

THE EARLY LIFE OF MABLE EMILY RUMBURG

By Mable E. Rumburg-Meites

Born	November 29, 1913, Ellington, Logan Twp., Reynolds County, Missouri	Generation 5
Parents	Albert and Minnie Lucas - Rumburg	Generation 4
Grandparents	William Silas and Emily Brown - Rumburg	Generation 3
	Phineas and Cynthia Harless - Rumburg	Generation 2
	Thomas and Elizabeth ? - Rumburg	Generation 1
Siblings	Mary Belle b. 1883 Edna Olive b. 1895 Clara Winifred b. 1899	Generation 5
Siblings	William Oscar b. 1904 Oliver Roy b. 1906 Clifford Harry b. 1908 Ruth Mae b. 1910 Timon John b. 1911 Mable Emily b. 1913 Willard Silas b. 1915 Albert Jr. b. 1919	Generation 5
Married	Joseph Meites , January 30, 1943, b. 12-22-13	Generation 3
Children	None	

Birth

I was born at home, with the assistance of a mid-wife, Mrs. Webb. I was breast fed until about the age of two. Gerber's baby food did not exist. Later, my food came from the family table. I did not have a baby photo, as cameras were not readily available then. My middle

name, Emily, is for my Grandmother Rumburg. According to a booklet, "Baby Names", Mabel, in Latin, means loveable. Emily in Latin, means hard working, or in English artistic. Loveable and hardworking are applicable, but the artistic part has not yet fully flowered.

Family Background

It has been said that "we do not know who we are until we know where we came from." (Anonymous). I have tried to find the answer to my beginnings by doing genealogy research for the families of both of my parents. My father told us that his family originated in Bohemia, which was a part of the Austro-Hungarian empire. The region where Germans lived in Bohemia included Moravia, Austr. Silesia and Sudetenland. The Sudetenlands was a part of Czechoslovakia. The Republic of Czechoslovakia included an area shaped like a horseshoe around Bohemia and Moravia where a large population of Germans lived. In 1938 Hitler declared it to be a part of Germany. I found a map of the area which has a village or town spelled **Rumburg**. It is about 32 miles east of Dresden, Germany and to the East is Prague. I have not been able to determine their exact origin as records have not been found.

Assuming that my Rumburg ancestors did come from Bohemia, I found an article that described Country Life in Bohemia and Moravia on the internet. Peasant life in Bohemia was described as very hard. Even though serfdom had been abolished by 1848, the land was owned by the lords. A male Peasant had hereditary rights in the land, yet he could not sell or mortgage it. Nor could he just give it up, without his lord's permission. He was required to do a certain amount of work for his lord, and give tributes in the shape of butter, eggs, and poultry. Yet he did not receive anything for it.

The land was divided up into long, narrow ribbons, a few yards wide, and running into the distance almost as far as the eye could see. These were narrow strips of land because every son inherited his proportion of the family estate, which was divided length wise so that none could have the advantage of the others in location or in quality of soil.

The word "peasant" in Bohemia implied degradation or anything derogatory. A full peasant could own fifty to 100 acres of land. A half peasant could own half that amount of land. A quarter peasant could own a quarter as much. Day laborers and workmen could not own land. Many Bohemians who came to America were from the land cultivating class. Others were skilled workmen. There were laborers, and house servants. But most are genuine sons of the soil. They were considered to be honest, frugal, hardworking, obedient to law, respectful to superiors and yet self respecting.

About 1848 an upheaval came to all Europe. Paris was in revolt against the King. the German princes called a national parliament at Frankfort. Kossuth was fighting for liberty in Hungary, and Bohemia shared in the movement for the rights of people. From that time the peasants were allowed to own the land they cultivated, though it took them some years to repay to the state the redemption money which had been advanced to the lords."

History tells us that most emigrants left their homelands to escape political oppression, to seek freedom to practice their religion, to find land they could own, and to find opportunities they were denied at home. They were seeking a chance to be free of dictatorships.

From the time emigrants first arrived in America until the early 1800's, most Americans settled along the Atlantic Coastline. Only two roads crossed the Allegheny Mountains. Few people had moved as far west as Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, or the Western part of Pennsylvania. The Northwest Territory was populated by Indians and included the Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin territories. Ohio became a state in 1803. Indiana became a state in 1816. Illinois became a state in 1818, Michigan in 1837 and Wisconsin in 1838. Indian tribes considered a large part of the south to be theirs.

After the War of 1812, pioneers rushed to Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, northern Georgia and some southern states. Farmers demanded that Congress revise legislation to make it easier to obtain land. In the 1700's Congress sold land in blocks of over 600 acres and farmers could not afford to buy. By 1820, Congress made it easier for farmers to purchase land in the west by selling land in small lots suitable for one family to operate. The price per acre dropped to \$2.00 or a minimum price of \$1.25 per acre.

Banks were established to provide a stable means of issuing money and a safe depository for federal funds. Congress also instituted new public land policy to encourage western settlement. Some land was given to veterans of wars as the government did not have money to pay them. (Summarized from http://www.digitalhistory.uh.edu/database/article_display.cfm?HHID=572)

The first **Rumburg** found was **Thomas, b. 1763 in Rockingham County, Virginia**. He had six children who were recorded in the census. His son, **Phineas, b. 1801**, in Giles County, Virginia, was my great grandfather. The name Phineas appears several times in the Old Testament, but is spelled Phinehas. It was customary to give children Biblical names. Phineas had six children recorded in the census. His fifth child, **William Silas, b. 1833** in Giles County, Virginia, was my grandfather. Phineas moved his family from Virginia to Ohio about 1840, when the westward movement became popular. I found a listing of the land in Ohio owned by Phineas, but no other information.

My grandfather, William Silas, was about ten years old when the family moved to Ohio. He grew up there, and married Emily Brown. After having five children, they moved to Ironton, Missouri in 1868. Missouri was organized as a territory in 1812 and Missouri became the 24th state in 1821. About 1870, William Silas homesteaded a farm at Deslet, Missouri. By 1880 they had eleven children. My father, **Albert, b. 1870** in Shannon County, Missouri, was the seventh child.

My Rumburg Grandparents

I found a list of my grandfather's children that gave their birth dates, the names of their husbands and date of marriage. These were from the family Bible, and in my grandfather's handwriting. His penmanship was very good. I found a copy of a Teachers Certificate, dated March 10, 1871 that authorized my grandfather to teach in the public schools in Shannon County, Missouri. I also found a copy of a certificate from the general election in Bowlin Township, Shannon County, Missouri, which shows that W.S. Rumburg was elected as Justice of the Peace, in 1878.

A newspaper from Eminence, MO. "The Current Wave" (named for the Current River which flowed nearby) dated June 11, 1891, had an article about my grandfather. It not only gives interesting information about him, but the writing is so unique it is included here:

"IN MEMORIUM: We are pained to chronicle the death of W. S. Rumburg, one of Shannon County's leading citizens, which occurred at Piedmont, on the 30th ultimo, in the following manner:

Mr. Rumburg went to Piedmont on May 25th, with wagon and team, to bring home a mower and a hay rake. He arrived at his destination late in the afternoon, drove to the depot, loaded his machinery, and started to drive to Eli Kotz' wagon yard. In crossing the railway track, the rattle of the machinery frightened the horses, and they ran half a block down the street and was nearly under control and ready to stop, when the wagon ran over a barrel of lime that was lying in the street. This capsized the wagon, and threw Mr. Rumburg to the earth, the mower falling on top of him. One of the drive wheels struck him a glancing blow on the left side of the head, cutting a gash from the temple to the back of his neck and tearing the scalp loose from the skull, his left hand was badly mangled, the bones of two fingers broken and his little finger cut off, two of his ribs were broken on the left side, and he was badly bruised all over his body. Drs. McFarlen, Bates, and Holmes dressed his wounds, and Dr Pettis attended him until his death.

The subject of this sketch was born in Giles County, VA, in 1833. His parents removed to Ohio when he was a mere child, where he lived both as a single and married man until 1868, when he moved to Iron County, Missouri and resided there three years. He then removed to Shannon County where he lived until his death.

In 1880, Mr. Rumburg was chosen to fill the office of Judge of the County Court, and held that position until 1884. We were Clerk of the court at that time, and ever found Judge Rumburg to be truthful and honest, always ready and willing to work for the best interest of the county, regardless of the consequences, or how it might affect his future.

Mr. Rumburg was a member of the M. E. Church, and lived the life of an exemplary Christian. He was a devoted husband, a loving father, a kind friend and generous neighbor, and was universally held in high esteem by all who knew him.

We cannot think of a tribute more appropriate and fitting to the memory of this noble man than the beautiful sentiment so truly expressed in the following lines:

'If there's another world, he lives in bliss; and if there's none, he made the best of this'. In the little orchard which overlooks the home his labor and love had made so bright, he lies at rest, shaded by the trees his own hands planted".

My Grandmother Emily Rumburg's obituary of April, 1918 is included here, as it gives a little information about her, and the times in which she lived. The name of the paper is not available, but it probably was the Current Wave:

"in the parsonage home of Rev. C. Y Brown, a United Brothers preacher of Lawrence County, Ohio, a baby girl, Emily, was born on March 28, 1835. Surrounded as she was by

Christian teaching and influence, little Emily gave her heart to God at the age of thirteen.... at the age of nineteen, she was happily married to W. S. Rumburg. This union was sanctified by the birth of eleven children.

At 2 o'clock on the morning of April 1st, 1918, Grandma Emily as she was lovingly known by her host of friends, took sick with what proved to be pneumonia. At 6:30 A.M. April 6th, she caught a vision of the city beautiful, and smiled her way into the presence of her beloved Savior.

Besides the eleven children, there are forty-nine grand children and seventy two great grandchildren left to mourn her loss. These, with multiplied scores of friends can say, 'She hath done what she could'. A life well lived, full of years but better still, a life full of good deeds, happy smiles and pleasant thoughts...The influence of her Godly example will live for decades after the generation that knew her have passed the way of all the earth. C.J.D."

My Father

My father, **Albert, b. 1870** at Deslet, Missouri was the seventh child. Albert had eight sisters and two brothers. I wonder what it was like growing up with eight sisters. He measured six feet, three inches tall, and was quite handsome. He helped with the farm work and learned farming from his father, the Farmer's Almanac, and neighbors. He completed the 8th grade at a one room school. He had a good grasp of reading, writing and arithmetic. He tutored all of his children through grade school. His penmanship was beautiful. He received a Teachers Certificate August 15, 1891, which authorized him to teach grades one through eight in Reynolds County, Missouri. He also served on the school board for the district in which his children were schooled.

My Father's First Marriage

My father married LouElla Dinkins in February, 1892. They had three daughters, Belle, Edna and Clara. LouElla died in April, 1902, possibly from child birth. All three girls completed the 8th grade, at the one room school house. Belle and Edna had already married when I was born. I had a niece who was six months older than me. Clara had completed the 8th grade, and was teaching in a rural, grade school until she married, in 1921.

My Father's Second Marriage

I do not know who took care of the three girls after LouElla's death. About a year after her death, my father began looking for someone outside the family to care for them. He may have been looking for opportunities to remarry also. One story is that he put the girls in the buggy, hitched up two horses to it, and went to another community. He ended up at Wilderness, Missouri, as he heard the Lucas family had five girls and one might be suitable. He approached the father of the girls, and, after some deliberations, it was suggested that the one named Minnie would be a possibility. It seemed that Minnie's father was in agreement with having Minnie take the job, but only if they were married. She was 22 years of age then. Her father considered it improper to have a young girl living in such an arrangement without the protection of marriage.

My father apparently was satisfied and Minnie must have agreed, as he obtained a marriage license. They were married during this first meeting, March 30, 1903, without the benefit of a courtship. This is one version of an arranged marriage. My father was born in 1870 and my mother in 1881. It was an accepted practice that when a girl married, she belonged to the family into which she had married. This concept certainly places the woman in an inferior position. Men looked for women who could do 'women's work', which is described later. My mother had to have a lot of courage to take on three young girls and a husband whom she did not know. She knew he had a farm, which could have been an important factor.

My Mother

My mother was the fifth in a sibship of seven children. There were five girls and two boys in the Lucas family. They had migrated from Breckenridge county, Kentucky, to Wilderness, Missouri, in a covered wagon.

A clipping from the May 3, 1954 Ellington Press has a photo of my mother, showing her with her quilts and spinning wheel. It best describes her background:

"The pioneering skills of processing wool, cotton and flax from raw fibers into household fabrics were once routine household tasks for Mrs. Minnie Rumburg who lives in Dickens Valley, 3 miles west of Ellington. Now 69 years old and living on a modern, mechanized farm in a home well supplied with conveniences, Mrs. Rumburg finds spinning, knitting, quilt making and such kindred arts are pleasurable past times, instead of chores.

During the past winter she gave 28 of her homemade quilts to family members. Many knitted gloves and mufflers went as presents to smaller grandchildren. She no longer cards the fibers and spins the yarn and thread with which she works but buys it ready spun and dyed. However, she still treasures the old walnut spinning wheel on which her family made yarn and thread for more than 200 years. It was the property of her great-great-grandmother and was in use before the Revolutionary War.

Mrs. Rumburg recalls that as a child in Breckenridge County, Kentucky, her grandmother taught her to quilt, spin, knit, crochet, tat, and weave. By the time she was twelve and the family moved to Oregon County, Missouri in a covered wagon, she was well accomplished in all such handiwork.

In the new home in the Irish Wilderness, her family kept a flock of 50 sheep, raised a plot of cotton and flax, and from the wool and fibers produced cloth for all of their clothing and household linens. Even wicks for making candles were knitted from cotton yarn. When kerosene lamps came later to the community, wicks for those lamps were knitted.

Mrs. Rumburg recalls the first cook stove which came to their community. She tells that in attempting to bake bread with it, for the first time, the pan of dough was placed on the floor underneath the stove in the belief that baking was to be accomplished by reflected heat as was true when baking before a fireplace.

The modern mechanized farm and household of the Rumburgs is a far cry from the simple life of her childhood but she continues to perform the primitive tasks of the past as recreational past time”.

I do not know how much formal education my mother had. There was some mention that she completed the third or fourth grade. Whatever her level of formal education, she was well schooled in doing what was considered “women’s work”. She was more comfortable in forming close relationships than my father. I recall that she always welcomed people warmly. She always asked if they had eaten and insisted on feeding them again. She helped the sick and those who lost a loved one. She was generous with whatever produce or other items we had. She understood how to discipline children and relate to relatives. The three older girls always referred to her as ‘mother’. There was a strong sense of our being one family, and of our belonging. The children of my father’s sisters always referred to her with a respectful, and loving, ‘Aunt Minnie’. Letters from mother’s relatives always included a comment about how much they loved Aunt Minnie. She was a letter writer and kept in touch with her family and all of her children. She was a hard worker. If she did not have outside work scheduled, she was quilting or making something. A photo of her, taken after she had five children, shows her as a beautiful woman who still had a trim figure.

My Lucas Grandparents

Just before my mother died, at the age of 92, she told me her family religion was Presbyterian. She thought the family origin was Scotch/Irish.

Historically, the history of the Scotch/Irish was just as turbulent as some other parts of Europe. In the 1600’s Scotch/Irish were not welcome in English colonies. Religion was the dividing factor in that only Protestants were welcome. The land in Scotland and Ireland was owned by Catholic Lords. In the 1600’s they still had serfdom. Religious conflict was common. It was not possible for them to go to America in the late 1600’s and early 1700’s because of restrictive laws in the Colonies forbidding certain immigrants, especially those from Ireland. I don’t have a clue as to where my Lucas grandparents fit into the turmoil and movements of the Scotch and Irish. Neither do I have any information as to when they first arrived in America.

Early settlers in America were on the move almost as soon as they set foot on the eastern shores. They wanted freedom to live and worship the way they believed, along with economic and social improvement. They wanted to be with their families. They had been quite clannish in the old country. The rapid increase in settlers set the stage for waves of land speculation. Settlement of Kentucky after the Revolutionary War, 1775-1783, resulted in rapid population growth. Kentucky was a part of Virginia during the Colonial period and became a separate state June 1, 1792. It was a slave state and had a sizeable African-American population. The government encouraged settlement through the sale of cheap land in Kentucky. There was an influx of Revolutionary War soldiers into Kentucky to claim service bounty land. All of these issues caused the population to keep moving as the cultivatable land wore out because they did not use crop rotation or fertilizer.

There were only two major routes for travel: the northern route along the Ohio River and the second through the Wilderness Gap. My guess is that my Lucas family took the Wilderness

Gap when they moved to Missouri. My Lucas grandparents were Thomas Frank Lucas, b. January 24, 1838, and Malissa Clark, b. April 14, 1837. They were married September 25, 1866. Malissa's parents were Benedict Clark, b. circa 1803 and wife Sarah, b. circa 1805. The Clark and Lucas families resided in Breckenridge County, Kentucky. The Lucas family moved to the Irish Wilderness in Oregon County, Missouri in the early 1900's. They were looking for land they could settle and own. I have always regretted that I did not get to know my mother's family. The grandparents were deceased and younger family members had difficulty traveling.

MY FAMILY

My parents had eight children, six boys and two girls. My brothers, William and Albert Junior, died in infancy. Junior died from pneumonia March 10, 1920. I remember the night he died. The children had gone to bed, and my mother came up the stairs during the early morning hours to tell us. All she said was, "he is gone".

I remember that my father made a small coffin from wood, and he and my mother drove off alone in the wagon to take Junior's body to Ellington for services, and burial. We were not allowed to see Junior's body. I have a copy of his certificate of death which gives his age as one year and two months. I was about six years old. I remember feeling very sad. Junior had become old enough to be a good playmate. I really did not understand death although I had seen animals die.

Medical Care

There was no funeral home or pharmacy in Ellington. Medical care was a family responsibility. Physicians did not settle in our small, rural community. Most families relied on home remedies, which they had learned from their families. They often used what they considered to be medicinal plants, and bed rest. I remember that my mother would give us more tomatoes, and fruit, and made a pot of "mullein tea" which increased our fluid intake. Mullein is a stout Old World weed with coarse woolly leaves and dense yellow spikes. Fortunately, mullein was not poisonous, as we survived. We were healthy, except for colds, and childhood diseases, so I did not learn much about home remedies. I do not remember ever taking any kind of pharmaceutical drugs while I was living at home.

Where Did We Live?

I grew up in the family home, which was located on a 160 acre farm. My father's warranty deed shows that he had purchased the farm in 1899 for \$1,000.00. It had been homesteaded in 1850. The farm was located about three miles west of Ellington, Missouri, and about 150 miles southwest of St. Louis, MO. Ellington was first known as Barnsville, established in 1837. After the Civil War, 1861-1865, Barnsville was renamed Ellington for a family by that name. This was a part of the Ozark region.

Ellington had a few stores that served the rural areas. Originally, supplies were brought from St. Louis by ox cart, and later by train. There were three churches, Methodist, Baptist and Pentecostal. I once attended services at the Pentecostal church as one of my school friends invited me to her church. After the sermon, people began to talk 'in tongues', they went into

trances, some swayed back and forth, some lay on the floor and some were praying loudly. It was frightening and eerie to me and I left as soon as I could discreetly do so.

There was a sawmill that sawed the lumber for buildings. There was a gristmill for grinding the corn, which became corn bread, and a flour mill for grinding wheat, which became wheat bread and other baked goods. Ellington, to this day, has not reached a population of 1,000. There simply were not jobs or land for all the young people, so they left the community as soon as they could locate jobs elsewhere.

The two-story, seven room, white house was built of wood, and had a white picket fence. Some of the timber from the farm had been taken to the sawmill in Ellington and cut into planks for building the house. There was a living room, bedroom, kitchen and dining room on the first floor, and three bedrooms on the second. The children slept upstairs, and my parents on the first floor. The kitchen had a wood stove. During the winter, a large wood stove was brought from storage to the living room. There was no heat in the other rooms. We used kerosene lamps for lighting the house after dark. However, we usually were in bed by dark, or shortly thereafter.

The bed frames were made from trees grown on the farm which had been sawed to the proper dimensions. There were wood slats to hold the ticking, that was filled with straw from the crops grown on the farm. On top of the straw was a feather bed which had been filled with feathers plucked from the chickens and geese. The covers consisted of quilts made by my mother. The quilts usually had a lining that was made from feed sacks. The top was made from scraps my mother pieced together from partially worn out clothing, and remnants of cloth she found at a store. The center of the quilt was filled with cotton. The quilts were warm and heavy.

My father or other craftsmen made chairs from wood grown on the farm. They often were heavy oak and very sturdy. The floors were covered with linoleum that came from the store in large sheets. The walls always were covered with wallpaper that had lots of flowers.

There was a well house, a cellar, and a chicken house. The well house was built over the well, which had a pump for drawing water, a cream separator, and a larger room for storage. The cellar was dug into the side of a small hill, and had a wooden front with a door. This gave us a storage place for perishable foods, as it was cooler. There usually were large crocks of pickled cucumbers and sauerkraut. The chicken house had room for the chickens that laid eggs, and for those being fed for the market. Some geese and ducks, and their young, were housed there also. A bit farther away was a car shed. It was added when my father bought his first Model T Ford, in the 1920's. Internet historians report that the cost of the early 1900 Model T Ford was about \$825.00. By the 1920's the price had dropped to \$200-\$300 range. A story told about the Ford car was that it developed a considerable knocking sound. My father took it back to the dealer who found that no oil had been put in the crankcase. My father knew to feed his animals, but had not remembered to put oil in the crankcase. Another small building nearby was used to store corn and small grain. It had a carport like extension for storing the wagon. Later my father bought a buggy that was stored there.

A large barn was built nearby. It had separate stalls for horses on one side, for cattle on another, and one section was for hogs. There was a barn loft, where feed for the animals was

stored. The feed for each kind of animal was located in the loft, just above them. On the side next to the cattle was a silo. Each fall, the cornstalks were cut while slightly green and still had the ears of corn intact. These were placed in a grinding machine, next to the silo, and the stalks were ground into smaller pieces. The ground pieces were forced into the silo through a metal pipe. This became silage for the cattle to eat during the winter. The ground corn became slightly fermented and provided the kind of food the milk cows needed to keep them producing milk. When the silo was being filled, it was my job to distribute the ground corn evenly throughout the silo, as it came in through the large metal pipe. I entered the silo through a small opening at the bottom. I was always barefoot as I walked around inside the silo to press the corn down with my feet. When the silo was filled, I climbed out over the top and descended by an outside ladder. I think the silo was made of concrete and was several hundred feet tall. The small grain crops were cut when ripe and placed above the cows for additional food.

Land Use, Crops And Animals

Life was hard. People had to eek out a living by clearing and developing the cultivatable land. The land was poor, hilly, and did not have a lot of cultivatable area. It was covered with many rocks that had to be removed. The soil required rebuilding by use of animal waste. There were no chemicals for fertilizing. However the rolling hills, which were covered with all kinds and colors of trees, provided a beautiful setting.

After the cultivatable land was cleared, there were three major sections that were used for planting corn, wheat, legumes, and other small grain. Some areas were left for animals to graze, during the day. Some of the land, that was not cultivatable, had patches of blackberries and huckleberries (sometimes known as blueberries). These berries had a wild flavor that made very good jams and pies. My father found a hilltop that was cleared, and planted with apple, peach, plum and cherry trees. He sprayed the trees every year and the fruit usually was bountiful. We had plenty of fruit to eat, in season, and the rest was canned for winter eating.

The farmers raised animals, such as horses, mules, cattle, goats, sheep, pigs, chickens and geese. They also raised crops that would feed the family and the animals. Most farmers, as well as city dwellers, had large gardens and potato patches. Farmers had to survive drought, failed crops, storms, floods, occasional tornados and low prices for their produce. We learned that because nature caused adverse weather conditions, that some of the crop failures were not our fault. I learned that living close to nature kept me more realistic.

Some of the young beef and pigs were fed until they were ready for family consumption. The method of killing them was to shoot the animal and cut its throat to release the blood. A large barrel was placed on some boards at elbow height, and filled with boiling hot water. The animal was then placed in the boiling water and moved back and forth in order to soften the hair, which was then removed. A long cut was made from the neck to the tail, so the various organs could be removed. Some of these were considered delicacies. They usually were cooked and consumed right away, as there was no good way to preserve them. The rest of the animal was cut into edible pieces. We always cured the larger pieces of meat by rubbing it with salty, spicy seasonings and then built a fire, and hung the meat over it, just as the coals emitted some smoke. Such methods seemed primitive and gruesome, but no other method was found. The chickens and ducks were killed by wringing their necks or removing the head by using an ax or heavy knife. They were placed in boiling hot water until the feathers were loosened and then removed.

They also had to find ways to live through World War I, 1914-1918, the Great Depression Years (1929 through the 1940's) the Great Dust Bowl of the 1930's and World War II, 1940-45.

My father was 47 years old when the USA entered World War I in 1917. He had six children at home and a farm to operate. My oldest brother was 11 years old and I was four years old. He never discussed the war. I can only assume that he continued to farm and deal with related problems as they occurred. Ellington may have had a few telephones and battery radios, along with a couple of newspapers from St. Louis. Otherwise, the war was quite remote as communication was difficult.

When the stock market crashed and banks closed, during the Great Depression of 1929-1940's, I shall never forget how my father paced the floor and worried about losing the farm. He did not have money to invest in the stock market but he grew cattle and farm products that were shipped to St. Louis. This was his way of obtaining cash to buy seeds, machinery and other essentials for farming. Farmers had a slight advantage over city dwellers as we could raise our own food, exchange produce for staples, and make our own clothing.

When World War II started, my father was 70 years old, in poor health, and still trying to eke out a living by farming. My parents had only their eldest son at home. In 1942, my oldest brother, Oliver, was 34 years old, single and was about to be inducted into service. My parents were very worried that he would be inducted. They desperately needed him to help with the farm work. I was living in St. Louis at that time. We wondered if he could get a physical deferment. With my help, my brother came to St. Louis where he had physical exams. He was in fairly good health so we decided to go the route of his being needed on the farm. Raising food to keep the soldiers fed was the main contribution the farmers could make. He was not inducted and he and my father did as much farming as they could.

My youngest brother, Willard, graduated from college in 1940, had a job as county agricultural agent and was married. However, he was about to be inducted into the army. Instead, he decided to join the Navy. He was assigned to a yard mine sweeper in the Atlantic and Mediterranean for four years. His becoming a service man created much anxiety for my parents. He was the youngest, had been the closest to my parents and it was clear that they would be greatly effected if anything happened to him. Fortunately he came home safely. The nature of their relationship was due, in part, to the fact that my brother had had two life threatening experiences. When he was in grade school, he was working in one of the fields. A thunderstorm and rain started and he sought protection under a large tree. The lightning struck the tree, knocked him unconscious, and threw him several feet into a pool of water. When he regained consciousness, he managed to get to the house. He was unable to stop shaking for a number of hours. I don't recall what my parents did other than to try to keep him warm and worry about him. When he was in high school, he developed typhoid fever and was very ill for several weeks. Not only were my parents very anxious about him, they and the farm were placed under quarantine for some weeks. It also meant that neighbors and relatives could not visit and help them with my brother's care. Family members always provided excellent support but were less able to help because of the quarantine. The quarantine cut off my mother's "cottage industry" income. I don't know how long it was before people began to buy her produce. I recall that she did have customers after the quarantine was lifted.

A severe drought occurred about 1930, creating The Great Dust Bowl that lasted through the 1930's. Some of the states hardest hit were Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. Crops could not be raised as the topsoil was being blown away by the wind. The dust and extremely high temperatures created many health problems. Many people began leaving the states located in the dust bowl. There are several books and some movies that have recorded how people suffered and tried to find other places to live. The book, *The Grapes of Wrath* has been made into a movie that tells the story. I started high school but do not recall that it was very dusty in our location. I remember the intense heat and humidity. Farmers learned that they should use crop rotation and keep something planted on the land at all times so the soil would not blow away. I don't know when they started using commercial fertilizer.

Water

There were well diggers, who placed a long drill at the spot they thought water would be found. They drilled until water was found, and then placed bricks or other materials around the hole. Water was pulled out of the well by lowering a bucket into the well and drawing the water by hand. Later, pulleys were placed over the well. Water was drawn by pulling the rope over the pulley. Then, water pumps became available. The pumps often had to be primed with a small amount of water to get them to work. After rural electrification reached the area, about 1945, the water was piped into the house. Other sources of water came from Logan Creek and springs that originated in the hills. Logan Creek sometimes had enough water in it for us to have a 'swimmin hole'. That was great fun. I learned to swim by placing the lids on two empty galvanized tin gallon buckets. I then tied a heavy string to the handles, just far enough apart to go under my chest and arms. The buckets held me up, so that I could move without sinking. I would not recommend this, if you really want to learn to be a good swimmer.

Playmates and Games

Our playmates were our siblings, and the children of my father's eight sisters who had married, had children and lived on farms nearby. We visited with relatives on Sunday, always after church.

We did not have opportunity to visit my mother's family, or play with their children. They lived more than fifty miles away. Travel was difficult: roads were carved out of the hills by removing enough trees to allow a wagon or buggy to pass. The rough roads were full of holes and vehicles often got stuck.

The younger girls played with dolls, mostly homemade. Both boys and girls played "hide and seek" and "ring around the rosy". I remember being at the home of a relative, and the kids my age decided to play hide and seek. I climbed into the loft of the barn and started running to escape being caught. Suddenly, I found I had fallen from the loft into the feeding trough below. I did not have any broken bones but I have a scar on my hip to prove it. I remember that my mother washed the area with soap and water, applied vaseline salve, and had me lie on the porch with the injured spot exposed to direct sunlight. When I took a botany course at college, I had to place germs on petri dishes. One was placed in sunlight and the other in a warm darker area. The one in the sunlight did not develop many germs, so there was some merit to mother's home remedy.

As we grew older, we played jump the rope and built sleds so we could ride down the hills when the snow was deep enough. I still marvel that we did not hit some trees on the way down. We fished in Logan Creek. We pan-fried the fish, usually perch, right away. They tasted better that way. We pitched horseshoes, played baseball and made and walked on stilts. We played house by making the outline of a house with rocks, carefully placed on the ground, to designate rooms and furnishings. We had a pond nearby, which froze enough during the winter for skating. We managed to wear out a lot of shoes, as we did not have skates.

We had a game called "Old Sow". It was so named because we watched the hogs push objects with their snouts, as they searched for food in the ground. This game involved finding old tin cans, which we crushed into as round a shape as possible. We found strong sticks, and used them to hit the tin can with the intent of making it to the designated goal. The one who got the tin can closest to the goal won. This is as close as we got to the game known as cricket.

We had a swing that was made from attaching rope to the limb of a large shade tree and installing a board that served as the seat. It was a way to cool off on a hot day or just to spend some enjoyable, free time.

All games came from our own imagination, with one exception. My mother bought a lovely doll for me. I named her Angel as she looked so beautiful I thought she was angelic. I learned how to make doll clothes and how to keep others from playing with her. I must have thought she was fragile, or I just had not learned to share such treasures.

Discipline

My parents kept all of us so busy we did not have much chance to get into trouble. We learned very early that we were expected to obey our parents, or there were untoward consequences. Most parents I knew took responsibility for their children's behavior and for their discipline. My mother was the main disciplinarian, and my father was the back up person whose approval had to be obtained before we could do certain things. Sometimes my mother was looking for support from him when she said, "no". In retrospect, I think that discipline of the children was considered a part of "women's work". My parents must have had their roles understood. They did not argue in our presence. If they had differences they must have settled them in private.

My parents used spankings sparingly. They used verbal do's and don'ts often enough to prevent our pushing the limits too far. They occasionally used a small twig from a tree and struck us on the legs lightly, if our behavior was too out of line. I recall once when my brother and I apparently had some differences and were creating a scene. My mother took us to the back yard, used a twig on our legs, and instructed us to make up. She always seemed to discipline us without much effort as we knew she meant what she said.

My father never raised a hand or a twig against us, so we were surprised and frightened when he used a limb on one of my brothers. Dad's sister had come to visit and parked her car in front of the house. She accused my brother of taking some money from the car. My father took her word against my brother, who insisted he did not take the money. My father thought he was teaching us not to lie or steal. Also, I think he had the idea that certain behavior had to be

'punished'. This caused us to realize how important it is to have parents start with innocence, until proven guilty. The incident damaged relationships between my brother and father. My mother tended to overprotect my brother after that. Most of us viewed our aunt and uncle with suspicion, as they were known to report to my parents what they considered to be undesirable behavior on our part, much of which was innocuous and none of their business.

Division of Labor and Finances

My parents had a division of labor and finances. The boys helped my father with planting and harvesting the crops. Plowing the fields before planting was done by hitching a horse or mule to a one bladed plow, and walking behind the plow. They must have walked miles. They next hitched horses or mules to a harrow smoothing the ground for planting. Planting seeds was done by placing seeds in a hand planter and dropping the seeds a foot or so apart until the whole field was seeded. Later, a farm machine was invented that had a box on the machine, which distributed the seeds automatically.

When the seeds came up, the family members walked along each row and removed plants if there was more than two per hill. They also pulled up or removed the weeds. I still remember how the hot soil burned my bare feet. In the fall, the dried ears of corn were picked by hand, and later by machine, and stored for feeding animals. When small grain crops were ripe, they were mowed close to the ground. The clippings were tied in bales or taken directly to the barn, by wagon, for storage. This required pitchforks for pitching the hay on the wagon or bailing wire to tie the hay together.

As other machinery became available to make planting and harvesting easier my father bought it. The horses and mules were replaced by the ford tractor about the 1940's.

My father and brothers built most of the small buildings. When a major building project was undertaken, such as a barn or house, the neighbors organized a building squad, and helped each other. My father and brothers always were ready to help our neighbors with their major projects. This meant the women prepared huge meals for the workmen. Installing or mending fences required cutting the right sized tree and making fence posts, digging holes in the ground, and placing the posts securely in the ground. The wire or boards were then connected to the posts. Taking care of the machinery included mending any broken or damaged parts.

Caring for the animals included feeding, milking, and taking care of sick animals. There were no Veterinarians. They also protected the farm animals from wild animals, and from bad weather. I recall one instance when a mowing machine rolled down a hill too fast. The horse that was hitched to the mower could not move fast enough to get out of its way. The horse was critically injured. My father thought the horse could not survive, so he shot it. He said he could not stand to see the horse suffer.

My father raised a fairly large number of beef and pork animals, which were fed until they were ready to ship to slaughter houses in St. Louis. The animals were loaded onto a truck, taken to Ellington, and placed on the train. This was his way of creating cash income, which was used to buy the seed for the next crops, the farm machinery, vehicles, more animals and build or replace buildings.

As my brothers got older, my father included them in learning about breeding cattle and horses. My brothers helped break the horses by taming them, getting them to accept the harness, and being hitched to a plow, wagon, or other farm machinery.

My brother, Clifford, loved horses and usually was the one who undertook to break them. He continued to love working with horses as an adult. In the 1940's, he started a breeding stable with the intention of breeding fine race horses. He apparently was quite successful. One stallion sold for \$100,000. Another time he had ten winners from his stables. Of course, there were losses, but he still loved to breed and racehorses. Clifford also had an innate ability for constructing highways, bridges, and sewers. He made these two talents into lifelong careers. He did not complete high school.

At the appropriate time of year, the crosscut saw was brought out of storage. The men took to the woods to select trees to be cut for the necessary supply of wood. The wood was split with a sharp ax, and racked in rows near the house. There were times when the supply of split wood ran out, and I learned how to wield the ax to split wood.

The girls were expected to help my mother plant and harvest the garden produce, pick the fruit from the orchard, preserve, and can the food, do the house work, and cooking, do the laundry, and other household chores, known as 'women's work'.

We also took care of the chickens and geese, and any small animal that was weak at birth. For instance, when a baby calf or baby horse (foal) was born weak, we fed it until it could manage on its own. We did not have bottles with nipples, so we filled a pail with milk, put it in front of the baby animal, placed our finger in the animal's mouth, and it sucked on our finger while it drank the milk. We never ate the meat from those animals. They became pets and a part of the family.

We made our own soap by rendering the fat from animals that were slaughtered for food. We placed the fat in a large black kettle, which had a fire underneath. The skin still was attached to the fat. The skin was rendered, along with the fat. The skin was a prized commodity. The skin was then removed from the kettle, and became known as cracklins. The cracklins were placed in corn bread, and enjoyed by all. After the skin was removed from the kettle, the right amount of lye was added. We stirred with a long stick until it thickened. It was left to cool and harden. Then we cut it into squares and that was our laundry soap.

The laundry usually was done on Mondays. Most of the clothing was made of denim and other cotton materials. Bedding was made of cotton. The clothing that was worn to do outdoor farm work became quite dirty and was hard to wash. We first placed a fire under a big black iron kettle that stood in the yard and filled it with water. We placed large containers of water on the cook stove, in order to have hot water. We placed aluminum washtubs in chairs, put the hot water in them, placed the washboard in the tub and scrubbed the clothing until clean. The homemade soap was quite effective in removing the dirt. Another washtub was placed in a chair nearby and filled with clear warm water for rinsing the clothing. Unless the weather was unusually cold or rainy, the laundry was hung on an outside clothesline to dry.

As new inventions came along, such as the clothes wringer, we placed it on the outer rim of the tub. It had a crank that had to be turned by hand, as the clothes were run through it. This was not especially helpful. I heard a story about some women who leaned over too far and caught their breasts in the wringer. Later, a washing machine came on the market, which was powered by gas. It also had a powered wringer. They were poorly made and did not last very long. Parts were not readily available, and farmers were not too mechanically inclined yet.

Ironing was accomplished by placing flat irons on the cook stove to heat. Many items had to be sprinkled and rolled up so the moisture would penetrate throughout the garments, in order to get them to respond to being smoothed out. Needless to say, this was a very labor-intensive way to do laundry and ironing. It was a backbreaking job. During the winter, the excessive heat from the kitchen stove was very welcome. But, during the summer, it was much too warm, and not too welcome.

Since we also had a small herd of dairy cattle, there were cows to milk, twice a day. I began milking cows when I was about 8 years old. I remember sitting on a three legged stool, or balancing on one knee, to reach the cow's udder. After milking, I helped run the milk through the cream separator, and my mother and I churned the cream after it cooled. I made the butter into pound rectangles with a wooden butter mold that had a small rose on the top. There was no refrigeration or electricity at the time.

My mother had a small "cottage industry" consisting of exchanging milk, eggs, butter, meat, vegetables, and other farm produce for staples and clothing. This provided some cash for other family needs. This was the age of the "barter" system. She delivered the produce and did the shopping on Saturdays. This meant someone had to drive the car while she made the deliveries. When I was about 16 or 17, I asked my father if I could drive the car while mother made deliveries. He asked if I could drive and I said, rather haltingly, "yes". Actually, I had learned how the shift and clutch worked, while playing in the car, when it was not in motion. I drove the car at a crawling pace while mother made the deliveries and did not have any mishaps. My knees were shaking, and I admit to being scared. I was relieved to have finished the adventure successfully. I have always enjoyed driving a car and feel it comes naturally for me.

As a youngster, I formed an opinion that my father was 'tight' with money. I later realized that this was a part of their division of labor and finances. In short, my father managed the farming and the purchase of everything pertaining to farming. At the same time, my mother managed the children and household needs. It did not occur to me to ask my father for money, except once. My sister, Ruth, was home, and my father was driving us to Ellington. Ruth, along with most other young girls and women, had cut their hair by the 1920's. I wanted to be like the others, so I asked my father for 20 cents. This was the cost of a haircut. To my surprise, he gave it to me. While in Ellington I had a haircut. My mother grew up with the idea that, 'a woman's hair is her crowning glory'. I had not thought to get her permission. I must have considered myself emancipated or I was afraid she would object. She was upset and I think she cried, but she did not chastise me. Perhaps she understood. I hope.

My father had a heart attack when he was about 55 years old. There was a doctor in Ellington then. I do not know the extent of his qualifications. He gave my father a liquid medication from his doctor's bag. My father was unable to do the hard work that farming required after that. However, he continued to manage the farm and supervise my brothers, who took on more re-

sponsibility. He had been a very hard worker until the heart attack. He was more confined to the house, which must have been very hard for him. When he was on his deathbed in June 1952, he revealed his true feelings about farming. He begged my brothers to put him in the pick up truck and drive him around the farm. He wanted to see the crops growing and the meadows full of growing vegetation for the animals to eat.

My mother took responsibility for more outdoor work, so she taught me how to prepare the meals, and clean the house. These chores became my regular responsibility. In the beginning, my mother selected the foods to be prepared, organized them on a table and taught me how to finish preparing and cooking them. Cooking was done on a wood stove, which meant wood had to be available, and the stove had to be the right temperature. Cleaning the house was done by sweeping the floors with a broom and then by using a wet mop. Water had to be drawn from the well and heated on the stove. I remember that even the dishwater (called slop) was saved and given to the hogs that were being fattened for the market. Scraps from the table were given to the dogs and chickens that were kept outside. In short, food was not to be wasted.

My father usually moved a small rocking chair into the kitchen, while I was preparing the dinner. He always brought his newspaper, The St. Louis Globe Democrat, or a book to read. I am not sure if mother asked him to watch over me, or whether he just did not want to be alone. He had not recovered from his heart attack. In retrospect his presence brought a feeling of more closeness for me. Emotional feelings seldom were verbalized. It was as though we picked up emotional feelings through osmosis. We just absorbed it from everyday life. Verbal communication among family members was about farming, chores, school, relatives, children, games and health.

A usual day included preparing breakfast, doing the dishes, preparing our lunches to take to school, doing a little housework, and walking three miles each way to school. Breakfast always included lots of homemade biscuits, molasses and syrup. Molasses was made from home-grown sugar cane. Juice was extracted from the sugar cane, and boiled slowly until it became thick and brown. There usually was a large dish of gravy. The gravy was made by rendering the fat from bacon, browning flour in the fat, adding milk and seasoning, and stirring until thickened. There were fruits and vegetables and plenty of milk to drink. School lunches consisted of whatever food was prepared for home consumption. There were no lunch boxes, so we used the newspaper for wrapping our lunch. After returning from school, I prepared dinner that consisted of meat, vegetables, corn bread, fruit and milk. After doing the dishes, I did my homework and went to bed by dark, or shortly thereafter. If I had my lamp on to read, my mother came to the stairwell and asked me to turn it out and go to sleep. We often were up the next morning at daybreak.

Clothing and Appearance

During the week, we wore work clothes. The men wore denim overalls and shirts and jackets. The women wore dresses that were made of gingham or feed sacks. The dresses were sewn on a sewing machine that had a treadle, which had to be moved up and down by one's feet. During the winter we wore long underwear, made of cotton. It had a buttoned opening in

the back for convenience of going to the outdoor toilet. There were no inside bathrooms. However, my mother preferred to add as many under slips (petticoats) as she needed. These were made of cotton, and had a band at the waist. They were almost ankle length, which gave her more warmth.

On Saturday all of us liked to go to town (Ellington). Our parents were what was known as proud people in that they wanted their family to be bathed and dressed in more dress up clothing when we were in the public. They thought it very important to make a good appearance. My mother made bonnets from cotton material, sewed strips about two inches wide and inserted cardboard. She dressed it up with strips of material that could be tied into bows. She also had a hat for us to wear for real dress-up. On Sundays, the men had one suit each, and at least one wearable tie and white shirt, which they wore to church. The women had more dressy clothes and wore hats.

My mother taught my sister, Ruth, to spin the wool to make yarn and had taught her to sew, knit, crochet, tat and quilt. She taught me to card the wool, spin the yarn and roll it into balls. She did not teach me to sew and do the art crafts. By the 1920's, the fabric industry and railroads made it possible to obtain material by the yard, or to order clothing ready made from the Sears Roebuck, Montgomery Ward or Spiegel catalogs. I still remember one dress in particular. My mother ordered some peach colored, very soft, silky material, and had a dress made for me. I thought it was the most beautiful material I had ever seen or felt. The first time I wore the dress to church the minister had us stand for a part of the service. I was so busy looking at my beautiful dress that I continued to stand, until my mother whispered to me to sit down.

Bathing was accomplished by drawing water from the well, heating it on the kitchen stove and finding enough private places for each of us to take sponge baths. We managed by bathing in shifts. Washing our hair required similar planning.

Religion

Religion played a significant role in our lives. My great grandmother, on my father's side, was reared by a father who was a United Brethern In Christ minister. This was an American religious sect, which existed from 1726-1813. It was based in the Arminian theology. It later turned to Methodism, which also was based in Arminian theology. Some of my other ancestors had been Circuit Rider Preachers and were followers of Methodism.

The Rumburg's were practicing Methodists. According to a paper presented by Ed Stephenson, September 28, 2003, entitled The Circuit Rider and the Spread of Early Methodism, "Their theology was practical. It recognized that, even if one was brought into the church, that it still was possible to falter and return to sinful ways. In short, the right to accept or reject Jesus (free will). It emphasized discipline and moral uprightness. Work was next to Godliness. It fit well with the aspirations of new settlers, who saw themselves as the creators of a new nation, and a new economy based on the industry and initiative of its citizens. It played to their hopes more than their despairs and frustrations. This made Methodism as much of the people as for the people. They took to it, in part, because as a result of hearing about God's plan, purpose and judgment, they could see themselves as a meaningful part of a great mission to build a new

world. They felt enfranchised and liberated from the tyranny of old governments. Mr. Stephenson is with the Forgotten Word Ministries. (Obtained from the Internet).

I think of my parents as being stoic and rugged individuals. Webster's Dictionary defines stoicism as, "a person who is calm, patient, has endurance and fortitude, implying stability and persistent courage in trying circumstances; is industrious and able to endure hardship and suffering and who represses emotions to appear indifferent to pleasure or pain". Zeno of Citium, who lived about the third century BC, was a Greek philosopher, who was the founder of Stoicism. He "accepted virtue as the highest good in life. He thought man should live consistently with nature and bring human conduct into agreement with the laws of nature. And, only by putting aside passion, unjust thoughts and indulgence, and by performing duty with the right disposition, can maintain true freedom and rule as Lord over his own life."

Virtue is defined as moral excellence and goodness, rightness and rectitude. It is likely that my parents and many other pioneers never heard or read of Zeno's philosophy. But, living with nature as the pioneers did, combined with a strong Judeo-Christian ethic upbringing, meant they could not escape embodying some of these characteristics.

My parents attended the Methodist church most every Sunday, as long as any of their children were living at home. Saturday afternoon brought a flurry of baking all kinds of goodies for Sunday dinner. Sunday was the day of rest. It was a day of rest for the animals too. However, the people and animals had to be fed and the cows had to be milked. Sunday was a day for games, whether we had visitors or not.

In the early days, we traveled to church by wagon. Later, we had a nice buggy. By the 1920's, it was the Model T Ford. By the 1930's my father had a Buick car. I recall that my father and I sang in the choir. My father did not like to be called on to lead the congregation in prayer. When asked to do so, my father would respond by saying, "I call on Brother Massie to lead us in prayer". Brother Massie was my father's brother-in-law. He always came through, as he liked to do so. My father taught the mens' Bible Class. The children were divided into Bible classes by age groupings. The teachers often were not much older than the students and had not had instruction in teaching the Bible.

Our parents viewed the teachings of the Bible as a guide for living. They had learned, from their parents the meaning of the Ten Commandments, of right and wrong, what behaviors were acceptable, or which were not. They taught developing inner controls and self-discipline. They emphasized the Judeo/Christian ethic and morality. They opposed drinking alcoholic beverages, dancing, smoking, premarital sex, and playing cards.

We always had a minister on a full time basis. However, there were frequent Evangelists who held revival services for a week. The sermons were highly emotional and were directed at saving all the sinners in the area. When I was about 12 or 14 years old, one of the Evangelists came to our house and talked with my father. I was in my upstairs bedroom, when I overheard the minister ask if all of the children had been saved and had joined the church. My father mentioned my name and said he hoped I would be joining in the near future. I did not have a clue as to what being saved meant, and did not understand what sin was. Being a conformist at the time, I did respond to the minister's call for all sinners to come forward and be saved. I also

joined the church. I have always wished I had known how to approach my parents, and the church people, so I could have understood. I clearly saw that church was partially a social event, and gave everyone a sense of belonging - identity.

I continued to attend church even after I started working and no longer lived at home. When I was about eighteen years old, I attended church when an Evangelist was there. He preached the usual highly emotional sermon about sinners and being saved. At the end he asked all who believed they were saved to stand facing him, and those who thought they were not saved to turn their backs. Since I still did not understand the sin and saved business, I turned my back. One of my aunts was standing behind me and asked, "why Mable what is wrong with you?" She, of course, was facing the minister. Since I had learned over the years that she often snitched on my siblings, I tried to reassure her that I was perfectly all right and needed some clarification. I doubt that she understood. If she ever mentioned the incident to my parents, they did not say anything to me. I found myself questioning what religion was about and wondered what to believe. I probably was in an emancipating mode again and did not meet her conforming expectations. I certainly did not feel like confiding in her, if all she could think was that something was wrong with me.

Sexuality

I learned about the 'birds and the bees' as a very young child. One cannot live on a farm without becoming aware of the pregnancy of a relative, the sex of their babies, about animal and insect behavior, and the outcome of that behavior. Our parents never discussed sex with us. They did not hesitate to mention that a cow was about to give birth to a calf or the mare (horse) was about to have a foal (baby horse).

I saw animals mating, as well as giving birth to their young. It was just a normal part of life on the farm. I also learned how animals related to each other, and how they take care of each other. We had animals that did not get along with each other, and did not hesitate to let each other know where they stood. On one occasion, I was awakened at night, as I heard a constant moaning sound from the cows, and a similar response from the calves. It was like a crying sound. I asked my mother about it. She said the calves had grown old enough to be separated from their mothers. Obviously animals grieve and have feelings and they openly express them. I could empathize with them. Growing up and separating from the parent(s) is an emotional experience for all species.

The County Fair and Circus

I remember that a circus came to town a number of times. My parents always took us to see what was there. My father usually joined the men who were listening to the sales pitch of the man with the Watkins products, or who was telling stories, with a humorous and colorful flavor. The children were not supposed to hear these stories. My mother escorted all of us to various areas where they were selling things suitable for children, or we were seeing animals that were not native to us. One time we were walking along and saw an elephant. My younger brother was about five years old. He looked with amazement and asked mother, "what is that animal with a tail on both ends?"

When I was in high school, I became friendly with the wife of one of my teachers. We went to the fair together and, to our amazement, the airplane, **Spirit of St. Louis**, was flying around the fair grounds. This was after Lindberg crossed the Atlantic Ocean. We discovered that the pilot was 'barnstorming'. The pilot was offering short rides in the plane for a fee of \$2.00 per person. I did not have any money, but my friend very much wanted to ride in the plane, so she advanced the money for me to accompany her. We climbed in behind the pilot and found ourselves in very cramped quarters. It was a very exciting, though short ride. The take off and landing were particularly bumpy. The pilot was using the field of a farmer for the runway. I shall never forget that first airplane ride. I later learned that barnstorming was a way for pilots to make money during the depression. I saw the Spirit of St. Louis in the museum in Washington, D.C. some years later, and could not help wondering if I really rode in it, or whether it was another similar plane. I prefer to think it was the Lindberg plane. After all, the words Spirit of St. Louis, were written on the side of the plane!

Holidays, Birthdays, Homecomings, Customs

We celebrated, or acknowledged, the major holidays. The children usually received clothing and a birthday cake on their birthday. The child was made to feel special on that day.

More was done at Christmas time. Sometimes my father took us to the woods and we cut down an evergreen tree. We made decorations for the tree by cutting newspaper into strips. We made the strips into a circle, glued them together with homemade paste, and placed them on the tree. We popped corn, made popcorn balls, and always had mincemeat pie. My father's oldest brother always sent us a bushel of apples and sometimes some oranges. He had moved to the apple growing area in the state of Washington. This was a special treat. There was not much money for buying presents. These were family centered events.

Homecomings were a very special Rumburg family event. Sometimes, the celebration was in memory of my grandparents, W. S. and Emily Rumburg. Other times, the event was to celebrate my father's birthday. I think he was considered the patriarch of the Rumburg family, and this was a way to keep the family name alive. He, of course, felt honored and was always ready to attend. Relatives were drawn to these events like a magnet. They came from all kinds of places, and there were many of them. My father's sisters had large families and many grandchildren who attended. We usually met at a church on Carr's Creek, which is near where my grandparents settled. Everyone brought favorite dishes to pass. Long tables were set up outside the church, as there was not enough room inside. Family members had a chance to catch up on the latest news, gossip, play games, sing religious songs and eat.

It was customary for individuals to show respect by the way they referred to each other. I think it also showed the hierarchy in the family. When my parents were in public, my mother referred to my father as Mr. Rumburg. When my mother was in public, she was referred to as Mrs. Rumburg. My sisters-in-law always referred to my parents as Mr. Rumburg or Mrs. Rumburg. The children responded to females with, "yes ma'am or no ma'am." For male adults, it was, "yes sir or no sir"

Education

I started grade school at the age of seven because my sixth birthday was in November. All of us attended the Exchange, Mo., one room, rural school, which was located about three miles away. School started in late September, after most of the farm work was done, and closed the third week in April, the following year, in time for spring planting. We walked to and from school.

There was only one teacher for all eight grades. The teacher worked out a seating arrangement so that each grade level was seated together. The youngest children were placed near the wood stove, which was placed in the middle of the room. The teacher's desk was placed in the front of the room, where there was a blackboard and two long benches. When the teacher called each grade level to recite, they sat on the benches. The teacher covered the lessons of the day and children were given a chance to answer questions or recite something that had been assigned to them. The focus was on reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Friday was a special day. We usually had spelling bees or an arithmetic competition. I often won the spelling bees and my sister, Ruth, won the arithmetic competition. I have kept certificates dated in 1924 which state that I "made a grade of one hundred per cent in spelling for twenty lessons" at the Exchange Elementary School. I was given the Reynolds County Award Of Honor for Excellence In Spelling, for two hundred perfect recitations, in 1925. My teacher encouraged me to enter spelling contests with children at other schools, and I won enough times to qualify for the state contests. I lost the state contest by misspelling one word.

My father spent a great deal of time teaching me how to spell. He broke the words into syllables and helped me learn to pronounce them and spell phonetically. He also showed pride in my ability. My mother was doing chores and other work, but I felt her pride also. I felt self-pride and had renewed self-confidence. However, I was humbled because there always were new words to learn.

I remember what an exciting experience it was to travel by car. The roads, called highways by that time, were being built (1924-26). The highways were carved out of the rolling hills. There were many curves and places that had a deep ravine on one side. This was beautiful in one respect but also frightening, as there were no guardrails on the ravine side. One story was told about our State Senator, Mr. Buford, who, supposedly was leading the road surveyors. Since he was known to drink alcoholic beverages, they thought he must have been drunk, as he led the road surveyors through the hills.

The grade school did not have a library. The teacher had some shelves in the back of the room, where she kept books that were required reading. We had to check them out and make a report. I remember that James Fenimore Cooper 1789-1851 was a most popular writer. His Leather Stocking Tales were reminiscent of the frontier days and highlighted Nitty Bumppo as the hero. I remember that my father read every book I took home and really enjoyed them. In retrospect, I wish I had asked my father to help me with the book reports but did not. There were other books, but I do not remember exact authors and titles. I kept a copy of my McDuffey Reader, which was considered a classic for teaching reading. However I lost the book during one of my moves.

We usually had a short recess during the morning, an hour at noon, and another short recess in the afternoon. Recess was important for taking care of personal needs. There was one outside facility for boys, and one for girls. As soon as we ate lunch, we played basketball. In the 1920's, the basketball court was divided into three sections. They thought girls were too weak to cover the whole court. I played the forward position and my teacher played my guard. Some years later, one of my classmates told me about a goal I made. She said, "you had the ball, but the teacher was guarding you so tightly you could not turn around. You threw the ball backwards over my head, and made a goal." That really impressed her, and I felt good that she remembered even if I did not.

On another occasion a couple of male students were quarreling. One boy swung his arms to hit the other boy. I was just close enough that he hit me in the mouth instead. Since he knocked out one of my front teeth, I was very upset. My teacher did not seem too concerned, which upset me even more. After that, I made a point of staying out of his reach as he was known to have a quick temper. We did not have dentists in our area so there was no hope of getting the tooth replaced.

I remember an encounter with a rattlesnake when I was walking home from school. It was curled up in the middle of my path, which had a wooded hill on one side, and a ditch on the other. Since I did not have any other way to go and it did not move, I thought I had no other choice than to try to scare or kill it. I found a large rock I threw at the center of its coiled position and killed it. My experience at pitching horseshoes and other such precision games served me well, but I hated to kill the snake.

I graduated from grade school as salutatorian April 20, 1928. I kept my report cards. Some of them noted that my attitude toward school work was commendable, my recitations were very satisfactory, and my conduct was very good. One noted that I whispered too much.

I remained at home but very much wanted more education. There was no high school in our school district. This meant that my parents would have to pay tuition for us to attend high school in another district. There were three of us to attend high school at that time. My father seemed to feel that a grade school education would suffice, especially for girls. Two of my older brothers helped at home or looked for jobs.

My parents had arranged for my sister, Ruth, to live with relatives in Van Buren, Mo., where she attended high school. She graduated and taught school in a rural school nearby. I kept asking my parents to allow me to live with a relative in the high school district, as there would not be any tuition.

My father had been on the school board for the rural district and knew school law. Although it took a year, he heard my plea. He discovered that his property was just inside the line of the rural district. He went to the rural district school board and asked if his property could be voted out of the rural district. He then went to the high school district board and asked if he could be voted into the high school district. The transfer was approved in 1929, so my brothers Timon and Willard and I were able to start high school without having to pay tuition. I have always been most grateful to my father for making this possible. The Great Depression occurred at this time, but we remained in school.

The high school was located on a slight hill at Ellington, MO. It was a much larger building than grade school. The building was made of brick and had class rooms, a study hall, auditorium and rooms for the teachers. The Principal was Miss Maude Wood. There were courses in orthography (spelling), reading, language, writing, English grammar, geography, arithmetic, U.S. history, civil government, physiology, agriculture, pedagogy, algebra, and literature.

Courses were being taught in typing, shorthand, and bookkeeping. There was a 50 cent monthly fee to use the typewriter. This is how the school financed the purchase of typewriters. I asked my parents for money, as I wanted to take typing as well as the other two courses. My father thought these were courses that I would never use. There were no secretaries in Ellington and it didn't seem necessary to spend money for the course. I turned to my mother, who gave me a quart jar of cream to sell each month so I could pay the typing fee. When I graduated, I received a scholarship to a secretarial school in Springfield, Mo. I did not have money to live on so could not attend. This was a big disappointment, as I liked the opportunity to use what I learned. However, these courses became very important and useful throughout my lifetime. More on this later.

High school did not offer courses in music, art, theatre, or foreign languages. One year we had an elderly female teacher, who had retired from the Soldan High School in St. Louis. She offered a course in German, which was taught during the noon hour. I took the course that was taught mainly by learning songs and having the teacher teach the words. She had us assemble on the stage in the auditorium. I remember feeling very awkward and self-conscious on the stage as that was a new experience for me. Although I did not learn much German, I really enjoyed the course, and found it a fun way to learn.

This same teacher tried very hard to teach students good manners. One day she asked one of the young male students if he ever put his knife in his mouth. His reply was "no ma'am, not unless I have something on it". Another time she asked me for a pencil. I recall handing it to her with the sharpened end toward her. She did not accept the pencil until I turned it around, so the sharp end was not pointed toward her. These were her examples of good manners, which have stayed with me.

During my senior year, my teacher asked me to read a paper at a school assembly, which meant I would do so from the auditorium stage. I took the paper home to practice reading it, and my father decided I should not read it. I was devastated. I later realized that he did not think girls should be seen in public places. At that time, neither of us realized the importance of having experience in public speaking.

Miss Wood was the coach for our girl's basketball and volleyball teams. She spent all noon hours coaching us, and arranged for us to enter competitions with other schools. She chose me to be on the first team for volleyball, if I could go to the other schools. This meant after regular school hours, and I would have to have my parent's permission. It meant a lot to me to be on the first team. I was afraid my parents would not give permission. I decided to go with the team and asked my younger brother to tell my parents. I also arranged to stay overnight with my older brother and his wife, who lived near the school. We went to another school that was about fifteen miles away. I fully expected to be in trouble when I got home the next day. To my surprise, they did not object. Thereafter, all I had to do was let them know when we were going to

other schools. They actually expressed pride, as our team won most every game, and the local newspaper reported it, along with pictures of the team. I kept the new paper clippings. I recall that we were required to wear bloomers that came to our knees. I thought it was time for me to start emancipating myself and it worked.

I did not date during high school. The boys stayed pretty much to themselves during school hours. All of us played sports games at noon. We were kept busy, so there was not much opportunity to get acquainted. The boys and girls were seated separately in the study hall, as well as in classes. Since I lived three miles from school, I was unable to participate in any evening events that might have enabled me to make friends with the boys.

My closest girl friend, Ruth Evans, and I studied together a lot. I often left home early, and stopped at her house, which was next to the school, so we could study together. We also set each other's hair and compared notes on how to dress. Both of us graduated from high school in May 1933. Ruth was Valedictorian and I was the Salutatorian. Neither of us expected this, so it was a joyous surprise.

I wanted to teach school so took the examinations and received a Teacher's Certificate dated June 30, 1933. It certified me to teach only in Reynolds County. I applied for a teaching position in a few schools. I was invited to appear for interviews. My father had a model T Ford at the time. This was spring and too much rain had caused Logan Creek to flood. The car sank into the sand that had accumulated in the roadbed. The car was hauled out by bringing the horses to the rescue. We reached the school where I was to have the interview and again the car got stuck. The ruts were so deep the car sank in between ruts. That did not bode well. We had another disappointment, as they really did not have a vacancy. I did not get a teaching job. Some of the school districts did not have money because of the depression, so it was next to impossible to get a teaching position. I remained at home and helped with the usual chores.

My Niece Jeene

My brother, Clifford, graduated from grade school about 1916. He obtained a job as a rural mail carrier. My father helped him find a car that was needed for the job. I recall that my uncle, by marriage to my father's sister, came to the house but did not come in. Instead, he asked my father to meet him at the fence. I thought that strange and later discovered he was reporting to my father that Clifford's conduct was not suitable for a mail carrier. In short, he was drinking alcoholic beverages while in town. Soon thereafter, Clifford lost his job. Some weeks later, one of my mother's relatives came to visit while they were enroute to Oklahoma to work in the oil fields. When they left, Clifford went with them. I suspect that my mother had been in contact with these relatives and had arranged a ride for Clifford. He obtained a job in the oil fields and worked there until the oil fields dried up and the Great Depression was upon us.

Clifford had met and married Louise Snyder and their first child, Jeene, was born in 1930. By that time Clifford could not find work in Oklahoma and they came to live with us on the farm. Jeene was six months old and the first grandchild for my parents. Needless to say she became the center of our love and attention. All of us developed a strong bond with her and she with us. Jeene developed a strong attachment to my mother and found her love and support to be very

important throughout her life. Jeene and I have always had a very close and special relationship.

Pen Pal

I was lonely as my sister had been teaching and seldom was home and some of my brothers had become employed elsewhere. I saw a notice, in one of the magazines we received, that Lucy Alexander, at Flat River, Mo., was looking for a pen pal. I wrote to her. After exchanging some letters, I invited her to visit. She accepted. I thought she was going to bring her parents, but instead she arrived with her relatives, another Alexander family. They were Mr. Alexander, his wife Minnie and daughter, Faye. Faye was my age and Lucy was a little older. Both were single. Three of my single, older brothers were at home, and everyone participated in welcoming the Alexander's. After the visit, Lucy and I wrote to each other, but Faye became the one with whom I corresponded and had the most in common.

Later, we realized that Faye and my brother, Timon, were dating and finally married. They lived in Farmington, MO. Faye became a social worker, and later became the Clerk to the County Probate Court. Timon worked in the lead mines until he was critically injured. A mule kicked him in the front part of his head. He recovered and developed a contracting business for home improvements and repairs. His career choice may have been based on his experience of helping build buildings at home. Later, he was elected as City Alderman and at another time, as Municipal Judge. This was my only experience as a pen pal, and all the family and I were pleased with the outcome. Their daughter Rita Faye and I bonded very quickly. She has been very close to Joe and me over the years.

Employment

I think it was about November, 1933, that my mother told me that the owners of the Ellington Hotel wanted me to work for them. I was surprised as I had not thought of that kind of work. I was surprised that my parents were willing to "let go" to that extent as they needed help on the farm. The job description included cleaning the rooms, making the beds, doing the laundry, helping in the kitchen and serving tables. I certainly qualified, as I had been doing these things at home.

I took the job, which paid \$3.00 per week and room and board. I shared a small room with the cook, who was very nice. It was hard work. A few salesmen got my 'leave me alone' message to their advances. I sometimes got Sunday off, so went to church or got together with friends. I knew the owner of the Ellington Press and sometimes stopped at the print shop, which was nearby. He taught me to set type by hand. I marveled at how he got the paper ready for mailing as it was at least four pages and all of the type was set by hand, one letter at a time. The telephone office was next door to the hotel, and I became friends with one of their daughters who was the switchboard operator. I expressed curiosity and she taught me how to make the connections. It seemed simple until more than one call had to be answered. The couple that owned the telephone company had so many children there never was a chance to get a job there.

I don't remember how I met a tall handsome red head, who came to the Ellington area with the CCC Camp. After some dates he began to sound a bit serious, so I invited him to our home

to meet my parents. They were very cordial and tried to make conversation, but they did not seem to know what to say. He was uncomfortable too. He later verbalized that he cared for me and would like to marry sometime. However, he thought that we should find out if we were sexually compatible before marriage. I was not about to take that chance. I did not know him well enough. I did not see how we could live together if he was in the camp. Most of all, I did not feel the love and passion that should go with marriage. We stopped seeing each other. Later, I realized that he knew the CCC Camp would be leaving the area soon and that he really was not serious about marriage. I do not recall that there was mention of love, where we would live, or how we would manage. The Civilian Conservation Camps were established, during the depression, to provide jobs for young men and work in underdeveloped areas to conserve the forests.

Employment for women up to the 1930's was very limited. The main professions were teaching, nursing and a little social work. I wanted more education, but had no money, and neither did my parents.

I really did not like housework and wanted to leave Ellington to see what was available elsewhere. I asked my sister-in-law, Faye, if she knew whether I could find work in her area, which was Farmington, Mo. Sometime in 1934, she found a job for me in Desloge, Mo. It also included house work and taking care of a small child. After a few months, I found this was no life for me and went home.

A short time later, one of our neighbors, who had a married daughter living in St. Louis, MO., came for a visit. I had been thinking of applying to Washington University's School of Nursing. I arranged a ride to St. Louis with the neighbor and stayed with her until I found a job with live-in arrangements. Again, all I could find was house work, and caring for a child, at \$3.00 per week and room and board. I made inquiries about nurses training and found that I did not have the tuition fee or money to live on. There were no scholarships either.

I was very lonely. I knew only one family, and there was no social life. I wanted more education and better security for myself. During the Christmas holidays, I sent a few Christmas cards. One was to my Uncle, Dr. Robert Lucas, my mother's brother. He and his wife lived in Kansas City, KS. I had met them when they visited my parents in Ellington and liked them. My uncle graduated from the St. Louis University College of Medicine and Surgery in 1908. I also sent a short note explaining that I was in St. Louis and was interested in getting into the school of nursing.

Turning Point

In January 1935, I was surprised to receive an invitation from my aunt and uncle, inviting me to visit them in Kansas City, KS. I accepted, and they sent bus fare which was about \$5.00. I did not know what to expect. My uncle reacted to my mention of nursing school, by saying, "over my dead body. I don't want a niece of mine going to nursing school". His reaction came from his knowledge of what kind of work nurses had to do, how hard it was, how they were treated, and how little they were paid. He asked if I would like to learn to be a medical technologist. I said I was willing to try. He arranged for me to attend classes at Bethany Hospital.

It was a wonderful surprise to find that they actually intended to have me live with them and give me opportunities. I had classes and actually worked in the laboratory during the morning hours. This was hands-on learning that I liked. My uncle had two offices. He asked me to be his receptionist at the second office during the afternoon. He paid me \$3.00 per week, which paid for my transportation (street car) and food. When he arrived at the office, about 5:00 P. M., I went to a small restaurant nearby, had something to eat (often a big bowl of chili), and then went to a WPA Business School. This meant that I again was studying typing, shorthand and bookkeeping.

My aunt and uncle had a beautiful home. Living with them opened up a whole new world to me. They expressed their love for each other, openly discussed their likes and dislikes, included me in their lives and helped me feel comfortable. They gave me opportunity to grow and encouraged me in many ways. My aunt enjoyed music and art and encouraged me to learn the popular songs of the 1930's. She encouraged me to read newspapers and novels. I sometimes went to movies with them, and other times went alone, when I was between classes and work. My uncle usually was very busy with patients at both offices. He influenced me to develop my memory. For instance, he knew the name, address and telephone number of every patient. He also knew their family members, including the names and ages of their children. He taught me his office routine and how to communicate with patients.

I learned that Uncle Bob had worked his way through medical school at St. Louis, Mo. by delivering coal to people's homes. Most homes were heated by coal. Each home had a coal shoot. Uncle Bob shoveled the coal into the coal shoot. The coal landed in a coal bin in the basement. He married Nona Burke while in medical school. She always was a big supporter, and they seemed to love each other very much. They had one son who died at age five years. They treated me as a family member. They had a very cute, small dog (don't remember her name). She was the center of their affections. The dog reciprocated. The dog and I soon bonded and enjoyed each other. Once, when my uncle had a minor injury he came home to lie down. The dog immediately climbed on the couch beside him and indicated that she understood something was wrong. She did not leave his side until he got better.

During the week, I was gone from the house from early morning until my classes ended about 9:00 PM. On weekends I helped with housework, cooking, dishes, ironing and whatever needed to be done. Uncle Bob usually was home more on weekends, so this gave us a chance to get to know each other better. Aunt Nonie liked to sew, but had difficulty making the patterns and material fit together. Uncle Bob seemed to know exactly how everything should fit together, and helped her with the sewing. I was very impressed with his ability to make the pattern and material work together and wished I could learn to do the same. I tried, but with minimal success.

There were no opportunities to meet other people my age. So, social life was limited, and I did not date. Aunt Nonie's elderly parents lived in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Uncle Bob took her to visit them. On one occasion, they invited me to go with them. This was a great opportunity that I thoroughly enjoyed. I became interested in the landscape, the changes in the scenery, the villages and towns we passed through, and the people. I thought the mountains were especially beautiful, and the cloud formations and colors were very beautiful. My uncle drove to the top of one mountain to give us a better view. I developed nosebleeds because of the altitude.

I recall two events that were interesting. Some of the population in Albuquerque was from Mexico. We explored the areas where they lived and had businesses. The bright colors of fabrics and their surroundings were very different. A Fiesta was being held, so we attended that. There was music, colorfully dressed individuals, and much gaiety.

The officials of the small village had planned a parade and asked Aunt Nonie's father, as the eldest person in the community, to ride at the head of the parade. It was quite an honor, and he enjoyed every minute of it. Aunt Nonie's parents had a jewelry and notions store, so I was invited to be a sales person while there. I found that I enjoyed traveling very much. I could appreciate the parts of the country I saw, as well as learn a little about the culture and the people.

I completed the laboratory part of the training, in 1936, and was advised that I needed at least two years of college to become certified as a medical technologist. A part of this additional training would involve learning to operate x-ray machines. My aunt and uncle discussed my going to college. My brother, Willard, was graduating from high school, and was planning to attend the University of Missouri. My uncle asked if I would like to go there also. I had always dreamed of going to college, so this was the dream of a life time for me.

I quickly agreed to go but wondered how I could manage financially. My uncle explained that he could pay my expenses, but he did not think this wise. He finally told me that he had paid for Aunt Nonie's sister to go to college. He arranged for her to live in a sorority, and sent her to Europe when she graduated. He thought they had spoiled her, had done too much for her, and she did not use the education or improve herself, as they had hoped. Instead, she married a man who worked on the railroad, and they had two children. My uncle apparently still was contributing to the support of her family, as they had a small income. He thought it would be best for me if I worked while in college. He thought my training as a laboratory technician and my business school education would enable me to get a job. He also thought I would appreciate and use my education if I did it myself. He offered to help with books, clothing, incidentals, etc.

It was now the spring of 1937. I gathered that my mother and my uncle had been corresponding, as my uncle had arranged for my aunt to accompany me to Missouri. While there, Willard and I, along with my mother's help, canned different kinds of food which we took to the university with us. My aunt drove us to Columbia, Mo. Willard obtained a room with a widow who rented rooms to other students. He took care of the coal burning furnace and did chores for her in exchange for the room. She provided a two burner hot plate, located in the basement, so he could do some cooking. The basement had a dirt floor. I also used the hot plate for cooking until I could find a more suitable arrangement.

I found a job as part receptionist and part laboratory technician at Stephens College infirmary. I drew night shift so did not have much to do. The job did not pay enough to meet my expenses. I found another job as typist and proof reader for a professor. I finally found that the National Youth Administration (NYA) provided funds for faculty to hire students. I was fortunate to obtain a position as secretary to four agricultural economists. This is how I worked my way through college. This is why the typing, bookkeeping and shorthand courses prepared me for what was ahead. I was paid 35 cents per hour. I worked every hour I could, took only 12 credit

hours per semester, and was able to earn enough to pay tuition, buy food and books, and pay for the rent of a very small apartment.

I was fortunate to have Cleo Carson as my roommate throughout college. I was her matchmaker, as I introduced her to the man she married. We kept in touch with each other until she died, from cancer, in 2001. Mr. & Mrs. George Branch were the house parents. They were remarkably adept at relating positively to students and made a pleasant place to live. The house had three stories and housed 24 college girls. It was located at 709 Hitt Street.

When I first arrived in Columbia, Mo., I was interested in learning more about religion. I attended several different churches to see what kind of services they had. I do not remember the denominations of the churches, but I do remember that I was pleasantly surprised that they approached religion in a more intellectual way. There was more explanation and interpretation of the Bible (New Testament). There was not the emotional, sensational approach that I found in Ellington. I did not join any of the churches, as I did not have sufficient income. However, I did enroll in a course entitled "Comparative Religion". I liked the course, as it gave me much food for thought. It did not give the answers, but I found that there were many approaches to religion.

Although I enrolled in courses that would advance my knowledge of medical technology, I was required to take liberal arts courses. I took courses in history of art, music appreciation, history, philosophy, cultural anthropology, modern civilization, contemporary Europe, economics, physiology, botany, some political science, chemistry, and Latin. I also took some courses called 'case work'. I found I liked the social and political sciences, and concentrated in those areas instead of medical technology.

After all of my cooking experience at home, I even took a course in the selection and preparation of foods. The class was assigned the task of planning and serving a small luncheon. One of the lessons to be learned was to time each food item so each would be ready to serve at the same time. I did not succeed, but it was a failure that has helped me over the years, as I prepare meals.

My aunt and I corresponded regularly. They moved to Medford, Oregon after my uncle retired. I visited them once while my uncle was alive. In 1965, I flew to California to visit my terminally ill sister, Ruth. I planned the return flight so I could go to Medford to see my widowed aunt. She had deteriorated physically but still was the spunky person who was interested in everything I did, was full of praise about my accomplishments and made every effort to show her love and appreciation. In one letter she wrote "I think you were a very pretty girl. Your posture was always so especially good, head up, erect as though you could look them all in the face and by cracky you have done it". She was referring to the fact that I had attained the B.A. and M.S.W. degrees, had married and had become the Director of Medical Social Services at Sparrow Hospital. My uncle Bob passed away in 1960 and Aunt Nonie passed away in 1965, shortly after my visit with her. I shall always remember and appreciate what important influences they were in my life and what a difference they made in giving me opportunity to make more of my life.

I corresponded regularly with my parents. Often both of my parents would write. When mother was unable to write, the letters were from my father. As time passed, and I did not men-

tion boyfriends or marriage, my father's letters often had a, not so subtle, question: "don't you think it is about time you got married?" I did not mention Joe, as he had not committed himself until 1942. We were married in January, 1943.

The chapter on College, Courtship, Marriage and World War II explains my life from 1937 to 1946. After obtaining both a BA degree from the University of Missouri, and a Masters degree in medical social work from Washington University, St. Louis, I was an instructor in graduate social work at the University of Missouri for a year, while Joe completed his PhD in Physiology and Biochemistry. We moved to Michigan in September 1947.

I will include information about continuing contacts with my aunt and uncle in later chapters. They were there at the right time. My parents gave me the foundation for building my life. My aunt and uncle gave me opportunity and love to fulfill my dreams. I seized the chance to move forward, and make a better life for myself.