PREFACE

This manuscript is the product of tape-recorded interviews conducted by Mary Jane Feagans for the Oral History Office during the summer of 1975. Mary Jane Feagans transcribed the tapes and edited the transcript. Virginia LeMar, niece of Lucile Daniels Kirby, reviewed the transcripts.

Lucile Daniels Kirby was born in Menard County, Illinois on August 5, 1891. Since her father George W. Daniels worked for Wells Fargo between periods of farming in Menard County, much of Mrs. Kirby's childhood was spent moving from house to house. Her early childhood was spent mostly in Kansas and Colorado. At age twelve she moved permanently to Menard County. When she married, she and her husband Carl Kirby moved to the old Kirby homeplace in Sandridge until the Depression when they moved to one of the houses on the Daniels farm.

Mrs. Kirby has been very active in the church. The many offices she held included president of the United Church Women, state chairman of children's work, and superintendent of the Sunday school for approximately forty years. She began, or was instrumental in starting, 4-H in Menard County, Home Bureau, and showing the importance of having a county nurse. She was also active in politics.

Readers of the oral history memoir should bear in mind that it is a transcript of the spoken word, and that the interviewer, narrator and editor sought to preserve the informal, conversational style that is inherent in such historical sources. Sangamon State University is not responsible for the factual accuracy of the memoir, nor for views expressed therein; these are for the reader to judge.

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Lucile Kirby, July and August, 1975, Tallula, Illinois.
Mary Jane Feagans, Interviewer.

Q. Mrs. Kirby, where and when were you born?

A. Well, I was born on August 5, 1891 in a little old, old home a mile and a half east of Petersburg, in the same room in which my mother was born. It was in the home where she had grown up and even married. Across the road was the home of my great-grandfather. Later on when we came back to Illinois, it was into the home of my great-grandfather that we moved.

Q. What was his name?

A. Henry Clark was his name. Henry Clark. Two brothers came to Illinois in Menard County about the same time. And they married sisters. Their offspring then were double cousins, and we children were taught to call them uncle and aunt, [this] has made it very confusing for the later ones to know what relation they were to any of them. (laughs)

But anyway, my mother and father became acquainted because of the fact that she was sent to the Conservatory of Music in Jacksonville, Illinois for special training in piano. Having been a daughter of a church family, she went to the church that they attended here--the denomination, which was the Baptist. It was at the Baptist church and the young people's program that my mother met my father.

My father was George W. Daniels, quite well-known, I think, among Menard County, because later we came here and lived quite a long time. [My father] was a native of Morgan County, and the Daniels, back several generations, came to Morgan County. I can stand in one place in the cemetery, in Old East Cemetery by name, in Jacksonville, and be right in the midst of seven of my grandparents; where they are buried. And I can look over a hill and see where another pair of my grandparents were [buried]. Well, that meant only one pair of just grandparents, the rest of them were great-grandparents and one great-great-grandparent. That's Morgan County history, and in the Morgan County History of 1879, I believe it is, and the old Atlas, is much of the history of the Daniels family, you'll find.

So they were married in a little church, a Baptist church, Baker's Prairie, east of Petersburg on November 5, 1889. And, my father was employed at that time with Wells Fargo in Kansas City, Missouri. He had been privileged to graduate from high school in Jacksonville, which was not always the privilege of all of the young people at that particular time. It would not have been his privilege, probably, because his family was a large family, except that everyone was interested in anybody else having an education. And part of the family allowed him to live with them and work for them. Well, even I did that, when I went to Illinois College later, I worked for my board. So

we were a family that were very much interested in education. So he did graduate from high school.

But he worked for the Wells Fargo Company, and so they went back to Kansas City to establish their new home. Well, about a year later, my grandfather and grandmother, who lived in this place out here that I told you I was born, decided they wanted to move to town. They begged my parents to move to the farm, and farm. Well of course, my father had been raised on the farm and he had that in his blood. And he decided that he would. My mother had had some land given to her as a little start, and they came back. I read in Grandma's diary not long ago that after about two years, Grandma wrote, "Well, George and Alice have given up (laughter) and gone back to Kansas City, so I guess they're not going to farm."

So he went back to his really, almost beloved Wells Fargo, because somehow or another, they couldn't divorce themselves from each other. He worked there for many years, in Kansas City. He did later let his brother-in-law talk him into moving to another town in Missouri, and then go into a hardware and undertaking business. That lasted about a year and a half or two years. And he went back to Wells Fargo. Then they gave him such a good opportunity to go ahead in Colorado, so we started quite a few years of life living in Colarado. Wells Fargo was a good deal like some of the companies are. And advancement in your profession, or whatever it was you were doing, meant a move. So that is the reason we moved so many times in that particular era of our living. Later on it was another reason.

But we lived in Colorado Springs more than any other place. And he started in there as night--well, I don't know what you really called it. They stayed open all night, you know, in the offices, in the general offices. And then of course, he worked up to day, but he worked in special assignments in Cripple Creek. We lived in Victor; that's where we had the gold mines. And I can remember as a child going through the gold mines and how thrilled we were, and picking gooseberries on my birthday, which is August 5, on the top of Mount Pisgah. (laughs) Gooseberries always come earlier there, you know.

Of course, we then went back to live--we owned a home in Colorado Springs. And then we were transferred to Boulder, Colorado. Now this was about 1902. We lived in Boulder not too long, just about, really, I'm not too sure we stayed there a full year. Because here commenced the letters from Illinois coming for us to come back and live on Grandpa's place. Of course, I was very keen on it, because as a child I had come back to Illinois no matter where we lived, every summer, to bother Grandma and all the relatives for about a month.

Q. Was this your father's parents or your mother's parents?

A. No, it was my mother's parents, here in this county, Menard County. I loved the farm and I wanted to come back and farm. But really, the real reason was because in Colorado Springs they only had seven grades before you entered high school, and I was in the seventh. When we moved to Boulder, they had nine grades before you went into high school, and I had to be taken into the superintendent's office and given special attention to find out where to put me, and they put me in the ninth grade. And then we moved back

in December, to Illinois; Petersburg, Illinois where I told you I was born. Here they had eight grades, so I went to the country school for about three months, and then entered high school, Petersburg Harris High School in the fall of 1904 from the home which had been my great-grandparents, which he had built. Well, we lived there two years, and then my father commenced buying farms.

He bought a farm east of Petersburg and we lived there until just after I graduated from high school in 1908. I was then sixteen. I went then to Illinois College. Now even then in 1908, it wasn't too common for girls to go to high school. And my mother overheard—because we had a party line on the telephone—she heard one of our neighbors say, "They're gonna let that Daniels girl go to Jacksonville to school. I just think it's terrible. She oughta be staying at home and helping her mother." (laughter) Well anyway, I went, but I didn't go but two years. And the reason I didn't go but for two years was that just shortly before I left for college, I met a young man who was going that fall over to the University of Illinois. And it so happened that his mother and father wanted to go to town to live, and they wanted very much to go in the spring of 1911. So he wanted me to marry him. So I only went to Illinois college for two years.

We were married on February 15, 1911. Then we moved to his home, which was on Sandridge, seven miles north of Petersburg in a big old family home, built by his grandfather. His mother and father had come to live with them when they became old. They didn't go to nursing homes in those days. Their children took care of them. And we lived in that big old house, and I started my life as a farmer's wife. And I was happy because I had said for quite some time that nobody but a farmer need apply. And so that's the way we started out.

Well, what did we do. Of course, I'd have loved to told you a little bit about things I remember as a little girl.

Q. Please do.

A. Well, let's see, where shall I begin? Kansas City?

Q. Fine.

A. I don't remember anything that happened up until then, but I remember starting to school in Kansas City. I remember walking home from school one night the sickest child that could be, because it turned out that I had diptheria. And I remember the woman that lived next to us real closely was a dressmaker. Another thing was true was that you got your clothes mostly made by your parent, your mother, or a dressmaker in those days. You didn't go to the store and buy them ready-made. And she had these great big catalogs with colored pictures. She sent me over one of them while I was recuperating from that. Why, I was cutting out paper dolls and finding other dresses that fit them and things. And at that particular place where we lived, we lived right around the corner from Jesse James.

Q. The outlaw?

A. Yes. I didn't really tell that exactly right. It wasn't his home. It was his mother's home; it was where his mother lived, but he came there a good deal. And we children knew all about Jesse James. In fact, my father at one time, which I can prove to you, because in my scrapbook I have a picture which shows our home and a block away a corner drugstore, which showed that my father had actually seen him there. And it cleared him of one of the train robberies--none of the rest of them, none of the rest of them were involved. We children used to go around the block and we'd say we wanted to go by her home. Now my father knew Jesse James, and he also knew Mrs. James. I don't know whether Mother did or not. I really don't know. But I can remember that we'd go around that block, and in spite of ourselves when we'd get right in front of their house, we'd start to run. (laughter)

The other thing I remember about it was that my father kept a horse. Her name was Daisy, and we had a trap. Now you wouldn't know what a trap was, I don't suppose. But a trap--you've seen it in a movie probably--it wasn't like a carriage or a surrey with the fringe on top, although we had those later. It was a thing that you could fold up and it had a front seat and the other was folded up. But when it was opened up, why, you had room enough.

By that time, before we left Kansas City, we had three children. And of course, much to my father's sorrow, we were all three girls, (laughs) which is probably the reason they didn't stay on the farm in the first place. If I'd have been a boy, they probably would have stayed in the first place. I don't know, I figured about that a little bit. But we would go out to Troost Park on Sunday afternoon and listen to John Philip Sousa, the band leader. And that is really one of the big highlights to me.

And then we'd go to a place where they had shoot-the-shoots, which is a place where the boat would come down, and just all of a sudden, it would go almost straight down into the water and come up, just like diving, like a person diving, only it would be the boat full of people that would dive. We'd go out and watch that. Kansas City was quite a progressive city even then. We did have relatives in there on the Daniels side, but other than that we had no attachments to Kansas City.

Well, let's see. In relationship to my childhood, in Menard County, of course, it was those visits home every summer. And the first thing I would do would be to run to the desk--which I have now in my dining room, a big, tall desk--in a little drawer, and there was a little pair of old-fashioned glasses that I could put on. I would put them on, and then I would run to the orchard because they would make me feel like I was going through the sky.

Those orchards, around those orchards are many of my memories. Apples that we don't see now; those gorgeous apples--Punkin Sweets, Ramboes, Ben Davis, Winesap. A few of them we have nowadays, but most of them we don't. Ewell Gibbons would really love it to know that not a one of them were ever sprayed and yet they were perfect apples. (laughter) That's where we've lost something, I don't know what. We can't have anything unless it's sprayed and sprayed and sprayed. And then we have to take the consequence of spray.

Well, I think that's enough about my childhood, except that I hate to leave out--oh no, I mustn't leave out Old Salem Chautauqua. Now old Salem Chautauqua,

to me, has always been the reason for the high cultural level of this area. It was the second largest Chautauqua in the United States, only the mother Chautauqua of New York was larger. And we had a large beautiful campground. We'd have five or six thousand people there to hear, for instance, O'Brien, old Senator Gore. We'd have Senator Gore back and back, and Senator Gore would stand up there every time. He'd always say this one thing. He'd always say, "There are some few good Republicans and some few bad Democrats." (laughter) He was a United States Senator from the South. Well, we had so many of the main orators and then in addition to it, we had the CLSC [Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle].

Q. What is the CLSC?

A. Chautauqua Literary Society--now I don't know what the last was--CLSC. And those women studied about Roman history, Roman art, Greek and things like that. And many of those books I've had still here, that were Grandma's. She was a graduate of CLSC. But we had study groups, we had hand craft groups; the children had all kinds of different things. We had a 7:30 prayer meeting every morning in Brownelle Hall.

Q. Where is that?

A. In Chautauqua Grounds. Haven't you ever been out to the Chautauqua Grounds, yet?

Q. Yes, but I haven't been out there.

A. Well, it's still there. It was last summer. But now, of course, for the sake of anybody that might be interested, it's just a camping, not a camping ground, but a rural--I don't know what you'd call it. Many of the families still have the cottages they did. A lot of people have built, and it's a very lively little community. No special organization, but it's just across the river from New Salem Park and is responsible for New Salem State Park being what it is. Because I was in the audience the day William Randolph Hearst stood up there on the platform and told us that he was that day giving so many thousand dollars for the piece of land across the river, which had been famous and had been a tourist attraction, as the steamboat went across the river over there to see some trees that had Abraham Lincoln's initials on them. He deeded that to the Old Salem Chautauqua, and it was out of that growth, and then later on, the organization of New Salem League that the State was encouraged to take over New Salem. And that's how it happened. But it was a result of Old Salem Chautauqua. And all kinds of study groups.

We had poets, we had beautiful music groups, and everything else. And we had rivalry between our communities, Mason City and Petersburg, in the production of plays and musical groups. They came in from everywhere here. It was a very large encampment and it would last for two solid weeks, sometimes a little bit more than that in the summertime. Well, I commenced to come back even when we'd come to visit. And Grandma would let me stay all night with her out at Chautauqua. The rest of the time we'd be visiting with somebody else. We generally made our visits coincide with part of Chautauqua, with part of it not Chautauqua.

I can remember one other thing about my grandmother's home in Petersburg during that period. And that was a grape arbor. You can cut this out of the tape. There was a grape arbor that went from the back door and it turned right angles and went out to the outdoor toilet. Now not very many people in the county had indoor toilets at that time. And they were luscious grapes; there were different kinds of grapes. And you know we had to go out there lots more times when we could have stayed away (laughter) because of the grapes that were there, which didn't help the situation any. That house is still up here in Petersubrg, and there is still a few of the grapes, by the way.

Q. Who owns the house now?

A. The barber that's up there on the hill on Sangamon Avenue. Just before you turn the corner to go to the cemetery where Ann Rutledge is buried, and the rest of them. Carl can tell you what his name is. I really can't think of it. You get my age you are liable to forget things. Well anyway, it will come to me. But I find out a lot of young people nowadays forget names, too.

Q. Right, (laughter) we certainly do.

A. We're living too fast a life I think nowadays. There are just too many things to remember. Your poor brains can't hold it all. Well, now where do you want me to go? Do you have any questions you want to ask me?

Q. What was your mother's name?

A. My mother's name was Clark.

Q. What was her first name?

A. Alice.

Q. When was she born?

A. 1868. And she and my father were living in this house in 1937 when he was killed in an automobile accident coming home from Springfield after a big cattle meeting. Then we came in here in this home to live with Mother. Mother lived nine years after that. So that's that.

Q. It was a car accident in which your father died?

A. Yes.

Q. What happened?

A. Well, a woman in Salisbury, who was having a fight with her husband went in to tell her mother about it in Springfield, and started out with a gallon of gas, and as a result of it, that's what happened. It was a collision. And he was killed, and Carl--that's the basis of my husband's knee problem. He was very badly injured then. But he manages to get around now a little bit and everything else.

Let me tell you a little bit about the Daniels' side of the house as well as the Clarks'. I told you they were interested in education. I was told by the president of Illinois College not long ago that the basic book of history, earliest history of Illinois College, was written by my great-uncle Charlie Barton who was a minister. And the Bartons accounted for the number of grandparents I had. [They] were related to the Daniels through marriage. And I'm kind of proud that on my DAR [Daughters of the American Revolution] papers Clara Barton's name, the one who established the Red Cross, is on there. The Barton family was a very well-educated family. They lived in Jacksonville. Uncle Charlie Barton was a Presbyterian minister, and he was one of the early ones. They came into Jacksonville in the 1820's, like the Clarks did into Menard County in the early 1820's.

Q. Where did the Bartons come from?

A. They all came from the East, of course. Now the Barton history--it's in the closet on one of those shelves, exactly where they came from. But you've asked me one question that I'm not sure about where they came from. You mean when they came to America?

Q. Right. Or when they came to Jacksonville, [Illinois].

A. Well, most of them, you know, either came from--well, I'll take the others just for instance. Maybe it'll come to me about the Bartons. My great-grandmother on Mother's side, Winters. Their name was Winters. She was born in Chazy, New York. She went to a girls finishing school there and a, I don't know what we'd call it now, but anyway learned to teach school. She went into Ohio to teach. When she got into Ohio, she met a young man teacher there. They fell in love and they got married. They came from Ohio straight to Athens, Illinois, a part of Menard County and settled here. He was on the first town board of Athens. And that's that side of it.

Q. What was his name?

A. Winters. Seneca Winters. And I have much memorabilia of all these four name families, Clark, Winters, Daniels, two volume history here on the Daniels. Then we start in, if you're going to start in on what I've got, is the Kirbys. And Carl's great-great-grandfather, the genealogy has just been more recently added to, he was born in the 1700's, a soldier in both the Revolutionary and war of 1812. So my DAR papers came through the Bartons, through a father and son both. Do you know the Combs girl that married the Shipley? She got hers through this gentleman here, the Revolutionary soldier part of it.

Q. Through Jesse Kirby?

A. Yes, through Jesse Kirby. And in this one here . . .

Q. Let me say the name of the book first, Our Heritage, Volume II, compiled by Ralene Ricbaugh.

A. Now here's the picture of the early home. He came through Virginia. He died in Henry County, Virginia. But they came directly to Kentucky. Part of the Bartons came from Vermont. I have a diary here written way over a hundred

years ago where one of them went back in the summer of 1834, and she wrote a diary all the way [when] she went back. She taught school in Jacksonville, Illinois. She went back and it took her six weeks by stagecoach. One of the most interesting things in it, she worried about the levity of some of the young people that rode along with her. (laughs) I remember that.

Now they came from early in New England, Connecticut, and Vermont, I believe it is. I know she went back to Vermont, because I remember the diary . . . (inaudible) . . . I haven't looked at it for a long time. They came, and they came by way of Tennessee. Most of them either came by Carolina, Tennessee. Some of then Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky to here. Now like the others, they came from Chazy, New York, Ohio directly to Illinois. The different ones came different ways. The Daniels came from Dorchester, England, and settled and really created, helped to found the town of Dorchester, Massachusetts. They came from Massachusetts. And then when they came here, they came the Tennessee route, too. That's how they got acquainted with the Bartons, and intermarried with the Barton family, because they met them in Tennessee. That's just a little background history. I hope it's absolutely correct, but if it isn't, anybody that wants to wade through the material, there is a lot of it here, as far as that part of it is concerned. Now, have I done enough along there; let's see. Do you want me to tell you what I started to do when I got married?

Q. First, why don't you tell us how you took the exam when you came back from Kansas City.

A. Oh you mean after I was in the eighth grade here?

Q. Right.

A. Well, at that time in Menard County, and it had been for some time, they had just taught the seventh and eighth grades alternately in the rural schools. I don't know if they did in town, too, or not--no, just the rural schools. They would alternate them one year, and then one year they would have a central examination which they would take at the schoolhouse where they were. The alternate year then, those who had taken the central would take the final. You could take the final first if you were in the eighth grade. No. You took central and final both. That was the way you did that. So I did make it in those few months that I was in that little rural school. By the way, that is the schoolhouse bell that I went to school with (points to bell on table) up there; we'd ring it.

I got by a little bit because I was a tomboy and I could play ball. But I did not have too happy an experience in school because I'd been going to city schools and wore little white starched pinafores, you know? And the children there all had calico aprons, you know. And I begged Mother for one, but I didn't get it, but I wasn't there long enough. I think my sister did maybe get one when they started there the next year.

Q. The children teased you about your dress?

A. Oh, they thought I was uppish because I wore a white, you know, you know how they would. And I wanted to leave it off, and she wouldn't let me.

Q. And you wanted to be plain?

A. Yes, I surely did. That's the reason I've got that plain picture over there on the wall (a young blond haired girl dressed in a calico dress writing on her slate). Of course, we used slates. In Colorado--that was the one reason that I hated to leave Colorado schools because we had such a wonderful art program. We had real art teachers, you know, and real music teachers, which we didn't have here.

Well, then I was supposed to take the final examination. I took the central one and passed it at school. You want me to tell that about going to Atterberry?

Q. Yes, go ahead.

A. Well, the schoolteacher, by the way, was a third cousin of mine, I think, because that whole area over there was made up of Clarks, relatives.

Q. Which area was that?

A. East of Petersburg. Over in there, were all kinds of them, but I'm the oldest one left here now, by the way. There is only one other that's anywhere near my age, and there's not very many Clarks around here and no Winters close--there is one at Springfield. But anyway, my teacher came with her horse and buggy and brought me to Petersburg, and we put the horse and buggy in the livery barn. And we got on the C.P. and ST.L. [Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis] train and rode to Atterberry, Illinois, which is the next station, about six miles, I guess. It's not much more than that, is it? We got off and went to the schoolhouse, and when we got there they said that it wasn't there that day, that it had been held there the day before. Now they had had it at different schools so as to accommodate the people, so they wouldn't have to drive too far throughout the county. So we came back to Petersburg on the next train, which fortunately came a couple of hours afterward, I think. We came back to Petersburg, went to the livery barn, hired a team and drove seven and one-half or eight miles south of Petersburg to a little county school called Liberty and got there just as the children taking it there were having their noon lunch. I took all the examinations there except arithmetic, and I had to take it in R. D. Miller's office, the county superintendent of schools, later.

Q. Did you pass the test?

A. Oh yes, I did.

Q. Did most of the people pass?

A. Well, I was told that there was only a third in the county that passed. So my folks thought I did fairly well. I didn't get the kind of grades I'd been in the habit of getting, but I did get through.

Well anyway, after I married and took on the responsibilities of this great big house with largely--of course everything on the floor--and largely the furniture that they didn't want to take to town because they'd got new furniture, with the addition of a few things that my family got for me. Now, it

was the custom at that time among farmers--if your daughter married--your father gave them a team of horses and a cow and maybe a sow or two. And it happened that he was just going on with the farming operations that were there, and my husband didn't need them. So instead of that, I suggested to my father that he might get me a piano instead, which he did. Mother got me a new kitchen cabinet, which was something new in those days. The old dough board thing that was there--Mother Kirby got a new one when she went to Petersburg. And then, later on, because I did have a wedding, a home wedding with eighty-some odd guests.

Q. Where was the wedding?

A. In Petersburg, where Daddy was living. I didn't tell you that about my father. He started buying farms, and in between buying farms, he would move to Petersburg, maybe. And at one time, he served in the courthouse as deputy assessor. And then, oh, he would be looking for another farm. I know that there are seven houses in Petersburg that he lived in. That's one way to count how many different farms he . . .

Q. Did he buy these farms as investments?

A. No, he wanted to make a little money. He wanted to make money. He wanted to make money. This is what he really did. He'd buy a farm, and there was a new thing out which was called a patented gate. A patented gate was a white, oh a very fine looking thing that you put at the entrance to your farm where you went in. You'd drive up to it, and there would be a thing hanging down there, a pole. And you'd pull that, and it would open the gate. (laughs) It would open the gate, and then when you got on the other side, there was another place where you could pull it and it would shut it. We always kidded my father and said that the reason that he could buy a farm and sell it for more was because the first thing he did when he bought a new farm was to put up a patented gate. (laughter) That's really what he did. But he did it. He had a growing family. We had five in our family, one of which was born after we came back here. She and I were the only two that were born in Illinois, and the rest of them, really, were all born in Missouri. We had five.

Well anyway, I'm still going to tell you what I did when I married. Let's see. We married in February, which meant beginning the first day of March, we started getting up at four o'clock in the morning, because that's when farmers got up. I'm not sure we did that day. I don't think we did because we did have a little . . .

Q. You mean the day after you got married?

A. No. (laughs) We married the fifteenth of February. But that's the way we did every other year then that year. But we did go to Pekin where his sister lived and we stayed up there about a week before we came home and really got into the harness, and everybody got moved, you know. The folks got moved to Petersburg.

By the way, when I was talking about the new furniture, one day after we were married maybe two or three months, it dcesn't seem to me it was that long, but

anyway, my father-in-law came out, Carl's father, and he said, "You've got so many pretty dishes." Well I did have, and I still have most of them, because I was married in the cut glass, hand-painted china era, see. And he said, "I'm going to get you something to put them in." And so he got me a beautiful china cabinet. And I was sure proud of that, very proud of that china cabinet. So that's about what I had that was new.

Q. Do you still have the china cabinet?

A. No, it's here in Tallula though. But when Father was killed, and we moved over here, Mother had furniture, and I let the Stiltzes have it for fifteen dollars. I've offered them several times more than that for it back, but I don't have it. I do have this big chest of Grandma's with the back. I'm not worrying too much about it, but I really would like--one of those with bowed glass, you know, in front. But I do have enough--of course, I've given the children some of the different ones, some of them.

I should have told you that--no, I shouldn't either because I'm not that far in the story, only part way. Well anyway, as I think of things, I'm going to spout them out.

At four o'clock in the morning, for years and years and years was when the hired man came. And some years we'd have two hired men. And that meant that they had to be cooked for clear through past Thanksgiving, sometimes, by the time all the corn was shucked. Because it was shucked in a big wagon with a bunkboard in the back, you know. Boy, at four o'clock in the morning was too late to get out there because everybody had to beat his neighbor, (laughs) had to beat his neighbor to do it. Well, that was a little bit of farming.

And, for instance, about farming, throughout the year it was feeding all of those that came. When the father-in-law would have corn pens built, or cattle sheds, or something or other, they did cattle and everything, I boarded all my men. At 11:30 in the morning, I could look out many a morning and see a horse and buggy coming up slowly down the road, and it would be the carpenter. And he'd always know that he wanted to get to our house at 11:30, because you were supposed to get dinner for whoever was there. So life was interesting.

Well, we had hired men as I said. We farmed. We had one married man always in our tenant house, not a tenant house, yes, in a hired man's house. And we always had at least one, and part of the time two, in the house. Then we would have threshers to get dinner for, and I've cooked dinner for forty, easily. Now a good many people did differently than I did. I don't know why I didn't more, except to me, it was easier to do it myself, than it was to tell everybody else what to do. I was strong and big, and I'd plan ahead. So maybe with one or two to help me to serve, you know. And then some of the men would be coming back from town with their load before they'd get another, although we were, you see, from the elevator, maybe eight miles; so they wouldn't get more than two loads a day. Well, here memories crowd, the things that you did.

It was the same way in the wintertime when you butchered. When you butchered--what I started to say was that I didn't have all the women come in like some of them did, which was the custom at that time. That would be one time when they'd

have all their neighbors come in, and you'd go there. Well, that just meant preparing that much more food, and that much more confusion, you know. And to me, it was that much more work. But I'd have just what help I needed, and I'd help them back. But then in the wintertime, we'd have butchering, and we'd have a lot of men for that.

Then, we put up our own ice. We had an ice house, and we'd put up our own ice. When the men would come to do that, they'd have their sleds, sometimes wagons, and they'd go down to the lake which was close by. And whenever the ice was thick enough, they'd saw the ice--we still have an old ice saw down here, I think--and put it up. Then when we wanted to make ice cream in the summertime, why we just went out to the ice house and dug it out of the sawdust, because that's what we kept in it.

Q. Did it keep well?

A. Oh yes, real well, real well.

Q. Didn't the ice melt together?

A. No, the sawdust in between.

Q. Oh, you put sawdust in between?

A. Oh yes. Oh yes, surely. And I used to think it was awful smart to surprise my husband. I'd never tell him anything about it, but I'd get up in that old ice house and dig out a . . . (inaudible) . . . and have ice cream for him for dinner, and he wouldn't know that I was going to have it. But anyway, we had lots of fun. Eventually, it got to the place where you could get ice in town. We had an old icebox that we put the ice in the top. We didn't have an ice man to deliver it. We had to wrap it up in blankets, and put it in the back of the buggy. Of course, later on when we got a car--and of course, that was a new epic in our life when we got to the place where we could have a car. That was 1917.

Now from 1911 to 1917, there still weren't any little children running around that Kirby home. Not until that particular year, and I never thought of it until just now, that was the same year we got our first Ford, our first car. Why we got a little boy who was two years old. We reared him--now living in Arizona, four boys, grandchildren, of his own.

Q. What's his name?

A. Well, it's William Kirby.

Q. Did you adopt him?

A. No, we didn't exactly adopt him, but we had legal papers that we would keep him until he was, you know, and educate him, if he wanted special education. He graduated from Petersburg High School. No, he didn't. Excuse me. He graduated from Tallula High School.

When we moved over here to Father's place, during the Depression, we got hit.

We went ahead and farmed, and so forth and so on until Carl's father became ill unexpectedly and died.

Q. What did he die of?

A. Well, it started with erysipelas, which he got the infection, we always thought from the barbershop, but we didn't know. He'd had a sore there. Then it was a kidney complication. And he died. And he'd always told my husband that all the homeplace was to be his. But before he died, he said one day, he remembers that he said, "And I don't have my papers fixed up." So he died without a will and the place was sold. You know that's what happens so many times. The older brother who was a lawyer lived in Oklahoma, it looked awful good to him, that big farm did down there. And so he came and he made the first and only bid, which was very high. And it was 1927. And you know what happened in 1929. Well, the Carl Kirby ownership ended at that time and we became a renter. That's really what happened.

Q. You had to sell the farm?

A. We did sell it, in two pieces.

Q. Do you remember how much it went per acre?

A. Oh, I think about one hundred eighty-something [dollars], but we were getting offered thirteen cents for corn. See, that's the kind of comparison. And hogs, you pretty near had to give them away. And we had this heavy, heavy responsibility to the bank, which we got the loan from the Schirding bank, you know. And then the brother became very ill from a football injury at Drake. He was a patient at Mayo's [Mayo clinic, Rochester, Minnesota] for several years. And he passed away before too long. But his wife, thankfully, was professionally trained.

END OF SIDE ONE

A. She lived on the other house on the farm, by the way. She moved to Petersburg. She got a state job and they lived in Springfield. She stayed on living there in Springfield.

Q. There were two houses on the farm?

A. There were three houses at the time that we bought it. Well, my father was interested in our welfare, and gave us advice. He wanted us to come out here and live on part of this farm.

Q. Which farm was that?

A. Where we are now was part of it and the old Conover place over here. This was known as the Spears farm, and that was the Conover farm. My father at that time had owned that, well, I know since 1919. Because in 1919 my only brother--who did come forth in the family--died at West Point, just following the armistice.

Q. How did he die?

A. That flu epidemic that we had.

Q. What year was this?

A. January of 1919. He had the flu just right around Christmas. And I had the last letter from him, and he said, "I had the flu but I would certainly blame anybody for dying with what I had." But, I hadn't much more than received it, when a telegram came from West Point that he was critically ill with pneumonia. And my father started to go there. He had been so proud of his son. Because he was a good friend of Henry T. Rainey, the representative from this area; through Henry T. Rainey he had gotten the appointment for George there. He also got it, by the way, for Boeker Batterton at Tallula, but he went into the navy. I believe it was navy. Anyway, he was a very close friend of Henry T. Rainey. But anyway, they caught him in Chicago and he had died. So, that's where they were living in 1919. That's one time he moved to town that he didn't sell a farm. And I never thought of that before. (laughs) He moved to town because they wanted him to be something at the courthouse. He kept that, and then later they had got settled in a new home in Petersburg, and Mother was very happy.

She's always had to work awfully hard because she had five children--four of them girls--keeping them agoing, you know. (laughs) And men and everything else, because she was farming all that time, one place and the other. One of Daddy's friends said that George Daniels' chickens crossed their feet everytime the moon changed (laughs) because he moved so many times, different farms and so forth. Well anyway, that's where they lived.

Q. The Conover place?

A. Yes. But when we came out here then, we came when Dad said, "Well, come on out here."

Q. To where you live now?

A. Not this house, but the other one, the Conover house. We moved out here in the spring of 1931. See the big blowup was 1929. And by 1931 we didn't have anything much left. We just came over here and really had to start over again. So we lived there from 1931 until, as I told you, Daddy was killed in 1937. And then we moved over here. He owned all of it here at the time of his death. And one thing I think perhaps I've been more grateful about, although it meant an awful lot of work for me, was that we were able as children to hold the farm together. Because in spite of him knowing how many of his farmer friends had had to give up their farms, he managed to keep it. We did not have to sell it. We kept it. I was the agent, and I did Mother's work as administrator and our own. And he had bought another farm over by Springfield around Salisbury. While there were a good many difficult years, we kept it together. And that way, as I said I was the agent, and at the end of the year, we had a sizeable amount for each one of the children, which is largely responsible for the fact that we've got it as grandchildren.

I'm sure my daddy was so interested--I call him that affectionately--in their

education above everything else. Because we found out after his death--we had young people come to us and say, "I never would have got to go on to school if it hadn't been for your father." One girl came and she said, "Now don't worry too much. I just can't do it now, unless I can make some special arrangements with the bank." Or she said, "I could stop school for a while." And Daddy had helped her with money and didn't even tell any of the rest of the family, because he was interested in young people. But that made it possible, you see, for her to go to college.

My sister Lois and her husband were in Virginia, they lived near Richmond in Virginia, the county seat, and were in the newspaper business. She lost her husband early, by the way. She has been the editor and publisher and everything and is now known nationally in the newspaper world. My sister Mary lived near Springfield. They came and lived on the Conover part of the farm. Grider, Mary Grider. And then they moved into town. Did I say owned it? I didn't mean owned it. They farmed it until Loren's death.

We still kept it altogether until after Mother's death, which was in 1946, and then by the end of 1947 we were able to divide the whole farm. So I had to become a business guy. We bought this place because we had moved over here with Mother. Mary and Loren bought the Conover place over there. And my sister who was in the newspaper business by that time, her husband had died and she took it all over, she took money. My sister who lives in Champaign took part of the good land. Now since everything has been--and Mary died. Now since that time, my sister who lived in Champaign and Virginia Lee and her husband have bought this farm over here. So this farm that my father had originally is all family owned.

Q. Virginia Lee is Mary's daughter?

A. Yes, Mrs. LeMar, the one that you know so well in Tallula. So they own all of that part of it over there, except the twenty-five extra acres that my sister in Champaign bought. Let's see, let's go back a little bit. When we lived on Sandridge--shall we go back there?

Q. Yes. Where is Sandridge?

A. Sandridge is just about eight miles from where you were brought up. (laughs) East of Oakford, and you were brought up west of Oakford, weren't you?

Q. Yes, about five miles west of Oakford.

A. Well, it was a little farther than that then. I think they officially called it seven miles, but they always called it eight.

Q. East?

A. Right straight east of Oakford, out there. Well, I had always been with my folks, a part of any church, in whatever community we lived. They were all, all my forebearers were church people. They weren't all the same denomination. In fact, I can remember my grandfather and grandmother had many arguments between Baptists and Methodists. The Bartons were Presbyterian

preachers, and (laughs) so it was between, but my mother and father were both Baptists.

So I regretted very much that I couldn't be in Sunday school every Sunday like I always had been. And I really wasn't able to do so out there because it was so far from Petersburg to drive horse and buggy. So we said that whenever we got the first car, we would start. And we did. And because Carl's father and mother had started to the Christian church in Petersburg, we started into the Christian church.

Well, I hadn't been there too long when they asked me to work in the children's division. They really elected me in January, but they didn't think to tell me until August. (laughter) Kitty Warnsing was the superintendent of the children's division, and I started in there.

Then they had a county meeting, that was statewide Sunday School Association, that came here. It had died down. In the earlier day---I still have records of my grandmother when she was statistical secretary of the Menard County Sunday School Association when they had 52 Sunday schools in Menard County. And they had to report on what they did for the beginners, and the primaries, and the juniors, and the intermediates, (laughs) and how many visits are made. They had Sunday school in all the schoolhouses, in addition to what churches they had. So she was the one that was probably responsible for the, although I almost called it the divine spark, of my interest in the ecumenical movement.

First they called it the Sunday School Union. The Illinois branch of all these was the Illinois Sunday School Association. Later on it became the Illinois Council of Religious Education, and later on in 1936, we organized the Illinois Church Council, which was a merger of about four state organizations. And then there were some new ones. We created the United Church Women. Of course, it had a different name, too. But eventually, right now it is Church Women United. And even the Catholics belong to it. But it was the whole ecumenical movement. Oh, I was so excited about that meeting. And as a result, why then, of course, they grabbed onto anybody that was interested. I was young, you see---I was only nineteen when I married---about twenty-three. So I started working in that.

Eventually I became the state chairman of children's work. And that was when they were still the Illinois Sunday School Association. Then we became the Illinois Council of Religious Education, which a lot of the old-timers didn't want. They had organizations down in every county, and down in the counties they had districts, you know. And then some of them had subdivisions in there. And you reported, and you had meetings, and you studied together, and all of that, which is all gone by the wayside, I'm afraid, as far as that part of it is concerned. Maybe it should, I don't know. And so I became interested in that.

From then on, about 1923, in spite of my local work at the Petersburg Christian Church, until we moved out here in 1931, we still went there. Because I was superintendent of the Sunday school at that time, and so the preacher wanted me to stay so bad, and I did. I didn't start over at the Christian church in Tallula until Daddy was killed in 1937, because Mother was going there and

that meant security for her, emotionally. And so then I started going over here. I took the--we called it the Child Guidance Commission of the Illinois Church Council. As a result of that, they elected me the Christian Families chairman of that.

Then later on, one day when I was in the restroom down in the basement of the Peoria First Baptist Church, they elected me the president of the United Church Women. (laughs) The door was locked and I couldn't get out. And I didn't know they were going to, to tell you the truth about it. That's awful to say, but that was in the earlier days of the organization of an independent Illinois group, you know, women. (laughs) So I did that for a couple of years. But the last thing I did in the Council of Church Women was to create a state leadership department. Both times when I was in the interdenominational work, perhaps heard it spoken of more aptly than ecumenical for a long while, because a lot of people didn't know what the word meant. Well, that made me a member of the national committee of the International Council of Religious Education. And then when I became president of the Council of Church Women, that made me a member of the national board of United Church Women. And then I held about every other office they had. Then I would be the member of the national committee, so I had quite a good deal.

And you wonder where Carl got anything to eat. (laughter) One thing that happened was that Billy was growing up, and so between them—I never had beans only when I was going to go to a conference. They liked beans, and I would have everything fixed, and I'd manage not to be gone too long. Only when I went to New York a couple of times, and of course Chicago, you wouldn't stay over a day or two. You'd manage if you wanted to do it enough. So for all those years, clear up until just a few years ago.

The last thing I did on the council, generally was secretary of the Illinois Council of Churches for the last four years that I was up there, and then we got the others. So that's kind of my ecumenical career. I have always given my grandmother the credit for getting me so interested. And I really did believe that the churches would get closer together and work together and they're not. It's so sad--I just feel like, well, what did all those years mean. You know, you just wonder many, many times, when you tried so hard. Well anyway, we tried. We just did what we could. But last night on the news Colson--who is the man who served the time in the penitentiary after Watergate, one of the five closest with the President--he just said our institutions are all breaking down. It's just so disheartening. I'm not one that believes they are, but I just do know the difference, so far as the feeling, the rivalry, everything, so far as the whole Christian movement is concerned is really quite sad at this time.

Q. How did your grandmother get you interested?

A. Oh, she'd always ask me about everything, and tell me about things. Because she was one of the--to talk of another profession--ringleaders in the whole early ecumenical movement. Art Finney, head of the pharmacy there in Petersburg, his grandfather Charlie T. Lewis was one of them. The old Farcleton, D. S. Farcleton and those, Colonel and Kate Judy of Tallula, names that younger church people don't know anything about. As a matter of fact, the Christian

church in Petersburg was established much after the one in Tallula was founded. Old Colonel Judy put a tent on an A-frame and went out in the main street on the square in Petersburg, shouting down the way, that they were going to drive the devil (laughs) out of Petersburg. And they had a great big camp meeting. Out of that was born, Dr. Lucas, the evangelist; started the Christian church in Petersburg.

So, there's lots of history about Menard County, and I feel very happy to have been involved in a certain period. So far as my activity is concerned in relationships to farm groups, I represented my denomination in the council, The Disciples of Christ, the Christian church, for many years on the rural movement.

I had much contact with the University of Illinois, especially the extension. And in the extension it was my privilege to hear that there was such a thing as children's work, youth work, 4-H they called it--I didn't know what 4-H stood for--came out of the University of Illinois. I did have and was responsible for the girls' part of the 4-H program to get started in Menard County, and had the first club and had to serve as county chairman of it, trying to get others at the same time. We had such a big--now that group first met in the New Hope Baptist Church, which was not quite as far from Oakford. It's down there yet. And by the way, it's about the only small rural church that's still operating in Menard County.

Q. Now that is east of Oakford?

A. Yes.

Q. How far? About two miles?

A. No, it's further than that. It's about four, between four and five miles out there. Our house, within the last two years, the homeplace, the Kirby homeplace, has gone the way . . . I would like to know, although it makes you very sad, to know the number of the old houses that have been bulldozed down. The Conover place is one of them. It has been bulldozed down. And one on this road here, as you go into Tallula, there is only one house beyond ours, this whole road. On the next road, they had five when we moved here, only has one now. And you go from here to Oakford, and as you go through there, it is just a lane--beans, corn, beans, corn--and none of the old houses anymore. It's really kind of lonesome and squeamish looking, going through some of the countryside right now. We went through a road over here where the Watkins all lived.

By the way, I never did tell you, when we moved here, this was Clary Grove country. Clary's Grove is famous because of the Lincoln era and New Salem. It was just about a mile and a quarter north of here where the earliest Kirby came into Menard County.

Q. Do you remember what year that was?

A. In the early 1820's. Carl's great-grandfather lived right over here on this road. And his grandfather did, too. His great-grandfather lived--you know where Helen Nance lives, Helen McCubbin? On this second road north? Well, that's where his great-grandfather lived and his grandfather lived right over here.

And talking about a story, when I came through there different times, we'd go to Atterberry and Oakford because of the relatives, on his side, mostly. Why, when we had that 4-H trip--this is getting off the subject--but when we had that 4-H trip that we won when we went to Europe--the two 4-H girls, and the leader from the University of Illinois and I were the two adults--we had the first radio program, Voices of Women Across the Atlantic. (laughs) And they all said they knew when I'd begin because I cleared my voice. (laughs) That's what I'm doing right now.

But, I'd go along over there and I'd see two little gravestones. I tried to get my husband a time or two to stop. I was just curious; I had become interested in this community. Because now, you see, we've lived here as long as he did in Sandridge, although he's almost a native. But he wouldn't do it. One day when I went through there by myself, I just got out and climbed over the barbwire fence and went in there. There were two little stones, and they were his grandfather's children, two of his grandfather's little children.

So then I commenced to search, and I finally found--while there's a Kirby cemetery on the place where we went to live as bride and groom, his great-grandfather wasn't buried there. And I didn't know, and he wasn't really interested in it. But we did find out where she [Kesiha Green, wife of Cyrus] was buried and he [Cyrus Kirby] was buried. That was--it's just a couple of miles south of Atterberry in Aunt Lucy Watkin's, his grandfather's sister.

Well, as a matter of fact, one Watkins married two of Granddaddy's sisters, and another one married another one. So the Watkins, and the Kirbys, and the Greens, and the Atterberrys, all those families, are mostly connected someway or another. And strange, and yet not at all strange when you stop to think about it, was that you read the old histories and find out about it, was that so many of them came from Green County, Kentucky when they came here. They came from other places first. But at that time, Kentucky was sort of the seat of progress. Really, Kentucky was. But a lot of times later, we kind of got to the place where we thought because they were down in the hills and we had cleared off all the prairie (laughs) and had the fine land up here, that we were superior to them. But that was kind of the way they came, this part of it in here.

Now Carl's family on his mother's side is a different story. They came up from Tennessee. They came from the East. He [Burr Emerson, Carl's grandfather] was in Tennessee; he was a young lawyer, got his training not all with books, but taking examinations, being an apprentice, you know. One of his clients--it was a fascinating story--gave him a little piece of land if he'd take it in Missouri. And he rode horseback all the way from Tennessee to Missouri to see about that land and stop there, and eventually became county judge and state representative, sponsor of the University of Missouri. (laughs) Isn't that something?

The stories of these early families, if I'd ever had time to do anything about it and been smart enough, I'd like to, somebody. . . . Now maybe there is such a book, that will tell more like, in general, where most of them did go and how they happened to go. Partly because some of them couldn't ford the

river, for instance, they'd go another way. I don't know. But it is fascinating story. But where you all get together again here, where Carl and I got together, his mother came from this group, came through Tennessee and went into Missouri. His father came from Virginia to Kentucky like the road up in here. My great-grandmother came from Chazy, New York. And my great-grandfather from, as far as I know. I know that one of our family is working on the Winters history, because it is a very rich one he said. Where they came from originally, I don't really know. I don't know that I ever knew for sure. But it's probably over there if I, but I don't anymore have the eyes to read these things that I was going to read and enjoy after I got through working with people. Then like a dumbbell, that's about all I can say. I always wanted flowers, and I never let myself have flowers. And then the minute that I retired from the council work, I still had the superintendent of Sunday school over here, but anyway.

Q. In Tallula?

A. Oh yes. I think I was a Sunday school superintendent for about forty years. (laughs) I don't know, but about that much. After that, and I came home and I went over to Urbana, Illinois to Carle Clinic and went through it, and they said it would be well for me to take off a little weight, which just suited me to perfection, because I was going to raise flowers. And I got them everywhere, in every catalog and every place else. And now I can't take care of them. (laughs) The doctors assure me that I am not going to go blind. I don't want to leave you with that idea, but I do not read. And it is a very sad experience, but I haven't yet cried over it, because it doesn't do any good to cry over it. I can read something, but I get frustrated. I can see everything in the room; I can see clear to Tallula and halfway on the other side, as far as distance is concerned. And he tells me that I will never go blind because it's a macular degeneration, failure. And it's just that I can't read fine things. I can't read the telephone directory without a magnifying glass, and so forth. Now if there's anything you want to ask me.

Q. I want to go back and ask you a couple of questions. This child you took in, what happened to his parents?

A. Oh. Well, his mother and father were divorced and she was working in a restaurant in Springfield. And she advertised in the Springfield paper for a home for a two year old child. I had wanted a child so much, but it wasn't my privilege to have one. Because it was a boy, I thought it might be . . . But Carl was the baby of all of his family. The ones that he has grown up with and associated with and chummed and everything else with, played horseshoes and visited and everything else are really a generation older than he is. Because he was the youngest of the youngest he had never had any young children around him. It wasn't like my situation, because I'd been reared in a family of five children that had so much to do . . . and so dearly loved children, and wasn't permitted. I did think because it was a boy . . . So I went in to see about it. And I brought him home with me. I brought him home with me. She had been boarding him. And the woman had raised on her a time or two what--I think she was chargin her two dollars a week to take care of him. And so then, that wasn't the reason she quit, though. She was getting

older. He was almost two and a half. He was a cute little fellow. We called him Billy Boy Kirby. His name is Kirby legally, but we really didn't adopt him.

His mother is still living in Chicago. She's always come to visit us, and she goes to visit him sometimes, I think, once in a while. She had two other children before she married him, and I don't know too much about them. Well anyway, he has been told recently by one that is his uncle in Springfield--by the way, was his uncle, because he died a couple of months ago--that his father was a very fine man. But his mother never did give him that picture of him.

END OF TAPE

Q. Mrs. Kirby, do you remember anything else from your childhood?

A. Well, I probably could write a book. But I could not have had a childhood. When I was born--I was born, I told you out in this old rural home with a local doctor. My mother had a very difficult time. When I was into the world, he gave me a sling. My grandmother on my father's side--Grandma Daniels--just happened to be there, and as the body landed she saw a gasp. And she started to work on me with mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and brought me back, so I did have a childhood.

Q. Why didn't the doctor think you had a chance?

A. He thought I was gone. I was completely limp. He didn't think I was alive, so he just gave me a sling. That's the way she told it.

Well anyway, what else do I remember from my childhood. Well, I think maybe I will go back--did I tell you about my father when he was a Wells Fargo man taking long trips on a train and one time he took me with him?

Q. No.

A. Well, he took me on a run, a special run that he had clear down into Texas. I rode in the baggage car with him and stopped every place they stopped. We'd have maybe ten, sometimes when we'd stopped we'd only have five minutes, just time to grab a sandwich, because the restaurateur would know when we were going to be there. Daddy would have to have something to eat. And we went down, and he kept me busy all the way. Slept on the train, by the way, in the baggage car because it was clear to Texas. I don't remember what town in Texas. Of course, I was very much interested in Texas anyway, because my uncle was in the Galveston Flood. He had visited us a good many times and told us all about it. Texas always had kind of a magic ring to me.

And he kept my busy all the way along looking out the window, counting jackrabbits. I remember that I counted over a hundred jackrabbits. I had never seen a jackrabbit. We don't have those even in Illinois. We have rabbits, but not any jackrabbits. Their ears are as long as their body almost. Well,

that's one thing I remember from Kansas City, and I probably could think of a good many more.

Then after we moved to Colorado I have some very precious memories. My mother was very appreciative of beauty. She did much beautiful handwork, painting, hammered brass, needlework, crocheting, embroidering, and she didn't do quilts so many times herself. I think she didn't have time for that, besides her music. She had a very great appreciation for the beauty of the mountains. Having a vacant lot between our home and the schoolhouse, by the way, because we were in a new section of Colorado Springs at that time, we had such a clear view every morning. Every morning Mother would say, "Come and see the mountains this morning. See what color they are." They would be lavender, and they'd be blue, and . . . One morning--you'd always look for snow on the morning after we'd had rain down in the Springs. That was the one thing more than anything else that made me hate to leave Colorado, because of my love, which she had instilled by her interest in the mountains.

Well of course, we had lots of lovely trips up the mountains. I remember one day we went--my grandmother Daniels, I mentioned her a moment ago, was visiting us. We went up to Manito, which was the foot up the mountains. From there you could get burros and go up the mountainside. Grandma only weighed about two hundred ten or two hundred twenty, and to see her on that little burro was really something, all the way up. We didn't think she should do it, but she was game; she did it. But coming down was a different matter, because going up the burros didn't want to go, you know. If they know what a burro is--it's a little tiny donkey, you know. But they're tough. Oh my, how tough they are. But coming back down, you just can't hold them, they go so fast. And how she ever stayed on I'll never know.

Well, I remember another trip when she was visiting us one time. She was dressed as the women dressed in those times. She had a wool or alpaca, or something or other like that, skirt, one that went clear to the ground, of course, so long. We were outside of, not Manito, I think it was that other little place real close there. There was a beautiful mountain stream. Now the mountain streams looked as if they were just, well, passive, and it looked that way to me that day. It was beautiful, and being a tomboy, I just ran to step across it. But I didn't get across. Those mountain streams are so deceiving, because they are so fast. My feet went right out from under me. I got wet. Do you know where I got my clothes off and dried? (laughs) Under Grandma's skirt. She just pulled her skirt to one side, and I got up underneath and would take off a garment at a time and hang it up on the bush. The sun was shining, and they'd dry out enough so that we could--because we had to go back on the streetcar clear to Colorado Springs. We had to do it. Well, we had lots of trips like that. The Garden of the Gods was always so fascinating to me; Seven Falls--we climbed clear up to the Seven Falls. That's a beautiful area, just beautiful.

Another thing that I thought about that was very meaningful to me in my life was--as I told you before we were church people. And the first thing we ever did when we made a move was to see what churches there were around. We were

a Baptist family and in Colorado Springs we went to the First Baptist Church, which was a large, beautiful modern church. They even had graded lessons there. So it was at that church that I made my decision to become a Christian. I was baptized on Easter Sunday evening. And at that time, I can remember how impressive it was, because there were a whole Roman Catholic family that was baptized at the same time I was. I was young and impressionable, and it meant a great deal to me. So that's one reason I think that perhaps I have worked in the church all these years. I remember on Sunday, because we were out in an area where there were tent meetings, and everything. I'd go to maybe three or four meetings on Sunday. I would do that just because I was at an impressionable age.

While we were living there, I think it was, I'm not sure, my mother became thirty. I remember that all day long I was sad and cried quite a lot of times because I thought we wouldn't have her with us very much more. She was getting so old. They really looked older, of course, then they were, like now. We'd think they were real old, too, because they wore what you called wrappers. Now a wrapper was a long almost straight--had a belt with a yoke--kind of like some of the gowns that you've seen, or the nightshirt type of thing. They were made of heavy calico so they would be durable every day. That was the way I learned to iron. Mother would not trust me to start on anything else, but she'd let me iron those wrappers. And I can see my mother yet bending over a galvanized washtub with a washboard doing the washing for her whole family. In fact, she never had a washing machine until after we came back to Illinois. Of course, with the exception of a short time we were in Missouri; Sheridan, Missouri, why, we did have electricity. Later on, of course, when we came back to Illinois, that was the end of our electricity. Things were done by hand. That's one of my childhood memories. I remember I got my first Bible, and I got my first bisque doll.

Q. What is a bisque doll?

A. A bisque doll is a beautiful doll, and before that they were what they called china. They were shiny and didn't have good hair. The black was just the china; the earlier ones we had. And I also got another doll while we lived there, and it was a small doll about fourteen inches tall, but it was one that stimulated me to try to sew. So I made doll clothes for that, and after that I always managed to give my nieces little dolls that they would learn to sew on. They did lots of sewing that way. But this beautiful big doll we had in the family for many, many years. When there's five children things like that don't always last.

Let's see, let's come back to Illinois. After we moved here, I was still just twelve, when we moved back to Illinois. We moved out there, as I told you, to the house. I don't know that I told you that the other day, but I think I found that out since. It's the house that my great-grandfather built when he came in the early 1800's. We lived there and that's where my father, from then on, started to buy his own farms.

Something I thought of yesterday that I was going to tell you--while we were there in Illinois, we came, as you recall, in December of 1903, they put the first telephone in. That was a thrill when we had the telephone. We could

go and not only use it ourselves, if we could get the line, (laughs) we could listen to what everybody else was saying, because there were quite a lot of them on the line.

Now my husband's family, they got theirs [telephone] before we got it out east. They were out north of Petersburg. Now his grandfather was known to be liberal in his speech and his epithets. When they put the telephone in there a little bit earlier--he thinks about 1900 or 1901, it might have been 1902--they put that in, and after they left, he listened in on the telephone, and heard . . . (inaudible) He just stomped back and forth on the dining room floor and said, "That's getting ahead of God Almighty, getting ahead of God Almighty!" (laughs) which I always thought was an interesting memory that he has. And he was really very strong. He could tell you a lot of funny stories that happened about him.

I thought you might be interested in a little comparison of what we had to work with and how we work in relationship to what we have now. I was introduced, of course, to an old-fashioned kitchen that was made out of a big long porch. And of course, it had a lamp shelf in it.

Q. What is a lamp shelf?

A. A lamp shelf was a shelf that you were supposed to have sparkling clean shiny chimneys on every lamp, and the lamp was supposed to be filled every day. (laughs) You were supposed to keep the wick trimmed. I don't know if it was the quality of the oil or whether . . . If you didn't get it trimmed just exactly right with a little knick in the middle they wouldn't burn evenly and you would have, before you knew it, a smoked chimney. And oh how hard they were to clean. You had to use newspaper first, and you had to go through three or four . . . (inaudible) . . . where you had to wash the lamps over.

Of course, I told you after you got into the routine of being a married woman, a farm woman out there, you had to get up at four o'clock in the morning; you had men to get breakfast for. You had no carpet sweeper. I remember the first thing that I had in the way of a carpet sweeper, was a--I don't know what in the world it was, but it wouldn't work, I know that. You had to sweep; you had to mop all the time. Of course, you had to wash windows, but you washed with homemade remedies like coal oil, or maybe get ammonia once in a while to wash windows, or vinegar. We used vinegar on the windows, and it is still a very good practice as far as that's concerned. Only now we're spoiled with sprays.

We had matting on the floor. Now you wouldn't know what matting is, but matting was made out of straw, and it was woven and they were already there, and so of course, I went to housekeeping with them. They caught the dust as you can imagine. You had to sweep them the way it was woven to get the dust out. So we had matting on the floors. We did have a rug--rugs came along. There was an old ingrained carpet. I can remember having ingrained carpets--were all-wool woven rugs. Carpets I mean. When we had carpets . . . However, they weren't having carpets when we married because rugs were already the style. Of course, through my childhood we had carpets on the floor, ingrained carpets. Then if you had enough money, for the parlor especially, you had what they called Brussels

carpet, which was, well, they were all, all-wool as far as that's concerned. But you put them down; you put straw first on the floor to make it resilient, I suppose, as much as anything, and nice to walk on. Then you had to get down on your hands and knees and pull out . . . You'd always have blistered knees when you got through, because you had to pull it up against the wall and tack it about every inch all the way around. Then about once a year when you wanted to clean the carpet, because you lived on it all year, especially when you had children at home like we did, you had to take out all those tacks first and take the carpet out in the yard and beat it and get all that straw out. And you'd be just completly amazed at the amount of dust that there would be, that had accumulated underneath the carpet and straw on the floor. But that was a part of the house cleaning. And house cleaning was really something or another that was sacred. You had to do the house and you had to do it completely every spring. That was a part of your responsibility.

Did I tell you what it meant if I drove to Petersburg to visit my mom?

Q. No.

A. Well, it meant that I had to get dinner for the men. And I had to hurry and wash the dishes. Maybe I had asked the men to take the horse and put it in the barn for me if they would, unless I took a sudden notion to go in. Sometimes I'd have to catch it out of the lot myself. Then it meant that I had to go out and harness the horse and hitch it up to the buggy and drive to Petersburg. It was seven and a half miles, which would take an hour or more every time. Really, as I look back at it now and think about it, that's where I learned lots of poetry, and I wrote lots of speeches, (laughs) and committed lots of things to memory. I wish I could do it now like I did then. It was really a joy, even all by yourself. And then later when we had the little boy, we learned lots of things together. But that's what it meant. Practically the whole afternoon for an hour, or maybe two hours at the most in Petersburg. And on the days when Mary Pickford was there, or one or two more that I could name, why sometimes I'd take the little boy up--after we had him--and we'd go to the movies a little while after we came down from Mother's. Well, that's transportation. We got our first car--I think I told you the other day--in 1917.

Some of the things I did outside of the home, as I look back at it, well, for example one thing, I'd electioneer in politics. My father was a strong democrat and I was a democrat and it happened my husband was too. So we took things pretty seriously then, and we still do for that matter, on politics. But I would electioneer on telephone, or by visit, or standing so many (laughs) feet from the polls. In fact, I have over there in the room, the old ballot box, solid walnut ballot box that was no longer is use down in Sandridge precinct. I can remember especially being active when Wilson ran because he was going to keep us out of war, work at it. I worked as a clerk at the elections sometimes.

That brings to mind a day that I spent at Shipley schoolhouse, where the polls were. I stood outside--and it was almost zero most of the day--because I was interested and was the one that had helped to promote the idea of us having a county nurse in Menard County, and to get people to vote because you couldn't do it within so many feet of the building. And it did pass.

And our first county nurse was Julia Clary. I had a great deal of pleasure in working with her for many years, before she left Petersburg. She was really, what we called, a TB [tuberculosis] nurse. It was a very, very small amount that was taken out of the taxes in order to support her. The office was in the courthouse.

Well of course, as I told you I think before, we didn't go to church until we did get our first car. Then we started to church and we went to Petersburg, which was between seven and eight miles. I soon started working with the children in the church. For all those years, perhaps about forty years, I worked with children in general administration, with my denomination, and with the interdenomination or ecumenical movement. I think I told you a little about that the other day.

In so far as the 4-H movement is concerned, 4-H, I think everyone knows is head, hand, heart, and health. The health H was really very important to me. I remember several special activities that we had in health. I think I told you before that I was the county chairman, and we worked so hard. I even got the state department to come down to the county fair. Did I tell that the other day?

Q. No.

A. They came down and set up a great big tent and sent down several nurses and doctors. And we invited all the young people that came to the county fair to come and be examined. In that time, there was one girl that lived real close to us and she had terrible tonsils. Then through Miss Clary, who was the county nurse, I took her to Springfield to the hospital and she got those out. Later she had nine children, I think, and I've always thought that maybe that was one of the best things that happened while I was working in 4-H. But we did take health seriously. One reason I was so interested in 4-H was because my husband's sister passed away at 35 years of age and left five children. That was one way that I could help out with those girls.

The one thing I think that perhaps I was the proudest of in working with 4-H was the fact that I myself was so impressed with the opportunities through the home economics department at the University of Illinois. I learned so much myself that the girls became interested and out of the girls that I [had] I think there were seventeen girls that went on to college and took home economics and graduated, and are in different professions in the home economics field. I think that's one of the things I enjoyed the most.

But of course you do enjoy giving young people an opportunity. And rural children had not had any opportunity--no opportunity for rural children. Girl scouting had already started for kids in town. Churches had more activities for the children that were close by. But 4-H was the first opportunity that I know about for rural children. Of course, you had to be ten and you could stay in until you were nineteen, I think it was. Nineteen or twenty--I think no one went on farther than that.

Several of the girls through the Depression era went to the University of Illinois and through the cooperation and the 4-H House, why, they managed to

get through college and they wouldn't have gotten through college at all if it hadn't been for the opportunities they had.

We had about all the honors, as far as our group was concerned. We had some lovely girls, bright girls. In about the second year we were organized, Ruth Brown--now her name is Brown, her name was Boeker then--and Della Brown got to go to national, not only to state, but the national in clothing judging.

I remember that first day that we had a meeting of the 4-H kids. I was scared to death of them. I had worked with little children some, but never that age children, the older ones. And here they were, down in that basement of that church. With the tables they'd had to eat off of, they had to cut out a garment. If that wasn't bedlam, as far as that part was concerned. In those days, they had to learn to patch, they had to learn to darn, they had to make an undergarment, and they had to make an outergarment. And now they don't do nearly that much. They do have a lot of interesting projects now. You'd hardly know that it's 4-H, because there's anything--photography--anything that you can think of almost, that if they can get the leadership from the university, through its staff, and ask for that type of thing, they can almost get it.

At that time it was entirely rural youth, but now you can even go to the city and have city 4-H. And I know I just begged for the privilege of a group that I knew of out at Hull House in Chicago because of a Menard County girl that was working there, Francis Blane--you wouldn't have known her. She was working there and oh, it would have been so wonderful for them. But the university wouldn't let us have it because it was a rural project. Of course, we were proud of the fact that it was rural.

Our girls won in demonstration, they won in clothing judging, they won in style show, besides all of the individual garments, and they worked hard. It was their summer vacation and they didn't have to. But, more than anything else, the experience they had of democratic organization was perhaps the greatest thing they got out of it. It gave them confidence, because they could get up and explain a project among them. It gave them confidence later that they could do other things. Many of them have become teachers, dieticians, many different things. All of them didn't go into home economics, but then the earlier ones did because of our first work.

Later our Menard County team won the national contest that's held every year in connection with the stock show in Chicago. And we were awarded a trip to Europe. It was the team, the university leader, and the local leader, which gave me the privilege to go. I hated awfully bad to go because I didn't know how my husband was going to get along without me. It was supposed to have been a three weeks trip to Paris, in a big, you know, floor-flushing thing. Because the leader at the university was wise and because she herself had never been to Europe, she called upon all of her friends at the university about all the interesting places that they had visited in Europe. And they made an itinerary, and she asked the Chicago Mail Order House, which was the sponsoring agency for the team, to give her the money instead. And they did. So instead of a three week splurge in a Paris hotel, we had a two month trip.

It was really a very wonderful trip. We were lucky in that it was the year of the Passion Play, Oberammergau. We got to go to that. We went to the Drury Lane Theatre in London. To me, one of the biggest thrills we had was in the theatre in New York. We had a representative that the Chicago Mail Order people had in New York that met us at the hotel and took us around. And they couldn't understand how four people, four women, mind you, would start off to Europe by themselves. They just couldn't figure it out. So I remember when she was saying something . . . (inaudible) . . . I said, "Well, we are from the Midwest, but you didn't think we had horns, did you?" She said, "Well, I'll have to admit that I felt pretty much like that." (laughs) We laughed about that a lot of times.

We found out quite a little about ourselves. They remember one morning at breakfast in Amsterdam there was a young man who could speak English. Of course, most of them over there do speak English, especially those who handle food. There will be someone in any store that they can call that will speak English. So he asked us where we were from, and we generally could identify ourselves pretty well by telling them we were from the Abraham Lincoln country, because most everybody had heard of Abraham Lincoln. So he asked us where we were from, and we told him Chicago. Now that was in 1930, and he took his hand and put it down in his pocketbook and brought it out like he was about ready to shoot a gun and said, "Ya, Cago." (laughs) Because even then, Chicago's reputation had gotten to Amsterdam.

Well, it was really a wonderful trip and meant an awful lot to all of us. When we came back, we were supposed to do it from Amsterdam, but we did it from BBC [British Broadcasting Corporation] in London. We went to meet the appointment that we had. We thought--my land, we had broadcasted from NBC [National Broadcasting Company] in Chicago on our way and in New York on our way. So we thought of London as a plush place, that we would really be treated royally.

Well, we went to the address, and when we got there, we had to go downstairs into the basement. We got down there; it was just about like a bargain basement would look, except that it didn't have anything in it much. I mean just about that tawdry, so we sat down a while. Finally, a man came in. He said, "What do you want?" And we said, "Well, we are the four women that are supposed to speak to America." And he said, "Oh. Yes." He said, "Well, come on in the other room." So we went in another room, and there was practically nothing there. But there were two light up above, and so he pointed to one of them, and he said, "Now when the green light comes on, you begin." That was our introduction to BBC in London. Isn't that something? They had had pages in uniforms in Chicago and New York, you know, at NBC in (laughs) the United States. Then that was the way it was there. So when it went on, we went on. We all four spoke, and they told us afterwards that we were the first female voices that had ever spoken across the Atlantic.

The homefolks here in Menard County were very kind about it. It came at 11:30 in the morning here, and it was about seven o'clock when we went to the studio in London. A lot of the men came in out of the fields, you know, to listen to it. Of course after that, we had lots of invitations to share the wonderful experiences and opportunities. And the reason we had so many

extra opportunities was because when we had stopped in Washington--for instance, we picked up credentials, and we were the representatives of the United States Department of Agriculture, and that gave us opportunities to meet people. And we had several other kinds of introduction, which the United States Department had gotten for us. So that way we got to meet a lot of people. For instance, when we went into Antwerp in Belgium, the Minister of Agriculture of Belgium met us. He took us all around the king's palace, drove us all the way around in his car, his official car, and everything. Then he wanted to take us to his special hobby, and his really, well, the thing that he was most proud of. And it was a school for rural children, because he realized what we were, what we represented. So he took us to that school.

There were two or three things about it that we've always thought was so interesting. One of the things, for instance, he told us, they taught their children to be practical. They came in from the farms, and the first year they were in this school they weren't allowed to use any equipment or have any particular training in anything that they hadn't had at home. They spent that whole first year to learn how to use the things that they had at home more efficiently. Then the second year they gave them sewing machines and separators and things like that. And he said, "What we've always emphasized is the common sense, the common sense of living." "Common sense"; he's come over. Finally, he took us into one room. He brought out some charts, and as he went through them--they were charts; that was the way he taught common sense. He had them down, all these different points.

Then he illustrated it by showing us the stairway, and it was a very inconsequential stairway. It had a turn in it,and went up stairs rather narrow. And on every step there was a different kind of linoleum. He said, "Now instead of us telling them that, for instance, that this piece right here might be the best piece of linoleum, the kind for them to get," he said, "we just put different kinds on every step. By the time they are here and know, they know which one's the best." So that's probably the way they were teaching--but we laughed about it, that after all, he was teaching common sense from a chart, and that wasn't so different than what they did all over the world.

Well, when we came back, that meant more theatre, which meant we got to see "The Green Pastures" with Richard B. Harris, which was the crowning achievement as far as my opportunities in theatre in New York. We came back by way of Niagara Falls, back through Canada, and we came back home. Of course, as I said a moment ago, we did have lots of opportunities to share things. We had a lot of little things that we had purchased. None of us had too much in 1930 to spend, but we did have a lot of things to share.

Q. What kind of transportation did you use?

A. Well, we went on the Leviathan. We went by train. By the way, we went on the Pennsylvania from Chicago to New York, and Miss McKee had letters of introduction telling who she was, that it was an educational trip. And that's the reason, as I say, we got to do so many extra things we might not have done. One of the things we got to do for instance, was to go into the control car

of the Pennsylvania, and they showed us all the controls and everything. They pushed the throttle—I guess that's what you'd call it—and made the train go over seventy miles an hour, which was unheard of. They let one of the girls do it.

Then when we were in Washington, we got to meet the President, President Hoover. He came out on the lawn. There happened to be a delegation of Indiana 4-H'ers in Washington at the same time. And so they, I don't know who did it, somebody in Washington took a picture of us with President Hoover. Nancy Grosboll, from our county, and also my husband's niece, she got to stand next to him, President Hoover. And he was awfully nice to us; he really was. And I almost forgot that I didn't vote for him because he wanted two cars in every garage. (laughter) But he really was lovely. Miss Walker, I believe her name was, who was the head of home economics extension for the Department of Agriculture, she just took us in hand. She had a car, and she took us all over Washington; she took us, you know, everywhere. I didn't climb to the top of the Washington monument, but the girls did. And she did such little extra things as to take us back out to see the Lincoln Memorial at night when the lights were on it.

We visited the Congress in action. I remember how Nancy was so disturbed. She was angry, really, when we came away from that, because those men were there to take care of the business of the United States and what they were doing was just sitting there reading papers, and doing everything except taking care of what they were supposed to do. (laughs) I can remember that real well. We had lots of side trips. We were in Washington I think—that was as we went—we were there about three days, and had so many resources. That was one reason why we had so many opportunities otherwise.

I'll go back a little bit and tell. One day when Miss McKee sort of just wanted to shop, because she had a lot of money to spend in Paris, she made the arrangements for us to go on one of those big double-decker buses into Northern France, up the Hindenberg Line, and part of Belgium then, and down there. We went through all of that area where all the heavy fighting had been. I'll never forget. That was one reason I suppose, that I became such a, in a way, at least in my heart, a pacifist, although there wasn't too much I could do about it. But even the trees were mute evidence of the destruction. There were great big orange-colored things hanging on the trees, and they were split. Life was trying to go on, but it just couldn't make it. We saw the great big cement places where the walls would be 24, 28, 30, and one place even 36 [inches] thick. I think they called them bunkers.

But on that trip, there were just the three girls; the two girls and myself were there. We stopped at Rheims—they called [pronounced] it rhymes, but a lot of people call it reams—where the beautiful cathedral was. And the people had taken out every bit of that beautiful glass. That was one of the things we enjoyed almost more than anything else in Europe, was the glass. It was so beautiful, everywhere. We went down to Chartres for instance.

Well anyway, we stopped off at Rheims. Now that's where the champagne cellars are, down underneath the city. They had stored all those glasses down there, and they were just putting them back in. Now that was 1930, and the war was over in 1917, 1918, parts of it. When we went in, here was the nattily dressed—

oh, well really, that's not the right adjective. He was almost as if he was going to a ball that night, you know, Frenchman. So he had a guide come. He took us through all those caverns underneath, you know. We saw all the beginnings. They'd take the champagne out of one barrel and they'd put it in something else for another five years, and so forth and so on. When we came back to the room we started from—there was miles under there for that matter. Of course, they didn't take us [through] that many. He offered all of us a glass of champagne. Well, I was very curious because I thought that I just ought to taste that. And yet, I thought my grandmother might turn over in her grave. (laughter) I didn't know whether to or not, but I decided I would and ask forgiveness afterwards. And it was really good. It was sweet, it wasn't like I'd had any idea like it would be at all. I tasted it and thanked him for it; thought it was very good.

But little Nancy Grosboll, her father is Danish and they never drank. But they always kept a little up in the shelf when the butchers would come, when they'd do the big butchering, and so forth and so on. She tasted it and it tasted so good to her that when he asked if anybody wanted anymore, why, she said, "Yes!" and she handed her little glass back, and he filled it up. And she drank it. When we got back on that big bus, climbed up in there—well, maybe I ought to stop to say that she and Mary Jeanette Sayre, who was the other 4-H girl that went, had little silk suits on. They'd got them, not alike, but similar. And little Nancy commenced to get hot. Everyon the top of the bus got tickled and laughed about it, (laughter) because they knew why she was hot—it was that second glass of Champagne. So we tease her about that till this day.

Q. How did you get from New York to Europe?

A. On the Leviathan. And it was the largest ship afloat. It was smooth. It took us five and a half days to go. We landed at Cherbourg in France. I'll tell you a little bit about the Leviathan. It was just a hotel on water, very luxurious, very luxurious. We played all kinds of games, and we had music. And we had marvelous meals. We were determined, each one of us, that we weren't going to get seasick. And the only on in our party we thought did, but would never own up it it, was Miss McKee. I remember going down to our rooms, a time or two when I had to hold on to the walls on each side. But we never lost any of our meals, or anything, like so many people did on deck.

It was really a beautiful experience. And so many people, somehow or another because of whom we represented had sent us lovely things for the boat: candy and . . . I never will forget, you just dream about it now, a ten pound box of big black bing cherries—only time that I had all I wanted in my life. (laughs) They were so pretty. We could have what we wanted to eat. And twice a day they'd come out to your state chairs, you know, I mean out on the deck, and they'd feed you again! Because that's the best way to keep you from getting seasick, was to feed you. And we came back on the Leviathan, too, later. You met people. I never will forget a young Jewish Rabbi and his little daughter. Judy and I became very close friends during the trip home on the Leviathan.

END OF SIDE ONE

A. He [Rabbi] said he was from New York, but he'd been in London. He had, I suppose, a temple, but he was coming back here for a vacation, and had his family. So he said that he had gone to Christ's College, part of Oxford, while he was there. He said that he really would have been very much challenged by Jesus of Nazareth except for the fact of all the traditions of the early Christians, like Paul and the rest of them, had built all around him. So I remember saying to him, "Well, it works, at least in some cases." Because I said, "I remember how I felt when I was in Westminster Abbey and stood at the grave of David Livingstone." And he didn't say anything about that. But the little girl and I got to be real close friends. And I learned a lot of things from him. He was very nice; he wasn't ugly or anything about . . . He wasn't pushy and I wasn't either, I'm sure. I learned a lot about the Jewish faith and I hope he learned a little bit that I was at least concerned. So we made friendships that lasted quite a while. We enjoyed that part of it very much.

We spent ten days in Paris, I think. And of course, the biggest attraction in Paris is the Louvre, where all of the art is. Everything you've ever seen or heard about was there, and we were only three blocks from it; where we were. One of the things that impressed me a lot was in the parks. There would be areas with park benches and grass, and there would be, maybe a lot of times the nanny with the children, but seemingly the parents, a lot of time both the father and mother and children, perfectly relaxed.

I was going to tell you that young Jewish rabbit said the reason he was over there was because of the hustle and bustle in the United States. It was so much easier living in England than it was here.

I mentioned the fact that we had the chance to go to Oberammergau. We also had another very good opportunity in the fact that Miss McKee's brother was studying at the Sorbonne in Paris, the University of Sorbonne, and he knew the very unique and most interesting places. He would take us. He also tried to keep us from drinking any of the water and drink their wine, because the water wasn't safe, but I risked the water. (laughter) I did taste the wine once on a train when I was thirsty, and it was especially dangerous to drink what they'd given you on the train. But that's when we went down to Chartres, which is really supposed to have the most beautiful glass of any cathedral in the world.

But Oberammergau, we enjoyed every minute of it. We went the night before, the ticket includes staying overnight. You stayed all night. We were serenaded by the children of the village the first night. And we stayed in the home of one of the characters in the play. We walked out by ourselves late that night, and we walked over to a little bridge, on one side, and there was the man who was going to play the Christ the next day. He spoke to us; of course he didn't understand us, but then we did speak to him. The play itself lasted eight hours, the full time, with an hour and a half off at noontime for rest, because you really couldn't take it all, that part of it.

One of the reasons I would tell you would be—you see that was 1930, and you know what Germany had gone through. The place where we stayed in Munich, we went down from Munich, down on the train and back to the place in Munich. They'd meet us at the train because all of our reservations were ahead. We

stayed in what you called pensions. I compared them to the old-fashioned boarding houses in the better days of the old times in the United States. Most of them were that caliber. But they would send somebody down to the train to meet us. And here would be a girl, healthy, hefty girl to carry all of our bags, and we'd just worry so about it.

But in Munich, one of the girls came up after we'd been there--and Miss McKee could speak some German--and the girl asked something about Oberammergau, and Miss McKee talked to her in German. She could speak a few words in English, of course. They had to do that on account of tourists. So we sat there and told that girl about the Passion Play, Oberammergau. She was only about forty, fifty miles from Oberammergau--never had seen it and never had any hope of ever seeing it, because of the poverty that had followed the war, that part of it. Yet Munich was one of the most ornate. I remember a million and a half volumes in the library right close to where we were staying, beautiful.

One of the other trips we had was most interesting. We went from Munich down the Rhine River on a boat. Here were all the castles up above, the Lorelei, the cones that you've always heard the things about. We went to Mainz, got off at Mainz--M-A-I-N-Z--I believe it was. Then we went on the next day to Cologne, where the biggest cathedral in the world is. And we were there for a while, but when we got off at Mainz that night, we were so surprised to see the streets littered with papers and things. Everywhere else everything had been so immaculate, especially when you would see the houses. There would be flowers in the windows, and the little walks and little narrow streets, and all. You'd wake up in the morning to people scrubbing the walks; it would wake you up. But here it was. So we didn't lose much time to find out what it was. What they had celebrated the day and night before was the leaving of the last of the troops, our American troops that had been there, and they were celebrating that again. Well, then we crossed the Channel at night--they wouldn't let you cross it in the daytime. Everybody was strapped in bed.

Q. Why wouldn't they let you cross it in the daytime?

A. Well, because it was so rough. They had receptacles there (laughs) for you to use. We crossed in the middle of the night, and we went to London. But we were in so many places, you see, in the United States and we were in Paris, and Germany, and Belgium, and Holland, and London. We had the advantage of former visits and different staff members of the university would say, "This was the loveliest little place." and "These people weren't so nice." And we had that kind of a contact, too. I worried so because my husband was at home. Of course he deceived me.

Q. How did he deceive you?

A. I had made all of the arrangements for one of our neighbor women to stay the whole time with him and the boy we had, who was getting to be quite good size by then. He was fifteen years old. So he let me make all the arrangements, but he had his own arrangements with her--that she wasn't to tell me that she wasn't to stay. She only came once a week and cleaned the house up for him and took his laundry home to do. But of course, I did kind of worry about that. But when I talked to him I said, oh, I wanted him to go so bad.

He said he'd rather go to Oakford, Illinois, (laughter) which was a little town about six miles away from us; that's about all it was. And I didn't know if it was because he had old girlfriends there or just what it was. But anyway, that was part of the story.

Well, I got into not only 4-H work, but I got into Sunday school work, and from Sunday school work into the local church. I got into the cooperative work, and I eventually became the state chairman of children's work in the Illinois—that's part of the international—Council of Religious Education. And the first interdenominational conference I went to, I met a state director of Christian education of my own denomination, although they'd go up in the air if it was called a denomination—they're a brotherhood, they're not a denomination. But anyway, I met the man from the Disciples of Christ Christian Church. He found out who I was, so we had lunch together at noon. So I said, "Why couldn't we have something like that in our denomination?" And he said, "Well, we'll just see about that." So then that made me an extra job, because I wound up being the children's chairman and creating the department of children's work in the Disciples, see, which I held for nine years before I got through.

Then I kept working, not only in our fellowship, but in the interdenominational for many, many years. When I did finally quit, I had been secretary of the Illinois Council of Churches, and I had been president of the Illinois Council of Church Women, and I had been representing my denomination in rural life and at the university Farm and Home Week, and things like that. One thing reaches out, and thank goodness, then—at least sometimes I think more than now—everything touches something else. If you're interested in rural life, you've almost got to be interested in the rural church, what happens to people and whether they get to school, and all of this, you see, because of the contacts pretty much. Due to 4-H and my contact with the College of Agriculture, it was perfectly natural. . . .

We had a representative on the Illinois Church Council from the University of Illinois. And we started a series of seminars in the state. For instance, the first one we had was on youth, so we invited every statewide youth organization that we knew to come. It was a very interesting day, because everyone of them didn't do anything but start out bragging about what all their organization did. And when we got through, we realized there weren't any of them touching the things that were complete, or whole . . . (inaudible)

Well, as a result of those seminars, an awful lot of things happened. It was really the beginning of—which a lot of people wouldn't even want to hear because they don't believe in it yet—the more consolidation of the schools; because we had it in education. We had it in health, different things like that. It was by the cooperation through the church organization and the state, the ecumenical movement and the leadership that we had. And we had the privilege, I did, of meeting many of the world's Christian leaders; like Muriel Lester of London and Congregationalist woman Sinclair, and E. Stanley Jones, and Dr. Kagawa from Japan. It's just surprising what a wide—just here I am, was a country jake, and I'm still a farmer. I still live on the farm, in case anybody doubts it. I still live on the farm, and I still have about as much to do as I ever did, only I just don't do as much. (laughter) Got it to do, but I just don't do as much.

It is something to think back about—how many, many, many opportunities you've had to meet some of the great people of the world. I don't know if I spewed out here, naturally what I've done, just spewed it out, things that I probably shouldn't have told, but I am truly grateful in some specific ways I'd like to mention.

I'm thankful that I had parents and grandparents and great-grandparents that were interested in people and how they lived instead of just accumulating riches. They didn't live in a period too conducive for that, and most of them were rural oriented. I am thankful that I have had the privilege of working with so many wonderful people throughout all the years in different fields, so many different fields. You wouldn't think it would be possible for a little country jake to be able to do it, but it is possible. You don't have to live for yourself alone.

I think perhaps one thing that I am thankful for, that I was restless, in that I wanted to do something to help out some people in the world, especially children that I was interested in. And I'm thankful that I've had 64 years with a man that I greatly admire yet, who is a true pioneer son of a pioneer family. We've been through lots of things together, including the Depression, and . . . I think I told you that the other day when you were here. And if we make it until February 15, we shall have been married—that's the old Latin coming out—we shall have been married 65 years, and I wouldn't give up a one of them.

END OF TAPE

A. Well, when you were here last, time has passed, and I'm a year older today than I was. On my birthday the day before yesterday, we went to my almost-childhood friend, Zelma Ruthledge's home. We went there to get cantaloupes that she had gotten for us from Mason County. I think everyone around here knows Mason County cantaloupes are famous, as well as Beardstown ones. My other closest friend, after we came back to Illinois, was Frankie Moore, and she was there. So we had to sit down and gab and gab about many different things. This brings to mind the fact that as a child, the one birthday present that I ever can remember getting for my birthday was always, no matter where we lived, Missouri or Colorado, or even after we were here, was that on my birthday the folks always got me all the cantaloupe I could eat. So I thought that was rather interesting, that that should happen on my birthday. We were in there on my birthday.

Well, I've been looking through some of the things and two or three things that you mentioned. I thought that it might be interesting to follow-up a little bit about Menard County church history, so far as cooperation is concerned. Now, I've been tremendously interested in church cooperation. In fact, I've got one book here on the church, not only in the United States, but throughout the world; the condition of the church and the different kind of churches in 1803. There are many, many, many interesting things so far as the history of the churches. Now the earlier movement of the churches, as far as any unity was concerned, came out of missionaries. In fact, the churches,

the denominational churches, were started mostly by missionaries that came in from Vermont, Kentucky, or New York, the New York missionary societies, the Connecticut missionary societies. I have old books with their reports in in them and they are very fascinating reading. They sent missionaries out into this new country.

So then the Sunday school movement fostered largely by the American Sunday School Union sent out missionaries to establish Sunday schools. These were growing and growing. And I mentioned to you that I became interested at a time when it wasn't so . . . And I told you a little bit about my grandmother's interest that probably stimulated me some. But later on, when we had this revival of interest in cooperative things, the movement for unity became even greater.

Now there was one real problem, and that was that the ministers were not always interested so much in the Sunday school. There became a rivalry between the organization, which grew until the catalog of the program for an annual meeting would be half an inch thick. The ministers would come, but they became a little bit, well, we always said jealous of the success of the Sunday school. So there was not too much minister cooperation.

Along in 1934 to 1936, especially, we concentrated more on trying to get the whole church together. We had in the state, a state organization of preachers. And as lay people, I was interested . . . And they had E. Stanley Jones, for example in Springfield, my close friend. I went up to see it, and we had to sit up in the balcony. The preachers all sat in the main part of the church. And then we had a lot of meetings ahead of that. We had at that time progresses from the Menard Sunday School Association, which of course was a part of the Illinois, we had progressed to the place that we had an Illinois Council of Religious Education, which to some of the old Sunday school people was just anathema. But we progressed that far. Well, even they were in a little bit of difficulty. I had a lot of interest in that particular organization, and during it's organization I became the state chairman of children's work.

The International Council always met in Chicago every year, and that was really one of the great events of my life, and the greatest stimulation. Along that period, I had become very much interested in the Christian Church, Disciples of Christ. And I was on the national curriculum committee. I was both their representative and representative of Illinois Council Interdenominational. And then this Illinois Council of Churches was organized with just the ministers, as I mentioned a moment ago.

In 1936 we had a merger. We merged the different state organizations into one organization which was called the Illinois Church Council. Now it's had its name changed a time or two. There were, for example, four organizations of women—I could name them--that were working separately: missions, community organizations, and so forth. We all eventually merged into the United Church Women. First we called United Council of Church Women; later on it was just United Church Women. Right now it's been changed into Church Women United. Because even now the Catholic women are cooperating in it. That meant the name needed to be changed.

But during all of those years, the formative years, we came step-by-step into closer cooperation. I don't know what has happened. The rise of denominationalism made a difference. They were not interested in cooperative young peoples conference. We had one in Menard County, alone, at the Old Salem Chautauqua Grounds of one hundred fifty young people. But the denominational director of Christian education said he thought it would be better if our church would send one to our denominational conference than the fifteen we sent to the interdenominational. It seems to me, that's where we commenced to go our separate ways. And at present, there's very little real cooperation on a community level that I know about, unless it's just in certain cities and certain things that are going on—more in the United Church Women than anywhere else that I know of—which is what the church needs perhaps than anything else.

I don't know whether that added anything to what has been said, but it is historical so far as that's concerned, 1936 when we did that. And as a result of that, I'd like to say personally that I feel very deeply indebted, because we did have an executive secretary who kept track of everything that was going on in the world. And we had four world missionary conferences, Mina Soga from South Africa, Ruth Seabury from the Congregational, E. Stanley Jones, we had Dr. Kagawa of Japan—one of the world's greatest Christians that ever lived, I think, so far as his own effort was put in, coming from royalty into the slums of Japan and Tokyo and Osaka—Muriel Lester from London. I have had the opportunity through that movement of interdenominational work in the church of meeting some of the great Christians of the world. And I am truly grateful that that has happened. I could tell you a lot more.

You asked me about the houses. Of course this house here is an 1839 house, but it wasn't one of the houses that was in the early ones. Of course, I didn't live in any of the real early ones. There was just the frame work of a log house that was just torn down log by log, which was two story one, just recently. And every log in that house, about a half mile from there, was solid walnut. It's being taken over to Clayville, and when they get the money and if the State will ever help them out, they're going to erect it. I don't know where it will wind up.

I told you a little bit, I think, about New Salem. You might like to know that both my husband's—Carl—grandparents and great-grandfather and my great-grandparents and partly on the other side of the house, were all the early settlers of New Salem area. This area right in here; Clary's Grove they called it. And most of them came from Green County Kentucky. The Greens, and the Watkins, and the Kirbys, and the Clarks, and the Goffs, and Mrs. Basso's mother.

Q. Who were the Goffs?

A. The Goffs were two brothers that came about the same time that Henry Clark, my great-grandfather, and his brother came in the early 1820's. They were brothers, and one of them married a Clark. And I do have a letter, which the daughter of one of them, Sinai, of William Clark, wrote to the Goff-Clark reunion, which is one of the old reunions in the state.

I think there is one thing that I'd like to tell you. In that letter she tells about William Goff coming to Petersburg--no, her father was Murray Goff, the son of William Goff--coming to Petersburg and visiting with his friend A. D. Wright. And A. D. Wright said to him, "You know, there are a bunch of cattle that are going to be sold." I don't know how many head it was. I think she did tell in that letter, but I'm not sure. But anyway, he said, "They're going to be sold, and you ought to get them, because you could make some money on them. They'll not go for too much." And he [William Goff] said, "I don't have the money to do it." And he said, "Well, I have." And he just handed him over eight hundred dollars in cash, without any note or anything else. He says, "You can pay me back whenever you can." Well that was kind of the way they worked in those days. I don't even hear anymore about people giving notes, so far as the early times. They just didn't do it; they trusted each other. And they were more interested in each other.

She [Sinai Goff] tells the story about--this was right out east of Petersburg--and she tells the story about her grandfather discovering clay that he thought would make bricks. So he was real pleased about it. He got to work immediately; he made forms, and he worked on that clay. He made a great big long place, made his forms and filled them full of clay for his brick. He hadn't even yet built a kiln, before he did that. The next morning he could hardly wait to get out to see how well they had hardened. He got there and there was a little footstep in every one of them where a child (laughs) had gone through. It's a very interesting paper and Jane says that you might like to have a copy of it, so if she wants to make one, she may.

Q. You told me you went to college at Illinois College for two years. Can you tell me a little more about that? What courses you took, et cetera.

A. Oh, I went down there, and I planned to be a teacher. I'd had four years of Latin in high school, and I'd had four years of mathematics, so of course, that's what I was going to take more of. So I took two more years of each of those. Then I took two years of Greek, only I think I told you that before. I took two years of Greek just because my cousin had that graduated the year before.

I told you before that I only went the two years because of my husband's family's desire to move to town. So he quit the University of Illinois and I quit at Illinois College. And I really had never been concerned about it, because through 4-H work, I had the actual resources of the University of Illinois at my fingertips. While home economics seems like a very specialized field, it isn't. Because it goes into every realm of life. And we could get the kind of help that we wanted to.

I did take the wrong things in school, because taking languages and math for four years wasn't what I needed. What I really needed--because I can remember that I was scared to death of those teenage 4-H'ers when I first started with them. But what I had needed would have been psychology and sociology, learning to work in groups. There are things that you can learn the hard way, and I think maybe that's what happened. At least we've had an awfully good time doing it.

I've still kept in touch with my class. One of my very close friends just passed away. There is only one in this whole area now of our class, which was the class of 1912. And there is one man that I know of that is living and he's living in California. And up until two years ago, we had class reunions nearly every year. So I had a very pleasant experience, although some people wouldn't think so today. I hardly think that young people today would think so, because the afternoon that I arrived in Jacksonville to go to college—register the next Monday morning—I think my things were taken to the home of a doctor, Dr. A. S. Loving. Arrangements had been made for me to work for my board. And my introduction to college was on the east porch of that home, that afternoon, starting in to peel on five bushels of peaches. (laughter) But the second year I was there, my folks found a place for me to board right across from the college, and they paid a whole dollar and a half a week for my board. So that was different in those days then it is now. But I had a very nice time. There are more things I could tell, but some of them I think it best not to be put on tape. Anything else you can think of that you want to hear?

Q. You're not going to tell us some of the stories at college?

A. Oh, I could tell you one daring thing; my cousin was there. The boys in the boys dormitory dared, if you please, dared to go on the front steps, and pull their shirttails out and have their pictures taken. (laughter) Now that's how daring it was. But they were mischievous.

And during the period when I was there, on Halloween, some of the boys—of course no one ever found out who did it—took a calf and put it in the top of Sturtevant tower; the building is called Sturtevant after one of the founders of the college. That calf would bawl, and nobody knew what the bawl was. (laughs) And it was two or three days before they ever found out. So they played tricks just like the Clary Grove boys did back in the earlier days, lots of tricks. We had all of the activities, and many of them. . . .

Of course, Illinois College is one of the oldest colleges, founded by a band of Yale students. I think I told you that my great-uncle Charlie Barton has written the first early history of, and by the way, I do have a copy of it in case anybody should want to see it. There is only one copy that I know of that the college has found and has. That's what the president told me a few years ago, when I was down there.

Q. What kind of grades did you get?

A. Well, I'm not going to brag about my grades at Illinois College. I did have the highest grades of any student in high school except one. And she was a special student that came in and took some work in the summertime. And my daddy never got over it, because I wasn't the valedictorian; I was just salutatorian. But at college, I don't know, maybe I was having a good time. I managed to get by. I had one really severe handicap, in that my mother became very ill, and I lost out right at the beginning of my sophomore year for several weeks, because I had to stay at home with her. And I never felt like I did as well as I should have done the second year. My Greek

professor told me one time--I shouldn't put this on that tape--my Greek professor, Dr. Harris. I don't know whether I had not done as well on an exam, or what, or how he happened to say it. He said, "Miss Daniels, would you like to know what your greatest handicap is?" And I hesitatingly said, "Oh sure." That's not the way I said it. (laughs) He said, "You learn too easily." And it is a real handicap. I've got somebody in my family right now that just told me the other day that that's what you can do. You can learn too easily. And you know you do it [learn easily] so maybe you wait until you get to class to start to translate. He said, "If you'd put together the amount of time that you needed to, with that." But I was having a good time. My aunt lived then.

And through the church--I was very much interested in Westminster Presbyterian Church. By the way, one of the state executives in Christian education in the council one day said to me, "What church did you belong to?" And I said, "Oh, I was a Baptist as a child. I was a Baptist when we moved back to Illinois, my grandmother was a Methodist, and nothing had to happen, but what we had to go to the Methodist church. So we went to the Methodist church. And then I went to college, and I went to the Presbyterian church. After I got married, my husband's family moved to Petersburg, and they went to the Christian church, and I went to the Christian church." And he looked at me, and he said, "Is that the way you got like you are?" (laughs) Anyway, I think they're all pretty good.

Q. When did the young women start to date the young men?

A. Oh, I was going steady when I was sixteen, I think, but not to the man I married. I never met him until at the county fair before I went to college and before he went to the University of Illinois. They had a--you wouldn't call it that by the way it looked--but anyway, they had a building that had some seats in it, wooden building. At the top there was--not any seats--just a place up there where all the young people congregated. And that night in a bunch of young people, I was introduced to my husband now. So it was the age of postcards, and everybody had a postcard album. And you'd do a lot of things that you might no otherwise have done, because you thought if you would, you might get a postcard, somebody to put in your album.

On the way from the fairgrounds home, I passed my husband with a group of young people that were walking. They had brought their horses to town and put them in the livery barn, because the fairground was not very large; they had walked out to the fairgrounds.

Q. Were the fairgrounds where they are now? The Menard County Fair?

A. Where they are now, the Menard County Fair. I said, "Now there's the man, the boy, that I met." I didn't say man; I never thought to him as a man. "There's the boy that I met at the fair tonight, upstairs." I said, "He was real complimentary." And Mother said, "Why don't you send him a postcard?" (laughs) So I did. He had told me where he was going to be. So I made the move. He didn't make it. I sent him a postcard, and it had a yellow feather pasted on it and it said, "I'm tickled with Jacksonville." (laughs) And we started to write, and we really wrote to each other clear to Easter, from the fall clear to Easter before we ever had a date. So that

was our introduction on that. The county fair was a meeting place for young people, and we had lots of fun.

Q. I want to know what a date consisted of.

A. Oh. Well, it wasn't as permissive as it is today. We were proud to say that we were sweet sixteen and never been kissed (laughs) whether it was true or not. He was pretty bold. Oh, he'd never be bold enough to put his arm over the back of the chair if there was anybody else in the room. We went buggy riding. If we were fortunate, we had a beau who had a rubber-tired buggy, then we were the envy of all the other girls. We probably sat a little closer together before we got home than when we went. We were interested in each other, but not in . . . There was no real sexual revolution, but nobody can say that things didn't happen in those days because they were (laughs) boys and girls, too. And when you go to getting into genealogy, you run across a good deal of it. (laughs) I have the last few years.

We entertained them at home. We baked a cake ourselves. What was brand new in food preparation was fruit salad made with gelation and oranges and bananas, and pineapple, if we were lucky. It was what you served if you wanted to be in style. It [a date] was a buggy ride. Maybe you'd get in a horse race with another couple; you'd get together.

I can remember the first date I had with Carl. Mother had gotten a new Axminister rug, and it had big red roses in it. She had a black piano, a good piano because Mother was a musician. And I remember before he came, I put the copies of "Redwing" on the piano, because we played the piano and we sang together. You've never heard "Redwing" I don't expect, although I've heard it in the last few years. They're commencing to do that in radio, put old programs on the air, and you'll be hearing "Redwing" again, I expect.

We did more performing as young people than young people do now. We had more plays; Children's Day. Oh my land, they'd make me give readings, like one Children's Day. And I look back at it in horror, because I've had so many responsibilities in relationship to Children's Day since that time. Of course, now they're not even having them much. But they made me recite the Old Settler Story by William Carleton at Children's Day.

Well, they had plays, and we worked, and worked, and worked. And now, even in the Sunday school, I'm very sorry to say, you can't expect a child to even come up with very much scripture, or stories, or any dramatization unless they've got the words in their hands. Now that's true, Jane. It is true. It's sad to me. But it's partly because of the difference in school.

I can remember school days. Every Friday afternoon was special because we had speeches, we had spelling bees. And my land, nowadays the writing and the spelling of some of our college students is just really (laughs) shocking. It really is true. And a long time, I think I mentioned to you before, after I was married, and we'd go back and forth, of course, with horse and buggy.

That reminds me of one thing I think is history that you might be interested

in. And that was bout 1933 after the Depression, everybody had run out of everything. Some wise person in Washington thought it would be a good idea—maybe it was commencing to crack a little bit, I'm not sure about that. I do remember that I wrote a history of it for the university afterwards. But they decided that they would have a housing survey. And my sister whose husband had lost his job in Minnesota, had come back to live in this house where we are now, with my parents for a while, because there was nothing available. Although she was a university graduate with a master's degree—about like some of them are today that can get a better job if they don't have a master's degree, on account of lack of money. It really isn't comparable, but it popped into my mind.

We had this housing survey, and because my sister had been on the home economics staff at the university, why, she got the job for Menard County while she was here. And we surveyed every house in Menard County, and called it a farm if there was as much as three acres in the place where the house was. It was unbelievable how many things everybody had run out of. And further more, how accustomed they had gotten to be without having things.

I remember one house I had gone to. As I went into the house there were rags stuffed into the windows rather than fresh window glass. She took me in, and we happened to go in the kitchen door. We sat there, and I had questions to ask her about what she would buy when the Depression was over and she had the money to do what she wanted, what she would get. And she said, "I don't know. I don't know." Well, I finally looked up and saw in the corner that she had a sink hung on the wall, and a pitcher pump, and that there was no place for the water to run out underneath the house. There was just a bucket down there for the water to go out of the sink. I don't know for sure that the pump even still worked. But I said, to her, "You would like to have your sink hooked up with some new pipe under there, wouldn't you?" And she said, "Well, it would be nice."

But people think they are in a real depression now. One of the reasons they think they're in such a depression is because they are used to so much. They weren't used to so much at those times. They had so little and they didn't do the kind of complaining. We surveyed 1,174 homes in Menard County. It made it possible for them to know what people would want to buy. It might be that you'd be interested historically in that. There are probably a lot of other things that we have been involved in.

Q. What did you find that people mostly wanted?

A. Well, they'd like to have their washing machine fixed. They might need a churn fixed, or a new churn. They'd like to buy more material. I'd like to say one thing that I shall never forget about that experience. Human nature is good. I remember going up a little old timbered road and here was a little woman back there that had nothing. It made me appreciate what I did have, because I did live in a lovely old home that my husband's grandfather had built. Just living in shacks, and yet I never went to a house that they didn't come out and show me something that was beautiful, quilt blocks, or crocheting. They'd rip up things in order to get the old materials. They'd use old thread and things like that.

So I never felt like the Depression was a total loss, although we got about thirteen cents a bushel for corn. My husband could tell you all the rest of it. We, as a result, as I told you, lost the farm, because it had been purchased too large a price for us to ever be able to get out. But it wasn't an entire loss, because you found out who was true. And most of them were. Because really common being deprived is binding, so far as your friendships are concerned. You never forget those things. Just yesterday, my husband was reminding me because I mentioned a while ago about being with Frankie Moore. Frankie Moore and her husband, and Carl and I started out with an old Ford to go to the World's Fair. I think it was in about 1933.

Q. You went to the World's Fair?

A. In Chicago. Oh that was some trip. And we had trouble, because . . . Well, my husband knew that something was cracked before we went and that if we'd drive too far . . . But they had drawn to see which car we'd take. Their car may have been in better shape than ours was.

Oh wait a minute. Let's go back just a minute. I want to tell you what I was talking about before that lady came to the door, about the housing survey. I was going to say that we got paid for it. Now you see that was just about 1932 or 1933, I really don't know. And that was one thing, when I cleared out all my files, I wished I had kept. Because I remember in 1934 I wrote a whole thing because one of the university men that I was working with in the church council asked me some of the things I was doing. (laughs) I wrote them all down, and it would be interesting now if I had it.

I don't know how much we were paid, but I had a little extra money. And at that time we hadn't moved out here, of course, as I told you before. And, as a result—this was after our trip to the World's Fair—and our car was very bad. It was a tin lizzy, of course. The salesman came out there, Hardin Clary came out there, and he had a Chevy. We had never aspired to a Chevy and never thought of such a thing since the Depression started. Because we'd had Fords up until then. You really kind of traded a Ford in about every year. We had gotten to the place where we had a sedan, rather than just the side curtains affair. And he brought that out, and he wanted to see it to us. Well, Carl didn't feel like he had it, but by jeebers I had the money. I paid thirty-five dollars for that Chevy. (laughter) And we had a new car.

Q. What else did you use your money for? Did you have any money left?

A. Yes. My sister was still here, living with the folks. I don't know how many years they lived here. By the way, on their being here, he got a job. The first job he finally found was selling butcher blocks all over the territory. And then he got interested in wind power, and my father had a wind power put up, because his son-in-law was selling them, and he thought it would be a good advertisement. I think maybe he took a hundred dollars off on account of that.

But anyway, we had big 32-volt batteries in the basement. And we had this great big wind power tower, which was eighty-four feet tall. You had a little

ladder that you had to climb up, and my husband would climb up when it needed oiling, as far as that was concerned. And that wind power would generate the power, and it would go down and store itself in the 32-volts in the basement. So when the talk of REA came along, my father was not as active in it, so we didn't get it until 1938. But that's the reason we didn't, because he already had electricity. This house is mostly still wired for 32-volt, with heavy wire. They said that was lots heavier than they would do it with the other, so it would probably never give out. So far we've never had anything give out. I was afraid that I might forget to tell you that and Daddy would want me to tell you that; at least he tried it.

And now, you know, that in the present crisis on energy, they are talking about the idea of reviving wind power. And Mother did have a 32-volt refrigerator and toaster at the time of his death in 1937. They still had it then. When the REA did come along in 1938, we got electricity, sometime in 1938. So that's that.

Q. You were going to tell me what else you spent your money on that you had earned in the survey.

A. Oh. Well, my sister was here, and as I told you she was a home ec specialist. She had her master's degree, as far as that's concerned, from the University of Illinois, but she couldn't get a job. She did--now you remind me in a minute again because I'll tell you what she did do.

During that period of time, she had the ability to do fine things with a fine pen. I don't know how she'd do it. They were having contests to give things away, and she won a console radio, a stove, I don't know what all, by writing the most words on postcards. (laughter) Different kinds of sales. Well anyway, I just wanted to tell you that she is a very versatile and most creative person. She can do anything.

Q. Is this Mildred?

A. This is Mildred. She lives in Champaign. She was here on my birthday. Now I got off again. You told me to butt in if I thought of something, so that's what I did. (laughter)

Q. Okay. You were still going to tell me what you spent your money on.

A. Oh, while she was here they were having a series of auctions in Springfield. And she said, "Let's go up." So I went up with her. I didn't have any really good flat silverware and there was a beautiful wooden walnut box of Alvin silverware, that had never been used. It didn't look as if it had, at least.

Q. Was it sterling or silverplate?

A. It was good. I never did take it in to see for sure. But it's still just as lovely as it was at that time, in the 1930's. And so it was up, and Mildred said, "You need that. Why don't you bid on it?" Well, I didn't

think it would do any good. But I did; I bid ten dollars and I got it. And it's still my best silver. Well, that's just a sample. I bought several different things. By that time I had children living with me. Would you like a little child story?

Q. Yes.

A. Cutey-pie? (laughs) Well, I took a little girl; her mother was having trouble, and she was scared to death, and everything else. And I took her, and she became a real part of our family. Her name was Betty. Now Betty just loved horse flesh.

Q. How old was she?

A. About that time, she was about five, four or five. I'd had her quite a little while in relationship to the story. No, she was about four, I guess. Well anyway, we had a boy that we had raised. I told you about that before, and he was big enough to work, and was working in the field. She would want the horse saddled up so that she could ride it around in the yard; we had a gentle horse. And she kept coming in the house, and I was very, very busy. I do not recall now what I was doing that I was so busy, but she wanted me to do it. At that time, she called me Aunt Lucile. Later on she called me Mother, whereby hangs another tale. But anyway, she would come in from playing outside. She said, "Oh, won't you go saddle up the horse?" And I said, "Betty, I told you that I couldn't do it, I'm busy. When Billy comes in at noon I'll have him do it, but I don't want to hear you talk about it anymore. If you keep on talking about it," finally I said to her after she'd come in again, "I'll just have to tell you that you can't do it at all, because I can't be bothered." I probably was sewing. But anyway, that's what I said to her.

Not over fifteen minutes, she came back in and she said, "Aunt Lucile." I said, "Yes." She said, "I'm not talking about what I'm thinking about." (laughter) I've always thought that was cute. And this same little girl another time--we were so poor that we couldn't . . . This was right after the Depression when we moved out here in 1931, 1932. We'd come over on Sunday evening, over here to this house where my father and mother lived, and we'd get the Sunday evening paper. We'd come over on the horse, and little Betty would ride in front of me. And I can remember as if it were yesterday, we were going back over home and little Betty, who had the lines in front of me because she wanted to be guiding the horse, she dropped the lines and she looked up in the sky and she said, "Aunt Lucile, wouldn't you like to have all those beautiful stars?" And she was talking about God.

END OF SIDE ONE

A. "Wouldn't you like to take your hands and get them full of those stars?" Isn't that precious? She was a precious little girl.

Q. How long did you have her?

A. We had her several years. We had her until 1937; it might have been the beginning of 1938. Because when Daddy was killed in the accident and we came over here to live with Mother, it wasn't so convenient to have her with Mother. And her mother was difficult.

Later on when she started calling me mother--and you couldn't stop her--her mother got jealous. You know this kind of a thing. Her mother started telling her that she was going to take her. So I just told her mother then that if she was planning to do that, it would be best to do it right now. Because Mother was so shocked by Daddy's sudden death and had been very dependent on him. And I was terribly busy because I was acting as the family's agent. And if I were proud of anything--I maybe even mentioned that before--was that we were able, as a family, four girls, and the in-laws, and Mother to keep this farm altogether. And have money enough, operate it together, nobody asking for division, and having money enough to see to it that all of their children had a chance at an education. I had to act as agent. Mother was administrator. Of course, I did the work for her. And he had an extra farm that I sold in that particular time. At any rate, I was keeping seven different accounts I remember during those years.

So I said, "Well, if you're going to take her, maybe you'd better take her." And then she came back two or three times and wanted me to take her again. I didn't do it, because she was able to do it at that time. She wasn't at the first when I had her, and had she never interferred, we probably would have completely raised her. So that was that.

Then we had a little boy for quite a while. Oh I would have loved to have kept him. That was before we came over here. He was a very smart young fellow. And I've thought about it many times; I would like to know . . . But his mother was one that completely gave up. Now with Betty's mother, Betty to her was a possession, and she could move her like she would a checker. And it made an awful lot of difference. But Carl was interested in little Betty, because she was so feisty. (laughs) He'd come over here on the hay frame, and she'd sit there and just let them, and he'd drive all the harder, and let her bump. He just liked her because she was a tough little rat. But he was never interested in Ramsey, so I didn't think that was fair to Ramsey, so I didn't keep him, although his mother wanted me to. And I've often wondered what he became, because he had the potential for anything.

Q. You don't know what happened to him?

A. No. I never did know.

Q. What about Betty?

A. Betty is married and lives in Kansas. She comes back to see me, and I hear from her. I haven't heard from her now for quite a little while, but she has one child. So I think she's got along all right. She had a very difficult situation with her mother. Her mother was very difficult for her to get along with anybody. She was doing housework mostly, most of the time. So that part of it didn't work out too much. I was kind of an easy mark, somebody said. I didn't think so. If a child was in trouble. . . .

I had another little girl. (laughs) Over at Salisbury one of my friends--

she was a cousin of mine, but she was the beauty operator. And she was doing my hair, about the first permanent I got. You know those machines where they had you all hooked up to it? You never saw one of them. Did you ever see a picture of them?

Q. No.

A. You ought to even see a picture of them. Well anyway, I was doing that. And she told me about this little girl, and how they were splitting up the family, and how bad she needed some help and everything. So she wanted to know if I wouldn't take her for a while until they could get some kind of arrangements made so that she could have a good home. And I took her. Well, in the first place I cleaned her up, and then I got her some new clothes. She didn't have a pair of slippers or shoes of any kind. She just had run barefooted. And I bought her a little pair of patent leather slippers, with the little strap over them, cogs like thing. She just wanted to take them to bed with her and everything.

But (laughs) she had a violent temper. She was only about six years old. And she got mad about something, and she went upstairs, and what do you suppose she did? She took those little slippers that she loved so much and slammed them all the way downstairs on the floor in the hall. (laughs) So I've had quite a few different experiences with little children.

This one woman was some relation to Carl, who came and wanted me to take one of her children, one of her little girls. I think this was probably during the Depression. So we talked it over, and I was going to do it. You see, one reason I didn't have any children of my own. I had to take all the rest of the children of the world as mine. I had to do that. But I told her if she would just let me have her until she was at least sixteen . . . So they decided not to.

But I could tell you two or three other children that had their spell in our home. So it's not that we've been without children. Then the nieces and nephews commences to come along, so they're all mine. And now it's my great nieces and nephews that are my children. There are four of them living right over here in Tallula.

We have a very close family. Everybody is interested in everybody else. We're not a perfect family. We have one divorce--and may have another one, no one ever knows--in the family, is all. My father and mother would be very proud--it was 1937 when Father was gone and 1946 when Mother was gone, now here it is 1975--to know what has transpired so far as time is concerned and the children's interest.

Two of their grandchildren now have doctor's degrees. One of them is a psychiatrist, consulting psychiatrist with a big hospital in Los Angeles. Another one has a doctor's degree in special education, and has just now been called by the San Bernadino school system to be the program supervisor of the area. They are going to move out there. Another grandson of my sister who lives in Virginia had been with General Electric in Schenectady for about twenty-four, twenty-five years in the experimental laboratory. But just now, he's been offered a job in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. If I did

tell you this before, cut it out. I was just thinking about what Daddy and Mother would be proud of, because Daddy was proud of success. And I have a right to be proud of my nieces and nephews, I think, so since I have the floor, I'm going to tell it. (laughs)

And this university got a million and a half dollar grant to build a new science building and set up a new science department. And he was offered this job, so he will be moving there the first part of next month to take this over. And he's been given a laboratory of his own for further research. Then he is the supervisor of the whole program.

His children now--one of them had graduated from high school. Well, she'd done several things. She's one of these modern young people that had to make up her mind, and when everybody else started going to Europe to study, she had to go there a year and study. And she went to Spain at that time, and Madrid, the university. Then she was going to be a government person. She wanted a good command of the Spanish language. Well, she came back home, and I never heard what influenced her, but she decided she wanted to be a nurse. So she's a graduate nurse now. And on their honeymoon, they went West, North and Alaska and all the way around. And they're now back at her grandmother's home in Ashland, Virginia, and they're talking about staying there. That's the girls. They next one is the boy, and he graduated from Cornell last year. He is now starting to study to be a doctor. And their youngest one is graduating from high school. So that's that family.

And ours over here, you know them. Mildred's daughter Alice Wiese got her master's degree in communications. She just recently returned from being a delegate to the national home economics conference in Hawaii. She delivered three speeches and was the representative of the University of Illinois and the United States Department of Agriculture.

The one that I mentioned that is going to California is Mrs. LeMar's niece, Maurine's daughter. She married a dentist, and they live in, right now, Lincolnshire. But anyway, the children have all worked hard. Another one has a master's degree, and so forth and so on. Everybody right now is able to eat. We've got one (laughs) of Daddy's grandsons right now that is in the process of changing jobs. He's had a very fine job, so he'll probably find it in the field that he's in.

My sister Mary graduated from Illinois College, Conservatory of Music. She did post-graduate work for two years and was a well-known piano teacher in this area and was teaching piano until two months before her death last year. Many of her pupils have scored very high in contests.

So I think maybe they would be proud of us. At any rate, we've been honest, I think, and we've been happy, which is important. Because this was Daddy and Mother's last home, this has been the focal point for our get-togethers ever since we've been here in 1937 until the last two years when I've not been so good. And it has been transferred now to Tallula to the LeMar home. So she'll probably take things over so far as all the get-togethers . . . (inaudible) That's where they had the dinner party for my birthday. Now if you can think of anything else.

Q. I have two questions. Did you have anything to do with the home bureau?

A. Well, I expect I was responsible for getting it going.

Q. Can you tell me a little bit about that?

A. I was in 4-H. I had the first club. And then I had the responsibility for trying to get other people interested in it. So I had to go over the county and talk other people into having clubs. And the first thing you know, when we did get some, then we had to have a county committee to do it. And I had to take that chairmanship for some time, so I commenced to talk to the farm advisor and say, "Why can't we have a home bureau? The resource is there at the University of Illinois." Well, he'd always put me off. He'd say, "We're getting along all right." We were still in 1930 not having anybody from the university.

Anyway, finally I said to one of the leaders, Mrs. Walter Culver from Indian Point. She was one of the first ones that I recruited. I said, "Let's have our next county committee meeting and have a potluck dinner and invite the farm advisor." He's passed on now, bless his soul; I loved him (laughs) but he didn't let us do it sooner. "And we'll fill him up. And then we'll have in our meeting that we want a home advisor," which is exactly what we did. And we met at her home. We had a big dinner, and oh, he was happy; he was the only man there. And the rest of the leaders, I don't know at that time how many leaders there were that came to that meeting. So then we brought it up; why wouldn't he allow us to have Mrs. Burns, who was the head of the extension home economics at the University of Illinois come to Menard County and start a home bureau? And he just had all of us there in favor of it, and he went along. (laughs) That's how we got one from then on.

I think that, we really weren't a large enough county to have one all by ourselves, so we went in with Cass County for a few years. We did it for a little bit, but then we went on in with Cass County. We had that and then that partnership, and then we went back to it. Of course, now it's different. But the earlier days . . . But that took an awful load off our minds to have a home bureau. And we had the help of the university in so many, many different ways. So, you wanted the truth, that's it. I'm not saying we wouldn't have had a 4-H, eventually. Anyway, I've got to take the blame for it, (laughs) because we started it.

Q. You started to tell us a little bit about going to the World's Fair.

A. Carl is the one that ought to tell about that, (laughs) the trials and tribulations. We got up there, and like dumbbells, we didn't have any reservations made. You want me to tell the whole story?

Q. Yes.

A. We couldn't find any [rooms]. We gave it up; we couldn't find any. We found one room, one large room with two beds in it, so all four of us (laughs) slept in the same room. That's the way we did. And Frankie

and I were interested in the fair, seeing all of the exhibits and everything. And Carl and Arthur were interested because there was a big league baseball game. (laughs) But we went to the night program; we saw Paul Whiteman and his big band. It was a real event. We only stayed one night, but then we had been to the World's Fair. That was really the tail end of the Depression. Carl had twenty-five dollars in his pocket when we went. And when the car broke down--Arthur had a cousin who lived in Bloomington, and this happened in a little town close to Bloomington. So he rode with this man down to get what we had to have to fix the car and call him and wrote the check. The man said, "I'll fix it for you, but I will not take a check." (laughs) We weren't trusted by him. So then we made it and made it home and we had been to the World's Fair.

Now Carl remembers going to the World's Fair at St. Louis in 1904. My father went, but I was in school, and he didn't consider it very important for anybody to go to any picnic or anything else. I can remember begging him for a week to go to an event, a picnic with a group I was with, before he gave me the permission to do it, because it was a school day. (laughs) School was a little bit more important, and a little bit longer than everything else in those days. But he did go in 1904. The nearest that I came to it was that I was left in Jacksonville, Illinois. It was 1893, wasn't it, in Chicago? I kind of think it was, somewhere along there. I know they said that I was about two years old. That's when I'd have been two years old in 1893. So they left me with my grandmother. And my mother did got to go to the World's Fair in Chicago. So that's three World's Fairs. And in New York, I didn't go.

Q. Why didn't you go? Did anybody go?

A. Well, my husband didn't want to go, was one reason. I expect that's the main reason.

Q. What year was that?

A. Oh my land. What year was it? Well, we've had two or three World's Fairs since. Canada is going to have one. One experience, one thing that came to mind--I'll just say that. I don't know what made it, but you see my father died in 1937, and I was active at that time in this Illinois Church Council. And we'd had these opportunities of people from other countries, and I had heard, and I remember telling my father, about this man who had been in Germany who told us what was ahead for us so far as . . . and what the children were going through already. And I told my father and he said, "War! Oh, my. There's no thought of any war." He wouldn't have believed it. And here he was gone in 1937, and in 1941, I was at a conference, a national conference in Columbus, Ohio, a United Church Women Council, which was when we organized as a part of the National Council of Churches, at that meeting, by the way.

On the way home, on the train, we had an excursion from Chicago, so many women went to it. I remember this was an interdenominational group. They came through the car, and I was reading a book that I was so excited about, and I was trying to keep from it, because I knew I had to make a report of the meeting, that I should be doing that. But I remember doing this, and

it was a marvelous book. I wish I could read it again, but I don't have the eyes to do it now. But anyway, they came through the car and said, "Pearl Harbor has been bombed." Pearl Harbor has been bombed. And I was on the train home. Of course, we didn't any of us, we were all so upset, didn't any of us read or do anything but get together and talk. And we just couldn't believe it. Then when it was our privilege to go through the area where World War I was fought--that was 1930--and see the absolute destruction, since some of us had experienced knowing something about that, well, then we knew what war was like, although we didn't know what a holocaust we were going to get into.

Q. Was there anything you wanted to add to anything?

A. Too much has been said already. (laughs) That's the way I feel about it. I would hate to have to listen to it, I'll say that. I might tell you a little story about two great-grandfathers. My great-grandfather Henry Clark was a friend of Abraham Lincoln, but they didn't agree politically. But they were great friends. Well, of course they were at New Salem. May I go back just a little bit and say those earlier ones, they talk about them now about being a little rough, and I think the movies have made them seem a lot more than that. But they had to have something to excel in, and one of the things they excelled in if anybody insulted them or said anything about any woman in their family or that they weren't honest or anything like that, was to show your prowess as a fighter. That was like, for instance, Jack Armstrong in Lincoln history, and things like that.

Well, after Lincoln was President, Slicky Bill Green, they called him, William G. Green of Tallula--who, by the way, was a student in that early day at Illinois College when it was first organized in 1824 by that Yale band that I mentioned to you--and Lincoln stayed friends, and when he visited Lincoln in the White House at Lincoln's invitation, Lincoln says, "What about my old friend Henry Clark?" And Green said to him--I know you're wondering what that has to do with fighting, but I'm going to tell you (laughs)--he said, "What about my old friend Henry Clark, how's he stacking up?" in relation to being for him in the reelection and so forth. And Green said, "Well, I'm sorry to tell you that he's not too strong for you." And Lincoln said to him, "You go back there and tell Henry Clark that when he needed me, I was there and helped him out and that I need his help now. And I want him to help me."

So Green came back and told Henry Clark, my great-grandfather, just exactly what Lincoln said, and Henry Clark said, "He's got it." But the incident that he was referring to was a matter of honor to him when he had a fight and Lincoln acted as his second. (laughs) That's what Lincoln was referring to. That's why I prefaced it by telling you about the prowess of the fighting. (laughs) That's my great-grandfather Clark. And my great-grandfather Daniels. . . .

You did mention once that you would like to know the names of two or three books that I might have here, that somebody might like to know about. But in the Morgan County History, 1878 it was written, they tell about a story--I'll just barely mention it. They tell about the story of the first railroad

that came in here. And the first railroad that came in here they had to send for my great-grandfather who was living in Jacksonville at that time. He was a gunsmith and was handy with tools and everything. They had trouble with the engine, and he drove the first engine into Jacksonville on the railroad that came in, the first railroad.

And then it tells another story in there about the time he had getting in there because there was some cattle out. I don't even know if they had so many fences or not. By the way, I have a cowbell in there that is one of the early cowbells in Jacksonville, Morgan County. The early roads, his grandfather told my father, that the early roads were mostly determined by the cattle tracks. But this was an old cowbell so I just say that that bell helped to establish the roads. Of course, they've nearly all been (laughs) straightened out. But anyway, this bull was on the track. He refused to move, and he showed fight. So he put up with him about as long as he could stand it--now this is in that Morgan County History; it's very interesting. He just told the bull to get out of the way and he went. It really was a question of which was worse off--the front of the engine or the bull. But he got through and got on into Jacksonville.

But anyway, there is a Morgan County Atlas of 1878 and this old history of Morgan County. In Menard County, there are quite a lot. Now, I would imagine that Menard County is a little richer maybe than a good many other counties because of the fact that Lincoln was here and there was added interest. R. D. Miller has written two different historical books. I told you how Chautauqua was influenced, in the other. Reap has one which they might not know about, because it was local. There is the Daniels genealogy--my father's family--and there is just recently two volumes. And it's a fascinating story. The Daniels goes from 1630 on, when they came in. But it is strange--I think I told you that once before--to see how they came. From New York, they came in from Vermont, all the way around.

I have a diary here that a great-aunt wrote in 1835 when she was going back to Vermont for the summertime and later on came back again. There is a lot of old historical material that's in this house, and I'm not at all sure what should be done with it. Part of it really should be in the Morgan County and part of it should be in Menard County. I just don't know what ought to be done with it. But I hope that nobody will just throw a lot of it away, when I'm . . . I happen to be the custodian of it because my father was interested in family and in genealogy. And I run across ever once in a while, I ran across an envelope the other day that had old Daniels. I've been going through some things--the old settlers, all the old settlers, the whole list of old settlers. We used to have old settler's picnics. Even after we married, I remember giving a reading at an old settler's picnic down at Miller's Ferry. Do you know where Miller's Ferry was?

Q. No.

A. Oh well, you live real close to it, you wouldn't know. (laughs) Down there just east of Oakford, down there where they cross the river. Miller's Ferry. Old Cap [Captain] Weaver never stopped until he made me give a reading. They had annual picnics down there. They don't do that anymore. There are