

BRIAN

THROUGH THE YEARS

by

FAITH WESTON TODD

Received from Aunt Failer April 6, 1986: Helen Celeste Weston Hess

Forewarning - Unless you are prepared to be bored unnecessarily you are advised to read no farther.

The record of this series of events of nearly a century has been put together in a jumbled up sequence with little regard to chronological order - consider the source.

The writing of the first part was started in the summer of 1978 and finished in 1986- eight years later.

For more specific descriptions of any of the events mentioned, or of related happenings contact the writer? No!

Faith W. Todd

March 16, 1986

Since Virginia has requested me to write my autobiography I shall sit down in my big arm chair (probably go to sleep) and in memory go back over the past 86 years to recall what has seemed to be some of the most important events in my life, or at least some that I recall most vividly.

As we grow older we tend to live more in the past especially when we become less active socially. Then is when we look back and wish that we might have done some things differently - maybe even regret some of our youthful decisions. Even so the Lord has been good to me and I shall rely on His guidance, as always, to the end.

Mine from the beginning has been a more or less sheltered life. I was born into a wonderful Christian family - mother, father, and two unusual brothers. Since I was the only girl and the baby of the family my well being and wishes held priority. And yet my Mother taught me to be humble and "not to think of myself more highly than I ought to think." In fact in my earlier years I developed an almost inferiority complex which tends to surface even yet at times.

I was born on December 28, 1892 to William Barton and Alta Myra (JOHNSON) Weston on a farm in Grundy County, Missouri, some three miles north of Galt. There being no available medical doctor, a midwife, Mary Ann Simpson (a cousin of my Father) was pressed into service. As soon as I had safely arrived and had given my first cry Mary Ann said to my Mother "Alta, it's a little girl." I don't remember hearing her say that but I was told of it later - some time later.

For the first twelve years of my life we lived simply and happily on this little 40 acre farm. We kids attended the country school of "Molten" across the county line in Sullivan County which we reached by walking through the pasture, forded a branch and on through the woods for  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile. We followed a beaten path and at one point in the woods

two trees exactly alike stood like a gateway between which our path passed. We called it the "golden gate." Our teachers during those early years were: Mattie Case, Lettie Smith, Breckenridge Davisson, Maggie Stokesberry and Fay Knight (later county superintendent). Although many years have passed since we left that little farm, I can see it yet in my mind's eye, the house - 2 rooms on the ground floor with an upstairs room above, a back porch which sheltered the steelyard scales, a summer kitchen a short distance from the main house, across from the summer kitchen a cave which kept milk, butter, vegetables and fruit cold and above this the smokehouse to store supplies that didn't need to be kept so cool. From this group of buildings a path led to the woodpile where our supply of wood for heating and cooking was sawed and chopped. Farther on the path led to the grainery where wheat and corn were stored after harvesting. Many happy times were spent playing in the wheat. Still farther down the hill was the chicken house, with the roosts and nests where we gathered the eggs daily, enough for the family use besides some to take to town to market along with the surplus of fresh butter, churned periodically. These were traded at the store for staples such as sugar, salt, flour, etc. Beyond the chicken house farther down the slope was the barn to house the horses, then the cow shed for winter protection. A country lane wound by the place and maybe 3 or 4 or less times a week someone would drive by in a wagon on the way to town. Our closest neighbor was  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile away.

In the yard was an oddity, "the 3 trees" - a 3 bole tree stemming from one root. The 3 boles formed a circular enclosure. The boys nailed boards between the trees to form seats. Occasionally they would climb these trees and tell what they could see of the country side. One day while they were away I decided I would like to climb one of them. I got along very well on the way up and was repaid by the view but getting down was more of a problem. However, I managed it with nothing more tragic resulting than a few scratches on arms and legs and a tear or two in my dress.

I loved pets and at one time had a pet pig. I don't recall how it happened to be an orphan but it was left for me to raise from birth. To feed it, at first I would put my finger in its mouth and as it would

suck on my finger I would pour milk into the side of its mouth. Later I taught it to drink milk from a pan then later to eat grain. It was almost human in some of its ways. I taught it to dance by singing to it and making appropriate motions. It grew into a big fat vicious hog and would chase me in some of its belligerent moods. This lasted through the summer and fall and when winter came my father butchered it along with some other hogs. Could you blame me for refusing to eat any of the meat? I saved a bone from one of its feet for a long time.

Down at the foot of the hill from our house a small creek with woods on either side ran, known as Little Medicine Creek. Sometimes in the hot part of summer it would almost run dry; then when the Fall or Spring rains came it would overflow its banks. In the Spring when wild flowers began to bloom I liked nothing better than to go down by the creek, always alert to snakes, and hunt for Easter lilies, Johnny jumpups, boy britches and tiny ferns. How beautiful they were and how I enjoyed arranging them in small vases when I got them home. To me no arrangement of hot house flowers that I have ever seen since has equaled them. I can close my eyes now and in memory see them on the stand table with the morning sun filtering through the leaves of those 3 trees and through the doorway and dancing on them.

**DOCTOR** Ursa was nearly 4 years older than Orda and Orda was nearly 4 years old when I was born. As time went on Ursa entered and graduated from Galt High School while Orda and I were still in the grades. During these years my Dad would farm in the Summer and teach in the Winter.

I can remember that when the corn was ready to gather in the Fall my Dad and the boys and Mamma would take wagon and team after school and go to the field to gather a load of corn. I would be left at the house to get supper. All I can remember cooking was meat, potatoes and cornbread. I became quite adept at making cornbread. (Wish I had some of it now.) When it became dark and they hadn't gotten in from the field yet I would get so scared. What a relief when I would hear them coming in!

Often I went with my parents and brothers to spend the day at Pap's. If it was summer time the men and boys would sit out in the yard under the big shade trees and talk - sometimes the subject would be politics

and I can remember hearing Pap speak of "Cousin Andy" meaning Andrew Johnson, president of the United States. I didn't realize then and didn't know until many years afterward that Pap's father, John Johnson, was a brother of Andrew Johnson's father, Jacob Johnson, so Pap and Andrew were really cousins.

As I think back over my early childhood, I can see again the old home of my grandparents - Martha and Wiley Johnson. To their grandchildren, as well as their children, they were always Mammy and Pap. To address her as Grandma seemed to embarrass her.

They were married during the Civil War at the home of his brother James and wife, Margaret, by Silas Peters, Justice of the Peace, with James and Margaret as witnesses. They built a log cabin on their forty acre farm and it was here they reared their family of seven children. As I remember the cabin, the logs had been covered on the outside with weatherboarding and painted white. I can vision yet a well beaten path leading down a gentle slope from the house to the cellar where the milk and butter were kept as cold and fresh as a refrigerator would keep them. The cellar was dug back into the slope and covered with a mound of dirt. The doorway and steps leading to it were sheltered by a little house.

Not far from the cellar was the ash-hopper. This was a barrel where the wood ashes from the heating stove were placed, then water was poured over them and as it seeped through the ashes and dripped from an opening in the lower part of the barrel it was caught in a container. This was the lye with which Mammy made her soap - soft soap and very strong but it made the clothes beautifully white and the dishes sparkling clean.

Out back of the house was the smokehouse where the butchered hogs were hung and cured with hickory smoke. Such delicious meat!

Another well-beaten path led past the garden north to the barn. In later years when Pap was unable to do much work and the boys had taken over the farming he would walk many times a day to the barn and back and in Winter when the heating stove was in use he would come in each time from the barn, add wood to the fire, pick up the broom and brush up around the stove. And maybe if the clock had just struck eleven, he would say, "Well, Martha, it's going way on towards twelve o'clock."

Mammy worked hard to keep cooking, washing, cleaning and mending done for her big family. She was shy and reserved and very devout. To me Pap seemed somewhat stern in contrast and I always stood a little in awe of him. We always looked forward to going to Mammy's to spend the day. The old iron teakettle (which now belongs to me) was always on the kitchen stove, singing, along with pots and skillets of good things cooking. On the dining table was the old brown pitcher, usually containing good fresh-churned buttermilk (The pitcher is mine now, too). Pap never sat down to the table to eat without bowing his head and giving thanks. He spoke in low tones and we couldn't always catch every word but his Lord did, I'm sure.

And so, I have happy memories of that old home and yet a feeling of sadness comes over me as I realize that I am the only one left of those who fellowshipped there.

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And now some 5 years later at age 91, at Barbara's suggestion, I pick up my pen to resume my soliloquizing - in the same old arm chair but in different surroundings with different activities and certainly much different scenery - more desirable and satisfactory at this point but heartbreaking to leave Denver after more than half a century and more than half a lifetime in the same house.

As I think again of those earlier years other incidents come to mind. During this time my Dad's brothers lived close by - Page with his growing family across the field, Leroy (Son) a half mile up the road with one daughter, Mammie McCullough, 2 years older than myself. We were early playmates. (She is living now in a senior residence at Humphreys, Missouri and we still correspond.) One time when she and I were playing together at their house she had done something against Aunt Carrie's wishes and was punished by having to spend time in bed in her room. When she came back out I was remembered as saying, "Are you able to be up?" In our communications yet we greet each other by "Are you able to be up?"

At that time we had no phones but my Dad and Uncle Leroy had a telegraph line from our house to theirs and we communicated by telegraphy. It was then that I learned Morse Code.

Sometime during this period Uncle Page lost their older son, Omer. I can barely remember visualizing him as floating away on wings to Heaven.

Later Page's and Leroy's families moved to new farms northeast of Osgood. Quite often we would go spend the day at their house or they would come visit us for the day. Early some morning we would hitch the team to the two-seated spring wagon and in an hour's time we would make a surprise visit to Page's or Son's for the day. In the same fashion they would visit us. My Aunt Lucinda (Sweetser) who lived not far away would be the recipient of such a surprise too. In such case she would stir up a one egg cake, step out to the chicken yard and twist the head off a chicken and in no time as we visited we would be served a repast fit for a king. Norma (Johnson) their daughter who is 4 years older than I am, lives at present in a nursing home in Milan, Missouri. As a roommate she lives with Venice (Carver), Uncle Page's daughter (a year or so younger than I). Norma, a first cousin on my father's side of the family, married Frank Johnson, a third cousin on my mother's side. I hear from them all occasionally. Their son, Kenneth, has been retired for sometime as a prominent State Hiway Patrol of Missouri. My books on genealogy contain pictures and information about him.

My first memory of attending church was at the Johnstontown schoolhouse north of Galt across the creek from where we lived. Nothing would keep us from Sunday School, my Dad driving the team of horses hitched to the spring wagon, with Mamma in the front seat with him and me perched on the back of the seat between them and Ursa and Orda in the back seat.

At one of the children's day programs I recited a poem. I can't remember what it was but I remember I was wearing crocheted booties and Mamma set me on top of one of the desks to keep me from getting them dirty until my turn to speak.

Later a church was built "The Mount Zion Methodist Protestant" near the cemetery. (In May 1985 Helen Hess, my niece, and Kathy, my granddaughter visited the cemetery.) The church building has long since been gone but the graves of some of my people and memories are still there. My parents and brothers were baptized in the little creek near there.

Another memory is of when we would go to Galt to trade. There was

an old bearded man, Uncle Jim Hodge, who lived in Galt alone. He walked with a cane and we nearly always would see him either on the street or in the store. He would come up to me and speak and slip a penny in to my hand. What a joy! That made the day for me. Finally the day came when we went to town and Uncle Jim didn't show up. He was found dead alone in his little house. I missed him!

I have a postcard from Mamie Weston McCullough dated February 19, 1902, SanLouis Obispo, California when she and Uncle Leroy and Aunt Carrie were living in California for a time with Cyrus Rammage (Aunt Carrie's father). To me who had never been out of Sullivan and Grundy Counties that was as far away as the moon. I remember well the day I got it. Papa went to town after the mail (no rural routes then). Ursa, Orda and I had the measles. Uncle Bob Cooper had just died and Mamma had gone to their home to help get him ready for burial. I wasn't yet 10 years old but I remember how sick I was. Mamie's card is in my genealogy book.

And now begins another period of my life. My Dad sold the 40 where I was born and bought an 80 some 2 miles farther north and just across the county line in Sullivan County nearer Osgood. We moved there in the late summer of 1904 the year of the World's Fair in St. Louis just before I was 12. I remember well that Ursa and some of his friends went. I wanted so much to go but Ursa reasoned with me that I being so young wouldn't remember much about it and it would be better for me to wait until I was older to attend such. I always looked to him for advice so I was content not to go. Later he decided to take up the study of medicine so he entered University Medical College in Kansas City. It almost broke my heart when he left to go to college for he had "mothered" me so much. Even after I was grown I would go to him with my troubles sometimes rather than to my mother. While he was in college I wrote to him every week and would wait patiently for his letters. I have one of them yet.

A new high school building was under construction at Galt and would not be completed in time in the Fall for school to begin until a month or two late so the John Bunnell family, relatives, who had moved back there from a ranch in Montanna, in order that their children might take advantage of high school, while waiting for school to open, sent their 3 children

to our country school, Peterson, where my father was teaching. Ercell, Marie and Linear drove the 5 miles in their "Rio" the first automobile in that part of the country and the first one I ever rode in. When the new building was finished they attended school in Galt as did Ruth and Paul Brown and I. I boarded with other relatives but they ran a restaurant there and were gone in the evenings and I would get homesick (5 miles from home) alone so Clarinda arranged for me to stay with them - their 4, Ruth and Paul and me - but they had a big house and we all had fun. Ruth and I had been almost inseparable from early childhood so there was no more homesickness. Whenever possible we dressed alike and in the grades even my Dad would get us mixed sometimes.

Again, (November 1985, nearing the age of 93) I am obsessed with the desire to continue recording some of my early experiences. The urge probably brought on by Kathy (my granddaughter) being seemingly interested by having heard some remarks made about escapades in my past.

Since writing earlier about Norma (West) Johnson living in a nursing home at Milan she died there in October 1984. Of the many Weston cousins this leaves living now only Mamie, myself, Venice and Ivaree. (Marie died September 29, 1985.)

In my last year in grade school I won the Sullivan County spelling banner. There were 114 Rural Schools in the county with one contestant from each school. Fay Knight who had been one of my first teachers and who was then County Superintendent of schools conducted the contest. I had gone to Milan with Mary (later my sister-in-law) to take a teacher's examination. We knew there was a spelling bee going on and I didn't really want to enter the contest so we purposely arrived a little bit late. They were just starting to spell when we got there. Fay saw me come in and said, " Here's one more contestant from Peterson" and waited for me to take my place on the floor. We spelled for quite some time with now and then one going down. Finally there were only two left - Earl Dillinger and myself. We spelled and spelled and spelled. Fay gave the word isinglass Earl confidently spelled isenglass. The rule was to pronounce the word before the other speller could proceed. My heart was in my mouth and I could hardly wait for I knew that he had missed it. But I waited and

won the beautiful red velvet banner trimmed in gold. I could keep it for a year then turn it in for next year's winner. My Uncle Leroy was the first to greet me when I got off the train on my return to Osgood. I think he was as happy as if I had been his own.

After we moved to the 80 - Georgetown - we were close to Osgood so we attended church there. Ours was the Anchor Class with Bertha Jaynes as teacher. We had at one time 25-30 young people from all around the community in our class. We built an addition on to the church in 1916 and our class bought the large stainedglass window in the new part. We paid for it by putting on a play, "Diamonds and Hearts". It was the event of the year. We put it on twice in Osgood and once in Galt to very large audiences. Guy McGee who had been in Kirksville School was the producer.

Many world shaking things happened while living on the 80 across the road from the Kent Shop:

-Ursa graduated from the University Medical College in Kansas City and became the best loved and most popular doctor in North Missouri. He married and lived on the farm the last year in medical school. Helen was born on the farm which I thought was the greatest thing that had ever happened so far.

-Orda and Mary married and lived on the farm with us the first year.

-I taught my first school at Peterson. In 1911-12 my Dad, Orda, Mary, and I all lived on the farm and taught. Papa at Highpoint, Orda at Black Oak, Mary at Knob and I at Peterson. When the County School Superintendent visited schools on her annual trip she came home with Orda and Mary to spend the night. Four teachers and the County Superintendent, an unusual event, spent the evening just visiting with my Mother as hostess preparing the supper and making lunches for us all to take the next day.

In 1913 Galt celebrated the fourth of July with a picnic, merry - go- round, fireworks and all. That was when I had my first date with Carl which fact was repeated intermittently for a little more than ten years. During that time many events took place. I spent from one to three weeks each Summer in Colorado Springs, visiting relatives, sightseeing, learning to ride a motorcycle and making new friends.

Also in 1913 I bought my first Ford for \$495.00, used it for a year

Carl's job was installing telephone lines out front for the officials to communicate. It was very dangerous but he was never wounded. However, he was sent back of the lines to the army hospital because of exposure just before Armistice was signed and was separated from his division. This caused him to miss coming home with his own division and delayed his return.

Although Ursa would never have been called to the service he enlisted and had much valuable training and experience and was chosen one of six out of a group sent to the Rockefeller Institute for special work. His rank was Captain.

While all this training and fighting were going on we girls were making candy and goodies (sugar was rationed) to send to the boys at camp. My Mother said that I kept a stream of candy from our house to Camp Dix. They seemed to appreciate it.

I learned to knit, too, and made outfits for Ursa and Carl and then knit a number of sweaters, socks and helmets for the Red Cross.

Finally on November 11, 1918 on a rainy day while teaching at Knob we heard the Milan whistle blow long and wondered what it meant. When I got back home from school that evening (riding Old Bill) everyone was hilarious! The War was over. Armistice had been signed but Carl didn't get back home until May of the following year.

In 1918 my Dad bought the Claude Chalfant property in Osgood - the nicest house in town. Claude had owned the lumber yard so built a house from the best of lumber but decided later to move to an oil town in Kansas. My Dad decided he had farmed long enough and wanted to retire where he could read without interruption for that was his greatest pleasure - that and playing checkers. So we moved to town September 5, 1918 having spent our spare time that Summer redecorating the rooms. We had plenty of ground for a big garden, chicken yard and barn lot. Papa kept a horse and buggy for me to ride or drive to school. I was teaching that year at Knob School and it was impossible to reach there (up and down clay hills) in bad weather in a car. My Dad always had my horse saddled or hitched to the buggy when I was ready to go. (I was still my parents little girl. My Mother would have my lunch ready to take also.)

After school was out that Spring I worked in the bank doing the book-

keeping. Joe and Pearl McNabb (Carl's cousin and wife) were the bankers and they were glad to have someone to relieve them of part of the work. However, after a time the close work on the books caused my eyes to go bad and I went to Kansas City for treatment. When I came home I had a letter from Carl from overseas. My pupils were still so dilated that I couldn't read it for several days but I wouldn't let anyone read it to me - no one knew why.

The earlier generation of Carl's family was noted for its musical talent and when he was a young man he sang in a male quartet composed of his father, his two uncles and himself. They were much in demand at entertainments at both Sullivan and Grundy Counties and were asked to sing at many funerals. I remember he sang in "The Mikado" one Summer when he attended Kirksville Teacher's College. After we moved to Denver he sang with a group of men (I can't remember the name of the group) and would help out with Easter and Christmas programs at our church.

In 1923 Carl was teaching at High Point and taking care of their farm and "batching". His mother was in Texas visiting her brothers and families. I had quit teaching. I had taught ten years plus substituting a couple of years. So after ten years of deliberating we decided to surprise everyone and get married. I had told my Mother of our plans that we were to go Thanksgiving morning to Trenton and be married in Carl's Uncle Jim's study just before the morning services. It was snowing and Lloyd Han who took us to Trenton was a little late in picking us up. As a result church services had already started when we got there so we slipped quietly in at the side door of the study and waited. Now, during that hour we would have had time to change our plans but we didn't - our minds were made up! Then Uncle Jim came dashing in. He said he had long looked forward to this day and that now the three of us were happy! We had lunch at Trenton, boarded the train and went to Kansas City for a few days' honeymoon. And now 63 years later I write this - impossible. He has been gone 17 years.

In the Summer of 1924 we decided to do what a goodly number of the folks around Osgood were doing - move to Bingham Canyon, Utah, and seek

our fortune. There is a large copper mine there and everyone could have work. We had just bought a new Ford touring car, had the front seat hinged so it could be let down to make a bed, loaded it with food such as cured hams, potatoes, fruits and canned goods and started out. We went by way of Kansas City where there was a Shrine Convention in progress there and Carl wanted to attend for he was a member of the Moila Temple at St. Jo. We had attended one at Des Moines a few years before. We stopped with Milt and Mary McInturff (Carl's cousins) who lived in Kansas City. The last night of the convention we went downtown to a show expecting to leave the next morning to continue our trip to Bingham. When we came out of the theater our car was not where we had parked it. We called the police and in a short time they reported finding two men getting away with it on the outskirts of the town. But when they heard the police coming they jumped out leaving the car to run into a tree. It was damaged so that we had to wait in Kansas City three or four days to have it repaired. Having just bought it we hadn't gotten the insurance papers back on it but Carl called the agent at Osgood who had just received them so they paid the damages.

Now we were free to resume our journey. We stopped in Denver, July the fourth, with one of Carl's war buddies and his wife. I've long since forgotten their names. Little did I think that I would spend 50 years in Denver later. Then on over the Divide with the old Ford faithfully making the grade. We spent a night in our new bed in the car somewhere in Utah with big fat mosquitoes as our guests.

Reaching Bingham Canyon we were soon greeted by about sixteen different families on the Dinkeyville Hill who were former Missouri friends. We rented a couple of rooms for awhile in a house that another family lived in. Our car sat outside nearby. One morning Carl went out and found that someone had stolen the battery out of it. The insurance paid for that.

Carl immediately got work on the Hill as fireman on one of the ore trains - number 86 - with Seb Colyar the engineer. He worked there until there was a vacancy for mail carrier to Telegraph which was a settlement farther

up the Canyon. He took the Civil Service exam and got the job of letter carrier (on horseback) on up the Canyon. Later he transferred to parcel post carrier.

The residents of Bingham were either Mormon, Catholic or Methodist. We Missourians on the Dinkeyville Hill attended the Methodist Sunday School which was held at first in the old Utah Copper office building on the side of the mountain in Copperfield but later in the school building in Copperfield. There were two resident deaconesses in Lower Town who came up on Sunday afternoons to conduct Sunday School classes and a minister who came twice a month. Mrs. Othiem, a deaconess who was there all the time we lived there, was one of the dearest women I ever met. She came to see me in Denver when we lived there years later. She was from Spencer, Iowa, and was transferred later to San Francisco where we visited her when we were there on a trip. As soon as I started to Sunday School I was given a class of girls to teach and the job of organist- pianist when we moved to the schoolhouse.

We spent many happy hours in Bingham Canyon despite our primitive surroundings such as carrying our water up the hill from barrels where it had been brought around the track in engines twice a week. We had 2 barrels, cooking and heating with a coal stove and using outdoor toilets. We went in to Salt Lake to see good stock shows occasionally and out to Great Salt Lake in the Summer to the Amusement Park. Salt Lake Valley produced an abundance of fruit and in the Summer we would drive out often and bring in a supply. The Bing cherries were our favorites and even after we moved to Denver we would have our friends ship some to us.

I set up my picture finishing equipment in a big closet and finished pictures turned in at the Copperfield Drug Store for development. I had a very good business especially at holiday times. One day, after it had been raining all day, a fellow who lived around the side of the mountain (he had been drinking) came driving home. He carelessly slipped off the road on to the top of our house (my developing room intact) and hung there with gas from the tank dripping down into the room. Fortunately, the day shift from the mine was just getting home and the men together got it back up on the road. Carl and Tom Kent covered the gaping hole

temporarily until the rain stopped - and I continued on with my preparation for supper.

I taught school three days in Copperfield. The principal was sick with flu and they called me to fill in. I never did know why I was chosen.

Our Missouri group on the Dinkeyville Hill met frequently for potluck and fellowship. Old Bo Acton who was a friend of the Missouri bunch lived alone on our level in a cabin near the entrance to an old abandoned mine that reached through the mountain to Lark, a town on the other side. He had worked in that mine when it was active. One evening he took a bunch of us Missourians through to the other side. We all wore miner's lanterns on our caps and followed him. He knew the way through, past tunnels leading in different directions and told of people who had been lost there and never came out. I shudder to think of it sometimes and I would never do it again. But we got through to Lark and back again the same evening. Dear Old Bo used to like peach pie so well. Oft times he would buy a can of peaches and bring them for me to bake a pie for him. Thinking back about it now I just wonder how edible they were. At any rate, he enjoyed them. Very coincidentally, the man who is Barbara's bug exterminator tells me that his name is Acton and on inquiry I find that he is a nephew of Old Bo. What a small world - and I knew Bo back in the 1920s.

One day about time for the day crew to come off duty Icy McNabb (Carl's cousin's wife) came running around the corner of our house calling "Faith get your car keys; the garage is on fire!" Well, Carl and Bill had managed to build a makeshift garage out of scrap lumber for their Ford and ours. It was just a shell. Some kids had been playing around it with matches (ironically one of the kids was the son of the man who had dropped his car into the roof of our house) and running around to it we saw it going up in flames. Icy didn't drive but she thought that I should go in and drive ours out but I wasn't about to. As we, with others who had gathered there, stood watching it Carl with his old dirty work clothes on came up the hill and around the curve and there we stood helpless. The next thing we did was to get the insurance papers for the car out only to find that the insurance had lapsed the day before and we hadn't realized it. This had been the third calamitous experience with this car. I think Carl

did sell the motor for maybe 40 dollars. When we wrote home about it my Dad said he was glad it was gone for it had been nothing but disaster since we got it. We got along without a car for sometime. William Buckner, who had been one of my pupils back in Missouri, taxied us around for awhile. He liked to come to our house to eat cornbread anyway. Later we bought a "Star" and Tom Kents had a "Moon" and I had the pleasure of teaching Anna to drive it in the mountains of Utah.

We had been in Bingham Canyon just three years when Barbara was born July 9, 1927 at three o'clock in the morning. That was the hour that they started blasting on the Hill. I felt now that I had everything - life was complete! My Mother and Dad had come for the occasion. Dr. Frasier had said that I must go to the hospital and I was packed and ready to go but he said that since my Mother would be with me and he could have Ma Crow (a midwife who helped him occasionally) come and help I would be all right at home. However there was some difficulty and he called Dr. Jameson, his partner, before it was all over. Then Peggy, our bulldog, came sneaking out from under our bed and went out of the room. She knew that now she would have to take second place in the family.

When Barbara was a few months old we moved from Dinkeyville down to Frog Town in Lower Bingham into a more convenient house where we had water in the house and an indoor toilet and where the snow wouldn't blow into the baby bed in Winter.

Early in the Summer of 1928 we made a trip to California to visit relatives and friends who had left Bingham to find a better location. Then shortly after that we made a trip back to Missouri for me to have surgery. Ursa took me to the Kirksville Hospital and I was there on Barbara's first birthday. Mamma had brought her over and I could see her on the lawn below my window taking her first steps to her Grandma Weston. She had contracted whooping cough, too, from exposure to Hazel McNabb who had it when we were in California.

We realized that Bingham was not an ideal place to raise a family and ever since my first visit to Colorado I had dreamed of living there. So in the course of events Carl was able to make a three way trade with mailcarriers from Denver, Alhambra, California and Bingham Canyon, Utah. Carl got Alcott Station in Denver and we moved in April of 1929 to

4508 W. 34th Avenue into a rented house, living there 14 months. North Denver was the place! We found a house for sale at 3717 Quitman near a good grade school, a junior high and a high school so we bought it and moved into it the 29th of May, 1930 (Mammy's, Martha Johnson's, birthday). That was my home for 53 years.

The most welcome event that took place on Quitman Street was the birth of Virginia on December 19, 1932, a few days before my 40th birthday. Nothing could have made me happier. Again my Mother left her home responsibilities and came to be with me. She and Ellen Clark, our next door neighbor, together with Dr. Davis took over. Dr. Davis protested the delivery at home but as usual I won out. He had postponed a trip to Hawaii in order to be present. He said that I had Virginia on cold storage (I had been eating cracked ice continually) and that she was two weeks old when she was born. He left for Hawaii the next day. I didn't care. I had what I wanted, another baby girl. Now I had my family- two girls- could it all be true? It was! This was the happiest Christmas I had ever known. It must have shown for when Barbara came in to see me after the doctor left (she was 5½ years old) she said, "Mother, you're so beautiful." A case of "love is blind."

When we first moved to Denver we attended Sunday School and church at the Christian Church at 43rd and Xavier, where Rev. Crouse was pastor since it was close but after we moved to Quitman we were closer to the Berkley Baptist church at 44th and Quitman so we attended there and where I have been a member for over 50 years. Both girls were members there until they were married, by Rev. Schuesler, and moved away. They both attended school at Edison, Skinner and North High and after graduation Giny married but Barbara continued at Denver University and Minneapolis General Hospital and became a medical technologist working at Denver General Hospital until she was married. Needless to say I was lost after the girls were married and gone. I could write a book about that but since this is my autobiography I will leave that for them to do. I must say that they have given me six much loved grandchildren and to date four precious greatgrandchildren. Marvelous for not having married until I was nearly 31 years of age and considering the fact that Carl was rather averse to raising a family but wanted to see the world and not be tied down by responsibilities.

The Berkley Baptist has produced a number of successful Christian workers. I can think of three young men: Johnny Townsend, Kenneth Blazier and Don Reiter, who became pastors and Bernice and Anita Nock, who became missionaries to the Hopi Indians. They were all about the same age. Don died while ministering to a congregation in California.

The Berkley Church will always seem like home to me. But why wouldn't it? After all, I spent the major part of my life there, over 50 years. I had the privilege of serving as deaconess for many years, as trustee, on the pulpit committee, president of Women's Missionary Society, teacher of BYBU, Sunday School teacher of highschool girls, college girls, Vacation Bible School and the Fidelis Class (my age group). I was teacher of the Fidelis Class until I left there. During this time I attended and graduated from the Colorado School of the Bible which was held at the Central Presbyterian Church in Denver in the evenings during the Fall and Winters of each year and was staffed by Pastors of different denominations from the churches throughout the Denver area.

Since we lived in Denver it was much handier for relatives and friends from Missouri to visit us than when we lived in Utah and we never lacked for company. It was a common occurrence to look out, maybe just at supper time, and see a car drive up in front and six or more people get out to spend a few days with us. That meant a trip to the mountains to show them Colorado. Carl would call into the Post office to get the next day or so off. I would get up early the next morning to start frying chicken and making a big picnic lunch (it wouldn't have been the right thing to do to start out to the mountains for the day without taking a picnic lunch). Then after breakfast we would all be off. Maybe we would go to the top of Pike's Peak or over the Trail Ridge road or to the top of Mt. Evans. By the time we would arrive home it would be dark but I would hurry in and cook supper then get them all bedded down for the night. Usually they would stay a few days then we would take another trip. This didn't happen just once but many, many times during the first few years we lived in Denver. I remember one occasion when I barely got the bedding washed up and things back in place when I had a phone call from the Petersons from Bozeman, Montana who were in town and were on their way out to see us. There were only two of them, though, which was good. As a rule most of them came un-

announced and always seemed to enjoy their stay with us. Of course we did, too, but I wonder how I ever got by since cooking was not my favorite pastime.

Orda and Mary lived in Denver for a time. Gladys and Dent too (Mary's sister and her husband). Orda was working as a civilian at Lowry Field. I remember his calling me the morning of the bombing of Pearl Harbor - December 7, 1941. One of the Rhoades' boys from Harris, Missouri had been the pilot of the plane that had swooped down to rescue General MacArthur from the field.

Ursa and Merrill Moore came to Denver a number of times on their way to the mountains to hunt in deer season and they always got their deer. They both loved to hunt. Sometimes, the year that Giny was born, Carl went with them. Merrill nearly always brought us a gallon of good old Missouri sorghum just fresh from the mill. Ursa came and brought some of the girls one Summer to fish for mountain trout. He and Orda never lost their zeal for hunting and fishing. They had a better knowledge of wildlife and nature than most people for they had learned it at an early age. My Dad had been a good teacher for them, especially where the weather was involved. He studied the skies and the weather and his predictions could pretty well be depended upon. Since my early life was spent in Missouri where thunderstorms and even cyclones were frequent, we spent a lot of times in the storm cellar, especially at the sleepy time of night with my Dad peering out at intervals to see when it would be safe for us to return to the house and to bed. He always made sure that the axe was in the cellar in case we would need to dig our way out.

In Colorado we often went to Colorado Springs to visit the Nichols and Simpson families (Weston and Samples cousins) for we had been close in earlier years back in Missouri before drifting apart. On Thanksgiving and Christmas we would spend the day with them in Colorado Springs or they would drive up to Denver and spend the day with us. In 1933, I can't remember whether it was Thanksgiving or Christmas, we went to their place and Virginia took her first steps. We all had such good times together always.

Not long after we settled down in Denver, other Missourians began to drift in. The John Shipman and Burl Rush families. The Breckenridge Davisson and Robert Nichols families were already there. Then after us

came the families of Glen and Lois Wolf, Ray and Mable May, Homer and Laura Smith, Roy and Ruth Booth, Forrest and Irene Ross... Good Missouri friends that we hadn't known before, Mark and Priscilla Gilkison, joined us. This group would have get-togethers often, especially on birthdays and holidays and do some of the craziest things. Then there was a more formal Missouri group from all over the state of Missouri that had annual meetings and picnics and our Osgood group was asked to put on a program at Elitch's one Summer, which we did. Glen Wolf was the president of the entire group at the time and I was made chairman of the program committee. We must have had 400 people in attendance and as usual we had fun. At one of the night meetings, I think it was in the Denver Dry Goods tea room, Carl sang "Carry Me Back to Old Missouri". I had written words to the tune "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia". Of the older ones from that group Laura Smith, Irene Ross and I are the only ones left living.

In the Winter of about 1934 Orda and Mary were living in Los Angeles and had been back by car to Osgood on a visit. My Mother and Dad went home with them stopping in Denver for a short time. I remember the thermometer was way below zero when they started on to L.A. and having no heater in the car we heated some rocks to put to their feet. We planned to go to Orda's later to bring them back to our house so they could go on home by train. Carl got a few days' vacation and we went by way of Winnemucca, Nevada, where we stopped to see a couple (Charley and Bertha Maxson) who were cooks for a construction company and had been close friends of ours in Bingham, Utah. In fact, we had been together night after night when they cooked for the Utah Construction Company on the Dinkeyville Hill. We had planned to spend the night with them but a storm was coming and they told us that Donner Pass (our road over the mountains) would be closed by morning so we were forced to go on or be snowbound. Even so the storm struck and we could only keep on the road by watching the high stakes sticking up out of the snow on either side and a couple of times we did get stuck despite the fact that a snowplow was going on ahead of us a short distance away. When we finally reached the top and dropped down on the other side the way was clear and peach trees were blooming in the yard where we stopped to spend the night.

We had a nice visit in L.A. - on the beach with relatives and friends.

On the way back we stopped at citrus orchards and filled all available room in the car with oranges and grapefruit and at Flagstaff started to the Grand Canyon. It had been raining and there was ice on the road. Suddenly the car skidded and turned around on the road, slipping off into a shallow ditch. I raised up from the back seat to grab Virginia, who was sitting up on the back of the front seat between Carl and Dad causing my foot to be struck by a traveling bag on the floor. The car stopped Carl got out and when I opened my door to step out my right foot was turned crosswise and I didn't step. Rather, Carl pushed my foot back straight and bound it with some flour sacks (given me by the Maxsons when we stopped, in Winnemucca). He drove the car back on the road and we headed back to Flagstaff and a doctor. We stopped at the first filling station and the keeper stepped onto our running board to guide us to the one horse hospital where we found a doctor who was half intoxicated but he finally splinted it up and loaned me a big long pair of crutches. We inquired at the railway station and found that the next train to Denver would be through the next morning so we got rooms at a motel to wait for the train. Such a miserable night but it finally passed. The next morning Mamma, Barbara, Giny and I boarded the train where they had a sleeper prepared for me and we went on into Denver. In the meantime Dad and Carl after loading us on the train headed straight for Denver. Mamma had suffered a cracked rib but she said nothing about it for days afterward. When we reached Denver Clara Behrensmeyer, our next door neighbor, came to the depot and took us home and then to Dr. Davis who took me to the hospital and set my leg that had three breaks in it. In record time Carl and Dad reached home, too. Papa took the train on to Missouri but Mamma stayed to help me with the work. My leg hurt me continually for about three weeks and one evening Dr. Davis appeared and said I would have to go to the hospital to have my leg reset for the x-rays had been examined and found that it wasn't set right and I would be a cripple unless it was reset. Back I went to the hospital and had it done over again and for the first time since the accident it gave me no pain. Phew! Such a long tale. My Mother could at last get a chance to go back to her home - but how could I have made out without her?

Now the girls were growing up! Ellen Clark who lived next door and who was active in politics asked me to work as judge at election times. That was before we had voting machines and it was a very tedious job, working all day and sometimes until daylight the next morning counting ballots. Later we got voting machines and it wasn't hard and it took fewer people. For years I worked as a Republican committee woman and judge in our precinct and later was called to work at the Election Commission downtown. I attended county and state conventions in Denver, Aspen and Boulder between 1940 and 1980.

In 1960 I was appointed as one of many census enumerators by the United States Department of Commerce Bureau of Census and had the territory in Denver from 32nd Street south to 29th and from Lowell to Tennyson. This was an interesting experience.

In August of 1965 Billy Graham brought his Crusade to the Denver Bear Stadium. A number from our church sang in the choir and some of us took training to help with the services. A special city bus came each evening to our church to take us to the meetings. And now in my last week's Berkley bulletin, January 19, 1986, is the announcement of an upcoming Billy Graham crusade in July, 1987, in Denver.

One day in the Spring of 1943 I received a telegram from Orda saying "Dad bad, better come." He had walked, as was his custom frequently from town down to the "80" and back. He was 86 years old and it was cold and blustery and he had developed a cold. It was the year of gas rationing and we couldn't get gas to drive. Then, too, the girls were in school so it was decided that I go back by train from Denver. Orda and Mary who were living in Lincoln at the time were already there. they had gone immediately. Ursa was the practicing physician at Galt and if at any time our parents were sick the boys were there with "Ma and Barton." Dad had taught them from childhood to call him Barton. He had seemed better at times and on Sunday he sat up in a chair and visited with us for awhile. But early the next morning before daybreak he died, April 12, 1943.

Mamma lived alone there in Osgood after Papa's death but she never wanted for visitors - friends, neighbors and relatives. We went often to see her and she came to visit us in Denver.

One day in August of 1948 Ursa called to tell me that Mamma was sick (had cancer) and that Bernadette had taken her to her home in Galt to care for her. He asked if I could come and take her back home and that she would probably not live more than six weeks. I called Orda in Lincoln to tell him and that I would be on the train the next evening for Lincoln on the way to Osgood. I canned a bushel of peaches that I had just bought, planned what the girls must do in my absence, packed my suitcase and boarded the train the next day for Lincoln. Orda quit his job there in Lincoln, met me at the train and by daylight the next day we drove in to Galt and took Mamma back to her own home and bed. Mary came later to help care for her but Ursa, Orda and I spent the greater part of the next six weeks with her. Bernadette, too, came and helped. It was just six weeks as Ursa had predicted until her death, September 22, 1948. Carl and the girls came for the funeral but schools had started in Denver so we went directly back and left Orda and Mary and Ursa to take over. I remember well when Orda and I went to Galt to put the call through to Carl and the girls to come that Orda said, "Well, we're orphans now." How true, our best friend was gone - the dearest Mother that ever lived.

Later Orda and Mary moved back home. He had never been happy away from Osgood and his old friends and he spent the rest of his life there.

I look back on Christmas of 1957 as the saddest one of my life. Barbara's family had come from Lincoln and together with Giny's family we had made plans for a big Christmas dinner and had just sat down to supper the evening before when Orda called to say that Ursa had just died. Again my world fell apart. He had been my confidante, advisor and second mother since early childhood. The last time I had seen him was the last of August when we had been back to Galt for his "Big Day" - a celebration in his honor that was attended by some one thousand people from different states. A number of them had been among the 1800 babies that he had helped in to this world. Now we make the trip back on Christmas day for his funeral which was held in the highschool auditorium in order to accommodate the crowd. I am sure that no other doctor in Missouri was every loved and respected more than he. His opinion was sought and heeded by young and old. Orda was not able to attend the funeral. (I was the only one who could appreciate why.) The sound of Taps from the American Legion near by at the old Camp Ground Cemetary still rings in my ears!

Just after midnight on February 22, 1960, I was awakened by the phone- Mary was calling. Orda had died of a heart attack. I called Giny and Gerry and they made reservations for us on the first plane to Kansas City and Gerry took us to Stapleton. I had never ridden on a plane and but for this emergency nothing could have persuaded me to board one. It was snowing and blowing as it often does at Stapleton and we could barely get on board for the wind. ( We boarded from the ground in those days. ) We were unable to see the ground for the snow all the way to Kansas City and ours was the last plane able to land for a day or two. Jack met us at the airport for the drive to Osgood and the old home where my Mother and Father had died. Now Orda had, too, just as he would have wanted. He had enjoyed life more than the average person. Although he had none of his own, he loved children, especially mine and Ursa's and they all loved him.

Mary was very sick after Orda died and we stayed with her for several days until she was able to be alone. She was like a sister to me and it was very hard to go away and leave her but she had many close friends who came to the rescue. She lived alone in Osgood but after awhile moved to Milan where she could be near a doctor and hospital where she died December 30, 1977.

During World War II many of the younger postal workers were called to military service causing a Civil Service examination to be given in Denver to fill the vacancies. Since I had worked a number of times at Christmas rush I thought I would try it so I took the exam and got on as an IWSA (Indefinite War Substitute Auxillary) and worked until after the war was over. At times during Christmas rush I worked as much as 15 hours a day sometimes nodding with a piece of mail suspended in air. We had our times of fun and made some lasting friends- one, a Japanese boy - Sho Sato, whom Pat Parks and I finally converted. The three of us worked together whenever we had a choice. He was drafted and sent overseas as an interpreter. When he returned he married a Christian girl, Masaka Fukiama, and I was a guest at their wedding.

Carl retired on his 70th birthday, July 25, 1962, but he helped with the 43rd biennial National Letter Carrier's Association which was held

that year, September 6-8, in Denver. This marked the end of his career with Uncle Sam. The habit of early rising had become so fixed that he would still get up early and go for long walks, even so far as downtown and back, and would be gone for hours. Sometimes I would go part way with him but always would have to turn back before he did. Eventually his health failed and he became helpless and on one of Barbara's visits home we took him to the Veteran's Hospital on July 4, 1968 (ironically the 55th anniversary of our first date) and entered him for treatment the next day. These were hectic days - I went every day, sometimes twice a day to see him. It was at this time that they called me to come to work at the Election Commission on a daily basis. This was a change for me and helped relieve the tension. I would work 8 hours each day then go on to the Veteran's Hospital on the way home. Many times they would call me at night to come to the hospital that Carl was worse. Then he would get better. Finally he was able to be taken to a nursing home - Casa Del - in Lakewood. Intermittently he would develop some new malady and have to be taken back to the hospital for a time. And so it went on for nearly ten months but never was he able to be back home. Always when I would leave the house for any length of time I would call Virginia to let her know where to contact me but this one evening, April 22, 1969, Helen Gehlbach and Jean Kennedy had come by to take me to Crossroads Church to a Women's Missionary Society meeting and I had failed to call Virginia and Carl passed away. Of course they could do nothing until I got there and it seemed an interminable time before we reached Casa Del through the traffic.

Family, friends, neighbors and the church stood by me through it all. Giny remarked that she did not worry about my being alone for I always enjoyed being alone.

In the Summer of that year Barbara's family took a trip to the North West and the Pacific Coast and took me with them.

In the Summer of 1970 I went on a tour of the Holy Land with the Dr. Jake Boggs and Dr. Bob Unmack group. Tillie Tucker and I were room-mates. Forrest and Irene Ross with about 20 others were aboard. This was a pleasure I had never expected to have - to walk the very roads that Jesus had walked. It was indeed a thrill and made the Bible come

alive. It brought to mind "The Great Stone Face" a classic that we had read in grade school about the Sphinx and Pyramids of Egypt. Riding the camel was an experience not to be forgotten, too. We had joined Dr. Bob in New York and picked up Dr. Jake (who was leading another tour) in Athens.

In 1973 the Holy Land Tour was repeated with Don Reiter as spokesman of the Berkley Group. I went by plane from Denver and met Rev. and Nita Davis and Helen Gehlbach (who had gone by car to Los Angeles). We joined Don and two other groups from California making about 70 people all together which was too many to have in one group. And did we have experiences! Helen and I were roommates. We saw some of the same places that I had seen before with others added such as going into Moscow, Russia and London. In fact our tickets were made out to London from Los Angeles. We had trouble getting our Bibles into Russia, especially if anyone had two copies but dear old Don managed it somehow. We were all more or less tense during our time in Russia. We stayed in the largest hotel in Russia. We took guided tours in a bus, rode the subway which was 90 miles long, took a boat ride on the Moscow river, which runs into the Volga, went to service in one of the fifteen Baptist churches in Moscow and visited Red Square. Bessie Higgenbotham had fallen on an escalator earlier and broke her ankle. They had taken her to the hospital and when we were scheduled to leave Moscow authorities would not release her so Rev. Davis, Rev. Waters and Don, who posed as a doctor (he did have a Doctor's degree but not in medicine) went to the hospital demanded her release and carried her out bodily. Luckily we all reached the airport in time to get through customs before boarding the plane to Istanbul. Many were our Russian experiences but I for one was glad to get safely into another country. Our group being so large we had to take separate planes from Rome to London - Don's group on one and Cole's on the other. For some unknown reason Helen and I got dumped into Cole's group instead of Don's, our own. Don had the baggage and Cole had the tickets. We reached London first and boarded Pan Am, the plane to L.A., but when Don's plane didn't show up Cole told the pilot that he would pull our group off if he didn't wait for the rest of our party. We waited two hours after flight time for them and great was the cheering when their plane landed and they came aboard. Don came on first with arms loaded leading the group. A big old fat man, who had been walk-

ing up and down the aisles, impatient to get started, said indignantly to Don, "Who do you think you are to hold us up this way?" Don answered very calmly, "The Vice President of Pan Am. Can I do anything for you?" He didn't reply. This delay caused me to miss connections in L.A. for Denver, but anyway I was in my own country. A very kind efficient American official helped me to call Giny and Gerry, who were already at Stapleton Airport waiting for me, to let them know I would be on the next plane and they met me later.

Again in 1976 I made the Holy Land trip with Barbara and Bud and Kathy. I had expected to stay in Lincoln with Kathy while they went but she decided to go, too, so I packed up and went along. Dr. Culver, pastor from their church in Lincoln, was the spokesman for the group. We joined a group from the Southern States somewhere along the way - some new and interesting people that we enjoyed during the trip. Our first stop was Amsterdam, where we spent a few hours shopping in the airport, continuing on our way on a Dutch plane. Again I saw some of the same places in Rome, the Holy Land and Egypt but again many different places. One was a trip to Mt. Nebo, where we looked over into the Promised Land, as Moses had, but we entered it where he was not allowed to enter. We also visited Petra, riding there on horseback - mine's name was Mucle dei. We could see Mt. Hor where Aaron died and was buried. We stopped at Moses' Rock and Spring and saw where Moses struck the rock and water gushed forth. Our road led over a field of black rock which Adnan said could have been some of the brimstone showered on Sodom and Gomorrah. I had wanted to get a piece of the rock so on the way back to Amman Dr. Culver stopped our bus to get off and get a piece for me. After all I was senior member of the group - why shouldn't I have my wishes granted?

During our trip while at Tiberias Bud had a birthday so Barbara arranged with our driver to have a birthday cake made and decorated for him and that night we had a surprise party for him at the Tiberias Hotel with all our touring group as guests. Another wonderful trip, 3-29-76 to 4-13-76. Sorry but this will necessarily be my last.

My three trips to the Holy Land, 1970, 1973 and 1976 were memorable ones - trips that I had never dreamed of taking. There are a few places of note that I would like to have seen that I didn't - Damascus and the

Island of Patmos were two of them. However, I am happy about each trip and I have information about each one in diaries that I kept. I am just glad that I was able to make such trips before world conditions became so hazardous.

Back in my own country I continued my uneventful life in my own home alone doing my gardening and yard work myself for a time with the help of some of my neighbors.

The following are some excerpts from my diary - Novemeber 21, 1975 to December 27, 1975:

Friday November 21, 1975 - Cleaned house and packed to drive to Missouri tomorrow. Barbie came over to stay all night to go to Missouri with me.

Saturday November 22, 1975 - Barbie and I left Denver for Missouri at 7:00 a.m. MST, reaching Trenton by way of I70, 35 and 6 at 8:30 p.m. CT (12½ hours) to spend the night with Helen and Roy Hess. Icy roads Denver to Oakley, Kansas.

Sunday November 23, 1975 - Barbie and I drove from Trenton to Milan, had dinner with Mary, then the three of us went to Osgood, stopping in to see Winnie and Doc, Ruth Fisher, up to Louella's house, at Molly's and at Wannie's to see her and Flossie, Venice and Ivaree, then back to Mary's at Milan.

Monday November 24, 1975 - Snowed last night. Barbie and I drove to Trenton, had dinner with Helen, then the three of us visited Nannie and Hilda, Carrie Cooper, and Jessie Doolin in the rest home. Barbie and I drove to Chillicothe to see Uncle Roy at the rest home. (They had told me at Trenton that he wouldn't recognize me but I wanted to stop and see him anyway for I hadn't seen him for a few years. We went into a large dining area and located him sitting in a wheelchair. When we greeted him a nurse asked him if he knew me and he said, "It's Faith Weston." I was happy that we had stopped and that he knew me. I didn't see him again for he died the next February.) Then we went on to Milan and spent the night with Mary.

Tuesday November 25, 1975 - Barbie and I drove from Milan to Lincoln, 11 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Snowed on us beginning at Tarkio, Missouri. Road slick. Ginny came in to Lincoln by air at midnight. Doug came in via air at 11 p.m. All at Barbara's. Snowed all day.

Wednesday November 26, 1975 - All at Barbara's. Slept til 10 a.m. Visited and did the laundry. The two Gerrys and Paula drove from Denver to Lincoln reaching Barbara's at 7:30 p.m. Mike bought an electric piano.

Thursday November 27, 1975 - A big Thanksgiving with all of Giny's, all of Barbara's and me at Barbara's for dinner and the day. Doug and Jerry went tobogganing. All went to church.

Friday November 28, 1975 - Bud, Gerry, Doug and Jerry went to the farm hunting. Got three pheasants and two quails. We

six women went shopping. Mike worked on his new piano.  
 Saturday November 29, 1975 - Giny's family left Lincoln for Denver at 9 a.m. CT, reaching there 7 p.m. MST. Barbie and Jerry drove my car ahead of the others. (I stayed longer in Lincoln until December 27, 1975.)

Sunday November 30, 1975 - All went to church in the morning. Doug drove back to Deerfield, Mike back to Omaha - both to college. Barbara, Bud and Kathy to evening church.

Saturday December 27, 1975 - Bud took me to Lincoln Airport for Frontier to Denver. Giny and Gerry met me at Stapleton and brought me home.

These were typical reunions on Thanksgiving or Christmas during the years.

Another diary excerpt from January 25, 1981 to January 29, 1981:

Sunday January 25, 1981 - Barbie and I borrowed Barbara's car and drove from Lincoln to Missouri. We went to Helen's in Trenton first and spent the evening. Stayed at Motel at night. Helen loaded us down with gifts as usual.

Monday January 26, 1981 - Helen, Bernadette, Roy, Barbie and I met with the lawyer and signed contract and deed to sell the farm. Barbie and I went to Osgood and had lunch with Doc and Winnie, then to Milan to see Norma in the nursing home. Came back to Osgood, stopping at Ivaree's for refreshments and then to Mamie's for supper and back to Winnie's to spend the night. Stopped at Campground Cemetery on way back from Milan.

Tuesday January 27, 1981 - Left Osgood at 10 a.m. for Lincoln, stopped at Buddy's at Red Oak, Iowa for a nice visit and at Council Bluffs to see some friends of Barbie's. Got in to Lincoln 6:30 p.m. in time for supper.

Wednesday January 28, 1981 - Doug took Barbie to Amtrac at 4 a.m. to go back to Denver. Barbara took me to airport at 11:30 a.m. and I went back to Denver on United. Paula met me at Stapleton and brought me home.

On two different trips, one in 1966, the other in 1970, Roy Hess took Helen and me to Greenville, Tenn. to search for information about our ancestors. We located a Mrs. Margaret Johnson Bartlett, who is the great-granddaughter of President Andrew Johnson, in charge of the President's home in Greenville. She authorized the officials in charge of the museum to let us examine the records and we verified the fact that my greatgrandfather, John, and the President's father, Jacob, were brothers, which would make President Andrew Johnson my third cousin. We found many other relatives who are of the Maloney family, of my grandmother, Martha Johnson's, side of the family. We felt we were richly repaid for our time and trouble

HELEN IS FAITH'S NIECE ON THE WESTON SIDE

and proceeded to fill our genealogical record books. Months later I received as a result of one of these trips to Greenville, from Richard Doughty a very important record of the Maloney family who came from Ireland to Tenn.

It was along in this period somewhere that Dick and Hazel Nichols walked into my life. We had visited at intervals with Dick's grandparents, who were distant cousins of mine, originally from Galt, Missouri, and who had lived in Denver until their death. Dick had become acquainted with Giny's husband in their work with the telephone company and he called Gerry one day inquiring about family history. Gerry told him to see me and that I was working on my genealogy and had all that information. I often think of the pleasures that would have passed me by if they had chosen not to look me up. They came to see me. I had known who he was and had seen him when he was a child and remembered his Dad but that was the sum total of it. When they came to see me that was the beginning. They took me under their wing and have been as my own children to me, doing things for me, taking me places and always available when I needed help. They have surely played an important part in my life. Then when I came to Lincoln to live they moved to California. I do miss them! They have been to see me in Lincoln and are coming again. Would it be too much if I could go visit them?

For my 90th birthday celebration Barbara and Ginny had open house at the Berkley Church for me with all my family from a distance present, too. Barbara has had open house for me on my birthday each year since in Lincoln. Virginia, Gerry, Paula and Stephen came for the last one, 1985, on their way to Florida and brought their video camera and recorded some of my past history.

Before I moved to Lincoln I took care of my home alone in Denver (with the help of my neighbor, good old Spike, who lived across the street.) She would come during the Summer months and help me each day with the watering, which in Denver is a necessity and very much of a job. Without her I couldn't have done it. She was indeed a friend and neighbor. Now her husband is gone and I am unable to be near to help her.

I had always thought I would finish out my life in the Colorado that

I loved but it had now begun to look questionable. Giny and Gerry when they built their house in the mountains had planned one room for me for the time when I would need it but since Giny's health wasn't so good Barbara and Bud had asked me to come to Lincoln to live with them. I had reached the point where I couldn't care for house, garden and yard so this was an ideal arrangement for me. Not many in my circumstances are so fortunate and I do hope that I can exit before my welcome wears out. Please, Lord!

No one will ever know what it meant to me to leave my home of so many years where I had enjoyed so much happiness and where I had spent so many anxious moments as well. But that was all in the past now. I was leaving Jerry Wayne in charge which eased the pain a bit - moving into a new world. A goodly part of Lincoln came to help me move and together with Jerry Wayne they loaded up my belongings and I said goodbye to Denver October, 1983. There were Bob and Kevin in the moving van in the lead, then Doug and Keith in my car, followed by Barbara, Mike and me in their car. We must have made an impressive picture. It seems like a dream to me now. As we drove into the yard at Lincoln, just at dusk, Bud appeared in the doorway of the garage smiling. Was he amused or chagrined? He could have been thinking, "What have I gotten into?" Too late now! Be that as it may I couldn't have been more graciously received and welcomed by the entire family and friends. I ask myself what have I done to deserve all this? For some reason the Lord continues to favor me and I am indeed grateful. I gave up my car sometime since, my driver's license expired last month, December 28, 1985 and my hands are too stiff to grasp the wheel but why should I worry? There is a car leaving the house many times a day that I can summon at will and make connections with any place on the map. I can sleep late when I want to, go with the family to church, shopping, out to eat - my command is law. Who could wish for anything better?

I have been back to Denver a few times since I left. Whenever I go my Sunday School class and Care Group send out a call and we all get together for a feast somewhere. Also my family there congregates for sessions. Doug took me to Missouri last Summer when Helen was having a family reunion and Kathy came down to Trenton after me. I am always at home at Helen's when I go back there and Mamie who is two years my senior is still there

in Humphreys as well as other cousins in Galt.

I go with Barbara sometimes when she speaks in other towns at Christian Women's Club and with Doug to Denver sometimes. I don't lack for places to go and things to do but I am slowing down.

Although I have mentioned earlier that this is my autobiography it wouldn't be complete without including a few words about my grandchildren. I wasn't far away when each of the six was born - Mike in Wichita, Kansas, Doug and Kathy in Lincoln, Nebraska, Barbie, Jerry and Paula in Denver, Colorado. Each has his or her own talent - art, music, business, sports, professional - and excels in the field chosen. Each one has a special place in my heart. And the greatgrandchildren - Todd, Julie, Keith and Stephen are very special and I know they will accomplish great things in their future.

Now that Kathy has completed typing my memoirs and I have read the finished product I realize that I have omitted a number of things. The most important one was to express my appreciation to her for all her patience in so efficiently recording all my ramblings. I do appreciate it all.

At this point I might mention the time we (Bud, Barbara, Kathy and I) went to the Holy Land with a group. We had gone on to Cairo. Our contact man who met us at the plane was young and good looking and became interested in Kathy right away. His name was Rashad A. Khattab. He took care of our trips during our stay in Cairo and was liable to appear among us any time for no apparent reason. When time came for us to go to the airport to leave Cairo he was waiting to escort us to the plane and took care of our passports and baggage. In returning our passports to us he held Kathy's out pretending not to have it. It turned up, however, in good time and we took their pictures together and he kissed some of us goodby.

While I am recounting tour happenings I might mention one on our second Holy Land tour. We had just finished our last day in Jerusalem and were back in the Diplomat, our hotel, preparatory to leaving for Athens early next morning. This is copied from my diary:

Helen and I had gone to bed later than usual and very soon after, we heard an undescrivable noise, the like of which I have never heard. We jumped out of bed and ran to the window but could see nothing unusual. At the same time there was a great commotion upstairs above us. We ran to and fro not knowing what to do. Helen called the desk downstairs. They thought it was an earthquake. Finally everything quieted down and we went back to bed. We had to get up at 4 o'clock the next morning to get our plane to Athens. When we reached there we heard that this had been a bomb very near our hotel the night before killing 2 or 3 people.

Another pleasure that I have enjoyed each Summer for the last several years has been the time spent at Dore Lake in Saskatchewan, Canada with the family. It is an ideal place to spend a vacation on the wooded shore of a 500 square mile lake with big northern pike just waiting to be caught and blueberries asking to be made into pies. The boat rides are fun and watching the aurora borealis at night is worth making the trip to see. The bears, too, are interesting - as long as they keep their distance.

I have been reminded, too, that I should mention the time back when my Mother and I went on the trip to the World's Fair in California in 1915

with the Jaynes family. In making the trip by train we had prepared lunch to take with us. Mamma had just gotten new dentures and when she ate her meals she would take them out. Somewhere in Nebraska we were eating lunch she had placed her dentures between the folds of a towel on her lap and when she had finished she picked up the towel and shook the crumbs out the open car window. Immediately she realized that her denture plate had gone out the window, too. She was practically paralyzed with the thought. We had just pulled out from a station stop. I immediately contacted the conductor and at the next stop he sent a telegram back to the operator at the station explaining the situation. Believe it or not, a few days later she received the dental plate all wrapped nicely in cotton at our address in Colorado Springs where we had stopped for a few days to visit relatives.

Incidentally, when the Jaynes' had left home to start our trip Mrs. Jaynes had forgotten her glasses. She told the man who had taken them to the train about it and in the same mail that Mamma received her dentures in Colorado Springs Mrs. Jaynes received her glasses - one of the first miracles of our trip - and we went merrily on our way.

One thing I have been wanting to tell ever since I started writing all these crazy things is the names of the camels I rode to the pyramids in Egypt at different times. On the first visit I rode "Moses", on the second I rode "Charley Brown" , the one they said President Nixon had ridden on when he was there, and my last trek up to the pyramids was on "Whisky and Soda". May they long live to transport other interested sight seers!

There have been mountain tops and valleys, my life has been full and the way has been long, but the Lord has taken care of me through it all and I am looking forward to seeing Him with my family who have gone on before waiting for me! Happy reunion!

I like this poem. It seems to fit my situation.

### GROWING OLDER

A little more tired at the close of day,  
A little more anxious to have our way,  
A little less ready to scold and blame,  
A little more care for a brother's name;  
And so we are nearing the journey's end,  
Where time and eternity meet and blend.

A little less care for bonds or gold,  
A little more zeal for the days of old;  
A broader view and a saner mind,  
And a little more love for all mankind;  
And so we are faring down the way  
That leads to the gates of a better day.

A little more love for the friends of youth,  
A little more zeal for established truth,  
A little more charity in our views,  
A little less thirst for the daily news;  
And so we are folding our tents away  
And passing in silence at close of day.

A little more leisure to sit and dream,  
A little more real the things unseen,  
A little nearer to those ahead,  
With visions of those long loved and dead;  
And so we are going where all must go-  
To the place the living may never know.

A little more laughter, a few more tears,  
And we shall have told our increasing years.  
The book is closed and the prayers are said,  
And we are part of the countless dead;  
Thrice happy, then, if some soul can say,  
"I live because of their help on the way."

R. G. Wells