

TIMES IS HARD AND MONEY IS SCARCE

The title used was a phrase that ran through a good many of the letters ^{LETTERS THEY ARE DATED} to my great-grandfather Joseph Rountree from relatives and friends, before and after the Civil War. *The originals handed down to me by my father.*

That title did not apply to ~~my~~ early memories of my life as far as I was concerned. ^{Our} family was ^{lovingly and} so closely knit and ^{used all the} the ingenuity with which they ^{what to keep pushed aside by} seemed to be endowed kept ^{poverty covered over with} good times, ~~and~~ simple fun ^{so} that I doubt even my mother and father were aware of real need, Mamma was the worrier and manager. I'm ^{surely} certain that Pop worried too, but he kept it to himself ^{so} as far as ^{us} we young'uns were concerned.

Our early years on that rocky forty located southwest of Springfield, Missouri must have been pure misery as far as ^{TRYING} being able to provide for four and later five people ^{Our family, for my parents} was concerned. Besides me ^{MYSELF} there was my brother, Bob, ^{MYSELF} two years older than I, and later my brother David, ten years younger; ^{and my} parents.

Until we moved into Springfield to live on Lomax Street when Pop went to work for a seed company, I only remember a ~~small~~ few ~~and~~ hazy incidents. One was when Bob and I went down the county road to the red clay mudhole in the first hollow where Bob ^{and I} threw ~~his~~ ^{while painted} ~~Potts and mugs~~ ^{called mugs} and clay marbles into the red clay puddles in the buggy and wagon tracks to see if we could find them when the mud dried up. Usually, they were stained but unbroken.

Another memory was of the Fogles. Uncle Billy was our Methodist minister ^{OUR} and Aunt Fogle (Mary) lived adjoining our orchard ^{just beside} our west line. ^{WHICH} ^{on what} was once a four-corner. Our home, the small grocery and the Fogle home, ^{with the old Rountree 2 story house} on the north side of the road. The Rountree rural school and the Cooper farm ^{across the short road to Battlefield making the four for the "corner".} Either I remember or was told that I climbed up the ladder at Aunt Fogle's porch and

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My family were so closely knit and the ingenuity with which they seemed to be endowed kept our poverty covered over with good times and simple fun that I doubt even my mother and father were aware of need. Mamma was the worrier openly; I'm certain that Pop worried too, but he kept it to himself.

Our early years on that rocky forty southwest of Springfield must have been pure misery as far as being able to provide for four people. Besides me, there was my brother, Bob, who was two years older than I, *my father and mother.*

Until we moved into Springfield to live on Lomax Street when Pop went to work for a seed company, I only remember a few scant and hazy incidents. One was of going down our road to the red clay mudhole in the first hollow where Bob and I threw his Potts and Migs and clay marbles into the clay *mud puddles in the* to see if we *buggy* could find them. *when it dried up.* *Wagon tracks* Uncle Billy and Aunt Fogle lived across our orchard on the

next place west of us. He was the Preacher and Aunt Fogle and he were not related. *Uncle Billy and Aunt Fogle had been married before (on back)* Either I remember or was told the story so often I think I remember

that I climbed up *back* the ladder at Aunt Fogle's house and stole drying peaches off her *porch*. *back* She told Mamma rather a long drawn out story about some little Nigger girl with a red cap taking her peaches, in my presence and word by word I shrunk closer and closer to Mamma's side and felt guiltier and more ashamed.

It was intended to "learn me a lesson" in morals. Imagine a good Sunday school attendant with prizes for perfect attendance being a thief! *P* That wasn't my only excursion into the depths of iniquity. My Sunday school teacher was a good

friend of Mamma and Pappa and a neighbor, Lily McElhaney. I was so enamored of a beauty pin that I slipped one into my pocket at her house. Later my mother found it and after much quizzing, I confessed and was made to return it. *2nd P of Beauty Pins were a shirt waist re one large one for the collar 2 small ones for the cuffs* *look the place* Instead of buttons.

Mostly made of gold but the more expensive ones had stones or pearls. Larger brooches were used for dress up clothes.

my first husband was named Stewart and her children were Jim and Mary Stewart. ^{and Jim went to Montpelier} They came to the train depot to meet us at Kansas City when we changed trains there enroute to Minneapolis where we again changed trains to go to Forsyth. That was in 1911. Aunt Mary Fogle was then living with her daughter. I don't remember the daughter's married name. Jim was working for Longs as an attorney. The Longs were the owners of Long Bell Co later branched to the Longview Lumber Co founders of Longview Washington. Jim drove Mom Bob David and me through the Long estate and we saw some of the racing stables and Lulu Bell Longs famous horses. We had dinner at Jim's and saw Aunty Fogle during that stop over. I saw the first American soldiers at the Kansas City Depot. They were traveling under military orders of World War I. They wore the wrapped webbing leg and flat brown campaign hats of khaki color. Long jackets and Jim Brown belts. War had been declared by Wilson on April 17-1917 after the Senate voted favorably to join the allies ~~France England and~~ the European allies. Thus on May 17th the war was just over 5 weeks old and troops were still being mobilized and moved to military bases.

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^{stop here} Aunty Fogle had been married and had two children, a son Jim and a daughter whose name I don't recall. Their father was a Stewart. After Uncle Billy died, Aunt Mary moved to Kansas City and lived with her married daughter and her son, dividing her time between the homes there. Jim brought all three to meet us at the Kansas City Depot when Mamma and we three kids went there to get to Minneapolis-St. Paul enroute from Springfield to Forsyth, Montana. We changed lines and trains twice on that long, long trip. Kansas City and St. Paul, May 18, 1917 in K. C. Jim Stewart was an attorney and worked for Longs as an attorney. The Longs were the owners of Long Bell Company, later starting a branch at Longview, Washington.

to Aunt Lily (not related -- just a term of endearment). My soul must have
through that apology
grown -- I feel I was exposed to high moral upbringing *by parents, relatives and friends,*

Insert subject beauty pins,
The days in Springfield were more pleasurable for me, at least. The first year we didn't take a horse or buggy, but had a milk cow and chickens. Some time in the fall we moved out to Pappa's brother-in-law's, Matt Greer, who was a widower at the time. He caused the first rifts in our family closeness. Mamma didn't like him and he tried to get me to quit sharing treats with Bob. I was troubled with his ideas and reported to Mamma that Uncle Matt had told me to eat all the sack of candy he had given me and not to give Bob any. *Mamma made it real w. always sh. when not a like* I can't remember how long we stayed but think it was the following spring when I was five, 1907, that we moved back to Springfield and Pappa went to work for the Frisco Railroad as a blacksmith helper.

The next five years were happy ones. Mother started organizing Larkin Clubs and Pappa brought home twenty dollars a week. We lived on Guy Street and by that time Grandma and Grandpa Day and my young aunts, Bessie and Lizzie, lived on Clay Street. Grandpa worked for the Missouri Southern Railway. I believe he was a machinist. *at the Missouri Pacific Rail Road shop.*

I was lonely with Bob in school so Mamma went to the first grade teacher and asked if she would try me to see if I might be ready for school. Rules were not strict back then, so Miss Julia Killbuck became my first grade school teacher at Campbell School. My Grandfather Rountree had given land for the Rountree School but we never lived in that district. We later attended the Rountree School in the country, the land for which my Grandfather Junius

Rountree had donated to the school district. *It was part of the land claimed from the Delaware Indians when Joseph Rountree my Great Grandfather moved to M. in 1830*
We had a horse and buggy so we could drive out to visit Grandma Norman, *named Max - a gelding,* Pop's mother, who had married "Mr. Norman," after she was widowed by Grandpa Rountree's death. Pop always referred to his step-father as "Mr. Norman." He

Jim drove Mom and we three young'uns through the Long estate and we saw some of the racing stables and Lulu Long Bell's famous race horses, the stables and exercise tracks, and tack rooms.

We went out to Jim's and had dinner with the family and Aunty Fogle.

I saw the first American soldiers at the Kansas City Depot. They were traveling under military orders of World War I. The uniforms were the khaki and the wrapped leggings were more common than the laced spat type that laced up the side. All had the felt stiff brim hats, long jackets and Sam Brown belts. War had been declared by Wilson on April 17, 1917, after the Senate voted favorably to join the "European Allies." Thus, on May the 18th the War was about five weeks old and troupes were still being mobilized and moved to military bases throughout the whole United States, but mostly to the east coast.

That's a whole jump ahead of my story.

The days spent living in Springfield were more pleasurable after we moved there, at least they were for me. The first year we didn't take a horse or buggy from the farm but did have a milk cow and chickens. Some time in the fall we moved out to Pappa's brother-in-law's, Matt Greer's farm. He was a widower whose wife was Pop's half sister, Helen Rountree.

He caused the first rifts in our family closeness. Mamma didn't like him and he tried to get me to quit sharing treats with Bob. I was troubled with the idea and told Mamma that Uncle Matt had said to eat all of the sack of candy he gave me and not give Bob any. Mamma explained that we had been taught to share and share alike so that settled that problem. I can't remember how long we stayed at Greer's but I think it was the following spring when I was five, in 1907, that we moved back to Springfield and lived at 830 Guy Street. Pappa started to work for the Frisco Railroad as a blacksmith helper.

The next five years were happy and prosperous ones. Mother started organizing Larkin Clubs and Pappa brought home twenty dollars a week to start with. Grandma and Granpa Day and my three aunts, Virgie, Bessie and Lizzie, and my youngest uncle, Bruce Day, all lived on Clay Street. Grandpa worked for the Missouri Southern Railroad. I believe he was a machinist.

I was lonely with Bob in school so Mamma went to the first grade teacher and asked if she would try me to see if I might be ready for school. Rules were not strict as to age back then, so Miss Julia Killbuck became my first grade teacher at Campbell School. My Grandfather Rountree had given land for the city Rountree School but we never lived in that District. Later when we moved back to the farm both Bob and I went to the country Rountree school. The land was part of the Delaware Indian land claimed when my great-grandfather came from Tennessee to preempt the rather extensive land holdings for himself and his grown sons.

This time we took a horse and buggy so we could drive about. The horse's name was Max, a gelding. We were able to drive to Grandma Norman's and the other relatives and go back to our old farm and neighborhood where we enjoyed attending church activities and also drove to Great-grandma Day's home at Walnut Grove.

Grandma Norman had married William Allen Norman just a year and a half after Grandfather J. M. Rountree died. His children were either married or not living with him, but my father resented the marriage. He called his step father "Mr. Norman" or "Pa Norman" and he was there for some time. I can't remember him at all. After his death, Aunt Lena Breedlove Marshall (Pop's older half sister) and Uncle Fred Marshall moved into Grandma's home and there was some agreement that the three youngest would work out an arrangement that gave Pappa and Mamma the 40 acres we farmed, Uncle Bert and Aunt

Lena had half of the 40 acres next to Grandma's and Aunt Lena had the use of the 20 acres where Grandma lived for her life time. One of the stipulations was that the timber on our 40 was to be harvested to pay for building both our house and Uncle Bert's. Mostly oak and hard wood was milled and traded for soft finished lumber. The out buildings and sheds were roofed over with split oak shakes, or linters as we called them.

There were so many cousins who seemed to make Grandma's home the gathering place, and every one felt so welcome. The farm produce of fruit, vegetables, poultry, pork and milk provided a bountifully set table for the aunts, uncles and cousins by the dozens as well as other relatives and many, many friends.

It was while we lived on Lomax Street that Mamma got smallpox and then Bob also had it. I had a few pox marks but was never really sick. Pappa was working and had to stay out of the house. He would bring us groceries and supplies and then go across the street and sleep in a converted railroad box car that the owners used for railroad men to "batch" in, or for sleeping rooms when they boarded with the family. In those days it was a common practice for anyone with a contagious disease as serious as typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox or cholera to be packed off to the pest house. The reputation of such places was so bad they were feared worse than death -- if you didn't die of the disease, you would die of the conditions existing in the "pest house."

Thus, the fact that we were ill with smallpox was kept secret. Uncle Bruce Day, Mamma's youngest brother had had a vaccination just the past year so he came and nursed us and cooked the meals. I escaped with one deep scar. Mamma and Bob used boiled linseed oil to rub on their scars and all of them cleared up without leaving permanent scars. We were one happy family to have that ordeal over and Pappa was so glad to be home with the family.

While we were sick he milked the cow and put the pail of milk on the back porch after he saved some for himself. He lived mostly on milk and crackers, bologna and canned fruit from the fruit cellar. The kind people where he slept across the street fed him some good hot meals.

In that ime if you had been vaccinated once, it was supposed to last all your life if the vaccination "took." In other words, if it formed a scab.

After we moved to Guy Street the butcher that had a one-man shop on the way to Pappa's work would sell Pop a quarter's worth of round steak, a whole round by the way. A half a stick of bologna about 2½ inches in diameter cost a dime. The butcher would give him a package of liver and a soup bone. So for about a dollar we had meat for the whole week as it was "chicken every Sunday." We did have our own cured and fresh pork from the share cropper on our farm.

I never knew there was any way to cook steak except to chicken fry it and my mother cooked it to a crisp but delicious brown, and oh that good milk gravy. We almost always had fresh baking powder biscuits or corn bread to sop in the gravy as well as potatoes to pour it over. We didn't have nearly enough fresh vegetables in the wintertime. Tomatoes were easy to can but we mostly threaded green beans on strings and then boiled them in a black cast-iron pot until they were dead, as we did most of the fresh greens we picked wild in the spring. We always had lots of apples, canned fruit, turnips, cabbage, and sweet potatoes. They were kept in the cellar with the canned fruit, sourkraut, pickles, pickled stuffed peppers and preserves in crocks sealed with wax or parafine, when wax was too costly.

Sweet potatoes usually kept until February or March but not into the late spring. Those that did keep were cut into pieces each with an eye and sprouted in the hotbeds for new plants for the new crop.

The hotbeds were filled with a foot of horse manure and a six inch cover of good soil from the wood lot. Pappa always managed to have all the plants he needed for our own use and for the truck garden we grew for market so we could have some early money for the things we needed. In town and at the farm the procedure was the same -- grow all you can and sell or share with relatives, neighbors and friends. It was a barter type of exchange and always try to give more than you got.

Pappa and Mamma always planted by (the signs of) the moon. Root crops in the dark and top crops by the light of the moon (first half to full). The sweet peas had to be planted on St. Valentines day or they wouldn't bloom by the end of May.

All the things that could be dried or needed to be stored in a warm dry place were taken to the attic and placed on a boarded over area next to the chimney. There was dried corn, popcorn, pumpkin cut in a continuous circle with a broomstick stuck through it suspended by wires from the rafters. Onions were tied by the tops, hung on barbed wire hooks as were the dried strung green beans. The dried fruit, apples, peaches and persimmons were hung in small sugar and salt cloth bags, as were the dry lima beans and a few of the Kentucky Wonder beans that were allowed to ripen. All the seed corn was stored there because the cribs were not rat proof. We had a good rat dog but the rats were too prolific to ever catch all of those wastrels.

No one of us went to a doctor unless it became absolutely imperative. I remember twice when I was taken for treatment, once when I stepped on a large fish bone that went entirely through my instep, and once when a sharp piece of broken door pane fell on the top of my head and made quite a gash. This was while we were living on Guy Street and had become semiprosperous. I never ~~saw~~ saw another doctor until I was married and expecting my first child.

Mamma had a doctor when David was born. The doctor came to the house. Bob and I were sent to the neighbor's for the night and although I was ten years old, I was told that the doctor had brought my baby brother in his little black satchel. I had no trouble believing it as I apparently had no curiosity about babies and where they came from then.

More about doctors. Pappa had a very bad cut on his instep while he was getting the farm ready for us to move back to in 1912 but he cleaned the cut out with turpentine and used gauze treated with iodine. It was called Iodaform. We always had liniments for the use of humans and animals. We had Lightening salve Mother used for her catarrh. She would dig out a chunk the size of a small pea and swallow it and also rub it on her neck and throat, then wrap a cotton sock or stocking around it to sleep. Horrible smelling stuff -- thick and almost black in color.

Even when Pappa was accidentally shot with a .22 rifle by a boy friend of Bob's who was visiting for the day. I have forgotten his name but he lived as a neighbor boy from Guy Street and was out for Thanksgiving. The .22 shot went all the way through Pappa's thigh and fell inside his overall leg. Pappa cleaned the wound, treated the hole and made a homemade crutch himself. He took the boy back to Springfield at the end of the visit and assured his parents that the child had not realized the dangers of climbing through a barbed wire fence with a loaded gun.

David had to be taken to the doctor several times as an infant because he should have been circumcised and finally was at the age of two. Circumcision was not a common practice as far as I can gather. I seem to remember that an office call or a house call cost \$2.00. I am sure the call at the time David was born cost \$5.00.

There were lots of home remedies used. Sassafras tea, sulphur and molasses were common spring tonics. A practice of the time was the wearing of assafoetida bags to ward off contagious diseases, and oh how we hated the terrible stench from those things hung around our necks with twine string -- under our cloths so the heat from our bodies would make the odor work its magic. I always wondered why the adults didn't need to wear the nasty stinking bags. Were they immune? I rebelled and took mine off. Bob was an obedient child and wore his.

Chills were called ague and the cure was tea of Peruvian bark from which quinine was later manufactured. All in all, the family were a healthy bunch other than Mamma's chronic catarrh, now called bronchitis, and her horrible sick headaches. We had our share of common colds, whooping cough, measles and upset stomachs but an earache was the bane of my own existence. Pappa would smoke a pipe and blow the smoke into my ear or Mamma would heat some sweet oil and drop it into the ear, or warm it in a teaspoon and pour it into the ear and put a piece of cotton wadded up to hold the oil from dripping and let me lie on a warmed flannel cloth.

Uncle Fred was a traveling salesman for the Canton Bridge Company and was on the road a lot so Grandma Norman and the Marshall children as well as Uncle Bert Rountree and Pappa helped out. When Sunday dinner was finished about one thirty or two o'clock, Pappa and Grandma Norman would walk around the farm while they had a private talk. I know, and am sure the others knew, that my Pop was Grandma's "special child" besides being the baby of his family. I, too, basked in the special treatment by my "big" Grandma, having been born a preemie and kept on being small for my age. My size precluded being one of the girls and my sex didn't bode well for boy things, although I was agile and quick and a true "Tom Boy." The loving, ample bosom of my Grandma was my haven and although

I never liked the pink wintergreen mints she proffered as a remedy for not belonging, I was the privileged one to share them with her.

Grandma Bennett was living with the family of Aunt Lena, she being Uncle Fred's widowed and remarried and rewidowed mother. She was "tiny" Grandma, a mere wisp of a shy quiet little wren, always busy with mending and hand sewing. Grandma Bennett never entered into the political or other discussions but was a cheerful and sweet little home body. Her hands were never idle. She did nap in the afternoon as she wasn't strong. She never complained. She pieced quilts and quilted, mended the clothing and made beautiful cross stitch gingham aprons and smocked pillows and clothing.

The other members of the family were my cousins Frank, Edith, Freda, Kathryn, John and Murray Marshall. Baby Ruben had died at an early age from a tragic accident -- something to do with scalding in a tub of very hot water left on the floor.

Uncle Bert and Aunt Susie Rountree, with their daughters Faith and Ruth, lived on the other half of the forty acre farm that the family had an agreement about wherein my Pappa took the forty acres near the old Junius Rountree Indian land preemption where the Rountree Spring is located, and the county Rountree school is located; and Uncle Albert would have the forty acres that had been Grandma Norman's and allow her and Aunt Lena to live there on twenty acres during their lifetimes. Misunderstandings and family differences later led to considerable unhappiness between the Marshalls and Uncle Bert and Aunt Susie. This was after Grandma Norman's death and I believe more so after Aunt Lena's death.

I digressed from the merriment of those home gatherings only to put proper perspective on the attitude of My Grandmother toward her youngest son, my father, and toward his favored child, me. I believe one of the special families among our cousins were the Greer family, the son and daughters of my father's youngest

half sister, Helen Rountree Greer and Matt Greer. I was named for the eldest, Paulene Ethel and for mother's youngest sister, Lizzie Irene Day Mohl. Besides Paulene, there were Leslie, who was my father's age, John and Nellie, Mamie and Lulia or Lulu, I'm not sure of the spelling. There were the Wilhoits, Rush and Roy, probably others, lots of Rogers but I can't remember their names. All were very good singers. There was a piano at Aunt Lena's and Kathryn was a very good pianist so there was lots of singing at family gatherings. All enjoyed reading the current publications -- the discussions were interesting. The Marshalls and my cousins, Ruth and Faith, as well and brother Bob and I, all attended the Southwest Teachers Normal School for the ninth and tenth grades. The families were avid in their pursuit of education.

Uncle Fred was a very jolly man. He mimicked the German accent of the St. Louis people he dealt with and told jokes in German accent. Of course, this was before World War I when there was no bias against the Germans. He usually had good cigars and although it was against the family religion, he had a bit of beer. My father, too, imbibed, but not around the family and not often as we could not afford such luxury. Grandma would now and then see that a cigar or so got put into Pappa's pocket. Other goodies such as raisins and coconut also got into our "things" when we picked up to go home, along with magazines and books, or Uncle Fred's partially worn or outgrown suits, underwear and shirts for Mamma to make over for Pappa or Bob and later David.

Grandma was the midwife to Mamma when I was born, May 21, 1902. Pop had gone to work in Hazeltine's orchard and stopped by to tell her that Mamma wasn't feeling too good and by the time he got home from work that night I had been born, two months prematurely, which seemed to be the reason I was so slow to grow and mature. Maybe those circumstances had something to do with my feeling that I was Grandma's favorite among the grandchildren.

Grandma Norman was thoroughly capable in many facets of life. She was a wise person about nature, politics, economics and while not formally educated was an avid reader. She demanded little but received all the love and respect from relatives and friends near and far. Her brothers were doctors and professional men; one was a lawyer. Her sisters had married, one living in Oklahoma and one in the Imperial Valley where they farmed on a wide scale having irrigation and producing crops the year around. Grandma Norman was always ready to nurse or help with childbirth in the community and for families or relatives.

When we left the farm to move to Springfield, we had rented the place to Art Gardner who was a crippled man and not too ambitious. The terms included a share of the harvested crops, apples, wood and pork. His wife was sickly and later died of "consumption" (tuberculosis). The folks had taken one or two cows, a buggy horse, Max, some chickens, a sow and the buggy so we were living "in town" but had the advantages of farm produce to add to the family provender. The Gardners were share croppers. Pappa always had a soft heart and lots of sympathy for anyone in need, hence the Gardners got our little forty to ~~live~~.

Sunday dinner was traditionally chicken, usually roasted with stuffing and gravy with mashed potatoes. Mother "worked up" a milk route where we young'uns delivered the unprocessed milk in syrup or lard buckets, the lids being punctured in a circular pattern with a nail and a clean cloth under the cover. Mamma was a stickler for cleanliness. Those milk utensils were sweet and clean like all her utensils. We delivered strictly in our own neighborhood. On the corner on the opposite side of the street lived "our butcher", Mr. Rathburn, a big man of German extraction who kept two or more St. Bernards as watch dogs for the butcher shop and for his partially invalided wife. We were terrified of

the deep voices of those dogs and both Bob and I tiptoed our way past the Rathburn corner on the west side of the street and then broke into a run as if for our lives once we were past a certain point and believed ourselves safe. That chore done we were free to play in our block but other than driving the cows, ours and others we picked up along the way, to Fastknight's pasture through "nigger town" and across the creek by the slaughter house and dump, we were restricted to an area of about 4 blocks as to meandering away from home.

One of the neighbors had a son and daughter that were named Teed (or Tee Dee) and Psyche Doneke. Those names were so mellifluous that the repetition of Teed and Psyche Doneke rolled off my tongue like a special magical chant. I used it for a skip-rope rhyme, just saying those four words over in skip and a half time, or skip, hop, skip, hop, skip, hop, skip.

My first nickname was given me by a neighbor boy on Guy Street. Lloyd Jones was a year or so younger than I and had suffered a severe arm injury in a fall on a shed in his back yard. It developed into a bone infection and we children were encouraged to play indoors with him. On being teased about another little neighbor girl, Mary Ida, Lloyd retorted, "Not Mary Ida my girl, but Asol," and Asol I was for some time, much to my embarrassment.

Our local Mom and Pop grocery was run by the Gideons, the lady's name was Mae, the husband's I don't recall. Later the couple who ran it were former vaudeville people named Taft. We young'uns were fascinated by them. The man was a ventriloquist and the lady wore a wig. They were kindly people and we spent the tobacco tags from Pappa's plug chewing tobacco there. Ten would buy a penny candy. It was just one more thing to make our childhood more fun.

Back of us was a moving and storage warehouse. The pigeons were a constant source of trouble to the owners and they allowed their boys to shoot the birds

with .22 shorts. One summer afternoon I was playing in our side front yard on a light-weight quilt and felt a sting on my back. I thought it was a bee sting and ran into the house crying. Mamma came out to comfort me and get me back to playing and there on the quilt was a spent .22 bullet. Wow! What a commotion. Mother waited for Pappa to come home from work and they went to the owners of the warehouse and lectured them about the dangers of plunking away. My regret was that I wasn't allowed to go along to hear the real "chewing out." The shooting stopped.

The Breedloves were Bob's boy friends. They may have been related to Grandma Norman's first husband but we weren't aware of it. When we first moved to Guy Street, Pappa was working on the Frisco Railroad as a blacksmith's helper and he was a beautiful, well proportioned, heavily muscled "Greek God" as far ^{as} we two children were concerned. We met him at the end of the block in front of the Breedlove home and Bob was so excited he sort of stammered out, "Tee hee, hi Pop." The Breedlove boys used that to greet Bob with and also taunted him in lots of ways because they were two against one. On at least one occasion they had Bob down in the street and I joined in the affray, hitting both boys on the head with a donie (fist sized rock). I wanted to see my brother get a fair shake and my feisty nature took over. I had a sense of false bravery and enjoyed it no end. We continued to be good friends of the Breedlove's two boys, one was Glenn, the younger one's name I have forgotten.

My only girl friend on the block was Isabel Crowder. There was another girl but she had to practice on the piano and seldom played outside, and almost never out of her yard. They had a phonograph and one record I remember was "Red Wing". I memorized and sang it whenever I heard it through the open window on summer days or evenings.

In the later part of our five year stay on Guy Street, I was allowed to take Pappa hot lunch at noon. Dressed in my starched summer dress, I sat with Pop and his blacksmith and learned to play pinochle. My pride in Pappa was unbounded -- he was a kind, happy, loving man. The families, both Pop's and Mamma's did not believe in cards and we did not have cards in the home until I was somewhere near ten years old. They were kept hidden for the most part. Pappa taught us to play casino, pitch and fan-tan. Mother seldom joined in the games.

Mother decided to help with the finances and started Larkin Clubs. The idea was to get ten one dollar orders from a group of ten members. The ten orders gave her coupons worth ten dollars and she organized several clubs, I think ten in all. The gifts were quite worthwhile. Some of them included a gilt framed wall mirror that was about four feet long, oval and about two and one-half feet wide, and had a beveled plate glass mirror. My niece, Myrna Kay Rountree Hanley who lives near Plevna, Montana still has it in her living room. A chair that was curved veneer oak rocker and the first of several new pieces of furniture; and a rug that was a floral pattern Brussels for the "front room". About that time she traded the old foot pump organ for our new used mahogany veneer piano and a round stool that had a screw gear to raise and lower, with brass and glass claw feet, 4 legged. I started taking lessons from Mrs. Jones, Lloyd's mother. Mamma played hymns and the "Over the Waves" waltz. I don't think she ever took music lessons but was able to read music because when she was a young lady, both she and Pop went to "singing school." Mamma had a "good voice" and Pop sang tenor when there was anyone to carry the "tune."

Start, Start - Singing school was ~~where my parents met~~. I'm not sure of the place. Mamma

lived in the area of Republic, Missouri, and Pappa close to Nichols, Missouri. about 5 mile distance with many small towns schools and churches dispersed between. Horse and buggy, saddle horses or ~~foot~~ hoofing depending on the availability of vehicle. Courtships necessitated a vehicle.

itinerary
~~usually vacationing~~ Teachers *when on vacation.*

The singing teachers traveled about the country ~~and~~ *wherever* would hold lessons wherever he, or she, could recruit enough pupils ~~to~~ *where* pay one dollar for the course. A ~~course~~ *of lessons* consisted of ten lessons ~~and~~ classes were held once a week in the ~~evenings~~ *wherever a church, school or residence could accommodate the 10 or more*. It was a social event ~~and~~ *to* the ~~family~~ *young* young folk attended, ~~the~~ *men* giving opportunity for single ~~men~~ *young* men and women to meet under accepted social conditions.

By the time I was growing up, the schools were teaching music, vocal that is, so singing schools were no longer held in the part of Missouri where we lived.

We still attended pie suppers, box socials, church quarterly conferences and *church* dinner on the grounds, ~~and~~ *where even we sang.* other church social events, ~~and~~ school spelling bees and debates. Literary societies were dying out *(see hand written page)*

Some of the songs that were sung by my folks were what we now call folk music. *These were orally handed down through the early years.* One I remember was a sort of lullaby:

Go ter sleep, ma little pickaninny
Mammy going' ter ~~swat~~ *catch* ya if ya done' (don't)
Rest on da bres of yer old Mammy Jenny
Fox a goin' to catch ya if ya done'. (don't)
Lu a lu a lu a lua luuuu aaaa
Underneath tha silver southern moon
Rockaby, hushaby, Mammy's little baby
Mammy's lil Alabammy coon.

This was sung rocking time and patting rhythmically. On the "fox a goin' ter catch ya", a hand movement clutched the rib section of the rocked child. A swat was accompanied by an extra harder pat on the rear which went with the "Mammy ~~was~~ *catch* goin' ter ~~swat~~ *Gradually rocking more slowly, voice more softly until the rock child fell asleep.* ya." I sang and rocked all my six children to that lullaby.

Another that I have never heard sung quite the way Pappa sang it was "Susan Jane."

Susan Jane an' a my Aunt Sally
Both lived down by the shinbone alley
Number on tha gatepost, name on tha door
First white house by the grocery store.

Chorus:

Sambo put that banjo down
Hogs is in the garden rootin' up the ground
Chase that yaller dog out in the rain
An' milk that cow for Susan Jane

Susan Jane, she's a nice an' fat 'n
Black in the face as my old hat.
'er eyes bug out and' 'er nose bugs in
'n 'er under lip hangs down under 'er chin.

I realize that this is called ethnic now, but to us it was just nice
comfortable pleasant ^{usable} entertainment.

We also used the words to Missouri Waltz as a lullaby.

I can't say that my folks were not bigots.' They were. Even more prejudiced in that time and place than most northerners. Remember we were on the Mason Dixon line, white Anglo-Saxon protestant, and the "niggers" were at times considerately called "colored folk," but only when face to face. Catholics were considered "heathen idol worshippers" and the ignorant or unschooled were "poor white trash" or red necks. ~~and~~ These beliefs were held in common with the majority of the border states. We were warned not to be in "nigger town" after dark and not to associate with the colored folks except when necessary. Pappa would go into detail about the lynching of several negroes who were first hung then shot full of bullets and burned in the public square in Springfield. He

stressed the fact that no nigger was seen in the white part of town at that time. The blacks stepped off the sidewalks into the gutter as they were expected to do when meeting whites. Downcast and humble and a great show of respect. No wonder they felt degraded. They certainly were just that.

Slop
We saved dishwater and what we called "slop" -- potato and fruit peels and vegetable trimmings -- for an old black man who gathered it twice a week. It was poured into a large wooden barrel and covered by an old washtub. Since we had no sewer ~~nor~~ cesspool or septic tank, and flies were bad, it was a convenience to have the slop hauled away.

We bought very few things in tin cans and those were mostly salmon and a very few sardines. There was no garbage problems as such.

Spices, tea and coffee we bought at the Tea Garten store, and the coffee and tea were in paper containers. Crackers came in huge wooden boxes and we used a lot of them in potato soup and with milk for milk and crackers. Salmon croquettes were a special treat. Crackers were used to make the salmon stretch further and then we ate the cold leftovers as sandwiches with crackers instead of bread. We used crackers for our lunches in the buggy or wagon. We ate in the hitch yard in downtown Springfield. Bologna and cheese were the other fillings. *A true treat for we did not make cheese ~~was~~ had only fresh chicken or cured bacon ham and sausage cooked and layered in.*

Coffee was almost always bought in the bean and hand ground with the box type grinder. Some of the larger stores had the large grinders although they were hand turned my parents were wary as they believed that not as much coffee came out as went in. Arbucles coffee was the brand I remember most, at that time. The folks also thought that fresh hand ground coffee had a better aroma and flavor than store ground. We never bought more than five pounds of coffee at a time and seldom that much. Our usual purchase was one pound. It was in bulk in tin bins with a sloped lid ~~and~~ those bins were decorated and had a *the far it was tried in.*

brand name on them unless the coffee was purchased at wholesale without a brand name. Then only gold letters "Coffee" or black with gold was on the lid.

We had a good living while Pop was working for the railroad. He worked ten or twelve hours a day, six days a week, and brought home first twenty dollars a week and later twenty-two. The only holidays were the 4th of July, Thanksgiving, and Christmas; no one worked on Sundays at the "shops." Paydays were on each Saturday when we almost always went to the square to shop and have a treat of peanuts, fruit or candy. There was a "Nickelodeon" where peep machines were coin operated and other attractions that we had to pay for, mostly a penny or a nickle. The entrance fee was five cents. In the center of the floor was a raised platform I believe was about twenty feet square. Performers used it to do their acts and if the public approved coins were put into a wicker basket or upturned hat. I am quite sure that I watched "Blind Boone" play the violin there. Those attractions were free for our five cent admission ticket.

Some vaudeville acts performed at the Nickelodeon, mostly singles or occasionally a duo or even a threesome. Sometimes they were from a vaudeville circuit that had missed a booking and were earning money while they were unemployed.

We went to the theatres to see vaudeville and theatrical plays. Some of the small theatres had small companies do things like "Shepherd of the Hills," "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and farce comedy as well as lesser known plays. The vaudeville was never blue or if it encompassed double entendre I was too naive to catch it. I sometimes wondered why the audience laughed so no doubt I was a "green-horn."

Harold Bell Wright's books were set locally within about fifty miles and were strictly Ozark folk life so the books and plays were very interesting to all of us.

Theatre admission was ten cents and children under twelve free. A character actor and master of ceremonies was a "captain Peabody" who performed song and dance acts as well as introducing the other acts on the program. I think one of my cousins was a member of his troupe or did a dance act. Her name was Ruby Rountree who was about ten years older than I. Captain Peabody had a daughter who was about ten or so with long blond curls; she did tap dancing, posed in the popular "tableaus" that were so popular then. The spot lights were colored and made even plain girls into lovely adorable personalities. The costumes were clean and I was fascinated by the whole bit. Lady singers wore tight corsets and lots of feathers. Some black-face was done but mostly by comedy duos or a few character actors.

Pappa's employment with the Frisco Railroad was a prosperous time for our family. We had and did many things that farm people had neither the money, time or availability to do. However, I know Pop was happy to go back to his farm and to be able to take time out of the day for living. It was in the spring of 1912 after my baby brother David was born, March 9, that we finally got ready for the move. Mother was not at all well and it must have been the middle of April before we put the new baby and the big oval mirror on the back seat of the surrey with the fringe on the top, with Mother driving, Bob and me sitting in the back with said mirror, and David and the house plants all over the front, we started that trip back to live at the farm. Pappa had hauled the last of the plunder that morning and had to set up the kitchen range so we could eat supper back on the farm. He had hauled all the other things that we didn't need the days before and all the chickens and the cow were already there. Pappa had every thing in place ready for those last things to be put in their places. Mother hung the green velvet chenille portiers in the double doorway between the kitchen-dining room and the parlor and the precious mirror

was hung. The china placed on the sideboard and the linens stored in the bureau and kitchen cabinet. Mother was very proud of her beautiful glass pieces and the china that was either heirlooms from her and Pop's families or had been bought at special sales at Woolworths or at the Tea Garten prize section. Some things I still have.

I inherited Mamma's collecting habit but I'm really glad I never threw anything away and was able to hang onto as many things as I have to hand on to my children.

Mamma collected so many things like canaries, love birds or parakeets, house plants, pretty or unusual rocks, hand craft tools like knitting and crochet needles, rug hooks, tatting bobbins and buttons by the hundreds. There were old paper patterns and crochet and knitting patterns, recipes, household hints and scrap books besides the hundreds of old magazines that had to be moved from place to place. Mamma always thought she would have time someday to clip the poems and the other things to complete stacks and stacks of scrap books.

Back to moving back to the farm. Pappa had started cutting fence posts and getting ready to move as soon as Mother was able to stand the extra work. Her pregnancy and the chronic bronchitis had her badly worn down and very thin and weak. During the post cutting he had sharpened his axe to a razor edge and had the misfortune to miss the post or have the axe glance off and split his upper instep about two inches long and deep enough that he should have had it stitched up, but he was not earning any wages and no money coming in so he made crutches out of saplings with a crotch and mended the cut shoe and went right on with the work.

Our new baby was a real delight to all of us. We worshipped him with his almost red curly hair and rosy cheeks. He got quite spoiled and we enjoyed doing that to him. He was a happy loving child and grew up to be a loving,

brilliant and very precocious man. Only after he was old enough to tag along did I ever once resent him. Bob and I were truly children of the woods, field and stream. Pappa taught us to fish, hunt and recognize all the birds and wildlife as well as the plants and trees. We called quail and watched them brood their clutches of eggs and the twelve to twenty baby bob-white chicks. After I started taking care of David and either had to take him with us or stay at the house I was slowed down from the old pattern of roaming the hills and it wasn't the fun it had been before he got to the stage he could be outside and was no longer nursing.

Bob and I went to parties together and to school affairs with each other. I had a built-in escort. We stuck together and were very loyal no matter what the situation. I got spanked at school when I was in the sixth grade and deserved it, but I was so ashamed that I lied to my folks and said I hadn't deserved the spanking. Bob backed me up, so Mamma went to the school just across the road and was very cross with the innocent teacher. The teacher wasn't liked by the parents or the children and only stayed that year.

My sixth grade teacher at the county Rountree school was Rose O'Neal, but the school board learned that she was Catholic so was asked to leave. She was very young and beautiful and we kids didn't like her to go. The teacher who followed was the one who spanked me. Our seventh grade teacher was Edna Tiffany, a red haired, prim, good, young teacher who instilled a love of learning in almost all the pupils. She inaugurated sewing and model making, and also allowed the parents to bring things to school for hot lunches at noon. The pot belly stove was used to heat or cook whatever was available.

✓ The first spring back on the farm in 1912 must have been pretty much the period for us when "Times is hard and money is scarce." Pappa had mortgaged the farm for \$800 but he had been out of work most of the winter. He bought a

team of horses, a beautiful sorrel mare with foal. Her name was Maud and she was high spirited and nervous. He got an old barren mare we called Kate who must have been afflicted with worms or some disease. She was slabsided, thin and had a ridge for a backbone. I was allowed to ride her because she was too tired to move unless prodded and I learned to kneel on the sides of that sharp bone to keep from being split in two. We had the old buggy but Pappa bought a surrey. It was second-hand and the top soon went to pieces, but it was so roomy for the whole family and we felt quite scrumptious. We never had curtains for it so only used it in summer, mostly to take the truck garden things to market in the early mornings. Bob, Mamma and I would shell lima beans -- only we called them butter beans -- polish tomato^s and arrange them, or sort and box the wild gooseberries and blackberries while we drove those nine miles to the truck market to be there by five a.m. Mamma had a reputation for having good "truck" so we always got top price. We had regular customers for our butter and eggs. They were delivered after the truck was sold. One customer wanted her butter sweet (without salt) and always invited Mamma and we kids to come in and set a while. Her husband was a tailor so I suppose they were Jewish. I don't remember any bias about Jews from my folks. Probably because there weren't that many of them in the area. The expression of trying to Jew some down on a price was a common saying. We dealt with one Greek family who ran a fruit stand in downtown Springfield. The trips to town almost always meant a treat of some sort if only the rat cheese or bologna which were not a part of our usual home diet.

In better days when we could spare the money we went to a small restaurant and for a dime could have a bowl of soup, or a piece of fried fish or even a piece of pie. I always chose lemon meringue. Bob and Pappa sometimes went to

the Busy Bee lunch counter where they could buy chile con carne. Neither Mamma nor I liked the hot food and thought it too spicy.

Once when David was about three, Pappa took him to the Busy Bee and because David didn't talk too plainly he kept repeating "brown finger and a busy boo". All of us tried to figure out what he was talking about and finally Bob remembered the chef-waiter had a brown finger stall, that this was what David was saying, "a brown finger at the Busy Bee." He also used some other quite unusual words such as "bithibo" for elbow, and "bellet" for belt; "tehup" was his word for turnip.

Because David didn't always like the food we had for lunch or because he needed other food, Mamma would buy one orange or a dime's worth of small vanilla wafers, round cookies; now and then Bob and I would be given a section of orange or a single cookie. We never begrudged David that extra treat. We wanted him to be special. He was our baby too.

The first year back on the farm in 1912 we had to wait for the "truck" to start bringing in extra money, except for the cash that we had for the extra eggs and butter we were able to peddle.

After the initial outlay for the horses, another cow, two brood sows and the farm machinery that Pappa bought at farm sales we still had to live and no doubt those were really tough times from April through May. We picked rocks and hauled them to a deep hollow on the back forty. Pappa dug a pond near the barn and did it with a small scoop and the light team. Our well was about the length of a city block away from the house. We pulled the water up by rope and pulley with a pail and carried it to the house by hand. Pappa had dug the well years earlier. He winched the dirt up with a pulley and Mamma dumped the dirt then lowered the pail back down to Pappa. What drudgery. After he hit the underground stream, he dug a bowl and then lined the wall about four or five feet up and then made a platform with 12 inch oak boards to have a place to hold the buckets of butter, milk and other dairy stuff that needed to be cool in hot summer weather.

The ground platform was about 8 feet square and the well curb about 4 feet square. Two posts held the roof and the ~~brace~~ held the two pulleys, one for drawing water and a smaller one to lower and lift the larger pail with the dairy things for cooling, also watermelon when they were ripe. The old Rountree Spring was much cooler but it was also further from the house and the place where it was located was sometimes rented. Some summer days when the homestead house was empty we would carry the dairy things to the big Rountree Spring across the road. There was a cave that the water flowed through before it fell into the pool below and then formed a "Spring Branch." The limestone cave was not really large but it was so cool dairy things like milk, eggs, cream and butter kept well there and the animals never bothered them as we weighted the shaped board covers with heavy rocks. No small livestock was pastured there and the cattle could drink in the stream without climbing the rocks. When it was time to skim the milk Mamma would take lard pails and small tin pails. Put the cream in the lard pails cover them with tin punched covers and leave them until churning time. We would then take the skimmed milk which still had lots of cream in it to the house to use. Those were covered with clean distowels or sugar sacks to keep out the bugs or other falling debris.

When we moved back to the farm I was in the third grade but the following fall we had a new teacher. I was bored with the school as it was far behind the city schools and being a daring-do I always figured nothing ventured, nothing gained, she could only say yes or no. She said try and if you keep up with the class I have no reason to hold you back. So Bob and I were in the same grades from then on. It made it quite convenient for us to start high school together. Mamma had applied for our admission to Normal School training school when we were in the seventh grade. At that time tuition was charged to attend the city high schools and we hadn't a ghost of a chance of doing that

while we were scratching a living off that rocky clay soil forty. Bob and I drove nine miles to get to school and were so happy to be able to go to school beyond the eighth grade.

Mamma rented a shed where we kept the horse stabled and the buggy out of the weather. Pappa had bought a new rubber tired buggy with a storm curtain and Bob got a pair of driving mitts. They had a separated fore finger and thumb and the other three fingers were in the mitt part. It was made of shorn sheepskin with the wool inside on the lower part and had a fleece lined high cuff or gauntlet with the wool on the outside. They were dyed black and were very warm. We had them long after we moved to Montana. The storm curtains were fastened with grommets and spring hinged points. A plastic opening in the front with a slit window enabled the reins to pass through to the driver. The slit window had a cover that hung over it to protect us from the wind and rain or snow.

With the rear glass window and the side isinglass the storm enclosure made the winter trips much more comfortable. We were lucky that the horse was a good trotter and didn't require a whip to keep her going at a good clip. She was young and eager and needed only voice commands to keep her on the pace we would have gone had the whip been available. Queen was considered Bob's horse. It was not a gift but just his to claim as were the others like mine which I thought of as my own horse.

Queen was the only buggy horse we young'uns were allowed to drive. Maud was too faunchy (nervous and spirited). For instance a railroad track crossed the small stream we forded on the way to Springfield and ran along side the road for some distance both before and after the overpass above our dirt road. The buggy horses were allowed to stop at the stream ford and drink the good fresh water. If we had been near or under that underpass with Maud hitched to the

buggy we neither of us would have been able to control the high-spirited Maud. Queen, on the other hand, would just raise her head and snort and go back to drinking or on down the road. Old Kate was so slow we would have been on the road twice as long. She was always a bag of bones and we didn't like to have her hitched to the buggy. I doubt that she was driven to anything but the wagon or other farm machinery like a plow or harrow or the scraper and double cultivator. Pappa hand scythed all the grain crops and hand tied all the grain. The corn was hand cut and shocked. Bob was allowed to shock oats and tie millet. The hay was red clover and timothy for both cattle and horses. We had no grain threshed.

When the early fall days were hot and dusty, Bob and I dreaded the almost hub deep red clay dust. It sifted up over us and the half hour it took to drive out of that was miserable. The faster you drove the more dust you raised and although I had a linen duster our hair and faces must have been pretty bad. Flies bothered the horses too so they were constantly switching their tails. We never afforded a fly net for our horses. They must have either been too costly or didn't really do that much good. In the later fall after the rains came and during the winter when the ground would be frozen, or later in the damp spring was when we really could make time. Usually, it was about an hour's time for the trip all the way across Springfield outskirts to the Normal School.

Our buggy shed was just across the street from the then single building that was the Normal School which is now Southwest Missouri State College. When the winter got too cold we kept a lighted kerosene lantern under the lap robe to keep our legs warm in the more severe weather. Otherwise, the warmed bricks wrapped in blanket scraps or pieces of old coats was the foot warmer.

One winter day when the temperature dropped to a record 9 degrees below zero the single tree snapped and we were without any sort of tool to do anything

about it. I stayed in the buggy while Bob walked about a quarter of a mile or so to a stranger's house and borrowed a pair of pliers and some bailing wire. Bob mended the single tree and then we drove to the home to return the pliers with a grateful thank you and were in turn lectured that our parents should know better than to let us go out in such severe weather. Neither Bob nor I were too happy about our folks being criticised as we knew they had trusted us to be capable of going to school and facing whatever came up. That night we spent the night in town with the Bill Doss family. The folks naturally worried about us and were concerned that we had been in serious trouble. The only other time when we spent the night in town at the home of a friend of the family was when there was a freezing rain storm that turned all the streets and roads to ice. Queen was not ice shod so we had no choice.

School was always a pleasure and we had a good liberal education in the elementary grades. In Springfield we were separated into grades and only studied the prescribed subjects for those grades. In the country, we had all eight grades in the same room with the first two rows of seats left empty and only chairs and no desks for classes that were reciting or using the blackboards. The ones not reciting were to be doing the daily assignments while waiting our turn. Mostly, I listened to the higher grades because it was more interesting than my own studies. I was a most imaginative child and could project myself into any story situation. I loved fairy tales and romances. I had soon exhausted the school library and read or was read to, all the possible publications we could beg or borrow. Pappa loved to read to us and when books were borrowed from relatives or friends, he could get them returned more quickly by reading aloud so we didn't all have to wait our turn at the book but enjoyed them together. The Bill McElhaney's bought the popular novels of the time and we were privileged to borrow them.

Washing clothes and the other things that water was used for meant lots of hard work. That well was the cooling place for the milk and other products that needed to be kept cool. Those things were suspended in a bucket and the rope tied to one of the side posts that supported the roof. Mother's carefully washed and worked, then molded butter was wrapped and then just as carefully placed in the large pail kept its shape, not even the three acorns and oak leaves pattern got dented or marred in any way. Mamma always had nice sweet butter. She washed and rewashed and carefully pushed the water out with a hand made butter paddle. No rancid or sour butter for us. Mamma's butter was in good demand as she was noted for her good sweet milk, butter and buttermilk. She also always had good fresh eggs. When the butter was taken to town to "peddle" it was laid on a large flour sack in the bottom of a splint or split veneer basket about 20 inches long by 14 inches wide. The basket had handles that folded to either side and then up to become the handle by which it was carried. The butter was then covered with a damp clean sugar or flour sack dish towel and finally by a linen dish towel. Mother's linen towels were of white with blue cross stripes about 21 inches by 36 inches and hand hemmed. Then the bottom towel folded over the whole batch. The "parchment" butter papers were, of course, purchased at the store but I do remember when Mamma ran out of the butter papers she used old worn pieces of dish towel or other very white scraps of old cloth. Eggs were also kept cool and clean and packed carefully in the same type basket to take to peddle. We ate the older ones and the odd shaped eggs as well as any with chips or cracks or thin shelled eggs.

We enjoyed the Rountree spring across the road and just back of the Rountree County School. Sometimes in good weather we hauled the big black cast iron kettle and the tubs, clothes, wringer and wash bench down there in David's little wagon and built a fire from the fallen limbs and bark. While Mamma scrubbed the

clothes clean on the washboard we kids played in the springbranch and made a fun thing out of hard work. We stayed close so that when Mamma called we older ones were there to turn the wringer and meantime we watched after David so all in all it was a fun thing. I am sure Mamma enjoyed that air of picnic that such trips afforded.

The clothes were hauled back to the house to hang on the lines. Mamma was most meticulous about the washing. It had a blued rinse and then a clear water rinse. Whiter clothes you never saw. Starched stiff. Most of our bedding were made of flour sacks and she always had them white as snow. If the sun and wash didn't bleach them enough they were spread on the grass to further bleach in the sun. That meant finding a place where the chickens hadn't roamed and that we children kept the poultry at the back of the yard. They were supposed to stay in the barnyard or the woodlot, especially the messy geese.

The only thread for embroidery that Mamma used that was fade and run proof was India Red. The pillow "shams" and other good things especially the ^{GOOD} ~~linen~~ things were of linen. Some were hemstitched and sometimes were decorated with drawn work with spiders or dragonfly patterns at the corners. Tedious and eye straining efforts to decorate those precious and few tableclothes, bed linens and the center pieces and dust clothes that we used to cover the center of the table to keep flies and other flying insects out of the butter, sauce, preserves and other dishes left on the table between meals. We didn't have a "safe" or pie safe and the open dishes were either cleared away to the pantry or left on the table between meals. The spoon holder, sugar bowl, cream pitcher and honey pot as well as the four bottle pewter caster with vinegar, pepper, salt and piccalilli or chilli sauce were commonly let set from meal to meal unless it was baking day or the table had to be used to lay out cloth and pattern for sewing.

The old house across the road was one my Grandfather had built. It was in bad disrepair when I remember it, vacant much of the time but habitable. We young'uns wandered through the downstairs four rooms but I don't remember that we ever ventured upstairs. A vague memory is that the stairs were too badly worn and were unsafe. The house had a stone fireplace and a huge slab of hand hewn black walnut was the mantlepiece. The hearth was of slate blocks. Slate was very common in that part of Missouri and was easy to cut into ~~s~~slabs. At one time a relative we called Uncle Worth Rountree, an older half brother of Pappa's and a bachelor, lived in the house. At other times there were tenants living in the house. The land was not cultivated nor had it ever been, not to my knowledge anyway. The place was mostly woods and pasture, no one stayed long, mostly just during summer or warm months.

There was a family burial spot which was overgrown with blackberry vines and rose of sharon bushes just back of the house. Most of the marble headstones were either broken or badly eroded then. I visited the same family burial plot in 1972 and found one headstone with a Norman^{o's} Civil War headstone and one child's very low headstone with a single name on it with all the other stones scattered and broken, livestock and machinery running over the whole and no barrier of any sort. In the earlier years there was a split rail fence of oak around the burial plot but no one took care of it. We children went there now and then and traced the carvings with our fingers as the marble was moss grown and very worn from years of erosion.

We wandered the whole area of that place. It was owned by a Mr. McConnell who lived in Springfield. He pastured some beef cattle there but mostly it was not used at all. We gathered walnuts and other nuts, hunted and trapped squirrels, rabbits and skunks (for the hides) and knew the whole place almost as well as our own forty acres. There were three slave cabins on the back or south side of the place that were just piles of logs, old boards and stones ~~then~~.

^{Just} Seed corn was of the white variety called Country Gentleman. It had uneven rows but we Missourians preferred white to yellow sweet corn. We mostly ate corn on the cob but as it grew older it was cut off the cob and dried in the oven. Some sugar was added to the kernels after it was cut and placed in shallow pans for drying. The sugar helped to keep the dry corn from molding.

The^early apples and winter apple windfalls were made into apple cider. Pappa had bought a cider press and ten wooden pickle barrels so he made vinegar to sell. We also used some of the wooden barrels for rain barrels and one for a pickle barrel, not only for cucumber pickles but also for brining down the pork. All the barrels were charred to be sure whatever they had contained previously the charring would cleanse the surface and the new char make the new contents clean and pure. All the cucumbers were brined in salt water made heavy enough to float a raw egg, then when ready to flavor they were soaked out and whatever sugar or spice was needed was added and the pickles either canned in jars or stored in the vinegar in crocks. The pickles straight from the brine were quite sour from a natural ferment like sourkraut.

Crocks were used for kraut, pickles of all kinds, pickeled stuffed bell peppers, wild persimmon butter (layered with brown sugar and seeded persimmons) lard and pork and sausage layered in lard. The fresh pork or sausage was fried good and brown and then placed in layers with lard allowed to harden between each layer.

The log shanty was harness room, work shop and storage room. We cracked the walnuts and other nuts there, made the berry crates and shoes were resoled and mended. The salt barrel was kept there along with the pickle barrel and other tack. All of Pappa's small tools were kept in the shanty. One thing I especially remember was that Pappa's father's old saddle bags hung behind

the wooden plank door and was a nesting place for the lovely blue birds we all enjoyed. Wrens also nested in the top log space under the roof. Damp winter days the old wood stoves that were not good enough to use in the parlor were put to use and the broken window panes stuffed with gunny sacks or tacked over with cardboard were closed and we were snug and warm and being out of the house lent an atmosphere of fun to very ordinary work.

Pappa cracked nuts with an iron (sad iron with attached handle) between his legs and the walnut or hickory nut held between thumb and forefinger and struck on the blossom end to not only split it but to keep the meat as nearly whole as possible. When we young'uns cracked nuts they got hit and hopefully the meat would come out or we hit them once more. The shanty wasn't rat proof but there were not too many ways the dogs couldn't chase them out or corner and catch the pests. Tin cans were cut and nailed over holes, however, there were no holes in the shanty^{level}. The attic was storage place for dried onions, dried pumpkin, stringed green beans, sweet potatoes, dried apples and dried peaches and corn hung by barbed wire after they were placed in salt or sugar bags, in small quantities as they tended to mold if large bulky sacks had been used. The dried corn was sometimes stored in pint fruit jars but not sealed, just covered.

The cellar was storage for canned fruit, jellies, jams, fresh apples and potatoes, turnips and pumpkins. We grew lots of pumpkin and tried to have some to feed the cows as the grass turned brown. The pumpkin made the cream a nice rich yellow long after there was no green forage. There were crocks for all kinds of storage and all kinds for other uses. We had lots of straight sided crocks from one quart to twelve gallon; the one and two or three gallon ones were the most common for storage purposes. There there were one-half gallon ones with sloped tops and with small openings that had lids that were used

when fruit that kept well with lots of sugar or vinegar were used for preservatives needed to be contained but not necessarily sealed. The five gallon or larger crocks were used for the pickles, kraut and apple butter. Toward spring the remainder was put in glass jars that had been emptied during the fall and winter. We always seemed to have a shortage of containers. The half gallon and quart glass jars with either zinc or glass tops were used to can the fruit and tomatoes and preserves that might spoil. We used bottles for catsup, juices and chilli sauce. They were corked and dipped in the red sealing wax or at times parafine. Parafine was not mouse proof and that's why it was not more extensively used. The shallow bowl shaped crocks that held a gallon or two or more were the ones we used for milk. They were also used to mix and raise the "lightbread" or yeast bread. Those were sometimes lined with white, blue or brown glaze, and had decorative strips or were plain. The smaller ones were used for mixing bowls or even serving bowls at the table. Jugs in sizes from one-half gallon to two gallon were used for cider, vinegar, molasses, liquid lye that we leached or slaked from hard wood ashes, dye made from walnut hulls, and some even held kerosene. Corks were the stoppers except that when corks were not available corn cobs could be smoothed and dipped in parafine and kept from linting the contents. Mostly kerosene was kept in tin pails with spouts for pouring. Gallon size had no screw spout with caps if they were of the very cheapest quality. Those were plugged with a raw potatoe. No matter if the plug got lost inside. It didn't hurt the kerosene and when the can was empty the potatoe plug could be dumped from the top opening.

The shanty was where Pappa mended our shoes. He had several size lasts that fit a common stand, and he also used parts of old shoe tongues to sew patches over the worn ankles for second best wear. Sometimes it was necessary to use mended shoes for church or to go to town in. Not often, though as Mamma always

could either charge shoes or find a few ways to earn the one dollar that she paid for our shoes in the bargain basement of the Herrs Department store where we traded. I doubt that any pair of shoes we ever bought ~~over~~ cost more than that one dollar until we moved to Montana. The berry crates and boxes were also assembled there. We bought the already creased and shaped flat thin veneer and thin boxing lumber for the crates which were cut and ready to tack together. They came in batches of six or a dozen and the boxes in dozen size packages; twenty four boxes to a crate either oblong or square depending on the kind of berry to be boxed. Blackberries, dew berries and gooseberries were packed in the oblong quart boxes. Soft berries and cherries were packed in the square boxes both pint and quart size. The soft berries were strawberries, raspberries and also pie cherries were considered "soft." They had to be put into smaller containers. The square ones had a full size bottom that fitted into slots already pressed in the wood that came factory grooved. The crates were assembled with thin nails or brads and either emptied or exchanged by the "truck" peddlers or by our private customers and returned for re-use over and over again. We charged extra for the boxes and crates if there was no return expected when they changed hands. Pappa could fill his mouth with tacks and pick them off his tongue with the magnetized tack hammer. He held several box nails in his left hand and managed to grasp them between thumb and forefinger without even a pause of the hammer stroke with the right hand. The tacks were clinched on a shoe last as a rule. The brads for the crates always hit the proper spot without splitting the soft wood. They were made up and stored for future use so that when berry picking time came the boxes and crates were ready to use.

The parlor stove was stored in the shanty in summer time, together with its cleaned and grease wiped stove pipe against the rust. We never had a heavy

stove while we were living in Missouri. The ones we used were very light weight sheet steel that was blued at the factory. They were oval shape with cast iron legs, damper and firebox. I think one big enough to heat our small four rooms cost about three dollars. Smaller ones sold for a dollar and a half to two dollars, depending on the type of top, number of pieces that were nickle or just cast iron, etc. These flimsy stoves burned out and the steel deteriorated from oxidization and rusted out so had to be replaced ~~almost~~ every two or three years. The hard wood burned very hot and at times the sheet steel sides would glow red hot. The folks always tended the fires as we young'uns didn't have the ability to control the burning and made a mess when the cover was lifted during the fire's hot ^{peaks} periods. The trick was to light the fire, let it burn and feed it more logs at the proper time after the flames had died but not so late as to have to use small wood to rekindle. The fires were banked at night but seldom held a ~~fire~~ until morning ~~so~~ Pappa would get up early ~~and~~ kindle and light the fire and put enough wood ⁱⁿ ~~on~~ to heat the house and heat the kitchen range ready to cook breakfast. Mamma never had to light fires. She always had breakfast ready to take up before the family got out of bed. By then the house was nice and warm but we used cold water to wash our hands and faces before breakfast. After the meal the ^{copper} reservoir on the back of the range had lots of hot water for the real scrubbing and we w^{ashed} it with wash rag, soap and a vengeance. I don't think I ever got through but Mamma asked, "Did you wash your neck and ears clean?" then inspect me and give me a few extra swipes just to be sure. Her firm conviction was that cleanliness was next to godliness, in all things. ^P The Saturday night bath in front of the Majestic range was a ritual. David first, me next, then Bob and after we were in bed the folks got to bathe with a small amount of hot water added to the tub which was added after each bath. We all got our backs and necks and ears washed by Mamma and I assume

the parents each performed that necessary loving task for each other. Don't forget, all that water had to be hauled from the well some three hundred feet from the back door. We children felt that we carried it all in those dinky little tin pails. Now, I am sure Pappa and Mamma carried a lot more than we did and make a lot more trips too, with the three gallon buckets and carried two to a trip.

Sunday was church day and Pappa was superintendent of the Sunday school. We all got dressed in our "Sunday Best". Pappa polished all the shoes and then scrubbed his hands to take that week's accumulation of dirt and grease out of the callouses and creases. He cleaned his nails with the small blade of his knife. It was a pretty pocket knife and the small blade was not as sharp as the larger one. Oh how we kids envied him that knife. Bob had one with a broken blade but Pop never sharpened it for him because he thought it too dangerous. Pop did allow Bob to use his good knife if the occasion warranted that.

Pappa had a heavy pocket knife he used to trim the horses hooves when he shod them. That knife was used for veterinary purposes like gelding the colts or gilting the male pigs, or castrating the bull calves.

Pappa skinned skunks, possums, cotton tails and squirrels, grey and red fox ones; whittled hammer and pick axe and froe handles with that same large knife. It had a "stag" or horn handle and was too large to carry in a pocket at all times as was the smaller "pen-knife". When he was going to butcher or scrape hogs a knife with a longer blade that didn't fold was put into use. Pappa had a knack for blade sharpening, be it razor or the largest of butcher knives up to the long blade scythe. All the sized^s had their own special sharpening stone and strap embedded with a special compound. His razor strap was dressed with a short red round compound with a paper wrapper wound around it, the paper was printed with the instructions for its use. It was about an inch

in diameter and was deep red in color and greasy smooth. I later learned it contained jewelers rouge, an abrasive but a very fine one that will polish silver without scratching.

On the forge in the little buggy shed that was open on two sides Pappa made horse shoes, wagon and buggy wheel tires, butcher knives and kitchen knives, heated and forged parts for machinery and made his sledge hammers and fencing mauls. I have no idea why he was so capable except that he just had to have all those things in order to make a living off that rock pile, there was no money, and he did it because he had to.

My father was a true "Jack of all Trades." An excellent cement finisher, an expert carpenter, a very good blacksmith, hunter, butcher and meat curer. He gathered ~~the~~ iron from old discarded machinery and took all the discards of the more prosperous neighbors and stacked it in a lean-to near the buggy shed. Pop would burn out the hickory or oak from ^{broken} single trees, a double tree, as well as old worn out tools like shovels to make them ~~into~~ ^{usable} articles. Oak and hickory as well as the black walnut and hard maple was plentiful so we always had cured timber. Lots of the wood was in the log yet (not milled) but it was cross cut and worked to size or taken to the mill if enough was needed to warrant the trip. The money had to be gotten together to pay the miller. In case there was enough dry wood, the miller would accept part of the wood in payment of his bill.

Metal was shaped, used, then reshaped and reused over and over again. Saw mill circular saws broke and Pappa used the cracked or split ones for the knife blades. Hand saws that got bent or discarded, he used for knives or hog scrapers and other tools. These came mostly from farm sales. Those sales occurred when men got too old to work or died and the farm things were sold and the place was either acquired by heirs or purchased by a next door farmer or a strange new family who moved to the farm.

I remember a particular farm sale I got to go to with Pop and Mamma and all we three young'uns that one time. The lunches were free and was usually fried chicken or sandwiches and cakes, pies or doughnuts or cookies. It was a drawing card for a big sale. Not many attended a part day sale with no lunch.

The advertisements were usually of cardboard and tacked to corner posts along the roads throughout the vicinity and also run in the local papers. Store walls had bulletin boards and the post offices also allowed those sale posters to be placed on the walls inside or out on the walls near the entrance.

The small stuff was sold first so that the crowd could have time to gather. Those boxes and nail kegs full of junk sometimes held the best bargains and the auctioneer sometimes "knocked" the items off in a hurry often taking the first bid and going on to another item. Then the pace slowed and he harangued the audience with stories or jokes told in a particular twang or exaggerated vernacular. Then back to a fast pace begging and pleading for more bids. The art of auctioning was a true accomplishment. Men wandered away looking the better pieces of machinery and the livestock over to compare and exchange one another's views. At times the political conditions were discussed and meantime the women had time to gossip, exchange hints on housekeeping, note the latest pregnancies, who was going with whom, how the children were growing, who was ailing and who was "cutting up".

The terms of a sale were "cash on the barrel head." Checks seldom saw the light of day as the farmers didn't do business with banks except the very prosperous ones and they were not the people who attended the farm sales. Only the "close fisted" made that type of purchase and were not good prospects to make sales to. The clerk kept records and none of the goods could be paid for and claimed until the sale was completed. The household goods were usually sold right after lunch, or if the livestock had either faults or blemishes it

was sold while the crowd was in a good mood or hadn't had time to compare notes on a lame or halted horse, a cow with a teat that was damaged or shrunken or was a known bad actor. The/auctioneer usually well acquainted with his buyers and had a good "gift of gab." He kept the crowd in a jolly mood. The tempo sped up and the sale would get going at full speed.

If the livestock was of questionable quality the seller would ask that it be sold before the attending neighbors had a chance to compare their knowledge of the milk production of a milk cow or the possibility that a horse was balky or had heaves or cribbed, was sterile or a good worker. Friends swapped chews of tobacco and drew one another aside to warn of faulty items. It was a true fold custom in the best Ozark tradition.

That particular sale was the one my Pappa got several hives of bees and 5 sets of hives with the supers with the wax all left on the edges. We never got to the box type of supers only the/ones. The honey when harvested was cut into a crock jar. Ours was a 5 gallon one and we just used the honey as it came and if we needed the wax for waxing thread for sewing harness or shoes it was cooked and the wax came to the top so it could be broken off washed and remelted to form a cake. Pappa used Mother's cast iron cup cake pan and made 9 cakes, enough for a year.

Any dark honey or bees bread was placed in a metal container near the hives so the bees could construct the honeycomb faster

Autobiography, Ethel Irene Rountree Davis.

To start with on may 21st 190²~~1~~ sometime after seven in the morning with my grand-mother Rachel Marcelena Rogers Breedlove Rountree Norman attending my mother Ida May Day Rountree as mid-wife I was prematurely brought into the cold cruel world. Papa - Charles Arthur Rountree had gone by grandmothers home on his way to work in Hazeltines Orchards near Nichols Missouri. Mamma hadnt felt well before he left home and papa wanted someone with her just in case. Of course I don't remember but have two of the shirts mama made for me from mens linen handkerchiefs which were too large. I was kept in cotton batting in a shoe box and altho never weighed the women folk thought I probably weighed about two pounds. Fortunately the weather was temperate and my mother the epitome of clenliness so there I was, second child in the family. My brother Joseph Robert Rountree was born October 26th, 1900. A beautiful dark haired brown eyed copy of my mother. Each had widows peaks and raven tresses. I looked more like my Grandma Norman and my father with brown hair and hazel eyes. More freckles than a speckled sparrows egg and grew up like a skim milk calf, pot-bellied and sway backed and very happy to be papa's pet for ten lovely happy childhood years.

Make no conclusions that the remainder of my years after that were unhappy. It just happened all in a period of a few months that things changed so rapidly. The Frisco R. R. shop where papa worked as a blacksmith's helper went out on strike and the R.R. Co. called in scab labor which broke the strike leaving papa out in the cold. We had let our farm south of Springfield out to a share-cropper and so because papa was a very honest man we didnt have the use of our farm until March 1912.

To further complicate matters my mother was pregnant that black day in 1911 when papa became unemployed so she was in no condition to move back to the rocky forty acre place nine miles out in the country. The third and final member of our family David Francis Rountree came to live with us at 820 Guy Street in Springfield Missouri. The doctor brought him in a black bag. Bob and I had been taken next door to Widow Cox's to spend the night. Nieve? I had been told none of the