year for the second surgery, Cyril and Twila Saddler kept Donald for us.

When I got to Rochester I found Leslie feeling very miserable and barely conscious, but recovering from his surgery. He asked me what a sputnik was, as he had heard people talking about it and didn't know what they were talking about. That was the time that the first Russian space vehicle was put in the air, and the people in the hospital were talking of it. We decided, after he got better, to buy a car there and drive home rather than make the long, tiresome train ride. We bought a new Mercury, and I drove it home. This was the first time I had ever driven a car that far. The weekend before we came home, we rented a car and took a drive along the Mississippi River on the Wisconsin side. The fall foliage was

beautiful, and we both really enjoyed the ride. Leslie had quite a long recovery time. The right side of his face swelled badly. It was really a severe surgery they had done.

Pamela Kay was born to Richard and Opal on October 2, 1957. We didn't get to see her until we returned from Rochester. She was a pretty little girl with the sweetest tired little smile. She wasn't strong from birth and left us on April 4, 1958, at just six months of age. She to date is the only grandchild we have lost.

In a year or so, a lump came on the side of Leslie's neck, and Dr. Custer removed it to see if it might be cancerous. It wasn't, but was a neuroma caused by the nerves not growing together properly, but growing into a knot. A year or so later Leslie was down at the High Plains elevator here in Colby and passed out. The people there took him to the hospital. We never knew why he fainted, but when the doctor was examining him, he found another lump on his neck and thought it should be removed to see if it was malignant. In the removal, the doctor cut a nerve to his voice box and caused Leslie to lose his voice. For about four years he couldn't talk above a whisper. In 1960 when Maxine and Roy came from Crane, Texas, for Christmas, they told Leslie of a Lindsay Water Softener business for sale in Odessa, Texas, about thirty miles from where they lived in Crane. Leslie bought it and went to Texas to run it while I stayed in Colby to keep Donald in school here. Leslie stayed with Maxine and Roy and little Scott part of the time, but also had a room in Odessa. This is when he wrote his first book, as he had lots of lonely hours on his hands.

The next summer I rented our home at 905 South Range to a family, and Donald and I moved to Odessa to be with Leslie. It was an interesting experience. We found a nice house to rent. Odessa was a larger town than

we had ever lived in. Donald entered junior high there and played in the school band. The business didn't go well. Leslie's voice not letting him talk above a whisper was hard, and it was hard to find reliable help. In the winter when our renters in Colby stopped paying their rent, we decided it was time to come back to Colby. We came back the first of March, 1962. In the meantime Leslie's voice was strengthening, and while giving him some trouble yet, it was getting easier to communicate. Financially the move had been disastrous, but it did give us a glimpse of a different life.

#### Fun Times

This all sounds like a lot of doom and gloom, but there were lighter moments and many good times with friends and family who were so supportive through our bad times. We had many family gatherings which were always a highlight.

In 1967 the children honored us with a fortieth wedding anniversary celebration. It was held in Fellowship Hall of the Methodist Church. At that time neither Norman or Donald were married. Many friends came to greet us. Afterward we had a picnic in our backyard and had a wonderful time. The family was all present.

Morrison made it a practice to come back once a year from the east where he had been since 1927. We always looked forward to the week that he would be here. He had no children of his own and was always glad to get back here and see relatives. He was divorced from Flora Dickinson sometime in the late forties. He married Margaret Lombard, of Maine, in 1954. He was still working as a cook or chef. When he came back in 1960 from his home near Albany, New York, Leslie, Donnie, and I rode back with him in their Volkswagon van to see New York. This was the first time we had been able to visit in their home. On the way we stopped and saw Niagara Falls,

which we found awe inspiring. Later while there, Morrison and Margie took us to Raymond, Maine, to visit her relatives. We got to see the Atlantic Ocean, the first time for me. I was thrilled with it. As the song goes, "I could see forever." We also ate Maine lobster, traveled through Boston, and got to see several landmarks there, including their big market.

After Leslie's mother's death in 1957, Doris went back to New York state to teach. She was living in Stone Ridge and teaching in Rondout Valley High School. It worked out real nice for us to come back to Colby with Doris after our trip east with Morrison. Doris picked us up at Morrison's and took us down to Stone Ridge. She was living with the Jess Longs, a family she had gotten acquainted with when Mrs. Long and Doris had been teaching in Ellis, Kansas. On the weekend we were there, Mrs. Long took Doris, Donnie, and I to New York City. Leslie had gotten quite ill at Morrison's and was not feeling well enough to go, so Mr. Long stayed with him. We got to see the Jewish section of New York, Wall Street, and in the afternoon went to the musical, "*South Pacific*," in Radio Music Hall. This was certainly another world. Driving home with Doris, we drove through quite a lot of Canada, then went down to Ann Arbor, Michigan, where Norman was studying for his Masters Degree. We got to see the campus and what his life was liked there. When we left, we saw Lake Michigan, but didn't go into Chicago. At St. Joseph, Missouri, we visited Leslie and Doris's Aunt Myrtle Winburn. She was their father's sister. We also visited a cousin, Gladys Word, and her husband. She was the daughter of an uncle Fred Linville. All in all, we saw and did lots of things, including visiting the old home place of Leslie's Grandfather Linville.

We have had many interesting trips to Texas, as Walter had lived in Irving, Texas, since he left Kansas in 1953, and Maxine had lived in Texas

since 1956, first at Henrietta where Roy taught band, then in Crane for a number of years. Roy has always been a band teacher, and Maxine has worked as a typist for several people. A lot of it has been legal typing. At present she is teaching the children who need help in the Mineral Wells school system. But from Crane, they moved to El Paso. Donald really enjoyed El Paso, as he liked to go across the border to Juarez and see what kind of a deal he could make for merchandise from the natives there.

We have enjoyed trips to the Sand Hills near Crane, the trip to Old Fort Davis with Roy, White Sands in New Mexico with Maxines and Walters both, the old Spanish Missions and many others.

With Walters we have been all over the Dallas area, Lake Grapevine, over to Eastern Texas where we camped out with them at a beautiful park and saw the old town of Jefferson, and the roses at Tyler, Texas. One year they took us down near San Antonio where Leslie has several cousins. We stayed all night at San Marcos with Geraldine Dannelly, Aunt Myrt's daughter. She had such beautiful old furniture, also lots and lots of gorgeous African Violets, and the largest Christmas tree I ever saw. It was quite tall, but was so wide it nearly filled the room she had it in. We went on down to another cousins, Shirley and Jack Smith, at Refugio, and were treated like royalty. They took us on over to another cousin's place, Helen Harbison at Harlington, Texas. She was in her eighties. Her husband was dead, and she was managing a big ranch with the help of a Mexican manager. She had a very interesting Spanish style house. Her husband in his earlier years had been a Texas Ranger.

Two short trips that Leslie and I took were up into Nebraska by ourselves. The first was to Fort Robinson in the northwest corner of the state. This was after we both got so interested in area history. There is

a lot of Indian and Army history at the old Fort. On the way back we came down the western Nebraska state line to Agate, where a lot of real old fossils have been found of animals that lived in prehistoric times. The second time we went was probably twelve years ago. We visited several old stage stations along the Oregon Trail, visited Buffalo Bill's home at North Platte, then went on out to Sterling, Colorado. There we visited Summitt Springs where there had been an Indian battle.

The last real trip we had was to Hawaii in January, 1978. We went with a tour group from Colby. It was the longest plane trip we ever took and again saw many things so very different from Western Kansas. Leslie didn't really enjoy the trip very much. His eyesight was so near gone that he couldn't see the sights, and so many people and strange places were hard for him to adjust to.

#### THE SIXTIES AND SEVENTIES

During the late sixties and thru the seventies, we were very much involved in the Butterfield Trail Association at Russell Springs. Leslie was an officer for several years and helped repair the old courthouse building which was being made into a county museum. Several of our family heirlooms are there. Leslie was a promoter of and helped organize the Butterfield Trail Ride which is held every spring. I have spent many a day helping serve food or selling mementos during the Trail Ride or on Old Settlers Day held in September each year. We also made many night trips to Russell Springs for the monthly meetings of the organization. Through all of this we made many lasting friendships and came in contact with lots of wonderful people. We aren't able to do much of it anymore due to health problems.

Leslie got real interested in using a metal detector and hunting for

old artifacts of the early days. This was in the seventies through the eighties. At first he hunted alone or with friends, but as his eyesight got worse and he could no longer drive, I began going with him. We have spent many quiet serene days away from everything. We would take our lunch and stay till late afternoon. Many of the spots he hunted were beautiful places. I would tag along and watch him dig up whatever treasure he had found, old bullets, army buttons, pieces of cannon balls, or whatever. Sometimes I would go for a walk on my own to see what pretty rocks or flowers I could find. Sometimes I would read a book or just watch the birds as they flew about. We very seldom do this anymore because of Leslie's failing eyesight.

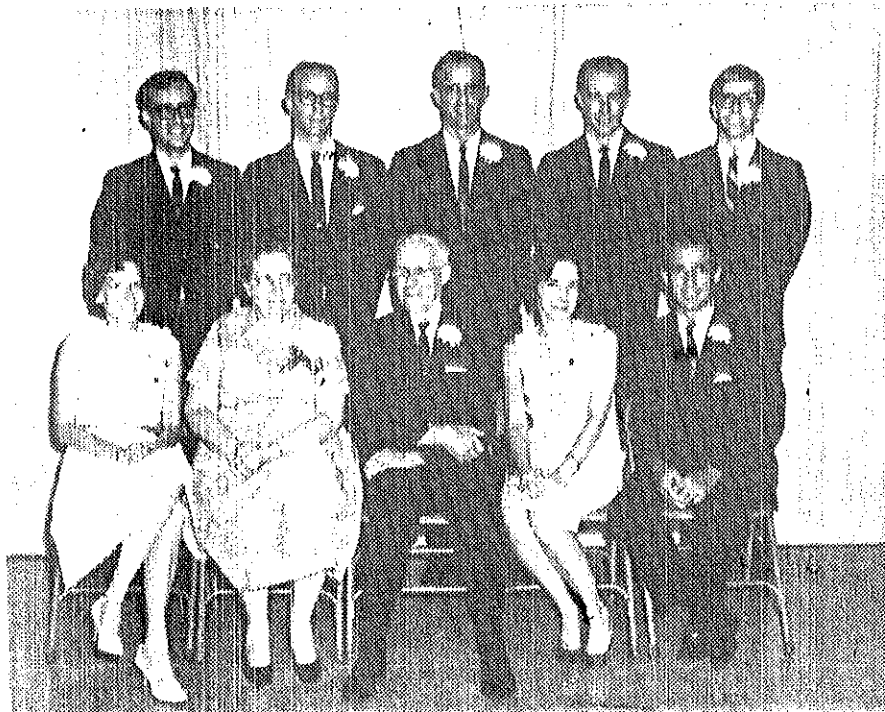
In the spring of 1965 I took the train from Liberal to El Paso to help Maxine after the birth of her second son, Todd. He was born on April 19. I was there two or three weeks. I enjoyed being there and getting acquainted more with Scott, who was nearing five, and also handling the tiny baby. I went back to Liberal by train, and Leslie met me.

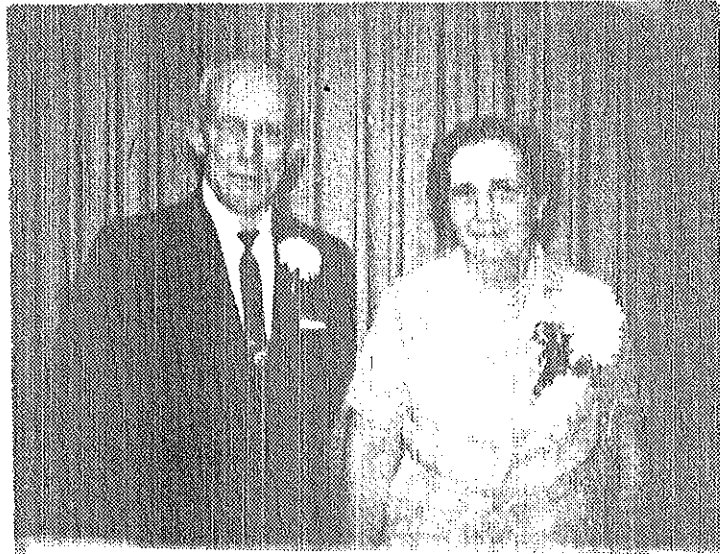
In June of the same year, Esther wanted to drive back to New York to visit Morrison and asked us to go along. Donald and I went with her, but Leslie didn't think he could get away from business. It was a pretty trip. We visited at Morrison's, and he took us on another trip to Margie's family in Maine. After we got back to Morrison's, Donald took a bus into New York City and met Doris's friend Gary Long. He stayed with him and went to the World's Fair. Esther and I went to the Long home where Doris was living, and then we all three went on to New York City. We stayed all night at Gary's place in Greenwich Village, and the next day went to the World's Fair on the subway. We went early and stayed late and were we ever tired! We really enjoyed seeing all the wonderful exhibits. One thing I have never





LWSLIE AND BERTHA 40th ANNIVERSARY





LESLIE AND BERTHA 40TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY  
1967



FRONT ROW MAXINE BERTHA LESLIE LONNIE  
BACK HAROLD RICHARD DONALD WALTER LARRY  
AND NORMAN AT GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

forgotten was getting to see Michelangelo's sculpture, "*The Pieta*," which had been brought over from Italy for the fair goers to see.

#### MORE HAPPENINGS OF THE SIXTIES AND SEVENTIES

In October of 1966, Leslie had a bad heart attack. Thank goodness Donald was still home then and going to Colby Community College. We were both terribly frightened. The attack started about eleven p.m. We called the ambulance, and he was taken to the hospital. I always remember how kind the nurses were to all of us. Leslie was in the hospital three weeks under the care of Dr. Custer. He eventually recovered and was able to resume a normal life.

Donald finished one year at the college here and then went to K-State. Our last child was gone from home after nearly forty years of having family with us. He and Kay Cox were married on June 7, 1969, and in late summer he was drafted into the Army. That was hard to take, as it was during the Vietnam War, and there was the fear he might be sent into that awful war, but in February he was sent to Germany instead. Kay gave birth to their son, Corey Wayne, on March 11, not too long after Donald had left for Europe. When Corey was a few months old, Corey and Kay joined Donald in Germany. He was released in the summer of 1971. He graduated from K-State as a CPA, and they moved to Wichita where he worked for the firm of Kubik and Sons. A few years later they moved to Garden City where he worked for the firm of Lewis, Hooper, and Dick, and is now a partner in that firm.

In August of 1963 Larry and Dolores Kleinsorge were married in the Selden Catholic church. Morrison and Margie were back here at the time and got to attend. Maxine, Roy, and Scott were here for it also. This is the time that Eva Denny kept Scott for us while we were at the wedding, and he cried most of the time we were gone. When Maxine asked why he cried, he

told her because that was the Cry house. He wasn't quite three years old. Walter and Carol, Mike and Shirley, were also present, as were Esther and her son Alan, and the rest of the family that lived near. They have lived in Colby all their married years and have four lovely children, Paula, Sheila, Douglas, and Carla.

In 1977 we celebrated our golden wedding anniversary. The children worked up a big celebration. It was held in June instead of April so more of the family could attend.

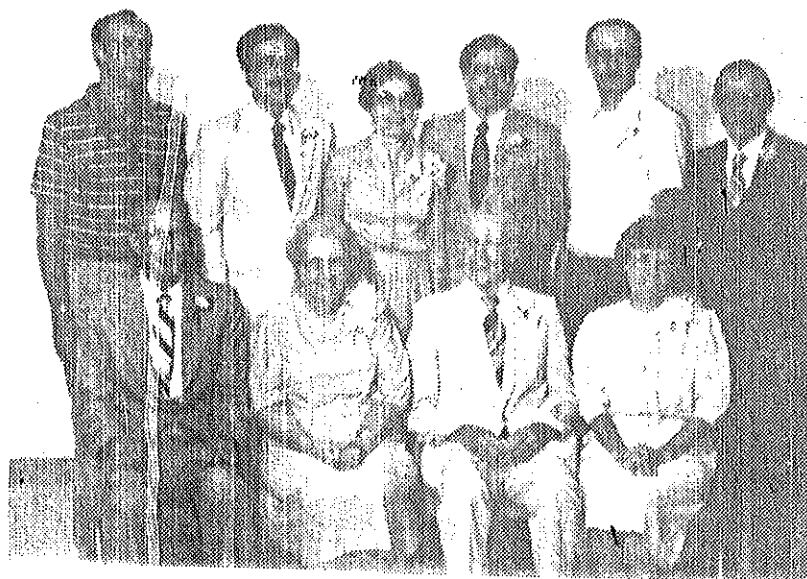
In April on our real date, Walter and Carol had us come to Irving, Texas, and they had a party for us, as over the years we had gotten acquainted with many of their friends there. Carol's family lived there, and they attended, and also Bob and Betty Cox and family, who were formerly from Colby and very good friends of all the family. On the morning of our party, Leslie's cousin, Ed Linville, of Weatherford, Texas, was able to come over. We had a lovely party with all the trimmings of a pretty decorated cake, gifts, etc.

Our June anniversary party was held in the Colby Methodist Church with all the family there, except two grandsons, Mike and Arlan, whose wives were both expecting babies soon. The children decorated Fellowship Hall nicely and took care of all the details. Mabel Grover and Verna Weins helped at the reception table. Lorene Williams, our sister-in-law, made the beautiful cake.

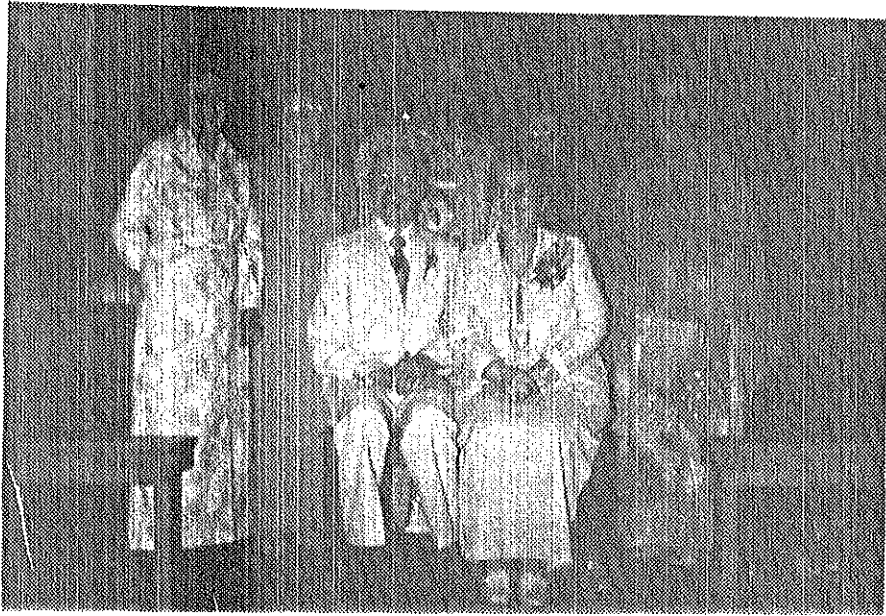
Something that happened that same spring is that Leslie had gotten real ill in March. We thought it was a bout with the flu, but when we were in Texas for our anniversary, he became very ill again and was taken to the Irving hospital. He was there for eleven days. They had trouble diagnosing the problem. It seemed to be an infection, but they were uncertain as to



MARY BERTHA ESTHER AND HOWARD 1901



FRONT ROW, RICHARD BERTHA LESLIE AND MAXINE  
BACK ROW HAROLD NORMAN LOUISE DONALD LARRY AND MARGIE  
AT FAMILY REUNION IN 1934



Leslie and Bertha with Brother and sisters on  
our 50th wedding anniversary. Leslie and Bertha  
in front, Margaret, Doris Howard Mary and Esther  
in back



Mary, Howard, Bertha and Esther on  
Memorial day 1979

the cause. They did find that one kidney was very small and maybe had never functioned. We got back to Colby, and in May he became ill again right at the time of our Granddaughter Dina's wedding, which upset him. He made it to the wedding, but had to be brought home before the reception. He was in the Colby hospital a week or more this time. They ran more tests and got him back on his feet again. Late in June he went back in the hospital again for more kidney tests, as they had decided that must be the problem. In July a specialist from Denver removed the kidney, and it hasn't bothered since, much to our relief. Dale and Louise came out to be with me during the surgery. What would I do without my family.

In December of 1977 my brother Morrison died. He was the first, and so far the only one of the five Williams children. He had diabetes and a lot of the complications that go with it. I drove to my brother Howard's south of Winona, and he and I went to Liberal where our sister Esther lived. The three of us took a plane from there to Albany, New York, for his funeral. It was real snowy and cold there, the roads and streets were slick. He is buried in a country cemetery not too far from the woodsy home where he and Margie lived. She still lives on the same place. I still miss him. We were so close as we grew up and had always kept in close touch.

On August 24, 1968, Norman was married to Judith Burch, of Tulsa, Oklahoma. They were both English teachers at Pittsburg Kansas State College. They had a beautiful wedding in the college chapel. Norman had first graduated from Kansas Wesleyan at Salina after he finished high school, then he went on to Ann Arbor, Michigan, for a Masters degree. He and Judy both taught at Pittsburg several years after their marriage. Sometime in the 70s he went to Iliff School of Theology in Denver and got a Master of Divinity degree. From there he moved to St. Louis, and for a

number of years was an editor with the Christian Church publications there. He is now the pastor of Maplewood Christian Church in St. Louis. We have had many good times with them. They have taken us to lovely places, the mountains of Colorado, all around the Pittsburgh area, and up and down the Mississippi river and the St. Louis area, including the view from the arch at St. Louis. We were able to be in St. Louis for Norman's ordination, and of course that was a proud moment for Mom and Dad.

In 1978 Richard and Opal were divorced after twenty-eight years of marriage. Their third child, Judith Marie, was born July 7, 1960. She was a sweet dear girl. At a few months of age it became apparent that something was wrong. She was diagnosed as having cerebral palsy. It affected her speech and her left side. Her parents tried everything they could to help her, but not much could be done. She has had a hard time, but learned to take care of herself quite well and graduated from college. After Richard's divorce, he settled in Sublette for several years working as parts manager in a machine supply store. In June of 1986 he remarried, and at present he and Evelyn are in Sedan, Kansas, managing a motel. One of the sad things about the divorce is that we have not been able to keep in touch with Steve and Judy. It has been heart breaking.

#### RECENT HAPPENINGS

In December of 1983 Leslie had more heart problems. He woke one morning with a bad pain in his chest. I called the ambulance, and he was taken to the hospital. Dr. Dahl checked him, but didn't find much wrong so sent him home the second day. A day or so later we were putting up Christmas decorations, and he worked pretty hard at it. That evening he got another severe pain in his chest. Harold and Janice came over, and we called the ambulance again. This time the doctors began to treat him for a





ORDINATION OF HONNAN LUDVILLE A.  
CHRISTIAN CHURCH MINISTER



LESLIE AND BERTHA LINVILLE  
1946



FRONT ROW MARGARET MALDONO AND MARY BROWN  
BACK ROW DOUG LINVILLE LESLIE LINVILLE  
BERTHA LINVILLE HOWARD WILLIAMS ESTHER SHAPIRO  
AT 60TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

heart attack. A heart specialist from Denver saw him and diagnosed his trouble as angina. They sent him home from the hospital in a week with several different kinds of medicine. He gets along pretty well if he doesn't overdo and exercises and takes his medicine, but still gets pains in his chest at times which his nitro pills relieve. Leslie has had so many serious illnesses that when he gets down, my spirits sink as low as possible, but so far God has given me strength to withstand the hard times.

In 1984 the family planned a big family reunion. It seemed that every summer most of those living at a distance would get home some time, but very rarely at the same time. Consequently they did not see much of each other. They started planning a year ahead for this reunion so everyone could get their vacations at the same time. They planned that on June 30 and July 1 we would have a great gathering of all the family. It was held in the 4-H building here in Colby. The event was a marvelous success. There were a few of the grandchildren that couldn't make it, but most did. The room was highly decorated with each family wearing a different color of flower. The children and grandchildren put on various acts and skits. We had a talent show. All of our brothers and sisters and quite a few nieces and nephews were present. One distant cousin and wife, Cyrus and Irene Linvel of Neodesha, who didn't even spell their name the same, were here. It was a lot of work for the family, but everyone enjoyed it. On Sunday afternoon we had open house for any of our friends who could make it to come and visit with the children. It was a grand time.

In September of 1986 I had replacement surgery on my right knee. It had gotten so bad it was very hard to get around. I had to go to Denver for the surgery. It isn't a fun thing to do, but necessary. I was worried about leaving Leslie alone. With the help of the family, the neighbors and

church friends looking after him, we made it. Donald took us to Denver and stayed with Leslie during the surgery. He also brought me home afterward. Walter and Carol came and stayed almost a week after I got home. I don't know what I would do without family. They do so much for us.

In June of 1987 there was another celebration. Not many people celebrate as much as we do. This was for our sixtieth anniversary. Again it was held in June so more people could get here. The children all had a part in it and worked very hard. It was held at the Ramada Inn. On Saturday night, the 13th of June, we had a family dinner with entertainment from different ones of the family. Then we were presented with a large memory album with letters from friends and family for the occasion. It is great! We still like to look it over. Then we were given a model of a combine like the one Leslie used on the farm. It was made by Dale, Louise, and Anson, of paper mache. It had money draped all over it from family and close friends, six hundred dollars worth. Something we will always remember about the combine is that the next day when our little great grandson David Arlan was ready to leave, he came up to us and gave us a dollar for the combine. He was nine years old. On Sunday afternoon, the reception was given for any who cared to come. <sup>was</sup> Theima Johnson made the beautiful cake, and a tablecloth that Mary had made for Maxine was used on the reception table. Special people present for the occasion besides the close family were Wilma Wheeler of Spokane, Washington, and her two daughters, Shirley Flipse and Joyce Teague, of Denver, who had been friends of the family since Logan County days when we were neighbors during the depression. Also Jack and Shirley Smith of Goliad, Texas, were there. Her mother had been a cousin of Leslie. Again this was a wonderful time and leaves many pleasant memories.

This brings my life story pretty well up to date. We are both in fair health, and so far can take care of ourselves with some help from our children. My most earnest wish is that I don't get to be too great a burden on the family. I will try to accept with grace and dignity whatever comes. God has been good to me, and I want to give him thanks for a wonderful husband and a family that I love dearly and of whom I am very proud.





Bertha and Leslie Linville  
60th wedding anniversary

