

REMEMORANCES
of
ETHEL HILL

Well this is Sept. Tues 19th - my children and my neices and nephews have been after me to write down all the stories my wonderful grandmother told me. Well my grandmother was, her maiden name was Mary Elizabeth Hawkins, she married my grandfather at the age of 22, in 1862. My grandmother was English, my grandfather was Pennsylvania Dutch. My grandfather was very particular. He took good care of my grandmother. His cabin he built for her and what few acres they had, he had a few cows and was very proud of his five horses. Grandma would tell me how clean and well fed the horses were. They were so happy.

Grandma & Grandpa Schrumm, his was Henry Schrumm, a wonderful Pennsylvania Dutch. Well, he had to go to war, the Civil War. Grandma was carrying my mother when Grandpa had to leave late in 1864. My mother was born Dec. 30, 1864. My grandmother was 24 on Dec. 31, 1864. Well, early in 1865 my grandfather asked permission for a leave long enough to go see his child. They gave him permission. He got home the evening on the 16th of March. The next morning Morgan's Raiders raided their place. They killed my grandfather and burned every building. Grandma screamed, "My baby is in her cradle." They reached in, got out my mom and slammed her at my Grandmother. My Grandmother tried to grab a gun from one of the raiders. He hit her wrist and broke it. Grandma said, "I looked at the 2 men that shot your grandfather. I would never forget what they looked like." She thought some day I'll get them.

She had a few sisters and my grandfather had some brothers and sister that lived in the area where my Grandparents lived. Grandma had to walk till she came to a relative's house. Everything she had left was just the clothes on her and my mom. Well, the relatives took care of her. She was really something. Weighed no more than 102 pounds in her life. When her wrist was healed she took care of herself.

About a year later she heard that the two men she remembered were in a tavern. The tavern was across the river a few miles away. She asked a brother-in-law to go with her. She said, "I'm going to kill them." He tried to stop her but no way. So he went with her. There were the 2 wonderful horses of Grandpa's tied up at the hitching rack. She went prepared to kill. She told her brother-in-law not to come in with her. She wanted to go in sly like so they would not recognize her. She made it, went up sort of slow like, went right to their table, said, "Here I am.", and shot them both, shot them dead. She said they raided my home, killed my husband and burned every building, stole our cows and horses. Not one person in the tavern moved. She went out, took her two horses and went home. No one at all ever said one word to her about the killing. If any friends to those two men were there they never said a word. Later people said some people that were there that night said that little woman was wonderful. Well, I guess she felt

better after the fate of those two men were gone.

She settled down to raising my mother and trying to restore the property. The relatives helped a lot. Then in June 1868 she met and married a man named D. B. Lee. He was no good. He was a liar and he didn't believe in working. On the way home from being married, they were walking to my Grandmother's place, they had my mother along, D. B. Lee was talking and bragging. My mother stopped walking and looked up at D. B.

and said, "You are a great big liar." He picked up my mother right there and spanked her, but she never gave in. She called him a bum, liar and lazy and she knew she would be spanked.

But she never gave in. Old D.B. had a dad. He said he was a preacher. He told the church people, "Don't do as I do, do as I say." Well, old D.B. went through everything my grandmother had. Besides, she started having children, but old D.B. was still a rat.

When my mother was 6! years old, her name was Mary Elizabeth Schrumm, she also was a worker. She used to gather herbs and take them to town and the man that had the drug store would pay her for them. Sometimes a dime, sometimes as much as 25~. Well, old D.B. found where she kept them and took them himself.

D.B. had two no good sisters. They both had TB. In those days they called it consumption. They came to Grandma's house and D.B., after a few days, took them back home. It was warm weather so they had to travel at night. D.B. said, "That kid of yours is going with them. She can take care of them." And the nasty old sister would spit any old where. Well, old D.B. harnessed the horses to a wagon, made a bed in it for the women to lay down while he drove them late at night. My mom sat in the back with her feet dangling down. Mom said it was a beautiful moonlit night and she was so miserable thinking she had to live with those two awful women. Well, she said the women were asleep and old D.B. was busy driving so they came to a crossroad. Mom said she didn't stop to think, she just slid out of the wagon and started running. She said she didn't stop to think of wild animals, she kept running till she came to a house. She cried and knocked on the door. The lady and man opened the door and when mom could control herself, she told them everything. Mr. & Mrs. Miller took mom in and kept her. Mom said it was wonderful. Old D.B. came by to take mom back. He figured where she left the wagon. Well, Mr. Miller knocked old D.B. down and said, "If you so much as talk to little Mary I will beat you to death." Mrs. Miller had a brother that was in the Civil War. His name was James Tiley. He was married, but divorced. I guess they called it divorce in those days. He had a little girl. Well, he came to the Miller home and brought his little girl with him. Her name was Eva. They called her Evie.

My mom was nearly 15, Evie was 12. Well, the Millers told Mr. Tiley about Mom. They liked each other. They were married in January 1880. Mom said he was real good to her, but he was a lot older and he was a cattle dealer. He used to buy horses and cattle and of course was away a lot. But mom and little Evie got along so well. Mom was just a month over 15 when they were married and a month over 16 when John, their first child was born. Mr. Tiley had a nice home and he made a good living for the family. Be he was gone on these cattle deals a lot. Mom said she didn't know what she would have done without little Evie. Mr. Tiley showed Mom how to shoot a gun and kept it on a table close to the front door. They had a fence around the house. No gate, a riser-steps over the fence. They also had a large barn. Mr. Tiley would sometimes bring horses home and sell them around the town. Well, one day a man knocked on the door. Mr. Tiley was not home, but this man thought he had been home and maybe left some money. He ordered Mom to give him some money. She said there wasn't any money. Mr. Tiley had not gotten home yet. He threatened Mom. He was by the door, mom was by the table. She picked up the gun and said, " I know how to use this." He turned and ran out the door but as he was going over the riser she shot and it hit his leg. He kept going.

Well, Mr. Tiley hot home later and on Saturday night they went to an old square dance. They took Evie and John. Mom was carrying her second child. She didn't dance. She really didn't want to go, but Mr. Tiley said he expected to meet some horse buyer there so they went. Well, there was a man there with a bandaged leg. Mom said, "That's the man that wanted to rob us." Well, it was and he was taken care of. Mom said Mr. Tiley had been through a lot and his first wife had caused him lots of trouble so when he was home he never talked very much. Mom always called him Mr. Tiley. She said one day at the noon meal she said, "Mr. Tiley, I'm alone very much and when you are home you never have anything to say. If you don't want to talk to me just don't bother to come home." Well, it awoke him to the fact that she was right. Mom said he really tried to change and he did a little, but he was real good otherwise. So she decided to go along so she did.

She had her first child John January 29, 1881, just a month after she was 16, her second son George June 1882, her third child Martha March 1884 and her fourth child Mary May 28, 1885. Just 8 days before Mary was born Evie's mother came and took her away from Mom. Mom could hardly stand it. Mr. Tiley left her enough for a few years, then Mom got a job in a tavern as a helper to the cook and did the dishes. She had relatives around that helped. Her mother lived close enough to help when she needed it, even though old D.B. was still around.

My Grandmother had a miserable life with old D.B. She tried two different times to commit suicide, but she said she couldn't do anything right. She had eight children by old D.B.. I didn't

like any of them. Of course they were a lot older than me, but I knew them all.

When Mom worked at the tavern John would go down to come home with her. He was only 5 years old. Well, the owner of the tavern said "John here is some extra food, you take it home." John said, "No, Sir, if you let me work for it, I will take it." So the man let him sweep the floor and the porch and take the trash out and he would rake the yard around the tavern. John was my half brother, but I think he was one of the best people in the whole world. When John was 8 years old Mom married my dad. My dad's name was Richard Aaron Manly. His first wife was dead. They had two children, Charlie, a few months older than John, and Fanny, same age as George. Well, to start out with six children, it was tuff on a wedding but not on Mom & Dad.

I was nearly 9 years old when my dad died. It was the first I knew we were different families. Well mom and dad had little Ruth, she died in a few days. Then my sister LaVena, she died June 23, 1972. She would have been 80 years old the 27th of August 1972. Then my brother Bob. He died March of 1964. He was 69. Then me, November 24, 1895. I'll soon be 77. Then little Grace. She died at the age of 3years, 9 months, then little Hughie. He died in a few days. Believe me, that large family. It was wonderful.

My dad was a coal miner. A worker, he loved gardening and roses. He would work in the yard and really took care of the roses. Little Grace and Hughie died near OFallon, Ill. They are buried there. Then we moved to Colliersville, Ill, about ten or so miles away. Mom and Dad bought this house in Colliersville from Mr. Swensen, a man from Sweden. He build houses in that area. He built fine homes. Dad paid \$1,500 for this house. Four bedrooms, a big dining room, a big basement and a summer house where we did our washing and canning. Mom took in some boarders. They were coal miners like my Dad and brothers. The miners took their baths in the basement and the water the clothes were washed in was saved to spray on the rose bushes. We made our own soap that we did the washing with. Boy, it was strong. It really kept the aphids off the roses. Dad used to dig the roses up in the late fall so they wouldn't freeze and hung them in the cellar. He was really a rose fan.

Dad was not a big man, about 5 ft. 6! ins. tall, never weighed over 140 Ibs. He had a mustache. He had it from the time he married Mom till I was about 7 years old. He shaved it off and all us kids didn't know him. It took a little doing on his part to get next to us. He never grew it anymore. We all liked him better without his mustache.

My dad was killed September 29, 1904. He was caught in a cave-in. He and his son Charley worked the same place. Dad ate his dinner while Charley was working, when he got thru eating he put his pail down, got up, said, "Well Charley, it's time for you to eat." Charley came, took his pail and set down. Dad said, "Well

it's time for me to start picking." He went in the hole. It caved in right then. Vena and Bob and me were in school. They always blow whistles when a miner is killed. The teacher said to Mom, "When those whistles blew I looked around at all the children and wondered which one had lost their dad." We missed our dad so much. He was a real home man and a real good dad. We kids always felt happy because Dad & Mom seemed to belong to each other. They were so right.

The year Dad was killed was the year of the Worlds Fair in St. Louis in 1904. We had company from allover. Dad's Aunt Fanny, with his niece, my cousin, her name was Ethel Van Syckle. Dad's Aunt Fanny raised Ethel. She was Ethel Great Aunt. Aunt Fanny also raised Dad. Like my Mom, Dad ran away from the people he was living with when he was eight years old. Dad's mother and father died when dad was very young. He had an older brother. The brother's name was Charles Ross Manly. He was visiting us also. And Robert McDonald. He was the husband of Evie. Evie died the. year before the fair, so Robert came to visit us. He said Evie talked so much about Mom, he just had to come and see her. He and Evie had three children, Ruth, 16, Robert, 8, Eva, 6. They all visited the fair. Everyone was so happy and enjoying each other when tragedy struck.

After Dad died in September, we moved back to OFallon. My brother John lived there and he helped us get settled. Mom opened a little store and served meals for awhile. Then she got rid of the store and cooked for boarders. I was 8 years and 10 months when dad died. Then we moved to St. Louis, Mo. when I was 11 years old. My brother Bob was 13. He helped by working the best he could. Vena was 14 past. You could go to work then when you were 14. Vena got a job and Mom worked. My sister Mary was sickly. She couldn't work and Martha and Fanny and Charley and George were all married. My brother John was Sheriff of OFallon then. He didn't get married till I was 16. He took care of us. He saw that Mom had enough to do to look after us and take care of his sister Mary.

I graduated from the 8th grade in January 1910. I was 14 in November 1909. The family wanted me to go to high school. None of them but me finished the 8th grade. Well I said what I would do. I would see about it, so I went over to the high school. Then we all had to buy all our books, paper, pencils pens, everything. Well, we didn't have that kind of money so I walked out and went to Brown's Shoe Factory and got a job.

Poor Mom worked 8 hours a day housecleaning for \$1.25 a day. I worked 6 days a week for \$4.40 a week but by the time I was 16 I was making \$18 a week. In 1912 that was good wages. Bob was usher boy at the Union station in St. Louis and his tips were pretty good. Vena had a good job so poor mom could take it a little easier. Mary was very sick so much. By 1914 I was

ailing quite a bit, sore throat. I had my tonsils out, but no help. Then I was getting sick very often. The doctor said it was the climate. In those days the factories were run on coal, so mom wrote to Robert McDonald. He lived in Montana. He was her step daughter's Evie's husband. Mom asked if we could come out there to see if it would help our health. He wrote, said he was so happy we wanted to come, to please hurry.

We went there in February 1914. It was wonderful. We loved it. I felt better right away. He asked me to call him Uncle Robert. He had a daughter a little younger than me and a son a little older. Then he also had a married daughter that lived in town. The town was Phillysberg, Montana. My Uncle Robert was terrific. He taught me to make donuts, how to bake bread, but best of all, he taught me to ride a horse, how to drive a team. I got healthy fast and I felt I should get a job.

We didn't have any money and I did not want to live off Uncle Robert. He didn't see it that way; he wanted me to stay but I was the independent type. So I left Mom, Mary and the wonderful people and the wonderful ranch. Well, Montana at that time didn't have factories and work shops. All you could do was ranch work or house work. I got a job doing house work \$12 a month, room and board. I'll tell more about me later, but I want to write about my brothers and sisters, especially my wonderful brother John Tiley.

John Tiley, Mom's oldest son -- After we moved to Colliersville, Illinois my brother John liked OFallon so moved back in about a year. Then, after Dad died, in 1904, we all moved back to OFallon except the oldest child, Charley Manly, Dad's oldest son by his first wife. He was married and John's own brother, George Tiley, he wanted to get married, so he stayed in Colliersville, III and married Kate Gunkle.

We left in March 1905. George and Kate were married in May 1905. More later - after we moved back to OFallon.

I remember things about my brother John. We lived in a big house out from OFallon. I was too young to remember moving there, but my little brother Hughie was born there. He lived only a few days. John, George, Charley and Dad worked in the coal mines in Alma, a few miles away from OFallon. The house we lived in, the big one, was really in Alma. Well, my brother John would always buy something for me and little Grace on payday. Little Grace wanted a pair of red slippers. She was past three years old. Well John said, "On your 4th birthday," which was the 27th of July. Well little Grace died in April before she was four, so John bought the little red slippers for her to be buried in. We all loved little Grace so much and she died Tuesday morning after Easter Sunday. Mom, Dad and me and little Grace went for a walk on Easter Sunday. Little Grace

and I picked flowers and made little flower arrangements along the road. Well those flowers were still there when we took her to be buried. On the Tuesday she died Dad was home. Little Grace woke up and Mary, one of my older sisters, went in to love little Grace. Little Grace said, "Carry me out to see my Dad and Mom." Mary did, she kissed Dad and Mom and she said to Mary, "You take me back to bed, I don't feel good." So Mary did and little Grace just laid down and died. Dr. Varney, he was a doctor in OFallon a long time. He was a very old cuss but a good doctor. We had taken little Grace to him real often. She used to suffer such pains. So the doctor asked Mom and Dad if he could find out what was causing all the agony. He opened her stomach. Her liver was. so enlarged. He said he just couldn't believe she could have lived so long. So the poor, lovely little Grace, well she wouldn't suffer anymore.

I can remember when she would have those spells. The whole family suffered worrying about her. Well little Grace died late April 1901. We moved to Colliersville in the spring of 1902. Now I was the youngest. I was 6. Mom and Dad went over to Colliersville to look for a house. The work at the mines in Alma was pretty slow and dad said he would get a job in Colliersville. He did. He and Mom bought the house from Mr. Swensen and as soon as Mr. Swensen finished the house we moved to Colliersville.

John, George and Charley also got jobs there, but John liked OFallon better so about a year later he moved back there. He boarded with people by the name of Whitehead. They. used to live close to us in Alma. John would come over to visit us nearly always twice a month. I would walk back up. to town with him to catch the street car. He would always give me a dime. That was real money then and he always bought a cigar for me to take home to my dad. I never wanted anyone to see me carrying a cigar, so I always wore a hat with a lining in it. I always put the cigar in my hat. Then in the spring of 1903 I got up one morning and while I was getting ready for school I told my mom about the dream I had. My brother John had taken a trip to Arizona and I missed him. I told. Mom I dreamed John had come home and he brought me a lovely doll and when I got home from school there was the doll in my rocking chair. Well, when I got home from school there was a doll in my rocking chair. There was my brother John. I'll never know if Mom told him about the doll or if my dream was true, but to me it was really something.

Then after Dad was killed in Sept. 1904 he was buried in OFallon and of course we moved back there. I was 9 years old in 1904.

We moved in the spring of 1905. It was wonderful to live in OFallon. John lived at home with us. He was sheriff then and did not have to work in the coal mines. Sometimes I would notice John. He would come home and change his clothes and would leave carrying a spade. I'd ask Mom, "Where is my brother going?"

She said she couldn't tell me. John didn't want anyone to know. I told Mom I had to know so she said if I promised not to talk about it she would tell me. She did and I never told anyone till years later. She said one of the miners died and his family couldn't afford to pay someone to dig the grave so John would do it. That was just one of his good deeds. He took such good care of us. Then Mom thought if she and Mary and Bob and Me moved to St. Louis she could support herself and us. John didn't want us to move but I guess Mom wanted to try it out. Fanny was married, Martha was married and George and Charley.

So in the Spring of 1907 we moved to St. Louis. John used to come over regular and bring us food and give Mom a few dollars. Right after we moved to St. Louis Jessie James' brother Frank, who had been in prison for years and years, was released and a Playhouse hired him to take the tickets. Of course, he was in all the papers. So my brother John came over and took me to the show so I could see Frank James. During vacation from school I would go back to O'Fallon and stay with my sister, Martha. She married a man named Charley Young, and my brother boarded with them. The lady that owned the house my sister lived in was a widow named Mrs. Shaffer. I was sure she and John had noticed each other. May Shaffer had a son the age of me. May was older, just a few years than John. Well, when vacation was over back to St. Louis for me. Well, John and May got together but he said he couldn't get married until he talked it over with Ethel. She is just a young girl and no dad. I just can't hurt her. So he came over and said, "What would you think about May and me getting married?" I said, "I love her. It will be great." So they got married. I just loved to be there but time was going by and it was January 1910. I finished the 8th grade.

I was 14 Nov. 24, 1909 so I went to work the 2nd of February 1910. I didn't see John too much after that but he would get over when he could. Then, of course, in Feb. 1914 we moved to Montana and when I saw John again was in 1916.

My mother and my sister Mary moved back to St. Louis after they left Montana. I missed them so my husband said., "Let's go to St. Louis. I will get a job and we will see how we get along." I was 20 so was my husband and our son was 5 months old. My husband had never been in a big city, but he made it fine.

John had 2 sons, Jim and Bill but his stepson had caused trouble between John and May.

We didn't get to visit very often. John was Chief of Police and a wife and 2 kids, besides his stepson, kept him busy.

My husband worked at a machine shop and we couldn't afford to go away very much but we kept in touch. In December 1916 I had another baby, a little girl, Virginia. The Thanksgiving before she was born we all had dinner at our house, John and May, the 2 boys, Fanny and her husband, Jim and their 2 boys, George and his wife Kate and their one little girl Helen, they

had another little girl later, Bob, Vena and Mary. It was great. We talked about our sister, Martha. She had moved to Colorado. We wondered where Charley was, but after Dad died Charley did not keep in touch with us. It was wonderful. In December 31, 1916 Virginia was born in St. Louis, Mo. Well, after the first of the year 1917, Mom and Mary went to Colorado. Vena was married to Gilbert Foy. Bob stayed with me and my husband. I had two little children so I was pretty well tied down. I didn't get out much. I couldn't travel much over to John's. I had to change streetcars too much and John couldn't leave his job. There was always something to keep him. In August 1917 Dad thought we should move back to Montana. I left in August and visited my mother in Colorado. Walter kept his job till late September, then came to Colorado and stayed for a few days. Then we went back to Montana.

Mrs. Hill asked us to run the ranch. Oscar had died. He was my husband's brother, and Sam was a terrible drunkard. He never worked. And Raymond and Arthur were too young, so we moved on the home place.

My brother John's name was in the papers in East St. Louis and St. Louis. He fought against bootlegging and was shot at times. There was a two page spread in the St. Louis Post Dispatch about the rough job his was and what a great job he was doing. But poor John and May. Things were really getting them apart. Of course May let her son Walter interfere. May's first husband left some money and of course her son wanted it. John did not care about that, but he talked May out of John's pay also. So, of course, that led to trouble. Till finally they were living in the same house but not together. I wrote to John quite often from Montana and I would hear from him and he would send me pictures of Jim and Bill. They were in the Little League baseball. He had quite a few deputies working for him. It was a small town but it was between Chicago and East St. Louis and St. Louis and lots went on. The Police from Chicago would call the Sheriff's Office and report a load of boot g was going thru to St. Louis or a robber got away and the~ thought they would be coming that way. John did a terrific j b* of nabbing them.

One time the police called and reported a stolen car. They gave the license number. They reported the robber had beaten the owner. John took the message, walked out of the Sheriff's office. There was the car going through. They got him.

Then in 1923 my husband bought a lot of thrashing machinery, so he was harvesting crops for other ranchers. Mrs. Hill and her two younger sons, they were old enough then to work on the ranch, and I was very well. Beatrice was going on 5, Virginia on 7, and Walter 8. The doctor said I should get away and visit with the folks so I left early in August and went to OFallon to visit my brother. They had a two story house and plenty of room

and seemed glad to have us there. John had his own room upstairs and May said to the children not to make any noise because their Uncle John worked late and sometimes he would sleep late. Well, Beatrice took to John, just like me, so what would she do, but go upstairs early, waken John. He would come downstairs carrying Bea. He used to carry her a lot upon his shoulders. He called Bea Bob-Cat. I would walk up to his office with him and he would carry little old Bob-Cat.

One evening we were walking up to the park. One of his deputies came over and said, "John, go back home. There are two men sitting in the park. We got word they were sent here to kill you." John took Bea off his shoulders and said, "Here Ethel, take her and go back to the house." I begged him to stay away, so did his deputy, but John went on. He just sauntered by like he didn't know a thing. The two men thought he would keep on going. He stopped suddenly, grabbed the two men by their heads and knocked them out, knocked their heads together and really clobbered them. They confessed. They were armed, but John did it. He never backed down or never asked a deputy to do a job for him. He was always where he was needed when he was needed. He stayed on the job till he died at the age of 67! years old.

I stayed at John and May's. I loved it there. They were so good to me and my three children. Then when school started my brother, Bob, was working for a real estate company in Texas. He asked me and the three children to go down there with him so we did and stayed till November 1923.

My brother wrote and told me his son James had married and he thought he really had a nice wife, tiny and sweet, that is what John called her. They had two boys and two girls. John was foolish over grandson, so poor John, when his grandson was just 12 years old, he went with a scout troupe on a campout at Camp Joy, near Carlyle. It was March 1948, a boy, William Bittles, fell in the lake, the ice gave way. Well, John's grandson went in after him. They both drowned. My brother didn't seem to be able to recover from that awful tragedy. He suffered a stroke and died June 23, 1948. I flew back to his funeral. I lived in Los Angeles. John and May were living in a little house in the same yard with the two story place they lived in till the children were grown and married. Jim, his son, lived in the big house where John had lived when I visited them in 1923. Poor May, she was 6 years older than John, but seemed much older. I felt so sorry for her. I loved my brother very much, but I wish he had not been the way he was with May. He got so he would not eat at home and he forbid May to go into his bedroom. He got so he did not even talk to her. I did all I could to be good to her and she said, "I don't think he would like for me to go to his funeral." But I fixed her a nice dress. She did not have any silk hose. She said she had to

wear the old fashioned socks. So I fixed her up. I told her to put on her socks, then I put on a pair of silk hose over them. I put a pretty cameo brooch on her dress and I stayed right with her. After it was all over and I was getting ready to fly back to Los Angeles she asked me if she could keep the dress and brooch and silk stockings\$. I told her, "Of course." I went in John's room. There was only a bed and a chair and a trunk. I looked in the trunk. There wasn't much in it but every card and letter I and Mom had written him were there. Well, in July of 1972 I picked out some and all the old pictures and mailed them to his son Jim. His son, Bill, was sheriff in the next county, but he died when he was 44 years old. He died of a heart attack. John's stepson, Walter, he couldn't come to John's funeral, he had gotten in some bad trouble in OFallon. He had left his wife and children and if he ever came back there he would be arrested. So I didn't see him.

In April 1949 my husband and I drove back to OFallon. May was so glad to see us. I hated to leave her. She didn't have any friends, no one but Jim and his family. She died in 1953. She was about 78 years old. The poor, poor soul. She asked me if I would have her buried by the side of her first husband. I said I would try, but Jim and Bill would not stand for it. Poor May, her first husband was really mean to her. He would beat her. She lost two babies from the way he treated her. He knocked her out of the barn loft once and she lost that baby. She put up with everything. Mr. Shaffer left her enough money to live on, that is until Walter got old enough to demand it from her. Mr. Shaffer died when Walter was about 7 years old. Then poor May had to take in her mother and father. Her mother was a little crazy, her father was a mess. Her mother wouldn't even speak to her father and when he would come near her she would run away. May would have to go hunt for her. One time May had us all over for dinner and we were all sitting out on the porch. Her mother went and got a bowl full of sugar and threw it all over us. May had a cistern in the yard and one day her dad decided to go down and see how it looked. He raised the lid and put a tall ladder down, then he went down. I was playing with Walter. John and May were not married yet. My sister Martha was married and was living in the little house and I was visiting my sister. Walter was my age so, of course, we played together. Well, Walter took hold of the top of the ladder and was really shaking it. His mom said, "Walter, what are you doing?" He yelled back, "I'm trying to kill the "son of a bitch"." He meant it.

Then one day I was in her parlor. She was cleaning and dusting that too. It was before she and John were married. There was a picture of Mr. Schaffer all framed and sitting in the corner of the room. She picked it up and took a look at it. Then I heard her say, "I'm glad you are dead, you old beast." Later on when I found out how mean he was to her, I understood.

My brother John never drank any kind of liquor, but May liked beer. She lived about a block from the saloon. She used to send Walter over with a can for a can of beer, about 2 glasses. Of course, Walter was only 10 or 11, but the saloon keeper would fill the can and he would rush back to May with it. We called it "rushing the can". I don't know if she rushed the can after her and John were married.

I loved to visit my sister Martha in OFallon while she lived by May Schaffer. I came over from St. Louis as often as I could till I was 14 and went to work.

After my brother died, the people in OFallon wanted his son Jim to take over, but Jim did not want to. After a few years he took the job and, like his dad, he did a good job. He hopes to retire this fall. He lost one son drowning and another died at 17. He has 2 daughters, both married and he has some grandchildren. I don't know how many. I had hoped he would come out to visit us so we could talk about the past and present.

I live in hopes of getting together with Jim and his family.

Well, the kids like for me to tell the story about how I met dad and how we got married. After I left Uncle Robert's ranch I went to a little town in Montana named Belt. I visited my mother's cousin in Belt, his name was Aaron Light. He was married to Dad's sister. Well, my cousin Aaron said, "I have to go out to Bell's folks ranch to get some horse feed." Aaron drove a coal wagon from the coal mines in Belt to the freight cars. He had his own team so his wife Bell, and the little girl, Stella, and I went with Aaron out to the Hill ranch about 8 miles out of town. By the time we got there I wasn't feeling very good, so Mrs. Hill put a cover on the sofa and told me to lay down till I felt better. Dick came in at noon for dinner. A door from the front room opened out on the back porch. The door to the kitchen did, too. Dick got on the porch and started in the kitchen. He happened to look thru the front room door and he came over to the sofa and looked down at me and said, "Where in the Hell did you come from?" I looked up at him and said, "Gee, your hair is long." He said, "I'll get it cut right away." He sat on the floor by the sofa and we talked and talked. He said, "You can't ride home with Aaron and Bell. I'm goint to take you back in a buggy." He did. I told him I was going to Great Falls to get a job. He said to write and tell him my address, so he could come see me. I promised, but I didn't do it.

Two months later the family I was working for went back east. So I went back for a little visit with Aaron and Bell. I got a job there. Well, Dick came to town and he went to Aaron and Bell's house. Their daughter said, "Ethel is in town." Dick said, "I don't give a damn - where is she?" They told him where I was working so he came right over.

He had ridden in town with his sister, Gertie, horseback. He

went over and asked Gertie for her riding skirt and he got her horse and came over and when I went to the door he handed me Gertie's riding skirt and said, "Put them on. We are going for a ride." I asked the lady I was working for if I could go. She said to go with him. Well, Dick was in every day or so. His name was Walter Burl Hill, but his dad wanted to call him Dick, so that is what everyone called him.

Well, early in November I went in to the company store and a few people asked me when I got married. I said, "I'm not married." I didn't know what to think. They said, "Your license is in the paper." I couldn't believe it. Well, Dick came in that night and I asked him about it. He said, "My sister Bell went with me to get the license. She knew all the answers about you." I said, "But why - why didn't you ask me?" He said, "I wanted them so if you said yes you would marry me. We could hurry up and get married before you changed your mind." I said, "But I'm engaged, you know that." He said, "Let me see the ring." I showed him. He took it out of my hand and said, "I'm mailing it back to George and tell him you are marrying me." He did and I married Dick on November 26, 1914, two days after I was 19. Dick was 19 the 20th of September 1914. Well, I'm writing this paper September 1972. Dad and I were married 48 years when he died. It was the best marriage anyone could hope for. He was a wonderful dad. His children adored him. I could do no wrong. Dick was an old ranch hand but he was a real man. I came first. We just loved each other. My whole family liked him. Mom said, "Dick is really all right. He reminds me of your dad, a good, honest man." We both worked hard, but together, and that was what counted. His grandchildren loved him. He was a kind, good person.

After my trip back to Fallon in 1923 and my trip to Texas with my brother Bob, I got back to Belt in November. We lived in town instead of going back to Mrs. Hill's ranch. Dick went to work in a coal mine, but the Sheriff of Belt had a big ranch, all stocked, and he asked Dick if he would take over and run the ranch on a percentage basis. We didn't have any money, but Mr. Leland knew that so we moved out and it was great. It kept working but things turned out real well. We got some milk cows and that gave us weekly income. We took the cream into the dairy. And of course we had plenty to eat. We raised our own beef and pork and chickens and it seemed like I was forever baking. We boarded the 3 children in Belt to go to school. We would go after them Friday evening and take them in Sunday evening. We lived on the ranch till the 1st of May 1927. I was pregnant and not well. And my oldest girl, Virginia, was sick. The doctor said we should move to a warmer climate and besides, he said I was working too hard.

We contacted my sister Vena here in Los Angeles, California. here We go the 27 day of June. And I had twin girls the 29 day of July. We drove down in an old star car. What a trip. roads, Narro broken down bridges, up thru the mountains, down

in the valley. We all enjoyed that wonderful trip. I managed very well, hardly ever felt bad. Bea was 8!, Virginia 10! and Walter 11 years, 8 months. Vena had a little place rented for us, a little house in the rear of a large house.. The owner lived up in the big house. I hated to leave Montana, but as soon as we got to Hollywood, I loved it and have ever since.

My sister and her husband had a big home next door to our landlords. Vena's husband was doing okay. Dick went to work for him. All the neighbors on Holly Drive were so nice to us and after the little twin girls were born, it was great. Dick and I didn't have any extra money but he made enough for us to pay our rent and feed us all. I have lived in California over 45 years and I still like L.A.

Now what will I write about?

My brother Charley Manly, my dad's oldest son by his first wife. He seemed just like my other brothers till dad died. I was nearly 9 years old when my dad was killed, but I remember so many things. Mom and Dad and I went up into town and over to the insurance office where the miners paid their dues. We were going in when the man that ran the office was coming out. Dad said, "I've come to pay my dues." The man said, "Gee, I'm just closing. I tell you what. Give me the dues and I'll send you your receipt." I remember that so well. Well, Dad was killed before he mailed us the receipt. Then he said we had never paid it. Mom and I both were there and we knew Dad had paid. Well, Charley started acting funny. He wasn't getting along with his wife. We did all we could to help him, but at a meeting Charley said that dad had told him that he had not paid his dues. Well, Charley had a few dollars. We wondered where he got the money. Well, Mom and I talked it over. We figured the insurance man gave Charley some extra money to lie. Well, it worked. Mom didn't get a penny for dad's death. Well, Charley began drinking and was too drunk to go to work. He wouldn't come near me or mom. Mom and I didn't talk about that. We never told anyone what we thought, but I'm sure that was what was killing Charley by inches. I don't remember seeing him again after we left Colliersville.

My sister Vena was working at Penney's in St. Louis. She was barely 16. She said Charley came by there and tried to talk to her. She was busy and he was drinking. He said he had left all his family and that was the last we ever heard from him. I'm sure he just drank himself to an early death.

My brother George, John's own brother, lived at home with us until we moved back to OFallon in 1905. He was engaged to Kate Gunkel. They were married in 1905. George quit the coal mine and sold tea and spices from a truck. He did very good. His wife was a very particular house keeper and a very, very penny pincher. They bought a house across the street from Kate's folks, then they had a little girl, Helen

and 5 years later a girl named Fay. I thought Kate was a good wife, but I didn't like her. She was so bossy and if you visited her you could only walk in parts of the house. She was really a penny pincher. I just could not enjoy visiting her. She complained constantly. They raised two girls very well. They married men that worked for Woolworth's ten cent stores and were sent to different states to get things organized. They were in Tucson, Arizona. George and Kate were getting pretty old so they decided to move there and be with the girls. Well, they both died in Arizona and are buried there. I'm sure Helen was born in 1906 so she would be 65 or over and I'm sure her husband would be older. This is 1972 so it won't be long before Fay and her husband will be retiring. I saw my brother and Kate in June 1948 when I flew back to my brother John's funeral. That was the last I ever saw or heard from them.

In 1949 we drove back to OFallon. My husband and my brother John's wife, May, drove over to Colliersville to see Kate and George. But I didn't go~ I couldn't take any more of Kate.

My sister Fanny, my dad's girl, full sister to Charley - she was a good worker, a wonderful housekeeper. She was married in OFallon to Jim Roberts. He was a coal miner. They had 4 boys, James, the oldest, was a head of a union and was doing very well, but he has had a bad stroke and is doing okay, but is not able to work anymore. He is about 60 years or older. The next son I met when I went back to John's funeral was Charles. I like them both very much. The third boy died. The last son, George, lives in San Diego. He is retired from the Navy as a Chief Petty Officer. I never met him. I will get his address in San Diego and have him meet my Grandsons. I have a great nephew and a great neice who live close to San Diego. They may as well get together.

Fanny and Jim died before my brother John did. They are buried in OFallon where my Mom and Dad are buried.

Then came Martha Ellen Tiley, Mom's oldest girl by Mr. Tiley. She was born in Missouri in 1884. She was married in the fall of ~905 to Charley Young. They are the ones that lived in May Schaffer's house and that, of course, is how I met May and her son Walter. My brother John boarded with Mart. Mart's son Floyd was born while they lived there. Me and the whole family just loved Floyd so much. He is still a fine person at 66 years of age. But when their second child, a girl Hazel, was born, they moved to Leoben, Ill. I didn't get to visit them. Charlie wasn't doing very good and he was very negative of Mart. Well, they moved to St. Louis. I was working, so was Bob and Vena and Mom, so we had to really see that they were fed. Also, Berenice was born in St. Louis. Poor Mart was a good mother but a very poor housekeeper.

Well, Charlie Young was getting worse all the time. On payday he would buy a few groceries, then he would keep the rest of the pay check and do whatever he wanted to do. He knew we would

feed them. Then they moved back to Lebenon. Berenice was born in 1911. I was nearly 16 years old. They would visit us, Mart, Floyd, Hazel and Berenice, Bern, we called her. Well, in 1914 Mom, Mary and I moved to Montana and I didn't see Mart again till 1932. But in the meantime Mart gave birth to another girl, Mary. My sister, Vena, went up to be with her. My sister Vena had a good job. Well, when she got up to Mart's Mart was sick. She didn't know where Charlie was and the three children were hungry. Well, she lit in, cleaned the house, fed the kids, got a doctor, then Mart had another girl, Mary. Thanks to Vena things turned out alright. It cost my sister Vena plenty of money and too much time off from her work, but she didn't lose her job.

Then in 1914, December, Mart wrote Vena a letter. She said Charlie had moved to Colorado. His brother was there. He wanted her to come out. Her and 4 kids. Well, she didn't have any money so Vena wrote to her and told her the exact time to be at the Union station in St. Louis. Well, she put Mart on the train for Colorado. Charlie had a shack with hardly anything in it, but they survived. She had 4 more children in Colorado, Vivian, Ruth and 2 boys. Little Ruth died but all the rest, as far as I know, are living. Mart died February 2, 1955.

My husband and I visited them in Colorado in 1949. We went there on a three month trip. I hadn't seen Mart since 1932. In 1917 when I visited Mom in Arroya, Colorado I didn't get to see Mart or Mary. They lived quite a ways from us and Mom had a little eating place for ranchers and cattlemen that came into town. We had no way for transportation. Mart was a beautiful young woman and a good person; My dad said Mart was a doll. She was good to us kids and to Mom and her step dad, which was my dad and she stuck to Charlie till the day she died. She was 70 years old. She had nearly 50 years of having to put up with Charlie. I could tell lots about him but I better not.

Well, then comes Mary, the nicest, best, the sweetest sister anyone could ever have. She was sickly all her life, at least from the time when she was 7 years old was when Mom noticed it. We all loved her and looked after her. She was with me when Walter was born in Montana and with me when Virginia was born in St. Louis. When Virginia was 3 months old, Mary and Mom went to Colorado. Mary stayed with Mart for awhile. Mom went to Arroyo. Mary met Henry Daugherty. They were married and lived in Colorado for awhile. Her daughter Louise was born December 8, 1918. Mom stayed with her till late January 1919. Then Mom went back to OFallon where she died February 2, 1919. Mary wasn't well so Vena lived in California so she asked Mary to come out and live with her. Vena was crazy about little Louise and was so good to Mary. They kept finding jobs for Henry but he was very religious and used to preach to the people he worked with. They couldn't stand him for awhile, then Henry would get fired. Mary was really feeling bad. She died Nov. 24, 1925. She was 40 years old. Louise was 71 years old. Vena took her to live with her when she was 81, the same as my daughter, Beatrice. There was only 2 weeks difference in their age. My husband and

I helped Vena with Louise. Vena's husband was having a little financial trouble and my husband was doing okay so we did what we needed to help. Louise finished high school and married and the man she was to marry was able to take good care of her which was a blessing, as poor Gil, Vena's husband, was having bad times after bad times. Dad and I helped him. We liked Gil very much. Louise's father only got in touch with us once. I don't know whatever became of him, but Vena and I talked a lot about Mary. She was our sister and we loved her.

Now about Vena. She was Mom and Dad's second child. She was born August 27, 1892. She and Bob and I enjoyed living in Colliersville. Those were happy 2 years. We really grew up. Vena was a worker. She used to work for a doctor and his wife looking after their children from the time she was 11 years old. She worked all the time and by the time she was 16 she had a good job at a picture show selling tickets. Later she managed the show. Her boss's name was Mr Swartz. She married when she was a little over 17 to a man named Grover Lynn. He really turned out bad. He said he had money and would help her take care of her family. They moved to Oklahoma. Things were really bad. Vena did all the work. She divorced him when she was 19. She went back to work for Mr. Swartz. She did just wonderful. She was interested in pictures. She talked about it to Mr. Swartz. She studied all the time. She stayed in St. Louis till she was past 24. She married Gilbert Foy in March 1917. She was living with me and my husband and brother Bob. Mom and Mary had already moved to Colorado. Vena sent Mom money when Mom needed it. When she and Gilbert Foy were married they moved to Portland. Vena worked there also, in picture shows. Then Gil was transferred to San Francisco. Gil worked for a Mr. Baldwin in Portland and Mr. Baldwin wanted him to work in San Francisco. Vena went to work again and she helped plan the scenes for Douglas Fairbanks pictures. She and Gil did fine. Then Mr. Baldwin died. Vena and Gil moved to Los Angeles. When Vena was 32 she had her first child, a girl named Mary, born November 7, 1924 and another child born September 29, 1926. Her name is Helen Baldwin Foy. Gil went into business for himself and things went along pretty well till late 1929. My husband worked for him. Then Gil had trouble and his- business played out. They had a few bad years. She had her 2 little girls and Mary's girl, Louise. We helped Gil to start again but he barely made a living. His sister helped them. His mother lived with them for awhile. She was really a hardship on the family. She died in 1941. Missie, Vena and Gil called Mary Missie, she started to work which helped. Helen got married when she was 18 and moved to Walnut Creek, California. Mary will be 48 November 7, 1972. She has a good job in Washington State. She works on the highway planning and is doing real good. She has three children but is not married now. Her oldest girl was 21 this month, the next boy was 17 last June, the youngest, a girl, was 7 this year.

Poor Helen, her marriage to Mr. Walters didn't turn out so well. They were divorced. Helen started to college. She worked and managed. Vena and Gil kept their little girl, Catherine for 2 or 3 years so that Helen could go to school. In December 1952

she married Don Gow. He was teaching at the college. He was a fine scientist and had invented lots of things, like colored TV. He was sent to lots of foreign countries. He was doing wonderful. Don had 2 boys. Helen had one girl when they were married on New Years day 1953. I had all my relations (51 people) for New Years day. I sent Helen money for her and her family to come down. It was wonderful. Helen and Don had a baby girl, Ann, in December 1953. Vena went up to be with Helen. They all called her Polly. When she got home poor Gil was sick. He died February 1954.

Helen and Don were doing fine. He had so many patents that Helen won't have to worry about money. They had two boys, Jim and Bruce. Things were going along so well. Then in February 1963 Don committed suicide. It was awful. Poor Helen lived through it. She was wonderful and took good care of the children. Then in the summer of 1965 Helen and her children visited us. Peggy and her children and Helen and her family went to Disneyland and Knott's Berry Farm. Everyone was so happy. We all missed my husband. Helen was fond of him. Everything was fine. Then in February 1966 little Ann died. She hadn't been sick at all. One morning she complained about feeling bad. She stayed home from school. At noon she complained so badly Helen rushed her to the hospital. She died in less than one hour. She had a bad case of leukemia. Poor Helen. Well Helen took things in her stride. Her oldest child, Cathy, was studying in lots of different countries. She went to Australia. There she met and married Robert Harwood. From all I hear from them, especially Helen, he is a fine young man and they get along fine. Cathy has 2 little girls, Jenny and Kate. Helen and her two boys have lived in Australia nearly 3 years. I don't know how much longer they will stay there but I hope she is happy being with Cathy and Bob and the 2 babies. I wish them all lots of luck. I like her very much.

Now Bob. He would be 79 in January 1973. He was a good worker. He worked hard at the Union Station in St. Louis carrying luggage. Then he came out to Montana to visit me and my husband. My mother and Mary were with me then. Vena was still in St. Louis. He went back to St. Louis and when my husband and I moved back there in 1916 he came to live with us. He met his wife Emma after my husband and I went back to Montana. He was living alone in St. Louis. He and Ern were going to get married but he had to report for the Army. He was told he would not be called up so he and Ern went ahead and got married and went on a trip to see Morn in Colorado and on down to San Francisco to visit Vena. While he was there he got a wire to report back. He was to report for duty. They took him and in no time he was overseas fighting. Morn died while he was over there and his son Robert was born March 2, 1919. He got home and was discharged. He started a garage business of his own. He was doing okay. Ern had another child, Dorothy. Well, one evening a man stopped at Bob's car repair shop. He said his car was broken down and would Bob go out to see what was wrong. Bob went but instead it was an excuse to get another car and driver.

There were two other men in the car. They held a gun at Bob's head and made them drive them to the Armour Packing Company. They held up the place and killed a guard. They threatened to kill Bob's family if he opened his mouth. One man hung around Bob's shop to see that he did keep still. Well, one day a policeman came in to Bob's shop. Bob couldn't take it anymore. He yelled at the policeman to get that man. He was lucky he captured the man, but Bob said, "Get out to my house and get my wife and two children. They threatened to kill them if I talked." They got out there. It was fairly early in the morning. The policeman just grabbed a blanket and wrapped Dorothy in it and said, "Grab the boy, we need to go." The gang drew up just as the police were pulling away. They shot at them. The police made Em and the kids lay down in the car. They made it to the police station. They put my brother in jail for protection. They wouldn't let him eat a bit of food until they tasted it. They finally got the other two men in the robbery. Em's folks were wonderful. Bob was alone from all his family in St. Louis but Em's dad stood by him and his family. My brother John who was sheriff in O'Fallon, Ill. about 30 miles from St. Louis, worked with the St. Louis Police to protect Bob. It was a terrible strain on us all. My Mom died just a month before Robert was born. Em felt so bad. She went to Mom's funeral. Her mom and dad went along. Bob was so upset. It was hard for him to live there. However with Em's folks he did.

Em's dad bought some property in Texas. The people he bought from was in real estate with people working for him. Em's dad told Bob to join them and try to sell some land so Bob did. He asked me to go to Texas with him. There were about 12 people in the group, not counting me and my 3 children. So I went along. Em's dad had a small house on his property - 2 bedrooms, a nice kitchen, a large kitchen downstairs, just one large room, a big place for the dining room and washroom. The bedrooms were upstairs. The stairways were outside. On the train going down to Texas the salesman and my brother had bootleg booze. Well, it was illegal in Texas so they had to hide it somewhere. They stopped the train at the border. So what did my brother and the other rats do - they emptied my suitcases, I had 3, and when the inspectors went through the train they would say, "Whose seats are these?" "Oh, they belong to a lady with 3 children." Well, they didn't look through them. After the train started my brother said to me, "Don't go near your suitcases till we say so, I'll tell you why later." Well lots later, when it was safe, they emptied my suitcases. Boy, if the inspectors had opened them I would still be in jail in Texas but they thought it was funny.

But that trip to Texas was really something. The town was Harlingen, a nice town. On our way down we stopped at Galveston and went for a ride on a big ship - lots of people. We went out a long ways out of sight of land. We had a big meal at a big hotel. Ma Ferguson, the first woman Governor, she was there. Boy, they were really talking up Texas land. All our salesmen were really getting around. Well, I started the two older children in school in Harlingen. Em and her two

children came down early in November. I went home to Montana. I got home late in November near my 28th birthday. Beatrice was 5 on the 24th of November. I was 28. She was born on my 23rd birthday. Well, when we got home at Belt, Montana, we all came down the chicken pox, even me. We pulled through just fine and the kids got started to school by Christmas. I had a wonderful trip. I visited with my brother John and the trip to Texas, then back in that little town of Belt, only 181 voters. But as small as Belt was it had only one main street but it was home. The children were so happy the winter of 1923. We lived in town and the children went to school. Walter and Virginia, Bea wasn't old enough.

The owner of the big grocery store told Dad that Mr. Leland needed someone to run his ranch so he said, "I told him to ask you." Mr. Leland did and we moved out there right after that. January of 1924 - we all liked it and things went well with us. It was a blessing until Virginia started to get sick and I was working too hard and we had to leave the cold country for California.

Here is one of the stories the kids loved for me to tell. Dad came in one day. We had all been working so hard. We had a girl come in to cook for the hired hands and the children were in school in town. We boarded them there during the week. Dad said, "Let's go camping. We will go way up in the mountains. My cousin has an old cabin about 20 miles - no one lives there, but the fishing is good." We took our camping gear and lots of food and watermelon. We really planned it good. Well, dad camped out. We didn't put up the tent. It was such a nice night and we were close to the old deserted cabin. We set up whatever we would need to make coffee and fry fish. Well, real early next morning Dad went fishing. I had an eerie feeling. After he left that someone was near me. I opened my eyes. There was an old woman and an old man. They were kneeling by me. The old man said, "Oh dearie, we have been looking all over for you. You went to heaven years ago but we knowed you would come back." Well you can imagine how I felt. They thought I was their little girl. The old man said, "Look dearie, what I have for you." He had found a powder box. He said he was saving it for me and they said, "See that house over there (they meant the old cabin that was about to fall apart). We built that for you. It's beautiful and we have so many nice things in there." Well of course I was wishing my husband would show up. Well he did. I said, "See this nice man and lady. I'm going to fix them some breakfast." I did and the poor things were so hungry. They ate everything in sight so I said to Dad, "Let's leave the rest of the food and blankets," because there wasn't a thing in the house. I don't know how those poor people lived even that little while there. I knew something was wrong so we left right away. I told them we would be right back to wait for me. we notified the sheriff and the poor things had wandered away from an insane asylum. Well, they were picked up and put away again. The poor petrified people.

And this is another one. Dad, my husband, I called him Dad, gave me a mare for my 28th birthday. We called her Eck, that is what my family called me, but Dad didn't. He called me honey or pumpkin, only his pumpkin. Anyway, Eck was going to have a colt and it was due in the dead of winter which is bad in Montana. I had not been able to do so much riding so I did not know about Eck. Well, Dad told all the boys and hands not to let me know and they would put the colt to sleep because it would really be a job to look after it in the dead of winter. Well, one of the boys, Tuffy, forgot and he came in. He said that Eck had her colt. Well, that did it. They had to bring in Eck and her colt, put plenty of hay for them to sleep on and look after them real good. Well in no time things were fine. The boys decided to train Eck like a circus horse. They put a barrel in the middle of the barn and trained Eck to trot around it. Eck was a beautiful horse and she looked so proud when she was prancing around that barrel. One day while she was working out for the boys little Eck decided he would like to prance around with his mother. It was so cute. Well it worked out well. The boys were so proud of what they did. When we left the ranch for California I gave Eck and Little Ecko to Tuffy. He loved her like I did. I left her in good hands with little Ecko.

I'll have to tell you the story about Tuffy, Joe and Topy - the three boys. They were cousins to my husband but he didn't remember them either. Well, one day in March 1919, my baby Beatrice was just 2~ months old, one afternoon three boys came to the ranch. That was my husband's home ranch. My husband's dad died and Mrs. Hill asked us to stay at the ranch. She had a little house in Belt. She took the two younger brothers of my husband and lived in town and the two boys, Raymond and Arthur Hill went to school. Well, these three boys, Dad's cousins, were 9, 11, and 12 years old. Topy was 12, Joe was 11 and Tuffy was 9. They came to the door. They had walked out from Belt, 7 miles. They thought that Mrs. Hill still lived there. She was their Aunt, so when I asked who they were and what they wanted they said, "Our Mom and Dad separated and they just went off and left us so we thought our Aunt Marcella, Mrs. Hill, would let us live with her." I said, "She doesn't live here anymore." As it got later I said, "I'd better see what I can do for you. You can't leave this late." Well I fixed a place for them to sleep and fed them. Well, would you believe it, I kept them for 8 years and 3 months. I clothed and fed them and sent them to school. The few months I visited my brother John and went to Texas with my brother Bob, Mrs. Hill stayed at the house and they stayed with her, but as soon as I got home I had them back and they moved to the Leland ranch with us. Their mother and father didn't bother to ask about them. They had 3 other brothers that would come to our place once in awhile, but Tuffy, Joe and Topy never left till we moved away.

Tuffy was really a runt. He never got taller than 4 feet 10 inches. His toes and fingers were webbed. They all worked pretty good. My husband was real good to them but they really loved me. Everyone thought they were my relations. They talked about me so much. The things I did and they could have what they wanted to eat.

They asked me, "Please don't make us eat any liver or any strawberry jam. That is all we ever had at home." Their dad was drunk all the time and morn was away. Noone ever cared about them. Poor little Tuffy could drink more booze than a man. He said he used to steal his dad's and we had our hands full for awhile. I never allowed liquor in my house. I had my hands full, but I stuck to thos kids like they were my own and when we left them we saw that they had a good job. TopWY was 20, Joe nearly 19 and Tuffy was 18, and a good worker. When Joe got married his wife wrote me a letter and she told me Joe said "You and your husband were the only family he ever had. You made him work good but you fed him good and he always had a good bed, a clean bed to sleep in and he had good clothes to wear to school, not old things full of holes."

Toppy carne in one day. I was feeling a little tired and had a headache. He said, "Ethel, can I borrow your sewing basket?" I said, "Oh Joe, don't bother, I mend your things." He said, "Oh no, there is something else I want to do." I said, "All right, go ahead." In a few minutes he carne back. He said, "Ethel, I want you to check your basket." He put it on the bed beside me. I took the lid off and a bluebird flew out. I always said how I loved bluebirds. Well that really got through to me. Tears carne to my eyes. Joe said, "Ethel you and Walter are the best people in the world." Well, that was a few years of hard work and it took money but dad and I never thought of the work or the cost. We just thought of those kids. We visited Joe up in Oregon in 1949, 22 years after we left them. He had a fine wife and a nice home. Tuffy carne by to see us. He had a mobile home. He worked and had a good job. Toppy died before he was 30. He worked in Great Falls, Montana. Tuffy, Joe, and Toppy Johnson, Dad's cousins. I hope Dad and I could say it was a job well done.

Another story about my brother John. When I was 5 years old John had a big dog, old big Dan. The dog strayed away and the people on a farm a few miles from us thought he was a stray. I can remember it. I was 5 years old. John really loved that dog. He got the old baby carriage, they one I rode in, and little Grace. He went and got old big Dan and he brought him home and buried him. I can see John now, how sad he looked.

Then when I was 8 years old my brother Bob had a dog. It died. My brother Bob decided to have a funeral for Fido. We made a hearse out of Bob's wagon, one of the kids pulled the wagon. Bob decided to be the preacher. I had to be the mourner. Bob dug the grave and made a headstone. Bob really preached a sermon. One of the many things I remember and I'm thankful I had such a fine family. We really loved each other.

Well, the children want me to write more. I don't know where to start. I have such wonderful memories of all my children. Right now I'm taking care of Betty. She and Peggy are twins. Bet is a few minutes older than Peg. Well, Bet was married in 1945.

A few months after her wedding she was horseback riding with her husband and his brother-in-law and sister. The horse threw Betty and hurt her back. Well she thought it was all taken care of. Well, in the summer of 1972 she fell on a rock and rolled down a hill. Well, she was laid up quite a while. I was here with her. Then right after the first of the year she was working too hard and pushing heavy furniture. She really caused her back to act up. The doctor said the worst trouble was what happened 27 years ago. It may have to come to surgery. I hope not. Bet is really a wonderful person. She has a wonderful husband and two older boys, her own. Steven is now 26 on January 3, 1973 and Richard 24 on July 29, 1973. Then two adopted boys. Mike will be 10 the 26th of February 1973 and Mark will be 9 the 6th of March 1973. So I just live here. Bet needs help with the younger boys, then she is involved with the Cancer League and the Lawyer's Wives, two bridge clubs and an orphan childrens organization. She is really busy, way too busy. She is going to have to slow down. Her dad was foolish over her. Well he was of all the kids. One day when Bet was 17 years old her dad said to me, "Let's go to the movies." Bet was home so she said she would go too. But Dad said no, just mom and me. Little Bet couldn't believe it. She said, "Daddy, that's the first time in my life that you ever said no to me." She couldn't believe he meant it. Dad was good with all the children. They obeyed him without a word. They bragged about him. The only thing he said to the children and really meant it was - don't ever talk back or give any sass or snotty remarks to your mother, that I won't put up with.

Well, the first part of this rigamarole was written in 1972. Now it is April 1975, a whole new roll for me. So here is some more about Betty. Steven was married in December. He was 28 on Jan 3, 1975. No children yet but he and Barbara are hoping. Richard will be 26 on July 29, 1975. He was born on his mother's birthday. She will be 48 on the 29th of July 1975. Richard isn't married yet but will be soon, he hopes.

Now about Peggy, Betty's twin sister. The only thing they have in common is they are great girls. Betty weighs about 105 and Peg weighs about 165. She just can't seem to reduce. She was married the month she was 16. My husband didn't want her to be married. I don't know what got into me but before Peggy got to know Melvin Leslie all she could talk about was Melvin. Well we lost our only son. He was killed in a plane crash in the war in 1942 and Melvin, I w,s sure, would be called to service and I guess I thought, let them be happy for it could happen to him. She came home one night from a singing group. She was starry eyed. She walked by us like she was in a dream. She said, "Don't talk to me, I'm going upstairs and dream. Melvin asked me for a date." So I went with her for her marriage license and they got married July 1943. Karen was born May 1944. Melvin had to go in the Army when Karen was about 5 months old. Peggy was so sad with Melvin being away. He was stationed in Mississippi. He called one Sunday about noon and Peg cried so hard she couldn't talk to him so I took the phone and I told him we would put Peg on a plane and she would be there that evening. We did and she stayed

there till after the first of the year. I kept Karen so she got a job and stayed till March of 1945. Betty got married in 1945 so Peg was her matron of honor. It wasn't too long after that till Melvin got out of the Army. He came home and got his job back with the railroad and before long, with our help, they had their own place to live. Then in October 1952 Peggy had another daughter, Kathy, then in September 1957 she had a son, Andrew Paul. Dad and I took them down on the Colorado River in Blyth, California, on a fishing trip. We had a boat. We took Kathy and Andy. We had a wonderful time, then only a month later, May 1963, Dad died. Dad was wonderful with all the grandchildren. Well, Peg, when she had the two girls in school, mixed into school a lot. She was president of the P.T.A. and did a lot of work there. Then she did a lot of volunteer work for old people in the County Hospital. She would take flowers and sing for them. Then she went to work for a butcher, then she wanted her own shop so I let her have the money. She did all right but not good enough to keep the store. She sold the store and went to work for Von's Market, which is a large chain. They asked her to go to college and take a business course and payroll course and I don't know what else. So she was 47 last July and got her college degree. She was on the Dean's List. She is doing great and she is sure she will be promoted to a real good job soon.

I could write about the twins forever. My husband said many times that the twins were the best thing that ever happened to us. We were 31! years old when they were born. The three older children, Bea was 8!, Virginia 10! and Walter was nearly 12, they adored the twins and helped me do the waShing. They would run in from school and say, "It's my turn to do the diapers." And they would love to bathe the twins. At bedtime the 3 would stand and hope that the twins would pick them. Each one wanted to be picked but the twins would let them wait. They were nearly three then and each would hope to be the one picked. They were good to the twins always. Virginia would say, "I feel like they belong to me." When Virginia got married and had her first child, she was living in Boulder, Nevada, but she came home to have her baby, my first grandchild, the twins were only 9 when Eddie was born. We were downstairs making over Eddie and loving him. The twins were upstairs. Pretty soon Peggy came down and said, "Poor Betty is upstairs crying her heart out because no one loves her anymore since Eddie was born." Well, we laid Eddie down and went upstairs. We really made over Bet and said how much we loved her. Virginia (Eddie's mother) said, "Honey, no one will take your place." Well, we convinced her so she was back to her happy self again. Peg was always funny. When she was about 4 years old she went 2 doors up the street to play with another little girl. Their dad didn't swear or cuss anyone but he would say cuss words when he talked so we never even thought of it as cussing. So when Peg came home she said she wasn't going up to that girl's house anymore. We asked why not. She said, "He cusses but he don't cuss nice like my daddy." We just roared. Then when they were 3 years old Dad and I had to go away for two nights but the older children were well abl~ to look after the twins. But my sister Vena wanted to take Betty home

with her so we let her. Peg would play on the front lawn alone. People would stop by and ask where the other little girl was. They were used to seeing two little girls so they thought one was sick. I don't know how many people stopped by. The twins never left the lawn and they always played so well together. So when we got home my sister brought Betty back. It was the first time apart. They looked at each other. They got real close. Betty looked at Peggy and said, "Don't you know me?" Peggy said, "Oh yes, I'd know you anywhere." With that they took each others hands and went on the front lawn to play. They were really lovely little girls. I don't know whether I have already written this or not, but in Hollywood where we lived when the twins were born, well next door to us was a lovely home, Mr. and Mrs. Connelly lived there. Mrs..Connelly's mother lived with them and she got to see the twins everyday. I had to take them one at a time so she could hold them. She was in her 80's and she worried that the babies were not getting the best of care. She would sit at the window and look back at our house. We lived in a little house back of the large house of our landlords. Well, one day the twins were in their carriage and there were a few mud puddles in the yard. Well, Bea was playing hopscotch, she stumbled and grabbed the carriage handle and the babies slipped out and slid in a mud puddle. Well, Mrs. Connelly's mother happened to be looking out and saw the whole thing. She was so upset she made Mrs. Connelly come over and made her take the babies over so she could see for her self. She had a son in New York. He was a doctor. She called him and made him fly out and check the babies. Mrs. Connelly said he was ready to fly out to see his mother anyway. Wasn't that something.

Then across the street from us was a family with a lovely home. The man was a Safeway store manager or more. He must have made a good income. His home was great. They had 3 children. The oldest a boy about 16, a girl about 14, then a boy about 8. The young boy was so taken with the twins he would just come over and sit and look at them. He said, "I wish. I had one of those babies. Will you sell me one?" I never gave a thought that he would really want to buy one. So I said, "I'll. have to have a hundred dollars." I never thought it would go over. He left right away and in about ten minutes he came back with one hundred dollars. I started to cry and said if I sold one then the other one would be so sad., It would make her suffer. The babies had to grow up together. I never felt so badly.

Then our landlord came over one evening and he said to my husband, "Mr. Hill I want to ask you to do something. I want you to take care of the babies tonight. Your wife works so hard all day so tonight will you take over and let me take your wife to the picture show. Well, my husband did so I went out with out landlord.

I will tell the world. that California has been wonderful to us. I never wanted to leave Montana. I cried a lot on the way down. We drove an old Star car, but the minute I got to Hollywood and all those wonderful people I never cried again. I just tried

to be a good person and be thankful for all the good things that made our move here so great. I could write on and on and could never get through telling about so many wonderful people.

So I guess I'll start with Bea. Now she was born Nov. 24, 1918 on my 23rd birthday and the flu was so bad in Belt, Montana. A lot of people were so sick that I didn't know if the doctor would make it out or not. Neither Walter, my husband, nor I nor Walter, my son, had the flu but little Virginia was real sick. Well I got up early that morning and made my husband help me get the kitchen clean. I put a lovely white tablecloth on the table and I had nice bread and cakes and cookies baked. I wanted the doctor to think I was one of the best. I guess he did. He got there and after Bea was born I had dad fix the doctor something to eat. He enjoyed everything. Dad took him back to town. The doctor said, "Give me some of Virginia's clothes and nightgowns. I'm taking her with me. My wife will look after her till you get on your feet." Virginia just lacked a month of being two years old. Wasn't that something. Well, dad came in and said, "Don't name the baby yet, I want to name her." I promised so when he got back from taking the doctor to town he said, "I want to name her Ethel Beatrice." I said I liked that, so that was our third child. Walter was only a month over three years old. He couldn't say Ethel Beatrice. He said Echo Bebbus. It was quite awhile later I heard from my husband's older brother that when Dad was 16 years old he had run away from home for about 4 weeks. He went to work on a ranch and the owner had a lovely daughter named Beatrice. So many years later after we retired we traveled a lot and we went through a town about a hundred miles from Belt. Dad told me then all about leaving home and the town was where he worked and met a girl named Beatrice. I acted like it was all news to me.

Dad was wonderful. Bea was an up and at it kid. She talked early, walked when she was about 10 months old. When she was two years old, just before Christmas, she had to go out to the back house (that's what the toilet was called on the ranch). Well, it was late at night and I was making some doll clothes. She happened to see the dress. She said, "For my dolly, I bet you, because Santa is bringing me one for Christmas." She was right. Then on Saturday before Easter Bea was 2! years old. I went down to what we called the root cellar where we kept potatoes and other vegetables. As we were going up the bank to the house we had to go by the hen house. You wouldn't believe what happened. A big rabbit went into the hen house. Bea saw it. She said, "Oh Mama, he's going to get my Easter eggs for me." When she was going on four we moved to town. Her brother Walter liked to go to church. Well, she went with him so come snow or whatever she went to church. She loved it. Dad would go out and shovel the snow and make a way for her to get to the sidewalk. We lived out of town, not far but no walks. One day I had to go to town. I had a little rocking chair and I told Bea to sit in it. I banked the fire and I had her dressed warm. She did as she was told. She had to be alone so while I was gone her Aunt Bell came over and said to Bea, "Where is your Mom?" Bea said,

"She had to go to the store." Aunt Bell said, "Then you come home with me till Mom gets home." Bell only lived next door but a big yard was between. Bea said, "No, I told Mom I would sit here till she got home so I'm going to sit here." And she did. She started to school in September and she was six in November. She was really smart. Her grandmother, my husband's mother, never took to Bea. Bea was very independent. Mrs. Hill had to keep two grandchildren, her daughter Gertie said she didn't want them and if Mrs. Hill didn't want to take care of them to just give them away so Mrs. Hill kept them. Florence was over 3 years older than Bea and Robert was about the same age. Florence was hard to get along with. Robert was okay. So Florence would come between Bea and her grandmother so Bea never wanted to be with her. She said she always blamed me for everything. So one day Bea was coming home from school and Mrs. Hill was coming out of the store. She said, "Hello, Bea." Bea looked up at her and said, "Hello, Mrs. Hill," right in front of lots of people that knew all of us. Well, Mrs. Hill was really upset so she came down to our house and said, "What do you think of a grandchild right in front of all those people calling me Mrs. Hill?" Well, I said, "Did you ever call her a sweetheart or a dear. You have never shown any affection for her, never called her your grandchild, so I go along with Bea." Bea was so neat and clean from the time she could talk. By the time she was 4 years old she wanted a bath every night before bedtime. I would tell her there wasn't any hot water. She would say then she would take a cold bath and she would, summer or winter. My sister Vena was like that. She always said that Bea should be her girl. She was so clean and inspected everything. When I boarded the children in town to go to school the first thing Bea did was to go turn down the bed to see if the sheets were clean. They boarded with Mrs. Sundermyer, an elderly lady, and her husband. They were German and they would, once in awhile, eat raw hamburger. They said it was good for them, but Bea said, "Now listen, raw meat is not good for you. I want you to stop eating it." Bea was just 6 years old. Well, we went in early one Sunday evening and Mrs. Sundermyer got up real quick and put something in the pantry. Bea went and looked and there was a small dish of hamburger. Bea said, "Just the minute my back is turned you eat that hamburger and you know I told you it wasn't good for you." About the only thing Bea was careless about were the dogs. The dogs just loved the kids. When we took the children to school the dogs would follow us to the county road. And on Friday when we went after them the dogs, all 4 of them, would follow us to the county road and wait for us. Then all the way home from the county road they would bark and jump up and want the kids. The kids would get out of our old Star car, the dogs would have a ball jumping all over them. Well, when Bea had to go out to the back house I'd say, "Now Bea, don't let the dogs see you because they would grab her by the hem of her dress and, of course, tear it. So Bea would go out very quietly, then when she got nearly to the back house, she would whistle and run in and slam the door. The dogs would pound on the door and, of course, on the way back to the house the dogs would really be with her. We had a Mama dog that was going to have pups. We were wishing she would have them before school

was out so Bea wouldn't know about them, then we could give them away, but she waited till the day school was out. Well, when we got home Bea didn't see that one dog so she went looking. Well, she found her, the dog had four puppies. Bea told us but said she is digging for more. Well, the darn dog ended up with nine pups. Would you believe it. We had to keep all nine. Bea would pet them and make beds in the chairs around the table. Well, it got to the point that when the men wanted to get in the chairs for their meal the dogs were so ornery they would snap back. So we gave them away the best we could. So the people would come and bring them back and tell us they were so ornery they couldn't do anything with them. Well we finally did our best and ended up with keeping only two. I could write on and on about Bea.

Well, this is an in-between story. April 17 - I'll write more later about where I'm not living, but we were taken on a trip from here in West Covina, ~alifornia, to Hadley's Orchards, about 12 miles this side of Palm Springs and it brought back so many memories. I couldn't think of much of anything but Dad and our trips. At least once a month we would go that way on our way to Blythe, California and on to Arizona and the cactus. How we loved those trips and of course my mind went back over those times. I guess I'll have to wait a day or so before I write more as my mind keeps going back to Dad and me.

Well, today is May 2nd. It's a lovely day. There was more I wanted to tell about Bea, but I can't remember what so later.

It's a lovely day. We had physical conditioning in the dining room this morning. It was great. I enjoy it, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 9 A.M. to 9:45 A.M.

So I guess I'll start about Virginia. She was always such a good little thing. She was born in St. Louis, Mo. on Dec. 31, 1916, seventy six years after my grandmother, Mom's mother. Mom was 52 the 30th of December. We lived upstairs in a house in St. Louis. My sister Vena and my brother Bob lived with us. When Virginia was 2 months old Mom and my sister Mary also lived with us. Well, they moved to Colorado. My sister Martha and her family lived there, then Vena got married and moved to San Francisco. When Virginia was 4 months old I got sick and the doctor was away and I had to take care of Walter. He was only 14! months older than Virginia and my husband was working. My brother Bob was still with us, but no one to take care of the babies so I refused to go to bed. I was going to stay on my feet until I was well. So I did. The doctor got there the second day and said, "Why aren't you in bed?" I said, "Why were you so long getting here? I'm not going to bed till I'm well." In a few days. I was okay. . The doctor could not get over it, but my kids meant everything to me.

Well, Mom finally settled in Arroyor, Colorado, only 2 buildings and the railroad station in the town. Mom had an eating place and there were cowboys and ranchers coming into town so Mom made a living. The other building was a company store and post office.

Dad and I decided to move back to Montana, so we decided I would stay with Mom for awhile and Dad got a room and kept on working till he made enough to pay our way back to Belt. Mom only had one bedroom besides her kitchen and eating room, so I and the two kids slept on the floor. I liked that time I was with her~, I used to take Virginia for rides on a horse. The weather was great while we were there. We had to be careful. Rattlesnakes were around there. The train would drop off the mail and then the station master would come down with a sack on his back. Well, Walter was nearly two. He got a sack and he would follow the station man to the store and as the man would sort out the mail he would let Walter help him, so of course the mail was really everywhere. When the ranchers came in the store and would ask for their mail, well, the store keeper would really have to look. One day when Walter was sitting on Mom's porch I thought he was still there so I went to get him. I couldn't find him. I nearly went out of my mind, then here comes a cowboy rider. He had Walter with him. He said he was riding by to the stock yards to put some cattle on the train and Walter said, "Take me, take me." So he took him on his horse and said, "That kid really had a ball, he would yell get going and stop to the cattle as they went by." Well, what could I say. Walter was really a cowboy now. Well, Dad got there in August 1917 and we moved to Montana.

Mrs. Hill asked us to come back. She was having trouble getting the ranch taken care of. Sam was drunk all the time and the two boys were too young. So we took over the ranch work. Virginia was nearly a year old, so of course there was really a lot of work for me. Virginia was certainly a good child. One day we were going to town. I told Ginny, that's what I called her, to put her shoes on. I looked and she had the shoes on the wrong feet. I said, "Honey, you have your shoes on the wrong feet." She said, "These only feet I got." I had her dad make a chair for her and in no time she was feeding herself, but her dad would set her chair by him at the table and he would feed her. She liked that. Well, when she was nearly 2 years old, her birthday was December 31st, I gave birth to Bea on Nov. 24, 1918. When the doctor came out to deliver Bea he took Virginia home with him. The flu was really bad that year. It was sure good luck for us that none of us got it, but the doctor said if Virginia did get it he would take care of her. When she was 5 years old we moved into Belt for the winter. We gave up the ranch. Mrs. Hill would let Sam and the two young boys take over any money. We didn't hardly get anything so in the spring we went to work for a rancher. I was the cook and housekeeper. Dad worked the ranch. It worked out pretty good, but we really worked so hard. Then I got a letter from my brother Bob. His father-in-law had bought some property in Harlington, Texas, so in August 1923 I went to Illinois and had the wonderful visit with my brother John. We went to Texas with my brother and stayed there until November 20, 1923. Dad was busy all that time. He was working for a company that did harvesting. Then by the time we got back to Belt, he had a house ready for us and he went to work in the coal mine. He worked there all winter but I was worried about him working in the mine. There were so many accidents

and, of course, my dad was killed in 1904 in a cave in. It turned out the sheriff of Belt asked us to take over his ranch on a percentage so we did. We moved to the Leland ranch the first of April 1924. The kids had their own horses and they loved it. I boarded them in town for school.

One weekend Virginia was sitting in her little rocking chair. I thought she was reading, but when I looked I noticed her book was upside down. I said, "Are you reading, honey?" She said, "Yes, this is a school book." Well I noticed again that she couldn't see right so I asked her teacher so we had her taken to Great Falls to an eye doctor. She had to have an operation. It seemed she got her eye trouble in Texas. We we put her in the hospital. The doctor said she would have to keep her eyes bandaged for a few weeks. I stayed with her at the hospital. I thought I would take a walk outside for a few minutes but I worried about her and went back. She was sitting up in bed with the bandage off, feeding herself. I started to scream, I couldn't help it, and the nurse and a doctor came in to see what was wrong. When the doctor saw that bandage off Virginia's eyes he called the nurse in and stripped off her uniform and said, "I'll see that you never work again in the whole state. You know that little girl could be blind for what you did. You know I told you what to do. Do not remove those bandages until I say so." He yelled at her to get out of the hospital and stay out. She did. Then when I took Virginia home the local doctor said he wanted her to stay with him and his wife for a day or so. They were so good to her, so dad bought a battery run radio so she could listen to something. We really got good reception. Then he bought her a beautiful yellow canary. When we could let her see for awhile each day she would have a ball with the bird. Dad got a mirror and propped it on the floor and the bird would strut in front of it as though he was talking to another bird. Well she did real well and the next summer while riding a horse she fell off. I didn't realize she was hurt but she seemed to have kidney trouble so we would take her to the doctor. She was able to go to school. After awhile she seemed better so we didn't go into the doctor for awhile. Then one night she woke me up. She said, "Mama, have you paid the doctor?" I said, "Of course, honey, you were with me, then we went to the store and I bought some material to make you a new dress." She said, "Oh yes, but Mama call the doctor because I'm so sick," and she fell over on the bed. The doctor got out there right away. The poor doctor just didn't know what was wrong with her. On one of his trips out there and on his way back to town he passed the boys that lived with us and the boys stopped him and asked about Virginia. He said, "She is going to die, there is nothing I can do." Well, when the boys got home I heard them tell Dad. They didn't know I heard them. They said, "The doctor said not to tell Ethel." There were two girls Virginia's age that had just died in town from some disease and the doctor thought that was what was wrong with Virginia. Well, I nearly went crazy. I called the doctor and asked him to get a nurse to be with Virginia every minute. The doctor said, "Ethel, there isn't any nurse around here." Well, I got on the phone and called the doctor that took care of Virginia's eyes.

Grandma Hill is living in a retirement home now in West Covina, Ca. Hopefully, she will continue to write down the anectdotes of our family and this document can continue to entertain and inform us all. The typing to date was finished on Oct.18, 1981 by Linda Cover, Bea's daughter-in-law.

Linda and I intend to try to construct a family tree from this information and hope to distribute it to as many of the family as are interested. We hope you enjoy reading about this remarkable woman and our history as much as we have.

Linda and Ed (Dennis) Cover