

I
Thos's Family

"Kay-Bows" - to Dad and Mother Fuller!

By Elsie, January 1983

Being raised in a large family was such fun! Three sisters and one brother were older than me, and then, just the reverse, three brothers and one sister, were younger, I was number five, and plumb, in the middle.

My sisters Edna, Nelle, and Dottie, and brother Donald were older. I came next in line, the runt of the family, my grandfather Hess teased Mother saying she would never raise me, I was such a little runt, since at birth I was so tiny when dressed and placed in a basket, the contents there, only weighed five pounds, Mother said it was so hard to handle me that she kept me in the basket for the first three months of my life.

To this day, I am very fond of baskets in all shapes and sizes. and it well may be due to the fact that my cradle, really turned out to be a market basket, one could say that I fooled Grandpa Hess as I

have out-lived all of my sisters and brothers, except Art.

When I was born Dad named me Elsie Bentley Fuller after a lady that Dad had worked for., next in line came Arthur, Robert, Chester, and Ruth, the baby of the family.

To me, we had the most wonderful parents in the world, and I can never remember of having met a happier family anywhere, when young we may have been lacking in worldly goods, however we had the necessities, a warm and happy home with plenty to eat, and parents who cared, what more could one ask for.

Mother, was a wonderful cook, and I might add, a Pennsylvania Dutch Cook. When mother was only nine she went to live with her Aunt Martha Beaver, and Aunt Martha taught mother how to bake bread. Just imagine only nine years old and baking delicious bread. How long mother made her home with Aunt Martha, I have no idea, but mother told me that in her life time she had baked enough bread to "fill" the eight room house that she

and Dad retired too, and this house had fairly good sized rooms. In all mother baked bread for eighty years, and it was extra special. My Sisters and I all tried our hand at bread baking, but ours never quite came up to Mother's in texture and lightness - nor taste.

When we came home from the country school in the afternoon, freshly baked bread just out of the oven greeted us, Mother baked about three times a week, and with freshly churned butter to go with it we just could not wait to "dig-in". we cut thick large slices, with it sometimes we had radishes and onions from the garden, in the spring, or perhaps with home made apple butter, jelly - or honey, it was mana from Heaven - simply irresistible! and how we feasted!

In the evening mother would ^{cook} a potato or two, mash them, also use some of the water the potatoes were cooked in add it to the yeast, and get her bread "Set", as she called it. we lived on a farm, below the house down a small

grade there was a spring. Dad built a box-like affair over the spring, with a lid on top that folded back so it could be opened and closed. It was here that the milk, cream, and butter were kept to keep them cool during the hot summer months. This was in the days before refrigeration.

In 1965 Dad purchased a farm of one hundred and twenty acres, land at that time was dirt cheap (excuse the pun). In 1912 decided to go into politics and run for Sheriff of Stark County, Illinois, on the Republican ticket, and sold the farm for \$13,000⁰⁰, which seemed like a lot of money then. It was bottom land near Spoon River, so was rich, black soil.

In the winter Dad cut in large size squares, or pieces from Spoon River, packed it in saw dust in an old shed for use in summer, and it kept surprisingly well. This was in the days before pollution, and the ice was crystal clear.

Almost every Sunday, all summer, we set up the hand-turned freezer

on a bench in the yard and got busy. First mother made a boiled custard using sugar eggs, corn starch and milk. When cooked she thinned the custard with cream, and on occasion she added fresh strawberries, cherries, or peaches. In the meantime Dad chipped off ice in small enough pieces to pack around the metal container which held the custard.

Inside of the metal container there was a metal & wooden dasher that whirled around and around when the crank on top was turned. Salt was added to the ice which caused the ice to melt somewhat. Then we kept on turning until it became hard to turn then we knew it was frozen. The outside of the freezer was wooden & bucket shaped.

When frozen mother removed the lid and took out the dasher, and added flavoring, vanilla or lemon extract. The kids loved to chink off the dasher. Then the lid was returned - more ice packed all around and on top, covered with a horse-blanket & keep freezer until we were ready to eat. Mother told Nellie to

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bring the Vanilla and instead she brought the
bottle of liniment & stirred some in - The
ice cream wasn't too popular that day.

Liniment, was sold by men who
came around out in the country selling
spices & other items, Liniment, was an
old fashioned remedy, or cure - all for
almost every ailment. I forgot to add that
the home made ice cream was so
delicious, it had the store-brand ice
cream beaten by a mile.

We went to a country school near
the farm, we generally walked - but if it was
too bad, dad would hitch up the team
and take us, Mother packed lunches
for us in a dinner bucket, made of tin or
granite, Cold lunches were the order
of the day whatever she had on hand
she would send, and of course always
plenty of her good home made bread.

Feeding such hungry hordes Mother
ran out of bread - so hurried & baked in
the forenoon & Dad came at noon with hot
buns for our lunch, - we didn't want them
the other "Country Bumpkins" did not have
hot bread. So why should we eat that -
weren't we terrible? We needed a

good paddling. In the end we probably ate the buns. Children are such copy-cats! on the farm near school there was a pond, when well frozen Dad would take us skating. I remember seeing Dad skating on Spoon River too (we had ^{pairs} ice-skates too). Dad was very graceful, and cut all sorts of fancy capers on the ice.

Dad enjoyed fishing and hunting so much, and occasionally he took me along when fishing on Spoon River, he wore hip-high rubber boots when he walked across the river and carried me. I thought it was simply wonderful. Dad was an excellent fisherman - and caught large cat fish which Mother fried to perfection, browned nicely, moist and tender yet done. These were the very best cat fish that I have ever eaten, as then the river was clean and free of any pollution.

Purple violets with the longest stems grew along the banks of Spoon River. Dad was a lover of nature. He knew the names of all the trees and flowers in

our area. He hunted for and picked hazel nuts, hickory nuts, butter-nuts & shelled out black walnuts. The hazel and butter-nuts are long since gone, on Sunday afternoons, in the winter Dad would turn an old iron flat iron upside down between his legs and crack nuts for we kids to pick out & eat -

Mother and Dad - were married in Oct - 1889 - Her maiden name was Hess, They lived in Modena, Ill. a small village in Stark County Illinois several miles northeast of Toulon. Dad farmed - he also was a Carpenter and in the winter, he worked in the Coal mines.

Their first child was a girl, Edna Mary, next came Nelle, a son was next Donald Orange. The name of Orange being handed down in the family. Great Grand Father Fellers name was Orange. When Donnie was about two Dad decided to move to Iowa, he rented a farm and they lived near Lone Tree.

When Donnie was four he had the "croup". He became very sick. They

Called Dr. Johnson, he come and had just left when Donnie died in Dads arms, How sad, This was very hard on Dad and Mother, He was buried in a country cemetery near where they lived, Mother said "he was so cute and such a nice looking little boy, He imitated Dad in every way", for years Mother kept a pair of ~~the~~ cutest brown boots ^{of his} with copper on the toe-ends, I remember how cute they were,

In those days the Doctors come on foot - by horseback - or in a buggy over unbelievably bad roads, of mud. I think Donnies death was partly the reason why Dad and Mother left Lone Tree and moved to the State of Oregon, Dad had thought he would like working cutting lumber in the timbers there. So they sold out everything but their furniture, and had it shipped by freight to Oregon - I can not remember the name - of the town - but I know they could see Mt. Hood, from where they lived.

About the time Donnie died, Sodie was born, and named after Mothers

neighbor, Sadie McKean. The train trip to Oregon must have been long and very tiring, for mother with a small baby and two little girls aged six and eight years, mother, no doubt had to pack a lot of food to last during the trip. Dad carried a gun on him, and when some shady looking characters got on the train Dad told them to stand back - as mother was afraid.

They really enjoyed Oregon - it is such a beautiful state, but Dad had always been very close to his mother, Harriet Bassett Fuller, he got homesick for her, and they returned to Modena Illinois - leaving their furniture behind and in storage, which mother said they never sent for.

It couldn't have been that they stayed in Oregon over about two years as when they returned to Modena - I was born there, and I am two years and a half younger than Sadie, Dad rented a house for us to live in, until he bought the farm. Grandma lived close by possibly a half a mile from us, on a moments notice Grandma

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Could whip up a party for me kids
for that's what she called them -
maybe it was only bread and butter
with sugar sprinkled on the top,
but when prepared by Grandma it
was very special and oh! so good!

Dad said, "Grandma could go
out run down a chicken, kill it, dress
it and have it in the 'frying pan
in half an hour" - or - as he put it -
"she would go into the kitchen with
a skillet and a dish rag, and
come out with a meal!"

I was not old enough when she
died to remember her well. But I was
old enough to know that at Grandma's
house I could just about do anything
that I wanted to.

Edna had raised some pretty
flowers, I wanted to pick some - and
she would not let me - I did not
remember this incident at all, but in
later years my Aunt Jenny told me -
what I said - when Edna said "no
to me" - I replied all right - "I will go
to Grandma's house and get all
the 'Kay-Bows'; that I want"

After our Grandfather Williston K. Fuller died - Grandma married a man named Vernon we called him Mr. Vernon, Edna said he had a nasty grouchy disposition, and slapped her ² neck - without reason, I only just remember him faintly - after he died Grandma lived alone. I remember Grandmother as always having her hair parted in the middle and being so sweet and kind.

Grandma had gone to Peoria to visit her daughter Jenny Cronin, it was in January, she caught a bad cold, and wanted to come home, it was at least forty miles from Peoria to Modena. They left Peoria by horse and buggy and it was an all day trip. Grandma became chilled, caught cold, or pneumonia and died. She was laid out on a bed at her neighbors house. She had on a black dress. Dad took me to see her. He held me in his arms - I was four at the time.

What impressed me most was not Grandma dying as I was not old enough to understand that - but it was

the way Dad looked - so sad - and so
sober - I remember this so well - I had
never seen Dad like that and I was
greatly disturbed, that he, of all people
should be so upset.

Grandmother Hess died when
Mother was in her teens, I think when
she died Mother was living in Illinois
with her Aunt Elizabeth Cream - She
was the mother of John W. Cream who
married Dad's sister Jenny Fuller.
Grandma died of cancer - I have always
felt that I lost out on a lot, by losing
both of my grandmothers.

When Mother left Pennsylvania
to come to Illinois, she had a "beau";
his name was, Milton Bumbough
later on he was to become, Governor of
Pa. Mother asked her best girl friend
to take care of Milton while she was gone.
So when Mother returned to Pa., on a
visit - she saw her friend Mary and
said " - Mary have you taken good
care of Milton? Yes, I have ^{take} the best care
I know how - "I married him"!, Mother
didn't care as by then she knew Dad
at the County schools, they

held "box-socials" to raise money. The women and girls used shoe boxes, and decorated them with wall paper, tissue or crepe paper, covered the boxes and made them as pretty as possible. Then filled the boxes with fried chicken, bread and butter sandwiches, pickles, fruit, cake, pie, or whatever we had prepared.

Then before the boxes were auctioned off to the highest bidder, the men and boys looked the boxes over and tried to find out, "who" brought "what" box. It was all a deep dark secret, and they were overwhelmed with curiosity, and it was all just a lot of fun.

We also had "spelling bees" at the schools which the students and parents participated in, the teacher pronouncing each word distinctly, and each one in turn spelled them if they could - if not - they sat down and the next in line spelled, and this went on until all were eliminated - but one - the last - who was declared the "WINNER!"

Edna Nelle, and I took pride

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lessons. I walked about a half of a mile to my teacher's home, her name was Sadee Snare - a distant cousin. Ruth took a few lessons after we moved to Toulon - but when it came time to practice she crawled under the dining room table and hid, thought no one could see her there - we thought that was cute of her.

When small we had to help with the dishes. I remember standing on a box to wash, or dry. Sadee, generally washed and I dried. Sometimes she threw dish water on me - Dad seemed to show up as if by magic. Things quieted down at once.

When Bob was only two, one day mother missed him and he was nowhere to be found, she took off immediately for Spoon River, and sure enough there he was at the river bank. Mother said, now you run away - so you will have to run home - he dog-trotted along and if he lagged at all - she gave him a swat on his legs, with a switch. He never ran away again. Mother always kept a switch off of the old apple tree handy.

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and used it, quite often, when we all needed it.

Dad was so fond of fruit as Mother would "CAN", bushels and bushels for pies or just to be used as sauce. Dad generally ate a dish of fruit before he ate his meat and potatoes. One day Dad came home with ten (10) bushels of peaches. Dad was good to hire help for Mother on the farm and so Mrs. Roberts came and helped her with the canning, other times she helped with cleaning and laundry.

If blackberries were available and they generally seemed to be - Dad would go out and pick large milk buckets full. And we girls helped Mother with the canning, when not in school. Mother would can several hundred quarts, they counted up fast as she used glass jars that held two quarts. I remember her canning one hundred quarts of blackberries and one hundred quarts of cherries because I helped.

Not only did she can blackberries but black raspberries, cherries, peaches, pears and lots of tomatoes.

Mother made such delicious

green tomato and beet pickles, also delicious
Chilli sauce. My hand was very small and
I could put in down inside of the fruit
jars, and wash them for Mother.

Dad bought us a fairly good sized
pony we named him Star - due to a
marking on his forehead - we all rode
him but I think Dad bought him primarily
for Edna to ride when she taught school
in the country, at the little one room school
house. She had to arrive at the school
house early to get a fire started in the pot-
bellied heating stove - a dirty job what
with coal and ashes to contend with.
The coal & coals were kept in a shed near
by, had to be carried in, and the ashes had
to be carried out and it was a messy job.
The ashes had to be shaken down with a
crank and flew in every direction, where

In spring Dad knew just when to
go and find the large sponge-type mush-
rooms, they were delicious fried, or make
into a stew - on the order of oyster stew.
I guess some would call it soup.

Dad kept cows and we had
such good fresh butter and cream to
use. Dad, Mother, and Sadie - all

milked. I got many a good squirt of milk right in my face, from Dadie! -

Edna, was only seventeen when she first started teaching in the Country schools. If close enough she come home nights.

If not she boarded, with a family, near the school where she taught - and come home on week-ends. Melle and Ruth, also taught in the Country schools.

Edna, helped Mother out on week-ends she generally did the cleaning, and I loved to clean, so I would help. If they just "bragged", on me I would work like a Beaver, all day. Mother's kitchen floor was a real light pine, and I enjoyed scrubbing it - but was most unhappy when it was all tracked - up - with muddy shoes.

I remember taking a basket of eggs and going to the little grocery store in Modena for Mother to shop - or trade the eggs for what we needed.

Mr. Uriah Perkins, a small sort - of a dried up little old man ran the grocery store. His wife was Mother's neighbor & friend, and while Mother carried me in the basket - Mrs. Perkins often took care

of me to help mother.

The "Sears Roebuck Catalog," was one of the biggest things in our life! While living on the farm. Dad, always made out the orders, and how we looked forward to the day that our order from Sears arrived. It was really a "Red Letter Day"; The boxes were wooden and came by freight to Wyoming, Lelivon, several miles from the farm. Crackers and Cookies came in shallow wooden boxes. We all wore "hand-me-downs," but when Nelle and Henry were married, I asked for and got a new dress for the occasion.

When Ruth was born on the farm Edna was teaching and Nelle was married. Ruth was born during the day while we were in school. That night mother asked me to sleep with her. (I suppose Dad was worn out) and all night long mother held Ruth up over her shoulder, rocked back and forth. Ruth fussed all night. I was ten at the time. In the night mother asked me to get up and build a fire in the cook stove in the kitchen - I did, and heat water and make some weak tea, so that she could give Ruth some. She thought Ruth had

Colic, I was afraid, but I would do anything for mother - she gave Ruth a little, but it did not seem to help, as she continued to fuss - all night. - or most of the night.

When it became daylight mother saw that Ruth's diaper was bloody. Dad called Dr. Neal - he came - he had not tied the umbilical cord tight enough - and he said - "a little more and it would have been too late"

Mother needed help with Ruth, and I helped all that I could - in fact I think she kept me home from school a few days I was so proud of Ruth, she had long black hair down on her shoulders, to me she was a live doll and I sort of claimed her as my own.

I even plunged in and washed her diapers in a metal tub, on the old metal rub board, can't say that I was too wild about the job, but knew it had to be done. When Ruth wasn't more than a week old Sadie picked her up and dropped her, I know mother worried, but it did not seem to hurt Ruth

On the 4th of July people had celebrations and picnics - much as

they do now, only of course now they are on a grander scale, what with fancy fire-works. on one particular 4th, Dad decided to take us to Elmira a few miles away to celebrate with Aunt Leona and Uncle Henry Stires. Mother had packed plenty of food to take along, and we set forth in a surrey with the fringe on top (really) and when we reached the eastern edge of Elmira Dad said - "now look straight ahead - do it gawk and act like you have never been any place before" - [Actually I'm sure we hadn't] But we have laughed since, as Elmira was so small, it was barely there at all, one school, one church, a grocery store, (owned by Fullers) and possibly six or seven homes. The Presbyterian Church there was founded by Fullers.

Dad was such a proud man, so reserved, polite, and dignified. His Sister Jennie was the same, and with both she and Dad it was always - "Thank You". I read in a book about the Pilgrims that the Fuller families of Plymouth, "were people of stature, aspiration and dignity". This fit the description

of Dad to a "T-".

Edna said, "that Dad bought the first car in the neighborhood. This was along about 1910 - Chester was small, the baby of the family; He did not like the horseless carriage and said, "I want to jump out! I want to jump out!"

Sister Nelle had a "beast" - Kent Snare. He would come for her with a horse and buggy, they would take me for short rides, they sat in the seat, it was rather narrow and I sat in the bottom of the buggy; I had a real crush on Kent - he impressed me so I've never forgotten him, in fact I still remember how good looking he was; I decided he didn't care for Nelle, he liked me, since he always called me "his little girl"!

Kent moved with his family to California, he was a dare devil of sorts, and jumped from a moving elevator, between floors, was caught & broke his back and killed him, Nelle gave me a letter he had mailed to her the day he was killed, and I

Kept it for years because in it he had said - "How is my little girl?"

Dad was a firm believer in education, and while he and mother never had much schooling they read and thus educated themselves. He always stood behind the teachers and told us, if we got a spanking in school we would catch another when we came home.

Bob, got a spanking in the Country school. He could not have been more than six or seven. As he was only nine when we moved to Joulon to live. I did not remember why he was spanked, but art remembered, and told me, "he put Cockle-burs in the teachers hair", anyhow, I never liked that teacher after that. Her name was Ruth Byrnes.

Edna, Nell, and Ruth attended College long enough to get a teachers certificate. Bob, spent a year at Brodly - maybe more. I can not seem to remember for sure.

In December 1914 after Dad ran for Sheriff of Stark County Illinois

and was elected on the Republican ticket we moved to the jail residence at Toulon Illinois, the County Seat of Stark.

The jail and sheriff's residence were all in one brick building, it was quite good sized and red brick, yet all in one - Dad, Mother, lived in the jail residence for a good many years.

Art, Bob, Chet, and Ruth all attended the Toulon Grade school, while Sadie and I went to High school at the Old Toulon Academy later on called, the High School. We were offered Courses much as they are today - Algebra, English, Geometry, Chemistry, Typing and Home Economics only now the names has been changed to math - ectera. I had trouble with algebra for the first week - Dad helped me - straightened me out on it. and then I got along just fine

As long as I can remember even on the farm - we had a piano. Dad and Mother sang Together, Mother and her brother Irwin Hess sang duets at Weddings and Funerals.

Mother sang alto, we all enjoyed music.
 Grandpa, Jess's sister
 Elizabeth had married Samuel Crum
 and they moved from Pennsylvania to
 near Wyoming, Illinois, where he
 farmed. Aunt Elizabeth needed help
 and told Mother if she would come
 and help her - she would pay her
 train fare here. So Mother came -

Mother worked for \$2.00 a week.
 Baked bread for the family - cooked did
 the washing and ironing, and I know
 she worked very hard. Later on she
 lived with the Snare family -

While at the Snare's one real
 hot summer day Mother said, she had
 baked bread and been ironing, when
 she went out in the yard for something
 and saw that the house was on fire.
 She rang the dinner bell - a signal for
 the men to come in from the field at
 that time of day. as something was
 wrong.

Then she ran back into the
 house told Mrs. Snare to get out the
 house was on fire, and on her way
 out she picked up the clothes rack

of freshly ironed clothing and that was the only thing saved in the fire. The house went very fast.

This must have been, about the time I met Dad, she said, "one day they were out for a buggy ride, when Dad got down on his knees and asked her to marry him" - Quite proper like! Mother and Dad were both nice looking. she was small and dark. Dad fair - with curly hair. He wore a suit with a vest - had a watch and fob - reaching from one pocket to the other.

After Grandmother Nesa died. Dad and Mother were married. In those days going together was called "courting". Dad was very fond of horses and dogs - we had a dog on the farm which we called, "Old Pup".

When Dad bought the farm he began to fix up the house - installed a furnace - it was hot water heat - and a bath tub. He fixed a Texas Court for Edna and Nellie.

He planted a large orchard with peach, pear, apple and plum trees.

He also had a large strawberry bed. He built a root - Cellar - a cave like place, where fruit and vegetables could be kept during the winter months, with no danger of them freezing. He piled dirt high on top of this place - and a door was at one end for entering. It was good for storing potatoes, onions, turnips, Cabbage - and apples - They kept well there too.

Dad kept several "hives," of bees. He wore a hood-like bonnet, when he took care of them, so as not to get stung. It had netting which covered his face. The honey was in combs and was delicious. Dad was extra fond of honey. He put the cakes made of beeswax and the bees did the rest.

Mother raised Chickens and turkeys, and she said around Thanksgiving time her turkeys disappeared. They were hard to raise, the dampness seemed to bother them. They roosted in the trees at night. Sadee knew how to take care of the gobblers when they got nasty. She gave them a good crack with the 'buggy whip'!

Dad kept cows, and an old
 ornerly bull. I had been roaming in the
 pasture near the barn - and had just
 slid under the fence, a barbed wire
 fence when the Old Bull was right
 behind me - his head down, horns on
 the ground pawing fiercely at the
 dirt I had a narrow escape. Just
 made it under the fence ~~in~~ in time.

We made "May Baskets" to
 hang on May 1st. These we made out
 of old scraps of wall paper made
 them cone-shaped with a handle -
 we picked violets to put in them - then
 hung them at the home of a friend.
 on the door-knob, knocked, then
 ran as we didn't want them to know
 who they came from.

one evening we had dilly-dalied
 two long hanging May Baskets - and as
 Mother came looking for us, she hid
 behind the school house and when
 we went by she jumped out, and
 said - "Bob" we ran like deers, that
 taught us a lesson.

Our farm was off the main
 road a quarter of a mile, possibly.

The mail had to be picked up at a box at the top of the hill, it was not delivered to your door, and one day in November it turned cold suddenly, I didn't have gloves on, but waited for the mail, it was late and froze my hands. The minute I walked in the door Mother knew, and said "Child are you frozen"? She put my hands in cold water - and how they did burn. I missed some school - due to that.

On Saturday afternoons Mother would take her eggs, butter or whatever she had and go to Wyoming, Ill., where she did her trading, and she traded what she had for coffee, flour or what was needed.

Sadie and I were supposed to do the dinner dishes, after she left. But Sadie decided we should just forget the dishes, and took art and I too a slimy old hog-wallow of mud and water, and we jumped up & down - my it was great fun! She watched - when Mother came home "the sparks really flew" (they should have), She got out the old metal wash tub and bathed

us. Sadie was spanked roundly -
 Aunt & I were not - But we both caught
 malaria fever, ^{from that} were just real sick -
 one minute burning up with a fever
 the next freezing our teeth, just "chattering".
 I haven't forgotten.

on another Saturday after mother
 left - Sadie thought it would be a
 good time to pick the "mole" off of my
 back. Pick she did! But could not
 get it off. Its a wonder I didn't get
 infection, again, mother was very
 upset.

on another day Sadie produced
 a cigar & said "smoke it". I did -
 and got so sick it seemed I could
 not keep food or water down for
 several days - maybe it wasn't that
 long - but it seemed a long time to me.
 It was an experience I have never
 forgotten.

Dad and mother took others "in";
 who had no home Grandpa Hess
 stayed some with us - Aunt Leona
 came & went as she wanted too. Mother's
 Cousin Molly Snare died leaving a young
 son - Merwyn Snare. His step mother

treated him very cruel, and when he was old enough he ran away and came to Dad and Mother, where he made his home for several years. He helped Dad with the farm work and Dad paid him too. He loved Mother and Dad - and no one never dared say a word against them, to him, and his wife Ruth felt the same. She knew how good they had been to Merwyn.

Mother had several sisters and they all died quite young. Two of Mother's nephews Clarence and Joe Lantzer - spent some time with us on the farm. When we took friends home at meal time Mother would just say, "put on another plate". She didn't care. She always cooked plenty - a far cry from the way we cook today.

Mother and Dad lived in the jail residence for a number of years. When Billy Edwards a bachelor was the Sheriff - Dad stayed on as Deputy Sheriff and they remained on, in the jail residence. Mother cooked for the men and women who were in jail, and they ate exactly the same meals that

we ate. Mother was paid \$1.00 a day for food for the "jail-birds". Not nearly enough especially since she served such good, and large meals.

Her meals ran something like this. For breakfast, eggs, bacon, oatmeal, maybe pancakes. She varied the menus. The dinner at noon always consisted of a meat course, potatoes, gravy, slaw, a vegetable, bread, butter, pie and coffee. Many days Mother would bake as many as four pies a day. She didn't bake pies on Sunday. so we had sauce instead. Suppers generally were cold sliced roast, maybe wieners, fried potatoes ^{sliced tomatoes} or whatever else she had left over - and her meals and pies, were ^{so} delicious!

The prisoners ate heartily - too heartily. and at times became ill, and Dad called Dr. Williamson, who said - "they were too well fed". Some of the prisoners did not want to leave, they called the jail "Fullers Filling Station" and said - "Home was never like this". I do not believe that any Sheriff & his wife, ever treated

the prisoners with such kindness!

When one prisoner was released (he was a middle aged man) he started to leave, came running back, grabbed mother's hand - shook it vigorously and said - "Mrs. Fuller. I never will forget your apple pie! a really nice compliment, and I heard him say it.

One summer dad had several prisoners and with the family too - mother and I had twenty to cook for - three meals a day - for a few weeks and dishes to do. It was a Big Job!!

Art, worked at the Garage across the street from the jail. The porch at the back door of the jail residence wasn't enclosed then it had a lattice around part of it to give some privacy. Mother would set her pies out there to cool - covered with a dish pan. Art would come from work at noon for dinner, peek under the dish pan and say - "what! no custard pie!!"

Arthur and Robert found a "Y" - shape branch to make a plug.

shot, they fastened a piece of rubber from side to side about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an ^{on} inch wide, then put a stone in the center of the rubber piece hold it with one hand, and pull back on the other and shoot at something.

Recently at Toulon, Illinois they were declared the "Sling Shot Capital of the World"! as "sling shots" have become very popular again there!

Art and Bob joined the Boy Scouts organization. In the winter they got up early, went out and set traps, and caught muskrats and dried the pelts and sold them.

In June 1917, Edna married George F. Coriell in the jail residence. Mother had Mayme Daen a seamstress come to the house and stay for a week or two, and sew for us. She made both Edna and Sabie's wedding gowns, they were quite simple and plain but really very lovely. She made me such pretty dresses and both my Junior and Senior party dresses - they weren't called (Proms), then

Dads, half brother Fred Fuller

lived in
 of Wyoming, Ill; His wife Aunt Nelle was
 a good Cook and Caterer. Wyoming
 was about seven miles south and
 east of Toulon. She came and cooked
 a nice dinner to serve after Edna's
 wedding service, and also after
 Sodie's vows. She would serve some
 thing such as Creamed Chicken, Mashed
 potatoes, peas, salad, rolls, and I
 suppose ice-cream and Cake.
 Coffee and mints.

After Edna and Cory were married
 they took the evening train called the
 "Dulby" to Davenport, where they changed
 to a train that would take them to the
 Wisconsin Dells for their honeymoon.
 After Sodie and Lester Martin were
 married they went to the farm home where
 he was farming at that time, in the
 Saxon Community, northwest of Toulon, Ill.

Mother kept on gardening and did
 a real good job of it too. When she was
 eighty-five she filled up a nice tray
 of her home grown vegetables and
 sent them to the Fair and won "1ST,
 PRIZE."

Dad had an elderly man

in jail by the name of Samuel Dixon. He was being held until a hearing could take place and he was declared mentally ill.

This particular day Dad decided to go into the jail - sweep, and clean things up a bit. Sadie was holding onto the door that went into the jail on the outside - waiting to help Dad get out with his broom, dust-pan or what ever he had - when Mr. Dixon grabbed the door and started pulling, he was very strong. I saw that Dad and Sadie were loosing ground and ran to the Court-house as fast as I could go - found Mr. Harry Davis the Constable and said, "bring your 'Billy-Club'; and come quick" we ran back to the jail and he had to give Mr. Dixon a few whoops to get him to let go of the door - Dad got out - safely - It was quite a frightening experience. For once in my life I did something right, and going for Mr. Davis was my own idea - no one told me to.

Dad always planted potatoes on Good Friday - unless there was too

much snow. He cut them just so - dropped them in the rows and then stepped on them before covering with the dirt.

Edna took Mother to Pennsylvania to attend the Beaver Family Reunion. Our Grandmother HESSIE's maiden name was Beaver. There were many many Beavers in the area near Huntingdon, Pa. where Mother was born and lived before coming to Illinois. They had a large, very large turn-out.

Samuel Beaver, the largest man in Huntingdon County, opened the occasion by saying he was the Sheriff of their County, and the largest man in the County and they had let him out of jail long to come to the Reunion.

Mother stood up and said her husband was also a Sheriff, in Illinois and they let her out of jail long enough to make the trip. They all laughed.

Edna rose and said - they not only let me out of jail long enough to come here - but I was married in jail.

She brought down the house with that remark - They really clapped and laughed. All of Dad and Mother's family

were married except James Chester, and Don Orange who had died. There were in all nine children, eleven grand-children, seventeen great, grand children, and two great, great, grand children. - I hope that I have counted correctly, and have not missed anyone -

Dad had a man in jail by the name of Spaulding, who had killed three people in Peoria. So he was moved from Peoria County to Stark County - where his trial, or ^{where} the jurors might be less prejudiced, and since Dad was afraid that some of Spaulding's friends would come to Jolton and cause trouble, so Dad had Art & Bob take turns staying up nights, & guarding the jail. One night I had gone to the movie without saying anything to Bob as I supposed he knew, and when I came home I came in the front door, into the living room and when I opened the door into the kitchen Bob had his head down was looking straight at me - the gun loaded and cocked in his hand and said - "I'll never know what stopped me from pulling the trigger"! I can

see him plainly yet sitting at the kitchen table a book lying there, his head down slightly and the wildest look in his eyes, 'I had a narrow escape, believe me'.

When Mother reached her 80th birthday on Nov. 16, 1944. I decided that the following summer I was going to take her back to Pennsylvania, where she grew up, to visit with her relatives and friends.

We decided to go in July. Edna took us to Peoria to purchase our tickets and board the Rocket for Chicago. The first lap of our journey, we changed trains at Englewood Station, to go on from there to Huntingdon Pa., I was so excited I could not sleep. Mother slept some - This was my first trip to Pa. The steel mills in Pittsburgh were going full blast, I stayed awake all night looking not wanting to miss out on anything.

The train goes around Horse Shoe Bend - near Altoona, and Mother said, "look back and see the rest" of the train coming round the bend. When we

arrived in Huntingdon, at six a.m. on a beautiful sunny day. Cousin Dear Grove, was there too meet us. When he shouted "hello" - we felt so welcome.

As we drove through this beautiful scenic Valley considered the most scenic part of Pa. I said to Mother, "I didn't know it was so hilly and beautiful here".

Mother had the most wonderful time, and so did I. Almost every day at noon we were invited out to a friend or relatives home for generally a good fried chicken dinner. Then again in the evening somewhere else for a good supper - after that we were again invited out for ice-cream and cake in the evening. I gained weight, had to come home and reduce.

That was Mother's last trip to Pa. and she really enjoyed it all immensely. She was raised near the Susquehanna mountains. She called it, "Old Sussey". It's very hilly there and she said to me, "Ernie I just love these old hills". I would like to spend the rest of my

life here would you come here and live with me" and I said, "I would". But she thought it over and said, "well my family are in Illinois, I suppose it wouldn't be fair to them - if I were to move here".

Cousin Dean wanted to do something real nice for us, so we decided to go to Washington D.C. which wasn't very far away.

We left in the afternoon, Cousin Clair and Donnie, went along. At the time they were both about eleven.

Cousin Flora had packed a nice lunch for us. Dean's car was old, so we didn't make very good time. But arrived in Washington D.C. in the early evening. The Capital was all lit up and it was a beautiful sight.

He took us to a nice hotel and got mother and I a room, and a room for he and the boys. From our room we had a very good view of "The White House".

This trip was his treat for us and he paid all of the expenses. The next morning he called about 7:30 and said "are you both up and dressed?"

I said 'we were' - He said, "just wait and I'll pick you up!" When a knock came on the door I answered it and found a black negro man in a white coat pushing a large cart with our breakfast on it - Mother & I were so surprised, and very pleased. Dean had ordered us up a lovely breakfast, served in serving dishes of silver with bowl-like covers, also of silver. Mother and I were overwhelmed.

After breakfast Dean picked us up and we started out to see the city. He knew his way around well - as he had been there before. Mother waited while we rode to the top of Washington Monument - we took the steps down. We saw so much, went to Mt. Vernon to see George and Martha Washington's home. I enjoyed Mt. Vernon so much. I bought two small souvenirs there which I still have, and I have treasured them as a keep-sake. I really fell in love with Mt. Vernon. It's so pretty there!

This was in July and it turned too uncomfortably warm for Mother. It didn't bother the rest of us

she got terribly tired, and after a day and a half, we decided it best to take Mother back to Cousin Floras, we did see a lot, in such a short time - and had a lot of fun too.

I took some good snap shots from the window in our hotel room. Here's a poem that I wrote about Mother's eightieth birthday:

"To Mother"

"My mother! my mother," though eighty is she you would not know it she is spry as can be,

She's up mornings early no later than six - goes right out and feeds her chicks,

She bakes the best bread that I ever ate and her pies would rate first anywhere in the State.

Her garden with vegetables really abound, I'm certain she's the best cook anywhere around.

Her pickles have Heinz back right off the map, while her babies all nine were rocked on her lap,

While she sweetly sang a song that she knew - Dad hopped right

up and danced a jig or two.

There's more I could tell of mother
so dear -

But decided to end my poem
right here!"

Edna, Nell, Sadie and I, have
all tried our hand at writing poetry.
It's fun, to try!

As I mentioned before Dad was
so fond of dogs. In Toulon the mayor's
dog Laddie came to the jail in the
morning for a hard-out, and stayed all
day - he all but moved in, we had a
high chair on the corner of the dining
room table and Laddie sat there - and
ate "kid-bits", after supper mother would
walk him home - and he would be right
back the next morning.

on August 16, 1927, our brother
Chester died. He had been ill for several
weeks. It was such a blow to Dad and
mother - all of us.

Mother's family were originally
French and were Huguenots and Rogatty.
Since religious wars were the order of
the day they left France, or were
made to do so - and settled in Austria

and changed their name to Beaver. The three brothers came to America in the seventeenth hundreds and settled in Pa. a cousin told me that most all of the Beaver family, sang very well.

When I entered the Toulon High School, the principal Mr. Merdeshall, looked down at me and said - "how did you get in here, you little runt?" I was small, and he very tall - so I must have looked like a runt. He looked like a giant to me!

At one time we kids had a pet ground hog, he made a nice pet, we had a pen for him, one day he wandered off.

One of my best friends in Toulon was Grace Williams. She had a player piano and we spent a lot of time together, playing it.

Things were quite wild in Illinois when the Fuller family settled near Modena, in Stark County about 1834 or '35. They settled close to Spoon River and built a grist mill.

Great grandfather Orange Fuller died and was the first white man

buried in Stark County.

Dads aunt Mahalia Fuller
Dorance and husband were in a
bob-sled he driving the team of horses,
and she, in the back of the sled beating
off a pack of wolves, with a club.

on the farm Dad had a
gravel-bed, and sold gravel. The
team's of horses quite often got
stuck pulling a load of gravel.

When I started to school I had
such a pretty blue coat. It had a
cape like collar, of white curly fur,
that came down over my shoulders.
Mother said it was Nanny goat fur.
I thought it the prettiest coat that I
had ever seen. It no doubt come
from Sears and Roebuck, in Chicago.

My best friend in the country
school was Katie Scott, we were
inseparable, and at Recess we had such
fun playing together, rolling each other
around in a barrel.

When Chester was attending the
grade school in Doulon, he had a hard
time getting up in the mornings.
One morning he hadn't gotten up

in time to have any breakfast, and he was late for school. Miss Lyon, the Teacher was such a sweet lady, and she told me that Chester kept fidgeting around and she finally said, "Chester what is the matter with you?" He answered Miss Lyon - "I didn't have any breakfast," she replied, "Chester you must eat your breakfast, every morning, even if you are late for school".

The next morning Miss Lyon said, "Chester's hand went up the first thing" - he was waving frantically - and she said, "what is it Chester?" - Miss Lyon, "I had my breakfast" - and for several mornings thereafter his hand went up, and he gave her the same message. She seemed to have gotten such a kick out of this...

The Fuller Family all enjoyed music and dancing. Sadie taught me to waltz and Fox-trot. Dad taught me how to, "Scottish", and bought a book of instructions and taught himself, how to play the banjo.

Bob took some lessons at the Mt. Hawley, airport, near Peoria, and flew a plane for his own enjoyment. I

talked with his instructor and he said -
 "Bob was a natural for flying, he was
 fearless" - ! one time at the airport,
 Bob saw and talked with, Charles Lindbergh
 Lindbergh, flew a mail route from St.
 Louis, to Chicago, Illinois.

Dad and mother were both extra
 healthy as neither one had surgery
 during their entire life time. Neither had
 a shot either - until they were down
 and were ill from which they did not
 recover.

Mother kept chickens, after they
 moved from the jail residence into their
 own home in the northwestern part of
 oulon.

When I was a sophomore in High School
 we went on a field trip looking for
 various flowers, the wild variety, and I
 noticed that my knees seemed to be a little
 woody, but did not know why. The
 next morning when I come down stairs
 for breakfast - Dad took one look at me
 and said, "Elice come here - let me see
 your tongue" - I did - and he said, "you
 have the measles".

I happened to be real sick with

them and I was kept in bed for two weeks while Mother took good care of me.

This was at Easter-time, and my Doctor brought me an Easter Lily. I was so pleased, and when Dr. Packer said I could get up - I dressed and went downstairs and proceeded to faint.

I stayed in Chillicothe, Ill., for three years, with a lady who had a stroke. Edna, was close about 8 miles away. And came quite often. So did Janet and Nelson. We often took picnics. Edna, was so fond of the out-of-doors, and picnics, we all enjoyed these outings.

Christmas when we were small on the farm wasn't anything at all like it is today. We received a little candy, and an orange, and a few toys, not many. At church we received a small box of hard candies. These really impressed me. Dad and Mother gave us what they could.

After Sadie and Lester were married about two years - he sold their cattle, and they took me with

them to Peoria, to shop - and Lester bought me the prettiest robin - egg - blue coat trimmed in a flat brown nutria fur - with a small hat - trimmed in the same fur to go with it. I've never forgotten the coat, and thought it just extra nice of them.

"on the news, just recently I heard that President Franklin Pierce, was the first President to put up a 'tree in the White House'. We are related to him - and on mother's side of the house, we are closely related to President Madison."

I hope ^{that} my kith and kin will get a little insight to our family life from this. It's been fun for me reminiscing - like this!

"Kay - Bows," to all of the Fuller Clans.

Aunt Elsie.

January 1983