

*Rose Stoops*

**Rose Edie Stoops: Her Story**

**1895 - 1987**

Grinnell, Iowa  
1989

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This will be rambling story of my life, scrawled as I think of incidents of the past.

I was born, the second daughter (the first, Helen had died shortly after birth on September 21, 1984) of Walter Ellsworth and Mary Alice Flesher Edie. I arrived in the small "house on the prairie" near Tingley, Ringgold County, Iowa about noon, on the thirty-first day of December, 1895.

On April 28, 1897 I was joined by my sister, Mary; on December 16, 1898, my brother Walter Irwin arrived; and finally, on April 9, 1900, William Howard Edie came to join us.

I recall my parents debate over naming him. He was possibly a namesake of William Howard Taft. It was in 1900 that President McKinley had appointed Taft as chairman of the commission to the Philippines and thus brought him into prominence. We lived happily in this small house for the first eight years of my life, until misfortune struck.

My father came to Iowa around 1890, after having spent a year or two proving up an eighty-acre claim in Colorado. He took over the care of a farm, northeast of Tingley, owned by his uncle, Pike Ross. His sister, Margaret (Aunt Minnie), kept house for him for a time, but yielded to the persuasion of a young bachelor, Henry Russell Boyd who lived on an adjoining farm, and married him.

Then for a time a married couple took care of my father. Having met a young woman in Tingley who pleased him, he asked her to marry him. She left her duties as manager of a small general store and went home to her mother's in Wayne County to prepare for a conventional wedding but my father could not wait so long. They were married at Corydon, county seat of Wayne County, on January 9, 1893, with only her brother as witness, I believe.

My father had visions of being a prosperous farmer. He fed cattle, raised hogs. As his business increased, he built a big cattle barn and a horse barn on the hill opposite the little house. He bought advanced (for that day) farm machinery. He hired several men to help (hands at \$25 a month) and built a shanty where they slept. They took their meals with the family. There were perhaps twenty horses to power the machinery. There were also a driving team and a riding pony.

But, alas, the bank in Mt. Ayr failed and my father who had done business there, went bankrupt.

So in February, 1904, our family, bereft of most of the livestock and equipment, moved into Union County, ten miles north where my father rented from a Des Moines Insurance Company a three-hundred acre ranch (much of it hazel bush).

But I must tell you more about the eight years that I lived near Tingley. Our house was small. There was a living (sitting?) room with an adjoining bedroom to the west. (The house faced south). Above these rooms were two small bedrooms, reached by steep stairs from the living room. To the north as a lean-to dining room - kitchen with pantry and a few steps to the north of that was a summer kitchen. A cistern, I believe it was, with no pump was nearby. With such a farm operation there was plenty of work for the housewife. My mother told of having to prepare twenty-one meals for corn shredders who were held up by machinery break-downs. With only a young girl to help here, at the end they were serving potatoes with the skins on to save effort. As I remember the baby, Mary, had "summer complaint" (diarrhea) at that time and she had to launder as many as 60 diapers at one time.

When Bill was a baby a fourteen year-old girl, Maude Fleming, whose older cousin was already working at our house, came to live with us. She stayed for about four years as a sort of member of the family, when she married a man who was working for my father. My mother, an expert seamstress, made her a wedding dress trimmed with ruffles, lace insertions and edging.

One incident I remember was her coming out of the house while our parents were away and asking whether I knew where Howard was. I did not know and ran toward the barns where he never would have gone and fearing he might have fallen into a hole filled with water. When I returned to the house, Maude had found him sitting a short distance down the country roadside enjoying himself. Since his means of locomotion at that time was to sit and hitch first one hip and then the other, you can imagine the state of his diaper.

We all had an affection for Maude. She had given Howard (he because Bill when he went away to school) a small china-headed doll and he named it Maudie. I turned it over to him when he married.

When Maude and her husband, Orton Moore returned to our house after their honeymoon, I wanted to sleep with Maude and had a tantrum when I was told I could not. I recall how stubborn I was even when my mother told me that Orton might not like it.

Bill used to plan a visit to Maude who went to Farksio Missouri to live with her husband. He said we would to Farksio on a hayrack.

I can recall more of my orneriness. One day I pestered Maude and Orton with a hammer when they were sitting in the hammock while he was courting her. He was a Spanish-American War veteran and, my first knowledge of the Pacific Ocean was my mother's telling me that he had been to the Phillippines way across the Pacific, which is several miles deep.

I recall more of Bill's infant days because I was older. I used to feed him Mellina Food from a cup set on a chair, spooning it into his mouth. When he could scarcely talk, he sat on the floor, put his hand to his ears and said "He'o," pretending he was answering the telephone. He asked for a bicket (biscuit) at table.

Irwin wouldn't talk until he was three years old, merely grunted and pointed at what he wanted. When he did begin to talk, he spoke plainly. In later years for a Literary Society Christmas gift he received a bag of jaw breakers (candy) because of his use of big words. At the supper table he sometimes fell asleep and his head would slip from side to side on the back of the old kitchen chair while he was sucking away on a mouthful of food. He had a tendency, at two or three, to suck his food. It was when he was three or four that he decided to help with the churning. My mother had done the churning, had drawn off the buttermilk and possibly had rinsed the butter, before she turned to prepare the meal. For some reason the barrel churn wasn't latched to make it immovable; when Irwin turned the crank, out plopped the butter on the floor. I think it was salvaged without much loss.

Irwin was prone to lung fever. One winter he was ill at home. When he was three years old, he became sick and (our) return from a visit to Edmond, Oklahoma was delayed until he recovered.

Mary and I both started our schooling on September 7, 1903. Since we were to move in the Spring, our mother wanted us to start with a good teacher. We were both enrolled in the first grade at the ten-grade Tingley school. I was almost eight years old, had had no instruction at home, but because I was more mature I had been promoted to third grade long before February, 1904 when we moved. Mary at 6 years was still in first grade and we were both in the three grade room. The teacher took me to the library upstairs to provide me with supplementary reading. (This teacher, Ina Freeman, had taught in a rural school where big boys attended during the winter term. One day a big fellow caused a disturbance and to his surprise he found himself on the floor and a little red-headed teacher pommeling him with her fists. She was a disciplinarian. Now a days she would be

sued.)

Ina Freeman taught phonics and other aids to good reading.

We lived one and on-half miles from school and rode. Though I seem to recall walking one morning. In the evening we sometimes waited at a store in town until someone came for us. I recall riding home behind a team of spirited driving horses that pulled on the reins. Our cousins, Aunt Minnie's Marjorie and John, at times, drove old Bill to a topless buggy and we occasionally rode with them. I recall one winter where children out our way, rode in a neighbor's bobsled. A gallant eight year old boy offered his assistance to me where I disembarked, but I wasn't going to have anything to do with any old boy and plopped out all by myself! That winter, after an ice storm, some of the neighbor boys skated to school down the country road.

I recall confiding a big secret to my cousin as we rode along in the sled. Later my teacher called me to the front of the room and told the pupils that I had given away the secret with which we were to surprise the upper classes. I was embarrassed and I deserved to be. It served me right!

Yes, we had horses, perhaps as many as twenty to do the farm work. There was at least one riding pony and a team to drive with buggy or surrey. My mother told me of Toodles and Traddles, the team my father drove when they were first married. She would listen for them as they crossed the bridge to the west when my father was returning, late at night, from Mt. Ayre, the county seat twelve miles away. Then there was Bonne and Dexter, the latter a big horse for the road.

Yes, we had a surrey and we used it. I can recall rather slurring remarks about the uncle who took good care of his, seldom used it.

John Overholtzer and his family were our close neighbors. Opal, about my age, was a playmate. How I envied her doll Buggy! Floyd and Ray, her brothers, were older. They built me a playhouse of barrel staves. I could barely crawl in and out of it. One day they generously offered me the privilege of taking a watermelon from their father's patch, knowing how hotheaded their father was and that he had chased our hired hands when they were raiding his patch. I was a bit nervous when I went over to get a melon. I chose a nice little melon, took it home and cut it open with my little saw only to find it was green as grass. When Myrtle, an older daughter of the Overholtzers, died at thirteen, I looked to the west to see my first funeral procession, a line of buggies and surreys that followed the old fashioned hearse toward town.

The Eckermans lived to the east of us. Eva, the daughter, may have been the same age of Aunt May, my mother's youngest sister and they were acquaintances.

(Aunt May is the one as a small child saw people dropping something into the collections plate at church. Having nothing of her own for the offering, she picked a piece of mud from her shoe and dropped it in as the plate passed her.)

She, also, it was, who as a child told her younger brother that he could have the hole when he asked to share her doughnut.

Claude Eckerman, a son, used to gallop past our place on a horse, as he went to court Florence Overholtzer, the eldest of her family.

We had no telephone nor rural mail delivery until about 1900. One day during a severe electrical storm, a neighbor with no telephone came over and asked my mother to call the doctor for his wife who seemed to be having problems. Thought she feared she might be electrocuted, my mother stood at the phone and did as she was asked. As I look back, I wonder whether the woman might have been hysterical because of the storm.

Other neighbors were the Weedas, a Dutch family. The youngest child, Benny, was about my age. One day he and his mother came to call and I offered a chair to Penny as I called him. I remember a Thanksgiving dinner at the Weedas with the table filled with grownups. In 1922, when dad, Mary and I went with my cousin, John, to call on Mrs. Weeda, then retired to Tingley, she brought out some peppermint drops and distributed to the three grown children.

Dad's, sister, Margaret (Aunt Minnie) lived a half mile west of us. At the time Dad was ill with pneumonia. Mary and I stayed with her, as we did when Bill and possibly Irwin, was born. We visited them often. Cousin Marjorie two years older than I, brought the news to us of the assassination of President McKinley. She was also the messenger when my grandfather Edie died. I remember going with her back on the farm where my father was working to tell him.

She and I often played together. One evening she persuaded me to go home with her. Aunt Minnie told me I must go back home and allowed Marjorie to go a short way with me. Then I went alone in the growing darkness. As I crossed the bridge I heard a "squeech" owl (Mary's ? for a screech owl). It was dark when I arrived home, looking as white as sheet as my mother said.

One day when Bill was two or three years old he took his hammer to the crock Aunt Minnie used for milk to feed the cats. When she

exclaimed "Howard, what have you done to Aunt Minnie's crock?" he replied, "I tried to be tareful", the same thing he said when he used a hammer on a choice vase of my mother's and when he broke my doll's head.

The old barn was near the house. Then the two new barns were built some distance away on the hill opposite. One day I started toward the cattle barn and wandered across the feed lot. When I came to a nice smooth spot, I started across only to find myself in a soft manure mixture up to my shoe tops. Marjorie found me and took me home. My filthy shoes were removed out of doors and I was put to bed as punishment, with only bread and water for supper.

I was given responsibilities when I was quite small; I did dusting. (How I hated dusting the involved frameworks of the sewing machines! Still do.) I took care of Bill, I washed dishes when I had to stand on a chair to reach the dish pan. I watched the onion my mother was sauteing for potato soup. When I was six my mother loaned me to a friend with a new baby who needed help. I think that in a strange home I was more a burden then an asset.

Also when I was about six years old, my mother brought some blue checked gingham and I hand sewed it for a present to her mother. I did all but the waist band which my mother sewed on the machine. How well I did, I am not sure.

Mary was a happy soul. She could hippety-hop and responded to others more than I did with my solemn timid manner. Capt. Williams, a white-haired Civil War veteran, occasionally came home from church with us. Mary would sit on his lap and they would have a good time. When he gave her a nursery story book, "Who Killed Cock Robin?" I was hurt and perhaps jealous that I was overlooked.

Mary's hair was golden in her early years. One day my mother found a golden lock which I had cut off as we played out of doors. In later years her hair was thick and dark.

During the year at Tingley school, our mother "bobbed" our hair and nicknamed Mary "Bobby" and me "Joe". Mary had been sitting near children with head lice and acquired some of her own. The bobbing may have helped my mother in her fight to get rid of the pests.

I think of replanting corn washed out by rain, of the kitten I carried in a basket pretending it was a baby and then for safe-keeping putting it under an overturned pail only to find it stiff and cold from suffocation the next morning.

Then there were the whistles we made from green willow twigs

from trees down the road. There was the nice man who worked for us and who sometimes took us to Sunday School in town. Mary and I rode to Shamon City with him one day. He brought some groceries including bananas to the buggy where we were waiting. When he had finished his errands he returned to find Mary and I had just finished eating the bananas and were throwing away the empty sack. I recall only faintly that we ate them.

A sort of sequel to the story of this man, Hugh Kandall:

A few years ago, I called on the wife of the Presbyterian minister in Grinnell. His sister was visiting there and knowing the family had lived near Tingley, I told her my maiden name and I learned she had married Hugh Kendall. There she told a story about her father who had gone to town in a big wagon with only a board across it for a seat. He was asked for a ride by a young man going home in the same direction. As they rode along Mr. Beattie said, "I don't believe I know where you live" and the man said, "I'm Walt Edie." My father had walked to town and had had a hair cut and had had his wispy, sandy mustache shaved off. He wasn't recognized on that account though he had bought corn from this man as a neighbor. The I told her my side of the story. I did not recognize him without his mustache and snuggled close in my mother's arms, afraid of the strange man.

We did move to Union County. There we lived in a comparatively new one and a half story house. My mother had had new rag carpets woven for some of the rooms. In all our country homes there was no indoor plumbing, no electricity. Water for the household use had to be carried from the well. I recall a rain barrel, where mosquitos developed which furnished soft water for laundry.

At Tingley and in Union County there was no cellar, but there was an outdoor cave.

My father took with him from Tingley the bare essentials for farming. A team of good horses, a few cows. He hired men as he needed them. My mother did such field work as cultivating corn, said it made her feel better physically. One of the chores we daughters had was bringing the cows from pasture at night. This was rattle snake country. One evening we came upon a big snake coiled near a pasture path. We ran like mad (Mary said it struck her; it didn't) and raced home to tell our mother. She went with us to get the cows. One day I saw a small snake slither across my path in another pasture with its rattles pounding but we were never bitten.

One year my mother gardened at an abandoned homestead near by. I recall pulling oceans of weeds that grew in all uncultivated areas.

We raised peanuts in our house garden. A small schoolmate was surprised that peanuts grow and are not made as the candy he bought.

One of our teachers, a young woman, Golda Ballard, boarded with us. I can't recall very much about her. An older woman, Exy Lake, a grass widow, taught us one year. (That was my first knowledge of the term grass widow.) She was a good teacher. One of her exercises was to have us march around the school room as we sang The Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Some of our desks were very primitive (home made). In winter time the teacher had to build the fire in the stove in the middle of the room. One morning a bat flew out of the stove when Golda Ballard opened the door.

We walked the mile to school except during stormy weather, and recall one winter afternoon that our father came for us in a bobsled and we had to drive up into a field because of the deep snow in the road.

Exy Lake drove a horse hitched to an open buggy from her home each day. She sometimes brought a little club footed girl with her. One morning they passed us as we walked along the side of the road and the little girl called to me "Rose areyou tared? (tired)

One day I looked out the window during school hours and saw several horsemen, riding home from a wolf hunt.

The County Superintendent of Schools occasionally visited our school. One day he heard our fifth reader class. (We were graded according to readers.) I got along very well but one or two pupils were slow. He asked whether I did a great deal of reading to which I responded that I did. I believe his advice to the others was to do likewise.

One night at a township ? spell-down, a sixteen year old girl and I (10) were the last two left standing. I always enjoyed spell-downs.

Our driving team at this place was a pair of recently broken broncos. My mother was brave enough to drive them. One summer two young boys, sons of Des Moines insurance executives, spent a week or two with us. Our mother took them to the train at Thayer, Iowa when they were ready to go home. As we approached the railroad crossing, near the depot, we heard a train. My mother hurried across the tracks and up on a scales on a nearby embankment; there the ponies stood trembling as the strange monster roared past.

One day my mother drove all the way to Tingley (13 miles) to

meet my grandmother's train when she came to visit us. We children had stayed at Aunt Minnie's and when our mother stopped for us my grandmother stayed on the surrey. The team was tied to a hitching post. For some reason one of the horses (not one of the ponies) backed up and started to sit down. My grandmother, in fright, jumped out over the wheel. No harm was done except a bent rod on the surrey tongues.

We had acquired some old horses. One was the horse that sat down and another was an old mare we called Granny. She was gentle enough that we children could "harness" her with twine string to our sled (in summer) and have fun. One day our mother looked out to see Granny headed toward the stable over a small manure pile and arms and legs flailing and straw hats flying as my two small brothers slid off her back. The other old horse could be ridden but was reluctant to take us the mile to the mailbox, but she could move right along on her way home.

We were quite regular church goers. I recall attending church at Tingley; I was to speak a piece at the Christmas program and rehearsed it. There on Christmas Eve, I stood speechless with stage fright as I looked out at the audience. At church service I recall Mrs. Sprinkle, an elderly woman, who sat with her ear trumpet on its black cord extended toward the minister to catch the words of the sermon. One Sunday I sat in front of some boys and the naughty things tapped the point on my red velvet hood with a rolled up paper.

In Union County we went five miles, by bridge and a shorter distance when we could ford Grand River to attend morning services at the Methodist Church in Hopeville. We often came across the river to a little country church, south of us for afternoon services. I attended my first funeral service there. I recall, in particular, one crisp, moonlit night of riding to Christmas exercises at that church in a big wagon, all seated on straw. It was there that my mother's "musical ear" was offended when a soprano soloist screeched out "The bird with a broken pinion".

It was in Union County that I saw my first automobile, an open touring car that bounced north on the narrow road past our house.

It was in Union County that I saw my first and only horse-powered threshing machine. Teams of horses, hitched to a sweep, went round and round to furnish power for the thresher.

It was there that I had my first music lessons on the old organ and began to read time on the clock. It was while we lived there that Howard (Bill) gave his ideas of how we are made up, with bleed, scab (skin) and possibly some bones. He was too young for school. Would

ask us girls if he could play with our doll "regs" (rags) and dolls while we were there; he was excited when the horses ran lickety "sprit" (split) down the road to pasture.

There were no children near us. Our playmates were those we met at school. One special day the parents came to school with well-filled baskets of food. Bill's choice of cake was one with "hair on" or a delicious looking one with coconut-covered icing.

In 1906 our family made plans to move to my grandmother Flesher's farm in Wayne County. Friends planned a surprise, bringing food to our home for a farewell party. Someone came to the school house for us older children to be included. (I may have the newspaper account of the event.)

In the spring our household goods and machinery were carried by hay racks and wagons to the railway station, possibly Thayer and were transferred to freight cars for their trip to Carydou, Iowa.

My father had made a "covered wagon" by using high side boards and a roof on our farm wagon. The kitchen range, utensils, food and personal belongings were loaded aboard. Then our mother and we children rode in this as we took our fifty or sixty mile journey across country to our new home.

I can't remember, but I think the other team pulled a hay rack possibly loaded with feed for the live stock.

My father, sometimes with my help, kept 20 or 30 head of cattle between the fences.

Our one-nights' stop was with a Mateer family who graciously took in our caravan. The name was familiar to my mother but I do not know that she was acquainted. Mary and I had a "bed" or a pallet of quilts on the kitchen floor. Poor Mary cried with the "leg ache" something she often suffered. So our night was disturbed.

The next day we moved on and arrived at the home of Jack Wolfe, about a half mile from where we were to live. He was a sort of "shirt tail" relation, having married a third cousin of Grandmother Flesher. There we stayed until our household goods arrived, living with his son, Fred and his wife and small daughter and Jack, a sort of "back-woods" man.

Our new home was larger than our two previous ones. It had three gables on the front. There was a back stairs from the kitchen, leading to one big room over the kitchen and dining room. Another stairs led from the living room to a room on the landing which was

over the downstairs bedroom and which led into a bedroom over the living room.

The living room and kitchen opened onto a screened back porch which was a passage way to the entry to the cellar stairs. A cistern with a pump was at the southeast corner of the house which faced north. Water for cooking and drinking had to be carried from the well with a wind mill, some distance away. To the west of the house was the old orchard with Ben Davis and Jonathan apple trees; some of them gnarled. Also in that direction was our outdoor toilet. We had a big garden and my father put out a large strawberry patch.

I continued to help indoors and out - if my mother could tear me away from reading the old Ladies Home Journals she had saved. By the time I was eleven I could dress a chicken, I mopped the kitchen and did other cleaning. I helped feed horses, could harness one, but never learned to milk a cow.

Mary and I brought the cows from pasture, riding a horse at times. One day a brisk rain came up. The cattle turned tails to the storm and with heads down, lined up along the wire fence. We could do nothing but head our horse that way and with backs (Mary's mostly) to the rain wait out the shower.

We attended the rural school where our uncles once attended. At one time our teacher was a woman who was a school mate of our Uncle Will Flesher. She told me the story of the agent who came to see the teachers and the remark Uncle Will made about the ragged blankets the man had put on his horses. Uncle Will told him that they were more "holy" than righteous.

One winter our school was closed and we had to attend another somewhat farther away. There was a large attendance with two big boys who later attended the State University of Iowa when I did.

My father because involved with a very fundamentalist religious group and wanted me to attend a Christian school. In the fall of 1909 I enrolled in the eighth grade, sub-preparatory department of Central Holiness University, at University Park near Oskaloosa, Iowa. (It has been renamed three times as Kletzing, John Fletcher and now Vennard College.) I lived in a dormitory, worked for some of my expenses until the family moved to University Park in the spring of 1910.

My father had bought a big two-story house with no plumbing. At times we had student roomers to help out the family income. My mother clerked in an Askaloosa dry goods store. My father did whatever he could for an income, even to cutting buttons in a button factory.

At the college academy I studied four years of Latin, two years of Greek, elementary and advanced Algebra, Plane and Solid Geometry, English and History. I made good enough marks to graduate with a 93 average, third in the class of 1914. Consequently I had to write and deliver an oration. My subject was the moral conditions in this country which might be so corrupt, it would fall as Rome did!

In 1912 my parents moved to Tipton where my father became pastor of a Methodist circuit. He had long wanted to be a Minister and quit farming with that in mind. After they left, I lived here and there in University Park. One family took me in for a whole year.

During the summer of 1913 I worked for a family near Bennett, Iowa where Irwin was helping with farm work. On wash days, I got up before five o'clock, started the fire in the wash house stove, put on the boiler to heat water for doing the laundry. At other times I helped with housework even picked black berries. In the summer of 1914 I helped in the home of a Tipton family.

By that time my father had learned of cheaper tuition at the University of Iowa, just about twenty-five miles away. He and I went over that summer and I enrolled there. There, I continued my study of Latin, all four years; I took two years of German and two years of Mathematics; my minor, and studied courses in English all four years. Other subjects were Psychology, Political Science. My grades were not so good as they had been.

Part-time I had a scholarship. Had I paid tuition for all four years, at ten dollars a semester, the total cost would have been eighty dollars. Add to that ten dollars for a matriculation fee and ten dollars for a diploma and the total would have been one hundred dollars.

I roomed in the home of Dean Wilbur J. Teeters and did house work and baby sat with the young son to pay for my keep. In the winter of 1917 I moved into an apartment with a classmate and close friend of C.H. U. days. During the summers I had continued to earn money to pay for books and clothes.

In the fall of 1914 my father was transferred to a small church at Burr Oak, Iowa. It was there that I made acquaintances who became lifelong friends.

From Burr Oak he moved to Waucoma in 1917. That was our home when I graduated from college in 1918 and I spent my summer as I had spent my vacations in other years with my parents.

I think of one incident that summer. My super patriot brother, Bill, was home on leave from the army. He rented a row boat and

took my mother, father and me for a ride up the small river that ran through Waucoma. Our mother took the oars and rowed a boat for the first time since her riverside Ohio home thirty years earlier and the skiffs on the Ohio River. When we returned to the dock, I stayed in the boat after the others disembarked. While I was waiting for Bill to return I decided to do a bit of rowing. Unable to coordinate the two oars I was drifting toward the dam and waterfalls, when he returned and gave instructions that took me back to the wharf.

In the spring of 1918, my application to teach at the Ireton, Iowa High School was accepted. My monthly salary was to be \$85. The second year it was increased to \$110 and the third and last year I taught there, I received \$145 each month.

Those were war years. When I told a neighbor girl in Iowa City that I was going to a small town, "There won't be any young men in such a town." It's true that young men had, most of them, gone to war, but I had not considered men essential when I made my application.

The woman where I roomed had fun one day at my expense. Sometime earlier I had received a picture of Tommy Taylor seated on a horse and a letter explaining that he had found an envelope from a letter I had written to Irwin who was stationed with Tommy, in the First Calvary on the Arizona-Mexican border.

One day I received a telephone call from Tommy asking to come to see me. I was "in a dither" wondering what to do with a strange man. Shortly someone in uniform showed up at the front door. It was the daughter of the house dressed in her father's army uniform! There was much laughter at the joke on me.

During that period the Spanish flu swept the nation. I did not contract it though I was indirectly exposed. In fact, thus far, I have escaped from any type of flu.

Boys' and girls' basketball was popular at the Ireton school. For some reason the school superintendent appointed me as the girls' chaperon for out-of-town games. One evening we travelled to Orange City, County seat of Sioux County for a game. The Superintendent assigned me to what he called a "glass" car - a sedan with windows. It became so close and stuffy that I was relieved when a flat tire allowed us to get some fresh air.

I accompanied the girls on the train on an overnight trip some distance away.

In 1921 I decided for a change of scene. My application at the

Guttenberg High School was accepted. I spent one year in that truly scenic area on the Mississippi River.

In the meantime my parents had moved from Waucoma to Fairbank in 1919 and then to Masonville in the fall of 1921. During those years my father had replaced his driving team and buggy with a big, second-hand Overland touring car. By the summer of 1921 he had purchased a Model T Ford (Tin Lizzie). That was when I learned to drive a car on trips from Fairbank to Oelwein.

In the spring of 1922 my parents drove to Guttenberg to visit me. On one of the steep hills that border the Mississippi the gasoline was so low it did not feed the motor and they backed up the grade.

That was the summer that my mother died. She had been ailing for months and finally went to the Methodist Hospital in Des Moines. There a malignant growth below her stomach was found. Though she had one of the best of surgeons, she did not recover.

My sister, Mary, who was planning to teach at Manchester High School, volunteered to cancel her contract and stay with my father. I went on to Amboy, Illinois where I taught one year, then returned to Masonville to live with my father. Mary was reelected to teach at Manchester.

In January, 1924 I received a telephone call from Irwin who was then teaching at Lamont, Iowa, ten miles away as the crow flies. He announced that I had a new niece and that they needed help. Rose Marie had arrived at home rather than at a hospital because roads to Independence were blocked with snow.

I packed my bag and my father took me to Manchester seven miles east over roads that had been opened for a funeral. There I waited until they thawed out the small steam engine of the M&O (Manchester-Oneida) and then traveled on the tiny train to Oneida Junction. I connected there with a big Northwestern train that arrived in Lamont, near 4:00 p.m. about six hours after I had left home - only about a one-half hour drive to the north when roads were clear.

I took care of the tiny niece and her mother, at a time when the mother was required to stay in bed for ten days, and did the housework. They survived my ministrations!

In the summer of 1925, I received another call. It seems Betty Lou decided to arrive sooner than expected. Irwin was working with a road crew that summer and Josephine and Rose Marie were living in Fayette. (Irwin had returned to College at Upper Iowa University). My father took me to Fayette where I kept an eye on, cared for an active

run-about and ministered to a mother who according to rules, must stay in bed ten days and to a tiny baby. While I am not a well-organized person, I managed housework and nursing for a week or more, than took Rose Marie home with me to relieve her mother for a time.

While I was at Fayette, Kirk Sperry, a friend of Irwin's, was looking for a principal for his high school at Ledyard, Iowa. When he approached me, I consented to fill the position. I managed, in spite of severe sinus trouble with Mary's help, to get a wardrobe together and be on my way, by train, at the proper time.

Mary continued teaching at Manchester and my father was left alone, unwilling to hinder us from having a life of our own. That fall he was moved to a little church, rather two churches, near Fulton in Jackson County and lived in a small house in the country. It was that fall that I bought a Model T Ford of my own with balloon tires, a new type. I purchased it from a Manchester dealer and drove it in my unskilled way to Dubuque and then south over steep hills to my father's house. This purchase was to give us, the teachers at Ledyard, more mobility in a town with poor railroad service.

I spent the next summer with my father and recall roaming one day over pastures with a neighbor woman to pick wild goose berries.

During Mary's year at Manchester she and a handsome widower with two young children decided they would marry. In April 1926 my father performed the ceremony at his home.

That fall my father was moved again and eventually settled in Knoxville, Iowa where he served a country circuit. There he met a neighbor, a congenial widow and they were married in August 1927.

That was the summer that I took a summer tour, paying all of \$450 for it. I boarded a Rock Island train in Des Moines which took me to Kansas City. At the station there we met our tour guides and one hundred forty-six of us boarded a train made up of old Pullman Coaches. We lived on this train, getting off at Harvey Houses along the way for meals which we paid. Along the way to Los Angeles we took a side trip to the Grand Canyon for a day. Arriving at Los Angeles, we did more sight-seeing: bus tours and a boat trip to Catalina Island. While I was there, I visited my Great Aunt Nettie Wheeler who lived in nearby Long Beach, the haven of many Iowans. She was the sister of grandmother, Mary Frances Flesher.

On Sunday several of us visited the Temple of Aimee Temple McPherson, the popular Evangelist, but she wasn't present on that day.

That afternoon after a heavy luncheon, we embarked on a boat,

the Harvard, that had been an army transport during World War I. Struck by a fifty-mile gale, the old boat, without any ballast, was tossed severely and it was a rather forlorn-looking group who waited to disembark at San Francisco. I was not the only one who had been seasick.

Arriving about noon on Monday we were ferried across the bay and arrived at Berkeley where I was housed with thirty or forty other women in quarters near the University Campus - a sorority house. Even at our belated luncheon I seemed to be still swaying.

Study at the University was part of the tour packet. I elected to audit three courses, one in education, another in English and a third in Latin. That gave me time for sightseeing. I did not go to Yosemite with the group, but I did visit Stanford University. I missed a wedding at the chapel because a friend wanted my help in finding a restroom. The doors were closed when we returned.

Bill was in Berkeley at the time, doing map work and illustrations for University professors. He borrowed a friend's car and took me on two or three trips: one was at night up on a bluff where we could look across the Bay to see the lights of San Francisco, we also drove to Mills College. Then he escorted me to Oakland where we saw a film featuring a red-headed, newly popular actress, Clara Bow.

I went on conventional tours of San Francisco and, on my own, toured China Town, several times. One evening several of us attended the Chinese theater there, went home near midnight, something I would never think of doing today.

At the end of summer school we boarded another Pullman train to travel to Seattle. There we stopped for more sightseeing. Several of us went out to the University of Washington where we saw, at a distance, a summer production of Aida.

Crossing Puget Sound by boat we arrived at Vancouver, British Columbia and were housed in a fine hotel, the King George. Our sightseeing here included a tour of Victoria, by bus, where we saw formal gardens and other interesting English-like places. Then we went aboard our last Pullman train.

The black porter, a man in his 50's perhaps, was somewhat hostile at first. He had once been assigned to a special train for Shriners and had been kept awake all night. He found, however, that the sedate teachers in our coach kept reasonable hours and, by the end of our association, we were good friends.

Our train went up through the Rockies to Banff, where the Prince

of Wales had visited and Lake Louise. We spent the day there and I walked along Lake Louise and climbed a mountain until I found a small patch of snow in July. I wore dress pumps on this hike. As we traveled on we could go in open, roofless cars which allowed us to get a better view of the majesty of the mountains.

The last leg of the journey was across the wide expanse of southern Canada. We crossed the border into North Dakota. Finally at St. Paul the group left the Pullman and each went his separate way.

I boarded a day coach on a big train that took me to Des Moines and eventually arrived at my father's house in Knoxville. Some days later I was notified that luggage I had checked at Oakland, California was at the Federal Building in Des Moines. My father and I found our way to where it was held and after opening it for inspection, I claimed it and took it home.

Plans were being made as I have said, for my father's marriage to Mary Jane Hardin. Someone proposed a get-together at Knoxville for Dad's 63rd birthday on August 1. Mary came from Manchester by train via Des Moines, she had with her six-year-old Stanley whose birthday was also on August 1, and was carrying, in a basket a fine angel food cake she had baked for the occasion.

Aunt Minnie, Dad's sister, came from Tingely bringing with her two-year-old Russel Boyd, her grandson whom she was baby-sitting while his parents were on vacation. Irwin and Josephine came with Rose Marie and Betty Lou, (I don't know where we all slept). I do recall how impressed I was at my observing three and a half year old niece. Rose Marie, who when I was coming down the steps, exclaimed from her view point at the foot of the stairs about my black pumps with "lacy" silver buckles, "Aunt Rose, what pretty shoes you have!"

The family dispersed. My father was married in August by the Methodist District Superintendent Longnecker and moved to Guernsey, Iowa as pastor of the Methodist Church there. My stepmother, when asked how many children they had, would say "eight!" She had four daughters and there were two daughters and two sons in our family.

That fall I went to a new teaching position at Monticello, Iowa. I followed as a Latin teacher, a woman who had taught the subject in that High School for thirty-eight years and started with a bit of "fear and trembling". (She visited one of my classes one day, commended me!)

Other subjects I taught were advanced arithmetic and solid geometry. On vacations I went to Mary's at Manchester or to my father's at Guernsey.

In the summer of 1928, Josephine and the little girls spent sometime there while Irwin was at the University of Iowa working for his master's degree. That was shortly before Eugene was born. I did sewing for Rose Marie; a little dress out some sheer material mother had given her and a winter coat out of a woman's old coat. Rose Marie was delighted with her new garments and wanted to wear the coat - in July! She slept with me and would talk to me before we went to sleep. On Sunday night she asked why Grandpa talked down to those men at the church. I explained that he was praying before they took up the offering. She also informed me that she didn't like the saxophone solo that the young man played during the service.

Betty Lou celebrated her third birthday while they were at Guernsey. We celebrated with ice cream. One day I brought in a picking of black berries from the patch west of the house. Betty Lou exclaimed "trawberries". I corrected her, "No, black berries" and she responded "black trawberries".

The next summer poor Josephine was nursing her sick mother and caring for an infant son, Eugene. Irwin was left with the care of two small girls and asked if I could help. I had no responsibilities, had time to go along with an insurance man whom I had met to keep him company as he visited prospective clients in a wide territory south of Guernsey.

I went to Wesley and held things together until Josephine came home. It was while I was there that Dad and mother stopped at Irwin's on their way home from Dad's old "haunts" in Colorado: Estes Park and Denver where he lived when he proved up his eight-acre claim in the late 1880's.

I stayed on to help Irwin and Josephine pack up and move to their new home, his new superintendency at Rudd, Iowa. My car was loaded with odds and ends and the two little girls were my passengers in the trip to Rudd.

In 1930 I finished my tenth and last year of teaching, I sold my car for \$75 to Harry Muckler, thinking that with one accident and one near accident, I didn't have the proper temperament to drive a car.

In the fall of 1930 I was at Toledo, Iowa where my father had moved to become the pastor of three small country churches. In early September Aunt Ida, Uncle Charlie's wife, died after a bout with cancer. When we arrived at his home in the 1500 block of South Market Street, Oskaloosa, Uncle Charlie said he wanted Dad to be the minister in charge. So on such short notice Dad had to give the message.

After the service, Aunt Minnie said someone should stay with Uncle Charlie and suggested that I should be the one. So I went to the little house to live with an elderly man. I kept house, washed clothes on the board, ironed with irons heated on an old fashioned, coal-burning stove. I helped in the garden, did canning.

In the fall of 1931, Dad and Mother took me with them on a trip to the Ozarks. We went by the way of St. Louis and came home through Springfield, Missouri, camping along the way. I think we stayed one night in a primitive motel.

To the south of Uncle Charlie's lived a young widow with seven children. He and Aunt Ida and she had been good neighbors. The children had sometimes called on me. They ranged in age from a boy of twelve years to a little girl of four.

In the spring of 1932, Uncle Charlie went on a vacation and left me to run the ranch (15 or 20 acres). A boy came to milk the cows and do other chores. One day he came in saying that a cow was in trouble. I called a veterinary and he delivered a dead calf.

Perhaps it was the Sunday after Uncle Charlie's return that we were invited to Emma Gay's (the widow's) for dinner. When we were all seated at the table, Uncle Charlie announced, "Children, your mother and I were married." I can't recall the details and I don't know how the children felt, but I was shocked. She evidently thought I didn't believe it and brought out the marriage certificate as evidence. They had gone to Missouri, as many did in those days, (no blood tests) and had been married on Uncle Charlie's vacation.

In June I left Oskaloosa. I think I went to Mother Rinehart's home in Guernsey. Her son, Harry, an insurance man, whom I had known for several years, had discovered that he was diabetic and wanted me to help with the diet he must follow.

In August I went to my father's in Toledo and it was then that I went with mother and a step-sister to Cedar Falls to attend the wedding of my youngest stepsister, Nellie, to Keith Conklin.

My memory of activities and sequences is vague. Since I was foot-loose I moved from one area to another. In February of 1933, I went home to Knoxville, Iowa with my stepsister, Lois, and stayed with her to help her move to Anamora, Iowa. There her husband, Lloyd Hudson was agricultural agent for Jones County.

Later in the year I was again at Toledo. My step-sister, Ruth with two-year-old Carl came from Oregon to visit. Bill Edie had arrived from California. One day we all loaded into Dad's car and

stopped at Nellie's in Marble Rock, Iowa for lunch. Mother, Ruth, and Carl stayed at Nellie's and dad, Bill and I went on to Rudd, Iowa. There we met young John William Edie for the first time. Bill enjoyed playing with his lively young niece, JoAnn, and called her "Dynamite".

In August, Bill, Dad and I left for a trip to southern Iowa. We stopped to visit Uncle Charlie and his family then living near Bloomfield, Iowa on a farm. We stopped at other familiar places and at Tingley we visited Aunt Minnie. That fall I was making preparations to marry Harry Rhinehart. He had suggested that I invest my savings in a farm. I withdrew \$1,350, all I had in Postal Savings (the depression was on and there were no banks). We bid on a farm southeast of Deep River, Iowa owned by a defunct bank. Our bid of \$1,650 was the highest and we became owners of eighty acres minus the railroad right of way, total of seventy two plus acres of hard scrabble land. We borrowed \$1,000 against the land to buy live stock and equipment to operate the farm. On November 30, 1933, Thanksgiving Day, my father officiated at our marriage in the parsonage at Toledo, Iowa. Mary Powers, mother's niece who was living with them, played a March as I walked down the old stairs to where the groom was standing in a doorway at the side of the living room. After the ceremony we celebrated with the Thanksgiving dinner.

While we were accumulating machinery and livestock, we made our home with Harry's mother who had a tiny acreage at the north edge of Guernsey. In the spring of 1934, we moved to the farm. The house was ramshackled, looked as if it had never been painted; the "barn" was not much more than an open shed; the corn crib was fairly decent. There was an old coal house to the southeast and a sort of summer kitchen near the house. There was no electricity, no plumbing and no running water. A very necessary outbuilding was the privy some distance to the southwest.

With two or three fairly good horses, three or four Jersey cows and a few sheep for live stock, and with the bare essentials of machinery, we started operation. Our hope was to raise enough food to keep us.

Harry's brother came down from near Guernsey and sowed oats. Corn was planted and we waited for crops but there was no rain. Oats grew to eight or ten inches tall. I planted garden in dry soil. One day I looked up to see dark dust clouds boiling high overhead. When a white cloud would come up in the sky, we would hope for rain. Finally Harry turned the sheep, now ewes and lambs, into the oats field to give them pasture and to harvest any oats that might mature. They had nibbled the grass to the roots in their rocky pasture and some had bloody noses from the ragweed that was all that was left growing.

Harry planted Sudan grass on a ten-acre plot harvested one small stack of hay. Before another crop could grow, chinch bugs invaded the field. I saw a whole army of them crossing the road from the neighbor's farm. In a short time the tiny pests had denuded the Sudan field.

Temperatures were above 100 degrees on some days. We could sit indoors and look out at the furnace-like heat.

To pasture our cows, I herded them along the roadside and for a time, along the railroad tracks that ran through our farm. One day the Section Foreman came to our house and told us we could no longer pasture them along the railroad. I cannot recall his reason, but it could have been the liability of a train running over a cow.

That spring we had taken a wagon trailer to Manchester, brought back with us a fine bred Duroc sow that Harry Muckler gave us. (That was the era of killing the little pigs). She had several nice pigs. During the summer she became ill and lost part of her udder. Even so she gave us another litter of pigs. To help nourish them, I had two cute pigs to feed in 1935.

Our first spring on the farm, a stray collie had six little puppies under the old shed near the house. We kept one which resembled his father; a German shepherd, our neighbor took one, and I think the owner of the German shepherd took the rest.

To save fuel and expenses of keeping up her home in those depression days, Mother Rinehart went to live with her son, Robert, on the old Rinehart farm. Harry's maiden sister, Odessa, came to live with us that winter of 1934- 1935. For some reason our dog, (I can't recall training him) would paw at the stair door in the morning to indicate he wanted to go up to waken Odessa when he raced upstairs.

One day in late 1935 I heard dogs barking, went down in the pasture and found him and his sister having a hilarious time with the sheep. One was injured so badly it died. The next day Harry and the neighbor used Harry's rifle to execute both dogs. I am sorry I can't recall our dog's name. He was a beautiful tawny fellow with slanting amber eyes. At times he rode in the back seat of the car sitting up as if he owned all that he surveyed.

The season of 1935 was a more prosperous one. I think it was that spring that I helped sow oats with an endgate seeder. I also helped pick corn in the fall.

The garden prospered and I canned many vegetables. I recall in particular, a vegetable mixture. We butchered a hog, canned some of

the meat and deep-fried chunks of pork to put down in a stone jar with lard poured over them.

Then came the winter of 1935-1936. We didn't get our winter supply of coal before snow blocked the roads to the What Cheer mine. In January a long period of sub-zero weather set in. Our fuel was anything we could burn, old fence posts, an old maple tree that a neighbor helped Harry cut down.

I recall going to do chores and trying to avoid the old ram with whom I had a feud, by walking up our deep snowdrifts which were piled in the yard. We survived the winter, but my canned goods froze in the old cellar.

Early in the winter we sold our lamb flock. Two of them had been orphans that I had fed. They had very different dispositions. The stolid one would suck on the bottle with deliberation. While the other, smaller one, frolicked (tap danced) on the sloping cellar door, enjoying the click of her hooves as she pranced. When she took her turn at the bottle, she sucked just as energetically as she had danced. As the flock was being driven out to the main road to be loaded, I was touched when my pets came running and leaped up on me like two dogs. Two other pets I had that summer were pigs which their udderless mother couldn't nurse. Pigs are smart and cute.

Finally the winter ended. Crops were put in and Harry had gotten help to harvest our good crop of alfalfa hay. Then he became ill and was taken to the Community Hospital in Grinnell. In the winter he had apparently frozen his toe. Infection (gangrene) set in due to his diabetic condition. I was at the hospital with him for the eleven days until his death on July 8, 1936. He is interred in the cemetery at Victor, Iowa.

In the meantime dad, who was now living at University Park, kept things going at the farm. Young neighbor men did the milking. The weather had again turned the atmosphere into a fiery furnace. The oats, however, had matured before the hot weather began.

My father knew of a young man who had wanted to start farming. Dad proposed getting some used telephone poles at Toledo and building a pole barn. With the prospect of a new tenant, poles were hauled to the farm. Irwin came down and proceeded to put up a snug stable for me. He also helped with shocking oats at harvest time.

Eugene, then eight years old, came with Irwin, bringing his bicycle. He found it a novelty to coast down the nearby hills. Neighbor children, near us, had a pony loaned to them for their enjoyment. They were delighted with the novelty of riding a bicycle

and Eugene was so taken with the pony that he wanted his father to buy it. They could carry it home in the back seat of the car. I heard Irwin tell him that their cow might not enjoy the company of a pony.

One morning Eugene disappeared and after sometime showed up again. He had ridden his bicycle the four miles into town to ask Al Silverman, a stock buyer and owner of the pony, whether he would trade it for Eugene's bicycle. They didn't make the trade.

Warren Crawford, his wife, Gerry, and their infant son came to the farm late that summer and we began farming on the shares. Warren brought a half of my livestock and equipment. I stayed on in a little room upstairs. Dad came to help with building repairs and harvesting corn. While Dad and mother were there, they lived in a makeshift trailer that Dad had made.

## BOOK II

In October that fall, I became a nurse for a woman doctor in Deep River. My first patient was the wife of Harry Rhinehart's nephew's wife, Rose. I cared for her and their new baby daughter.

Then in December I went to the home of a woman of thirty eight who was to have her first baby. About January, she had problems and was taken to Community Hospital in Grinnell. There she had a Caesarean Section and Mary Beth was born. I had stayed at Deep River to keep house for the husband and an eight- year-old niece. In a foolish effort to lift a heavy load, I wrenched my back and developed sciatica. When Mary and Mary Beth came home, I cared for them though, at times, I was suffering excruciating pain.

Let me digress to tell about Mary Cullison. She was an interesting person. As Mary Bayhan she came west from Hillsboro, Ohio to teach a country school near Deep River, Iowa. She was eighteen at the time. Later she married John Cullison, a local man and now at thirty-eight, she had had her first child.

In Hillsboro her father was chairman of the Democratic Party. When she was a child William Jennings Bryan came to town on a campaign trip. While he spoke, Mr. Bayhan held an umbrella over him to protect him from the elements (sun or rain?). Mr. Bryan spent the night with the Bayhans. The next morning he was served a hearty country breakfast of ham and eggs and other good things. This inspired Bryan to say, "Children, when I get to the White House, I'll invite you all to breakfast." Of course they never received such an invitation.

Mary Cullison, in later years, was a receptionist for Iowa Governor, Harold Hughes, when he was in office.

To resume, finally I went home to Dad's at University Park. Eventually, with rest and osteopathic treatments, I was relieved from back trouble and sciatica.

In the summer of 1937, I returned to Deep River to care for baby Mary Beth while her mother worked at an office downtown. That was the summer that Amelia Earhart, the flyer and her plane disappeared.

Later a young woman on a farm southeast of Deep River needed a helper. I consented to be that helper. My duties were to assist in cooking and washing dishes for carpenters who were building a new barn, to do other housework and to assist in care of four small children.

One day a handsome man came in on the screened back porch and inquired for me. He and his wife had visited the office of the Deep River Record to inquire about a possible household helper. The editor's wife had suggested me. They had meandered their way to the farm by way of What Cheer to find me. I consented to become their housekeeper and gave a two week's notice. Late in September John D. Stoops came for me at the home of the Cullisons in Deep River and I rode with him to the big house at 1033 Park Street in Grinnell. I can't recall any conversation on the way except two topics. He mentioned the recent sudden death of a neighbor woman which had evidently shocked her friends. He also asked whether I liked lamb, not mutton which I mentioned. I am sure I had never eaten lamb, but I knew I did not like mutton.

My tasks there were to care for the house, cook meals, do the laundry. Since Mrs. Stoops was an older woman, I sometimes did errands for her.

We occasionally entertained dinner guests. I recall serving such people as Florence Kerr (a Grinnell grad put in charge of women's work by Harry Hopkins during the depression) and her husband, also a Grinnell grad, and an important business man. Owen Lattimore, a chinese specialist, later accused of Communism when he tried to explain the Chinese to government officials was a one-time guest. Colleagues and friends were invited each year to make a party of eight or so to celebrate John Dashiell's birthday on January 26. I prepared and served those dinners.

Except when for a while when I had an infected finger, I never ate in the dining room, but in the kitchen - a custom that offended my step-mother.

In the summer of 1939, I went on a tour. I paid \$56 for a round-trip bus ticket from Grinnell. One June day I boarded a Greyhound bus and started west. I stopped over for sightseeing in Salt Lake City. Visited the Mormon Tabernacle, saw the big cathedral and the Capitol building.

Then I rode on to San Francisco with a glimpse of the gambling spots at Reno along the way.

At San Francisco I stayed with Bill and Clarita in their Laguna Honda apartment. I did sightseeing on my own, visited Chinatown and other places.

One day Clarita took me in her car to downtown Market Street. From there I boarded the ferry to Treasure Island where the 1939 World's Fair was in progress. I wandered around from one exhibit to

another, stopped at a lunch counter, sat beside a California fruit (peaches) rancher who had once lived near Guernsey, Iowa.

Late that evening I took the ferry back to San Francisco and at 11:30 p.m. boarded the street car that Clarita had said would take me to their station. As we rode along I realized we had gone through the Twin Peaks Tunnel where I was to leave the car. When I spoke to the conductor, he said he had called the station, but he gave me a transfer and I got off at the next stop. There I stood in the fog late at night, but decided not to walk around the mountain to Laguna Honda. I took a car back to Forest Hills station (not the Laguna Honda I had expected), walked up the stairs to the surface and to Bill's apartment. He and Clarita were in a dither, had called the police to find me. Here I was, a stranger in a large city - but I found my way home. I am sorry I caused Bill and Clarita to worry.

My bus tour took me to Los Angeles where I did some sightseeing and visiting. I went out to a suburb of Los Angeles to visit Uncle Fred Powers, my step-mother's brother and his wife. They took me to their daughter's home in Pomona. Her husband, an art teacher at Pomona College, took all of us on a drive around Pomona and past the several educational institutions there. Uncle Ed Powers, a dentist living near downtown Los Angeles was another person I visited, was in his office, as I recall. His wife and daughter, Mary, who played my wedding march prepared dinner for me one evening.

Finally I started East and stopped off in Oklahoma to visit Flesher relatives, Aunt Nettie's family near Frederick, Aunt Mattie, Uncle Tom and Uncle Earl in Edmond.

As I recall, it was on this trip Uncle Tom took me and other family members to Uncle Will's in Oklahoma City. Uncle Tom, always a prankster, told me to go to the door alone, pretend to be a person in need. I rang the bell and to the teenager who opened the door, I said I was stranded in the city and needed help. An expression of sympathy came into his eyes and he led me to the kitchen where his father was sitting in the breakfast nook preparing to eat his Sunday night supper. I repeated my plea and I am not sure of the response, but as Uncle Will looked at me I introduced myself. Then Aunt Mattie, Aunt Margaret, Uncle Tom and Beverly Ann came in and we had a good visit. I visited my cousin, Mamie Castleberry, who lived near by.

Finally I was back in Grinnell keeping house. In June 1940, I loaded my bed and other belongings on Dad's little trailer, and left the house at 1033 Park Street to live with Dad and Mother for a time. I may have spent part of time at Manchester with Mary and her family. While I was there, I could always help, as I did when I spent weekends with them during my years of teaching at Monticello.

That fall I received a telephone call at Dad's from Dr. L.F. Crain, husband of my woman doctor. He told me that his wife was ill and wanted me to come to help her. I consented to go to Colfax and be with her at the sanitarium. Dad took me to Oskaloosa and put me on an old bus for Des Moines. It was on November 11, 1940, that started out mildly. Then the wind whipped up and temperatures rapidly dropped. By the time my bus reached the snowy hilltop at Colfax, it was much below freezing. Near midnight and alone, I made my way from the highway downtown and to Mattie Crain's room.

It was my responsibility to help comb her hair and with other such tasks.

On Sunday there was a family conclave: father, mother, and a daughter from Des Moines. It was decided to respond to an older daughter's urging to go to Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit where they could treat the Malta fever with which Mrs. Crain was suffering. We went to the home of the daughter in Des Moines and then to Deep River on Sunday. Early Monday morning loaded with luggage with Mrs. Crain in the back seat and with the daughter in front, we set out in the big Lincoln car. Late that evening we arrived at Henry Ford with an exhausted patient. At first the hospital refused to allow me to live in with Mrs. Crain. Eventually there was a compromise and we settled down. In a few days it was discovered that Mrs. Crain needed gall bladder surgery. After that I was given a separate adjoining room.

On my time off I explored Detroit on foot. One day I walked miles on foot and visited big stores including the Hudson Bay store with its two or three sub- basements. Mother's nephew, Sheldon Powers, was a civil engineer with an office near Henry Ford. One day he took me out to his bachelor home in the suburbs.

Finally in January we went by car to East Lansing, Michigan to this daughter's home and were with her family while her mother convalesced. I helped with housework, waited on Mrs. Crain, and played with four-year-old, red- headed Nelda, a cutie. One day her mother who gave music lessons was away. When her husband inquired about her, Nelda told him she was out. He responded, "Flew the coop, Eh?" When the telephone rang, Nelda answered the inquiry for her mother saying, "She flew the coop."

The husband, trained at Ames Agricultural College, now Iowa State University, was a professor in the dairy department at the University at East Lansing - a nice man. While I was there in the home of Professor and Mrs. Trout and caring for Mrs. Crain, a Mrs. Crow, wife of another professor, came to call: Crain, Crow, Trout.

One evening Sheldon Powers came that way, took me out to

dinner at a restaurant across the street from the brightly lit, state capitol building in Lansing and when I returned home that night Mrs. Crain asked me to leave my clothing in the nearby breakfast room instead of in the den we shared. It reeked with tobacco smoke - not mine.

Finally Mrs. Crain and I, in early February, were taken by car to Grand Rapids and put aboard a little old train for Chicago. There we waited until late afternoon to board the big Rock Island train to Grinnell. Late that evening Dr. L.F. Crain met us and took us to Deep River. When I got up the next morning, Mrs. Crain had already combed her hair and dressed herself. That was the end of my care of her.

Following this experience, I cared for terminally ill patients, for a new baby or two. In the fall of 1943 I was at Mary's near Manchester when I received a letter from the Community Hospital at Grinnell, saying that they needed a second cook and that I had been recommended. After some hesitation, I consented to take the position. It was war time and help was hard to get.

I began work in October of that year. I prepared vegetables for the meals of patients, nurses and help, waited on the nurses' table, cleared trays and washed dishes of patients (no dishwasher) took over for the first cook on her afternoon off, helped can fruit and vegetables, starting my day as early as 5 a.m. For this I received \$75.00 per month and board and room.

Occasionally, I visited Dad and mother at University Park. At one time I escorted my sister Mary to University Hospitals at Iowa City for a check up for her Multiple Sclerosis.

In the fall of 1945, Mother was ill and I went home to give them the help I had offered should they need me. Again I did the housework, laundry and cared for mother who was bed fast most of the time.

My step-mother died in April 1947 of a malignancy. She is interred in a country cemetery west of Knoxville, Iowa. My father passed away in June 1947. He had a stomach ulcer! He and my mother are interred at Manchester, Iowa and my sister, Mary, who died in 1955 lies beside them.

That June I spent some time with Mary while Harry visited Marjorie in Denver. Then I returned to the little bungalow in University Park and stayed until after the sale of the household furnishings. That fall of 1947 I engaged a truck and took my possessions to the Mucklers at Manchester. Later I was visiting Aunt Mary Wilmarth at Vermont, Illinois, when Harry wrote that they were

moving on a certain date. As I had promised to help them I took the train and traveled much of the night to reach Manchester.

The next day I packed dishes and made other preparations to move. Harry wasn't well, was in bed when callers came in. They said they wouldn't stay long, Harry had come out into the living room and we sat and sat and they stayed on. I dozed off in my chair and the woman laughed!

The next day trucks or wagons came and moved all the household goods from the home in North Manchester to the home on Butler Street. Small items such as the clock and pictures had been loaded into the car and Harry and Mary drove to the Kehrli sisters on North Franklin Street to spend the day. I went to Butler Street and supervised putting up the beds and getting things in order before I telephoned Harry and Mary to come home.

In February of 1948, I bought a bus ticket which included a more extended tour than that of 1939. In my stop over in Des Moines, I ran into my cousin, Pauline Boyd Lynam, in a downtown store. We had lunch together. Then it was on to Omaha, and another bus that took us across the miles of Nebraska to Cheyenne. From there I took a side-trip to Denver and spent a few days with Marjorie Muckler and her housemate. I did some sightseeing there. The exterior of the U.S. Mint, the Capitol building, a Museum or two. I tried to find the Baptist Church that my Dad took care of, but it apparently had given way to the U.S. Post Office.

Back in Cheyenne I rode the bus to Salt Lake City and after more sightseeing, I traveled north to the Columbia River and followed it to Portland, Oregon. I crossed the river to Vancouver, where I visited Harry Rinehart's niece, Iota Grier Sheriff and her family. Back in Oregon I stopped a short time with my step-sister Ruth Irving near Independence. At Cottage Grove, Oregon, my cousin, Helen Boyd Cochrane met my bus and took me to their near-by ranch. Though she had her ankle in a cast, she was a gracious hostess.

Before I left Oregon, a bus driver told me to get a new ticket. There was no more room for endorsement of stopovers on the old one. While I was downtown in San Francisco later on, I went to the big Greyhound office and obtained a new one.

Finally I arrived in San Francisco and stayed with Bill and Clarita in their home at 47 Rockwood Court, which they had built in 1940, the same year Caryl Clarita was born. I did much sight-seeing on my own: Golden Gate Park, art museum.

One Sunday Bill took us on a tour of new homes open for

inspection throughout the Bay area and even across the Golden Gate bridge in Sausalito. One Sunday, as an architect, Bill wanted to visit a new church some distance away. So on a Sunday morning we attended church service there. When we returned to the car, the car key had disappeared. (I thought Bill had it in his hand.) Clarita, Caryl and I boarded a bus, went home picked up the spare key and returned to Bill and the old Chevrolet in Mother Bothe's big old touring car. I never learned whether he ever found the lost key.

I left San Francisco and rode to a cross roads stop near Los Angeles, took a bus into Encino where I was met by a niece, daughter of Harry Rinehart's half-sister. My overnight stay helped me get acquainted with family and that California area.

Going into Los Angeles I stayed in the bus station until daylight. For a time I sat in the main waiting room. A woman who sat near me was having her first bus trip from Santa Monica to Palm Springs. When she saw a derelict sitting a short distance away, she asked me if he were the kind who would be a fellow bus passenger. I assured that he was not.

Later I went to the women's waiting room, put my bag on a table, rested my head over my arms and fell asleep. I was wakened by the sound of voices, raised my head and found a policeman in the room who was trying to question a drowsy - acting woman. When the woman beside her tried to explain, the policeman said "shut up". It seems that the first woman had gone to a counter for a cup of coffee and someone had doped it. I don't know the outcome. In all my rambling in that area, even walking past a muttering wino as he squatted near my hotel, I was never molested.

The next morning I registered at the Rossman Hotel, now much more shabby then it was on my visit thirty years earlier. From there I went in different directions; to visit relatives and friends. To Garden Grove to visit my mother's cousin and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Van Stewart. He told me my father was much too honest at the time of the bankruptcy at Tingley. He could have claimed more property as I understand. In Pasadena, I stayed with Harry's niece, Esther Grier, from there I called on the Ed Powers who now had a home in Pasadena. From somewhere I had the address of Monroe Arms, a boyhood friend at University Park, of my brothers. It was nice to see him, but he had not become an Abraham Lincoln, as brother Bill predicted when they were together in Washington, D.C. during World War I.

At Esther's I met her parents and her mother and I toured Huntington Park one day. The family took me to call on Esther's cousin, Marcella Rinehart, whom I had known as a child and who later

became the wife of the actor, Fess Parker.

Stan Lee (then Stanley Muckler) stopped at my hotel and took me in his car up to a height above Los Angeles where we had a view of the city at night and where we viewed the stars at the observatory.

Eugene came up from Camp Pendleton and we went shopping for a jacket suitable for him to wear as a guest on Easter. I think I wasn't much help. On Easter I was with Barbara Hudson and husband and attended services at the Hollywood bowl.

My next stop was a station near Camp Pendleton. I took the camp bus, went out to quarters where I visited Eugene for awhile. Then I returned to the Greyhound route by Marine bus.

At San Diego I visited Balboa Park, Ramona's home and the wonderful San Diego Zoo and had an interesting excursion boat ride on the bay.

Traveling east I stopped overnight at Tucson, Arizona. I walked out to the campus of the University and then detoured to Douglas, Arizona where Irwin was stationed during World War I with the Cavalry which was protecting the border from a possible enemy. There was no trace of the camp in 1948. Further on I went to the depths of Carlsbad Cavern where I ate lunch. Then at El Paso, Texas I crossed the Rio Grande and visited Juarez, my only visit ever to Mexico. I traveled across the length of Texas and was met at the station in Frederick, Oklahoma by Uncle Ave Bryant and his youngest son, Bill.

Uncle Ave had moved into town when they sold their farm to the government for a flying field during World War II. It was good to see Aunt Nettie and other members of the family. I played Chinese checkers with Uncle Ave, then 90, and he was a bit put out when I won!

In Oklahoma City, I was met by Uncle Will Flesher. He took me to a cafe for refreshments and then to his dental office where he practiced orthodontia with his two orthodontist sons. I spent some time in his home and with my cousin, Frances Barrett and her housemate. Both were teachers in the city schools and co-owned their home. In the room where I slept was the handsome big walnut dresser that had belonged to our Grandmother Flesher. After a short stay with my cousin, Mamie Bryant Castleberry, I was taken to Edmond to visit with Uncle Tom Flesher and his family. Other stops on my tour were stops at the Will Rogers Museum, at Tulsa where I telephoned Uncle Bert Flesher, a long-time resident there. After a visit with Cousin Bernice in Vinita where her husband was a doctor at the Mental Institution, I returned to Iowa. My visits hadn't ended. In Des Moines I stayed

awhile with Cousin Pauline Boyd Lynam. Then I went to West Des Moines to visit Betty Lou Edie Dyer and her young sons. She took me on a tour of the State Capitol Building and was amazed that an "elderly" woman of fifty-three years could climb the rickety wooden stairs up into the main dome. (Those stairs are now closed to the public.)

From Des Moines I went west to Ida Grove to visit a woman whom I had known over twenty years earlier when we lived at Masonville. We sat up late at night-talking, talking. Instead of going to Manchester when I returned to Des Moines, I went down into Illinois to report my trip to Aunt Mary. On the way I found I had lost my voice. My much-talking with my friend had given me laryngitis!

During my visit with Aunt Mary she hired a woman with a car to visit the Dickson Mounds and New Salem, a replica of the town where Abraham Lincoln had lived.

One day we went up to Canton to have lunch with Dad's cousin, the daughter of Pike Ross whose farm Dad took care of near Tingley. With her chauffeur driving, the cousin took us to the cemetery to visit graves of kin. As we were leaving I saw a stone with a familiar name, Snively. Aunt Mary held her breath, as she told me afterwards, lest I say more.

Uncle Ralph Wilmarth was a cartoonist and wrote "poetry". Once they sent a clipping showing Mr. Chipperfield, brother-in-law of our hostess, sitting in a straight chair with all sorts of strings attached to him. The picture was accompanied by a poem entitled "When Snively Pulls the Strings." It represented Chipperfield who was running for office as being manipulated by Snively. In recent years the son, Robert Chipperfield, was Illinois Congressman from his district. His mother, Clara, was a favorite cousin of Dad's. We visited their home, when Dad took me (at five years) and Mary (less than four) back to Illinois to visit his relatives.

On that visit I recall being at Uncle Charlie's where Chode Edie, a cousin and his wife and son, came to call. When someone addressed her by name, Rose, I thought it was I and bashfully hid my face on Chode's shoulder as he was holding me on his lap. To me, their son, Jay, was a bit daring in playing with the door on Uncle Charlie's bookcase!

In 1948 I returned to Manchester where I kept house for Harry and Mary Muckler, helped with canning and otherwise made myself useful.

Mrs. Mary Stoops had died in 1945. I had been in touch with

John D. Stoops at different times after her death. In 1951 he proposed that I marry him. I was torn between concern for an ailing sister who needed help and a lonely man who needed a companion. Finally I consented and we were married on the thirteenth of June 1951 at the home of the Presbyterian Minister at Montezuma. John D. Stoops was 78 years of age; I was 55 years old.

It has been a wonderful experience with a home with a good, kind man. My "wanderings" were over and I have found a niche in the community.

And now I must go back to tell of an experience of 1948. At about eleven o'clock one night in August, Irwin drove to the Butler Street address at Manchester where I was living and I joined him, Josephine, and fifteen year- old John for a trip to New York City. We drove all the rest of the night and into the next day when we arrived at Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

There Irwin had some business to transact in regard to purchasing of school buses. That night was spent in comfortable motel rooms in Ft. Wayne. The next morning we started east. I remember Mansfield, Ohio and later Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania with its hilly streets. We continued on the Turnpike in Pennsylvania and spent the night at Harrisburg. The next morning, on our way into New York City, we stopped at Elizabeth, New Jersey where Josephine shopped for a dress jacket for John. AS I recall he thought it all foolishness that he needed anything more than the decidedly casual garments that he was wearing.

Then it was through the tunnel and through New York City to Queens where Rose Marie was living. There we were housed in a second floor apartment.

The occasion for this trip was the marriage of Rose Marie to Chester A. Tucker. The next morning was taken up with preparations for the afternoon wedding. Then the Edie and the Tucker families were escorted to their respective pews and the ceremony took place. A reception in the basement followed. That evening Irwin took the bride and groom to a downtown hotel driving past Times Square and Central Park.

On Sunday the Edies were dinner guests of Josephine's brother, Ralph, and his family. I remember with pleasure the bountiful feast at the Johansons; a wonderful ham and other good food. While I was there I telephoned Marjorie Muckler's cousin Marguerite Locke who was living in New York City at that time.

After dinner we drove to a transit station and took a train to

Fifth Avenue; walked through St. Patrick's Cathedral, then down Fifth Avenue past the City Library with its guardian lions, visited Rockefeller Center and went to the top of the Empire State building. From that point we could see the United Nations building and as I recall, the Statue of Liberty. Then we took the subway to Coney Island. There the beaches were filled with sun bathers. The younger people in our group enjoyed several of the rides, but I did little except roam around. Somewhere during our visit we drove out to Jones Beach on Long Island. It was there that I saw the Atlantic Ocean roll in and fulfilled Mary's statement in her dragging multiple sclerosis voice, that Rose had been from coast to coast that year.

We left for Iowa, driving through Harlem and up along the scenic Hudson River to Albany, New York. Then we turned westward and spent the night near the Finger Lakes. The next day we crossed the bridge into Canada at Buffalo after a view of Niagara Falls. On that side we donned waterproof clothing and walked underneath the falls.

Then it was across the beautiful countryside of southern Canada, past stands with luscious peaches and other produce and finally back to Iowa and home.

To resume my story. I went to 1033 Park Street in Grinnell not as a housekeeper, but as a housewife. Yet I did keep house. We engaged professionals to paint the walls of several rooms, the halls and stairwell and we painted other rooms. New curtains were hung at the windows to replace the tattered, soiled ones that had scandalized passersby. Gradually the house was made presentable after several years of neglected housekeeping.

Then with John D. using the vacuum cleaner on the rugs and Rose dusting floors and furniture a weekly routine was established and kept until John D.'s later years.

In the winter of 1959 he suffered a stroke and was helpless for several weeks. I cared for him at home, massaged and helped until he was on his feet again. After the stroke he was able to take long walks and he gardened until his ninety-eighth year and helped garden for another year. On January 26, 1973 he celebrated his one hundredth birthday, holding an open house.

In the fall of 1973, he became ill and his heart failed in November, causing his death. His ashes are interred at Iowa City. He was a good, kind man and I am grateful that he invited me to share his home and introduce me to a fuller life than I had ever experienced.

A resume of his life: John Dashiell Stoops was born on a farm on January 26, 1873 near the historic town of New Castle, Delaware.

His father had taken as his second wife, Mary Dashiell ??, a young widow with a daughter of perhaps 10 or 12 years. The children of this marriage were William Daniel and four years later, John Dashiell. When John D. was eight months old, their mother died. An older half-sister left her teaching career and came home to mother her two little half-brothers.

John D. grew up on the farm. He had his secondary education at a Methodist Academy (in Wilmington, Delaware?) and in 1894, he graduated from Dickinson College at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, another Methodist school.

Between 1894 and 1900, he taught in two different schools - one year in the Philosophy Department of the Union College at Alliance, Ohio. During that period, also, he received his Master's Degree from Harvard University School. (He went off to Harvard with \$10, his trunk and a bicycle, supported himself by preaching in towns adjacent to Boston). He received his Doctor of Philosophy degree from Boston University.

In 1900 he married Mary E. Millner, an older woman whom he had met at Boston. They moved to East Hampton, Massachusetts where he, now an ordained Congregational Minister, was pastor of a church for four years.

A recommendation of a Harvard friend he came to Grinnell. There John D. became a member of the faculty of Grinnell College as the head of the Department of Philosophy. He served in that capacity until his retirement at seventy-years in 1943.

The Stoops lived at several addresses in Grinnell before they bought the big house at 1033 Park Street for \$3,000! They lived out their lives at that address from 1909 until their deaths; hers in 1945; his in 1973. He had lived almost sixty-nine years in Grinnell. At the time of John D.'s death, Glenn Leggett, then President of Grinnell College, said that he had become almost an institution.

To resume: until I came to Grinnell in 1951, I had lived such a transitory existence in many communities that I had not related to them. In Grinnell I renewed the few acquaintances I had made in the past and inherited friends of my new husband. Consequently I began other activities than housekeeping. The fall of 1951 I was elected to Tuesday Club, a bi-weekly group of friendly people. I am still semi-active in the club in that I give programs but no longer serve as hostess. Through the years, I have held several offices in the club.

In the spring of 1952, I became a member of the Historical and Literary Club and performed duties of hostess alternating with a book

review the next year. I served as secretary of the club several years, president twice (once in the centennial year of the club) and vice president once. At my retirement in 1983, I became an Honorary Member, a title given after twenty-five years of service. I still (1988) enjoy attending meetings with no responsibilities.

Some of my new acquaintances were working on a Museum Project for Grinnell. They already had, in 1951, a display on the second floor of an old building in downtown Grinnell. I joined them at the time of their Open House for this temporary Museum on the fall of 1951. And I continued to work, serving as hostess at the Museum, and helping raise funds for the group now organized as the Grinnell Historical Museum Society.

After a tragic fire in 1954 which destroyed the old building which housed the museum, a town meeting was held and a decision was made to continue the project, more collecting of relics and raising of money kept us busy. After years of searching the house at 1125 Broad Street became available and was purchased in 1964 as a place to display the artifacts.

In the meantime the Museum Society had incorporated in 1958. The corporation was a board of twelve called the Grinnell Historical Museum Society. The paying members of the old Society now took the name Grinnell Museum Auxiliary.

Since I had been president of the former Museum Society I continued as president of the Auxiliary - for thirty years. As an ex-officio member of the Board, I served as secretary for twenty-five years.

During all this time I made speeches before groups and organizations to promote the Museum - speeches I had never thought I could make. When we moved our collection into the museum in 1964 and 1965, I supervised unpacking and arrangement, as one who was aware of what we had.

I was acting curator, for over twenty years, from our opening in September, 1965 until my retirement in May 1986.

You may wonder about my religious activities. I was reared in a home where there was family worship each morning and Bible reading and prayer. I attended church fairly regularly. At eleven years of age I joined the little Methodist church, New Zion, west of Corydon, Iowa and attended Sunday School and Epworth League there. In Union County and Tingley, attendance was irregular. At University Park religion was the center of everything. In various places I have served as a Sunday School teacher worked with Epworth League.

My membership in the Methodist church was transferred to Deep River when we lived there. Finally when I came to Grinnell to live, I had my membership transferred from Deep River to the local Congregational church (now United Church of Christ Congregational) because my husband had been a member of that church for years.

As Mrs. Stoops, I evidently was thought to be capable of anything. I was given responsibilities like nothing I had ever had. I was elected to the Board of the Women's Fellowship. As main Dining Room Director, I helped arrange thirty-five events; coffees, dinners, among them the Centennial Dinner, as well as receptions. The following year, I was general secretary. I also served other years as a chairman of some sort in the Fellowship division to which I belonged. All of this was a wonderful experience for me.

The community has been kind to me. In 1967 I received outstanding Senior Citizen of the County for 1966 Award from the Grinnell Kiwanis Club.

In 1981 the Mayor proclaimed a Rose Stoops Day for Grinnell and I was honored at an open house at the Museum on September 12.

The association with visitors at the Museum and in the community has been a reward in itself. I am just plain Rose Stoops but I have many pleasant memories. My most recent honor was being elected as Honorary Member of the Grinnell College Class of 1987 - just because I had been faithful in attending student events.

When I was left alone, I knew I could not take care of the big house. I sold it to the college and they demolished it. That area, including the vacant lot to the south, is now a little park planted to trees and shrubs.

In seeking a place to live I asked for this college-owned apartment at 1109 Park Street. I have signed a lease for the twelfth year at this address and hope I can continue to care for myself after 1988.

I have short-term neighbors in the upstairs apartment: the widow of a classics professor, a young woman in the Publicity Department of the College, a black teacher and her young daughter, a German professor, a teacher of Russian, a Scotchman and his wife, a teacher of Chinese history, a French teacher, a Chinese professor and his wife, an intern Chaplain black woman, and finally (1987-1988) a visiting lecturer in Political Science and wife.

This is an ideal location across from the campus, among office buildings. It is easy to attend college events and I am close to town

and church. As the widow of an emeritus professor, I enjoy emeriti and faculty privileges. I have remarked that I need not travel to obtain pleasant experiences, that many good things come to Grinnell. Through the years, I have seen, heard and sometimes met people of national renown: Dwight Eisenhower, Hubert Humphrey, Martin Luther King, Thurgood Marshall, Harry Truman, Ralph Burch and many others. One afternoon I conducted George Washington Jones on a tour of the Museum. When I went to hear him lecture that evening, he stopped at my elbow to ask if I had come to hear him, a former member of the British Parliament, the subject of his lecture.

A little incident of Harry Truman's visit comes to mind. When I stepped out the door of the college guest house, he was on the front step preparing for his morning walk with members of the press gathered around him when he fell from the curved step into the bushes. Those bushes have been removed and there would be nothing to ease another fall.

Now that I have retired there is little to write about. Friends continue to be kind and I keep in touch through church and club associations. I am hoping to continue living here as long as the college permits. They have been kind to me and though I am not a graduate of Grinnell College, I call her my Alma Mater, my foster mother.

At this writing, January 1988, I have started my ninety-third year and do not know what is ahead.

## My Parents

### Walter Ellsworth Edie, 1864 - 1947

Walter Ellsworth Edie was born on August 1, 1864 on a farm near Good Hope, Illinois to William Jackson and Sophia Irwin Edie. His father had been a county surveyor and schoolteacher. His mother was the daughter of a county judge.

His mother died when he was eighteen months old and the four children - Charlie, Irwin, Margaret, and Walter went to live with their maternal grandparents, Judge and Mrs. James Irwin. When my father was six years old, his father remarried and the children returned to his home.

My father grew up as a country boy in a strict Presbyterian home. He attended rural school and enjoyed such pranks as putting a live snake under the bare feet of a schoolboy classmate. I believe he finished out his education at a business college in Bushnell, Illinois. In later years, as a local Methodist preacher, he studied courses that gave him the standing of deacon and later that of elder.

He grew to be a handsome, tall young man with blue eyes and black hair. He was an upright, honest person. He enjoyed telling in later years of being introduced by his District Superintendent as an honest preacher.

In his early twenties he went with his sister, Margaret (Minnie) to Colorado to prove up on eighty acre claims. During the winter my father went into Denver and was janitor of a Baptist church in the city. During a special meeting, he repented of his waywardness and became religiously oriented. Some time later he came to his Uncle Pike's farm near Tingley, Iowa.

It was there at Tingley that he met my mother and they were married on January 9, 1893.

As has been stated elsewhere, they moved from Tingley to Union County and two years later, in 1906, to Wayne County. It was there that he decided to enter the Ministry.

After a period at University Park, Iowa he went to the pastorate of a Methodist circuit near Tipton, Iowa. Other pastorates he served were Burr Oak, Waucoma, Fairbank, Masonville, Fulton, Knoxville Circuit, Guernsey and Toledo circuit.

After his retirement he and my stepmother, Mary Hardin Edie, whom he had married in 1927 moved to University Park where they lived out their days. He died in June 1947 and is interred at Manchester, Iowa beside my mother and my sister, Mary. He was a kind and loving father, who could be a stern one, at times.

Mary Alice Flesher Edie 1865-1922

Mary Alice Flesher was born May 1, 1865 to Francis Marion and Mary Frances Flesher, their oldest child in a family of four daughters and four sons. Their home was a big house on the Ohio side of the Ohio River which her father plied as a steamboat captain.

She also attended rural schools, was able to obtain a teacher's certificate. One skill of hers that I can never emulate, is her beautiful even Spencerian handwriting.

The family attended services at the Methodist church possibly at Longbottom, Ohio.

In 1888 the Fleshers migrated to Iowa, their first trip on a train. There being no travelers checks on those days, the women of the family carried the proceeds from the sale of the Ohio property in their bustles!

Their destination was a farm in Wayne County, six miles west of Corydon. My mother went to Garden Grove, Iowa to live near an aunt and uncle (Sam Wheeler) who had come earlier from Ohio. There she became an expert seamstress, though she had had experience doing the family sewing.

Then she later moved to Tingley to look after the interests in a store for the brother-in-law of a cousin.

It was there that she met my father and became his wife.

As a young woman, she was petite, but as she grew older, she put on considerable weight for a height of barely five feet, two inches. Though she lost weight in later years, she never was slender.

She was a hard-working person, a good helpmate to my father. With her skill in sewing she turned out neat outfits for us four children. She canned much produce in season, helped at times with the chores, even worked in the fields in summer.

In the various churches she shared in the work. Her good alto voice added somewhat to the singing. On July 22, 1922 she died after surgery for a malignancy which had afflicted her for several months.

Her remains were removed from the Masonville Cemetery to be interred at Manchester where my father and my sister, Mary, who died in July 1955 are also interred.

My mother was a kind and loving mother who took pride in the accomplishments of her children.

### Flashbacks and After Thoughts

My father had inherited from his Grandfather Irwin a silver spoon with the name Irwin engraved on the handle. This was given to my brother, Irwin, when he was a tot as his spoon. So at meal time he always demanded his name spoon.

On the day that I was twenty-five years old, Irwin escorted me to the depot to return to my teaching position. While we were waiting for the train referring to my age he remarked "How the centuries do fly!"

The year John was born, 3.2 beer had become legal. Irwin referred to his family as 3.2, three girls and two boys.

Once when I was visiting at Irwin's, I went up to my room and found Eugene had been exploring the contents of my suitcase. Among other things he had investigated was my box of loose face powder. When I exclaimed, "Why Eugene!", the three-year-old came running in embarrassment and hid his face in my skirts.

As I understand, in response to his mother's request not to handle items belonging to new baby sister, JoAnn, lest he might put germs on them, he said "I no germ!"

One summer I was helping care for the little girls, Rose Marie and Betty Lou. One evening Irwin had treated their mosquito bites with Mercurochrome and had carefully hidden the bottle. Trying to be orderly I pulled it out and set it up in plain sight. The girls found it early on Sunday morning and had profusely daubed themselves. I was much concerned about the spectacle they would make, going to Sunday School.

### Other Stories

On Sunday nights, when supper was less formal, my mother used to prepare a large bowl of bread and milk and gathering her small children around her knees, would spoon feed us. My father once said that it reminded him of a mother bird feeding her young.

One evening my mother made masks of paper sacks, which represented various animals - lions, tigers, etc., and we children put them on and paraded to entertain guests. My mother was so amused that she laughed until she cried, something she was inclined to do when something funny came up.

Bill (Howard) and Irwin got into a fight after church one Sunday. My mother was upset because she had never known them to do such a thing in their relationships at home.

Mary and I visited our Grandmother's in Wayne County when she was four and I was five. While we were there, I collected a stable of stick horses which my grandmother told me it was unladylike for me to ride astride. I also made mud pies which she wrote of finding after I had left.

On a visit to Wayne County in later years, we saw them grading an overpass for the Rock Island railroad on the road west of Carydon. This was the line from Des Moines to Kansas City. The work was being done with mule-drawn small scrapers to build up the embankment for the bridge across the road.

#### Stories From My Mother's Family

They had a Newfoundland dog,. One day when the girl who worked for the Fleshers was to be baptized the dog would not allow it. He had to be tied up before they could go on with the ceremony at the river.

Their father delighted in telling stories. One was about the deer hunter with plum seed for shot. One day he shot a deer, and when he came up to where it was lying, there was a plum tree growing out of the wound.

He used to line up the children and ask them to whistle, but when he would say "Prepare to pucker!" they would burst into laughter and be unable to whistle.

My Aunt Nettie told me this story. The sisters took turns preparing breakfast. My mother was working in her careful way one morning, when my Grandfather apparently impatient at her slowness, called out "Mollie, are you making any headway?" That became a family joke.

Another story is about Stanley. It was in 1929, I think that he and I attended a pie supper given by Marjorie's 4H Club. (She had whooping cough.) I noticed that he wasn't eating his pie. When I inquired why not, he said "Its limon pie." He had thought it was something else. I told him that he needn't eat it but he responded "I paid for it!" I don't know how it was settled.

### Notes

I am writing this on September 12, 1989. On June 30, 1988, I moved to an apartment in Mayflower Home. This is a spacious room with a nice view. I prepare my own meals except for an occasional dinner at the dining room.

My independence ended when I became ill in the spring of 1988. A friend, without my knowledge, made an appointment with the Mayflower Administrator and offered to take me to see him. I consented, came to see him, and made arrangements to buy the apartment.

At present I am not very active, can't walk well, but I do attend events at the Mayflower and go other places when friends offer me a ride. Here I shall be cared for in my old age (I am ninety-three plus now) and that is a comfort; I hope I shall not be a burden to everyone.

I shall always be grateful to John, JoAnn, and Peter Wilch for their helpfulness in moving me here.