

*My  
Childhood*

BY  
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My Child



Backward, turn backward  
O Time in your flight,  
Take me a child again  
Just for tonight!

Elizabeth Allen Allen  
(1832 - 1911)

With sweetest love and devotion  
To my youngest  
Mother

# My Childhood

## Chapter I

My first recollection was the 1913 flood. Six weeks this was because I lost a pet I loved dearly.

So early March one of our cows had a large litter of pigs. She could not nurse; one of them so Papa brought it in the kitchen, gave it to me and said I was to bottle feed it. He made a toll animal and used burning cork stove, and I diligently fed and loved playing with my piggy. By March 27th the day of the flood, piggy was following me all around the house.

We had been having torrential rains so Papa kept a constant vigil on the rising river by using a measuring stick in one of our low-lying fields. God soon he would determine how many inches the river was rising. He went to bed that night confident everything was alright. It was in the wee small hours of morning when a neighbor alerted Papa that a huge wall of water was coming from the north. A dam in Columbus broke and Chilliasta was in the path of it. We were awakened, loaded in a wagon



threw by the house, hoping to get to higher land. At the head in our canoe Papa could see and hear the water coming. He turned the house around got us to the side of the house where we all scrambled up a ladder to the roof of our one story dwelling. He unhooked the house so they could swim to higher land. Our four hand & shoulder, and he grabbed the sweat box some milk and blankets and we all huddled in a little attic room that opened into the roof.

Both Papa and El waded in muddy waters trying to save a few items. My doll buggy filled with dolls was put on a log shelf. In waist high waters they managed to open the door down so the door and house could try to save themselves. When the current and waters rose higher Papa and El came to the roof top too.

We could see trees, farms and even houses floating down the muddy water. We could see the water get higher and higher and feared our house would be swept away too. About three yards away was another building of brick structure that we used as a summer kitchen or a winter outdoor shelter. This building broke the current and prevented the stockings

run of water to our house.

We could hear the house whining! The court house and the pigs squeal. I don't know what happened to our chickens. To my horse I looked a little beyond the roof's edge and could see my baby piggy trying to swim and squealing all the way. I never saw my piggy again.

About 10: o'clock that morning a young man who lived in the Navetta Pika and owned a row boat started out to save lives. The waters were so high by then that they were within a foot of our roof. We could easily step into his boat so one by one, Margaret, Kaitiya, Carolyn, Maria with Elu only twenty months old and Papa with me three years, three months all piled the boat. It could hold no more so El and Maria volunteered to stay behind.

This day the 27th was Maria's 1 1/2 th birthday. We all felt bad to see her make such a sacrifice. My poor Norton cried and carried on to have to leave one of her children for we thought we would never see her in 8 years.

Mr. Munn safely rowed us to Lucee King Mrs. Ostala came near Koptown at the foot of Mt. Tapan where the C + S Railway now occupies a right away.



We immediately returned for Ed and Marie and along the way received a couple of neighbors who had climbed a tree. How thankful we were to Mr. Murre for saving all our family.

I never knew my Grandpa Mr. Roberts as he died before I was born. His farm was then divided between the two sons. Floyd and John with the provision that Grandma live on in the big brick house with Floyd, Carrie and family. When we all had to be housed and fell Grandma out sick & I slept with her on a big feather bed. I can still smell those potatoes and feel their fragrance.

Mrs. Fitzgerald's house had a veranda on three sides of it and a winding stairway with ample room to accommodate all of us.

Uncle Carrie was no housekeeper - you know the kind that cooked something and set it out on the table until it was all gone. She was never to meet about herself on the farm, but with Grandma and Mamma's help we would get for about four months done and were most appreciative for their hospitality.

As the winter neared Ed and Papa returned to gether up what could be saved. They brought along, muddy clothes to be washed a dozen times on a wash board and with homemade soap. They set the furniture

out in the snow to dry and refinish. They skinned out all the mull and had to scold all the hens and walls. As soon as they dried sufficiently they painted and painted them. They even covered our chairs and had Mr. Buckley come to refelt, retune and put it right again.

It was later summer before we could return home. I started playing with my dolls to see how I developed something they then called stammering. I recall children in my mouth, vomiting and diarrhea. Evidently used so much to do my dolls did not get cleaned properly. Then in the winter of 1913-14 Papa had a severe case of Rheumatism and had to stay in bed most of the time with Dr. Franklin coming to see him and recommending heat, rubs and plaster of Paris splintings.

His was a rough period in Papa's life for he lost most of his cattle, a lot of his machinery platted away and all his work fields and garden and try to make enough money that year to pay his father for this farm as originally agreed. Ed was a good and steady worker. All the neighbors helped one another and my mother was a good manager. It was a time of



handsh and sacrifices which can never be forgotten by anyone alive today who suffered this tragedy.

### Chapter II

The period of my life before the flood episodes was a blank except for the story of my birth as told me so many times by my Grandmother, Mrs. Darcy and Mother.

A Radio styles in the early 1900's were loose and flowing. Mother told me no-one knew she was carrying the first child. Father did not know her neighbors Elva Kivick was about to deliver. In December 1909 when Mr. Rattray came to our house he told Mother he had just delivered a baby girl at the Kivicks. Quite a surprise to Mother. In a couple of hours around 8: P.M. I was born.

When little Floyd came to see me for the first time he remarked my head was no bigger than an apple, as I'm sure I was a tiny baby.

Ever the young Catherine Kivick Kain and I have kept in touch, always remembering our mutual birthday on the Feast of St. Annunciatas Evangelista. The backyard gate at the Kivick farm was at a right angle across a field that adjoined a gate

at the head in our lanes, so the Annunciatas we would arrange a certain Time and Day for each of us to come to our gates and signal a white flag if we could come for a visit or a red flag if we had to stay home, Elva & I and the four Kivick children always had a merry time together.

Elva again in 1911 Trama was with child. Mr. Kivick this one would be a boy. With five girls already and a farm to work the night they had to be a male. Papa's birthday was July 5th and so! and so! and so! Labor pains started then. This was surely a good omen and an ideal time to prevent the Bier family with the only boy to carry on the name. The <sup>as possible</sup> daughter was named Elva as near to my Father's name of Elward.

Elwyn was born in January 1903 and Marie in March 1901. My being six and eight years older than Elva and I acted as our protectors Mother and did a lot for us. Elwyn could make the cutest Bunny Face and Marie could curl the sides of her mouth to resemble a Pig. So to Elva and I they were Marie Bunny and Trama Piggy.

My grandfather was born in February 1899



and Nathegn in March 1900. During  
 W I they were just the right age to  
 meet up with some of the Camp Sherman  
 soldiers. Every Saturday night a dance  
 was held at the Community House. After  
 and Mamma would take all of us there to  
 keep entertained the soldiers boys, but  
 mainly to elapson my athen sisters. Then  
 on Sunday Mamma would have a big dinner  
 for any boy who took a fancy to one of  
 my sisters.

Our farm was close to Camp Sherman  
 with a swinging bridge across the river  
 for a charter walk to town. The soldiers  
 would cut through our farm to get there.  
 During the "Flu" epidemic Papa would  
 feed soldiers resting by a can chock or  
 steam stack made to go any further. So  
 many of them died that explain could be seen  
 stacked three high and a head long at the  
 depot waiting for shipment home.

Chapter III

In the Fall of 1916 my athen Elma and I  
 were sent to a little red brick school house  
 located on a lane now known as Russell Rd.  
 We were only 5 years 2 months old and I was  
 6 years 3 months old. But neither would  
 not read one of us without the other. The age  
 difference was negligible and I was

put in the second grades.

Our teacher Miss Nitzen was a  
 very young pretty girl, this being her  
 first year teaching. But she was a  
 Queen in that she would do would  
 ask me if we girls to imitate her.  
 neck, shoulder and back. She taught  
 there only one year after parents heard  
 that stories from their daughters.

Elma + I would walk home together  
 after school and often stopped at a  
 neighbors corner the road. She always  
 gave us a treat and it usually was fruit-  
 made bread spread with fresh churned butter  
 and Dawson Jelm jam. I think that  
 tasted good. Her daughter Felicitia Buey was  
 a good friend of my athen sisters.

The next Fall Elma + I were sent in  
 town to St. Peter's Parochial School, we  
 entering the 3rd grade and Elma the 2nd.  
 Margaret and Nathegn were living with  
 Grandpa Biers at 152 S. Weber St. and  
 attending St. Mary's High School. Mamma  
 and Daddy went to Cincinnatti High School  
 and drove a horse and buggy to Grandpa's  
 along with Elma and I.

Dear grandfather home was a novel  
 named Bears. She needed no reins to  
 drive us to town as she could go and come  
 without guidance. In the winter it took



a bit of preparation to see us off. At night we would buy a buck or two on the store to warm. In the morning Maama would pack our lunches and it was Ed Woodlidge's drive to Kanawa Bar and then on to the buggy and have our means of transportation waiting and ready. Then we would pile in with the strapped bricks at our feet and a head funny cap onto to keep us snug and warm. With the side flaps buttoned down and the stear front in place, we were water proofed and very comfortable during our 11 mile trot to town. The hot sun the rain and an evening deep hole in the sides and stear front provided the only visibility to the outside. Grandpa Rice was always waiting for Ben when he kept him in his form on the back of his hat and fed and watered him.

By the next fall Papa owned a car, a Studebaker with Evington's side curtains. Early every morning he would belion his milk to the Pine Shirk Co. on Riverside St. and drop us off at Grandpa's. When it rained school time we would walk five blocks up Water St. carrying our books and lunch box. On the way we would pass a small Sweeney's Store, a Bandmatt shop,

Capetta's wholesale fruit & vegetable market, The Dan County Supply Exchange, Yager's Shoe Repair etc. After school we would go back to Grandpa's and wait for Papa to come for us.

We would carry our things during our homework, walk Grandpa's stamper, skate down the walking now cement sidewalk on far as Keibay Street and always we munched on Grandpa's goodies. He kept a tin of soda crackers and a glass jar filled with sugary fudge.

Sometimes the wet cats and dogs when Papa could come for us because he had his important work to do first. In the Spring when he couldn't get away we were instructed to go to the Elks on Second Street and wait for Uncle Floyd who played cards there every afternoon. He had to rest his form out because he claimed to have tuberculosis. The Elks and cards helped him pass the time away.

The Elks was a brand new building then. Papa belonged to, so Ben and I were privileged to enjoy the pretty ladies room, the mahogany carpeted parlors with the Emerson Record Player and the water bottle type cooler with cone shaped paper cups. Uncle Floyd would drop us off at our house where we would pick up the mail, run up



the kennel, around the head and tail.

Occasionally an emergency would arise when we would have to make extra plans to get home. Mamma would phone Grandpa and tell him to give each of us a dime to take the "traktion" home. We would walk to the station on Main Street near the playground Bus depot, buy our tickets and wait for the Dinterbahn Traktion that ran every hour between Giddie's the and Columbus. Our destination was the point stop at Franklin Station about half a mile north of our farm house.

The reason this means of transportation was called "traktion" was because its power came from a high-tension electric third rail. I well remember seeing the Seab's River on the big Head Dinterbahn steel bridge and watching the sparks fly as the traction made contact with the "third rail". At night we could see these bright sparks from our farm house. This third rail was a great hazard to farmers. They had to fence in their animals to keep them from contact as it would abrade them on the spot. We children were constantly cautioned never to go near the third rail.

At the end of St. Peter's school year we always had a picnic, usually done

the 7<sup>th</sup> and mine the 8<sup>th</sup> grades were in one room under one tree. This year we decided to take our paper bag lunches to Marylagg Hill. We walked up when street hill, a more long path to the Marylagg Road and then had our lunch in a field where our house is now located. After taking some pictures and playing some games we walked down the 100 steps on Gullible Hill and back to school.

Once in awhile Papa would drive to St. Peter's School to pick us up. He was always in his stam Rat and dirty work clothes and they would embarrass me in front of my city school chums. One summer afternoon the Runn from St. Peter's were invited to sit under the shade trees and talk over school activities. By church rule they were prohibited to go inside. Mamma showed reprehensibility and Papa joined our side on the lawn. I was satisfied he would start claming tobacco as was his daily habit. This was greatly frowned on by the Runns. He opened my anxieties and was a real gentleman.



Grandma Ben's died before I could remember anything about her. Grandma did her own marketing, cooking, house-keeping, gardening etc. He washed egg shells to clean his toilet paper, made delicious beef soups and jira (never any gravy) and kept a pound cake under a glass dome. I always recall him writing his wishes and comments as he lost his voice due to a throat ailment.

Shortly after Grandma died Margaret and Nathan went to live with him for a while. After they graduated from St. Mary's High School they both took jobs at Maxwell's, one had a typist department store, on Main Street. Nathan was a sales lady, in ready-to-wear and Margaret was a bookkeeper. They spent all the time on party stations and nice things for Ben and G. During our school days we would sometimes come to Grandma's for lunch. We would have time to dress up in some of their favorites. We delighted in wearing a hat, gloves or scarf back to St. Peter's just to show off. After school we would return to Ben before our sisters came home.

My Grandma Mrs. Peter's was a lovely little woman, blue eyed and dark haired. I was her "Pat" mainly because I was named

after her sister "Diana" and "Flora" for her maiden name. After the tragic death of Grandma Mrs. Peter's she tried living with Uncle Floyd and Aunt Anna as provided but could not endure their lifestyle, so came to live with us.

In order to satisfy Grandma's usefulness she did all the dishes and prepared all the vegetables. I used to help her peel peas and string beans. Every day after the dishes were done she would wash out the tea towels and put them in the sunshine to dry when weather permitted. She also did all of Grandma's mending and used her creative abilities to make quilts for each of the children and grand children. I loved to watch her do this cutting squares on a board on her lap. Before I went to school it was my duty to thread about a dozen needles with white thread so she could be busy every minute of the day. She informed me that every minute of life is precious, because we will never see that particular minute again. And we must do something worthwhile with that minute.

Grandma was raised in Washington D.C. and went to a Catholic school. She must have had the processing spirit to come to



She was exiled over the mountains and primitive needs and settled to be a farmer's wife. She had a deep religion and made it a daily practice to read her Bible.

I can see her always dressed in clothes of mourning using a lot of white, making for trim. She was a thin little lady in keeping her hair just as, and she would use coffee or tea to saucer for those before she crinkled them on her hair so they would be fluffed and only the next morning. She believed this beverage treatment kept the grey hair away and perhaps it did for when she died it was still dark.

I slept with Grandma in a folding bed. During the day it stood against the wall like a high cupboard, or a skunk, annoyingly as I saw a similar object in Germany. There was another double bed in that room where sometimes three of us children would sleep crosswise.

Grandma would go visit her other children for a week or so but was always glad to get back to our way of living. Grandma died the month of January as she had had pneumonia several times and it always happened during this month. Her birthday was on New Year's day. For

her 83rd we had a big celebration inviting all the neighbors and relatives to play cards. She took milk shortly after with pneumonia and Maama always said the New Year's party was too much for her.

A big black week of trouble with a purple tear was placed on our front door. Her general services were held in our parlour. When the car lined up for her burial procession they extended over a mile long. She was buried in Grandma's cemetery on the Mrs. Abbott's lot. Her past-time mis-spells her young "FLERY" name. They worried Maama the rest of her life but no one did anything about it.

### Chapter V

The summer months on the farm were the best. It was well arranged, certain chores, Eva and I brought in the building, wood and coal. Some of our chickens roosted on the wood piles as we would have to brush off the lice after each unload.

The close I loved the most was to gather the eggs. We had certain nests all around the barn yard where we hunted for eggs. Some of the boxes were up high in the hay mow, some on the wood



pile, where in the cattle barn or at the end of a building. Every year and then a quart ten would make for our nest and not on her eggs to hatch her own chicks. Often we found them they were old and rotten. In the fall and winter all the chickens were kept in the barn house so the egg chases were minimal.

On real hot days when the sun were working the fields, Mamma would make a staining of vinegar water. Our well water was cool so the vinegar and sugar made a refreshing drink to hot tired men. There was a tree in the middle or corner of almost every field where Papa could rest the team of horses. It was small and very job to easy the ting to team and they the would rest under the shade of the trees. On the way home down a dusty path we stopped and played a bit. It was here we learned about matters watching the terrible bugs carry their ball of cow manure to their houses.

We had a lot of cats and kittens on the farm. Every summer we would catch about our favorite from a kitten and play with them like they were dolls using our doll beds and buggy and even dressed them in our doll clothes. A ruffly cap and a dress on a sleeping kitten taking a buggy ride was a delight and great accomplishment for us.

We had a playhouse attached to the end of our summer kitchen and used our decorations ideas to decorate the windows and arrange our doll furniture. We had tea parties with our little dolls and even made divided bedrooms for our different dolls and furniture.

The apple orchard was a favorite place to play too, because it was cool and because we loved to climb certain trees. We would not climb under the shade of those trees and play grocery stores using our imaginative play vegetables to sell. We used rakes for potatoes, green beans for asparagus, flat iron leaves for spinach, etc., and made our play money.

Papa put a net on a long hand led hoop and we used this to catch butterflies. Raising them by their wings we would stick their heads in God Oil, spread them in a book and glue them on paper. We had want it, but I didn't think so at the time. I had quite a collection of many different birds, large and small, in beautiful colors and workings.

On a hot sultry afternoon Mamma would make a pallet on our parlor floor where she had spread the shutters and it seemed surprising cool. Sometimes we would take a nap and sometimes we would



goat house around making nests for  
 one another with our feet as being the  
 ends small or missing the round of  
 a train clumping along and pushing  
 our legs back and forth. After a restless  
 nap we would be hungry. A big piece of  
 bread spread with butter and brown sugar  
 reached from the jar, or, mustard and sugar  
 on bread pattingfield us. Peas, the big  
 sticky kind, were a treat too. When the  
 currents were ripe we would pull some in  
 a cup then go to the back hills and crack  
 each walnut. A piece of crumpled bread  
 and thick cream from the milk house  
 made what would be called today a gourmet  
 meal.

Our garden was grown without  
 insecticides therefore the potato vines  
 would get striped bugs on them. Papa  
 would give each of us a can with a little  
 Cal Del in it and a stick. We were to go  
 through the rows searching the bugs into  
 our can. That killed the bugs just like  
 it did the butterflies.

Several times during the summer  
 Maama would allow Sam & I to walk a  
 couple miles up the road to visit our  
 cousins Mary, Flegly and Charles.  
 The Roberts who lived in the big hill brick  
 house. The boys had a bicycle and we

thought that was something. They also  
 made sticks and small wads everywhere  
 on them. A challenge made us run and  
 we soon learned to use them as well as our  
 cousins. Sometimes we would spend the  
 afternoon at a scale that ran behind their  
 farm. Here we built sand castles and  
 dams and there was share of rocks in  
 the clear water. A railroad track ran in  
 front of their house. Flegly and Charles  
 would get some nails, washers, bits of  
 metal and put them on the track. Once we  
 put a penny there. We would sit on the  
 bench and wait for the train to roll by.  
 They were all washed to an unrecognizable  
 degree. We kept them as mementos of the  
 tremendous force of the great steam engines.

In our total naivete was a grinding wheel  
 that was turned by hand. I cannot so allowed  
 to do this while Ed designed with from a long  
 riveted can then used with handle to adjust  
 the pressure to sharpen butchering knives, an  
 axe or machetes or axes. All of Papa's tools  
 had a place and if you used one you had  
 better put it back where you found it. A job  
 is never finished until everything is put  
 away. That was his motto and I learned  
 it early.

Ed took an axe with two big curved  
 cheeks and attached a seat to it. We would



the horse pulling one another all over the barnyard. Eddy runner afterwards put up a rope among in one of our traps trees. He could not handle an animal together alternating the jumps at the on it single and push one another. He also had a slick riding trend on a new horse that we used as a rider on a tractor tetter, although rather apter we could go all around the new cement rye and so laid, we also learned how to trim cast-iron and stand on our hands against the side of the frame. On our new cement panel, Sam & played Jocks by the tower. On my cousin thought us marbles and Thursday Ag. There wasn't much we missed as we grew up. From four and city airplanes all went hand in hand. Moreover of these good times in the summer; he it wash and play, then we back to those days.

Chapter VI

Should you realize my Foster knew how to row? He would buy blue cotton material for his work shirts and cut out on the living table and use the machine to row them up. Grandma did the buttons and buttonholes by hand. I never saw Grandma use the machine, in fact she

made all her laundry, needles and took and even her undergarments by means of her fancy little hand stitches. Grandma used the Bluebird with great exactness, not leaving any girls to dress and so much washing, cleaning, washing, sewing, sewing and helping rye with the milking also could not find time to make all our clothes. Every summer she would engage Mrs. Blowing to come for several weeks and do nothing but make our school clothes. With her pay was small for the work she did, for now and then was free and I really think she looked forward in helping out Mom.

Before we had our autumns we used our survey with the fringe to top drawn by two hands. My mother's favorite sister Margaret and our four cousins Margaret, Rose, Rose, Johnny and Samuel lived fifteen miles away near Orderville, Utah. Mother's death was a hard worker and farmed a lot of land. These cousins were about our age as we had a nice time playing with them. One particular day I was wearing a white regime coat with embroidered insets on the eye collar. Just as we were driving away, Sammy threw a tomato on me. Such behavior could not be understood by those who had all girls. The strain lived by the time we reached home and could not be removed.



Mama would climb a sunny day to wash our hair. She would call the cattle back and after a good rub-and-rinse, ~~she~~ we to run to the head of the lane where the *Wedge* *Phl. tea* grows. I can't remember how she did that in the winter but I do recall our baths every Saturday night. A galvanized tub was set on two chairs by the wood burning stove in the kitchen. The hot water was dipped from the reservoir in the stove, *Ema* & I would fight as to who was going to be first. In the summertime we used the summer kitchen.

When there was an electrical storm we would all huddle in a darkened inner room. Papa would light a blessed candle. Our big candle trays were struck by lightning and became very frightened when he poured a storm so we would bring him in tea. There was a dip in our lawn before it reached the lanes. The excess water drained there and made a perfect place for us to go walking. Following in the winter there was a dip in the field behind our house and when it froze over we took our skates and slid with our feet and had a wonderful time on the ice.

We always ate in the dining room with Mama placing on the table heaps of stacks of our fare for that particular meal.

Before dinner and supper in the last month she and one of my other sisters would use a towel or apron to show-out the floor, that she had not already met their down on fly paper hanging in various places. We had sliding screens in the windows and a screen door set with so many of us running in and out there were *Diabolical* *metamorphoses*.

When we would see Papa coming from the field with his wagon, *Phl* as *Phl* we would run to meet him and jump on some portion of it for a ride to the barn. I was holding on when the tongue of the wagon *reverted* and as he was turning to go into the barn my thumb caught and was marked at this extraction. Papa grabbed me up and carried me to the house to the medicine cabinet, he'd wear *Right Cotton Oil*, to clean your system, *Alcat* grease for the carcase, *Nitro* for fever, powdered sulphur for sore throats, *Asfo* for a tickling cough, *Silva* tablets for sneezing attacks, *Slava* fragment for sore nipples and *Turpentine* to purify a wound. He poured some of this on my bleeding thumb making me scream worse than before. We had a windmill that automatically pumped water to a trough in the fields.



milk house. An overpluss-pipe led to a  
emanent trough for the farm animals. In  
the milk house we put our cans of milk  
in the trough, could run butter, plaster  
Crock of cream and Schweinerees and put  
melons and tomatoes at the bottom to keep cool  
or anything else that called better chilled. If  
there wasn't enough wind I would have to  
hand pump the water for our use, there  
were steel steps to the top of the windmill  
tower needed for maintenance. This would  
nearly to create the men go up. Eina and I  
never ventured to climb that ladder.

There was a lot of excitement at  
threshing time. Good farmer would help  
the other so the men and the traktor area  
the only expense. Norma would have to feed  
all the men for several days. She would  
bake a loaf, make a crock of pickled hots,  
potatoes salad, a huge bowl of apple  
pies and cakes of all kinds, pickings and  
meatballs or dumplings with chicken plus  
any fresh vegetables on hand, after a month  
it was back to work. As they passed  
the wheat in the granary Eina and I  
would walk in it and try to bang our heads.  
We would average dusty and dirty but there  
was no fun side it. After several hard rains  
we were allowed to drink the straw stack  
and roll on side down. That was better

for us than any roller easier ride on  
play ground equipment of today.

### Chapter III

Norma and Grandlucia saw to it that  
Eina and I took pickup lessons. Grandlucia  
paid for mine. We went to a spivator  
Rady Miss Rita Fokos who lived on Bridge  
Street. Margaret and Kathryn would see us  
Miss Callahan's ballet classes at the Erik's  
Hall. We could not continue there very long  
because of Saturday afternoon employees, I  
inherited Papa's bad tooth and found it  
necessary to sit in Dr. Mills dentist chair  
every Sunday afternoon. During this time  
Norma would take her eggs to the Park County  
Supply on Water St. and exchange there for  
whatever staples needed. We always bought  
a loaf, meat, bananas and Shelled wheat.

El Woodbridge came to our farm  
when a young lad. He was from a large  
family and appreciated getting room, board  
and a dollar a day for his work on the  
farm. He had a very limited education and  
was shy and not inclined toward social  
activities. In his late thirties he  
bought a Ford and began going to town  
where he became interested in girls.  
Every Saturday he would find time to



Clean his car, polish the brass radiator  
 and the brass air horn that he had by  
 pressing a black rubber ball. Then he  
 would bathe and shave and dress in his  
 best clothes. Sometimes if he had several  
 crank turns before the engine would  
 fire. He would then go put-butler down  
 the lane loaded for town. Maera  
 kept wondering why she was not getting  
 as many eggs as usual to take to town.  
 Since Ed gathered them some evenings when  
 we were late coming from school she began  
 to suspect him. Sure enough she found  
 several dozen stacked away in his feed  
 nearly to roll in town on Saturday. This  
 extra cash kept his entertain his girl  
 friends. He married a girl half his age  
 and had a big family. Regulators of  
 Maera's good drinking and ample food on  
 the table he remained a very tall thin man.  
 Elmer and I called him "Snake" which  
 made him give a beautiful smile.

Sunday was a day of rest so instead of  
 our usual heavy breakfast by Deer Lake Catholic  
 and back we would enjoy Amman and Stoll  
 in boat. Our dinner was often a trout or fish dinner.  
 This was also a day to go visiting, but Maera  
 came first. Papa was a Knight of Columbus  
 and trustee of St. Peter's Church. After I was  
 born Maera joined the Catholic Church.

There was a group of neighbors who  
 enjoyed playing cards. They took turns  
 going from house to house on Sunday night,  
 drinking wine and serving good cold  
 around midnight. The Stecker, Hirschel,  
 Costera, Henschel, Petter, Seimig, Klatt  
 M. & Mrs. Gross and Ze Jhu Trausitz etc.  
 There would be four or five tables playing  
 Euchre. Had fun and laughter with my  
 grandpa supporters winning and enjoying  
 these get-to-gethers more than any one else.  
 It was grandpa who taught me to play  
 Casino and Solitaire. Erna & I would  
 furnish the tallies and help Maera serve the  
 refreshments when they came to our house.  
 Gold servants and Slade were a novelty then  
 so along with Livity and Livia (niece of) cut  
 into stacks of bank, diamonds, spades and clubs,  
 on the thin pauane ribbon sandwiched with a  
 glass of wine, cup of tea, or coffee made our  
 refreshments.

When all the children of these families  
 would come they would number around 18.  
 In the summertime we would play  
 Leaf Frog, Kild and Cook, Tag, Go Slappy Go,  
 Cheggit, Bird Maera's Bluff etc. In the  
 colder months we gathered around a long  
 table and played Trick, Old Maid, Tiddly  
 Winks or turned out the lights and  
 some one would tell a ghost story. If one



of the little ones got sleepy they would lay on the bed where all the coats were. All found Chandler a good place for a large crowd.

Papa and Mamma belonged to the Grange and attended their monthly meetings. All of the farmers brought their children. In a separate room we would serve all kinds of games and had a real jolly evening together. We liked to run it, and when the wooden stairs and playground "Master Jay &" to see who would get to the top. When we got too noisy someone from the Grange meeting would come out and quiet us. Each family had to take turns providing the large lawn entertainment, Eva and I would play our duets on the piano or recite a novelization, or, Mamma would read an interesting short story as usual. The Grange families were always a big affair. Papa was in charge of making gallons of lemonade for the crowd. Each family brought all kinds of delicious dishes, pies and cakes. Games were provided for the children. I saw a three legged horse race. There were rope ball fans the men & boys, tags of war and horse races. If there was enough food left we would bring for a picnic supper!

### Chapter VIII

The weekend I was was after then the Stewarts' from the Grand was when I ate too many hot nikes chicken. I could not stop vomiting. Mamma made burnt toast with water on it. A spoonful or two of this toast-water was supposed to settle your stomach, along with a teaspoon of pink water from a dissolved Star tablet.

Eva was prone to a lot of nose throats, colds, sneezes etc. One winter she had Quincy as bad the doctor had to come and lance her throat, she had a Mason's chair by the end stove in the dining room. When one of us was sick we could push a button in the arm and the back would lay down any angle almost like a bed. With a pillow and blanket we were very comfortable and not where Mamma's slave Abraham told her what to have the doctor.

Mamma had a tea set of white porcelain call dishes that were a gift to her as a child from Thanksgiving D.C. When we were ill she would sit us down with them, otherwise they were left in a cupboard. Heavy porcelain displays this now.

During the cold winter months our dining room was a sitting room too. It was a large square room about 20' x 20'. On the west side was two windows where Mamma had tables and chairs to hold ten many potted plants. Under this sofa and I kept our tall furniture, dolls etc.



and could nicely play there. One moving machine was on this side too. The cot sides opened to Trausa and Papa's bedroom and also provided space for the side board two chairs and medicine cabinet on the wall. The front side had a small one and side of the door and Papa had two beds on the other. The door went down one step to a 6'x6' square where Papa had a pump fastened to a metal sink that drained the water outside. The kitchen was just off this square as it was handy to get warm water to wash and above there, the front side had cupboards from ceiling to floor, the stove, a little shelf up high for the striking clock and dining lamp, 6' doors in the corner led to another bedroom. There was a decorative hood for storing coal and a rack to hold the paper, trays and alcohol. The round hollowed stone was magnetic & looked with its irregular pebbles attractively ground in the base and its shiny polished steel guards all around. The primitive mirrors were there and tall when ~~the~~ put up the stove. He bought new stove pipe, cleaned the chimney, tacked asbestos board behind the stove and placed a metal square for it to sit on so the wood floor would not char. The kerosene oil lamp over the center of our long dining table provided enough light

all around the room. We had several little tables and the Maria's chairs near the stove. Papa liked to read the evening paper by putting the book on a dining chair against the table and burning the pot on the warm stove guards. If knowledge would play games with us and grandpa would sit in the tiny little nook with the lap board working for one of the many quiet or play cards or read her Bible, while Maria if she had the spare time would read her magazines and library books.

### Chapter IX

Easter was always a happy time for Maria's Spring flowers were blooming, the two rabbits and our animals producing their babies. My sisters always said if that Sun & I had a new dress and bouquet while Maria took us to town for our patent leather shopping shoes. It was this time of year when we could shed our long underwear, black leotards and long stockings. We would criticize the Bunny and often hear him hopping about the yard. Trausa had killed in our corner of the yard and that was where I liked to make my nest for the Easter Bunny to leave my goodies. Sun & I



would pull long grass and weave it into a mat and give enough our baskets would be there <sup>early</sup> morning.

When the Rain and Friday Creek came to town Aya would take us to see the parade. I liked the big soft treading elephants and called it the best. The cages lions, jumping white bearded horses and others were special too. At night when we sat under the big top the wives mothers and teenage artists held me a ball round. Six years Aya bought me a Chamdoor and picked him on my den. They have the power to change color to whatever they are sitting on. He enjoyed him for several weeks and let him run up and down a tree to catch bugs to eat. One day our cat of old kind, caught him, and ate him. That was the end of our cat for he died in a few days and we felt sure the Chamdoor poisoned him.

On the 4<sup>th</sup> of July in the city park fireworks were set off. Aya would park our car on the other side where we could sit and look at them better than standing in a crowd. We would buy cotton candy and crackers and wait for that first burst of colorful sparks. One of the big rockets went the wrong way and hit the top of our flattening sparks and eiders on the street.

There was no animal damage but frightening to us children. For the way home we would stop at Galen's Ice Cream Parlor and get a penny ice cream cone.

There was a big night and near midnight on the way home. One of us would fall asleep in the back seat from Stupidity.

Every Fall, our family would have a Farmers Fall Festival with decorative booths lining the sidewalks and main streets with colorful type rides. All the farmers would display their finest animals, grains, fruits and vegetables. The women would bring their flowers, baked and canned goods and art work. The stores across the street along the way and displayed their merchandise. Paper were several prizes including a Blue Ribbon for the finest corn. We would go from booth to booth collecting free specimens, like real food a dollar to spend. That was ample money to do and see it all. Besides eating we would go on the rides, the Merry-go-Round, go in the Merry House and whatever else took our fancy.

### Chapter X

When Thanksgiving the farmers began to harvest their crops. It had to be cold weather. Cool weather helped the corn which made it a pleasant taste.



Early in the morning Papa would awake  
 out with his rifle and aim it between the  
 frog's eyes. He never let us children  
 know what he was doing as this kind  
 of cruelty was far more ugly. The lungs  
 throats would be cut, then hung by their  
 hind legs to bleed. Each would be ~~skipped~~  
 of their gutters then cut into appropriate  
 pieces. One summer bitolan was used  
 for getting the furs and skins ready  
 for the Suoko house, making Kaad  
 clove and getting the rest of the pieces  
 to be ground for sausage. The tundra  
 shoulders and very best were used for  
 this. Some were preserved with Sage and  
 some with garlic. Salt and Pepper were an  
 important ingredient. I liked to trim  
 the crack on the Sauge Stiffen and  
 watch an experienced farmer knit the  
 gut, even now and then, to make Leida.  
 Naana would make Sauge Olan and fry  
 them and pour their own grease over them  
 in jars. When it cooled and hardened it  
 kept the Sauge similar to curing fruits  
 and vegetables. The milk and off-alls  
 were stored in a copper bottle and an open  
 fire. The boiling grease rose to the surface.  
 This was strained and put in gold colored  
 lead cans for our year round baking.  
 More and was squeezed from the milk

in a lead press. The remains formed  
 a solid cake called Chaddine used to  
 feed our dogs and cats.  
 Papa had had Naana do her big  
 earning job when there were bundles  
 of furs, apples and peaches to peel  
 and get into jars. He always finished  
 the can to eat and shared the cabbage  
 for Naant.  
 There was a beautiful grape garden  
 which Papa had for his wives. One  
 Naana got her share for Juna and Jella.  
 It was my delight on a warm fall  
 afternoon coming from school to go to the  
 other and eat the best and ripest grapes.  
 Our cellar was full of good things to eat  
 and one Surokhuine hung with furs and  
 skins from the ceiling. There were two  
 entrances to our cellar, one on the outside  
 for summer use and the other a trap door,  
 easily raised, in Ed Chodhinger's kitchen  
 for winter use. It always lit a candle  
 to take down to the dark damp place. In  
 our corner of the cellar was field bundles  
 of potatoes. Toward the front of the year  
 they had to be sprayed over no other.  
 There was a huge stone jar of Naant. The  
 cloth and square stone weight had to be  
 washed of its fermentation weekly. The  
 apples and skins were stacked high in



plotted lines so air could filter through. There was a swinging shelf that announced the name of Zoroastrian sacred gods, those that found no space on the shelves around the cellar. The apple-butter was in stone jars and Tawnton in tin cans sealed with red sealing wax. There were Spens Jollies, Provosts and Politics and the best Mountain Bibles in a stone jar.

Zoro was apple cider we made "five gallon glass jars of vinegar", using the same brown looking "looking water" to start a new one,

When it was Christmas, Papa trimmed the tree after we went to bed Christmas eve. We had some lovely ornaments in red beads of shapes. Some had concentric circles, others designed with twirls and one like a parachute with an angel attached to its golden cords. There were vireos, turms and towns and a set of painted figures. Our biggest delight was the many colored candles that fit in the slots to slip on the outer branches of the tree. Papa lit them only for a minute or two and carefully watched for any signs of fire. A light was framed over the space of the dining room when the tree usually stood, because we were not allowed a single bead until we went to mass first.

See, goes when Elva and I were putting in our time at Grandpa's waiting for Papa to pick us up we got in our big sisters cupboard. There we found a white wreath and buggs, a dozen with real mirrors and drawers for our doll clothes and a big white stuffed Rabbit. This Henry still has and we call him Sammy Bunnny. He called the buggs out and packed. It arrived Grandpa's dining table several times. Evidently we did not put it back in the cupboard as it was for our sisters because we had found our Santa gifts. They were used and told in Santa Claus would bring us nothing that year.

When we awakened Christmas morning we were enough there was no tree filling behind the sheets in the dining room. Off to church we went with additional hearts. When we returned our stockings hanging under the eaves shaly were filled with sticks and lumps of coal.

While we were at mass, Ed Woodbridge had made a grate fire in the parlor. When we went in there much to our surprise was a beautiful Christmas tree standing in the middle of the room. God the tree we had previously seen, and a few more were placed around the tree and waiting



For us. Papa lit the candles making it turn out to be the best Christmas ever.

### Chapter XI

Now at these later years in my life I see the old farmhouse as it stands in my childhood. The lane to our farm is still there joining Route 23 just north of the Kelley farm.

The main reason I own home was made of brick and I have been told it was the first known Methodist Church west of the Appalachians. I recall some of the traditions that makes me believe this is true although historically it was never recorded. Editions were made to the house by Grandpa Bier which changed the design and Papa kept making improvements as our family grew. In 1900 our house was demolished but I can still see a lone Noble tree in that vicinity.

I don't mean to add an abstract from the characters in my story, but there were my childhood impressions.

In future years my grandchildren in retrospect can witness my early life. Writing these memories had allowed me to summarize my most treasured and loving recollections.