SMALL POTATOES

For Naiven and James

Vignettes from the life

of

Emma Ellinger Mathews

Emma Ellinger Mathews
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Yesterday remembered, bids not time return
But rather grants the peace of life's endeavor earned.
—J. E. M.

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The next thing most like living one's life over again seems to be a recollection of that life and to make that recollection as durable as possible by putting it down in writing.

—Franklin in his *Autobiography*

PARENTAGE

I like to recall the stories my mother told me of her girlhood on a farm near Almond, Wisconsin, in the late 1800's. She and I were very close, often, very often seen together in Princeton, Wisconsin where I was born. In church, on the street, in the store, at the neighbors, at programs and at home we were just about inseparable.

"They are always together" was the remark often made about us. As I grew older some sympathetic friends took it upon themselves on occasion, to tell my mother and me that this companionship was overdone and might hurt her and me both. Did it? I do not know, but this I do know, I learned patience, fortitude and courage from her, for I saw her withstand suffering without complaint. Her oldest child Emil, was killed at twelve, her second son died of diabetes at 32 and her husband of a massive heart attack. Her own childhood had been harsh. It is not surprising, then, that she clung to me—all she had left; yet it was not the kind of clinging that stifled or overwhelmed. I had a mind of my own.

I shall begin with a report of my parents' marriage as told to me by my mother.

My father, Charles Ellinger, was the oldest son of Frederick Ellinger, farmer in central Wisconsin. He was born on Broadway New York July 23, 1853 and was brought to Wisconsin by his parents Frederick and Thekla Ellinger when he was very young.

For his day, Charley got around a great deal. He was a hale and well-met fellow, hearty, a teller of jokes and anecdotes. Ellinger knew old man Storzbach from meetings in towns where farmers gathered to talk and to trade. One day in company with some friends, Ellinger stopped to visit at the Storzbach farm. There he noticed Caroline, 19. After a few return visits to look Carrie over, he decided he wanted her. Ellinger talked the matter over with Storzbach, who agreed that he might have her. There was little courtship, only a few talks and a mutual promise to marry.

Caroline, called Carrie, was willing. She was eager to get away because in a way, she had been a slave to her father's farming interests. A spirited girl, with a desire to learn, she was denied schooling, except for a few weeks in the dead of winter. She husked corn, shivering, in late fall and walked the fields in spring sowing, weeding, and haying and reaping in the summer.

Fredericke Caroline Storzbach, 19, and Charley Ellinger, 29, were married April 8, 1883. There is no family record to tell where the ceremony was performed—in church, rectory or office of the justice of the peace. My mother never told me those details, except to say that she was glad to leave her father's farm.

The couple lived on a farm near Almond where my brother Emil was born in 1884 and my brother Richard in 1886. While Richard was an infant, the family moved to Princeton following Grandpa and Grandma Ellinger who had left their farm and moved to Princeton a short time before Charles Ellinger took his family there.

THE HAT

The Hat is a vignette, not a dainty one, having to do with the life of my mother, and the favoritism which hurt her deeply.

There were blue velvet forget-me-nots on that large white leghorn hat. Its straw was fine and soft. The brim drooped slightly in front and a velvet ribbon, the color of the forget-me-nots, hung down the back. My mother remembered each detail. This beautiful creation came from Chicago back in the 1870s.

Old man Storzbach brought the hat back to his oldest daughter, Louisa, when he returned to his farm in central Wisconsin from a trip to Chicago, where he had gone to sell wheat. The hat was the only gift he brought back to his family. The sisters, Louisa and Caroline, looked at the beautiful chapeaux. They touched the flowers and smoothed the velvet ribbon. The girls held it up to admire and they tried it on. At last they put it back into the band box.

Caroline, my mother, said little after the hat was put away. She felt anger and outrage because her father had forgotten her. Then, seeing the sorrow in Louisa's eyes, my mother realized that Louisa was not happy over the hat either. The ill feeling changed to chagrin as Caroline thought more about the white leghorn. What an incongruity it was! When would Louisa wear it? She had only coarse farm clothes and heavy, clumsy shoes. Her hands were rough from field work. The unsuitability of the gift occupied my mother's thoughts, but she did not speak of it to Louisa any more.

THE NICKEL

The Fourth of July was to be a great day in the little town of Almond, Wisconsin. The Storzbach children looked forward to it because they would be free from farm work on that day and could go to town to see the parade and mingle with the crowd. Their father would give them some money to spend.

The Fourth of July came, a bright, hot day. Storzbach gave his children money as he had promised. When Caroline looked into her hand and saw that her father had given her only a nickel, she was furious. Swiftly recalling the long, hot days in the fields, the lame muscles in the evenings and the stiffness in the mornings, she rebelled, stamping her feet and protesting vociferously. John, the oldest, the half-brother, laughed. He did not tell how much money he had, but hurried off to town, alone and ahead. Quiet Lousia decided to stay at home. Reka, Mary and Albert were to young to walk; so Fred and Carrie set off together. They took off their ill-fitting shoes to walk more comfortably. As they walked Carrie's anger failed to cool. The nickel seemed to burn into her palm. To her, the coin was a fiery symbol of many injustices.

As the two approached the town they put on their uncomfortable shoes again. Soon they mingled with the crowd to look at the booths where souvenirs, food and drink were being sold. Not far away they saw John buying a souvenir, that they knew cost many nickels. The climax had come for Caroline. She glanced at the measly coin and threw it as far as she could over the heads of the crowd. A sense of relief and release came over her, but the day was spoiled. Long before the day's program was completed brother and sister trudged back along the hot sandy road toward the farm home. Fred offered Carrie a stick of chewing gum. He had bought a package with *his* nickel. This was my mother's July 4 back in the 1870's.

GERMAN HOGS

To escape the rigid routine of work ordered by my mother's authoritarian father and her mean half-brother John, she and her favorite brother, Fred, sneaked off from field work at times to eat watermelon in the shade. Louisa, the older sister, went with them, but infrequently, because she feared breaking the rule, even to rest.

At other times when a load of hay was hauled to the barn from the field, Caroline stole into the kitchen, stirring up baking powder biscuits, stuck them in the oven and went back to the field. On the next trip to the barn, she rushed in, took the biscuits out of the oven, hurried down into the dirt cellar and skimmed the cool cream off several pans of milk. What a feast Caroline, Fred sometimes Louisa had of the cool cream on baking powder biscuits.

Sometimes their snack was thick sour milk over cold potatoes that had been boiled in their jackets and peeled.

The time for lunch had been stolen from work. Caroline felt she had earned the time and Fred agreed, but Louisa demurred. She was her father's favorite. Not knowing which way to turn her loyalties, she often threatened

"I'll tell pa."

She never did though, even when Caroline often goaded her saying

"Go ahead and tell."

Once two salesmen came upon the young people eating thick, sour milk with cold boiled potatoes. As the brother and sister peeled off the thin brown skins the men were horrified and called the Storzbachs German hogs. This unpleasant remark stayed with my mother over the years. She repeated the story to me during the period when I had to eat thick sour milk under the doctor's orders.

MULLIGAN'S MANSION

Mulligan's Mansion was the small four-room house to which Charles Ellinger took his wife and two young boys in 1886. He bought it from Mulligans, paying down only a little cash. Marion Gray, a rich English lady, held the mortgage. It is interesting to know the later, when Carrie and Charles Ellinger wanted to pay up the mortgage, Marion Gray refused to accept the payment until the date due, because she wanted to collect the high interest. In her old age Marion Gray and her brother became paupers, town charges, in addition to becoming senile. Bankers had invested and lost their money in western farm lands in the land depression. Let us get back to Mulligan's Mansion, so called in amusement and sadness over its condition. There were two rooms upstairs and two, downstairs. The larger of the two downstairs rooms served as kitchen, dining and living room. The other room was a bedroom. How Carrie Ellinger felt about that house, she often expressed to me, her daughter, in later years. There were mice in the walls. Their comings and goings had left little round holes in baseboards and under the cellar door. Bed bugs crawled out from under the wall paper and boldly walked across everything in the rooms. There were large cracks between the wide, worn old floor boards! What scrubbing cleaning and disinfecting went on while tears fell as the young woman did her best to clean up the ugly place. She had never wanted to leave the farm anyway. They had not given it half a trial. Charley only wanted to follow his folks to Princeton. Not only did he follow them, but he bought the place right next to theirs.

Charley, my father, built a kitchen on the west end of the upright. This was to be just a temporary addition. Yes, Carrie would get a new home in the future. She always wanted one, but she never got it. When she left Princeton in 1930, to live with me and my husband, the house was unchanged in form, but white

paint, and a red chimney outside and clean wall paper and paint inside had made the house a cozy little home, where neighbors liked to come and visit on cold winter evenings or sit on the screened porch on summer evenings. The screened porch had been added in 1919 or 1920 after my father's death in 1917. This was my mother's home for many years and my home for thirty-three years.

THE BABY GIRL

"Marcella, that's the name for our baby" said my mother.

"Oh, no" said my father, "We will call her Grace."

"Oh, no" said Grandma Ellinger. "I can't say either of those names."

And so I was named Emma, the good old German name that my grandma *could* say.

"Emogene," my father called me at times.

"Sis," my brother called me.

"Emmie," my neighbor called me.

"Emma" others called me, the name I never liked, but now in my old age it does not sound so bad to me, because it pleased me to read that recently an English actress named her baby Emma. Then too I remember reading of Emma, of Normandy, widow of Ethelrod, the Anglo-Saxon king of England, whose three sons became kings, one of Denmark, another king of England and the other, kind of Norway. Yes, Emma was a great queen. Ha! Was that why my fiance and later as husband, called me his Queen? No, I'm sure Frank Mathews never read of Queen Emma and her sons.

I was born on Friday, March 13, 1896, delivered by a midwife, not even a trained one, who said that she thought I was too frail and weak to live very long.

According to my mother, March in Princeton, Wisconsin that year was warm. The grass was getting green and the weather was pleasant that second week of the third month when I arrived.

THE BROTHER I NEVER KNEW

"Is the baby all right?"

It was my brother Emil, calling down from upstairs in the middle of the night to ask about the frail, sickly baby, his infant sister who was born in the spring of 1896. A rush of tender feeling rises up inside me as I recall the stories my mother often told about his tenderness to me and to her. He often held me and asked my mother anxiously

"Will she live?"

Emil had heard the nurse tell my mother that she would never be able to raise this weak, skinny infant. My mother herself, was very weak at the time. Often dizzy as she stood at the stove, trying to cook, the boy would lift the lid, put in the wood, lift the kettle, get the water, take out the ashes and do anything he could to help her.

Before I was three months old, my good brother was dead, killed by a discharge from a tiny brass cannon at Warnke's Park near the Fox River in Princeton. Several boys had been playing with the cannon, Emil among them. Not one of the boys could give a coherent account of the accident, but it was deduced from bits of evidence that it was probably the fault of the Straight boy, the dentist's son. He had the reputation of being rough; consequently it may have been that he was blamed unduly. It is to the everlasting credit of my mother that she had no ill-feeling toward the Straights, though townspeople all said that they had been overly indulgent with their son. When I was old enough to be told about my brother's accident, I asked my mother if at the time of Emil's death, she had had any feeling of anger or blame toward the Straight boy. She explained that she did not hate him or feel the fault was his entirely. Her deepest feeling was that she didn't want to see the boy or his parents. She hoped she would never see them. Not long after the accident, one or two years perhaps, the

Straights moved away from Princeton. Gossip said that it may have been guilt feelings that caused them to go to another community. Then again they may have gone away feeling that others wrongly held them responsible.

COVERED BIRD

A little girl child hurried into the house to tell her mother that there was something unusual out in the yard, ''a bird all covered up.'' Her puzzled mother, let herself be tugged by the skirt, to go and look at the strange creature. There it was, slowly moving across the gate, the ''bird all covered up.''

It was a turtle, the first one the child had ever seen. In relating the incident later, my mother remarked that her little daughter had made good use of her limited vocabulary in describing the turtle. The child was I, Emma Ellinger.

A BAD BOOK

Dime novels were the ruination of young boys. The women of Princeton were sure of that, especially my mother. The day came when she discovered one of those terribly cheap paper bound horrors in my brother's bed room. She confronted Rich with the novel, and said she intended to burn it. Rich pulled the novel out of her hands, explained that it was not such a bad book. They argued about the book; my brother insisting that he would finish it. At last he strode out taking the book with him. The door slammed behind him.

My mother talked on hysterically expressing her fear that the contents of the book would cause my brother to become depraved. She wept and paced the floor. After a time, she opened the back door, to go out doors for something. The book slipped to the porch floor from the threshold where it had been placed carefully by my brother before he left. My astonished mother brought the book into the house. It lay among papers and other things for many a day until I sneaked it upstairs to find out what was between the covers. It was a Nick Carter book!

COFFIN NAILS

My mother hated cigarettes. She called them *coffin nails*; so did my father, as did almost everyone in the community. Pipe smoking was acceptable, but cigarettes were taboo. Rich was a young man, old enough to smoke, so to speak. Yet, when he came into our house, smoking, my mother was hurt, depressed and exasperated. She tried to convince my brother that smoking cigarettes would ruin his health. Her tears, expostulations and scoldings amused him and he merely shrugged off the whole matter.

I was ten years younger than Rich; consequently I had no knowledge of the cumulative effects of nicotine. In my childishness, I looked upon each single cigarette as having concentrated within it a great power to work extreme havoc upon the human body. There was a fascinating horror about a cigarette that kept me from touching one. It was a feeling akin to what I felt toward a snake.

My brother gave up cigarettes in favor of a pipe, but when later he became too weak to tamp the tobacco into the bowl of the pipe, he again took up the habit in his last days. Coffin nails did not kill him, but diabetes did, at 32.

STAGE FRIGHT

My only case of stage fright occurred on Decoration Day long ago. Let me see, I was about eleven. That would have been 1907. It had long been the custom in Princeton, to honor the veterans, living or dead, of the Civil and Spanish American wars by having the school children say verses, sing songs and give drills in the Turner Hall on the morning of Decoration Day, before they marched to the Cemetery across the river to decorate the graves and stand by for the salute and *Taps.* At the program when a veteran's name was called, a child, preferably a relative, stood and said a verse, but there was always one special piece that received close attention. It was an honor to be chosen to speak the long piece of the day.

I had had some little reputation for speaking well at school and Sunday school programs. That is probably why my teacher chose me that year. When the important time came, I stepped forward on the platform and began

"In the heart of every true soldier that ever stands upon the firing line, there springs instinctively the desire to be remembered after death" . . .—

It was the death of me at that point. The Turner Hall suddenly seemed huge. Faces blurred. Further words stuck in my throat. No, I didn't forget. I just couldn't talk. In disgrace I stepped back. Shame overwhelmed me. I was no longer proud of my white dress with the lace trimmed bertha and my new white hair ribbon. My teacher had expected me to do well and my mother, too. Now, after almost sixty years, I still remember the feeling of humiliation and sadness over that case of stage fright.

Had I only known then that embarrassing things happen to important people on platform as well as to little girls I might not have been so depressed. I wish that I might then have been told of Lord Baden-Powell's experience in India when he was expected to

give the Scout Promise in a grand manner to Mrs. Annie Besant, the leader of Scouting there. Lord Baden-Powell's mind wandered and he was completely unable to recall the words of the promise. He began to sweat and suffer. Fortunately Mrs. Besant rose to the occasion and whispered the words to him, which he repeated in ringing tones. Unlike me, no words stuck in his throat and he came out of the experience unscathed, yet he was embarrassed to the point that he recalled the incident when writing his autobiography *Lessons of a Lifetime.*

SKATING

"She'll get pneumonia. She has been so very sick! She hasn't strength enough to learn to skate." My mother spoke!

"Maybe it will do her good to be outdoors. She can come in often. The pond is near! Why not let her try? Skates can't cost too much Carrie." My father spoke!

I got the skates! I learned to stand on them and skate a wee bit. Then one glorious winter day Aai Whittemore, a high school boy, big strong, lithe, a finished skater slid up to me, a kid of eleven or twelve, and swung around the pond with me. What a thrill! What a joy!

"You'll learn," he said. "You've a taste for skating!"

There was Orlo Warnke, too, an older lad who skated with me.

I did learn to skate, but never like he could, only enough to enjoy the exercise. And later when I graduated to river skating, the joy was still there.

THE MORRIS CHAIR

The purchase of the Morris chair was an event in the Ellinger household when I was yet small. Morris chairs were new style. They were large. Their backs could be adjusted high or low by raising or lowering a rod at the back that fitted into sockets. There were two brown corduroy cushions, tufted with buttons, one to fit the back and one to fit the seat. What a chair! I used to drape my mother's large shawl over the back and fasten it to another straight chair with huge safety pins and make myself a hideaway, a little nook where I played with Tom, our cat, until he grew tired of being petted and slunk away. This is where I sat reading *Toby Tyler* and *Heidi* and many other books that thrilled me as a child. It was near a window; so I often pushed the edge of the shawl away a little to let the light fall on the book.

My father sat in that Morris chair almost every evening after supper to read his paper, but before long the paper would sink to his paunch and light snores made my mother and me aware that he had fallen asleep. She sat at one side of the center table, sewing, mending or crocheting. Her hands were always busy. I sat on the opposite side of the table occupied with paper dolls or doll dresses. My father would awake, quietly continue reading and make some remark about the weather or politics or whatever he had been reading, as if to maintain the fiction that he had never dropped off.

Helen H. Jackson in *Ramona* spoke of the ". . . indescribable expression peculiar to people who hope they have not been asleep, but know they have." That is what I saw in my father's face as he awoke, that "indescribable expression."

INDULGENCE

"Don't buy expensive shoes for her, Charley!" said my mother.

My father and I walked down past the school house and on down Water Street to Nickodem's store. Mr. Nickodem brought out shoes, high top, button shoes; several pairs. There was one pair that made my eyes glisten. They had patent leather tips and a strip of patent around the top. I tried them on. I looked at my father questioningly, remembering my mother's warning, and held my breath.

"How much are they?" inquired my father.

"Five dollars, the best in the store," said Mr. Nickodem.

My father hesitated only a second.

"We will take them," he said.

We walked home together, he with the box under his arm and I very quiet, holding his hand. Both of us knew he had spent too much money for the shoes. Money was needed for other things. When I was ten, five dollar shoes were really something!

My mother looked at the shoes, at my father and at me. She never said a word.

Those shoes brought me great joy! They satisfied my pride, but they taught me something more important. There had been a sacrifice for me to have the pretty shoes. I knew I was loved. It is good to be extravagant once in a while.

THE GREAT BEYOND

Dr. Travis had his office in his house just across the road from where we lived in Princeton. One day my mother took my hand and we walked over to Dr. Travis' office. He examined me and then told me to go outdoors to play. Being mostly interested in quiet games I found a place among some clover, which happened to be near the open window of the doctor's office. This is what I heard through the raised sash.

"Mrs. Ellinger, I am afraid you won't raise the child. I don't think she will live very long; she has no strength."

I knew that meant death, but I had no fear. My mind was full of wonder about the mystery of the next world. I pondered about it a few days and then forgot it. This is one incident I did not discuss with my mother. Somehow I sensed it would distress her; I had not heard her reply to Dr. Travis. The chances are that she made no reply at all.

Now sixty-five years or so later (I do not recall my age at that time) I still wonder about the mystery of afterlife, though, I hope, in a more mature fashion than I did as a child.

WHOOPING COUGH

I lay sick, very sick, in my little wooden bed in the living room of Mulligan's Mansion where I had been transferred to make it easier for my mother to care for me. Maybe I was eight; I don't know, now. I remember looking at my thin, veined little hands, wondering why they were so white. The Vapo Cresoline lamp stood near my head. My mother held my head with one hand and a large old cloth in the other, while I gasped and whooped in a paroxysm of that dreaded child's disease.

The day came when I got better and Dr. Travis urged that I get interested in something for I lay listless. After considerable effort on my mother's part to get me to play, I suggested that I wanted a doll. I *had* two dolls, a large one and one with a beautiful porcelain head, but I decided I wanted a *little* doll, a small one, with hair.

When my father came home, my mother told him about my wish for the small doll with hair and asked him to buy one for me.

"Oh, Carrie, I can't go and buy a doll! I'd feel ridiculous buying a doll."

I remember lying there wondering why he couldn't buy a doll. I didn't know then that embarrassment is sometimes paralyzing. Anyway after washing up, my father came and looked at me. I said

"I want a little doll—*with hair.*"

Father went out and after an interval returned.

"I've got one, Carrie," he said excitedly. "It wasn't bad. Lichtenbergs didn't have one, Teskes didn't; so I went to Mueller's Drug Store. They didn't laugh at me. Frank Mueller helped me choose this one. Is it all right?"

I remember that doll. She was about eight inches tall and had blond hair and eyes that opened and closed. There were two baby ribbon bows on her yellow hair. Long after I got well I played with

her behind my father's Morris chair where I made a house by spreading my mother's large black shawl over the back. I used to think of my father's buying the doll, wondering why he did it when he didn't want to. Along with the wonder there was a very special good feeling toward my father. Yes, the doll had a name which I can no longer remember. Now I know that she should have been called *Love*.

BREAD

"Here is some money," said my mother, "Go to Mrs. Krauses," she instructed, "And get something for lunch." There were no specific directions. I might choose what I wanted, depending upon the number of coins she had provided. The coins jingled in my little red purse as I stomped happily through the snow to Mrs. Krause's back door.

What good smells came through the cracks in the storm door as I opened it and removed my overshoes! Then stepping into the hot kitchen I feasted my eyes and nose on the warm bread, rolls and küchen spread out to cool on the kitchen table.

"If only I have to wait," I thought as I plumped myself down on a stool and smiled and smelled some more. The bread on the table might be for ladies who had made special orders. I hoped so because then I could stay a while and watch Mrs. Krause at her work, more or less silent, yet asking a question now and then about my little grandma or commenting on the shape, size and color of the loaves. After some more fat loaves were carefully drawn from the low oven and put into the pantry to cool, I began to ask the price of this and that kind. It must have taken too long for me to decide because Mrs. Krause would step back to knead another batch of bread or shape some more rolls, or possibly go into the next room to take some flour out of a huge bag which she kept in the unheated front room. Anyway, I usually decided against rolls and chose graham bread because I could get more for the money than if I bought rolls. Frugal I was. Carrying the hot bread, but not squeezing it because Mrs. Krause said that would spoil the shape of the loaves, I hurried happily to our own cozy kitchen, delighted to relate the details of my purchase. Sometimes there were a few pennies left. These I returned to my mother, because in those days pennies had importance. After repeating the

details of my conversation with Mrs. Krause, I ate a piece of that delectable graham bread spread with butter and sprinkled with brown sugar.

BREAD

More about bread! I lay in my little bed in the living room convalescing from whooping cough which had sapped my strength to the point where I could hardly eat. Food just did not want to go down.

One day in bustled Mrs. Mesick carrying a basket covered with a white kitchen towel. Now I must confess that as a child of nine I was not at all fond of our neighbor, Mrs. Mesick. Her tongue was too sharp to please me. Yet that day I could have hugged her had I had the strength. After removing the towel, she took something out of the basket and held it out to me as she came toward the bed. It was a little loaf of graham bread baked in a child sized pan. I saw and smelled it and asked for a piece of it. My mother cut a slice and buttered it for me. Much to the joy of both women I ate it with relish. That is all I remember about the bread, but it was certainly the beginning of my returning appetite.

Still more bread, but later in my life!

"I baked this bread," remarked Nave Mathews, my fiance, as we sat down to supper one day in the spring of 1928 when he was visiting me.

"Yes, he did bake it!" added my mother when she saw my skeptical glance. She and Nave both grinned and then began to explain what had happened that day while I had been at school teaching.

My mother had started the bread, when she remembered that she had promised to help the ladies put on a church supper that day. Nave offered to help. He listened to the instructions about how high to let the dough rise, how to punch it down, how to shape the loaves and when and how much wood to put into the stove to heat the oven just right for baking.

Yes, my fiance had baked the bread!

Many years later. Bread again!

A piece of white bread, a whole slice lay on the sidewalk, soggy and dirty from having been stepped on.

"Bread wasted! Not even a bite had been taken from it! How careless! How wasteful!

These thoughts went through my mind as the discarded bread reminded me of the value of bread to the Greek workmen, as told to me by Mark Diviastes, a missionary for the Oriental Missionary Society in Athens. One day in a poor section of the city Mr. Diviastes saw a Greek workman pick up a tiny crust of bread and carefully place it near the doorway of a house he was passing. Another time in a Greek home, the missionary saw a maid reverently kiss a piece of bread. Then again he saw a woman make the sign of the cross over a bit of bread. She remembered the deadly hunger of war time.

Mr. Diviastes told us of these incidents and others to emphasize the importance of bread to the poor as well as to the common workman of Greece. One day he went to the police station to get a permit to buy coal (Incidentally coal was $66 a ton.) There Mr. Diviastes saw the officer take a hunk of bread out of a drawer and bite off a mouthful. Then when he was sent to another desk where he was forced to listen to another officer harangue him about leaving Paradise (America) to come to Hell (Athens) where poverty was so deadly. There on the officer's desk lay (You can guess by this time) a small loaf of unwrapped bread that was to be his lunch.

Bread and cucumbers, Mr. Diviastes said, was often the complete noon lunch of the worker. It is no wonder that the Greeks have great respect for bread.

From Greeks to ancient Jews my thoughts ran. The Jews, too, had a feeling for bread. To them it always carried a double

significance, food for the body and food for the soul. Melichizeck, king and priest of Salem brought forth bread and wine to bless Abram as told in Genesis.

And now that I have finished writing my thoughts about bread, I will soon be on my way to the bakery to buy a long loaf of French bread, my favorite just at present.

KEIPE'S CREEK

Let's go up to Keipe's Creek! We dropped our sewing on a hot summer afternoon and went. Keipe's Creek was a tiny stream that wound through a sand hill that belonged to Mr. Keipe, a farmer. It was fenced off from the village area by a barbed wire fence; yet people were free to go there. Hardly anyone went except my mother and a bunch of children, the Giese kids, mostly and maybe a couple of others, the Humphreys. We walked south up the street several blocks, running ahead and behind my tall mother, chattering and giggling. Carefully we crawled under the barbed wire fence and ran down the little sand hill to the cool creek. Only the barefoot children walked slowly, picking their way carefully through the hot sand to avoid stepping on sand burrs. Splash! The little stream of water running over the stones was a delight, as we waded back and forth and shouted and played. My mother waded too. Sometimes the smallest kids sat down in the water and threshed around, flailing their arms and splashing each other. There was green water cress growing in the creek. We picked leaves and chewed them as we played.

When the time came to go home, we reluctantly crawled under the barbed wire and slowly moved homeward. These excursions were common in summer. Now and then we took sandwiches and lemonade along and enjoyed a picnic under one of the scraggly oaks that grew in the sand near the creek.

My mother enjoyed wading. She went because she wanted to go herself as well as to entertain the children. I couldn't understand why some hoity toity neighbors sneered and wondered why Carrie Ellinger could do such a thing as take off her shoes and stockings and go into the creek. My! My! Ma was a free spirit, though, and the head shaking didn't deter her at all. The mother of the Giese kids occasionally went along for moral support, though I can't recall that *she* ever waded.

WILLIAM HALL

"I don't believe she would do a thing like that." So spoke Will Hall, my neighbor, friend and teacher.

I was in deep disfavor with the good ladies of the Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist Church. They were having some kind of doings; I can't remember just what. The ladies frowned at me and buzzed to each other in low tones. One spoke out roughly

"Shame on you Emma Ellinger. I thought you were a nice little girl. How could you do that?"

Why I didn't run out the door and across the street to the refuge of my home and mother, I don't know. I just stood there facing the outraged ladies trying to explain that I didn't do that awful deed of which I was accused and yet I had. The more I tried to speak the more I was interrupted and the more I was interrupted the more confused I became. At this point Mr. Hall came in from the kitchen behind the women where he probably had taken some donated food. He stood a moment listening and then said emphatically "I don't believe she would do a thing like that."

Turning to me Mr. Hall said "Tell me about it."

So I told him that as I had walked past one of the large round tables I had pulled one of the chairs away from it and then moved on. Almost before I had gone six or seven steps there was a heavy thud. I turned to see what had happened. Someone had fallen! It was Old Lady Markstead who lay crumpled on the floor. As she was being helped up, fortunately unhurt, she pointed her long bony forefinger at me and shouted "She did it! She pulled the chair away just as I sat down."

"I believe the girl" said Mr. Hall quietly and left the church.

The ladies buzzed again to each other but not so viciously and I went across the road slowly to tell my mother, all the while

wondering why Old Lady Markstead sat down where there was no chair. Why did she blame me? I did not know then that folk need a scapegoat.

Old Lady Markstead died many years ago and William Hall is long gone. I remember her with distaste and him with respect. There is much for me to recall about Mr. Hall. He and his wife Lottie with their only child, a son, Eugene, moved to Princeton from their farm in Mackford, so that the boy might attend high school. The Halls were regarded by the townspeople as *different,* as Thoreau said "They marched to different drummers." From the beginning of his life in Princeton Mr. Hall worked in the Methodist Sunday School. He was superintendent, leader and teacher from time to time. I was fortunate to have Mr. Hall as a Bible teacher for several years. No other man in our town would take a group of little girls up the Fox River in his launch to picnic at the White River Locks. Or again take them down the river to the Red River Locks to play, to picnic and to bathe. I can still see Mr. Hall lugging long pegs from the launch along with a couple of blankets to set up a little shelter where we girls might change to go into the water. While we ran back and forth across the big gates of the locks, picked flowers or splashed in the low water at a certain place, our teacher would entertain himself with a book for a couple of hours.

My father was one of those more or less gentle critics who could not understand Mr. Hall's willingness to waste an afternoon with a bunch of kids. And to vote the Prohibition ticket consistently was just too much for the Poles and Germans of my home town to fathom. Did he not know that his vote was wasted? And why did he tell how he voted?

Mr. Hall gradually lost his hearing from year to year. He had no hearing aid! I had never seen one in those days. However, my friend did have one of those long horn contraptions that one shouted into while he held the small end in his better ear. How

patient the man was with his affliction! He often sat smiling while his Lottie chatted with mother and me. When something important was said, Lottie would get up and shout a sentence or two into the horn. He would smile his thanks and comment briefly. Maybe he would pop some popcorn over the dying coals or bring up a basket of cold winter apples from the basement.

The years slipped by. Frank Mathews and I were betrothed. When I took my fiance to visit my old friend, I was happy to see the two get on famously. Frank was intrigued by that long horn and took great pains to converse with the old man. Which of the two was more delighted, I could not tell. Then when I told Mr. Hall that we were engaged to marry, he shook hands with my fiance and said "Well, you're getting just about the best girl in town."

My aging friend kept his fine vegetable garden in good condition. He was especially proud of his everybearing strawberries which he sold around town. He would drive around in his Ford and peddle his prize strawberries from house to house.

And fishing! I never cared much for fishing, yet I spent many an hour sitting in a row boat out on Green Lake, just holding a line. There he sat smiling, patient, expectant, while I sat contemplating. We couldn't talk because he was deaf. If by chance I caught a *mini* fish he was more delighted than when he caught a big one himself. I did a great deal of thinking those summer afternoons on Green Lake. When we got back to shore where Lottie and Carrie, my mother, had been visiting, we would be quite ready for the good lunch of chicken, new potatoes and green peas, pie and other picnic food.

I was not then aware of my friend's influence on me but now I realize that William Hall definitely had a part in shaping my life. I pay him tribute, for he was a grand old man!

SAUCE

The lash of the pliable buggy whip stung my ankles as my mother swung it back and forth to punish me. She had me in a corner, literally, and I jumped up and down to escape. It wasn't the pain from the whip that shocked me most, but the fact that my mother would resort to punishing me with a whip. *My mother with a whip*; it just could not be; but it was.

I do not remember the cause of the altercation, but I do know that it was *sauciness* that goaded her to extreme measures. I remember my brother saying to my mother

"Are you going to let her talk like that?"

Rich was ten years older than I. He had a different temperment from mine and he was always kind and quiet in his speech.

Did the whipping help? Yes, I believe so. I came to understand that words can hurt, that I was not the only person to be considered in a situation. It was the only whipping that I can remember.

CLOCKS

A large brown intricately designed clock modeled after a Rhenish castle, dominated the living room of my grandfather Ellinger's house. There was a wide flat clock on a shelf and a clock with a brass pendulum on the wall. There were two smaller clocks in the room, one on a table, the other on a chest. It was my grandfather's ambition in his old age to have all of his clocks strike at the same time. Every day he wound them carefully, adjusted them so that they might strike simultaneously. Then he sat on a stiff gray bench on the south porch and watched an occasional passerby as he was waiting for strike time.

Then when the clocks began to strike the hour, he limped indoors to see which one or two were late in sounding the hour, and proceeded to adjust the recalcitrant ones.

Our house was next door to my grandfather's house, so I saw a great deal of him and the clocks. Never once over a long period of time did those clocks ever, to my recollection, strike at once. Yet grandfather persisted. He was often grumpy about the whole matter, especially when my mother commented when she was dusting and cleaning the room for the old folks, that the whole clock business was silly and fruitless. Poor grandma tried to smooth things over and iron out the wrinkles, but she couldn't succeed in calming the crochety old man and a spirited, capable daughter-in-law whom grandfather constantly criticized adversely.

This interesting memory of clocks was spoiled for me the other day when I saw an ad on television showing many different kinds of clocks that did strike at the same time.

DEATH AT THIRTEEN

The decision by classmates and teacher, was to put flowers on Agnes' desk after she died, rather than to drape it with black as was the custom when death came to a student. (The Shew boy's desk had been draped in black when he died of hydrophobia not long before.) Agnes Racek was a grade ahead of me in the two-grade room of our school in Princeton. She was in the eighth grade I, in the seventh. Agnes came to the public school after attending St. John's Lutheran School.

I admired Agnes Racek very much and I envied her, too. Not only was she smart, but also she was free to do many things forbidden me. Agnes was the only child of Dr. and Mrs. Racek. We could see the doctor's fine home by looking out of the rear windows of our second floor schoolroom. In memory I can see Agnes roller skating back and forth on the new cement walk, past her home, glossy braids flying, arms swinging, as she bent forward slightly to move faster. Agnes was strong and healthy, a little large for her age. Her skin was clear and fine. She was greatly to be admired, this child of thirteen.

One day Agnes had a hard fall on the sidewalk when she was skating. Neighbors carried her into the house. Two days later Agnes lay dead. The autopsy report read "acute appendicitis," but no one could convince my mother that the bad fall was not the direct cause of her death.

I was forbidden to have roller skates. No intervention on my father's part could make my mother change her mind. I never got my roller skates.

"Was cement harder than ice?" I used to ask myself, for I had had ice skates for several years.

A TRIP TO THE MOON

I created something of a sensation in my small town when my story *A Trip to the Moon* appeared, boxed, in the middle of the front page of our weekly home town paper, *The Princeton Republic*. I must have been about fourteen at the time. That would have made the year 1909.

I can't recall what I wrote about the imaginary trip, but I do remember well, the joking my father took from his peers about the story and the silly questions to me about the moon's being made of green cheese and whether or not I had seen the man in the moon.

When the first real trip to the moon occurred, I recalled my story of the fanciful trip, that had long since been forgotten. I began to think again of the reaction to the silly story. It had been ridiculous sixty years ago to think of going to the moon, so much so that the very idea was received with great amusement, even high hilarity.

The teacher who sent the composition to the newspaper probably thought the idea was so preposterous as to catch attention.

In repeating the cliche *Times Change* to myself I ponder the great advance in knowledge about the moon during my seventy odd years.

ANGER

"You never heard of Poysippi! Why you ——!"

He railed and scolded and ridiculed his teen-age daughter. He was in a towering rage against her ignorance, against the school, against everything in general as his anger snowballed.

The man was Charles Ellinger, the girl, his daughter. It was I. We stood at the dock watching a pleasure boat that had come up the Fox river to Princeton and stopped at the dock for a while before moving on. Neighbors and friends stood near my father as I asked, "Where is Poysippi?" My father's pride was hurt, his friends had heard my question. He was in disgrace because his daughter didn't know that the *Poysippi* was named after Poysippi, a tiny town down the river not far from Oskosh. My father was a long time recovering from that blow to his self-esteem, even after his anger had subsided.

SALUTATORY

I was graduated at seventeen from the Princeton High School in June 1913. How well I remember the late afternoon of that pleasant day before the Commencement ceremonies in the Turner Hall that evening. There came an unusual sound breaking the quietness with the "put-put" sounding somewhat like the motor of a boat, yet rounder, deeper, crashing, rather startling and unpleasant. Recognizing the noise, I went to the front porch to watch Hall's Corner a block away. Sure enough, in a minute, around the corner came the noisy little vehicle. My brother was driving the "contraption" as my father called it. Huddled close to her husband was my sister-in-law Olga holding tightly her two children. They had driven from Green Lake where they lived, to stay for supper and to attend the graduation exercises.

That little car, if it could be called one, was a most unusual vehicle. My brother had put it together himself to use in going to Ripon to get printing materials and to come to Princeton to visit us, his folks. The motor had been made of parts collected here and there from old shops. The body my brother built of wood. The two bucket seats were rounded with sheet metal. There was no top. This crude looking car was not much to my liking in so far as appearance was concerned, but it interested me tremendously because I was amazed at my brother's ability to build a machine that ran. Cars were a novelty in Princeton in 1913. There were three that I recall, a red one belonging to the Catholic priest, a black one belonging to Mr. Yahr, a lumber yard owner and a small car with a rumble seat belonging to Eric Mueller, the implement dealer. No doubt because there were so few cars, to me there was something great and wonderful about my brother's successful project. He could build anything and repair anything. Besides that he had an inborn musical talent. He could play almost any instrument by ear. To me, this too, was marvelous,

because I have no mechanical ability whatsoever, nor any musical talent.

When my folks bought me an upright Kurtzman piano, I began to learn to play, but so slowly that Richard was disappointed with my progress, as was my father. Perhaps then disappointment spurred me to try hard. Eventually I played well enough to operate the pedal organ for church and Sunday school.

But I am wandering from my commencement story. There were nine in our small class, three girls and six boys. I had hoped to be valedictorian but was chosen salutatorian. The one-third point difference in grades was of no consequence, really. The faculty placed me second because the girl honored with the valedictory had a more charming out-going personality. Though disappointed I had written my short talk myself and felt that I gave it with the confidence and that I had really said something worthwhile about good character and gratitude. Somehow I had not wanted to tell my folks about the salutatory, why not, I really don't know. It was a surprise to them to read my name on the program that night. The glow of pleasure for me that evening was not receiving the big diploma rolled and tied with a white satin ribbon bow. Instead it was my brother's commendation when he said that my salutatory was well organized and well given; that pleased me deeply. My brother, ten years older than I, was wise, I thought. To receive kind words from him was stirring praise indeed.

NAUSEA

"I'm sick, Carrie, I don't want anything to eat." This went on for several days! "No, No food." And this from my father who had always been a hearty eater. What had brought on this sickness?

It happened long ago in Princeton, about 1904. Just why no one would go to look after the body of an old man who had taken Paris green to commit suicide, I don't know, but at any rate, it fell to the lot of my father who was a member of the town board and was one of the poor committee. He went alone and after the coroner had been there, he did his best to clean up the mess in the room and the body for the undertaker to work on. One day I heard him describe the scene to my mother. I wasn't supposed to hear but I did. My childish impression was wonder about my father's attitude. The scene didn't disturb me as it was described. A strong man should get sick over this thing? My father was brave and unafraid! Why should this have bothered him so? This question disturbed me.

THE EXAMINATION

It was an important day for Charley Ellinger. He was going to Green Lake, the county seat, to be examined by the "big guys" from Madison about road construction. Pa was in charge of building roads in Green Lake County. A new ruling had been made at Madison that the examinations for county road supervisors were imperative. My father faced the coming test with mixed feelings, amusement over the fact that he, who had never before taken an examination, was about to do so. He felt some fear about passing and concern about whether the examination was to be oral or written.

"What do you think, Carrie?" my father asked as Ma helped him get into his best clothes.

"All I know, is to tell you to do your best and then let happen what will," was her answer.

Pa passed. Chuckling he related the details later. The exam had been oral. Two men had sat with him in one of the offices in the Court House and administered the test. The questions which concerned formulas for making concrete and methods of constructing road beds, had been couched in technical language. Pa listened carefully, then repeated the question in his own words, then answered it. He didn't hurry.

"I knew what they wanted, Carrie," he boasted. "When it was over, they clapped me on the shoulder and said, "You're all right, Charley!"

And Charley *was* all right. He had passed his first test, and to my knowledge, the only formal examination of his life.

MISSING SCHOOL

My father was adamant about having his children never miss school. The tax payer paid for the school. He was a tax payer. It was a waste to miss school and not get what was already paid for—education.

I sat on the floor in the hall just above the stairs to my bedroom and overcast seams, many of them. It was a school day and I was at home helping to finish a lady's dress that my mother *had* to get done. I overcast and overcast the seams of the many gored skirt and sewed the hem. Though I minded the sewing not at all, and missing school only a little. I was still very unhappy. I didn't want to be hiding away upstairs and I wasn't happy about my mother's insistence that she needed my help against my father's wishes.

The screen door slammed. My father came in, washed up, ate and talked. The screen door banged again. He was gone never knowing I was upstairs sewing. After the long day was over and the dress completed, my mother told me she would never do that again. She decided 'Twas better to speak out, even *fight* it out if necessary, than to deceive. She hated herself for the deception. Yet even as she spoke with such decision, I could see that she was relieved that the dress had been finished on time. I never missed school again to work.

POTATOES

My father and I sat in the kitchen sprouting potatoes and cutting them into pieces containing two or three eyes each. Though the old bushel basket and the potatoes were dirty, we worked indoors, because, though it was spring, it was cold. As my father picked up each potato and cut it, he talked about Democrats and William Jennings Bryan, electric lights in neighboring towns, potato soup and many varied subjects, not particularly suited to conversation with a child. Still I took in his ideas and stored them away.

Soon the potatoes were all cut. We put on wraps and went out to the garden. I walked along behind my father as he dug holes with a hoe. I carried a two-quart pail of potatoes and dropped the pieces into the holes, careful to put the cut side down. At the end of the row Father turned around, covered the hills with dirt and stepped on them, while I ran back to the house and got another pail of potatoes.

It snowed after the potatoes were planted. No matter. The potatoes were all right. After the potatoes came up, I went with Father to hoe them. There was always talk, mostly Father's. Later in summer we mixed the Paris green with water and with a sprinkling can, Father sprayed the potatoes to kill bugs. Father talked. Another time he hilled the potatoes. As I stood by while he worked he told me his thoughts. And then in the fall, I picked up the potatoes after he dug them with the steel fork.

There were more stories about his work on the blower of the threshing machine, the pile of straw, the sweating horses pulling wagon loads of grain to the barn, the good pies the farmers' wives baked and his happiness when it was time to come home.

The potato field was small, one lot and part of another, but had it not been for that little field, I think that I should never gotten so well acquainted with my father, his hopes, his ideals and his vexations.

ALLERGY

I was fond of my little Grandmother Ellinger. It was she who hid the Easter eggs in the tall grass under the gnarled old cherry trees that marked the boundary between Grandpa's garden and ours. I was not supposed to see Grandma preparing the Easter nests for me, but I did.

It was Grandma Ellinger that I followed around her kitchen as she carefully prepared some special dish for my irascible grandfather. Sometimes I followed Grandma through the summer kitchen and out to the shed, when she went there to get something. In the shed I smelled the drying tobacco that hung in bunches from the rafters. (Grandfather raised his own tabacco and prepared it to suit himself) I must not disturb Grandpa's tools, never, my Grandma told me.

Once with tears in her eyes, Grandma told me in faltering voice that Grandpa would not let her eat any grapenuts. They were just for men, he told her. Women did not need grapenuts. In sadness Grandma said that she didn't miss the grapenuts, really. What hurt her feelings, was that she was denied them.

During every free minute Grandma had from household duties, she sat fussing with her bonnet. Off came the ribbon, off came the flower and off came the veil. She held the ribbon at various angles and the flower in a new place as she studied the effect. Finally she fastened them in the selected positions. Then Grandma primped in front of the little mirror, tilting the hat this way and that, while glancing furtively over her shoulder to be sure Grandfather was not watching. The very next day Grandma would again go through the routine of ripping, adjusting and sewing on the ribbon and flower and at last adjusting the veil.

"The more I make a hat over, the better I like it," Marie Dressler once said. My grandma felt the same.

My mother took all of this fussing over hats with equanimity, but I remember that once she became exasperated. She had gone to the hat shop to help Grandma select a new hat. The very next day my mother found Grandma sitting with scissors in her hand and the hat in disarray, ribbon, flower and veil lying in her lap.

"Hmph," grunted my mother. That was all that I heard as I stood by. No one ever spoke unkindly to my dear, kind little grandmother except Grandfather.

After Grandma's serious operation for gall stones, she was slow to recuperate. She was then already in her seventies. Often she came to our house to sit and rest. One day as she sat in a big chair near our front door, I noticed again how tiny she was, and how black her hair still was. I felt that I wanted to do something nice for her, something to please her. What could I give her? I knew. My favorite scent! Happy with the idea, I got the bottle, opened it, and held the perfume for Grandma to smell. To my shocked surprise she turned white, closed her eyes and sank back in the big chair. I called my mother who revived her by opening the front door to let in cold air, and by putting cold cloths on her forehead, all the while trying to explain to me that certain odors made Grandma ill. Why? She did not know! Allergies were not so named in Grandma's day.

"Ach, mein Kind!" This is what Grandma said to me, when she revived, sorry that my attempt to please her had not worked out.

MA

When I spoke of her to others, I always said "my mother." But in the home, Rich and I always called her "Ma." It was a beloved term, which grew to signify admiration for her courage in difficulty and for her ability to turn her hand at varied tasks. I think I was always somewhat in awe of my mother though I was her constant companion until I married. It was not that I feared to disagree with her. I was often saucy and explosive in differing with her views, but *usually* I came around to follow her advice. I had a deep knowledge that she would stay by me in any case, a loyalty that would hold even if I made mistakes.

Twice in my life, I made serious decisions against my mother's will. The first was to go into Special Education of the Deaf in Milwaukee. "Will you succeed?" she said! The second was to marry F. N. Mathews, whose family I had known but a short time. "A railroad men?" she questioned. "How can you be sure?" I wasn't. I knew only that I loved him.

PEASANT FEET

My mother had peasant feet, broad, thick and heavy. Their width and toughness had been aggravated by working barefoot in the fields as a girl. I am sometimes reminded of those feet when I look at the *Song of the Lark.* My mother's feet were her *bete noire*. She hated their size and felt frustration over the trouble they gave her. Ma needed wide number nine shoes of extra width, which were hard to find in Princeton. Many a Saturday night I went with her from one general store to another (Teskes, Mackowske's Manthey's, Picuses and Nickodem's) to try to find some shoes. Seldom was there a pair to be bought. The shoes had to be ordered. Mr. Nickodem would get out his catalog and together he and Ma would study the styles and sizes. The discussion centered around the idea of whether or not the shoes would be wide enough. More often than not, when the shoes came, they would not fit; still Mother had to keep them. That was the rule on a special order.

Besides the difficulty of buying shoes to fit, Ma suffered a great deal from painful corns and there were heavy callouses on the bottom of her feet, and corns on every toe, corns between the toes. It was my help with cutting the callouses and shaving the corns, after Ma had soaked her feet in a little tub of warm water, that gave her a measure of relief. She was grateful to me for performing a task I disliked. In those days we knew of no foot doctor. While I was caring for her feet, Ma often harked back to her father. She repeated with resentment, the story of how old man Storzbach would come home with a bunch of shoes, tied together with a string and throw them on the unfinished pine table. The sisters and brothers selected the shoes that fitted them best; all except John, who went to town and bought his shoes himself. Never once did Caroline, that was my mother, ever find a pair of shoes that really fitted. In the winter she had to wear the

ill fitting shoes with the inevitable consequences of growing corns and callouses. Fortunately, though she never developed bunions from short shoes.

My mother was 5' 7'' tall, large boned, inclined to be heavy. As I look back now, I know that her feet were in good proportion and not all clumsy and ungainly as she thought. I remember her saying as she looked wistfully at my toes, that I had Ellinger feet because they were small and narrow. That was before my arches fell and my size became seven and still later seven and a half.

HAIR

In 1913 when I was seventeen, no wigs were worn, but switches, yes. For my birthday my mother had a switch made for me from the combings I had saved from my long hair. Though my hair was thick and long, it was modish to wear a braided switch at the nape of the neck, fastened securely with many, many bone hairpins. How proud I was to reach back to feel the pug and consider wearing a snood.

The thin, fragile-looking old lady who made the switch had brought her skill with her from Germany. Her ability was highly regarded; consequently she was visited by many clients. My mother told me what remuneration that gentle lady received for making the switch, but I have forgotten. I wish I could remember.

A few years later I had my hair *bobbed.* I remember when seeing all of that red brown hair lying on the floor of Robert's barber shop, I suffered a temporary feeling of dismay. It is amusing to recall that the first teacher who had her hair cut was criticized adversely for several months until, suddenly, the *craze* for the bob exploded.

MY FIRST JOBS

District No. 1, Marquette County, Germania, Endeavor, and Princeton. These were the places I taught before my marriage in 1929, fifteen years in all. At seventeen after being graduated from Princeton High School, I attended Berlin Training School for a month to get a certificate to teach. I wrote to three country school board directors in the county to try to get a job, but was not successful. They did not answer my letters. One day I hired a rig and drove out to John Bartol's farm. He was the clerk of District No. 1, Marquette County. He hired me though he said that he would have rather have hired Elizabeth Mueller, who had been my friend and pal throughout high school. He said I looked pretty young. She had already taken a country school on another route in Green Lake County. Her father had standing in the community. I was glad to get the job at forty dollars a month in 1913, even though Mr. Bartol's remarks did nothing to satisfy my ego. I decided I would show him I could teach and would do well. That October 13th, opening date, I could hardly wait for. It finally came.

I went to live with the Sodas, a Polish family who lived a quarter of a mile from the school. The old folks were very kind to me and treated me with a mixture of courtesy and parental interest. The oldest son, Standish, squired me to many country dances and Polish weddings. It was at these gatherings that I became aware of the good fellowship among the Poles. They really enjoyed themselves, the old and the young. Babies slept on the beds and the younger children dropped off in grotesque positions on the floor or in corners. As to the evenings as they wore on, there was considerable drinking and it was time for me to leave. Twice I remember leaving these dances to walk home alone. I was unafraid! One of these experiences was a bad one, however, very bad. The night was dark, extremely dark, and I

missed the road and got into a marsh. I slogged around trying to find my way back to the road, but I couldn't. Very, very tired I thought I'd rest on a bog. Then something told me I might fall asleep and sink down deep and die there. So I kept on sloshing around pulling my feet up out of the mud and roots, struggling as I've never struggled before. It was dark and I was lost. The thought occurred to me that I might better have stayed at the dance and got drunk with the rest.

My good angel had been with me, however, and I bumped into the high road at last. I pushed myself up the low embankment and suddenly knew where I was—about a quarter mile from my boarding place.

I have never seen such dirty petticoats and underthings as I took home the following week-end. I had walked in mud to my waist. The marsh mud and roots had made stains that never came out. I told my mother about the frightening experience, but I never told anyone else. If the Sodas, where I boarded, saw the clothes in my room, they never mentioned them or the episode. Indeed, I doubt that they knew anything about my having left the dance. Their door was never locked. How well I taught school the next day, after very little sleep, I will never know.

After two years in the country school I became principal of a two-room state-graded school in Germania. County Superintendent Ried had recommended me highly, after having visited me in the rural school. How proud I was to be addressed as *Principal* and to have mail sent to me with that title. (How little it takes to make one happy!) Besides I was earning $50 a month.

It was in Germania that the head teacher with her pupils had to use the Babcock test to find the butterfat content in the milk in the surrounding herds. We did pretty well. The results were acceptable, but once when I made a mistake, Mr. Warn, clerk of the school board, came to point out my error. What I remember most, was his attitude. He seemed actually pleased about my

mistake, making some remark about the fact that I was not so smart as I thought I was. It was my first real experience with *Schadenfreude.* At home my mother confronted me with the dubious prediction that I would meet others, with the same unpleasant disposition. I have met a few since that day.

In Germania my friends were German Methodists mostly and a few Lutherans. I went to the German Methodist Church on Sundays where the men sat on the right side facing the front and the women on the left. At prayer we always knelt with our backs to the seats ahead with our forearms resting on the seats from which we had just risen. Once when the prayer was long, I shifted position, because the bare floor was hard on my knees. I opened my eyes and glanced across the room. There to my surprise were the wide open eyes of the kneeling young men staring across the main aisle at us kneeling girls. They too were kneeling, but without folded hands. O, joy in another's shame. Why did we kneel if not to pray? In our little Methodist Church across the street from my home in Princeton, we never knelt to pray, but I cannot remember roving glances. Of course there were fewer young people in our Methodist Church than in the German Evangelical Church in Germania. That particular Sunday morning at church I learned to respond with a faint smile or lifted eyebrows to a particular look from a certain youth on the men's side. I would say that this was probably the most interesting activity during the church service. It went on Sunday after Sunday with a sort of chipper feeling that we were taking advantage of the older folks and the serious stolid preacher.

One of those young men had a pair of spirited horses. I used to ride with him when he drove these black horses to Neshkoro or to some neighboring church service. In his cutter in winter with sleighbells jingling it was pure joy to ride along past the high snow banks, breathing the clear cold air, while the horses stepped high and fast. I was allowed to drive them a few times. That to me

was superjoy-to be able to control those spirited horses. I liked the horses better than the young man. You see Bess and I boarded with his parents the first year I taught there. Three things I remember with disgust about that home, the terrific cold of our upstairs bedroom, the bed bugs which I took home from that room and the monotonous ditty about Europe.

When I came home infrequently my mother made me leave my bag in the shed, where she examined each garment meticulously before she would allow it in the house. She had had her war against bedbugs years before when she first moved into Mulligan's Mansion.

To offset the cold Ma sent me a big long robe by mail which I wore over all my clothes in that unheated room. It was red and cuddly and soft. It helped but I still shivered. We were not welcome downstairs, so we suffered upstairs many an evening after staying at the school house as long as we could. The Kanes were very religious people. It dawned on me at seventeen that religion didn't necessarily make folks kind or give them empathy. However, there was another family, the Hafts, in that community who were religious too, but they lived their religion. Many weekends that might have been cold and lonely for me, they took me to their sprawling farm house, where I was shown the details of preparing this or that delicacy of sweets to meats by the mother and two daughters. There we slept in unheated rooms, too, but the solicitous mother came and put an extra feather bed over me and tucked me in. Did she like me? Did she want me for a daughter-in-law? No, I was too young. She was just a nice, kind woman. The other son showed me the fields, the barn, the sheds and the animals. Evenings we played games and laughed a great deal at nothing. The memories are very pleasant.

To get back to the last of my disgusting experiences, that of the song about Europe, I will say that I heard it over and over until it sickened me. The older Kane, son sang or rather shouted

it in the house, going to the barn, in the barn, in the farm yard and in the front yard, in fact I cannot think of a place near the house where he didn't yell it out. These were the words, in German of course.

Europa hat nicht ruhe
Europa hat nicht ruhe
Und wen Europa nicht ruhe hat
Dan hat Europa nicht ruhe.

He seemed to have a compulsion to shout the words. Once when I asked him why he repeated it so often, he failed to answer, turned and started up the tune again, as he pruned the shrubs in the front of the house.

KUDOS

Come Bessie! Come Emma! Bess and I (Bess was the other teacher in the state graded school in Germania) heard these calls several times as we walked past Fred's farmyard and home on our way to school. Somewhat puzzled, we asked Fred one day what his big sister, Angie, was doing.

"Calling her cows," he replied.

"Calling her cows?" we gasped.

"Yes, she named them after you two teachers" he said matter-of-factly, and went on his way.

Bess and I pondered this and tried to figure out why Angie had named her cows after us. Was she making fun of us?

Later with some further discreet questioning of Fred, he announced that Angie liked her cows and she liked us. That's why she named them Bessie and Emma. Never to my knowledge have teachers received just such kudos.

October, 1969

John Bartol, my very first school board member, celebrates his one hundredth birthday this month. He had a fine celebration as reported in the Princeton *Times Republic.*

LITTLE ELLA

Little Ella Lase, six, died of pneumonia the first year I taught school in the country in Marquette County. It was her first year of school, too. A pretty little dark haired child she was, rather sober, a little afraid of her new surroundings, that October day in 1913, where I greeted her at the schoolhouse door.

How is it that I remember her so vividly, whereas I easily forget some pupils I taught only a few days ago? Perhaps it was because it was my first experience with the death of a child. Had I looked to see that her overshoes were fastened tightly when she left school that day of the blizzard? Had I seen to it that her hood was tied carefully? Had I seen to it that she had her mittens on as she left? Yes, I had, for it was my habit to do so. Had I rung the school bell just as the children left so that the farmer parents could judge the time their children would reach home? I had.

This ringing of the bell when the children left the country school in the afternoon was an innovation on my part. So far as I know no teacher had done it before. I think I started the habit because I did not like to think of the little folks dawdling too long along the country roads. There were no mothers then to chauffeur their tots to and from school.

When the bell rang for the first time in the afternoon, the old crank telephone with its party line, buzzed with the puzzling question.

"Why did the bell ring in the afternoon?"

Anything new was something to discuss. There was no adverse criticism and some good-natured amusement about the bell among the Polish parents. By winter time I was praised for the idea and in spring, too. And one farmer told me when he was seeding out in the field, it made him feel good somehow to know his children were on their way home.

Now back to little Ella. Her wake was new to me. I had never before attended a Catholic wake. Strange and alone, among these good people, not knowing how to behave in the situation, I just stood listening to the continuous conversation in Polish, of which I understood not a word. I heard the chants and the rosary recited, and the people kneeling before chairs with their arms resting on the seats, as they prayed with folded hands. I saw the food on the table which, as I remember was spread out like a smörgasbord. I saw a tall bottle of liquor being passed from one to another after a swig had been taken. There seemed to be no fear of germs. The thought crossed my mind that at school there had just been a furore over individual drinking cups for the children, no more dippers in 1913, no more single cups tied to a string near the big water containers.

When the bottle reached me, I passed it on quickly as I looked up I caught the eye of the Princeton lawyer who had just come in the back door. Was there a glint of amusement on his face? Perhaps so, because I was considered a prude at parties in Princeton because I didn't even touch wine. Princeton, where the Germans and the Poles all drank more or less. Princeton, where the tiny group of women who belonged to the W C T U were spoken of with a bit of amused scorn. I might say, in passing, over the years, that I refused many times to join the W C T U. It may be that I, though a tee-totaler, had some aversion to being associated with those maligned women. It is only about five years ago that I did join the W C T U. Why should I stubbornly cling to that girlhood aversion?

I did not attend Ella's funeral service, but the lawyer did. When we talked about it later, I had the temerity to ask him what he had been doing at that wake, and whether he had really been amused at seeing me there. He said that I looked a little out of place, but that it had been proper to go. Why had *he* gone? Well, he said he held a mortgage on the John Lase farm. So that was it!

"Well I liked John Lase he added and I wanted to go." At seventeen I had recognized the fact that money makes us do many things that we might not do without its subtle and often not so subtle persuasion.

JUST ONCE

Just once can I remember that my mother sewed on Sunday. It was her custom to close the sewing machine Saturday noon, dust it carefully and push it into the corner under the long shelf that held the goods and patterns. Mother was a dressmaker. She had started in a small way, fixing hems and shortening or lengthening coats and trousers to augment my father's fluctuating income. Her business increased in proportion to her growing skill. No, my mother did not work on Sunday. She even prepared the roast on Saturday to keep work at a minimum on Sunday.

This particular Sunday I shall never forget. I *had* to have a new dress for the prom. Sunday was the only day there was to make it. I had gone to Ripon on the bus and bought the material the day before; pink, it was, rose pink silk crepe. Early Sunday morning mother got up, cut out the dress and started shirring. (Nobody wore ready-made dresses then.) I helped all that I could. All day she worked, grim, determined, not saying much. It was definitely against her principles to sew on Sunday. Only necessary work such as caring for the sick was excuse enough for breaking the day of rest.

By nightfall the dress was practically completed. There were only bits of finishing which I could do the next evening, myself. The dress hung on the hanger under the shelf. Its circular skirt rippled as it fell from the shirring at the low waist. Shirring at the shoulder added to the beauty of the soft silk. I was pleased and happy, but mixed in my feeling toward my mother.

I was a smart enough girl; I had attractive light brown hair and English complexion—at least, so I was told. But I was not popular with boys. I had had to go to the first prom with the parents of friends. A bid had come the last day, but I had been too proud to

accept an invitation so late in coming. I never cared for boys' company, but when *prom* time came I *did* want an escort.

The year of the pink dress was another time I had had no *bid* to the prom. I was then a teacher in Princeton and felt more or less embarrassed, not so much for *myself,* but at what others might think of my not being included. About four days before the big night, I received a letter from the bachelor superintendent of schools in Kaukana. He said that since Princeton was his home town and having heard of the prom and wanted to visit his sister, he was coming. Since he had got his news about the prom late, he, too, was late in inviting me to go with him. Unless I declined by telephone, he would assume that I accepted.

The night of the prom he came and visited with my mother quite awhile, before we started for Turner Hall. For my mother this remark to her on leaving, may have compensated her for stretching her principles.

"Your daughter looks very pretty, Mrs. Ellinger."

RUGS

Mr. Renh had come to our house to discuss with my mother the problem of senile Marion Gray who had become a town pauper. He sat in our Morris Chair near the front door where visitors usually sat when they dropped in. I sat near our center table on the other side of the room looking at him. Just after sitting down, Mr. Renh noticed our new rug. He leaned over and felt of the pile, rubbed it with his fingers and looked up to say that this was really a high class rug. His tone, which suggested surprise and disbelief that Ellingers could have such a fine rug, annoyed me and my hostility began to stir. I said something, I don't know what anymore; but he apologized immediately for having hurt my feelings.

But being curious still, Mr. Renh persisted to the point that he asked my mother how she got the rug. Good naturedly she told the details. She had sold my old fur coat and saved a little from sewing to put with the money from the coat. In Fond du Lac, one day where she had gone to buy something in the line of clothes, she had seen the rug, a discontinued pattern, on sale and had bought it on impulse.

I was irked at all this talk from my mother. Why tell the details? I could not understand why the difference in status between the Renhs and us did not bother her at all. It certainly stirred feeling within me. The Renhs had fine rugs and fine furniture in every room in their new bungalow. Their rugs, yes, their rugs impressed me deeply and I was jealous.

That deep blue rug of ours with its dainty pink designs and trailing green vines followed me all my life. When our Princeton home was sold, I had it sent to Breckenridge where it lay rolled up for a few weeks. Imagine my disappointment when it was unrolled to find moths, live ones, and places here and there where they had eaten the thick silky wool. We cleaned the rug and laid it on the

living room floor in our apartment until we moved to our house on the street behind the post office. Fortunately the bare places were strategically located so that furniture hid them. The rug came with us to the house on Ravine Street where it lay on the floor alone in the front room of the upper flat for a year with few to step on the patterned wool. Then when we were forced to move to a very small apartment, I gave it to my cousin, Helen, who lived in Minneapolis. The rug was again to follow me to Faribault. After Helen died, my cousin, Allan, sent the rug back to me. Where do you suppose it is now? Right in my living room, but not where you could see it. It lies under the new dark Olive green rug I bought three months ago. I could not part with the dear old rug. It rests on the new pad that Jim bought for me and supports the new rug. When I vacuum, I lift up the corner of the green rug and take another look at my old possession and question whether or not I should have ever covered it up. That blue rug was the only room-sized rug I ever had during my married life and during my widowhood, thirty-seven years in all. Perhaps it was a sub-conscious desire *not* to find a new rug that kept me hunting for years before I finally bought this green one.

"I don't believe it," wrote my older son after I wrote him that I had purchased the green rug.

"I can't believe it," he insisted.

Naiven had been with me in Dayton's when I ordered a gold Karistan, a beautiful wool rug. When the rug came, I unrolled it and to my dismay, I disliked it heartily. Besides it had a bad loop in it. I tugged and pulled and gave myself a dreadful backache rewrapping it. I became a high-stepper lifting my feet high every time I went out or came in the front door. I became adept as a high-stepper because it was seven weeks before Dayton's finally came to pick up the rug.

Rugs had become an obsession with me by this time. I looked at the carpets in every home I visited, and in every store I could

get to. I did not want wall to wall carpeting, which every friend and salesman urged me to buy. I wanted a rug with fringe, fringe to which I had always been partial.

Naiven was with me again in Northfield when I ordered another gold wool rug with fringe to match. I am sure I gave accurate measurements, but when it came, it was too long and too wide. Naiven was disgusted and showed it, when he and Jim rolled up that one and took it back to Northfield.

Then rather suddenly one day at Ericksons, I saw a sample of green carpeting with fringe to match. I ordered a rug giving accurate measurements of size. It suited me. At last after years I had really purchased a rug.

The ladies in my Sunday School class could hardly believe me when I told them I had finally bought a rug. You see I had often spoken in the class of a rug as an example of material things that people obtain for satisfaction that really doesn't bring them joy they expect. Besides that, some of these ladies had had to step high over the rolled Karistan when they visited me when it lay on my floor. One of them even ventured to say I was altogether too fussy in making a choice. James' father-in-law who brought me some pictures of my grandchildren one day had to step over the rolled rug too. Amused he went home to tell his wife that I was a highstepper.

Rugs and carpets! They have occupied my thoughts a great deal during my life. As a little girl I tore many strips of cotton and sewed carpet rags and rolled them into huge balls. When my mother found there were enough balls of rags for a carpet, after weighing them, she took the carpet rags to a neighbor Mrs. Siepert, who wove long strips of carpet. Often I watched Mrs. Siepert, thread the warp on the loom, wind the rags on the long shuttle, which she shoved back and forth between the threads of warp and change the direction of the weaving with the foot lever. At home later, we sewed the long heavy strips of woven carpet

together with strong black thread. How our fingers ached! Next, the stretching of the new carpet over the thick layers of newspapers laid on the wide board floor made both arms and fingers ache again as we finally tacked down the carpet near the baseboards. This activity went on, of course, before the purchase of that blue rug. Then yearly there came the time when the carpet had to be taken up and hung on the line to be beaten by my father and brother, a task they grumbled about, mumbling that all this housecleaning was unnecessary.

If rugs could talk, I think I should like to ask my old rug if it liked the change to being cleaned by a vacuum cleaner, rather than a broom. More than once I recall that my mother bustled to town on Saturday night to buy a stiff new broom to use in sweeping her good rug. The broom had to be just the right kind.

"Why do you want another broom?" I asked my mother. "There are already two or three here."

She really didn't answer, but her manner suggested that only a perfect broom, a special one, would do to use on her velvet rug.

POLITICAL PARTIES

He was mad, really mad, terribly mad, raving mad, my father, when he got news that my brother was running for county clerk in Green Lake County on the Republican ticket. How could Rich do this? How dared he! The Republican ticket! My father had always been a loyal Democrat. How could his son do this unforgiveable thing! I would guess that Rich did not talk over the matter with my father because he feared his wrath. My mother did her best to soothe him, my shouting father, as he paced the floor that day. To end the story, my brother lost the election to an older man. And my father was irritated again! Didn't the voters know an Ellinger would do a good job even though a Republican?

"In 1896," wrote Bernard Shaw in his autobiography, "I was so mixed up in my thinking that I can't remember for whom I voted. I went to hear William Jennings Bryan when he came to New York and was carried away by his oratory, but when I left Madison Square Garden, the farther away I got from his voice, the more its effects wore off. Everyone I knew was against him."

My father had no such doubts about Bryan. There was a *man* my father told us. Bryan had courage. He had conviction! Bryan knew what was right. And what a voice he had! My father talked about going to hear Bryan, but whether he really did or not I cannot remember; yet he must have heard him or how could he have gone on so about Bryan's persuasive oratory and his magnificant voice.

Bryan was my father's hero. How disappointed I was in later years to read of Bryan's weakness, his narrow viewpoint and his pomposity. It hurt me to have my father's idol denigrated.

Later in my life there was Al Smith! Here was a good guy my husband told me. He idolized Smith to the point where he had cards made with a picture of his own head on the Democratic donkey, riding to victory with Al Smith. When I said I would not

vote for Smith, my husband was annoyed and pointed out that by voting against Smith I would cancel out his vote. I was in love! My husband was my king. How did I vote? For Al Smith. That is the only time that I can recall that I ever voted against my conviction.

Now in the summer of 1968, before the national convention my choice of candidates is not so sure and clear as my choices were in my younger days. Over the years I have behaved like a pendulum swinging from Republican candidate to Democratic candidate with more or less regularity. But now my pendulum is stuck!

THE LIE

I took correspondence courses; I went away to summer school; I taught school; I cleaned house; I did up the Saturday's work; I helped my mother sew; but I did not cook or bake. Why not? I don't know. Perhaps it was because my mother was such a superior cook, that I was afraid to try. All of the firemen knew about Mrs. Ellinger's delicious *kartofeln salat* and peach pies, to say nothing of her mouth-watering cookies and cakes, that she took to the Firemen's picnics. Everyone in town spoke of her good cooking.

Maybe I didn't learn because of a perverseness that grew out of my father's over-emphasis on the necessity of being a good cook and his deemphasis of my interest in teaching. A housewife I should be! The women of our small town knew that Emma Ellinger was not domestically inclined. Tsk! Tsk! Too bad!

What of the lie? It was customary for housewives to donate home baked goods to be sold for benefits. One particular Saturday morning my mother got up at five and made several dozen fat, fruit-filled cookies. I carried them to town to the National Bank where the sale was to be held. When the lady in charge took the cookies out of the basket, she glanced at me and remarked facetiously, "I s'pose you made these."

"Yes, I did," I replied with emphasis! surprised to hear myself say so.

"You did?"

"Yes," I affirmed and walked out feeling belligerent and angry with myself. It was not my habit to tell lies.

The news spread in the small town that Emma Ellinger *could* bake. Many a compliment my mother received on her daughter's cookies. My wise mother kept her counsel. I am glad she lived to see the day that I could bake, although I was never able even to approximate her skill.

DEGNER WAS HERE

Putois never existed though he was a very important character in a book carrying his name, written by Anatole France. The aunt in the story created Putois when she manufactured an excuse to decline an invitation to a boring relative's dinner. She just had to be with Putois, her gardner at the time of the dinner. She gave it as her excuse for not going. From that day on all sorts of characteristics grew up around Putois in the French neighborhood. Putois did this and that in most interesting ways and under various conditions and peculiar circumstances.

This extremely funny, entertaining story reminded me of the legend that began about Degner in my home town. To this day, when something is mislaid or a rather unusual happening occurs in our home, one of us Mathews usually shrugs and says, "Degner was here."

Mr. Degner, unlike Putois, was real. He lived next door to Marion Gray, a spinster who shared a home with her unfortunate mentally retarded brother, a few doors from our home in Princeton. In her youth Marion Gray had been a wealthy woman. In her home there were many pieces of fine furniture brought from the East when her family moved to Princeton. I have one of her chairs still. It is an antique now. I think I have already mentioned that she held the mortgage on Mulligan's mansion, my parent's first home in Princeton. Miss Gray's wealth was mostly in western lands. She lost it all rather suddenly when there was a panic. Anyway, Miss Gray slowly became senile in her old age. Mr. Degner, who had often over the years, done little odd jobs for Miss Gray, became suspect by her during her dotage. When friends called on Miss Gray, she was bound to explain that the stove smoked because the chimney was clogged.

"Degner was here," she explained saying that he had stuffed the chimney.

Again it was a pitcher that Miss Gray could not find when she had mislaid it. Again she reported, "Degner was here."

And so this went on for many months. Poor Mr. Degner, who was the soul of goodness, received the blame for everything that went wrong in Miss Gray's house. After hearing this explanation many times, it became rather amusing to my mother. In our home, "Degner was here," explained many occurrences, that could not be accounted for otherwise. And so I carried the expression into my home after marriage.

"Degner was here" this very morning, I have mislaid my favorite garden tool.

SHOCK

"Come home at once, on the next train. No, I'm not telling you why, but come. Your mother wants you!"

This was the message Mrs. Mesick gave me over the telephone in the girl's dormitory in Oshkosh where I lived while attending Oshkosh Normal School. It was the summer of 1917, and the next to the last week of classes. The day was extremely hot.

My roommate and another girl helped me pack and rode with me from Oshkosh to Fond du Lac, where I changed trains for Princeton.

Why was I called home? Who was sick? What a ridiculous way to treat me. I was twenty-one, not a child. The nearer home I got the more annoyed I felt. As I stepped off the platform at the station, there were Rich, Mr. and Mrs. Sears and several others waiting.

Half angrily I said to Rich! "What is all this about?"

Before I could say anything more, Rich squeezed my arm and said bluntly though softly, "Pa is dead."

Death! I had not thought of death. My first thought was concern for my mother. On the short ride home from the depot to the house, I said nothing. It was a little time later, when we were alone, that Ma told me Pa's death was by accident. He had gone swimming with two other men down by the railroad bridge. Immediately he seemed to move away with the current. When his companions saw that he was not swimming, but floating away, they called for help. It was with difficulty that men recovered his body with grappling hooks. The doctor said that cause of death was a heart attack, not drowning. Perhaps the shock of the cold water on his overheated body had caused it. Pa was 64.

The next day there was another shock for us Ellingers. Some careless reporter had erroneously notified the Fond du Lac paper

that Charles Ellinger, street commissioner of Princeton, had jumped off the railroad bridge after tossing his watch to his companions. There it was in black and white. *Death by Suicide.* To lessen my humiliation, my Aunt Mayme from Westfield wrote a letter to the editor calling attention to the stigma that had been attached to the deceased. Rich advised against sending the letter because he said the newspaper men would not correct the error. They would merely print Aunt Mayme's letter in the personal column. That is exactly what they did.

NIGHTMARE

I woke up weak and shaking from the vivid dream. I did not tell Ma because she had had strain enough over Pa's death, but when the horrible thing persisted night after night, I did tell her at last. Wisely, she advised that I just accept the fact that it was a nightmare and that it would come again and again, but eventually fade, if I did not fear it. And so it did! Gradually the dream grew dimmer and finally it came no more.

My father's accidental death troubled me more deeply than I knew. No doubt that was the cause of the nightmare, in which I saw men shoveling dirt into my father's open grave. I struggled to stop them, but felt powerless. Then when the grave was completely covered, I shouted and shouted that Pa was buried alive and no one would free him. At last spent and exhausted from crying out, I would waken with the feeling in my throat that I had been yelling. Ma said that I never cried out in my sleep.

During that hot August following my father's death, I completed work at Oskkosh by correspondence. My mother sewed. Often we talked and talked, not only of the nightmare, but of my father, of her youth, and of my brother who was already showing signs of diabetes, though no one recognized it, not even the doctor.

THE BELLS OF HOME

The other day a friend of mine remarked that she missed hearing the many church bells that used to ring when she was young. I agreed that I, too, missed hearing church bells. As I walked home my sense of hearing began to deceive me into believing that I could hear the bells of home.

"Some one died," I said as a church bell rang briefly and then began to toll in my home town years ago. I would step outdoors quickly to identify the church in which a verger was pulling the rope. In winter, I quickly threw a shawl over my shoulders and stepped out in the clear cold air to listen to the tolling of the bell. One, two, three, four and on I counted to seventy or eighty or perhaps to only seven or eight. Each stroke sounded the knell of one year in someone's life.

Then came the summer day that I stepped out on the south porch to hear the bell toll for my dear little Grandmother Ellinger. Gravely and sadly I counted to seventy-eight. The bell that tolled for her had been presented to the Little White Church, as it was affectionately called, by my grandfather when I was yet small. The bell had tolled for my Grandfather, too, when he had passed away several years before Grandmother.

There were seven bells in as many churches in Princeton where I grew up. The bells rang to announce church routines. In memory I can still hear the faint tones of the Catholic Churches across the river floating over to us on the east side. I imagine I can hear the rather harsh tones of the bell of our church just across the street. I sometimes rang that bell myself when the caretaker was busy elsewhere. The manila rope was rough and it reddened my palms because I had to pull hard as I worked to establish regular rhythm. One day, when a friend went with me to help pull the bell rope, we succeeded amid girlish giggles to sound a

very unrhythmic clanging, so offensive that my mother stepped out of our south door and motioned us to stop. I never tolled our church bell again. That was too serious work to be left to an amateur.

TRAINS

In Princeton while I was growing up, our routine coincided with the trains. When the 7:30 train came in, we were usually eating breakfast or just sitting down to eat. When the whistle of the 11:30 pierced the air, we knew it was near noon and again when the 3:30 train came in, we looked forward to only a half hour more of school. Best of all was the 8:30 evening train, the whistle was the signal for everyone of walking age to gather at the post office to wait for the evening mail. The jam in the post office lobby was an institution. It was a village get together, a daily time to gossip, and giggle. Business men, retired farmers, school children, just about everyone *had* to get the evening mail. We stood in the lobby massed together, making a great noise with our laughing and talking. Sometimes the post master and his assistants would pound on the wall to tell us to pipe down. There would be a hush, but before long the noise grew loud again. Once in a while, the village marshall would step in and demand silence. And then there was quiet! We respected the law.

Once I remember being greatly humiliated in front of a visiting friend, when the officer stepped into the lobby and ordered everyone out because of the noise. The officer was my father.

We had four trains a day and in the summer, five. The extra was the Green Lake train, the summer train, that came up from Chicago to bring wealthy folks to their summer homes on Green Lake or to the resort hotels. The summer train came on to Princeton after letting off the rich folks at Green Lake, ten miles away. There was a turntable in Princeton where the engine could be turned for the return trip to Chicago. There was a water tower too, to supply the steam engine.

We made good use of the trains. It was possible to go to Fond du Lac on an errand and get back by noon, or to Ripon or Green

Lake. We could even go to Milwaukee and return the same day, if necessary. Train service helped solve our shopping problems. Fond du Lac was the favorite center for buying suits, coats and rugs.

My brother lived in Green Lake where he was the printer owner of the *Green Lake County Reporter.* He lived there before and after his marriage. His three children were born there. Many a day I spent in Green Lake going on the 7:30 train in the morning and returning on the 8:30 at night. The trains were handy in the days before cars. What a pleasure it is to remember them now in 1968 when more and more trains are being taken off.

TRAINS AND PLACES

"And like most Americans my parents had a love affair with the romantic trains—the elevated"—Harry Golden.

With Naiven and Jim, my sons, it was the regular passenger trains that enthralled them from early boyhood. One of their earliest memories is being lifted up into the cab of the *Richard Crooks* when it came to the Breckenridge Railroad yards to be on exhibition.

One day I got the boys and myself ready to go to New Rockford and back on the train for a little outing. Their father was head brakeman that day. Well, we got on the train and just before it started, my husband asked to look at my pass.

"You'll have to get off," he said. "You've brought an old pass. The conductor would not accept it and I'd be laughed at and made a fool of."

We got off the train and walked home slowly and dejectedly because our holiday had been spoiled. Incidentally, we never did get to go to New Rockford. That was the place where my husband was taken violently ill and the place from which he came home to die.

The boys and I made a number of long train trips on passes after we came to Faribault in the summers, to cities where conventions for the teachers of the deaf were being held. We went to New York City, Washington, D. C., Detroit, St. Augustine and New Orleans. The boys went pretty much on their own those summer days, while I attended sessions and lectures. Two incidents from the Florida trip stand out. One was my first personal experience with discrimination against blacks.

One day in the cafeteria line a teacher from the South, whom I knew only slightly, came up to me and spoke softly in my ear telling me I had better have my little boys stay away from the negroes who were working on a building in construction on the

campus of the Florida School for the Deaf. People, she told me, were already talking about the matter.

With chagrin and surprise I told the boys to stay away from the black workers. I could not do otherwise, being a guest on the campus. My young sons were disappointed because they had found the black men interesting. One black man, especially, had caught their attention because he had been in many different places in the world in steel construction work. He had talked to them about far-away places.

As I think back, I was disturbed because as American boys, my sons were not free to talk to whomever they wished. There was no consideration, on my part, as I remember, about the black man's side. I did not think of it then, but I do now. The negro was not free to talk to my white boys, either.

Another incident that disturbed me was finding the boys going way out in the ocean beyond the safety mark. They couldn't swim and they didn't recognize the meaning of the marker. One day I went with them and saw what they had been doing. I grew weak with fear. I had allowed them to play there daily with no life guard present, ignorant of the danger. They went no more.

In New York City today, I would never do what I did back in my son's boyhood, that is leave them free during the day in the metropolis, while I attended teachers' meetings. They rode the subways; they went here and there at will, meeting me late in the day. I recall the shock of surprise on some faces among my acquaintances when I replied in answer to their questions about where my boys stayed during the day, that they were on their own.

Wise or foolish, the experience in the big city turned out all right. Years later when my older son had a free day before leaving for service in Germany, he and some buddies went to New York City for a day. Later, from Germany, he wrote back and told me

that he had had no trouble at all orienting himself in the city; so that his small group had been able to see a great deal in one day. He thanked me for having taken him there in his youth. He had remembered.

CHRISTMAS VACATION

I went to the information window in the New Orleans station and asked the name of a hotel where I might get rooms for myself and sons. The officer was somewhat at a loss to what hotel to suggest. As we three stood there with our bags beside us, a man stepped up and said he'd help.

I said "No." I was afraid.

He talked some more, named a hotel and said he'd take us there. More alarmed than ever, I said "No" again.

Then the man laughed! "You need not be afraid, madam, what harm could possibly come to you with two boys with you? I was only trying to show you our southern hospitality. By your speech, I know you are from the North."

I relaxed, agreed and we rode to the hotel where he deposited us safe and sound, and waited until the clerk assured me that there was room. Why did the stranger help me? To be nice, I guess. There *are* such folk in the world. I follow this with another vignette of what happened in this southern city of New Orleans.

It was Christmas Eve in New Orleans. Naiven and Jim were obstinate. They would not go with me anywhere that night. I wanted to go to church and I did while they stayed in the hotel room. By looking in the paper, I found a church service that I thought I would enjoy and I took a taxi to the church. I happened to sit beside a beautiful young woman who smiled at me as I sat down.

At the close of the service, she said, "You are a stranger, aren't you? How can I help you? Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, show me where I can find a telephone to call a taxi."

"Where are you staying?" she asked me. I told her the name of the hotel.

"I'll take you there," she said.

"Oh no, I couldn't let you do that. You want to be home on Christmas Eve."

"Please, please," she urged. "I feel that I want to do something for somebody tonight. Let me!"

I was somewhat afraid, but to look at her sensitive beautiful face, was to make me agree to go with her.

What a ride she gave me along the streets with their beautiful Christmas decorations and lights, different from those in our North. She pointed out various places and distinguished homes and left me at last at the hotel. It was a Christmas Eve I recall every year and I think of the woman who had been kind to a stranger. Had she put herself out and delayed her own celebration? (She had spoken of children). Had I looked forlorn and in need of help? I shall never know, of course, but she left me with a good feeling and the memory of beautiful New Orleans at night at Christmas time.

"If you want to see and feel something beautiful in the world go sometime to New Orleans."—Sherwood Anderson in his *Memoirs.*

CHURCH IN NEW ORLEANS

In the Methodist churches in Wisconsin and Minnesota, of which I have been a member, there have always been drives, at least once a year, to raise money for additions or renovations when needed; consequently when I found for the first time, a

large church completely supported by voluntary gifts, I was surprised and pleased. I have long thought that churches should be supported entirely by people who gave because they wanted to give.

I do not recall just how it happened that the greeter of that large Methodist Church in New Orleans came to tell me this, but he did. He was at the door, when I entered the church. He led me downstairs to a large pleasant room where a few persons were standing around drinking coffee and eating fruit cake. Surprise! This was my first experience with "coffee" in church. (The year was 1949). My special greeter led me to some pleasant people. Then after, perhaps a quarter hour of this special treatment, he asked me whether or not I would like to go to the sanctuary to pray.

"To pray" I thought. "This is something more that is new, I thought." Rather puzzled I said "Yes."

Up the steps we went again and through the wide doorway of the sanctuary. There the greeter left me as he bowed and motioned toward the altar rail where I saw some people kneeling. I walked down the long aisle alone and knelt at the altar to pray.

I arose and went to a pew and waited for the service to begin.

What an experience my sons had missed by sleeping in at the hotel that Sunday morning!

MY BROTHERS

A picture of my two young brothers hung on the east wall of our living room in my Princeton home. I liked that picture which was an enlargement of a small one. As a child I often looked at that picture with its wide dark old-fashioned frame. There was Emil, the older, and Richard, both serious in expression. The memory of the picture is clear in mind and over the years I've wondered what happened to it. I have tried in vain to locate one of the small pictures which existed at the time the wall picture had been enlarged. Having no memory of my older brother because I was only three months old when he was killed at twelve, I treasured the stories my mother told me of his consideration for her and for me those first three months of my life. I often studied the picture on the wall and thought a great deal about my dead sibling. Richard, the younger brother, was there for me to see in the flesh. I often used to look at the picture, trying to find a resemblance between the brothers.

Rich and I had a dog, Prince. He was an ordinary mutt, our dog, ill-favored, but our own. Rich used to hitch him to a tiny sled on which my father had fastened a wooden box. I was often lifted into the box and then away we went over the snow, Prince pulling and Rich running alongside, laughing, and shouting to the dog. Prince, only a fair sized dog, though strong, tired after a while and slowed down to return exhausted to the house.

As I grew, my brother, ten years older than I, seemed more like an uncle than a brother. He often gave me advice about what a little girl should do. He did this in a friendly, kindly way.

When Rich finished high school George Kelly, who thought highly of my brother, got him a job teaching in a country school. Rich finished the one term, but decided he wanted to find his way outside Princeton. I can't remember just where he went first after working as a carpenter's helper, but I believe it was South

Milwaukee. He sent home cards with pictures of bridges that interested my father. When Rich was twenty-one my mother sent him a gold watch. I can still see the card he sent to thank her. It showed a man bent in great joy with a happy grin saying he was overcome with the gift and the remembrance from the giver.

One summer a card came from South Dakota, saying that my brother had joined the South Dakota militia. It was only a three month enlistment that he made, chiefly for the experience. My father was angry. He paced the floor shouting angrily that if Rich wanted to join the militia, why didn't he choose the Wisconsin militia and maintain a loyalty to his own state. My mother said nothing. I remember wondering what difference it made when the term of service was so short.

Cards came often from South Milwaukee from my brother. Then one afternoon in 1908 Richard came home with a girl and told my parents he was going to marry and that this was the girl of his choice. I remember looking at Olga Wendt, as she sat near a small table in our living room. She said little. I can still see her beautiful peach cream complexion—perfect. I had never seen any skin to compare with it. I was entranced with her blue eyes and blonde hair; yet she seemed strange to me. I was twelve then. Years later Olga told me I had made her sad because I was flippant and saucy in my way with her. I don't remember having any unpleasant feeling toward her, only a sense of strangeness toward her. I had not been around much, or seen very many persons from out of town. Anyway, I'm glad to realize that Olga became very dear to me as the years passed.

Before this visit from my brother and his fiancee, he had bought a printing press in Green Lake, just how many years before I do not know. I do recall that several times Richard had me come to Green Lake to visit him for a day or two. I stayed at the same hotel where he lived. He entertained me by taking me

fishing, trying to teach me to cast a line. At this I was inept. I enjoyed the boat and the water, however.

One day in fall my mother and I went from store to store in Princeton to get me a new coat. It was necessary for me to have one because we were going to South Milwaukee to the wedding of Rich and Olga. The coat was blue plaid, of rather pretty material, but it was ugly to me because when I walked it flapped apart in front. I had to wear it to high school for several years. To get back to the wedding story. Mother and I left on the morning train; at Fond du Lac we changed for Milwaukee. On arriving at the Milwaukee station we were told to get off the train, but my mother refused. She insisted on staying on because our tickets had been made out to South Milwaukee. That was where she was going. The conductor and brakeman explained that the train was a through train and did not stop in South Milwaukee. My mother was adamant. It was time for the train to leave and we stayed on. The conductor and the brakeman conferred at the end of the coach and then left. Anyway after rather a short ride the train slowed up somewhat and the brakeman motioned us to the end of the car. We were helped down the steps to the South Milwaukee platform and when we looked up the fast train was far down the track. Our suitcase lay on its side on the platform.

The station was deserted—not a person around. My mother, however, though bewildered, was non-plussed. We walked along the platform until a passerby questioned by my mother explained that Wendt's business place was nearby. I can't recall just how we got to the Wendt's, walking or by cab. Anyway the family could hardly believe we had arrived by train. We had just become comfortably settled when we heard my brother's voice in the next room explaining disappointedly "They didn't come." Imagine his surprise when he saw us sitting in the living room. He had gone to the Milwaukee station to meet us and had been unable to understand why we did not

come. Olga was not there at the time. She had gone to Milwaukee to a hairdresser. When she returned with her blonde hair beautifully coiffed, I was amazed. It was the very first time I had ever seen anyone who had had her hair *done.* Olga wore a light blue gown for the wedding, which was very becoming to her.

The next outstanding memory I have is of a telephone call summoning my mother to Green Lake to attend Olga who had given birth to a boy child. It was too late for the train, so my father went to the livery barn to hire a horse and buggy to take my mother to Green Lake. He returned late in the day to my cooking and housekeeping, duties I assumed for the fortnight my mother was gone.

Happy memories rush to my mind of Little Richard as we called the new baby. My brother, being a photograph buff, took pictures of him in a bear skin rug and many other poses. Often I went to Green Lake by train for a day or possibly two. Richard had a motor cycle with which he used to deliver papers out around among the cottages, of summer people. He did this besides his job printing and the printing of the weekly Green Lake County Reporter. I often admired his skill with machines. He tinkered with motors and boats. During vacations, Olga's sister Elsie, often came to Green Lake where we would play around with Rich's boat. I still carry a scar from a cut I sustained in the boathouse just to the rear of Rich's home near the lake.

There were many rides on the lake during those vacations, but one stands out in my memory. It was on a July 4 that Paul, Olga's brother, his girl, some other friends, Elsie, Olga and Little Richard all went across Green Lake in a launch to a picnic place. It was special for me to be with such a group of happy laughing people, bathing, eating and riding in the launch. Like my brother I have always enjoyed the water.

In winter Richard enjoyed ice-boating on Green Lake, especially before he was married. He once wrote a poem about a

hazardous ride that might have cost his life as well as that of his companions. One by one the men slipped off the ice-boat as it sped along. Rich was the last to hold on. Just after he let go, the ice-boat flew into open water and disappeared. I think this hazardous experience dampened my brother's enthusiasm for ice boating.

Olga used to take Little Richard and go to the movie theater in Green Lake. It was free because Big Richard ran the movie machine whenever there was a movie, perhaps once or twice a week. Rich tinkered with an old motor. He built an old chassis and made a funny looking old car with one seat at the back, no top on it. That car brought Rich and his family to Princeton for my high school graduation in 1913. In my imagination I can hear the car put-putting around Hall's corner, a block from our Princeton home. My brother had great skill with machines. He played musical instruments by ear, too. I liked to hear him play the banjo and sing. When I was twelve my folks bought me a Kurtzman piano. Both my father and brother expected me to learn to play rapidly. Rich gave me a pile of sheet music, some of which I never did learn to play. He was disappointed because I learned so slowly. My father, too, who picked out tunes by ear on the piano, was disappointed. Alas, like my mother, I had no great inclination toward music. By persistance I did learn after several years to play well enough to serve as organist in our simple church service and Sunday school.

One day in summer when I was attending the Oshkosh State Normal school, with another girl I walked around the block near our dormitory. My brother called to me from a porch where he was sitting with a friend. He introduced my friend and me to his friend. We talked a few minutes, or rather my brother talked. Why I recall the incident is this. Sometime later my mother told me that Rich was more or less displeased with me for lack of social grace and inadequate conversation. I had sensed before that my lack of knowing how to meet people bothered Rich. He wanted me

to be special, someone he could be proud to call his sister. I was ten years younger and not so intelligent as he. Always during those years I looked up to him and admired his academic ability as well as his mechanical ability. Would that I might have been his equal!

Carol was born in 1912 and Amy in 1914. Both grew to be attractive blond children. These two and their brother Richard did not have their father very long. I remember one day after my mother came back from a short visit to Green Lake, she talked to me about her son, or rather she talked aloud to herself.

"Was Rich lazy? That could not be. But why did he sleep so much? Why did he go to his printing office late? Why did he crave food all the time especially sweets and why did he drink so much liquid? Why was he always tired?"

In 1916 we did not know about diabetes. Rich went to a doctor in Green Lake, then one in Ripon. He received no help. He grew weaker and decided to go to Milwaukee. There his trouble was diagnosed as diabetes. He stayed in the hospital for a time on a rigid diet and Olga went there to learn how to prepare food for him. Gradually my brother grew still weaker. He sold his printing office and his house, which he had not owned very long. I recall the day the men came to his house to move his furniture. They carelessly broke off a tree in the front yard, a half grown one, that Richard had planted himself and nursed along. My brother grieved over that tree, speaking of its loss several times later.

Olga, by this time, had gone to work in South Milwaukee, staying with her parents. The children were there also. Rich came to stay with my mother and me in the early fall of 1918. It was the year of the influenza vacation. I spent my free fortnight from teaching, making a scrap book. I can't recall what kind of a scrap book it was, but I do remember my brother's slight amusement at the sight of a grownup (I was then 22) making a scrap book. Rich

was never vindictive or cross, but his adverse criticism was expressed in light, humorous ways.

Every day, twice a day, my mother would prepare a huge pitcher of lemonade or fruit juice and again at evening. This my brother drank for he was always thirsty—terribly so—from his disease. In the morning and afternoon Rich would walk slowly to town, three or four blocks away—just to do something, just to get away. He never complained of his weakness, just suffered it. Often we watched from our kitchen window, to see him coming up the street. How thin he was! How ill he looked! One day my mother called to me that he was coming with a lighter faster step. Something was different!

What was it that lifted this sick man's spirit for a respite?

"I have not lived in vain" said Rich as he laid a package of meat on the kitchen table. Almost breathless, hurriedly he spoke of his experience, so different from his ordinary quiet deliberate manner.

"The young man in the shop asked me if I knew him. I didn't" said Rich.

Then came the story. When my brother worked in the Montello quarry one summer, he had gone for a walk one Sunday morning. No one was about. As Rich walked near the river he heard someone struggling and shouting from the water. He had jumped in and pulled the young boy out, before he went down.

"So Ma, you see, I saved a life. I have not lived in vain," said my brother, as he felt a lightening of the spirit in knowing he had helped another human being.

In December of 1918, Rich planned to spend Christmas with Olga and his children in South Milwaukee. One day he went to Ripon to get an overcoat. He came back pleased with his black coat and hat, but my mother and I were aghast because he looked like walking death in those dark clothes. Vacation had not yet begun when the day came for Rich's departure on the four o'clock

train. I met him just outside the school building where I said "Goodbye" and talked with him for the last time. He had looked so frail and ill that I went back into the schoolhouse and wept.

A few days later came a telegram to come to South Milwaukee. My mother and I went by train. My dear brother was already in a coma. We stood by for two days. Once he roused and said "Emma" seeming to recognize me by my red sweater. The children came and stood near him, wondering, not understanding. Olga was heavy with grief, a grief I truly understood later when my own husband died. And so on the last day of the year 1918 at 32, my good brother died, in a day before insulin.

On returning to Princeton after the funeral, I knew something of my mother's grief. She was so shaken that she didn't know the right way home from the station. I had to insist on the way we should walk those four blocks. Not until she saw the house did she know where she was. That was not at all like my strong, courageous mother who had suffered so much in her life.

Now in my old age, what do I remember most about the only brother I ever knew? I think it was his academic ability and skill in mechanics of which I have written before, also his quiet manner. In my memory I see my brother looking lovingly at his two small blond daughters, so like their mother in coloring. I see his joy in his first born, the baby son of whom he was very proud.

CAROL

"Now don't you "do" monking around Ann Temma."

This was Carol, my young blond, blue-eyed niece vehemently attempting to stop my teasing that distressed her and made her defensive. We sat near a large square table, my mother, my friend Ethel and myself. Before us on the table lay unfolded patterns, sections of cut-out dresses, shears, thread and a strawberry pin cushion. A treadle sewing machine stood near by.

My mother was busy making clothes for Carol, who was staying with us in our Princeton home while her mother was in Milwaukee, learning to prepare food for her diabetic husband, my brother Richard. Carol's mother had taken little Richard, the oldest child and Amy, the youngest, with her to her folk's home in South Milwaukee.

During the interlude we enjoyed Carol. I desisted from teasing because I did not want to disturb her. Neighbors often dropped in to commiserate with my mother over her son's illness. They stayed a little longer than usual to amuse the blond child and to be amused by her. My father delighted in her after he sat down in his Morris chair in early evening to hold her on his ample lap.

MR. DUMBIE

Mr. Dumbie Mueller was the only deaf person I knew in the town of Princeton, a small town in Wisconsin where I grew up. Dumbie was so called factually; because he could not speak. There was nothing derogatory in the name. He was respected as an adult, a hard worker, generous with his time and strength. I accepted him as others did. We couldn't talk to him, or sign to him. I knew vaguely that he had gone to a special place, Delavan, where deaf persons were taught. Being a close neighbor of ours, I used to see him often and I wondered as a child what it would be like to live in a world by oneself, never talking.

And then I forgot all about Mr. Mueller. I grew up and began to teach. In the summer of 1919 I attended Oshkosh Normal School. It happened *there*—the beginning of the work with the deaf. One day at a convocation I saw a man and a young woman with three little children, deaf children, on the platform. Mr. A. J. Winnie, head of the Milwaukee Normal explained that deaf children could be taught to speak. His assistant demonstrated the method. I was fascinated. Mr. Winnie called for teachers to come to Milwaukee to train to become teachers of deaf children. He spoke of the special service, the challenge of missionary work. I thought of nothing else the rest of the summer.

On reaching home after summer school was over, I found my mother against the idea of my teaching the deaf. A neighbor urged against it too saying there was a stigma attached to working with handicapped children. Imagine that, but it was 1919. Residential schools were frowned upon. My missionary zeal, however, was not easily discouraged. I wrote to Mr. Winnie. Then came the telegram, assuring me that I was eligible and would be able with the credits I already had, to finish the three-year course in one year. I went and was graduated from the Milwaukee Normal School in June, 1920.

ENGLISH

My mother was alone in Princeton after my father's death; consequently she wanted me to return to teach in Princeton after having been graduated from Milwaukee State Normal from the course in the education of the deaf! I had been seriously ill in the winter of 1920 with influenza during the second flu epidemic. Should I accept the generous offer to teach the deaf children in Ashland? No, I decided I would teach at home for one year. Instead I stayed until my marriage in 1929.

Principal Forstad's office was next to my seventh and eighth grade classroom, with hot air register in my room in the wall that connected with the office. Until he told me about it later, I never knew that everything said or done in my room was clearly heard by him. My room was bugged way back then, not by electrical gadgets, but by a matter of heating arrangements. One day Principal Frostad brought a student from his high school study hall into my room and told him to sit at the rear library table and behave himself. Every day for a considerable period of time, Alex Drill came to my room during his study period. There was usually a twinkle in his eye as he walked to the back of the room. I had had Alex as a grade school pupil before and we understood each other. Everything went smoothly.

I began to hear rumors about the high school study hall: paper wads flying high and low, chalk flying up and down as well as erasers. When an eraser struck one of the teachers in the face one day, things came to a climax. Principal Frostad was informed by the school board that the two new teachers, both graduates of the University (This was something big in the 1920's) could not return another year because they were unable to keep order. It was then that Principal Frostad suggested that I be hired to teach English. The clerk of the board was horrified. He said I didn't know enough, had no background in English, and was only a

grade school teacher. Principal Frostad prevailed upon them. He was sure I could keep order and that my teaching ability was first rate. Had he not known for a long time what went on in my classroom!

The night before I taught my first classes in English in Princeton High School, I never slept at all. I did not even doze off. After calling downstairs to my mother from time to time that I could not sleep, she finally told me in disgust that I could live even if I did miss a night's sleep. So I lay there planning and replanning the classwork for that first day's work though I had carefully laid out the outlines days before.

I was scared, terribly scared that first day, as I was to be only once more in my life about a job. Those six years of teaching English, coaching plays, training speakers for speech contests, acting as adviser to the Princeton High School Triangle, the newspaper, were busy happy years, with only a few exceptions. The Princeton High School *Triangle* won the All-American award for highschool papers while I was adviser.

"You are a wet blanket!"

Principal Kelley said this to me on the day we took contestants to Kaukanna for a speech contest. I had pointed out all the reasons why our contestants might fail to win first and second places. This made Mr. Kelley angry and he berated me for talking about the possibility of failure. This was the only unpleasant incident that I recall of those six years.

OLGA

The name Olga sounds to me as pleasant as velvet feels. My brother Richard brought Olga Wendt to our house in Princeton in 1908 to introduce her to my parents; he was going to marry her. I am fond of the name because of a beloved daughter-in-law to my mother and a patient, kind sister-in-law to me. However, I must confess that I was not very nice to her at that first meeting. I wasn't aware of it until years later when she told me what my behavior had been. I was saucy and flippant at thirteen and I made a poor impression on her. I remember Olga's blond beauty, the peach complexion one used to read about and the flaxen hair like spun gold, that must have fascinated my brother.

Loyalty and patience were Olga's virtues. As she grew older she became heavy and really ugly, but we didn't see her figure because we cared for her. What a woman! After my brother developed diabetes, she moved from Green Lake to South Milwaukee where she brought up her three children, Richard, Carol and Amy. Olga was uneducated, consequently she had to do hard, rough work to earn their living, such as dormitory work, cleaning, making beds, even taking in washing and ironing. She worked in Cudahy for several years making tires. Her last work was in a large hotel in Milwaukee, supervising and helping in the laundry room. Olga spoke often of the time when she would be free to enjoy her social security. Alas, her first check came the day after she died at her daughter's home in Cudahy.

Olga has been gone for many years, but to think of her brings a glow to my heart. How many times she was kind to me!

PREJUDICE

I am of German parentage of the third generation. My grandfather, Frederick Ellinger, came to New York from Heidelberg, Germany to escape the German army in the late 1840's. He had intended to learn the watchmaker's trade in Heidelberg, but freedom in America lured him. My grandmother, Theckla Kaisner, came from the Hartz Mountain area of Germany. These were my father's people. My Grandma Storzbach, a twin, came from Wurtenberg to Almond, Wisconsin to marry Joseph Storzbach, when her twin, the wife of Joseph Storzbach, died in childbirth. Joseph Storzbach came from Mannheim. These were my mother's people.

Before the First World War I had not thought very much about being a German, one way or another. Princeton was a German Lutheran and Polish Catholic community. We boys and girls grew up together and and after the Lutheran and Catholic youngsters finished parochial grade school we all enjoyed high school together. I recall no feelings of apartheid, superiority or discrimination. I took two years of German in high school and though I was the only student in the class who had not learned to speak German in his home, I liked the classes and thoroughly enjoyed reading *Immensee, Der Letzte, L'arrabiata* and *Aus Dem Leben Eines Taugenichts.* Indeed I was so fond of those four little brown books that I have them still after more than a half century. *Immensee* was my favorite. I look into it from time to time, but find it harder to translate as the years go by.

Just before World War I came suddenly to the knowledge that I was German, one of a despised nationality. The few in our town who were of English descent, formed a committee and demanded that all folk buy Liberty Bonds. I well remember the consternation in our front room when two tall men pounded on our door and upon entering, peremptority demanded signatures

for buying bonds. I was teaching then, earning sixty dollars a month; so I had no trouble buying bonds, but my parents were astounded. They had only a small income, but they signed. There was nothing else to do. And they were loyal! I had never heard one pro-German comment in my home, only a shocked sense of fear that maybe they were different from others.

The insanity of those months was made clear from day to day by various goings on. My pal Elizabeth's aged grandparents lived across the river in a comfortable old house. What do you suppose some of the English Americans did? They stormed into this home, tore the Kaiser's picture off the wall, threw it on the floor, breaking the glass, strode about the rooms looking for German pictures and souvenirs and at last marked the house yellow.

These old people had done no harm to this country. They were so shocked and disturbed over the incident that they did not live long after, some said, because of the treatment they had received.

This is but one example of the unpleasant happenings in this small town of 1500 at the time of the First World War. We Germans were all suspect and were considered yellow by many, that is disloyal and unpatriotic. In the fall of 1917 I went to Endeavor to teach. This was a small town and almost entirely inhabited by people of non-German background. I kept my background to myself, never mentioning it. Fear? I just did not want to be discriminated against. There was a family in the town who had sent three sons into service. More than once I sat by the fireplace in their home listening to the discussion of the war by the older folk, and the ones too young for service, while we munched popcorn and watched the flames and felt the warmth of the fire. These people were different from those non-Germans in my home town. They talked about the Germans and the war in a more intelligent vein. There was no hatred, but there was a sort

of supercilious feeling of disgust with Germans. And so I kept my secret or thought I did.

A young man who worked in the bank as an assistant invited me to attend several concerts and meetings with him that school year of 1917-18. I felt proud because he was a handsome young man with fine manners. Besides he had the use of his father's car. I recall one patriotic meeting that he took me to. After finding seats in a good part of the large hall and listening to several numbers, he excused himself and said he would be back shortly. To my surprise he soon came onto the platform and sang a patriotic song. Oh, how he sang! What a fine voice! I was thrilled with the whole atmosphere of the program and stirred by a sense of deep loyalty and love for my country. I remember wondering why anyone could or would frown on me for being of German descent. Would they do so here in Endeavor?

There was another youth who lived in the country near Endeavor, who took a fancy to me. He took me riding in his buggy that fall when the leaves were in all their glory and the webs floated lazily through the clear autumn air! He brought me candy and wanted me to visit his mother's farm. I was not attracted to the young man and told him I would rather not go with him anymore. It is the car, he told me, that attracts you to my distant cousin, the banker's assistant. Then at last he reminded me that I was German, as if to say that I had better be careful or I would have no friends at all. So they knew, they all knew I was German in background! How could I have hoped to hide it!!

My principal in Endeavor didn't hesitate to say slighting things to me, but by and large there was no deep prejudice in that town. The county supervisor gave me a good rating and I left the town with no stigma attached to me.

As the years passed after the war this pro-German sickness seemed to pass, but not entirely. In 1920 my roommate was playing the piano one day and I was singing in the living room of

the house on Maryland Avenue where I lived while attending Milwaukee Normal School. My roommate turned the pages of the song book and played a couple of verses of each song and I sang. Suddenly we heard "Stop! Stop!" We turned to see the man of the house hurrying toward us with his arms raised in fear and his face white.

"Don't play that song" he said in a frightened voice. "The lady in the flat below just told me that she is going to call the police because we are pro-German." We had been singing *"Die Wacht Am Rheim."*

In 1929 after I was married and lived in Breckenridge, I found that though my husband had no prejudice against Germans, my in-laws did. My father-in-law, Canadian French, though he treated me properly and decently, often with little slips of the tongue clearly showed his dislike of Germans. So did the others in little ways. The prejudice was still alive! French hatred for Germans lived on.

Then after I came here to Faribault, I heard nothing further about pro-Germans and disloyalty. The subject had long been passé. This was 1942. In the years since however, I have too often been accosted with remarks about stubborn Germans. Indeed, a friend and colleague of mine once said to me

"You are a stubborn German!"

I have asked myself whether or not there is such a thing as German character extending down to the third generation in this our America. Long ago the great Goethe wrote these scathing lines.

"Analysis of Germans is thankless, hopeless, heads bowed with feet pushing—headed where?"

Gudrun Tempel wrote an indictment of her own people since World War II. I quote her harsh lines:

"Germans cannot be reached. One may talk with a German, laugh with a German, see him weep and think 'There now! Here he is at last, this is Herr M. But Herr M. doesn't even know himself, who he is, where he begins, where he ends. There is nothing definite in him."

"Inherently a German is no more cruel than others, however the German has no pull in the other direction as a corrective. He is brought up in the image of efficiency and obedience with little generosity, feeling for the under dog or mercy for the out group."

Uncomfortable after reading the book, I considered or tried to see how some of this adverse criticism fits my own character. Giving up at last, I recalled Tempel's comment on the weakness of Germans for maps. This obsession is not bad. I have that weakness for maps, for I have saved many, many maps, any map that has come my way over the years. My younger son shares this interest. He is a geographer.

BLUE STATIONERY

One cool fall night in 1927, I sat down near our living room heater to read the mail that I had just brought home from the post office after the 8:30 train had brought it to town. I tore open a blue envelope and pulled out a short letter written on a single sheet of blue stationery. The letter, I thought, was rather silly, besides being most unusual. Written in a good hand, the letter stated that the writer, Frank Mathews, had met a woman on the train who, in the course of a conversation on women, had told him what a fine girl I was. He wanted me to write to him.

I reached for the door of the stove, opened it and started disgustedly to throw the letter on the hot red coals. Just at that moment, my mother, who sat on the other side of the table, sewing, looked up to ask me what I was doing. I hesitated and handed the letter to her to read. Amused, she suggested that I answer it.

" 'Twould do not harm," she laughed. Besides we both began to get curious as to how Frank Mathews really got my name.

RADIO GIRL

My sweetheart, my fiance and then later my husband often gave me Radio Girl perfume. And he sometimes called me his Radio Girl. Why?

In the 1920's radio listeners often wrote to stations requesting certain songs. It so happened that Sibyllia Sanders of Green Lake heard a request from Frank Mathews of Breckenridge, Minnesota, asking for *Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue* to be played. Sibyllia was sort of an adventuress, probably looking for a man. Anyway she wrote to Mathews and when she found he was too young for her, she wrote about me. That's where he got my name.

One summer afternoon I was walking toward the bus station in Ripon, after having finished my classes at the college, a car stopped near me and Sibyllia called me to the car saying she wanted me to meet some one. It was Frank Mathews. He, his sister, mother and niece were visiting in Fond du Lac. He had driven to Green Lake to look for Sibyllia with whom he had had correspondence. He told me he'd drive me home and I need not take the bus. At Green Lake he dropped Sibyllia at her home and drove on with me to Princeton. His voice fascinated me and his dancing brown eyes excited me.

When he left I shrugged off the incident, expecting no more meetings yet hoping. However a spark had struck somehow! The next day he drove back from Fond du Lac with his mother, sister and niece. While they ate apples and visited with mother, Mathews and I went for a ride around Princeton. He said he'd like me to write to him. After lunch they all drove away.

We began to correspond regularly. I went to meet him. He came to visit me. I went to Breckenridge again. He came to Princeton again. We became engaged and he gave me a ring.

THE APARTMENT

305 North Fourth Street, Breckenridge, Minn., was the first address of our married life, Nave's and mine. We were married June 7, 1929 in the parsonage of the Methodist Church at Fergus Fall, Minnesota. Tootie, Nave's niece, 16 was bridesmaid and Ed Rettig, a coworker of Nave's, was best man. His brother, Reg declined to act. Both Tootie and I had identical sweet pea corsages which we wore at our waists. I was emotional. Tears ran down my cheeks as Nave pushed the wedding ring hard on my finger. There was an evening dinner at Nave's parents home for us. It was prepared by Dot Braun, Nave's employer's wife, Lil, his sister and his mother. I remember the round table, the good escalloped potatoes and baked pork chops, but I can't remember the dessert. And I did not have a wedding cake.

After the dinner, Nave and I rode on a flat truck, sitting in two captain's chairs, across the bridge at Wahpeton, up the street and back again, while horns blew and people gaped. In front of the sweet shop we were showered with white candies by Nave's friend, the Greek. Years later in 1955, I was to learn that in Athens the white candies containing almonds were passed around at the conclusion of a wedding as a tradition of good luck.

After dark that Friday evening of my wedding day, we went upstairs to Nave's rooms. He had a bed, two deep leather chairs, and a library table. While we were talking the cacophony of the chari vari came up to us through the west windows. A group of children and the neighbors had gathered in the back yard to bang pans, ring bells and throw cans, thus wishing us good luck and calling for a treat.

Nave and I had never intended to live in his parent's upstairs apartment, but fate played its hard part. Nave had rented a little cottage, (he thought), but when he went to get the keys, the owner said that his wife had rented the house to another. So we

were out of luck. No other place was available, so we had no choice but to stay there temporarily; but we stayed almost ten years.

RELEASE

I insisted on driving to the dump grounds. The box of things I wanted to take lay at the head of the stairs. When my husband finally got home from work, he bathed, ate and said at last that he was ready to go. He drove to the middle of the dump grounds, careful not to pick up any nails in the tires. He stopped and looked at me questioningly. I opened the door and stepped out. I threw the box as far as I could. The half dozen steel knives, forks and spoons flew out of the box and fell on the stones and junk with a clatter. Then I threw the long kitchen knife as far as I could.

Release! I got back into the car and we drove away. My husband said nothing. He seemed to understand! The steel cultery had been a wedding gift from his brother Reg. A few days before in a drunken rage this brother had raved and swore below until my husband went down to attempt to quiet him. I begged him not to go, but he insisted, thinking he could quiet the wild man. He could not! Reg chased him upstairs. They fought in the bath room and Reg threw my husband across the high old-fashioned bath tub. Though Nave was a strong man, he was no match for this drunken brute. They fought from room to room until I felt sick. Thinking to escape the sight, I hurried down-stairs; Reg followed me. Before I could get the heavy door open, he pushed me into a corner against the wall and swore at me in a most violent manner. I was so enraged, that, in my anger, I was not afraid of him. He raised his arm to strike me. I remember looking straight into his cruel, bleary eyes as he dropped his arm. This all happened in no time. Nave came down, got the front door open and I went out and sat on the steps.

The next day I took down the curtains and packed my clothes and things telling Nave that I would no longer live in his parents' house. He took off from work and looked and tried to find a couple of rooms—a place, any place to live. We looked for two weeks.

Nothing materialized. So I had to put up the curtains again and go on living, or else leave Nave and go back to Wisconsin.

Anger and hate were consuming me. I felt very bad. Then one day in the kitchen it seemed to me that I must get this feeling out of my system, throw it away. I gathered the pieces of cutlery together. You know the rest. The knives and forks became a symbol of release.

Reg never apologized, nor any of his family for him.

MARCH 29, 1932

Dr. Thane told me that I had a red-haired baby son. I smiled weakly and thought he was joking. Soon the nurse brought my first-born to me. He *did* have red hair, a little thin crown of it and red eyebrows, very light colored, but arched beautifully. The child was plump and well shaped and I thought him beautiful. When the nurse took him away, my roommate asked to see him.

"Why," she exclaimed, "He hasn't any eyebrows!"

I had just been thinking how nicely these eyebrows were shaped, so I was astonished to hear her remark. Later when I saw her baby, I certainly noticed the difference. Her baby had heavy black hair and dark thick brows, but he was not so beautiful as mine.

AUGUST 29, 1933
THE TALKING JAG

Dr. Thane said it was a sort of hysteria that made me talk and talk right after the birth of my second son, James. As soon as I was taken back to my room in St. Francis Hospital, I felt a compulsion to talk and talk. They brought my baby to me. I looked at his long thin body and felt love for him and I held him but never stopped talking. My mother looked at me in surprise and Mamie, too. It was not my habit to talk so much. Anyway at 2:30 in the morning, Dr. Thane came in. I remember hearing him say that I'd talk myself into exhaustion and then that I would sleep long and well.

The baby had long been overdue, a month at least, and my pregnancy had been a difficult one.

After getting home from the hospital, I was still very weak. And the baby was so thin that when I started to bathe him, I would cry and my mother would take over. This went on for a couple of weeks before I took complete care of him.

Jim was a good baby and he grew strong and gained in weight.

"He'll be a big man some day," said Grandpa Mathews as he considered the baby's length.

ONION TOPS

"What disgusting people!"

This remark was made about us by a shocked lady to her husband in a boat on Bottle Lake. We were in another boat not far from the shocked woman. Green onion tops, many of them, floated on the water around our boat. It was one of our happy days on a picnic and fishing trip. My mother, husband and two little boys were in the boat. All of us, except mother, were fond of green onions. She was amused to see the four of us gaily toss the green tops away as we crunched onions between mouthfuls of sandwiches and potato salad, but when she saw the woman's disgust, her smile faded. I laughed aloud because to me the situation was very funny. My husband was very neat and orderly. He didn't say anything, but soon he started the outboard motor and we put-putted back across the lake.

SMALL POTATOES

Artemus Ward once wrote about "small perpaters." This very morning on the radio I heard a speaker mention something inconsequential as being "Small Potatoes." Immediately I was reminded of what happened in Breckenridge when my sons were small and my husband still hale and hearty.

"You are small potatoes, small potatoes," shouted Mr. Berris, our near neighbor, as he strode up and down on his side of a good-looking wire fence that my husband was putting up between his yard and ours.

Mr. Berris was in a towering, purple rage. In the vernacular, he was fit to be tied. Mr. Berris hated the fence. He didn't want it there! The fence spoiled the green sweep of our two back yards. Our neighbor swore and tore and stomped and yelled "Small potatoes, small potatoes!"

The fence was completed eventually and the rhubarb over it died away, so far as the shouting was concerned. We had no further overt altercation over the matter. My husband never did get a chance to explain to Mr. Berris that the reason for the fence was to keep our boys and neighbor children from spoiling his perfect sod.

Small potatoes! Indeed, more than once I have personally been chided for denigrating myself! Small potatoes! I have wanted to keep my denominator the right size. You may recall what Eric Hoffer has written about Tolstoy's evaluation of a man in *The True Believer.*

"Tolstoy said that your real worth is what you are, divided by what you think you are. The more you think you are, the less you really are because your denominator is bigger. I find it easier to keep the denominator small."

Was it Lincoln who said that God must have loved the common people because he made so many of them? And then

there was Charles Dudley Warner who commented on the potential of small potatoes by saying "What small potatoes we all are, compared with what we might be!"

To end this vignette in a lighter vein, I will say that I hope my reader may relish this story in somewhat the same way that my sons used to delight in eating new small potatoes in summer creamed with fresh garden peas. I now continue my potpourri of memories by choosing to call them *Small Potatoes.*

REGISTRATION

"This is the day that men are registering for the draft," I thought as I walked to Saint Francis Hospital that October Day in 1940, to see my husband who was seriously, perhaps fatally ill.

"Will he recover? Will he die?" These questions tortured me as I went to the hospital each day that sad week. One of those days I picked up the nurse's chart and read it. As the nurse came in and snatched the chart from my hand, I knew that she knew my husband would die. His second nurse, his niece, Tootie, had left the case because she did not want to face his last days.

My husband's mind was clear until the last day. He told me to pay Tootie. He asked the boys to kiss his forehead. Jim did so readily, but Naiven held back. Knowing that he would not live, my husband whispered, "Now you will see how good my folks will be to you and the boys."

After the tube was put through his nose, he pointed to his forehead often meaning that I should kiss him there. I did—many times. Oh, my beloved!

GOODBYE

Never say "Goodbye" when I got out on the road, counseled my husband as he left on his first trip on the road after we were married. Just say "So long." Leave the "Goodbye" for the last time.

"Goodbye, Goodbye," I murmured as the bearers carried my husband's body out of our house in his casket to be taken to the church for his funeral service. My heart was full and a lump clogged my throat as I heard the low weeping of my aged mother who lay ill in her bedroom.

"Goodbye, Goodbye," I whispered as they took him away. As I followed, I remembered that first time he had told me to save the "Goodbye" to the end. Could he have felt that Fate would take him first?

It was a long ride, this last railroad trip my husband took from Breckenridge to St. Paul, then there was a change of trains to Merrillan Junction, then another change to the Princeton train. Remembering my mother's experience years before in Chicago, when my grandmother's body had been put on the wrong train, I insisted on going down into the cavernous freight room below the Great Northern waiting room to check the tag on the rough box. I wanted to avoid any great fuss such as my mother had had to go through to get officials to remove the body of my grandmother from the wrong train and put it on the right one. My cousin Allan who was with me suggested that such a thing could not happen in St. Paul, but since I insisted, he went with me and got permission to go into the huge, cold place. It was deserted except for the two of us. We located the box and checked the tag and I felt reassured.

At Merrilan Junction the rough box containing the casket lay on a railroad cart outdoor waiting for the Princeton train. It was a cool October night. I stood a long time with my hand on the

box, shivering and feeling the depths of my sorrow. My small boys walked around the cart several times and then went into the station and slept in grotesque positions on the narrow waiting room seats. My cousin and the lodge trainman who had been sent to accompany the body went to get some coffee, and I was alone in the night with my dead, only a few depot lights to break the dark at this lonely junction.

We went again to the cemetery in Princeton, we three, to say another "Goodbye" the morning after the funeral. The air was cool and frosty. The clay on the fresh grave in which the body of our loved one lay, was stiff and raw. The flowers were wilted, but not yet brown. There was no conversation that I remember. Jim, then only seven, knelt on the cold sod near the grave and repeated *In my Father's House are many mansions,* while Naiven and I stood by. I had not asked Jim to do this. He somehow felt a desire to do so. As we walked away going slowly down the gentle slope to the road, I glanced at the deep red leaves on a few scraggly oaks and the bare branches of the maples. Their leaves had all fallen, and I thought sadly that the bright part of my heart had fallen too, in the October of my life.

SO LONG

I wrote these lines long after my husband's death sadly remembering.

"So long," he said
Took bag and lantern
And went away to work on drag on rails.

"Goodbye," I answered waving.
"No, not Goodbye," he said
"Save that against the day I won't be back."

"Goodbye," I said.
They carried him away.
No more would he return,
And I, in anguish, stood alone.

"No not goodbye," I said
In faith and hope I murmured
"So long, until we meet again."

THE STORM

Snow lay deep on the ground—up to the windows and higher at our house in Breckenridge. It sifted between the porch beams, which we thought were fitted tightly. The wind, the cold, the terrible storm, I cannot describe. It was November 11, 1940, a day that most older folk in the northeast remember. We, like others, were isolated. For days we could not go around the house outdoors because of the drifts. Many died in the storm.

We were sad! Just a short time before we had returned from my husband's burial in Princeton, Wisconsin. The boys played around the house. Jim drew a picture of a dog and slipped it part way between the frame of the picture of his father. The sensitive child wanted to express his feelings somehow, love, loneliness, loyalty, all. His behavior moved me.

After caring for my mother, I went into the basement and split wood. What for? There would no longer be any need for kindling for picnic fires. I swung the ax until I was exhausted. Not once did I do this, but many times, until the fiercest part of my grief wore away.

I cried. I sobbed. I wept silently. And often I heard these words from my mother's sick bed.

"If only I might have died in his place."

WORK

From her sick bed, my mother counseled me to try to get a job. I must support my sons. I must bring them up.

The lawyer who settled the estate said "Nobody will hire you. You look too old and sad."

The minister came and advised me to go on relief. "Nobody will hire you," he said and echoed the lawyer's pronouncement.

I just could not give up. I wanted to take care of my sons myself. And so between household chores and caring for my sick mother, I wrote applications, many of them, trying to get a teaching job. No agency would enroll me, so I had to try on my own. I still have the pile of polite rejections that suggested that I was too old. I was 44.

One day in my despair I read of an examination to be given for social workers. Here was something to look into! I got the few books about social work that were available in the library and read for several months to get the feel of the subject and to acquire the vocabulary.

Then in the winter of 1942, I went to Fergus Falls to take the written examination. I passed. Then I was called for the oral examination. I sat in the hall along with several other applicants nervously awaiting my turn. It came at last and I went in, scared to death. After shuffling the papers in my dossier, the three men looked up at me. After a few commonplace remarks, intended to put me at ease, the inquisitor nearest me asked, "What would you do about the State Orphans Home?"

"I'd close it and put the children out for adoption."

This pleased the questioners, and one said, "I think you'll be a help in this work, Mrs. Mathews. You seem to have the right feeling. You will now wait for assignment from St. Paul."

These men did not know that in my reading I had never seen a line about the state school. My spontaneous reply had been

prompted by my hunch-backed spinster neighbor's remarks to me, suggesting that my little boys would always be a burden to me; consequently I should put them in the state home for orphans, to be free to go my way. The boys would never mean much to me and might go bad.

How wrong she was!!!

FAIR PREY OR NOT SO FAIR

The brakeman took my pass and read that I was a widow of a brakeman on the Great Northern. I was on my way to Ypsilanti in the summer of 1942 to take a refresher course in teaching the deaf. After finishing his work, the brakeman came back and sat with me. We talked a while about this and that until he had to go forward to his work as we approached a station. Later he came back again and talked some more. Then he came again and suggested that he meet me in Chicago on my return from Ypsilanti. He would take me to a nice hotel and so forth. We could set a date and a meeting place.

I gave no answer because I was startled. Remembering that both lawyer and minister had told me nobody would hire me because I was too old and sad looking, I knew it wasn't my looks that interested the brakeman. I must be easy prey. Then in anger I began to plan a counter move. Seeing the conductor alone checking his tickets at the end of the car, I made excuse to walk toward him.

"How is Mr. ——'s oldest daughter?" I asked, I knew the brakeman's name then but have forgotten it now.

"She's all right," he replied, hardly looking up and his son is going to college in the fall."

My question had been a stab in the dark, but the answer to it gave me the information that I wanted.

When the brakeman came back at the end of his run to get my answer before he left the train, I told him that I felt sure his wife and children would not like to have him meet me in Chicago. He said no word in reply, but there was a beseeching look on his face as he glanced ahead at the conductor. I interpreted the look to mean "Don't tell." Suddenly I felt sorry for the man and my anger melted. Why should he feel the need of someone besides his wife? He was articulate, fairly good looking, with a sense of

humor. Why? Well, anyway, the episode gave me something to think about besides my worries over classes, my sick mother in Breckenridge, my small boys left in the care of two old ladies and the pressing need of a job and money.

THE DELAYED TELEGRAM

A telegram was sent to me in Ypsilanti, Michigan, from Manitowoc, Wisconsin, in the summer of 1942. It was an offer of a job to teach deaf children in Manitowoc for $1750. (In 1942, this was a splendid offer.) I missed the wire because I was already on my way to Chicago by train when it reached Goodison Hall in Ypsilanti where I had lived during the summer session. I had wanted very much to return to Wisconsin, my native state, to teach, but that was not to be.

The telegram was forwarded to my home in Breckenridge. From there my aged mother sent it to my cousin's home in Minneapolis, because she knew I was to stop there before going to Faribault to check on a job there. My mother did not know that I might have been paged en route or in the Chicago Union Station. Again I missed the wire in Minneapolis because I was already on my way home, after having committed myself to the job in Faribault and having made arrangements to rent a house.

When I finally got the telegram after reaching home, I was sad. Should I chuck the whole business at the Minnesota School for the Deaf and take the job that I really wanted in Manitowoc?

My mother counseled against giving up the work in Faribault. My word had been given. Arrangements were completed. I had better teach there a year and then go back to Wisconsin. But I never did go back, but stayed to teach in Faribault twenty-six years.

On such simple happenings as a delayed telegram the course and direction of my life was changed!

ARRIVAL

"If only the concrete walk would open and swallow me."

This thought passed through my mind as I stepped from the bus on Central Avenue in Faribault that August morning in 1942 when I arrived with my aged mother and two small sons, 10 and 9 years old, to embark on a new life of teaching deaf children at the Minnesota State School for the Deaf.

As I stood there in despair and indecision, a taxi driver came up and asked where I wanted to go. We went directly to 713 East Ravine Street where I had rented the upstairs apartment. Alas! my furniture which had been sent ahead by van to be there had not arrived. What to do?

My aged mother sat on the stair steps and the boys walked around the empty rooms with wide eyes. I stood alone again. It was near noon and we had not eaten and we were hungry. We had ridden on the train all night from Breck and then on the bus to Faribault. Just then the landlord came to see what I was doing. He offered to take us to town to a cafe. My mother was too weak and exhausted to go, so I said we'd just wait for the furniture, I couldn't leave her alone.

The man left and soon came back with a basket of sandwiches and milk for us.

Eventually the furniture came, late that day and we got settled.

DR. VATER

"Oh, God," he prayed, "Help this woman to go down the road alone in peace."

There was more to the prayer, but this line I recall vividly. Dr. Vater was the Methodist pastor in Faribault. He came to call very soon after we moved to Faribault. At his first call, I recognized immediately that this good preacher really did care what happened to me. He recognized my burden of responsibility and what was more difficult, the burden of inner loneliness that overwhelmed me. Yes, he cared and prayed for me.

After Dr. Vater left, I sat on the floor near a window and leaned on the low sill with my elbows. As I looked out across the corn field from that second floor window, a feeling of peace began to steal over me, something I had never known before, though I had gone to church all my life, had known personally and well quite a number of pastors. This experience at the window was my conversion. I knew somehow that I was a child of God, and that He cared for me.

Last night when I heard Billy Graham talking with Noel Harrison on television, I was again stirred to remember my first experience of the real awareness of God. Billy Graham knows the oneness with God. Noel Harrison does not. He said a man must do all by himself alone. How mistaken he is!

TOM

Naiven waggled his finger at me meaning that I should come. I excused myself for a moment from the two ladies in the living room who had come to call a few days after we arrived in Faribault. I followed Naiven to his bedroom, where the boy's twin beds had been set and there was Tommy jumping gaily from one bed to the other and then up and down as on a trampoline.

I said not a single word, but I knew that Naiven was aghast and expected me to act. Our beds were sacrosanct. No one sat or played on them, or even lay on them in daytime, unless in case of sickness. Back to the living room I went and on with the conversation. These two ladies were to become good friends and remain so until the boys grew up and went away.

Anyway that evening we were introduced to Tom, an exuberant lad with many exciting things to do and stunts to pull and tricks to play. What a lad! I shall not repeat the escapades of the mound of newspapers, the burning shack, the pilfered hidden gun and basket ball, the wild telephone calls, the tapping at the window, and so on, because these are my sons' stories, not mine. However, I will repeat a question Tom asked me after he grew up to manhood.

"How did you manage to bring up such good boys?"

"I don't know," was my reply.

"Well," he said, "In your home your boys can say *anything,* talk about anything."

I had not been aware of it, but it was true, no doubt, of necessity because they had no father to talk to.

PREACHERS

Preachers in our small town church in Princeton had always been my personal friends. We lived just across the street from the Methodist Church. The big key for the church and the small key for the basement hung on nails near our kitchen door. Anyone who wanted to use the church to get ready for any service or for the Ladies Aid got the key from our house. When the preacher came from Green Lake where he lived, (Princeton was a charge) of course he came to get the key from us. Perhaps he brought a book or took something he needed from the church. I would walk across the road with him, climb the steep steps to the big door, unlock it and walk around while he occupied himself with his errand. Then I would lock the door again and go back across the road after he had finished.

I remember one preacher in particular who had just come from England and though married was very young. One day as we crossed the road he told me I had the clear pink complexion of the English girls and he kissed me on the cheek. At sixteen I was a prude; consequently somewhat shocked and surprised at this token kiss and friendly hug. After hanging up the key, I went and looked at my face in the small mirror near the kitchen window.

"English girls?", would I ever see any I wondered as I moved the glass to get a better look at the skin he had spoken of.

"What's the matter? Have you found a pimple?" asked my mother as she glanced up at me from her sewing.

That broke the spell, and I did find a pimple at my hair line.

A blind minister, too, I remember very well. He didn't come across the road from the church, but tapping with his cane he went to the corner, turned, crossed the street and tapped along the walk until he came to our private walk and then came up to our front door. I often watched him coming and stood near the door to greet him. Many talks he had with my mother and me. He

often expressed admiration for me and my way of life. I was teaching then in my home town and was still sort of custodian of the big and little keys. One day, after an errand to the church, this minister told me I should marry and have children, because my offspring would undoubtedly become worthwhile citizens. This conversation made me very uncomfortable. I had no men friends. Yes, I had an occasional date to a high school prom or a special program, but never a steady friend, never.

The Lutheran minister in our town was my friend, too. When we met on the street, he would stop to say a few kind words to me. I often wondered about why he was kind to me, a Methodist, a member of a denomination that he disapproved of.

"Gerad noch gerettet"

I could not forget that he had snatched a little Lutheran child from the steps of our church as she started to go into our Sunday School room. The child had been coming for several classes and this minister must have just found it out and watched for her.

"Just saved," he said. "From what?" I wondered! We taught nothing but goodness or so it seemed to me. The Lutherans and Catholics separated themselves completely from our tiny group in Princeton. At public gatherings and picnics we were all one happy group, but at church, never.

I remember one weekend when I had a Catholic girl, one of my pupils in the country school, staying with me. On Sunday morning she went to church with me. When her brothers and parents came in their surrey to pick us up at noon after their Catholic mass, they were shocked to find what their sister had done. What a scolding she got in Polish! All were talking at once in loud voices and angry vehement tones as we rode along in the surrey. I did not understand but a word or two, but the girl told

me she had committed a very bad sin and would never, never go to my church again. Never! And she did not.

The Reverend Mr. Hill is dead and gone and I mean to show no disrespect to his memory in writing about him. He never knew how much he did to lower my morale after my husband died by telling me that nobody would hire me for anything. I looked too sad and forlorn. I should go on welfare. That was in 1940. Already the deadly infection of government assistance was beginning to bring about its sickness. He urged and almost demanded that I ask for help. To this day I am glad I had the independence to find a way to bring up my sons myself. No one to say to them that the taxpayers paid their way. Alas, how different now! Everyone, it seems, has his hand extended to the government. And folks boast about how much they get from Uncle Sam. Just a few days ago I expressed the belief that the social security set-up is not good. I said I thought it should be voluntary. Look at the people getting social security that really do not need it. Think of how much a young man pays in over the years. He could manage this money to a better old age if he were free to do so. Then what repudiation I got from my angry neighbor!

But I am wandering. Back to preachers. Was there ever such a good friend and pastor as Dr. Vater? I have written about him before and of his concern and consideration for me and my boys. They loved him. Not that he ever did anything special, but he came; he talked; he walked with them and he was their friend. After Dr. Vater had officiated at my mother's funeral service, I offered him some money. He drew back and acted embarrassed.

"I couldn't take money from a widow," he said softly.

I insisted that he take the money. He smiled, then, took it and put it into a special envelope in his inner pocket. Then he meticulously entered the amount in a tiny notebook. This good old man winked and said quietly, "I always put money from funerals and weddings and baptisms away to help somebody *really*

in need. I don't feel justified in keeping the money for myself because those services are my work as a minister.''

Then there was the lay preacher who with his family lived across the street from me here in Faribault, frowned upon and slighted by some of our modern Methodists. When word got around that Mr. Eric and some friends talked in tongues at his home, gossip ran rampant. Was he touched in the head? Glossolalia? There is no such thing as real glossolalia. Mr. Eric and his family received very cool treatment from the congregation and from the preacher at that time. Eventually the family left the Methodist Church and joined the Assemblies of God. Because I lived just across the way I was often asked about the Erics. I could only report that they were nice, kind, generous people, who now and then visited me for an hour or so to talk about our faith. Sometimes in the evening I could hear good old Methodist hymns sung with full voice coming from their living room. Even in the winter time when I put out a slip for the milkman, I could hear the hymns from the house across the way.

I recall one night being awakened by something rather unusual in the way of cacophony. Words of Methodist hymns came floating across the street to be interspersed with and at times drowned out by the revelry and profanity from another neighbor's patio. Whether the Erics ever talked in tongues I do not know. I never discussed the subject with them during the year they were my neighbors.

It was at the July Fourth picnic of the Friendly Bible Class that I first met our new minister. As he was introduced to us around the table he seemed very much interested in each and every person. When the introductions were finished, the Reverend Mr. Butters went right around the table again giving each person's name, both first and last. There were about twenty-five persons present that day. To me it seemed an unusual feat for

him to name us all. A month later after Reverend Butters returned after his vacation, I saw him for the second time.

''Hello Mrs. Mathews,'' he said and added ''Emma.''

Yesterday I thought of Rev. Butters remarkable memory as I watched a clever man on the Mike Douglas show identify by name every person in a large group.

When Alice, the second of the Fink sisters, died, I found it impossible to attend her funeral service. Knowing this Rev. Butters recorded the service and one Saturday morning he played it for Jim and me as we sat in the Memorial Chapel.

THE BASKET

"We of the frontier did not recognize poverty. Once as a small boy I heard an animated conversation among several good ladies (including one of my old aunts) as to how to get rid of several Christmas baskets that one of the newcomers in town—(an uneducated newcomer!), had insisted upon providing for the *poor.* What poor? And what would happen if we dared to distribute the baskets?"

I quote the above from *Native American,* the auto-biography of the writer, Ray Stannard Baker, whose family had migrated to northern Wisconsin, where he grew up in a frontier town in the area of the St. Croix River in the 1870's. The experience Mr. Baker wrote about reminded me sharply of something similar that happened to me and my boys in Faribault two decades ago.

It was Thanksgiving in 1946. A prosperous Methodist farmer and his wife made up a basket of chicken, lard, sausage, rutabagas, apples and other farm foods from their bountiful supply. This basket was to be given to a needy Methodist family.

It was a goodly basket. I knew because we got it. A kindly lady, a deaconness of the church, called on me just before Thanksgiving and asked me in embarrassment if I would accept the basket that the farmer had provided for some one in the congregation. Why me? Why us? With tears in her eyes the good woman urged me to accept the basket because she just could not think of anyone else to give it to.

"So," I remarked, "we are the poorest in the church. Hm!" Now, I had never thought of myself as poor, really poor. True, I lived in a shabby apartment; still, I was a teacher working for the state, supposedly a professional, although earning a pitifully inadequate salary.

My first reaction was anger at the insult. And then I laughed. Yes, I'd let the rich farmer feel himself a *Lady Bountiful.* Yes, I'd accept the basket.

The good lady left. While I stood looking at the basket on the table, my older son, then fourteen, came and stood beside me questioning sadly.

"Are we really the poorest people in the Methodist Church?"

I reassured him that there might be other families at the same economic level as ours, but that they might be unapproachable. I really didn't know, however. Anyway it was no disgrace to be poor! But, do you know, my boys refused to eat the sausage and other foods they recognized as having come from the basket. The butter and bagas and chicken and cheese were hardly distinguishable from the food we bought ourselves; consequently they were eaten without question.

No, I did not throw the sausage away. I gave it to the family in the next apartment, without any explanation. The housewife told me later that her family liked it.

SPEECH OR SIGNS

The struggle between persons who believe the deaf should learn through signs and those who believe the deaf should learn through speech and speech reading, has been going on since the time of d L'Apee, who first began to teach the deaf in France through finer spelling and signs. There are good arguments for both sides. At the Minnesota School for the Deaf we used the combined method beginning with speech in the elementary years to give every child a chance to develop speech if possible. In later years he may go into a manual class if he has no speech potential or he may go into combined classes where both speech and signs are used.

If I were asked today after twenty-six years of teaching deaf children, where I would send my own child if he were deaf, I could not give an unequivocal answer. It would depend upon the child and his ability.

When I was trying to choose among several openings, when I began teaching, I asked a mother of two deaf girls if she knew of the Faribault school and if she thought I would like it. She said that the campus and buildings were beautiful and the personnel pleasing. She thought I would like it, but she said she would not send her daughters there because they would become *manual* because of the use of signs. It is interesting to comment on the fact that later her daughters did go to Gallaudet College, Washington, D.C. and did learn signs.

And so I chose to come to Faribault with my aged mother and two little half-orphan boys.

SMOOTH

It is true that I am a widow. But imagine my surprise and amusement when a deaf pupil of mine brought me this sentence for approval!

"Mrs. Mathews is a smooth widow."

A second glance made it clear to me what had happened. The little girl had omitted the *n* which would have made the word *window.*

If you are wondering why the child wrote such a sentence, I will explain that I had just taught the word *smooth* and explained that the window glass was smooth. And why should she say *Mrs. Mathews is* instead of *This is*, a very common error in the language of deaf children. Why the error is so common, I have often wondered. Perhaps it is because beginning teachers do not teach *There is* and *There are* at the beginning of language with the deaf.

STUDY HALL

I hated Study Hall duty from the very first time it was my evening chore at the Minnesota School for the Deaf that September in 1942. This unpleasant duty had to be attended to year after year, until lo, in 1967, the rule was rescinded. Teachers no longer had to spend an hour for five nights a week supervising the girls or boys in Tate Hall or in Barron Hall while they were supposed to study. Some years a teacher had two weeks of this Study Hall duty, sometimes three or four, or possibly one week only. One year, only one year, I had no Study Hall duty at all. What a relief that was!!

In anger and frustration one night on duty, I wrote this after I sat down on a large stool in the crowded, poorly lighted, poorly ventilated basement room of Tate Hall watching fifty silly, bored, rude girls, chewing gum, signing or even at times purposely trying to annoy me.

A teacher,
A high stool.
Fifty girls.
A crowded basement room.
Six bare bulb lights.
A few worn dictionaries.
One hour of time wasted.
Study Hall.!!

Another time I wrote:

So long in weariness I've walked this hall
Behind the chairs, past tables, wall.
Finger to lip to sign for quietness
So eager to be home, you'd never guess!
I am, when working here in Study Hall,
To help this boy with fractions at his call,

Or that one with his meanings wrong,
To keep a pleasant front, I must be strong.
Keep ticking minutes fast away
Here in this Study Hall, I've no desire to stay!

One of my colleagues told me to have this put into the *Companion,* our school paper, but I never did. Perhaps it was not good enough for print. Perhaps the administration would not like it.

NADA

Nada was nine, an awkward child with long feet, dangling arms, stooped shoulders and a shuffling gait. Nada wore thick lenses to correct an extreme cross-eye condition. It must be said, however, that the eyes were deep, and dark brown and almost beautiful despite the ugly glasses.

Nada was one of several small deaf pupils in my special class. It was Christmas time. Piles of costumes, angels', wise men's and shepherds' robes lay on the long table in confusion. The children were interested in the costumes for the important Christmas program. They fingered them and signed to each other about them.

After having left the room for just a minute, I returned to see consternation on small faces. Nada had broken a bauble from the wise man's headpiece. Six shocked children pointed at Nada, the guilty little girl. Though I was annoyed, I did not punish the pitiful, ill-favored child. In weariness I leaned against the blackboard, trying to think when I would have time to replace the bauble. I was sad, too, not about the broken piece, but for this child because she was disliked for being different.

Then a beautiful thing happened. A small boy grasped a piece of chalk and wrote on the chalkboard, "God loves Nada."

The children read the brief sentence. Suddenly the incident was over. Everyone was satisfied and the class resumed work.

Children learn quickly from their peers. How glad I was that the boy had sensed the situation and acted!

THREE CROOKS

"There were three crooks in Bethlehem."

To the deaf child who composed this sentence there *were* three crooks in Bethlehem. Had she not seen shepherds in the Christmas play holding crooks as they stood near the Infant? There was only one meaning of *crook* to her. She had seen pictures of three shepherds in a field near Bethlehem holding crooks. Why did the teacher laugh? What was funny about her sentence?

This incident, like many others that occur in teaching the deaf, can only mildly suggest the bridge of communication that must be built and crossed to reach the place of understanding between teacher and deaf pupil. It is more than just translation, because the deaf child has neither oral nor written language from which to translate. His language must be acquired slowly sentence by sentence by means of actions and pictures centered upon a useful vocabulary.

THREE SISTERS

Three sisters they were—the Finks, Christian women in the truest sense of the word, for they had the best interests of everyone at heart; their contemporaries, high school students, children, church people and non-church members. They gave and gave of their time and their money always measuring it carefully against the need for which it was offered. Almost without exception, I have heard only good words of these three women who seemed like kindly deaconesses or nuns who went about constantly doing good. Without great surprise one day in talking with our preacher, I learned that the middle sister, Alice, was truly a deaconess of the church. Mattie, the oldest sister was the leader in running the household and planning activities to be undertaken. Thirza, the youngest of whom I just spoke, was a teacher at the Minnesota School for the Deaf, where I, too, was a teacher. Alice was the economist in the family, who took care of bills, records, receipts.

I could write page after page reporting the many deeds of kindness shown me and my sons, by the Finks, but I shall refrain, saying only that one meets few persons like them in a lifetime. I miss them because they are gone now. They passed away in order of their age, Mattie first, then Alice and last Thirza.

LOST

Thirza looked for her galoshes, not once, but several times. She asked one colleague after another to help find the galoshes in the hallway of the school in Northfield in which a large number of teachers had gathered for a dinner meeting. Someone found the galoshes, but a few minutes later Thirza was again in search of them. This was the first time that many of us teachers became aware that Thirza was slipping into senility. How sad! Good, kind, helpful Thirza taught only a few more months during which she mislaid records, forgot duties and became useless as a teacher.

ISOLATION

People at Seabury Hall avoided me like the plague, especially those who had children. They walked away from me as I approached them in the hall or on the sidewalk. Jim had poliomyelitis and had been isolated in St. Lucas Hospital by Dr. Meyer who did not believe in the Sister Kenny's method of treatment. People were afraid, terribly afraid, that their children might be crippled from the disease and that somehow they might get it from me.

Only one person, Miss Towler, a retired teacher of the deaf, called on me during that unhappy time. She brought jelly and cakes and stated flatly that she was not afraid of poliomyelitis.

Poor Jim! I went across Seabury Campus twice every day to see him. I stood in the hall and talked to him because I was not allowed to go near him. I tried to cheer him and took him bits of food and little things I thought might interest him, but the days were long for him and he grew pale and weak lying there.

When the worst was over and Jim came back to Seabury Hall, his right arm hung limp and he could use it very little. Both boys tried to cheer me saying the arm would get better. I was grateful to Nave that he was willing to toss a ball back and forth to Jim out on Seabury Campus. Dr. Meyer said Jim must exercise that arm or else he would lose much of its muscular power.

MORAL HYPOCHONDRIASIS

One day Jennie gave me a dollar and said that when I went to town I was to buy a trinket to remember her by after she had gone. I did as she suggested. My choice was a small vase glazed in green and yellow. I showed Jennie the vase and gave her the change, twenty-two cents. She seemed satisfied. I put the little vase on my open shelf and think of her every time I glance that way.

Jennie was tall, very thin and she was old. She lived in Seabury Hall, the make-shift apartments provided for folks who could find no other housing in the early 1950's. My sons and I lived there for four years until the building was condemned. There we became acquainted with many kinds of people, from the dregs of humanity to professional persons; even to the legal adviser to the governor who lived there for a time. But that is another thing.

It is Jennie of whom I am thinking, because I learned a great deal from her. She was a religious person, attending church regularly and often. She read her Bible daily, prayed and said grace even before drinking a cup of tea. Living such a quiet gentle life would suggest that Jennie was happy and at peace, but she was not. There was something chafing her spirit. I noticed this in conversation from time to time. One day when this kind old lady felt particularly sad, she confessed to me the cause of her suffering. Rather late in her life as a spinster, she had married a widower with a daughter who was approaching maturity. The problem was that Jennie could not accept the daughter. She confessed that she treated the step-daughter badly. She was unkind to her, even mean and hateful over a period of years while the dislike grew into hatred and lasted long after the girl left home. The details of the experiences were sufficiently unpleasant to show that Jennie had done wrong.

I reminded Jennie that because she was honestly and truly sorry for the past, that God had surely forgiven her. She agreed, but she could not forgive herself. Time after time she referred to her sins of the past, reviewing them tragically again and again. What a waste of human spirit that was!

Though my own sins of the past had been of an entirely different nature from Jennie's, I, too, had to learn to forgive myself. I accomplished this through readings from Paul, the Menningers, Eric Fromm and others, but most of all I learned from Jennie because I knew of her personal tragedy and its sad consequences. I knew that for my peace of mind I had to forgive myself as well as to be forgiven.

Gentle Jennie, I remember her with mixed feelings of love, pity and gratitude.

THEY'VE GONE

On February 22, 1953 at 2:30 p.m. I felt very sad and alone. My sons had just gone back to the University after I had urged them to stay until the next day. I had not yet grown used to living alone. Feeling very sorry for myself and engaged in self pity I wrote:

They've gone, my two tall sons
I've loved them as a mother
Does half-orphaned ones
To fill place of another.

Another day they could have stayed
But found excuse of study
Their debt of love unpaid
They'd rather be with buddy.

Alas! My tears they hate!
Oh, would that I were jolly!
What sadness is my fate!
This anquish is but folly.

To Him, I turn to wait
For comfort in my sorrow
If not today, if late
'Twill surely come tomorrow!

I know just when I jotted down those words because the scrap of paper upon which they were written was dated by day and hour. Along with this fragment I found another with much the same theme. This one called *Lament* was not dated.

Sad! Sad! Sad am I
They'd rather go than stay
I see the reason why—
At home there's nothing gay!

Lost, Lost, Lost are they
To me who love them so.
Why do they go away
And bring to me this woe?

Faith, Faith, Faith I crave
That somehow from my rhyme,
Will come upon a wave
Their love while yet there's time.

The following prayer I wrote after the two sons had gone to Germany to serve their country. It was pinned to the other two slips as I came across them just now.

I pray for my sons,
For they are the ones
God gave to me!

I pray for my lads
Whose devoted Dad
God took away.

I pray for my sons
Who must carry guns
God guard them for me!

I am thinking now of the night in Germany when Naiven narrowly escaped death by being crushed by a heavy army truck as it moved silently through the forest without headlights on an army maneuver. A soldier who was guiding the driver without lights could not see my son lying on the ground sleeping. Fortunately he stepped heavily on Naiven, who awoke with a cry and jumped out of the way of the truck. A close call it was that made me shiver even after the fact. Now in empathy I think of the mothers of sons serving in Viet Nam—real war. My heart goes out to them! How they suffer!

JUNE 1, 1956

One lovely Sunday afternoon I reread a letter that had come a few days before from my sons in Germany. The letter described a pleasant afternoon they had spent together in Killesburg Park in Stuttgart. I imagined seeing them there and pictured the park so clearly that I scribbled:

Flamingoes walk!
Swans rest!
Ducks waddle!
Then in pageant they move across the pools
With scarce a ripple!
Down in the clean water
Giant goldfish flash and dart.
Tall trees make shade.
Rainbows curve above the geysered fountains.
This is Killesburg in Stuttgart,
Park of beauty,
Where cable car and tiny train
Take visitors from here to there.
Two soldiers, brothers, walk in mufti
You'd know they are G. I's,
Tall, eager, drinking in the joy of out-of-doors
Feeling the pleasant sun,
And thinking in another year
They'd be back home.

ORANGES

Yesterday I bought a dozen oranges for fifty-nine cents. A bit dubious of their quality, because of the reasonable price I paid, I peeled one and found it pleasing, very much so. It was Christmas time, 1968. Nostalgia set in and I remembered my childhood, when to see oranges in a bowl on the table brought excitement and pleasure. Only at holiday time did we have oranges because they were hard to get. John Shew, our grocer, would get a few crates by rail. More than once I watched him open a box in the front of the tiny store and put a few oranges in the window to show that they were there for sale.

Fred Allen once said "Hollywood is great if you're an orange."

I would like to suggest that in Princeton when I was a little girl it was great to get an orange. The fruit was much admired for its gay color and its sweet juicy sections.

My thoughts about oranges wandered on to Christmas in Faribault a couple of decades ago. For a number of years it had been the custom in the Methodist Church to give each child a huge orange after the Christmas program. One of those years after returning to our apartment in Seabury Hall after the program, my young sons began to unload their pockets. Out came oranges from jacket pockets, sweater pockets and pants pockets, even from shirt pockets. The boys were in high glee over their loot as they pulled out the big oranges from pockets not made to fit the fruit. Tim, their pal, and they had helped themselves from the boxes of oranges that had been brought to the church basement.

I was dismayed at this thievery, but the boys laughed and said that the superintendent had come into the room as they were filling their pockets. In his astonishment he failed to reprimand the boys, just looked with his mouth open without castigation.

Again my thoughts slipped back to an orange grove just outside St. Augustine, Florida where my sons and I had been guided around and finally given cups of orange juice squeezed fresh right there under a tree. What taste! What refreshment!

Once later, my older son asked me what my idea of heaven on earth was. Facetiously, I replied "To lie under an orange tree and drink as much fresh orange juice as I wanted."

From oranges to orange blossoms! When I taught school in Princeton, a Senior girl walked into my English classroom one extremely cold morning just before Christmas, carrying a good-sized box. The students had kept their jackets on because of the cold and there were murmurs of discomfort and shuffling of feet. As the girl opened the box, the fragrance of orange blossoms wafted across the room. Yes, I use the poetic verb, *wafted* because it just suits my memory of the pleasant sensation the blossoms spread through the cool air. Everyone smiled. It was unusual to have tropical flowers in winter, then. Well, anyway in my mind's nose I still enjoy those orange blossoms that came from California in dead winter. Commonplace, now, as you read, but pleasant excitement, then.

Walter Scott in Quentin Durward wrote "The orange flower perfumes the bower."

At this point in my reverie there came a loud knock at the front door. It was the postman delivering a box of Texas fruit. No, not oranges! Grapefruit, a Christmas gift from the South Land.

IN SERVICE

I promised Nave, my older son, that I would not cry if I accompanied him to the bus when he left to go into service. Though emotional I did manage to keep my promise. Nave had just recovered from an appendectomy, a month before he left in June, 1954; consequently I feared for his physical condition. However, eight weeks later when he came home on furlough, I have never seen him looking so well.

My heart ached for Nave because he was blue. He had been assigned to the artillery after requesting a place in the judge advocate department. In the spring of 1954, he had taken tests for officer training and passed the written test with a high grade. He passed the physical too, but was turned down because of a poor occlusion. That incident was the only one in which Nave had ever blamed me. He was wrought up and disappointed at being rejected, and he blamed me, saying that he had inherited the poor tooth alignment from me. Yes, it was my fault.

After more weeks of training at Camp Chaffee, he was assigned to Germany. He was glad to go overseas, but not with an artillery unit. Again he was disgusted over the assignment.

BROTHERS

Jim called Naiven in Schwabisch Gmünd, Germany where he was stationed in 1955. Of course Naiven, the older brother was surprised to hear his brother's voice by telephone and indeed, he was more surprised to be told that Jim was in Stuttgart, only fifty miles away. He was flabbergasted, really, to find that Jim, too, had been sent to Germany.

On the day of Jim's first visit to the kaserne at Schwabisch Gmünd where he has gone by train, he strode down the hall looking for Naiven. Without a word, a soldier said as he passed "He's in there."

The soldier knew they were brothers at one glance. Their mother does not think they look alike at all. One has hazel eyes and dark red hair with fine bones. He has a slow, deliberate manner except in walking. The younger son has blue gray eyes, medium-colored hair and large bones. He is high strung and impatient at times. However, both are tall and when I used to see them swing along the street together in rapid stride, there was a resemblance in gait.

Since I found out in their college days that they were not dull, as I had foolishly assumed from their high school reports, it has been a sort of hobby with me to discover which son has the better mind. I have never come to any conclusion. Both like history and literature. Both are articulate. When I talk to them about their academic ability each seriously insists that the other has more.

That first Christmas my sons spent in Germany they had a holiday together which they spent at Neuschwanstein Castle. That was the first of several holidays they spent visiting Copenhagen, London, Stratford on Avon, Brussels, Paris and many many historic places in Germany. How happy I was to get cards from places they visited together. I remember three cards

that came from Stratford on Avon because the adjective *peaceful* reappeared in the messages several times. *Peaceful* river, *peaceful* sloping green and *peaceful* city. When I visited Stratford myself it was not at all quiet; pushing crowds, impatient, complaining tourists and noisy cabs did not enhance my visit. The boys had been fortunate to have gone there on a quiet day.

HUMILIATION

I almost never glance at a picture of Harry Truman without recalling an incident that humiliated me. This happens less frequently of course, since Mr. Truman is not in public life and I come across his picture less often than before. Anyway this is what happened one day in 1955.

With a fellow tourist I stood in one of the galleries at Madame Tassaud's in London. We paused in front of a wax figure that looked only vaguely familiar, hardly that. There were many figures; just why we paused at this one, I can't say, really.

As we started to move on I questioned my friend. "Who was that?"

We both glanced back and she replied, "I *should* know!"

At this moment an English woman walking very close, spoke in an unpleasant voice. "Hmph! These Americans! They have money to travel, but they don't know anything." She wanted us to hear. "Hmph! They don't even know President Truman."

I was ashamed! I was humiliated! I should have recognized Harry Truman. With my tourist friend I took another turn around the gallery to look again at the wax figure, to study it. I was embarrassed. I did not really recognize him. My friend laughed off the incident and wondered why it bothered me so much. When I think of it, I wonder, too, why I still recall it. Just one of those insignificant experiences that somehow stick in the mind!!

NOT REALLY LOST

After dinner one night at the Hotel Richmond on Rue de Helder in Paris, three of us tourists took a long walk along the streets looking into the beautifully decorated shop windows. We passed the little place where, in 1952 I had bought a little gray silk dress, the only Paris gown I have ever had. We passed the Ambassador Hotel on Housman where I had stayed before. After enjoying the fine night and looking at the chic well-dressed women as they passed us with their escorts, we began to tire a little and talked of returning to the hotel. Ahead of us we saw three men of our tour group walking toward us. I was glad because by this time I had secretly felt dismayed to find I didn't know where I was. When we met, we told the men that we were tired and that we would walk back to the hotel with them. To my chagrin they confessed that they were lost and that upon seeing us they had planned to accompany us to the Richmond Hotel.

Well, then it was that I had to confess that I did not know the way either. Having prided myself before on knowing the way around, I felt responsible; consequently I set about to get directions, by no means an easy feat, when the shop doors were locked and the people on the streets did not use English. To go into the street to question an officer would be to take one's life in one's hand; so I approached a young man who, I hoped, might speak English. He didn't. Hopefully I approached another who proved to have an English vocabulary of five or six words. "Hotel Richmond?" No, that meant nothing to him but Rue de Helder spoken as the French say it made him nod, gesticulate and carry on in rapid French, until we eventually got our directions straight and started on, only to find that we had not been at all far from Hotel Richmond.

CITY ROAD CHAPEL

Our turn to go to communion in Wesley Chapel came as we tourists sat in a stiff pew in the Church after evensong. When those who sat ahead of us had returned to their seats, I knelt at the curved rail behind the tall pulpit to receive the bread and wine and rose to go away knowing that I had had one of the mountain top experiences of my life. I cannot put into words the feeling I had. It was ethereal, special. The Eucharist meant more to me that evening than it ever had before. John Wesley had taken communion at this rail. He had given communion at this rail. The memory of Wesley was part of the experience, but not all. The glow, the peace, the uplift in me was a wonder that I shall never forget. It was out of this world and not in the slang sense that it is commonly used. The experience was completely different from the times when I have gone to communion at our own communion rail and thought of my shoes as I knelt. Were the heels crooked? Was my hair in order? The people in the pews might see my carelessly brushed coat!

No, at Wesley's rail I was completely alone with God, though close enough for elbow touching with my fellow communicant. I had no thought of anyone looking at me from the pews. Had they looked, they could not have seen because the rail was almost hidden by the arm chairs.

John Wesley! Some of his spirit still hovered over the church he had built to honor his God, as it seemed to me. I am glad that I remember the experience vividly and enjoy it from time to time in memory, the high quality of sensitivity to the things of the Spirit that I experienced that day.

LIGHT

I experienced the light of Greece for a few precious days when I was there in the summer of 1955. I was enthralled by it, so much so that I wanted to talk about it with my roommate. My efforts to speak of it met with no response, and one in the party said he didn't know what I was talking about. He could not see anything different about the light in Greece from any other place. The joy I found in the pure light went with me from the hotel to the slums where I saw the poor of Athens outside their tiny shacks. But the dwellings did not seem like shacks to me, there were gay flowers near each and the children in rags looked beautiful to me as the sun shone on them in the dry clear air, as they played around and smiled at us tourists.

The joy of the light stayed with me as we rode to Corinth, past olive groves and on to Loukatria, a resort town. The feeling of uplift came back with me to Athens and stayed as we visited the various monuments. Only on the afternoon that we climbed Mars Hill, I missed the light because it rained mostly and there was a mist.

It is hard to talk about the light. After my trip was over a fellow teacher who had a nephew in service in Athens asked me what I enjoyed most there.

"The light," I said at once.

I thought she gave me an unusual look, so I began to talk about the light attempting to describe its effect on me, but I failed. After trying a few more times to convey my experience with the light to my friends, without any interest on their part, I fell silent. I even began to question my own reaction. Had I really felt all that I thought I had?

Serendipity or coincidence or whatever, it occurred in December, 1961, when I read V. S. Pritchett's article in the December issue of *Holiday*. The thrill came back.

"The Greek light," he wrote, "who has not heard of it?"

Again, "But by day we have light that no country in the world has. Greece was created by light."

Still further I quote.

"—you enter the pure Greek flame. It has burned the mountain white. It has burned all the moisture from the air. Even, Cairo, the meterologists say, does not have a light as pure as this."

"Light, pure and elemental."

In 1964 in the *Offensive Traveler,* again by V. S. Pritchett, I read his lines about the Spanish light which he described as pure fire, limpid radiant, giving one who experienced it the details of leaf, brick or rock, just as he sees the details of the clothes worn by the Spanish kings in the picture of Velazquez. For a moment I was disappointed because I had never visited Spain and perhaps, missed the finest experience with light. Then I remembered and was reassured that I had experienced the very best in Greece, as I read further.

"*Outside Greece,* there is no light to compare with the Spanish, especially the light of Castile."

MEETING

I ran from the airport and waved my handbag wildly, like a silly old woman that I was. I know I looked foolish because later at home I saw movies of my arrival in Zurich in July 1955 to meet my son Naiven who had come to Zurich from Schwabisch-Gmünd where he was stationed. However my joy at meeting him there was not foolish at all. He was on a three-day pass and so he went with our group of seventeen up the mountain to see the Rhone glacier and some Swiss lakes.

When he left to return to the kaserne at sunset his last day, to go to the station, he went quickly without turning back. I watched him until he was out of sight, knowing that I would not see him again for a year. Then after looking at the quiet water for a while I walked slowly back to the hotel.

Jim was in camp at Fort Leonard Wood in Missouri at the time. I bought him a Swiss watch and sent it to him from Zurich. Can you imagine what I sent him? A woman's watch? How it happened I don't know, but I do know he had some trouble getting the little package from overseas. He told me later of his disappointment!

THE MAP

Lenggries, Lenggries where was Lenggries? Nave had been sent there in Germany to get further training to do office work in the camp kaserne at Schwabisch Gmünd. I wrote to Jim who was in the last year at the University of Minnesota, telling him that I couldn't find Lenggries on any map. The next time he came home he brought me a map he had made himself, showing the different occupation zones in Germany and, of course, Lenggries.

That map was done so neatly and lettered so carefully that I began to treasure it at once. It disturbed me to think that Jim could not become a cartographer. He had given up his plan to be one, after several times spoiling an almost completed work in cartography because of twitching in his arm, the result of polio when he was 13.

BABYLON

On the morning that we were to take a side trip to Babylon, I walked down the street from the Regent Palace Hotel in Baghad. It was early, but crowds were already on the streets. I passed a woman with a ringed nose wearing a long black abbah and a kafaya, head cloth. There were desert Arabs with black and white scarfs tied on their heads with black rope-like cords. There were donkeys balancing heavy loads on their backs walking along the sidewalk. Arab masters urged the donkey with heavy sticks. Women walked behind the donkeys carrying bundles on their heads. Among all of this I saw a few men and women wearing western clothes. Many children wore nightshirts; some wore pajamas not because they had just gotten out of bed. This nightwear was their daytime attire.

The traffic was already heavy. Officers in white helmets and jackets stood in groups of two or three at varying distances. They never seemed to stop traffic on the long, long street, for people to cross. Horns blew, motors roared, a plane zoomed overhead; noise and confusion had taken over early in the day.

Glancing at my watch, I realized I must hurry back to the hotel to start on our sidetrip. Away we went in four cars across the flat dusty country to visit the ruins of Babylon, about fifty miles south of Baghdad. We saw two or three camels and again two or three more traveling along the road. Then suddenly on the flat land at our right we saw a great mass of camels moving slowly toward the road. There must have been 2,000 of the huge beasts. This was our driver's estimate of the number. He told us that we were fortunate to see so many together. He had been driving back and forth to Babylon a long time and it had been at least five years since he had seen so many camels together. They had come, the driver thought, to carry grain back to Damascus by caravan.

We stopped. The camels crossed the road with their Arab masters beside them. A few of the Bedowin women rode. There were two sheiks riding the lead camels with their fancy trappings of bells and silver trimmings. There were baby camels. Just as folks admire all baby animals, we tourists ''Oohed and Aahed'' over the young camels.

It took some time for all of the animals to cross the road. Already on the slight rise of ground at the left, the first Bedowin had begun to make camp. Rough shelters from the sun were made with four pegs in the ground topped by black mats made of goat hair. There were many of the shelters on the gentle slope. Women and children moved about carrying jars and leather bags. We guessed that they might be preparing food.

At last we started on again. As we did so it occurred to me, that the Bedowins had completely ignored us who stood watching them at close hand. They never glanced at our cameras. I do not recall meeting the eye of a single nomad. The shieks sat proudly looking straight ahead. The dust was thick as we rode on. Passing through a small village we saw only men. They sat cross-legged on the packed ground outside their tiny shops, smoking cigarettes and staring. In one shop I saw only a pile of watermelons, in another only a pile of onions and in another two or three bolts of gaily colored cotton spread for sale in the little cubicle.

"BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON"

This phrase kept going through my mind as we walked through the ruins of what was once the great metropolis spread out toward the Tigris and Euphrates, ''the waters of Babylon.'' We saw the stone outlines of Belshazzar's palace where his infamous feast was held, the place where he allowed his followers to drink from the sacred vessels. There was the site of the famous Hanging Gardens that another king had built to please his Median wife, who tired of the plains of Mesopotamia and longed for the hills and flowers of her home. The processional way, clearly outlined by the stones of the ruins, we followed to the Ishtar gate.

Clink! The sound of metal on stone! I had dropped a small attachment to my camera. There among the stones, rocks and pebbles, it would be impossible to locate. So I shrugged and walked on. No matter, I never had any success with pictures, anyway. We walked over to the tiny museum to see the relics the archaeologists had located in their diggings. Later we sat under a date palm to drink the ubiquitous Coca-Cola.The dates on the palm were still green in August. Most of the clusters hung high, but there was one low cluster which we examined. In a month the dates would be ripe.

A group of Arab children who lived nearby, came to gape at us tourists. We gave them gum, hard candy and coins and they smiled their thanks. Just at that time a guide passed us slopping some water on the ground from a container that he had carried. One Arab tot ran off and hurried back with a small pottery bowl. The water had run into a slight depression, and the child dipped up as much as she could. After she left, a small boy splashed with one foot in the remnant of the water. Water is precious in Iraq. It rains only during a short winter season! The guide had been careless!

Back to Baghdad we rode late in the day. The men in the village that we had seen in the morning were still sitting smoking as we passed, but the camels were all gone from the hard dirt plain.

CTESIPHON

Ctesiphon, the ruins of the palace of an ancient queen of Iraq, I have not forgotten because of the mad ride we had to reach the place. We went in cars. To put it mildly our Iraqi driver was wild and irresponsible. Over the flat dusty road at high speed we flew, passing and repassing the other three cars in our group as the drivers raced with each other past irrigation ditches and tent camps. Handkerchiefs and scarves came out of our bags to be tied over our heads to keep the dust out of our eyes, noses and ears. We did reach the Ctesiphon safely, then after glancing briefly at the gray ruins, we found ourselves more interested in two Arab children dressed in striped nightshirts. The children were camera shy and hid behind a big brother. Offers of coins did not interest them. This came as a complete surprise because we had become accustomed to the constant request.

"Bucksheesh, bucksheesh" in Arab countries, especially in Egypt, where just about everyone from the age of two on constantly harass the tourist for money. But the gum did the trick! The little folks forgot themselves in their joy over the gum. We took their pictures, most natural they were.

The ride back to Baghdad was more sensible. Mr. Perkins had made it clear, to the drivers that we valued our lives. There was a chance to stop to look at the sluices of an irrigation ditch. To please one bird lover, we took time to stop to watch an extremely tiny green bird flit from reed to reed singing sweetly in full throat. Coming from so small a creature so much music was a delight as it poured forth while the bird swung rhythmically back and forth on a long stemmed plant. Surprisingly the dainty bird was unaware and so unafraid of us.

At close hand we saw the black goat's hair rugs that lay over the tops of the four peg shelters that the Arabs used for respite from the heat of the day. There were fields of wheat and barley in

irrigated fields. The lands not irrigated or ditched for water, were places of arid stones and light brown sand. On these forbidding areas nomads pegged their tents.

One morning with a couple of free hours, I went alone to a bazaar in Baghdad, looking for a replica of the Ctesiphon in the shape of a silver charm. I had no luck so I stopped into a jeweler's shop, to find one there. There I was unsuccessful again.

"I'll take you to a real silver shop where they have everything," an American lad of about sixteen said to me.

He did take me to the shop. So I had a ride through the mad traffic of Babylon in an American car with an American boy and his pal. The boy was the son of an American ambassador there in Iraq. His friend was the son of an American teacher in Baghdad. They told me they were visiting their parents. Both had become bored with the heat and the crowds of the city. They were counting the days until they could get back to their private schools in the United States. It was then that I sensed why they found it diverting to take me to a silver shop. They did not know what to do with themselves. People are funny! I paid money to see what these lads found boring!

Incidentally the silver shop was a very exclusive place where the silver articles were beautiful, especially the old silver pieces. I bought nothing.

DAMARIS

In my life I have known only one person named Damaris. She was the daughter of a friend I met soon after coming to Faribault. Because the name pleased me, I asked the mother where she found the name. With eyebrows lifted slightly, in surprise to hear that I was unfamiliar with the story of Damaris of old, she simply said that the name came from the Bible. Of course I immediately looked up the reference to Damaris when I got home.

In 1955, in the Greek Orthodox Church of St. Denis in Athens, I saw a very large painting on the inside wall above the main entrance. Among the large figures in the scene there at the right, was one of Damaris. As I stood and admired her painting I recalled that Damaris along with Dionysius, a member of the Areopagus, were the only two from all of the many Athenians, who opened their hearts to Paul when he proclaimed to them their Unknown God. I felt satisfaction to know that the artist had honored Damaris and that the Greeks, who commissioned the painting had honored her, too.

RED, BEIGE AND BLUE

When I returned from the Holy Land, a friend asked me to name one overall impression of the land of the Bible.
"Beige" was my reply. "The stones were beige and the desert sands were beige." This is not to say there were not flowers and grass and trees, but the beige, which seemed to be every where impressed me, so that "beige" came quickly to my mind at my friend's question. Then I spoke to her of the red and blue as well as the beige that had caught my interest in the Middle East.

The sand was red, surprisingly so, as we looked at it from our cabs and as we rode along toward Beirut. Many young palm trees stood forlorn, stark and dead in the red sand in the boulevard between the highways. We were told that the palms would not root in the red sandy soil. Along the highways on each side tall, rough grass bent low in the wind. These uncut grasses kept the sand from blowing across the roads. The seeds for this grass had been imported from Egypt.

After emplaning for Baghdad, we looked down again at the expanse of red sand as we flew inland from the coast. As we traveled westward we left the red sand behind and saw the deep beige of the desert sand below instead. Soon we looked down on the Euphrates winding through flat lands with a fringe of green along the banks. Then quickly we were above the Tigris with fabulous Baghdad spread on each side of the river below as we circled down to the airport. The beige stayed with us when we left the city on side trips later.

Blue, how beautiful the blue of the Mediterranean was! I have no words to describe it or to tell of the sensation of pure pleasure it gave me. I stood on the beach at TelAviv and gazed at the water just as I had from the high elevation in Haifa. At Acre I had stepped from rock to rock as the blue water laved the stones. The sight of the blue sea did something very pleasant to my

senses. I cannot forget it and of course, I do not want to. Colors are certainly an important part of my memories of the Middle East.

THE ROBE

The Rev. Mr. Perkins should never have done this thing. It was not at all in keeping with his ordinary behavior. On the way to Corinth, we seventeen tourists stopped to visit St. Paul's Greek Orthodox Church in its peaceful setting. In the hallway of this church there were many vestments hanging in a row. The Rev. Mr. Perkins donned one of these robes and stepped out into the garden-like space in front of the church where a friend focused his camera to snap a picture of him. Just then the priest of St. Paul's came on the scene. He was outraged. His Greek spleen was expended in a loud voice while he flayed his arms about as the flowing sleeves of his black robe flapped up and down.

Pastor Perkins took off the robe hurriedly, returned it to its hook and strode to our bus. We waited for a good forty minutes for our guide, while he pleaded, soothed, explained and at last appealed to the priest's pride by telling him that it was an honor to have an American man of the cloth have his picture taken in his priestly robes.

At last we got started toward Corinth. The guide was soberfaced and non-committal, but another man who knew Greek and who had stood by told us what had been said. One of our group remarked that he could not see a Greek Orthodox priest coming into one of our churches to don a minister's robe. I could not imagine that, either.

I felt sorry for the guide. Would he ever again get permission to take tourists to see St. Paul's Church?

COKE

In Luxor, Egypt, it was so hot that few persons ever came outdoors before 4 p.m. On my second day there, I lay on the bed in my hotel room, weak from dysentery. A kindly old retired doctor came to see me and gave me a perscription, which he said could not be filled in Luxor. I must take it back to Cairo. When four o'clock came there were buggies waiting to take us tourists around to view the pillars and ruins. I did not want to miss any sightseeing, so I got up to go, but I felt so weak that I just could not. I did not even want to walk the few yards back to the hotel; so I rented a buggy and just sat in it to wait until the others returned. That was a mistake! The guide unhitched the skinny horse and stood aside. He got paid, so I think he did not mind. But the Arab children and the teenagers who were hanging around for bucksheesh found my behavior most unusual. They came and stared at first. They used their few English words to poor advantage trying to find out why I stayed. I found myself making the deaf sign for sick to them. But middle finger to the forehead was Greek as far as they were concerned. They begged for money. I gave then all the coins I had and showed them that my coin purse was empty. One especially enterprising Arab lad of fourteen thought he had a perfect idea. Off he went to return with a dirty glass and a half filled bottle of warm Coca Cola. I just must have more money. This would revive me and please me. All Americans like Coca Cola! (I might say here, incidently, that everywhere in the Middle East there was Coke to be had, mostly unchilled, however.) Well, I held the glass and he poured. After the youngsters grew tired of watching me, and I was alone for a brief moment. I poured the coke on the sand fearful that someone might see I had wasted it. The hot sand quickly swallowed the little spot of liquid. The boy who had thought of the Coca Cola and had gone away disappointed at not getting any money, came

back alone after a while and engaged himself in trying to teach me a few Arabic words in exchange for a few English words. He was bright and learned quickly. In the time we spent there, I in the buggy, and he on the hot ground, I learned about eight nouns which I still remembered after I got home. I hope he remembered his new vocabulary. I liked the boy because he held no rancor for getting nothing for his Coke expedition. Then, too, with his interest in language he had helped me to forget for the time being how weak I was.

ACROSS THE NILE

A real student, would, I think, have something more important to hold in his memory of the Nile at Luxor, than a water buffalo. But at the word *Luxor*, there flashes before me a picture of a huge water buffalo bathing clumsily in the unbelievably muddy water of the Nile, while several Arab children, completely naked, frolicked near the river in the deep squishy mud of the bank.

Still, as I think back the memories that follow those of the buffalo, are more important. As we left the hotel late in the afternoon to go across the Nile, the heat bore down on us and oppressed us. We stepped into an open wooden craft, a felucca, and boatmen pushed us out into the Nile, walking to hip depth in the silt-laden muddy water. For a few minutes, then, the boat moved with the current. The boatmen unfurled a sail as a light breeze sprang up. Then the wind died down again as softly as it had come up. Then the boatmen rowed for a while, singing rhythmic songs as they plied the oars. As we neared the opposite shore, the boatmen pushed the boat with long poles until we reached the muddy west bank of the Nile.

At a little distance away some cars were parked on the sand. After landing, a few members of the party rode the few yards to the cars on donkeys. The other hardy souls walked across the ''burning'' sands to the cars. I was one who walked. Four cars with four Arab drivers took us across the desert to the ruined temples of Thebes. Long ago the ancient peoples often left their tent homes to cross the Nile to worship and bury their dead in the desert on the west side of the river. We visited the remnants of these ancient temples and tombs. Rameses' temple was especially elaborate in design. The other tombs, cut deep in the rocks, showed intricate designs and markings such as you have seen in pictures in books and magazines. To us King Tut's tomb was

most interesting because we had heard most about it before. It is in fact the simplest and least imposing of the tombs. You remember that it was intact when discovered, the last one to be opened. We had already seen the casings of King Tut's mummy, one inside the other, in the Egyptian museum in Cairo where they had been placed for observation and study. I had put my hand on the outermost case of the tomb remembering that I had asked a friend to do just that when he visited the tomb in 1946. It never occurred to me in that year that I would ever see King Tut's tomb and my request had been made just to say something, as one often does.

I had bought a large straw hat to use as a sunshade in the desert. To my surprise it disintegrated very soon, either from the overpowering heat or poor material, perhaps both. Anyway at the end of the day spent in the Valley of the Kings, the hat fell apart. It had lasted only five days in Egypt. The Arabs know best. Scarfs are suited to the desert. They keep out the sand and sun and protect one from the hot wind. After that day I always wore my thin silk scarf which was to bring me an interesting experience later.

Back at Luxor, after our return ride across the Nile with the same boatmen chanting their songs as they rowed, we stopped at the shops. My purchase was three pairs of slippers, green, red and black. I pulled them down from a horizontal support from which a string hung with many, many pairs of slippers dangling. Soft, they were, made of gazelle skin (I gave them to my friends, the Fink sisters, later, but I never saw any of the three wearing them. Perhaps the slippers fell apart like the straw hat did.) I paid the merchant for the slippers and he gave me a tiny scarab emblem along with my change. It was supposed to bring good luck.

It was easy to satisfy my curiosity as to what the other tourists had bought because nothing was wrapped at those out-of-doors shops.

A PRECIOUS SOUVENIR

There is a little vase among my souvenirs from the Middle East that I prize. It has never attracted any special interest among my acquaintances, but to me it means a great deal, perhaps because of the difficulty I had in purchasing it.

It happened in a shop in Baalbek near the famous ruins that I bought the souvenir. "I'd like to buy a vase like that one," I said, pointing to a tiny vase containing a few small flowers that stood on the counter. A clerk looked through his shelves and failed to find one similar to the one in use. Another Lebanese clerk came. He, too, sought in vain to find the kind of vase I desired. Hopefully he pointed to this vase and that one. I did not want them.

The crowd had thinned. The tourists had gone, but I still stood waiting. The Lebanese who seemed to be the owner jabbered with the two salesmen in their native tongue. Then suddenly the one in authority snatched the flowers from the vase, threw them down and poured the water on the floor, as he disgustedly thrust the vase into my hand. At the same time he held out his other hand for the money. I gave him a bill and he thrust some coins into my hand. I fled clutching the vase.

In the bus, everyone was waiting for me. The vase had to be passed back over shoulders for everyone to see. There was little comment about it though I remember that someone remarked that it wasn't new. Happy with my treasure, I hardly noticed the silence regarding it. With the help of my converter I figured out that it had cost about two dollars, remembering the huge vase priced at sixty dollars in contrast.

We had not gone to Baalbek to buy souvenirs. We had gone to see the columns of the Temple of Jupiter, still standing, sixty feet tall. Ruins of other temples to Bacchus, Diana and Athena are still there, majestic columns standing in rubble. They were

built in the second century AD by Antonio Pius and Septimus Severus. The city and the ruins lie to the east of the Lebanese mountains. I remember that it was very dry in Baalbek that day and that the drinking water was good, a rare treat.

YELLOW CAPSULES

Nablus, the city formerly called Neopolis of Samaria is the home of the remaining Samaritan people. It was the birthplace of Justin Martyr (c 100 - c 165) who taught in Ephesus and Rome before dying for his faith. In Old Testament days Nablus was known as Shechem.

The very word Nablus brings a slight shudder to me because it was near Nablus that I had to ask the driver to stop the bus so that I could go apart from the group because I was suffering from dysentery. The prescription, a kind, old, retired doctor had given me in Luxor, Africa, I had carried with me hoping to get it filled. There in Nablus I would try again to get the prescription filled.

Nobody at first was in a hurry except me, that day in Nablus, in 1955. The tourist bus was waiting for me as I scurried to an apothecary shop to buy some aureomycin. I carried the prescription in my hand and held it up to the proprietor. He had a long liesurely conversation with another Arab near him while I waited nervously. Finally he nodded and held up a bottle with Arab script on it. I offered a traveller's check in payment which he refused. What could I do? I was suffering and had to have the medication. Out on the street I saw the bus driver motion for me to come, because he had to keep his time schedule. I waved the slip at him and went in search of a bank. After holding up the traveller's check to several person's on the street, one finally understood and pointed to a money changer's place in the wall. There I got some Arab money and rushed back to get the drug. I swallowed some of the yellow capsules as I ran to the bus, where I met deep frowns because of the delay.

I clearly remember that street in Nablus where Arab men stood idly by or walked slowly talking as I rushed along. Never since have I had so great a need to communicate in a foreign language as on that day. Most of the Arabs didn't glance at me as

I ran by, but the few who did look at me frowned. How can I recall these details? It must be because my suffering was so acute that the accompanying incidents sank into my memory.

A few days later I happened to sit on some steps in Jerusalem to rest. A large well-dressed black woman sat near me and we began to talk. She told me she was one of a group of Baptists touring the Holy Land, but she couldn't enjoy herself because dysentery was draining her strength. I opened my purse and emptied several of the yellow capsules into her hand. The aureomycin had helped me. I hope they helped her, too.

BAGHDAD

Baghdad is the farthest place from home that I have ever been. Our group of seventeen went there with great interest in the summer of 1955, because Iraq had not long been open to tourists. So far as we could determine we were the third group to tour there after the restrictions had been lifted, the first group having gone there the spring before. We had the fortitude to go there in August when the heat was terrific, yet not so oppressive as we had experienced in Cairo and Luxor. There was no air-conditioning in the Regent Palace Hotel, but there were many fans. A Philco refrigerator, a model exactly like mine at home, stood near my table in the dining room to welcome me, it seemed.

The first night in Baghdad we lolled on the roof of the Regent Palace and looked down at the city. Two long, long, narrow parallel streets marked by lights spread across Baghdad. We were told that the city had not been laid out for modern traffic. That we could easily observe, because even at night the streets were thick with traffic moving in all directions. The next morning two of us tourists dodged in and out crossing a narrow street to avoid being bumped by a donkey whose back was piled high with a mound of sticks. The poor beast was goaded on by his Arab master who cared not at all who was in front of his beast. Soon we were forced to step off the sidewalk which we had just reached safely, into the dangerous traffic of the street, to get out of the way of another Arab whose sticks had fallen kerplunk from his donkey, entirely covering the narrow street. And so we went along, moving out of the way of black-clothed men and women carrying loads on their heads, backs or shoulders, walking straight ahead, noticing no one, not caring who was in their way. We two women became adept at dodging to avoid collisions, with those indifferent Arabs.

When it was absolutely necessary for us to cross the street, we were actually afraid to attempt the feat. After standing at the

curb a few minutes hoping to get up enough courage to step into the traffic, I caught the eye of a white-coated, white helmeted officer, one of three standing bravely, unconcerned in the midst of that terrific traffic. (I wonder, do they have *Stop* and *Go* signs in Baghdad *now*? I pointed across the street and tried to give the officer a look that meant we wanted to cross.

Shades of Shehera zade! The officer bowed slightly. Then all three officers raised their arms and the traffic in that mad street came to a sudden halt. We two crossed alone like queens who had servants to command the maddening confusion to cease. Feeling rather important over this special treatment we pointed at our cameras and at the officers. They nodded obligingly, straightened their helmets and tugged at the buttons of their white coats. We snapped the shutters and waved our "Thank-yous." The excitement and noise of the wild traffic resumed quickly and we went on. The picture I took did not turn out well. I hope that my companion's did. I will never know because I never saw her again after the tour ended.

SUMMER SCHOOL

"Just how many schools have you attended?" my older son asked me after hearing me refer to this or that school from time to time. My first reaction to his question was annoyance because his tone suggested that my way of obtaining a degree was not the best. I reminded him that I got my education the hard way, in bits and parts, teaching during the year and attending school in summer. It was different in 1913, when I set out. There were no scholarships, no government grants or loan funds, in other words, I was on my own at seventeen.

Let me see, what schools have there been in my past. Green Lake County Teachers Training School, Oshkosh Normal School, Ripon College, The University of Wisconsin, Madison, the University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, Ypsilanti State College, Mankato State College and the University of Minnesota. There were thirteen summers in all, making a long, long trail to graduation.

I do not regret having attended the ten different schools. I did so deliberately in some cases and then again I went where I could get the courses that fitted my program. The only sad part of my experience was that many precious hours were wasted in courses in education. Had those periods been spent in taking basic courses, I feel I would be a much better educated person.

I like to remind myself that my schooling was somewhat like that of Margaret Bourke White who attended several different colleges before earning her degree. She reports in her autobiography that her sympathies were broadened and her intellectual capacity stimulated by contact with many outstanding professors at different colleges, as well as by the influences of her peers. She enjoyed the landscapes and environs of the campuses to the enhancement of her cultural life. I like to think, that I, too, have had a somewhat similar background.

FIVE A'S

Over the years when I felt low and thought myself unimportant, unnoticed and a nobody, I usually succeeded in raising my spirits by opening an envelope and drawing out the report I had received from the Wisconsin Department of Education in 1929.

Yes, I was reported to have earned five A's in personality, classroom manner, background, student stimulation and so on. At least I had been somewhat important in my younger days. The record was a comfort and I was glad to have saved it. Besides I showed it to my sons after they had grown to an age of understanding.

AT LAST

I sat near my bedroom window one afternoon in July 1958. My older son lay on the rug near me, as we talked. He got up and got the mail and began to talk again after tossing a letter into my lap. I glanced at the envelope, noticing it was from the University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee. Opening it rather disgustedly and looking at a list of my credits, I threw the envelope and sheet toward the waste basket.

How many times I had received replies from my Alma Mater over the years, listing my credits and stating that for this reason or that I could not be granted a degree. The last letter I had received before this one said that everything was in order except that I needed a semester on campus to meet the requirements.

Why send me a list of credits again? I frowned in frustration. My son casually picked up the envelope I had thrown down, and noticing a sheet inside that I had missed, pulled it out and read it. Then with a queer look on his face, he said, "Better read this, Mom."

"What for?" I replied. "You read it." He did.

The letter said that the board of trustees had met after the school had been made a part of the University of Wisconsin and decided to grant me the B.S. in special education, waiving the semester on campus requirement, since I had all the credits needed.

I cannot describe my feelings—surprise, disbelief, relief all mixed up. My son was genuinely glad. I could tell that. By coincidence my younger son, Jim and I had received degrees at the same time; he, his M.A. in geography from the University of Missouri and I a B.S. in Special Education from the University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee. It was a long time from 1920 to 1959, thirty-nine years if I can subtract right. I was 62 years old when I got the degree at last.

BLANKENBURG

It is just a tiny picture, the only souvenir I have of Germany, brought by my grandmother from Blankenburg many years ago. There was fine penciled writing on the back of it that read *Blankenburg Schwartzburg, Thuringer an der Saale.* Over the years the legend has become dim and the print faded. To perserve the picutre I took it out of the frame and pasted it on a sheet and placed it among the pages of our family genealogy.

I had hoped one day to visit Blankenburg, but when I went to Europe the first time in 1952, the itinerary was fixed. Besides Blankenburg was in the Russian zone.

Serendipity! It brought me unexpected pleasure to come accidently to read of the beauty of the Hartz Mountains in the story of the life of Baroness von Riedesel, wife of the commanding general of the Brunswick troops in the German forces who served with the British army in our Revolutionary war. It sent me again to look at my treasured picture of the Hartz Mountains.

The county of Blankenburg passed to the duchy of Brunswick in 1599. In Blankenburg, Wolfenbuttel was the home of Baroness von Riedesel before she and her children followed her husband to this country and again later after the war. Wendefurth was a health resort which Baroness Riedesel wrote about. Karl Baedeker in his guidebook mentions Wendefurth. There was quiet joy in conjecturing whether or not grandmother had passed the estate Wolfenbuttel where Baron Riedesel had lived, whether or not grandmother had ever seen Wendefurth, the spa. Grandma Ellinger Theckla Kaisner was the daughter of a peasant farmer in the province of Blankenburg, and left as a young girl, so the chances are she did not see those places, but she *did* see the Hartz, the beautiful mountains of eastern Germany. I like to think of her and of them.

IDIOSYNCRACY

I have been asked many, many times over the years why I did not have a telephone. If you had a telephone I could do this or that for you, or tell you this or that, people would say. My friends were annoyed; my acquaintances non-plused because of my eccentricity. My sons, especially during their high-school years, really wanted a telephone. In those days I could not afford the convenience but there was something more than money involved. I may sound like a neurotic when I report that from my early teens, I have disliked using the telephone. I used to go across the road to Al Egabrod's home to use his telephone when something extremely important made it absolutely necessary. Why? I hated to go and stand at the crank telephone. Why? I just don't know, really. Uncle Al, not my uncle but uncle to the whole town, was generous with his telephone, inviting any and all to use it. He was blind and liked folk to come in and feel free. Still I detested using his telephone.

I have a telephone now; I have had it since I was 70. My sons thought that at that age, I might want to call a doctor in illness. Besides they could call me from out of town where they live. I have an unpublished number because I don't care for telephone conversations and so my phone seldom rings. The telephone office has no authority to give my number to anyone under any circumstances. However, one evening last summer while my son lay ill with mononucleosis, the phone rang. Surprised I found the call came from Kansas City, Nave's girl calling. How did she get my number? I called a telephone office later and complained that my number had been given out. The telephone officials insisted they had not given out the number, but they *had.* Later when questioned, Susan said she had explained the call was urgent and her operator got the number without trouble.

Emergency! That matter of emergency had given me considerable trouble when I had insisted on an unpublished number at the time the phone was installed. I would hold the company responsible in case of death and so on, I was told. The company had had trouble before for just this reason. I talked and talked with no avail. At last I was referred to the boss himself in Owatonna. He, too, urged against the unpublished number, but after assuring him that I would never hold the company responsible for anything, he finally agreed.

My Uncle Otto Ellinger died in June 1966, in Westfield, Wisconsin. Cousin Nellie tried to call me by telephone to notify me but she could not get my number. I got the message through the police.

Yes, I have this idiosyncracy about the telephone. I would rather go to the store, bank or library myself, rather than telephone. In the two years I have had only two important reasons to use it, once when we were snowed in in the spring of 1966. I called the school to send a jeep to get me because I could not get a taxi. I had to be at work, because the School for the Deaf never closes, never. It is a residential school and the children are always there. The other time I needed the telephone was in the spring of 1968 when I developed a high fever with the three day influenza and had to call the doctor.

I might add that my older son will not now have a telephone in his apartment because he doesn't want to be bothered by students. He has office hours for student conferences. Strange! He used to want a telephone very much.

TRISKAIDEKOPHOBIA

Triskaidekaphobia! The word that means fear of thirteen! It intrigues me because I was born on the thirteenth, on a Friday at that! I was graduated from high school in 1913. I began teaching school on a Monday, the thirteenth and I have attended thirteen sessions of summer classes. Never have I had any particular superstition about thirteen, perhaps because my wise mother explained to her little girl that the attention given thirteen was really more of a joke than a superstition. Yet there *was* a cloud of superstition that floated above us as youngsters.

We kids would climb steps, counting as we went up, but always skipping thirteen. Then, too, in counting cracks in the old board sidewalks, we carefully omitted thirteen.

I recall a party to which I was invited as one of the thirteen teenage guests. One girl refused to go because there were to be thirteen at the party. She refused to be the thirteenth guest. I could not figure out why *she* would have been the thirteenth, because all invitations had come out at once. Anyone of us might have been number thirteen. Then to my chagrin, it occurred to me that maybe the girls thought I was the thirteenth. Perhaps I should decline the invitation. I was truly the thirteenth girl, and of course, everyone in our small town knew my birthdate. My mother brushed away the thought. I went to the party and, of course, nothing untoward happened.

Yet another incident I recall happened at holiday time at a friend's farm when I was still in my teens. There were thirteen people seated at the dining table that Thanksgiving Day, when one fretful woman began to speak nervously about the number of us seated at the holiday board, waiting for the feast to begin. Should I get up and offer to eat in the kitchen! That would help! I was willing, but too shy to speak up, being the only young person present. Mrs. James, the hostess, was equal to the occasion. She

set an extra chair at the end of the table, as she explained that it was for the guest who didn't come. Somehow this satisfied the fussy lady and we heard no more fears about thirteen.

Yes, thirteen has always interested me. One day I looked in the Bible to find a reference to that interesting number. There it was in Esther 18:12. The ancient Jews in the days of Queen Esther had reason to gain redress for their grievances on the "*thirteenth* day of the twelfth month, which is the month of Adar." On that day King Ahasuerus, ruler of one hundred twenty-seven provinces from India to Ethiopia, rescinded the order of Haman to destroy all Jews and proclaimed it in all his provinces.

Coming nearer to our own day we may recall that Sir Winston Churchill, noted more for his wit than for his superstition, customarily refused to travel on Friday, the thirteenth.

Just now as I am ready to put down my pen, I suddenly remember the baker's dozen. Years ago nobody objected to the thirteenth fried cake the baker gave when one bought a dozen. I recall buying a dozen eggs at the feed store and receiving an extra egg, from the owner as he counted the eggs into my little tin milk pail. What incongruity there was in accepting a thirteenth roll or cupcake, yet objecting to sitting down to a table with thirteen people!

SEVEN WINTERS

Two men approached the apple tree near the white shed with a chain saw. I watched them from my chair near the east window in my bedroom. Something akin to fear struck me. I liked that gnared old tree and I did not want it to be cut down; yet even while I thought of the six Mays that I had enjoyed its fragrance and the seven winters that I had admired the snow on the picturesque branches, the tree fell on the snow covered frozen sod. I had barely had time to remember the shouts of glee that the kids had made when they climbed on the branches in summer and later thrown apples at each other in early fall, before the tree lay low. Quickly the saw cut it into pieces and the men piled them into a truck. The tree was gone and I had a compulsion to express my feeling about it.

GONE

(They have just cut down the apple tree near the white shed. It is March 29, 1957. My older son is 25 today.)

How many years it stood upon the slope
I do not know.
But now in one short hour, the apple tree
lies low.
Cut down by buzzing saw!
No more will fragrant blossoms bring me
spring time joy.
No more will bending branches shelter
shouting boys.
No more will fruit be thick upon the grass.
Nor winter snow swirl round with chilling blast.

It makes me sad to see the empty space,
As with my long lost one whose face
I can no longer see.

And yet it had to be!
Dark spots showed here and there
upon the fallen king.
Death came quickly just before the spring!

(I liked that old apple tree. It often reminded me of the one outside my upstairs window in the home where I boarded the first year I taught school in the country. In May I would put my head out of the raised sash, and take in the sweetness of the fragrant apple blossoms.)

MOTTSY

My sons called her Mottsy, a pet name they made up for Margaret West, when they became fond of her as they worked at her home doing odd jobs during weekends and vacations over the years of their high school days. There were tears in my older son's eyes and there was a hoarseness in his voice when he returned from his last call on Miss Margaret.

"She didn't know me; she didn't know me anymore," he told me sadly.

"I won't go to see her anymore. Our friendship is all in the past. Mottsy has become senile."

I write about Margaret West because she and her sister Ruth and their aunt were sources of inspiration to my sons. There were many books, periodicals, and papers in the library at the Mott House. There was an old law library too, in another building. In fact, the whole rambling home was a treasure house containing many interesting objects that boys like to talk about. My sons were not pressured to work every minute. Often they stood around discussing political figures, social problems, history books and what-not with Miss Margaret and Miss Ruth. Indeed I often had the feeling that the Wests were overly generous in paying the boys.

Willis Mason West, Miss Margaret's father was the author of *The American People, American History and Government, The War and the New Age, Modern Progress* and the *Story of American Democracy.* One of the special treasures we Mathews have, is a copy of the last book named with the markings for revision in it, which were made by Miss Ruth. The book was autographed by Margaret West with the legend

"to replace lost copy, though defaced by corrections."

This history was still in use during the current decade after having been revised several times. This text was first completed

January 1, 1922 at Windago Farm, the northern retreat where Willis Mason West worked on his books. Mr. West was sometime professor of history at the University of Minnesota. I have related these details to show where the daughters Ruth and Margaret got their interest in history and how that interest intrigued my sons.

The name Mottsy was suggested from the name of the family home, the Mott house. It still stands in fairly good condition, with its wandering additions on different levels, its shed, law library, its quaint fireplace and three porches. On the upper floor a door opens to a flat tin roof, most unusual. The house was built by Judge Mott, a respected person in Faribault. The Wests were descendants of Judge Mott. I believe he was the grandfather of Mottsy. Mott Hall at the School for the Deaf was named after Mr. Mott because of his interest in the handicapped. There is Mott Avenue on the east side, also named after him.

Among the many pieces of old furniture in the Mott House that interests me greatly, is a revolving book stand. It is circular and separated into four sections with several shelves in each direction. Touch a book and give a little push and round go the shelves, revolving on a strong center pin. How easy to find a particular book! The piece is fascinating to operate. I believe it is truly an antique.

I am rambling, but offer no excuse, because that is the way memory behaves, skipping here and there. Miss Margaret told me this story about my younger son, Jim, long after the incident occurred. Had she not related what happened, I should have missed a precious facet of my son's character. Jim was about thirteen when Mottsy's aunt died. When Jim learned of the aunt's death, he went to Miss Margaret and asked what he might do to help. Not understanding, she said that he might shovel the walk, although there was really very little snow. When Jim had finished, Miss West got her purse to pay him for the service.

"Oh, no," said Jim, "I wanted to do something to express my sympathy," and he went away without accepting the money.

Personally I found the two sisters interesting. Miss Ruth had a classic education, a background such as held by only two or three persons I have ever known, Miss Margaret seemed in advance of her day in her social attitudes, always thinking and planning what might be done to help the underdog. I am glad to have known the West sisters because I enjoyed them, myself, and mostly I am grateful for the academic interests that my sons developed working in their home.

SERENDIPITY

After turning the cover page of the summer 1968 issue of *Minnesota History,* I began to read *Die Gemeinde, Freethinkers on the Frontier.* And there was serendipity for me! Unexpectedly I came upon information about the Turnverein of my youth in the article by Berenice Cooper. As a teenager I had been allowed to join a group of girl Turners in my home town, Princeton, Wisconsin. This was a great privilege for me because my grandparents and my neighbors had pointed out to my mother that nice girls should not be allowed to wear bloomers, much less jump on wooden horses and swing from bars.

In her article *Freethinkers on the Frontier* Miss Cooper wrote about the body of Freethinkers who claimed the right of individuals to hold views and convictions about religion, which grew out of their study of science and history leading them to accept reasonable beliefs, consistent with the nature of the Universe. Continuing in her report Miss Cooper told that a large number of members of the Turnverein, a liberal organization whose motto was *mens sano* in *corpore sano* (sound mind in a sound body) were in sympathy with the ideas of the Freethinkers. At this point, I became excited to find that many members of the Turnverein had had these interests to the degree that they joined the Freethinkers for philosophical discussions as well as for readings and lectures. There had been no such talks or debates ever held in connection with our little band of Turners. Why not? This puzzled me until I read further in Miss Cooper's article, to learn that the height of the Freethinkers activities had been between 1850 and 1880. After that the number of groups dissipated and the Turnverein changed, too, to become chiefly a gymnastic organization. No doubt, this is the reason I had never heard discussions of free thought in connection with our group of Turners. As a girl in the first decade of this century, I should

have liked to attend meetings where new philosophies were discussed because at that early age I was already interested in free thought.

The Freethinkers left Germany in the late 1840's because they were persecuted by the Conservative government and the church for having supported the Revolution which failed.

Late 1840's! The date reminded me of my grandfather Ellinger. Unlike the Freethinkers he had come to this country to escape military service. He had no liberal ideas that I recognized. My grandfather's attitude toward his adopted country often puzzled me. Often, adversely criticizing some activity different from the old country, he would strike a pose with his cane and vehemently state that, ''In Deutchland they don't do that!''

No, my authoritative grandfather had no truck with any liberal ideas. Having left Germany because he didn't want to serve in the German army because of its regimentation, he continued all his life to find fault with the country that gave him freedom, criticizing adversely any trend toward freedom of ideas. Yet he served in the Civil War, suffered in a southern prison camp for a short period and came home with weak eyes to sit out many years before his death. He never worked after the war. Many of his last days he spent sitting on a gray wooden bench on his high front porch, pounding the floor at intervals with his heavy cane. I remember proudly carrying a flag for him in the Decoration Day parades and saying a verse for him at the programs in the Turner Hall when his name was called as a veteran of the Civil War. Frederick Ellinger, Yes, I was proud to speak for him on those patriotic occasions before and after his death.

Let me go back to the year 1910 when I was a Turner. I recall an experience that had nothing to do with swinging Indian clubs or swinging from bars. It was a cool crisp night, as I walked home alone from the Turner Hall that I looked up and saw

Halley's Comet with its tail above the Congregational Church near the Fox River. I stood stock still on the empty street clutching the bloomers and sneakers that I was carrying, as I shivered and then hurried on the two short blocks to my home.

''What was it?'' I wondered

A day or so later my father read to me about Halley's Comet and explained that I had seen a celestial phenomenon.

COLLEGE

My sons never did especially good work in high school. They never studied at home, or at school either, for that matter so far as I could determine. I tried to encourage them to study, often pointing out that without an education they would undoubtedly end up sitting under the viaduct trying to catch bullheads. They would laugh and shrug off my remarks.

During the years when the boys were always gone after supper to meetings, play practice or just riding around, I was concerned, if they did come home by ten or ten fifteen. It is to Jim's everlasting credit that he glanced at the clock in the icecream store one night and decided to come home instead of joining some of his classmates in a messy episode with an unfortunate young girl.

My boys were not college material, I decided. They were not smart according to their reports. How would they earn their living! Then in his last year of high school Naiven announced he would attend St. Olaf in the fall of 1951. I was certainly surprised. In Jim's last year in high school his marks improved considerably. It was then he announced that he, too, would attend St. Olaf.

Why does a parent tell her sons what to do with their lives? I urged my boys to become teachers. Teachers are always needed. Teachers really help the world. I talked and talked. They would *not* become teachers. They reminded me of my miserable salary teaching for the state, and how I had to plan constantly to make ends meet. I never had a car. I had no telephone. No, teachers they would not be! Never!

After two years at St. Olaf for Naiven and one year for Jim, they both went to the University of Minnesota where they earned their BA degrees. Barry Schuler, their friend, had talked and

talked until late one night urging Naiven to make the change that he had already made the year before. I did my best to keep the boys at St. Olaf. But Barry had more influence than I.

SECOND NAME

The investigator for the Counter Intelligence Corps of the army called on the Finks to find out what he could about the character of James Mathews who was being considered for the Corps.

One of the questions the man asked Mattie Fink was why Jim had changed his middle name from Harrison to Ellinger. She said that she thought it was because of a boy's whim, but I knew better. Jim had been named James Harrison, the second name the same as his Uncle Reginald's. We thought this would please Uncle Reginald. Jim's father liked the idea too. But Jim grew up to dislike the name Harrison very much because his Uncle Reg was unkind to me and because he never seemed to see my little boys at all. He ignored them completely.

Without my knowledge when Jim enrolled in school here in Faribault in 1942, he signed his name James Ellinger Mathews. Ellinger was my maiden name. Later I had the birth record name changed. And so to this day Jim is J. E. Mathews.

The investigator must have been satisfied with the report on Jim because he assigned him to the Counter Intelligence Corps and went to Baltimore for more training from where he was sent to Germany. I still call Jim *Gegenspion* at times because he is no gossip and can keep a secret.

TEACHERS

What was Naiven to do after he came back from service in 1956? He had not decided on his life work in 1950 when he had left for service right after graduation in June of that year. He decided to go back to the University of Minnesota the fall he returned from service. Then after the fall quarter he decided to go to the University of Missouri to get an advanced degree in history. He began to talk of teaching which astonished me, when I remembered his former antagonism toward the profession. Naiven earned his master's degree there and later his doctorate. One summer he studied at the Harry Truman library in Independence.

In February, 1957, Jim wrote that he was coming home in March and attend Cedar Falls College in Iowa the last quarter of the school year to get education credits to teach. Again I was surprised! He did and earned high marks so that he would have had honors had he chosen to return in the fall. Instead he attended the University of Missouri the next year where he earned his M.A. in Geography. The brothers were together again in Columbia, Missouri. Jim did so well that his adviser urged him to go on for a doctorate, but he decided against it, because he wanted to marry. Jim began his teaching career in St. Louis in 1958.

All I can say is that one can never tell. Both sons teach; something I could not have imagined. Naiven is a professor of History in Missouri Valley College, and Jim, instructor in Geography in Anoka-Ramsey Junior College in Coon Rapids.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

I sat under the dryer in the beauty shop thinking about how I might help George further. George is my protege in Greece. I have helped him since 1960. I tried to think of a way to help pay for George's college training. He is not yet ready for it, but he is doing his best to achieve academically well enough to take the exams which will eventually allow him to enter medical school in Athens. It will cost about $600 a year to see George through.

As I thought about the money for George I picked up *McCalls* and read one of their *Turning Point* stories that paid the writer $1000. Why couldn't I write about the turning point in my life? I did and mailed my story, hoping. A few days ago the manuscript came back, rejected. I was disappointed. I must think of another way to help George.

THE WEDDING

The bride looked beautiful as she came down the aisle with her father to become the wife of my son in the Episcopal Cathedral at sunset June 27, 1959. All brides are beautiful you say, but I think Fanchon Sellner was especially so. Her beautiful brown eyes and dark hair were enhanced by the soft lace of her long white wedding gown.

I grew tired of standing through the entire Episcopal wedding ceremony, though it was really very short. I was uncomfortable because I was wearing a navy dress. Though the wedding consultant at Ochs had told me navy was proper, I still felt self-conscious because Fanchon's mother did not approve of navy.

At the reception I made the mistake of introducing Fanchon's uncle to Harry Sanborn, a member of my church. They both laughed and said that they had worked together as carpenters for several years. Then as the old cliche goes "to add insult to injury" one of my good friends pointed out to me that I had usurped the hostesses' duty by making the introduction. I was indeed uncomfortable. And where was Naiven? I caught only a glimpse of him darting from place to place in the Guild Hall where the reception was being held.

THE BEST MAN

"I never got a bite of lunch."

So spoke the best man after his brother James' beautiful wedding at the Episcopal Cathedral June 27, 1959. My elder son, Naiven came home after seeing the newlyweds off from Mottsy's garage where they had hidden the car so that it would not be decorated with cans and old shoes. He looked exhausted, but after a lunch he revived to talk with Barry and a college friend and his German-born wife.

I felt sorry for Naiven. He had run out of gas on his way home the Friday night before the wedding to be here for the rehearsal Saturday. He had hurried to the store and spent his last twenty-five dollars which he had saved by going without meals on Sundays when the college cafeteria was closed. Sunday morning early he started back, so as not to miss any class work. What a week-end for him!

Both sons were gone and I knew that from then on our lives would be different. They have been.

SHEEP AND COWS AND FOWLS

Today with my son I walked through the sheep barn at the County Fair. I should have been interested in the Holstein cows because I own a very small herd of them in Iowa; however, it was the sheep that engaged my attention. There were stalls of sheep of various breeds sheared and unsheared, eating, lying down or just staring. I put my finger down into the wooly back of one sheep when suddenly there came back to me the sensation I had had in the spring of 1914 when I helped Mrs. Soda, the farm woman, shear her one and only sheep by hand. I could in memory feel the thick greasy fleece of that sheep and the motion of its warm body as it lay there with its legs tied. In recollection I could hear the click of the shears as we cut close to the animal's warm body.

My son and I moved down past the stalls stopping often to look at the sheep. Several times I again stuck my finger down into their fleeces. I measured the depth of the wool with my forefinger up to the second joint in one case, and I watched the bellies of the sheep as they moved up and down with their heavy breathing as they lay on the hay.

I thought of the sheep after coming home and then my mind rambled to chickens and cows. I thought of my visit to the Coleson farm several years ago after which I felt the urge to write the following lines. Fowls don't interest me except in the pot, but on that particular day my farm friend's enthusiasm over her flock was communicated to me.

LATE NOVEMBER AFTERNOON AT THE FARM

Chickens talk or seem to
If we ever knew this, we had forgotten.
What excitement! What chattering!
Three hundred fowls eager for their mash!

Three innocent-eyed calves, Brown Swiss,
Look up in wonder
As the farmer brings them feed.

The farmer and his wife do up the chores.
We look and watch,
Remembering a day long past
When first we saw a farm
And felt the breathing of a ewe
As we pushed our fingers through the oily wool down to her body
As the farm woman clipped the fleece.

JOCQUAN

The Wesely twins were shoveling the deep wet snow March 3, 1962, when a boy brought a telegram to my door which told me that Fanchon and Jim had a baby daughter born that day in Highland Park, Illinois. Just then Mr. Sellner stopped in the road because he couldn't get near the curb with his car. Indeed no one could see the curb anywhere for the snow. He shouted to me to tell me the news of the baby's birth, which I had just that minute received.

Jocquan, they named the baby. Jim wanted the baby to have a name different from any girl student he had ever had. Like my grandmother before me, who couldn't say Marcella, I had trouble saying the name Jocquan. What a name! I was surprised at myself over the difficulty I had with the name, because I had taught speech for many years. Why should I have trouble with it? Well anyway, I was grandma for the first time and I was glad, though I confess I had hoped for a boy.

GRONDIN

During Easter vacation, 1965, Naiven and I chose a name for my expected second grandchild and his nephew to be. The name was to be Grondin, because Jim liked unusual names. Grondin was a French family name that came from the mother's side of the Mathieu family. Nave and I agreed that Grondin was a good one for the coming baby boy and we wrote to tell Jim.

How ridiculous we were! I can see now that our behavior had been silly, because parents name their own children. Imagine our chagrin when Grandara, another baby girl was born June 13, 1965. We had expected a boy. At any rate Jim twisted Grondin and added some a's thus composing a new name never heard anywhere; Grandara.

When I see these two little granddaughters growing in health and spirit and learning rapidly, I am amused at my past temerity in expecting a grandson even so far as to name him. No grandson could be more alive and alert than those two little girls. Who knows, however? I may yet live to have a grandson!

SURPRISE

It was Jim's idea to drive down to Marshall and see his brother for a day or two in one summer of the 1950's. He wanted to see Valley College, its environs, and Nave's apartment. Fanchon couldn't go because the baby was very young. Well, anyway we went, starting off happily with the idea of suprising Nave. What happened on the way really surprised us. We stopped at a park in Iowa to eat our picnic lunch. There I became terribly frightened that Jim would choke to death. He grew white and weak after struggling to swallow or bring up some food stuck in his esophagus. The time, though short, seemed interminable to me. There was no telephone in the out-of-the-way park. I couldn't drive. No cars were passing to be flagged down. What could I do? I slapped Jim on the back as hard as I could. He finally sank down and nodded that he had relief! I might have lost him, too, as I had lost my father, brother and husband. He was weak and I was weak, too, from fear.

We drove on and I developed a dreadful headache, such as I've never had before or since, Jim thought that maybe I would feel better if I got out of the car for a while. He stopped near a field and came around to my side and opened the car door. I took one step out and fell down a low embankment into the thick alfalfa in the field. I lay there wondering whether or not I was hurt. Jim helped me up. Despite my headache, I giggled, recalling that Kristin, the heroine of Sigrid Undset's novel once lay in a field in Scandinavia, but she had not been alone. It was silly to be amused. I recalled that Kristin Lavrandatter became a nun in later years to atone for her unforgettable human experience with her lover there in the hay.

By the time we reached Marshall, I was so ill that Jim put me to bed in a motel and went to find Nave. Of course, Nave was very much surprised. He and Jim came back to see how I was.

Tears ran down Nave's cheeks and I knew he was concerned about me. That time and once later were the only times I ever saw Naiven cry, after he grew up. Come to think of it, I don't believe he cried very often as a child.

The next day was better. The headache was gone and I felt as one does after being ill. Jim visited Nave's class in the college. I was not wanted in the classroom; consequently I wandered around Baitty Hall, peeking in various classrooms and reading bulletin boards. That is where President Collins talked to me asking if he might help me. Another young man spoke to me politely and asked if he could help in any way. Both left a nice impression!

Arrow Rock is a pleasant, sylvan state park, nor far from Marshall. We spent part of the day there. I pulled up three little myrtle roots to bring back home. Jim carefully wrapped them in a wet cloth to preserve them. I thought the myrtle would winter kill, but it did not. The myrtle grows and thrives near the front of our house in Faribault. It was in Arrow Park near a bridge that I took one of the few good pictures I have ever taken. I am disgusted to recall that in 1955 on my trip to the Holy Land I ruined about 1200 pictures with too much light.

AUGUST 7, 1964

Happy voices! Congratulations! Relatives gathering! Jim, my younger son and I walked down the grassy aisle among the audience that gathered slowly just before sunset to watch the graduation exercises outdoors on the Campus at old Mizzou, the University of Missouri, August 7, 1964. There were no friends, no relatives with us to enjoy the ceremony. Yet we were happy. How proud we were! How excited! How eager to glimpse our brother and son as he received his doctoral degree!

The bell high on old Mizzou sounded, as the graduates filed out of Jesse Hall and passed around the columns and down the middle aisle. There he was! A lump rose in my throat. Jim and I listened to the music and to the speaker who spoke of the cliche of creating an image. Then the big moment came!

My son walked up the steps, paused in the middle of the platform, bent over slightly to have the hood slipped over his head, accepted his diploma, received a handshake and then went down the opposite side of the platform. Naiven Francis Mathews, Ph. D., the first on either side of our family to earn the advanced degree!

WHAT IS IT?

Lord Boden-Powell in his autobiography asked "If you look back in your life, which bit of it attracts you most?"

For him it was the memory of the hot, parched plains of Rhodesia, where he had been a war scout, living with flour and horsemeat for food, with veldt sores and riding bag-o-bone horses; yet with it all adventure and excitement every day.

As for me, I do not want to select one particular attraction of my past, but rather to seek out the one continuing excitement that continued over the years. What was it?

A few days ago my granddaughters sat with me in a big chair, one one each side. The older child, who had been in school about a fortnight told me that she had learned to read several words, among them *cat.*

I suggested that we try to find the word *cat* in a magazine. We turned several pages without success. I soon gave up the search to visit with the younger child. Soon came this interruption from the older girl.

"Grandma, look, if you put your finger on this (which was an *n)* and put a *t* in its place, you will have the word *cat.*" Suddenly I was intrigued with the accomplishment of the child. I was excited and enthusiastic! This was it, this was what I had been trying to find: the thrill of seeing the sparkle of learning in the child's eyes, the smile on her lips, and the eagerness of her voice. From the days when I began teaching in the little yellow country school, I have felt this pleasure; joy, no not exactly joy, excitement, no not exactly that, but a feeling akin to all three. Without ever having thought much about the matter, before, I suddenly realized that the magnet that held me in the teaching profession for forty-one years was this very attraction.

My granddaughter beamed because she knew I was pleased with her performance. I do not know which of us felt the greater satisfaction at that moment.

SOMETHING TO SEE

Two little girls, my granddaughters, five and seven watched wordless with great interest the bride-to-be as she dressed for her wedding. This was their first wedding, the first bride they had seen. The bride, her mother, her attendants, my daughter-in-law, her two children and I had gathered together in the dressing room of the church. At the moment when the bride's dress had been arranged, the sleeves puffed out and the veil getting last loving adjustments, the two children stood directly in front of the bride, looking up with open mouths - serious - charmed - awed. The bride's mother found the little scene so pleasing that she quickly took a snap-shot of them.

The girls and their mother left then, to go to the sanctuary to arrange for the recording of the ceremony. Though I stayed with the party I felt rather superfluous, but I managed to be useful by closing a few snaps on the attendants' back bows and pinning a corsage on the singer's shoulder. Then with the wedding party, I went up the long stairs to the narthex of the church to wait the beginning of the ceremony.

RIBBONS AND RICE

Long streamers of forest green velvet ribbon fell gracefully from the three long-stemmed red roses that the bride carried as she walked up the aisle on the arm of her father. This was Susan, soon to be my daughter-in-law. She paused a moment at the front pew to present one of the roses to her mother and then moved on to meet her bridegroom.

I sat in the front row at the right beside my grand child both of us very quiet for we had been warned not to whisper, cough or make the slightest noise because my daughter-in-law, Fanchon, was making a record of the ceremony. The other granddaughter, too, sat very still beside her mother but some deep-throated male in the congregation coughed often, much to our dismay.

My thoughts were confused, my feelings both sad and glad as I listened to the pastor's words.

"I feel just as I did when my other son was married. I am glad this son now has a life-companion. He will need me no more. I find Susan charming. My life is over. Will my son's feelings toward me change? I hope they are compatible and get along well."

These jumbled thoughts raced through my mind and then suddenly the ceremony was over. As the couple turned to come down the aisle, the third Mrs. Mathews paused at my pew and gave me one of her two remaining roses. I dabbed away some tears as I looked down at the flower and ribbons in my lap. When the usher came to escort me down the aisle, I clung tightly to his arm because in my emotional state, I feared that I might stumble. The very thought that I might, by falling, create an anti-climax frightened me. What a scene that would have been! Fortunately, I escaped safely.

A hand-shaking politician I could never be! After acknowledging introductions and shaking hands with about two hundred guests at the reception, I began to feel not like myself at

all. Someone offered me a piece of wedding cake, which I could not choke down. Though I have been told the refreshment tables were very attractive, I never really saw them, yet I had stood very near them. It was waiting time then, a long time, while the newly-weds had their pictures taken. I held two tiny net bags of rice which a dainty little girl had handed me from her basket as she, too, stood waiting. When the married couple finally appeared I never threw the rice at all. Instead I asked the attractive child, who held the basket, to give me several more little bags of rice for me to bring home as souvenirs for my friends.

SKIRMISH AT STATION 417

At the eerie time just before dawn came the charge of the ice brigade in a skirmish at Station 417. We could hear the crashing of cubes of ammunitionas they were dumped into containers being made ready for the assault on our bastion. The dawn came slowly, showing gray patches through the trembling leaves of the box elders to the south of our fourth floor window.

As the waves of light moved in, so did the soldiers in white armed with their blades of glass to test the temperature of us beleagued ones. After their retreat more soldiers in white came to test our heartbeats before the future siege of battle.

With full daylight without sunshine, came the noise of the crockery artillery, plate against plate and cutlery against tray. Soon ration one arrived, food to sustain us for battle. When that part of the day had passed, we waited in silence for the arrival of the high command with orders for the day. They never came. Our head soldier reminded us that it was Saturday and that because of the weekend there would be no special orders for the day, except in great emergency; consequently we passed a quiet day on Front 417.

As we waited through the long day, we were pleased with the way the soldiers in white carried out their regular orders, carefully, neatly, meticulously, never deviating from their routine of keeping us in condition for the heavy struggle against disease.

Sunday in our enclave! No choir, no sermon, no organ music, no local music, no antiphonal reading, no sermon! How far we were from the real world! We were in the war against sickness, but also in a battle against spiritual decay.

At last another day came, the time to be taken to captivity, to the place where the lone fight was to be. Alone, alone, I lay shivering on a cold slab, while fighters in green prepared me for

the heat of battle, where there was no heat. Rather suddenly I was gone into another state of being. There was no time element involved until I awakened slightly to find myself on a cart in a row with others on carts lined up, all slowly returning to the land of aware persons. Pain, excruciating, not in waves, but steady, but deep and almost unbearable came over me. Up to Station 417 I was returned, to the base of recuperation. Would there be another skirmish? I did not know.

On one of the tedious days in the hospital, tired of reading, tired of enjoying the new May leaves just outside my hospital window, I began to feel myself in a struggle, in a battle of sorts. My roommate lay asleep. What to do? I snatched some paper towels that lay on the table near the bed and scribbled about the skirmish that I was in.

Later I handed the two paper towels to my son who looked at them and then at me quizzically. He made no comment as he laid them down on the night table.

THE LAST VIGNETTE

No man can pass through life, any more than he can pass through a bit of country without leaving tracks behind, and those tracks may often be helpful to those coming after him in finding their way.

——Janes, in the *Fishing Gazette*

It was a young second cousin's interest in the Ellinger family that initiated my attempts at writing about my life. The progress was slow and intermittent because of teaching duties; consequently this cousin may long ago have outgrown her interest. Still, a compulsion to continue writing stayed with me.

I retired from teaching June 7, 1968, which by coincidence, was my wedding anniversary and my Grandma Theckla's birthday. I had taught at the Minnesota School for the Deaf until I was 72, completing twenty-six years there. This made a total of forty-one years of teaching, the first fifteen in Wisconsin.

A professor of mine at the University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee often repeated in class that one sign of mental health is tolerance to ambiguity. I think of this often as I consider my future. I am now 76. Having suffered almost constant pain for many months, I have twice gone through clinics. The rather ridiculous sketch of my first clinic experience is, perhaps, out of place among the stories of my life, yet I include it because it marked a significant milestone for me.

It is my hope that the six Mathews in our small family circle of seven may find in my lines a bit of pigment that may be in harmony with the colors in the landscapes of their lives. It is my wish that they may recognize some continuity of experience that tells them that another has spoken their language.

In thinking of the past, I find myself in accord with the ideas of Loudon Wainwright expressed in *The View from Here* in the February 18, 1972 issue of *Life*. He says

"The sum of recollections goes on for a long time. Even if we're late we can still reach out for fathers and old friends and find good moments for ourselves in what they left behind."

Ta ta the noo!

Years mature into fruit
So that some small seeds of moments
May outlive them.

—Rabindranath Tagore