



Her Story

*Dr. Hilda Weuve Ethington
As Told To Leslie Ethington*

My Story

ington
hington

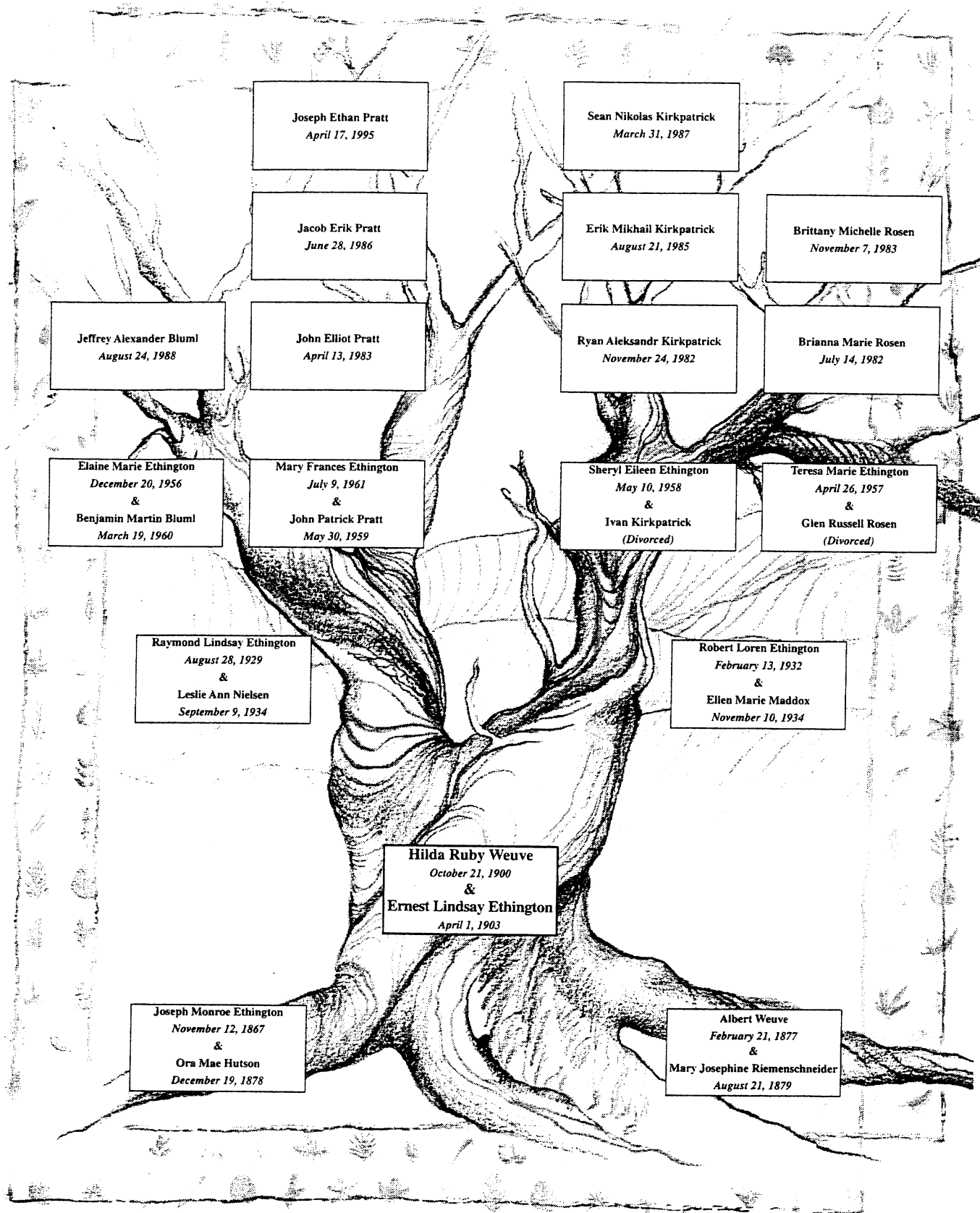
This book is dedicated to two remarkable women. To Hilda Ruby Weuve Ethington who lived it. This is the story of a woman who has seen countless changes over her lifetime and has dealt with them with courage, determination and good humor. Her story is an intimate and very personal look at life as it was in the early years of this century on a family farm in Iowa. Over time, in the midst of relentless change, several themes have remained constant in her life. One is her enduring love for and pride in her family. Another is her ability to encourage young things to grow whether they be her beloved flowers or children. We honor her love for her flowers with the floral theme throughout this book and we honor her love for her family with this book itself.

And to Leslie Nielsen Ethington. Without her years of dedication, patience and research this book would have never reached fruition or perhaps would have never even been started.

This book is a culmination of both these women's' lifelong dedication to teaching others and a priceless gift to us and the children of the "801st lifetime" and beyond.



Special thanks to Robert Ethington for the generous gift of his indispensable proofing and editing skills and to Ellen Edlington who unstintingly gave of her motivational gifts on behalf of this book.



Our Family Tree

Table of Contents

1. My Birth And Family	1
My Birth	1
My Family	1
Memories of Dad	1
Memories of Ma	2
2. School	3
3. When I Was Young	5
Holidays	5
Flowers	5
Home Remedies	5
The Pack Peddler	5
Childhood Responsibilities	6
4. Our Home	6
5. Life In The Early 1900's	7
Making Soap	7
Washing and Ironing	7
Churning Butter	8
Making Bread	8
6. Transportation	8
7. Farm Life	9
Setting Hens, Hunting Eggs, Grinding Chicken Feed	9
8. Growing And Harvesting Food	11
Potatoes	11
Sauerkraut	11
Sowing Oats	11
Harvesting Oats	11
Planting Corn	12
Picking Seed Corn	12
Picking Corn	13
Making Hay	13
Hauling Grain And Hogs To Market	13
9. Raising And Butchering Animals . . .	13
10. General Farming Methods . . .	14

In The Year 1900 . . .

- ☛ The U.S. Population was 75,995,000.
- ☛ The cause of Yellow Fever was discovered by Dr. Walter Reed & Major William Crawford Gorgas.
- ☛ Railways connected the U.S. from coast to coast.
- ☛ The largest, wealthiest and most popular American city was New York. It was described by a British visitor of the time as "A lady in ball costume, with diamonds in her ears, and her toes out at her boots."
- ☛ The first Car show was held at Madison Square Garden, New York City.
- ☛ The first electric bus (autostage) ran January 2, in New York City.
- ☛ Only a few states had laws against the factory employment of children under 10 years of age. Children as young as 7 or 8 often worked twelve hour days in six day weeks. About 1 million children in the U.S. worked for as little as 25 cents per day.
- ☛ There were over 100,000 women stenographers. In 1870 there had only been 7.
- ☛ Most women processed and preserved their own (and their families) food each season.
- ☛ Tiny women were fashionable. This caused many women to corset themselves until their waists were 10-15 inches and they could barely breathe. Shoes were usually worn a size too small as well.
- ☛ A sportswriter named Byron Bancroft Johnson started the American League (baseball).
- ☛ The motion picture industry was in it's infancy. Hollywood, California was a rural community full of conservative farmers.
- ☛ It was forecast that radio would develop quickly because Sir William H. Pierce was able to broadcast audible speech for six to eight miles.

The 800th Lifetime

"It has been observed, for example, that if the last 50,000 years of man's existence were divided into lifetimes of approximately sixty-two years each, there have been about 800 such lifetimes. Of these 800, fully 650 were spent in caves.

Only during the last seventy lifetimes has it been possible to communicate effectively from one lifetime to another—as writing made it possible to do. Only during the last six lifetimes did masses of men ever see a printed word. Only during the last four has it been possible to measure time with any precision. Only in the last two has anyone anywhere used an electric motor. And the overwhelming majority of all the material goods we use in daily life today have been developed within the present, the 800th, lifetime.

This 800th lifetime marks a sharp break with all past human experience because during this lifetime man's relationship to resources has reversed itself. This is most evident in the field of economic development. Within a single lifetime, agriculture, the original basis of civilization, has lost its dominance in nation after nation. Today in a dozen major countries agriculture employs fewer than 15 percent of the economically active population. In the United States, whose farms feed 200,000,000 Americans plus the equivalent of another 160,000,000 people around the world, this figure is already below 6 percent and it is still shrinking rapidly.

Moreover, if agriculture is the first stage of economic development and industrialism the second, we can now see that still another stage—the third—has suddenly been reached. In about 1956 the United States became the first major power in which more than 50 percent of the non-farm labor force ceased to wear the blue collar of factory or manual labor. Blue collar workers were outnumbered by those in the so-called white-collar occupations—in retail trade, administration, communications, research, education, and other service categories. Within the same lifetime a society for the first time in human history not only threw off the yoke of agriculture, but managed within a few brief decades to throw off the yoke of manual labor as well. The world's first service economy had been born . . ."

From Future Shock
By Alvin Toffler

Table of Contents

11. As A Young Woman	19
Teaching School	19
Working At Mr. Benson's Store	20
Courtship	20
12. Marriage	21
A Farm Of Our Own	21
Moving To The Farm	21
A New House	22
13. Work Of A Farm Wife	23
Milking Cows	23
Other Chores	24
Raising Chickens	24
Our Cars	24
Clubs	24
14. Memories From A Mother	25
15. Memories From A Grandmother	27
Elaine	27
Mary	27
Terry And Sherry	27
16. The Big Tornado	28
17. The Golden Years	29
Travels	29
Gardening	29
Crafts	29
Pets	29
Reporter For The Nevada Paper	30
Scrapbooks And Diary	30
Clubs	30
A Busy Senior Citizen	30
Birthday Party	30
Back Seat Drivers License	30
Golden Wedding	30
Lindsay's Heart Attack And Death	30
18. Reflections From Family	31
Robert's	31
Raymond's	34

My Birth And Family

My Birth

I was born October 21, 1900, on a farm in Marshall County, Iowa, within a mile of where I spent my entire married life, with the exception of a couple of years when I was clerking at Mr. Benson's Dry Goods Store in State Center.

I was born at home, which was the common procedure at that time. I don't really know who was there to help my mother deliver me. I did not have a birth certificate and didn't need one until the time when I went to apply for social security. They had my name wrong. I always went by Hilda Ruby, but when I got my birth certificate, I was just Hilda. I still consider myself Hilda Ruby. Apparently, the doctor had neglected to report the entire name at the time I was born. I do not know why they gave me the name Hilda Ruby. I am not aware that I was named after anyone in the family.

My Family

My dad's name was Albert Henry Weuve. Mother was Mary Josephine Riemenschneider. Dad's father was born in France and his mother was born in Germany. The Riemenschneiders were born here (Marshall County, Iowa). Dad was born February 21, 1877, about a mile east of where I was born. Mother's birthday was August 21, 1879. They were mar-

ried October 6, 1898. She died the 25th of August 1958 in State Center, Iowa, and Dad died January 7, 1965.

I was the second of eight children. I had a sister that was a little over a year older than I was. Her name was Mayme Marian and she was born in 1899. She didn't live very long. She died when I was about a year and a half old. My mother lost half of her family. There were eight of us and four lived to be grown. One of my brothers didn't even have a name. He died at birth.

Harold was not real small when he died. I remember when he died, but I don't know what died of. Dad was out picking corn and Georgie and I had to go out to the field to get him. I was small at that time and his death didn't bother me as much as when my brother, Raymond, died.

Raymond was a little older. He died in 1918, just two years before I graduated from high school. He had had an ear infection. Instead of it draining out, it drained back on the brain. When he was a young boy, he had swallowed a kernel of corn. They had to take him in to Chicago. Dad and a nurse went along. They performed surgery through the esophagus to remove the corn. The only way they had to get him there was by train. That incident may have had something to do with the ear infection, or mastoid. I can remember coming home from school and my mother telling me that they had to take him to Chicago.

I had three brothers. George, Verne and Leo, who lived to adulthood. George Gifford was born on February 7, 1903 in State Center. He married

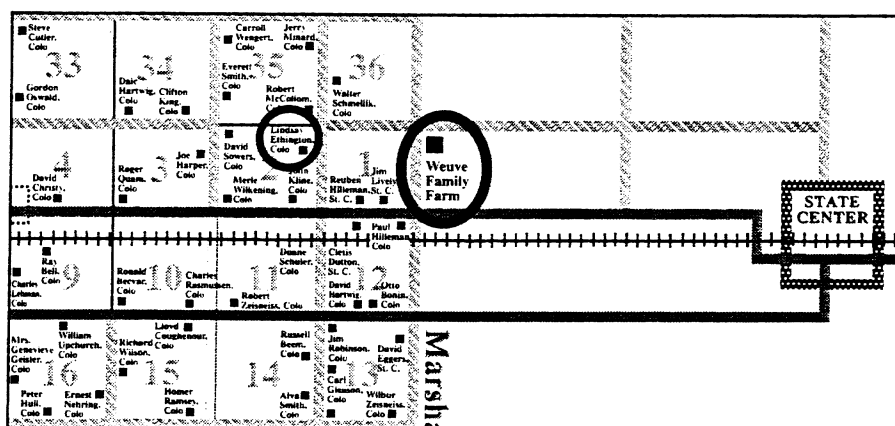
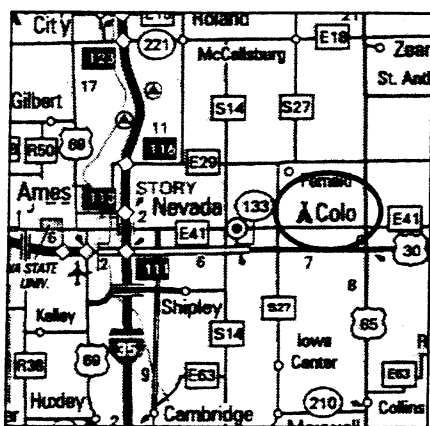
Louise Eckhardt on September 7, 1927. They were the parents of two sons, Gaylen and Ross. Louise died when Ross was a baby. At that time, the folks moved into Georgie's home and helped him raise his sons. Gaylen died in 1951. Georgie farmed as long as he was able. He spent his last year in a nursing home in State Center. He died on September 17, 1990 at State Center Manor.

Verne Oscar was born August 13, 1906 in State Center, Iowa. He married Evelyn Wood on October 14, 1929. They raised a daughter, Violet. Verne also farmed in Marshall County. He developed diabetes and died on June 8, 1982 at State Center Manor. His wife, Evelyn, died January 30, 1994 at State Center Manor.

Leo was born May 23, 1908 in State Center, Iowa. After growing up in Central Iowa, he moved to California and worked as a machinist. He married Mary Rose Marcella on December 4, 1949. After his retirement, he worked for San Diego State University monitoring seismic equipment near his home in the desert. Mary died on August 18, 1986. On December 9, 1990, he married Edel Traut. He died near his desert home on May 11, 1992.

Memories of Dad

My father, Albert Henry Weuve, was born February 21, 1877 in Marshall County, Iowa. His parents were Ulysses Weuve and Anna Schaper. There were eleven in dad's



family. Five older and five younger. He was the middle one.

When his family moved to the house they were living in when he was a baby, they came in a lumber wagon. He remembered the wagon had to cross a creek. Somehow his mother dropped him in the creek. I have the old dinner bell that my Grandfather Weuve had. It was given to my dad.

Dad's folks, when I was growing up, were mostly gone. His dad and mother had gone out to Colorado and the younger ones had gone out there with them. The older ones lived out east of State Center and at that time you just didn't get around like you do now. We wasn't real close. Grandma Weuve would come back for a visit [occasionally]. I remember right here in her forehead, she had a scar where she was kicked by a little pony. I don't ever remember living around Grandma Weuve. In the summertime, once in awhile you would get to the aunts and uncles, but in the wintertime, it was just out, driving a team of horses that far.

Dad was in the middle of eleven children. They went to school, but they didn't go to school like I did when I was small. I don't know how many years my dad went to school. He went to a rural school. He may have only gone just a few grades. At that time they just mostly worked. He learned the basic skills. He had all kinds of farm animals, horses, cows, chickens.

I can remember my dad . . . every time he saw celery he would say, "Don't eat that. You will go blind." I think Dad, to the last day he lived, he believed that.

As far as hobbies, I guess it was sleep. That's all he did when he wasn't working. He just worked. He didn't like reading. We had a Victrola and he listened to that. I can remember when we first got television and they had so many of these dancers on television. Dad would watch it and he would say, "Gosh, I wish I could kick like that." After we got television he listened to wrestling and I hated that so darned bad.

He had quite a temper and he used it, too. I know that we kids, we had to toe the mark or we knew what was coming. When my dad said anything, he meant it. You didn't fool around or

"I can walk about three miles per hour on relatively flat ground. I suspect a horse, or a team of horses, walk at about the same speed. As a matter of fact, if they pulled a steel tired wagon in which you were riding you wouldn't want them to trot or go faster, because the ride would be too rough.

At four miles per hour, people who lived four to ten miles apart would have to devote one to two and one half hours each way just to make a visit. So they weren't inclined to visit often, unless they lived very close."

Robert Ethington, Son

coax with him. He always had a saying: "If you don't do what I said, I'll just knock your head up to a peak and then I'll knock the peak off." I'll tell you we got out of his way. He was a stern German.

He kind of kept to himself. He was a private person until he got older and then he liked to go fishing and he would go fishing with anybody.

He was bald headed most of his life. I remember Leo one time. He went to church on Sunday and Leo said, "You know there was a man sitting ahead of us and he was face clear back to here." Dad was bald headed as long as I could remember. He was a pretty tall man until he got older. His eyes were light blue and his hair was light brown. When he was older he had a hole on his nose. He always picked at that. Lainie* thought he had been shot by a bullet.

After Ma died, he was at Georgie's about a year, and then he was here and then he was at Verne's less than two years. The doctor said he should be at a nursing home and Verne seen to it he got there. I knew it was going to be a tussle to get him there because it was a tussle when we brought him here when he had to leave over there. He was in the hospital here. Verne was the one that brought him and he said, "Now, you're going to have a time." I said, "Well, we'll see." He died January 7, 1965.

* Elaine Ethington Bluml is Hilda's granddaughter (Raymond's daughter).

Mem

0

My

mother, Mary Jo Riemenschneider, was born August 1879 in Marshall County, Iowa. Her parents were William Riemenschneider and Mary Ann Wantz. There were five children born to this couple. Mary Jo was the fourth child and the second daughter. Mother grew up not too far from here, maybe about four miles northeast. She lived on a farm.

My parents didn't go to church much. They were tied down with the kids most of the time and there were ways to get around. You had to go by horses or by walking. Children were older when they went through life than they are now. I was 12 years old when I was confirmed. My mother was older than that. Of course Dad, joined the church after we were born. He didn't come from a religious family. My mother was the church out north-east of State Center, St. John's. She was confirmed out there. Everything was in German. That German catechism (Raymond has) was my mother's.

They spoke German in her home. There were two kinds of German. The high German and low German. I don't know what the difference was between them. Grandma Riemenschneider and her children spoke German in their home. I went on that went by the wayside.

When she was younger, she was freckle faced. She pulled her hair back and had a bun. She was about my height (five feet, six inches). She put on weight when she got older. I've shrunk when I got older. She had blue eyes and her hair was brown, about like mine. She was quite sober faced.

She was pretty frugal. She worked and crocheted and she sewed. A time you didn't buy the clothes. You would buy the material and she sewed them. Clothes, a lot of them. She didn't even have a pattern.

her own patterns. You didn't buy patterns then.

She churned butter and rendered lard. We didn't have any refrigerators. You fried your meat down and covered it with lard, and stored it down in the basement. The nearest thing to a refrigerator would be an ice box where you would buy blocks of ice. If you made anything, you made it from scratch. You didn't have box cakes like you do now. She churned her own butter and she made cottage cheese from milk. It was sure different.

Ma was a pretty good writer . . . her handwriting was good. We did have books. I have one that my teacher gave me the last day of school, along in 1909. Kid's didn't read much at that time, and of course, there was no television. We were a little over a mile from our mail box. Most people didn't take papers like they do now. Reading was not done much in those days. The news came by word of mouth or what you happened to read.

When I was a kid, she didn't hardly ever leave home. Well, none of us did. She liked people. She liked to read and she liked to crochet and she did sewing. She knit mittens galore. Her mother, Grandma Riemenschneider, she made quilts galore, but mother didn't do much quilting. There was a magazine, Woman's World, or something like that, she took that. Sometimes she read our school books. She read the scriptures.

My mother was a hard worker. Of course, in her time, we didn't have all these gadgets to work with. She just didn't have time for anything. later years she had joined some clubs. She belonged to the Aid Society.

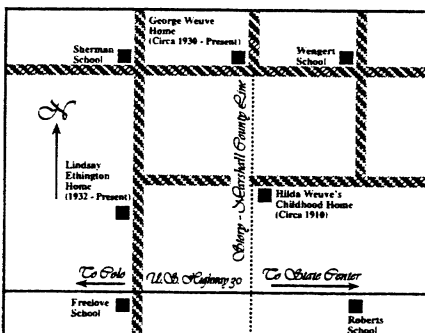
She belonged to the Country Social Club. There was about a dozen neighborhood women who belonged to that. It was at her house and she asked me to come and Lindsay took me over. The morning of her club, she got ready for club (she served the rolls and the meat and so on and the rest of the club members brought the rest of the food.) and nobody come. Some of them was sick and the ones that weren't sick forgot about it. She just about wilted.

And the rest of the club felt worse than she did. They didn't have telephones to call to tell them you weren't coming.

She didn't do too much working in the fields . . . the kids, we were the ones. She usually stayed working in the house but the kids then, even if you was six years old, you had your jobs to do and there was no way out of it.

When Ma died,, she died over on that place where Ross lives. That was hard on Dad. He didn't realize she was as bad as she was. She died in her sleep just like her brother. She died on August 25, 1958 at age 79. She was still saving things to do when she got old.

 School started to school in 1906.



1.) Schools are shown as they must have existed about 1900-1920. My mother taught at the Free Love School before marriage; I attended it 1936-1945. I remember the Sherman School-Ross Weuve attended it. But I believe the Roberts school was probably gone before my birth, and perhaps the Wengert School as well. Early state law in Iowa required a school every two miles, and that is what is shown here.

2.) Pupils were assigned to their closest school. My mother makes the point that the Roberts School was closest, but there were no roads directly to it (still are not in 1995). Early on, she therefore attended the Wengert School, to which she would have been assigned had she simply lived across the road in front of her home. She went to the Wengert School because there was road access (2 miles).

3.) At some age she was deemed "old enough" to walk two miles, through fields. (probably with younger brothers). Cutting across fields, it is actually shorter.

4.) For highschool, she went to State Center (about 5 miles) using a horse drawn buggy (or cutter) in winter. She boarded the horse at a livery stable during the day.

5.) Not all farmsteads are shown on this map-only those essential to explain her school circumstances and orient the reader.

When I became school age, which was at five or six, I attended a rural school. My home was centrally located from four rural schools. I started to Wengert School, Minerva Township #9 in Marshall County because the road was not open to my own school in State Center Township. The road to that school never was opened. We had to go through pasture where there was cattle, and it wasn't safe to walk a mile across the fields.

I walked two miles in the morning, and back at night. Most of the time, I was the only one who walked down that road to school. In the winter time it was a bear-cat. The snow was terrible. The mail carrier would come along and even though he was not supposed to pick up passengers, he would feel sorry for me. He would pick me up and take me along to school. Later there was another family that moved in the neighborhood, about a mile down the road, and they had a girl that walked along to school with me.

As time went on, (I must have been ten or eleven), and my brothers became school age, we finally went to the school that we belonged to. If we had lived on the other side of the road, we would have continued going to the one where I started. We changed to the Roberts school in State Center Township. There wasn't so many students at that school.

We drove an old white horse named "Bill" on a buggy. It was a four wheeled buggy. Old Bill helped a lot. We tied him in one corner of the school yard where there was plenty of grass.

Most rural schools of that period consisted of a one room school building in the middle of an acre of land, a wood shed for fuel, two small buildings on opposite sides of the playground--one was labeled "Boys" and one "Girls." There was also a well with a hand pump which provided drinking water. The building was heated with a big pot bellied stove sitting in the center of the room. Coal was used for fuel. On each side wall was a couple of kerosene lamps with reflectors back of the glass chimneys. They were used during

night programs, especially at Christmas, or a program and box social or pie supper to make money for something the school needed.

My first teacher was Hilda Armbrrecht, who lived in State Center. She rode a bicycle five miles to the school each day except in winter. I don't remember how many pupils attended the school. We had Fall term, Winter term, and Spring term. During the winter term older, grown boys attended as they had to help with the farming during the spring and fall term. My first reader was the "Rose Primer." Our desks were double so two children occupied the same desk.

During the noon hour and at recess, we played games on the school ground, such as "Andy Over", "Drop the Handkerchief", "Rotten Egg", "Pump, Pump, Pull Away". In winter we played "Fox and Goose."

In warm weather, we went barefoot, and two miles morning and night made sore feet. When it got colder so we had to wear shoes, our feet were so spread out we could hardly get them on.

The two miles walking to school was a long ways, especially in winter. I remember my mother would put my lunch in a half gallon molasses pail and I suppose I fell down a dozen times going to school. By the time I opened up my lunch box it didn't even look like lunch. She usually fixed sandwiches and she used to put peaches in a glass with no top on it. So you know what my lunch looked like.

Studies through the year were reading, spelling, geography, history, arithmetic. Reading and writing were my favorite subjects at school. I liked history and geography. I hated civics. Oh, I hated civics.

They taught the Palmer Method of handwriting. Of course, in order to go into town to school, you had to pass an examination. It was quite a hard test. The teachers wrote their schedules on the board for the week. It was always my job to write it. I hated to do it, but they had me do that. The school year ended with a picnic.

We had several programs through the year, but Christmas was the main one. We spent days stringing popcorn, cranberries, and making paper chains to decorate the Christmas tree. The tree was lit with many colored wax candles. We used these things that look like snap clothes pins that you snapped your candles on with.

When I was 15 years old, I entered the 8th grade at State Center and continued on through High School there. I drove a horse named Daisy hitched to a buggy. In the spring the roads got impassable. The bottoms would go out of those roads and not even a horse and buggy could get through. And then I walked clear to State Center. That was about five and a half miles and I walked both ways both morning and night. I didn't think anything of it.

In the winter, I went with the horse and buggy and had a warm brick to keep my feet warm. When I got to State Center, I put the horse in the livery barn for the day. At noon, the attendant fed the horse grain I brought each day. When the day was over at school, he had the brick warm, and the horse hitched to the buggy for my return home.

I always brought school work home so I spent the evenings after supper studying. The schools were not into sports like they are today. They did have a boys and girls basketball court, but basketball was played outside at the close of the day. I wasn't able to take part, as I had to be on my way home. School in my day was strictly reading, writing and arithmetic, etc. I remember in the 11th grade, someone got ahold of all the German books and burned them. For the rest of the semester we had to substitute Economics. I also remember in the 11th grade, breaking out with chicken pox and being sent home. Many of the students were sent home the same day. I had them so bad and carry many of the scars today.

Our Senior class play was "Fanny and the Servant Problem." I played the part of a maid. All of the graduating activities were held at the Opera House, including the Junior-Senior

banquet. The food at the banquet was prepared and served by mothers of the students.

I remember my Senior banquet dress. My mother and I drove a horse to State Center and took the 9:00 A.M. train to Marshalltown. We got the material for the dress, which was a blue satin. We came back to State Center on the 3:00 P.M. train, got the horse and buggy from the livery barn and proceeded home. I made my banquet dress myself, without a pattern. I'd be scared to death to cut into that material today. I also made my graduation dress, which was white lawn material. It had ruffles on top of ruffles. Once in a while I still dream of having that dress on somewhere, and I also dream of being in the assembly room in the High School. That school has been gone a long time.

Graduation was Friday, May 21, 1920 at the Opera House in State Center. There were 11 members in my class. The class motto was "Tonight We Launch-Where Shall We Anchor?" The class colors were Blue and Gold, class flower "Chrysanthemum", Superintendent was C.F. Schel.

Of the 11 graduates, five were boys, six girls. Four of the girls became teachers, one a nurse and the other a housewife. One of the boys is a dentist, and one a chemical engineer. To my knowledge, at this time, five of the members are deceased and perhaps more as we are scattered from the west coast to the east coast.

Graduation gifts in the 20's were so different from today. What I received was a wrist watch, (from my grandmother), boxes of fancy handkerchiefs, two thimbles (one gold and one silver), hose -- and at that time there was only two colors, black or white, stationary, books, ivory combs, scarf, night wear and underwear. My folks gave me an Eastman Kodak -- post card size.



When I Was Young

Holidays

Christmas when I was small was different than Christmas today. We never had a Christmas tree, and our gifts were home made. We didn't have dolls or toys, as children have now. Dolls, I don't remember having a doll. The things we got were a little candy or some oranges. We got clothes to wear which my mother made, stockings, shoes, or overshoes, or mittens. I remember Dad made a sled for us out of boards with a rope on it to pull it. It was flat with wooden runners. On the bottom of the runners he put a metal strip. He got more use out of it than we kids did. He used that to haul slop to the hogs and it took the place of a wagon in the winter. He would make tops out of wooden spools. It wouldn't mean that much to kids now days, that kind of Christmas.

If we went to the Christmas program at church Christmas Eve, we went by bobsled with a team of horses hitched to it. It was so cold that Dad would put straw in the bottom of the sled to keep our feet warm. He fixed seats in it. If it was very cold, we would warm a brick in the oven all day and then wrap it in paper and bury it in the straw. We had to be careful not to set the straw afire. We would tie our horses up at the church while we were watching the program. The program was put on by the children. We kids got candy and fruit there, and Santa was there also.

Sometimes we went to my Grandmother's for Christmas dinner. Travel was much slower then. It was only five miles from home, but that seemed a long way then.

I always remember at Thanksgiving time, we went to my Grandmother Riemenschneider's. We would get in the spring wagon. It didn't have a top on it. It had two seats, and we drove a team of horses. I remember that whatever meat she had, goose, duck, chicken, she made the best dressing with the biggest raisins in that I ever in my life saw . . . as big as prunes. Boy, that was good. I can just taste it yet.



Flowers

As I was growing up, I always was a lover of flowers, although we had very few of them. I enjoyed picking wild flowers along the road, and there were many of them and many colors. Today there are none because the roadsides are sprayed with 2-4-D. My grandmother Riemenschneider always had so many flowers. They are a lot of work, but are beautiful.

When we were kids . . . I was about 10 and Georgie was 8, Leo and Verne would just toddle along. We would all get in the old buggy and go and hunt flowers. We went west of the place there and we picked flowers by the tub full. They were Sweet Williams, mostly and all colors. Georgie was hunting bird's nests. He come to a hollow tree and he reached in clear up to his elbow and there was a skunk in there. We just had to bury his clothes when he got home. We pretty near had to bury him. We didn't have a bath tub in those days to take a bath in or an automatic washer to wash clothes. We made our own soap then.

Home Remedies

When we were sick, here is another thing that has changed. One of the things that Ma done was she put a poultice on us and steamed us to death. Horseradish poultices . . . they had a lot of it at that time. They would just take the leaves and get those good and hot. Then if you had a pain, put a cloth on your chest so it wouldn't burn you, and that's what she did for colds and everything. They made their own

cough syrup. I couldn't tell you what she made it of. If you stepped on a nail or if you had an infection, they either put a piece of raw fat salt pork on or they used the yellow of an egg and thickened it with salt and made a poultice. That was to draw the infection out. We ate stewed onions. I'm going to tell you when we was kids, we smelled terrible from all the medication. But we didn't know any better. That's the best part of it. If you'd do that today, I can just hear kids say, "Oh, gross."

The Pack Peddler

Have you ever seen a Pack Peddler? In my early childhood they were frequent visitors in our rural home. The Pack Peddler would appear at the door on foot with a heavy telescoping pack on his back and one in each hand. He was usually invited in, and at once was only too glad to show the contents of the packs. There were kitchen towels, and bath towels, blue and red checked cotton damask silk scarves, neck ties, red and blue bandanas, rolls and rolls of lace, muslin and calico. In another case he had needles, pins, safety pins, thimbles, tape measures, thread, scissors, buttons. He had a case of men's work socks, long black or brown ribbed heavy cotton socks for both boys and girls and a few pairs of real silk hose for women. Finally after viewing all the contents of the packs, my mother paid for her purchases. Then the Peddler packed the telescoping bags, slung one over his back, adjusted the straps and went on his way to the next farm house. The Pack Peddler is no more. They belong to the past with the ragman and the organ grinder.

"... and we picked flowers by the tub full. They were Sweet Williams, mostly and all colors. Georgie was hunting bird's nests. He come to a hollow tree and he reached in clear up to his elbow and there was a skunk in there. We just had to bury his clothes when he got home. We pretty near had to bury him."

Hilda Ethington



you would take them and hang them out on the line to dry them off. Then you just picked the smallest feathers.³ The best ones for pillows were duck feathers or goose feathers.

The beds either had straw ticks on them or feather ticks. After threshing we would take the straw ticks off the beds, empty them and wash the ticking. When dry we would take them out to the straw pile, and put fresh threshed straw in them.

Another thing we did that you don't hear anything about now . . . they wove their carpets. In that time, the rugs were woven in strips. They were sewed together just like on big carpet. And they had what they called carpet stretchers. It was a thing with teeth

Childhood Responsibilities



hen I was young, I learned to patch. Along about thrashing time or before thrashing time,¹ my mother and I would patch overalls. I learned to patch when I was about 10 years old, and I learned on overalls. It was all done by hand. There was no sewing machine work.

Mother kept us busy helping with the chores. She canned and sewed, gardened and raised chickens. That was part or the work that we had to help with. We had a play house between the corn crib and the chicken house, but we didn't have time to play. Dad didn't let us play around when we were helping with chores. There wasn't much to tease about.

¹ Thrashing time was the last part of July or the first part of August.

on and it had a kind of handle or something that you worked. It had a big sharp thing that you put down in your carpet and the handle would pull it up next to the wall. Under the carpets, we had straw. There was no padding under there. The padding was straw. Whenever we thrashed, you had fresh straw. As the straw under the carpet got drier, it would break up and by the time you would take it up, it was pretty powdery. That straw would just get down to dust. Of course, you didn't move beds around.

Our home had no running water, the closest thing to it was a cistern pump near the sink. Saturday night was bath night. We took a bath in a large size round galvanized tub in the kitchen. We set it in the middle of the floor. Everyone of us kids took a bath in the same water. By the time the last person got in, it was pretty dirty water.

In my early years in our home, we didn't have wax paper, aluminum foil, plastic bags, kleenex and many for the paper products. There were no cake mixes, and only a few kinds of breakfast foods. There were no frozen foods. All fruits and vegetables were home canned. Everybody had a garden and we had fruit trees. We made most of our clothes, and my mother knit some of the hose and mittens.

When I was growing up, there were no refrigerators, but there were ice boxes. Big cakes of ice were put in them to keep supplies cool⁴. Or if there was something we needed to keep cool, we would lower it into the pit of the well.

Coffee was bought at the store in the form of a bean. The store keeper could grind the coffee beans or you could bring the coffee home in bean form. My mother had a coffee grinder. Each meal we would grind enough for the meal.

The lighting system in the house was a far cry from today. We had kerosene lamps, which had to be filled with kerosene each day, the globes washed and wicks trimmed. They gave a fairly good light close to the lamp, but at the outer edges of the room it was very dim. When I was about 14 years old my father got a Delco Plant,⁵ and that was the first electric lights we had. The plant was in the basement, and we had to run it every other day to keep it charged up. It was used just for lights--nothing else.

¹ The heating season ended around April.

² They placed their coal order at the lumber yard in State Center. It was ordered by the ton and more was ordered if necessary. One winter, however, Hilda remembers that it had to be rationed because of miners' strikes elsewhere. They burned ear corn instead.

³ The large feathers were thrown away.

⁴ They purchased the ice blocks in State Center. Iowa has few lakes so the ice was shipped in.

⁵ A Delco Plant was an electric generator.

Our Home



very year after the heating season¹ we had to take the heating stove down, put it in a corner, and cover it with a blanket. The stove pipes (which were put through a register in the ceiling, on up to the second story) were taken outside and all the soot cleaned out. It was a dirty job. When fall came and before we put the stove back up for the winter, we polished all the nickel, blackened the stove and the stove pipes. We burned wood and coal for heat,² and it kept the six room house warm along with the kitchen range.

Feathers went in a feather bed or pillows. When you would pick the chickens, you would scald them and then



Life In The Early 1900's

Making Soap

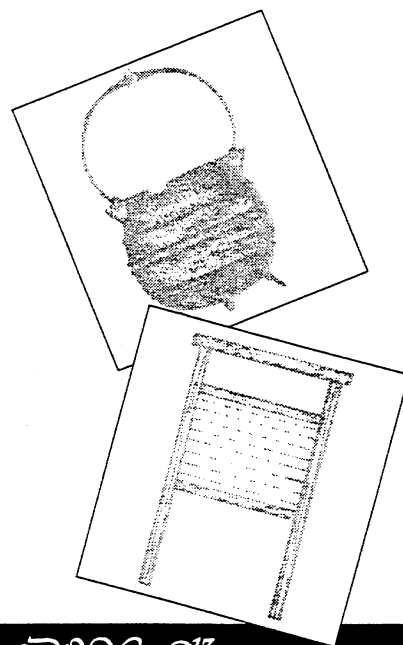
We made lye soap into laundry soap for washing clothes. When we butchered and rendered out the lard, there were cracklings left, which we saved and made into laundry soap. You saved all your meat drippings . . . beef tallow, pork lard, and then you bought lye. We put the cracklings¹ in a granite cooker and covered them with soft water.² Add a small can of Lewis Lye³ and let stand for several days. Then you cooked it in a big kettle outside until it looked thick like honey. The lye and water got hot and dissolved the cracklings. We stirred with a wooden paddle every few hours. Then you poured it into boxes that had been lined with newspaper. You would let it set and after it set you could go out and cut it into bars. We would take and put that on the roof of the brooder houses⁴ so it would harden. That's what we used to wash our clothes with. You could grate it or if the bar was small enough you could just throw the whole bar in.

¹ Cracklings are the crunchy brown remains of pork fat after the lard has been cooked out.

² "Soft water" was rain water collected in a cistern. Hard water has leached minerals from the earth.

³ Lye is a caustic chemical which was purchased at the grocery store.

⁴ The brooder houses were small buildings for the chickens which were out of the way and where the sunshine would dry the soap blocks well.



Washing And Ironing

Wash day on the farm, when I was a child, was a day to remember. It was usually on Monday, weather permitting. Preparations was made the night before. The boiler was filled with water and placed on the cook stove. Early in the morning the fire was started, burning cobs and wood for heat. When the water was partially hot, part of a can of lye was put in to soften the water. When a scum came to the top, it was skimmed off and home made lye soap was added. We washed on the board, and later got a machine which was put in a corner of the kitchen. We took turns powering the machine, which was loaded first with white clothes, and several loads of colored ones later. They were put through a hand turned wringer into the rinse water. Most of the best things were hung on the line, and some of the dark clothes and overalls were hung on the fence. The clothes were always hung outside-even in winter. Sometimes they were frozen like boards, but were hung over chairs near the stove to finish drying. There was no basement to dry them in.

We had no ironing board, so padded the dining table good and ironed on that. We had a set (3) of irons with a handle that clamped on them. We would put them on the hot stove covered with a pan to heat. As one iron cooled in ironing, we changed to another.

I had three dresses . . . one was on my back, one was in the wash and one was a spare. My mother made all my dresses. A boughten dress was almost unheard of. The dresses were just plain dresses. It seemed to me like everything was that old blue calico. I especially remember a pair of shoes that I had. They were button shoes. High button shoes. Wearing them to school, I got them wet. When I came home, I put them in the oven to dry them off and I forgot them. And my shoes were burned to a crisp.

We children didn't know anything but work. We never went anywhere. When the folks went to town they would drive horses and I usually had to stay home and take care of the kids. If I got a dime, I thought I was as rich as could be. I had to stay with the boys and watch them. I remember they went somewhere and they brought me a pin. It had two little shoes on it. Parents really did appreciate the children. They didn't treat them like help or like slaves.

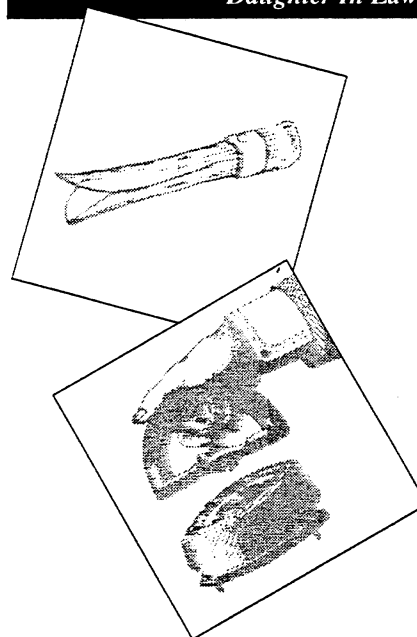
It seemed like I was outside working more than I was inside. I milked cows night and morning. We milked around a dozen, I think. We kids had to help. At that

Did You Know...

"Grandma Ethington used corn cobs to heat the cooking stove. The boys had to go pick them up out of the feed lots. In Iowa wood wasn't available. Grandma still has a working cook stove in the basement. In the 50's and 60's we were still using that stove to heat the basement when we cut up butchered hogs or beef and to render out the lard or tallow.

All parts of the animal were used then and excessive tallow or fat was used to make soap in the early part of the century. My own mother made the soap in the back yard and it was used to wash clothes."

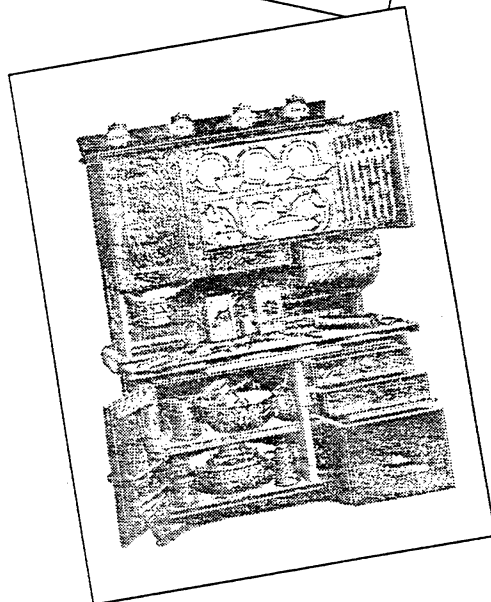
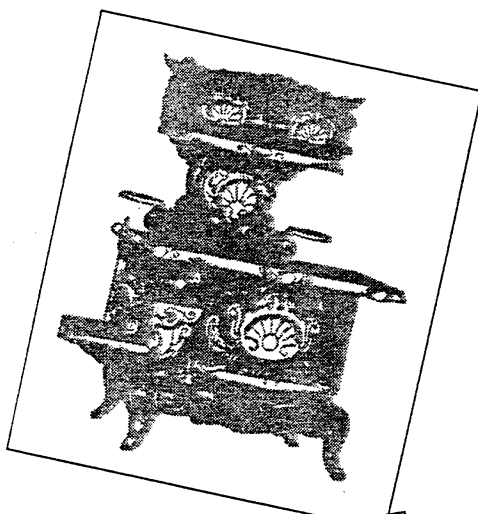
Ellen Maddox Ethington
Daughter In Law



A Farm Wife's Schedule.

Wash on Monday
Iron on Tuesday
Mend on Wednesday
Churn on Thursday
Clean on Friday
Bake on Saturday
Rest on Sunday

The Little House Cookbook
By Barbara M. Walker



"We had an old neighbor. His name was Oscar Abrams. He was an old fellow and I can remember when he got his car he ran into everything goin' and comin'. He took more gateways out than you could shake a stick at."

Hilda Ethington

time, we separated the milk. We sold the cream. The cream man would come and he would take a sample of your milk. He had a case that had bottles in it. He would take the sample of cream in the bottles and take it to be tested. You were paid according to how it tested. The skimmed milk, after it was run through the separator, that was fed to the hogs and the chickens. We set some off and let it sour. We saved the milk and set it back on the hot water heater or stove and let it clabber¹, then we made cottage cheese.

¹ Clabber means milk that has soured and formed a curd.



his is something children of today have never experienced. We never thought of buying butter at the store. We had a stone churn with a wooden dasher. Once a week¹ we would put one to one and a half gallons of cream in the churn, then with the wooden dasher we would work it up and down. Sometimes it took longer for the butter to come, depending how sweet the cream was. After the butter had formed we put it in a clean crock with fresh cold water, worked all the milk out of it, and salted it². The buttermilk was used for baking or drinking.

¹ Really sweet cream couldn't be used; it needed to stand for a while. At least a day old was best.

² Salt to taste.

Churning Butter



hen I was growing up we baked all the bread, six or seven big loaves twice a week. We made it in a big pan. My mother would set the sponge or yeast the night before and set it next to the stove where it was warm because we didn't have a furnace. The next morning she would add the rest of the ingredients. After a couple hours of rising, it was formed into loaves, let rise again, and put into the oven in the cook stove. I can still remember how good that warm sliced bread was with home churned butter and jam. It was nothing to make eight to ten loaves of bread . . . when you had that many kids.

Making Bread



hen I was younger, we would walk across the fields to the neighbors in the wintertime¹. Everyone put on their overshoes and at night we sometimes would walk several miles just for the evening. We went quite often.

Transportation

We had a cutter at home and it was up in the garage. Of course, the boys, Verne and Leo, that was just a detriment to them and I think they gave it away.² I'd give anything if I had that today. Today we would call it a sleigh. It would hold the driver and his wife and two or three kids. That's where the one horse open sleigh in Jingle Bells came from. Ma was not a singer but she enjoyed music. Singing was something you have to work at.

Dad liked nice things. There wasn't too many cars when he got his first car in the spring of 1912. It was a Ford, one of the very first ones, and had the top down most of the time. The only time the top was up, was when we got caught in a rain. We would stop the car. We would put up the top and put on those old side curtains, button them on. It was seldom driven at night. The lights were furnished from a carbide tank on the running board, which was regulated with a key or wrench. It had no heater, and we carried plenty of blankets for warmth. The car was not driven in the winter. The car was stored, and the wheels taken off in winter.

Dad got his first car just before Decoration.³ The first ride we had in it was Decoration Day, going to the cemetery. He went to turn around in the road and he had us all almost scared to death. We were afraid he was going to go in the ditch. At that time you didn't take drivers training.

Not very many people had cars at that time. When you would be coming down the road with a car and you would meet somebody that was driving with a team of horses, (now horses were just scared to death of a car,) the first thing they'd do

was jump out of the buggy and hang onto those horses heads. We had an old neighbor. His name was Oscar Abrams. He was an old fellow and I can remember when he got his car he ran into everything goin' and comin'. He took more gateways out than you could shake a stick at. Dad's brother Fred, they lived up the road here and he wouldn't drive the car . . . his wife drove it. Grandma Weuve never did learn to drive a car but she liked to ride in one. I don't know how many cars Dad had in his life time, but after he got that first one in 1912, he never was without a car.

1 They made the trip to socialize.

2 "The boys" thought enthusiasm for a sleigh was kind of sissy and besides it took up space.

3 Decoration Day is May 30th and is celebrated with a trip to the cemetery to leave flowers or decorations on the graves of loved ones.

Farm Life

Setting Hens, Hunting Eggs, Grinding Chicken Feed



One of the things I hated the worst . . . oh, I hated that . . . was to come home from school, then we would have to take and hunt eggs. Those old Leghorn hens, if there was a crack big enough for them to get into, they would go and make a nest and lay eggs. I had to crawl under the granary and crawl on my stomach under there, and I'm telling you, I was scared to death that I would crawl onto a snake. I sure didn't like snakes. And then another thing I hated. Those old hens would go up in the hay mow¹ and make nests. After you put hay up there, those big black spiders would make webs and I was scared to death of those. I just hated that.

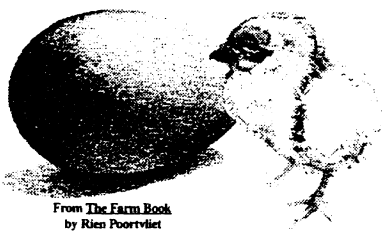
Boy, did I ever hate to take care of those chickens. After they had grown, we kept them out in the coop with an old hen. There was no such thing as an incubator² then. They were hatched by old broody hens.³ You set those eggs, fifteen eggs under each hen.⁴ We had a building where we had those hens setting on those nests and we had to go out every day and turn those hens off to eat. After so long a time, we put them back on the nests so the eggs didn't get too cool. The hen sat on the eggs for 21 days before they hatched.

You had to watch those hens so they didn't get lice because if they would get lice, they would just ruin those eggs jumping up and down on them.⁵ And after three weeks, the eggs would hatch and you would go out there and bring the little chickens into the house and put them in tubs and boxes and this and that and another thing. After we got them ready to go outside,⁶ if they had some lice on them, we had to take and put a mixture of lard and kerosene on their heads to kill lice . . . You'd mix that up good and put a little dab on their heads and another on their back and keep them in a box. After a day or two, we put them outside.

We had homemade chicken coops. It was like an A-frame that was boarded up and they sat right on the ground. Every spring we had to get a building ready to set hens for a new flock of chickens. Incubators and hatcheries were unheard of when I was growing up. About the first or second week in April, we cleaned the building and sprayed it for mites.

You didn't go to town to get mash like they do now. After we would get home from school or on Saturdays, we would go out and we would shell corn, bushel after bushel of it. Dad had an old grinder that he hooked a horse on. I wish people took pictures then. It had a pole and you would lead the horse around in a circle. That's the way we ground the corn for those chickens. To feed them, my mother always took ground corn and she would make like a corn bread. She mixed it in a dish pan. Then she put it in the oven in some pans and baked it for the chickens.

You had to take time every night to shut each hen and her chickens up in those coops because if you didn't, skunks or weasels or something would get in there and kill the chickens. Every day the waterers had to be filled with fresh water. We would move the coops every 2 or 3 days so they were on clean ground. After 2-3 weeks we could turn the hen loose with her chickens. She would take them hunting

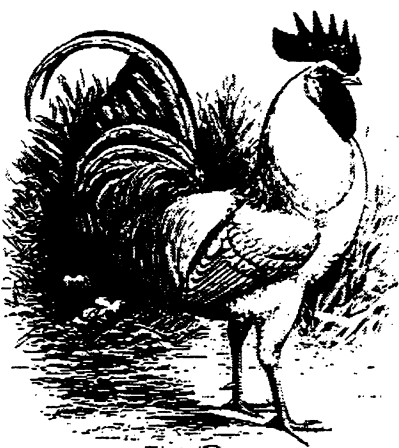


From The Farm Book
by Rien Poortvliet

Did You Know . . .

"In many farm families daily household funds were provided by the farm wife's stash of egg money. That was often the only source of ready cash."

Ellen Maddox Ethington, Daughter In Law



Regarding Chickens . . .

"Those old Leghorn hens, if there was a crack big enough for them to get into, they would go and make a nest and lay eggs . . ."

" . . . And then another thing I hated. Those old hens would go up in the hay mow and make nests. After you put hay up there, those big black spiders would make webs and I was scared to death of those. I just hated that . . ."

" . . . You had to watch those hens so they didn't get lice because if they would get lice, they would just ruin those eggs jumping up and down on them . . ."

" . . . They were roosting in every building but the right one, and being Leghorns they would fly clear to the top branches of the highest trees . . ."

Hilda Ethington



Crackling Cornbread

(for people not chickens)

Makes: (16) 2" squares

- | | |
|--|--|
|  1/4 Cup Butter |  1 Teaspoon Baking Soda |
|  2 Cups Yellow |  2-3 Tablespoons Cracklings * |
|  Stoneground Cornmeal |  2 Cups Cultured Buttermilk |
|  1 Teaspoon Salt |  2 Eggs |

 Preheat oven to 425 degrees. Melt butter by heating it briefly in a baking pan. In a large bowl mix the cornmeal, salt, baking soda, and cracklings. Stir in the buttermilk. Beat the eggs well in a small bowl and add them to the batter. Stir in the melted butter last. Pour the batter into a hot greased pan and bake about 30 minutes, until brown edges pull away from the pan and the center of the bread bounces back when pressed. Cut in 2-inch squares and remove from the pan before the bread cools. Serve warm.

* Cracklings are the crunchy brown remains of pork fat after the lard has been cooked out.

The Little House Cookbook

by Barbara M. Walker

food and insects, then come back to her coop in the evening. About dark we would close the coop for the night.

Twenty five years (more or less) later the method of raising chickens had changed greatly. The eggs were hatched in an incubator or any amount of chicks could be purchased from a hatchery. They were put in a brooder house, with either an electric or oil brooder stove for heat. Their food or balanced mash was bought in 25 or 50 pound bags and put in several long self feeders. The flowered and printed bags were used for dresses, underwear, towels, tablecloths, or anything the family needed [cloth for]. The plain ones were made up into sheets.

As the chickens grew older they had free run of the farm yards. The hens, when old enough to lay, would steal their nests in the worst places. If you heard a hen cackle out in a weed patch, you knew there would be a nest of eggs there. They would make nests up in the hay mow or under buildings and it was always my job, every night when I got home from school, to climb up or crawl under to get them. I didn't find all the nests and frequently an old hen would turn up with a brood of little chicks.

About Broody Hens...

A "Broody Hen" is a regular chicken whose metabolism is compelling her to pursue motherhood. In essence, her hormones are raging out of control. This causes her to become "protective of eggs instead of productive of eggs." She only wants to be left alone to sit eggs and hatch them. Unless she is needed to hatch eggs or as a foster mother for other chickens eggs, this non-productive behavior can spell trouble for the farmer. Aside from the fact that she isn't producing eggs and may be shy or temperamental, "broodyism" can spread to other hens. In addition, an affected hen may be caught stealing other hens eggs. Good management though, can break the cycle of "broodyism" as soon as possible. The affected hens need to be isolated with no access to anything from which they can make a nest. They should be given feed and water and be kept in a well-lit environment for 2-3 days until all signs of "broodyism" disappear. The symptoms can reappear at any time though so the farmer needs to remain vigilant. For the most part, today's hybrid chicks have had "broodyism" bred out of them and in fact won't sit at all.



About Roosting...

Chickens originated in the tropical forests of Southeast Asia. As a result, their natural instinct is to sleep in the trees high above most predators. This is why Hilda had to help get the Leghorns out of the trees in the fall when she was a little girl. They were difficult to catch in daylight but after dark they roosted and it became much easier. Once caught, the chickens were carried upside down by their feet. In this position, they didn't make much of a fuss. A full grown adult could carry up to 12 chickens (upside down) at one time. Today, farmers recognize chickens' instinctive need to roost up off the floor and provide for it in the designs of their chicken houses. With time most chickens tend to go back to the provided chicken houses by habit. Of course, there are always a few "rogue" chickens to contend with.

Information courtesy of Robert Ethington, Son
& Raising Chickens by Cynthia Haynes

By fall the chickens had gained their growth, and it was time to get them housed before cold weather. They were roosting in every building but the right one, and being Leghorns they would fly clear to the top branches of the highest trees. We went out after supper with a lantern to catch them. Sometimes it took several nights to catch the ones that flew away the first nights. The pullets or layers were put in the hen house and the roosters were put in coops and sold to a poultry firm.

After corn picking,⁷ we'd spend I don't know how many nights catching chickens to sell. You would have to get up there in the trees and shake them out. We finally got them all caught and into the coops. If we wanted to butcher any, we would keep about a dozen of the roosters.

- 1 The "Hay Mow" was a place for hay storage in the top of the barn.
- 2 The "Incubator" was a heating unit for hatching eggs artificially.
- 3 "Broody hens" are hens whose metabolism (raging hormones) are compelling them to pursue motherhood (set eggs) any way they can.
- 4 15 eggs is the mean # a hatching hen can cover.
- 5 If a hen did get lice she was treated with store-bought dusting powder since she was setting eggs.
- 6 When the chicken coops were ready, they went out.
- 7 "Corn Picking" was in Oct./Nov., "if you were done by Thanksgiving you were done early."



Growing And Harvesting Food

Potatoes

We always planted a lot of potatoes every spring, because potatoes were on the table three meals a day in one form or another. After planting the potatoes, as soon as they came up they had to be hoed and kept free of weeds. We also had to contend with potato bugs. We kids had to pick those off the potatoes. At that time they didn't have stuff¹ to spray on your crops. We had to pick them off in to a gallon pail. I remember my dad sending Georgie out to pick potato bugs. Georgie had a gallon bucket and he picked potato bug after potato bug. After a couple of hours Dad said, "Now you take those to the house and tell ma to make soup out of them". When she saw what was in the bucket, she just opening up the end of the stove and threw them in there. Georgie just stood there and bawled.

Another thing that I hated to do that we always had to do was digging potatoes. And you dug potatoes. My dad went out with a team of horses and walking plow and he went down each row and turned the dirt and potatoes over. We kids had to go along with buckets and scratch them out of the dirt and pick those potatoes up. When we finished one row he plowed out another. After all the rows were plowed out, and we had picked up all we could see, dad would get the harrow and go over it. What we didn't get the first time, he would dig up and then we kids would have to go back and pick them up. It was a dirty job. We kids were barefoot also. Lots of times we had more than the bottom box of the wagon filled up to the next section. It was nothing to get fifteen or more bushels of potatoes in the cellar for winter use, or until the next crop. That was part of your living. You lived on potatoes and sauerkraut and pork and such stuff.

¹ Pesticides.

Did You Know...

"Sauerkraut is made of shredded cabbage and salt. Then it is aged. Different people use different proportions to achieve their favorite product.

Every year, late summer or early fall, sauerkraut was made, put in crocks and stored in a cool room in the basement. An old plate was put on top of the kraut and it was weighted down with a heavy rock that had been washed. And an old dish towel covered it all. The kraut would rot on top. Each time we had kraut, you had to go to the basement with the container to put it in, take the cloth off, the rock, the plate, peel back the rotten kraut and with your hands take out the good kraut needed. Then you reversed the process . . . put the rotten kraut back, put the plate back, put the rock back and finally put the cloth back. You always put the rotten kraut back because if you didn't, a new layer would rot and you lost some good kraut."

Ellen Maddox Ethington
Daughter In Law



Sauerkraut

We made sauerkraut. In the fall we made it in 15 gallon jars. Sauerkraut was something that nearly everybody had. I always think about what someone said, "they didn't know how anything could taste so good that smelled so bad." Sauerkraut juice is good. It is pretty near like a medicine.

Sowing Oats

One of the first crops to be planted in the spring was oats. It was usually planted or sown in March. I can remember my father going out in early spring while the ground was still

"I always think about what someone said, 'they didn't know how anything could taste so good that smelled so bad.'"

Hilda Ethington

"I remember my dad sending Georgie out to pick potato bugs. Georgie had a gallon bucket and he picked potato bug after potato bug. After a couple of hours Dad said, "Now you take those to the house and tell ma to make soup out of them."

Hilda Ethington

frozen and breaking the stalks in the field that had been in corn the preceding year. He then would rake the whole field in rows with a stalk rake. In the evening, after supper, the whole family would go out and burn the stalks which was a sight to behold, especially when everyone in the neighborhood was burning stalks the same evening. It made one think of July 4th.

The next job was cleaning the seed oats by running it through the fanning mill, and we kids furnished the power. The process was to get all the foreign matter cleaned from the oats, such as light weight oats, weed seed, etc. All the machinery was horse drawn at that time. The oats were put in the seeder and sown in the seed bed that had been disked and harrowed. After it was sown, the ground was harrowed again to cover them.

Harvesting Oats

By July, the fields of oats had grown and matured past the milk stage and was ready to be cut. It was cut with a binder drawn by three or four horses driven by my father. The binder cut and tied the oats in bundles with twine. When there was three or four tied bundles on the carrier, it would release or dump them and start over.



Then came the shocking, and did I ever hate that. My legs got so scratched from the stubbles, it was terrible. It took eight bundles to make a shock, and a bundle for the cap to put on top.

After it cured in the shock for several weeks, the next chore was threshing.¹ The threshing ring was made up of ten to twelve farms in the neighborhood and usually two men from each farm. Two of the group kept the machine in running order, such as the steam engine was the chore of one, and the other the separator. These two men usually spent the night at the farm where they were threshing, so as to arise early the next morning and fire up the steam engine with coal provided by the farmer. The rest of the men were bundle pitchers, bundle haulers, and grain haulers. The bundle pitcher would take bundles from the shock with a pitch fork, pitch it up to a man on the hay rack, who places or lays them in position (all heads facing the same way). When the load is complete (all wagons were drawn by a team of horses) it was driven up beside the separator where the bundles were pitched into the separator and the grain was separated from the straw. The straw was blown into a stack through a blower in a half circle. The grain was blown into a wagon, and when full taken to a bin where it was scooped off by two men with scoop shovels. Everything was done by manual labor in those days.

While this was going on around the machine, the lady of the house, with the help of a friend or neighbor was cooking, baking, peeling, slicing like mad to prepare the dinner. The night before, the table was stretched out the length of the dining room, and all the chairs available were set in place. Usually, there were enough men to fill two tables.

The night before, we'd start our meal, and bake our pies. And at that time, you didn't go to the store and get your

meat. You would order it from the butcher shop and I can remember the people coming out the next morning, long before daylight, with the meat. If you was going to have beef, they would cut that right at the store for you. Lots of times they would have wieners, and I can see all those things setting there yet. And it was a lot of them. You would have eighteen, twenty or more men, and lot of times it was two tables full. They come inside . . . and you know they didn't all come at once. The bundle haulers were the ones out in the fields that pitched. When there was no more wagons out there, they'd come in. You set the table for one bunch, and when they were through, or when somebody got up, somebody put a clean plate there. Or maybe the whole first table would leave. It seemed like working in a restaurant.

We always tried to get all the flies out of the house that we could. Of course, with kids running in and out there was bound to be flies. We went out to the trees and got little branches off of the trees . . . one in each hand and there's the way we got rid of the flies. We just drove them to the door and with one of the children manning the screen door, they would open the door when we would tell them to and that's the way we got them out of the house. Then strips of fly paper and tangle foot were hung from the ceiling to catch the rest. But by the time all the threshers got in there, there was more flies again. The food had to be cooked that same day, as there were no refrigerators to keep food cool.

The children's job was to prepare a place for the men to wash up before dinner. It was under a shade tree. We put out two or three wash basins, pails and pails of water, soap and towels for the workers to clean up for dinner. My job was to get the water to the places outside for the men to wash. That was

Grant Wood, best known for the painting American Gothic, was born and raised in Iowa. The rituals and traditions of farm life were very familiar to him. This painting, completed in 1934, displays a fairly typical midday meal being served during Threshing.

when I was small. After dinner and a little rest, they returned to their work.

I must not forget the water boy who carried drinking water in a stone jug to all the men in the field and around the machine. They were paid a small fee which looked big to them and they thought they had the world by the tail.

¹ The standard term is "threshing," but is pronounced "thrashing" locally.

Planting Corn

Corn was planted in May when the ground was warm. The older farmers always planted between May 10th and 20th. They used a two row horse drawn planter with a check wire that stretched the full length of the field. It was cross checked and could be plowed both ways (length wise and cross wise.) It was plowed at least three times to keep the weeds down, and possibly four times.

Picking Seed Corn

They didn't have this hybrid corn at the time I was a girl. It was the open pollinated corn, but they didn't detassel. It was hill dropped corn. There was no such thing as buying seed corn for the next year. The farmer would pick an ear that was well filled, clear to the end with uniform kernels. After he picked the seed corn, he'd bring it in and he would stack it behind the cook stove just like you'd stack wood now to dry, we couldn't take it to the basement. There was no such thing as basements like they have now. There was

About American Farmers...

"The ultimate aim was not subsistence but progress. That distrust of change that we have seen to be so characteristic of European farmers was replaced in America by enthusiasm for improvement and confidence in the future."

Our Forgotten Past

just a hole in the ground and it wasn't even cemented out. It was just a dirt floor. They'd put the seed corn under the beds and that's where it stayed until they were ready to plant the corn. The next spring when it came time to plant, it was brought down and run through the corn sheller¹ (again we children furnished the power).

¹ See page 21, number 8.



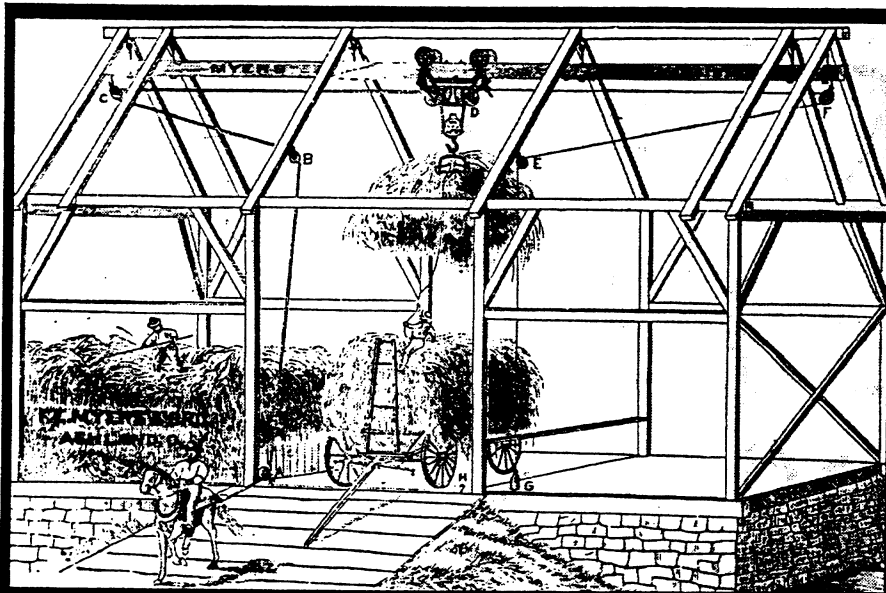
Picking Corn

In the fall (October), my father would go out in the field to pick corn by hand. We used a husking peg to open the ears. Days when we didn't have school, and on weekends we had to help. After breakfast, and when the milking was done, hogs and chickens were fed, the team was hitched to the wagon, and we left for the field. Sometimes there was a heavy frost to contend with in the mornings, and sometimes we had early snow which was worse. About 11 A.M. we came in with the load--the corn was scooped off into the crib, as there were no elevators at that time. After dinner we went back through the same procedure--came in about 4:30-5:00 o'clock. We did all the chores, ate supper, scooped off the load of corn, then crawled off to bed, to start the same thing the next day. A rainy day was a welcome relief, as there was always plenty odd jobs waiting.



Making Hay

This was a job I really hated. It was hot, and it was dirty. The hay was put up loose. Baling didn't come in until many years later. The hay was mowed, and raked in rows when cured. A hay loader fastened to the back of the hayrack [and it] brought the hay up in the rack. When the load was full it was brought up to the barn. A man on the load stuck the hay fork into the hay. He yelled "Okay" and that meant I was to do my part. Some years I led



Once Hay was brought to the barn a complex system of pulleys and ropes was used to lift each load of hay into storage. The worker on the left would lower the rope and set the hay fork into the hay. Next, he pulled a lever which set the teeth on the mechanism in toward each other. With a yell of "Go Ahead" the horse and rider powering the pulleys rode away from the barn. This brought the hay up and across to the release point. The guy inside would yell "Drop it" and the worker who set the teeth would trigger a rope to turn the fingers or teeth down. The hay dropped. The horse and rider returned to the barn loosening the rope. Finally, the whole system was pulled back in to start again.

Information courtesy of Robert Ethington, Son

one horse, and some years I drove a team on the hay fork which carried the hay up in the hay mow. Beings I was back of the barn, it was hard to hear. I got more jawings and cussings and I always had to carry the double trees back as they would hit the horses heels.

Hauling Grain And Hogs To Market



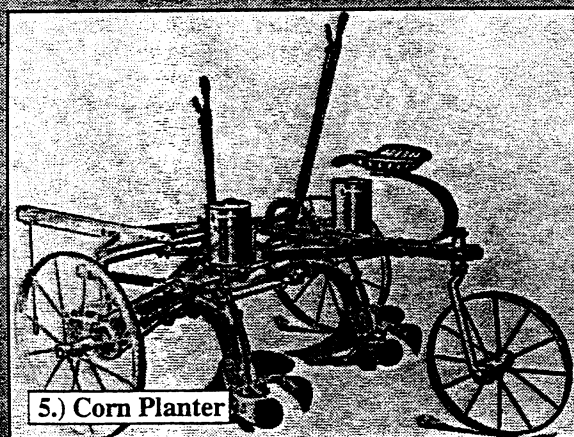
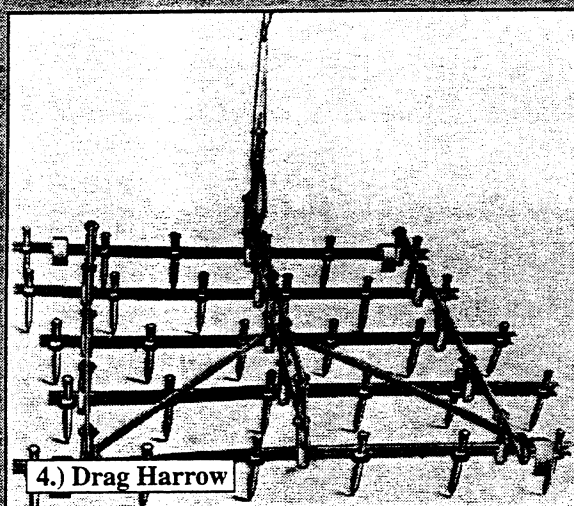
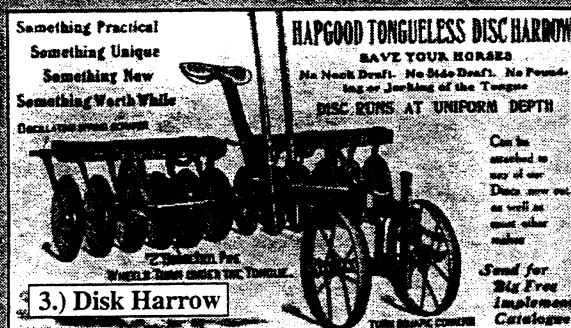
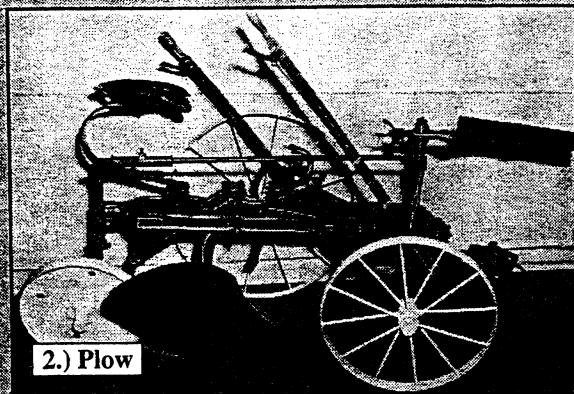
rucking was unheard of at these times. Farmers helped each other. When a farmer had grain or stock to take to town, you just called your neighbors and if they were not busy, they helped. They come with their teams and wagons . . . their lumber wagons . . . why, there was just a train of them going down the road. If it was hot, they would leave shortly after daylight to keep the stock from getting too hot. In winter, they often went through fields if the roads were drifted. Roads at that time were opened by men in the neighborhood with shovels.

Raising And Butchering Animals for Meat



oday with meat within the reach of everyone in a few minutes,

butchering meat on the farm has disappeared. Nearly every family prepared and butchered in the fall and winter. The hogs were fattened, as the lard was essential. When butchering day came, neighbors changed work. Water was heated in a big iron kettle, and when hot it was put into a scalding barrel. After the hog was slaughtered, it was put into the barrel head first, then turned around and rear legs scalded. It was then put on a platform and was scraped clean of all hair. (Later this scalding method wasn't any longer used, but the hog was skinned instead. A beef was always skinned.) It was hung up either under a tree, or in an open building, disemboweled, and left to cool. If it was freezing weather, it had to be brought inside by night to prevent the meat freezing. The next day the hog was cut up, fat was cut up to render, slabs of bacon, shoulders and hams trimmed, stacks of ribs and backbone cut up. Some of the meat was salted down, some was put in a brine, much of the leaner trimmings was ground into sausage with sage and salt seasoning added. Some of the meat was fried down, put into stone jars and covered with hot lard. Parts of the head was cooked and meat taken off the bone and made into head cheese. The lower legs were made into pickled pigs feet. Then there was the liver and heart which was used up fresh. Some of the hams or shoulders were smoked if preferred. After about a week working with this, we were sick and tired of it all.



General Farming Methods, Equipment And Terms...

Farming was a year-round process with a series of often intuitively timed, back breaking tasks that had to be attended to if a crop would be harvested and a profit made. These tasks always came in a specific order for a specific reason and they changed with the seasons. The work of preparing the fields started in winter while they were still frozen, the days were short, temperatures very low and the snow drifts often high.

Raising Corn

- 1.) All winter, when possible, fresh manure was spread over the fields. This enriched the soil adding nutrients for the coming crop. This was also a way of disposing of the animal wastes that built up indoors during the winter. "Prior to chemical fertilizers, organic animal waste was used. I remember 'pitching poop' at the farm for Grandma and Grandpa as late as 1956."¹
- 2.) Plowing began in the spring, about April, as soon as it was dry enough. From here on in you were always fighting rain in order to get out and work the fields. You knew it was dry enough or "workable" when you could pick up a clod of dirt and it would crumble instead of kneading like clay. Plowing turned over the soil but it left it in rough shape with large clods of dirt. These were difficult to walk over or plant in. To prepare a seed bed the soil had to be broken down fine, smoothed out and leveled. The smoothing and leveling allowed planting machinery to operate trouble free in the field.
- 3.) Disking immediately followed plowing. The purpose of disking was to further break down the clods of dirt. If you were growing Oats, Alfalfa, or Clover, broadcast planting followed disking.
- 4.) Dragging or Harrowing followed disking if you were growing "row crops". Row Crops refers to crops which are grown in rows such as Corn or Soy Beans. Dragging leveled the ground and broke the clods down into yet finer soil. This implement was typically pulled by a team of horses. Corn and Beans are usually planted in May.
- 5.) Planting followed dragging if the crop was corn or beans. A Corn Planter was used.
- 6.) Cultivating or plowing the weeds under between the corn rows was done three or four times in the month or so after the corn came up (May). Then cultivating wasn't necessary because the corn got big enough to discourage weeds. Cultivating was also done to save a corn crop if a hard crust had formed on the soil surface and winds picked up, blowing sand and grit around. These conditions resulted in sand literally cutting through the corn stalks at the base. The solution was to cultivate.

¹ Ellen Maddox Ethington, Daughter In Law.

General Farming Methods, Equipment And Terms...

Raising Corn(continued)

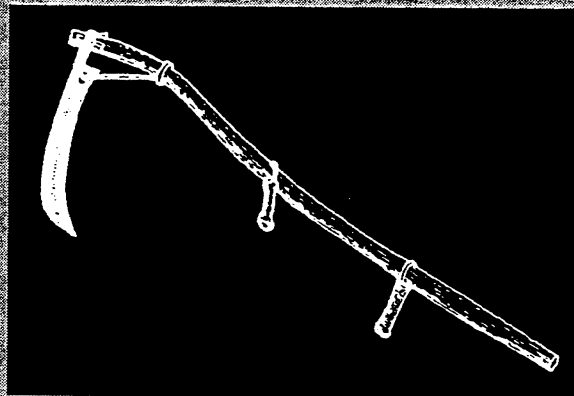
7.) **Harvesting** of corn was done in the fall when the corn was ripe. The timing depended on the season's conditions and the intended use of the corn. If it was being raised for grain, for example, it could be left in the field well into the winter because drying and cold weather don't damage grain corn. Generally, however, it was harvested in October or November. "If you were done before Thanksgiving, you were done early."¹ Harvesting corn could be done in any of three ways:

- A.) The green stalks could be cut and shocked to dry and the corn ears removed later. These stalks could be used for live-stock feed. Cutting was often done with corn knives tinkered from old **scythe** blades.
- B.) The green corn could be cut, chopped for cattle feed and stored in the barn or silo.
- C.) The corn could ripen in the field, be picked by hand and hauled to the barn or corn crib. The dried stalks were plowed under to build the soil.

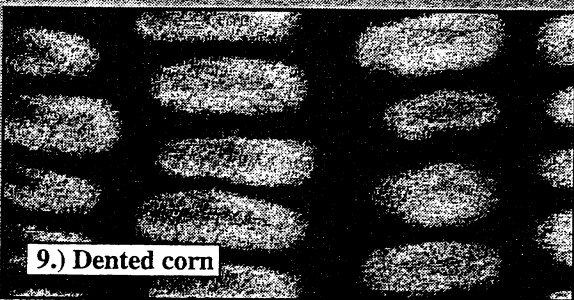
In the early years of the century, harvesting by hand (see above) was done using a tool called a **Husking Peg** and a horse drawn wagon. Harvesting crews wore husking pegs to protect their hands from the "paper cut like" wounds corn leaves or "Husks" inflicted during their removal. It also sped up the process of harvest. Using the husking peg a farmer husked about one acre of shocked corn a day or one and a half acres of corn in the field. It was like a leather over-glove, worn over regular gloves. It had a projecting metal hook/spike to catch and strip husks.

- 8.) **Shelling** separated dry corn kernels from the cobs. This was time consuming. Early American farmers often used sea shells to scrape corn from the cob, hence the term "shelling." Historically, various shelling machines were developed from hand powered to horse or steam powered. About 1920, the sheller and picker were combined and added to a tractor.
- 9.) **Storage** occurs when corn "**Dents**" or dimples indicating it is dry. Today if a farmer wants to sell corn he takes it to a storage **Elevator**. Daily quotes from the Chicago Board of Trade Commodities Exchange set the price. The corn is tested for moisture content using a sample taken with a "**Thief**" which is a hollow rod driven into a load of corn. This samples corn from all levels of the load so it can't be doctored. If the moisture content is high the price paid for the corn is reduced or "**Docked**" because the buyer has the expense of drying it overnight in an oil or gas fired dryer before further marketing.

¹ Hilda Ethington



8.) Shellers



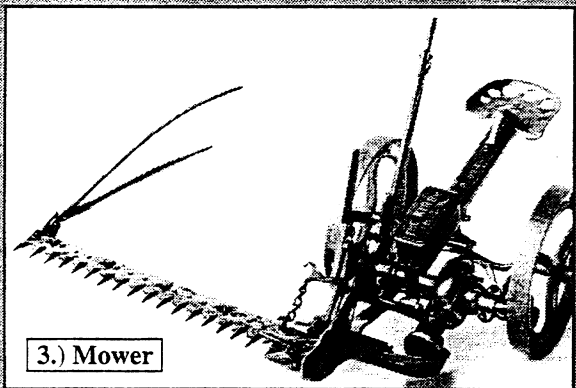
9.) Dented corn

Hybrid corn seed was first developed in the 1930's. Before that open pollinated corn was used for seed. This means the corn pollinated itself upon sexual maturity which resulted in viable seed. If the corn doesn't pollinate it won't form kernels. If kernels won't form the farmer has no seed and the cattle have no feed. Traditionally, farmers would go through a field of corn at the end of the season and choose some "nice" ears which would be saved for the next seasons seed. The intent was to choose the corn with the best characteristics and propagate them in the next crop. After hybrid corn came along, geneticists engineered the seed crop and the farmer merely bought the seed. It was no longer a "home operation."

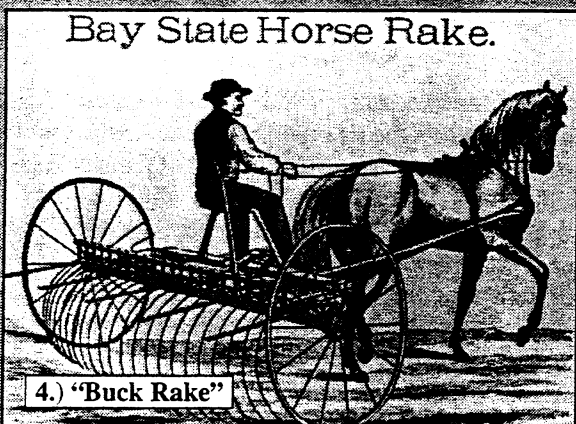
Robert Ethington, Son



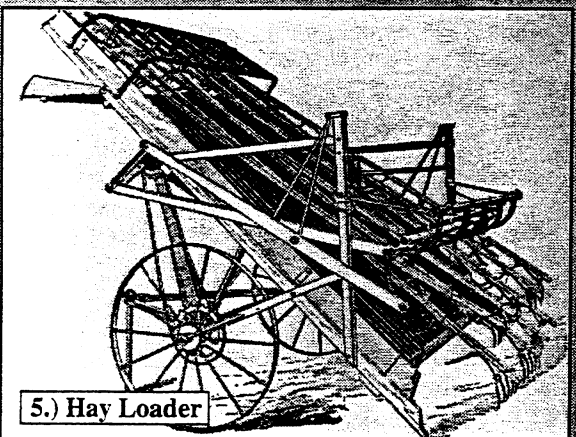
2.) Harvesting with Scythes



3.) Mower



4.) "Buck Rake"



5.) Hay Loader

General Farming Methods, Equipment And Terms...

Raising Hay and Oats

Preparation of the soil and planting of seed wasn't nearly as complex for hay and oats as it was for corn. The field was plowed and disked over and then planted.

- 1.) **Broadcast Planting** refers to a method of sowing seed. The seed is merely scattered over the topsoil at a certain amount per foot. Hay (Alfalfa & Clover) and Oats are typically planted in March. Then no further tending was required until harvest time.

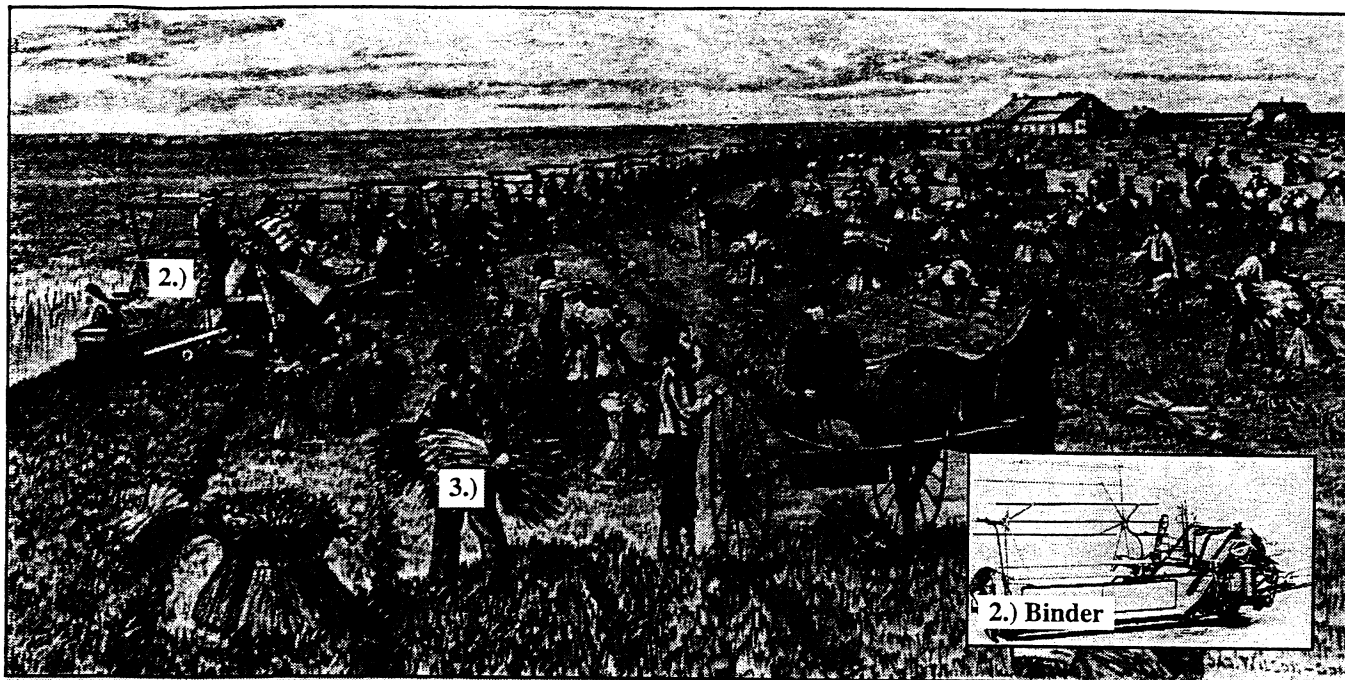
Hay...

- 2.) A **Sickle** or a **Scythe** was used to harvest grain for nearly 6,000 years until the late 18th century. When grain was ripe, harvest had to be finished quickly to beat time and the weather. If not cut expeditiously the grain might shrivel at the head. A farmer was limited in the amount he could grow by the amount he could harvest. (With corn he was limited by the amount he could cultivate).
- 3.) A **Mower** was used to cut hay (after December 4, 1812 when the first horse drawn mowing machine was patented). Following mowing the hay was left in the field to dry or "cure" in the sun.
- 4.) A **Horse Rake** or "**Buck Rake**" was used to rake up the hay which had been mown and cured.
- 5.) The **Hay Loader** was run across the field in big swaths picking up the cured hay with it's wire "fingers" and loading it into a wagon.
- 6.) Finally, **Hauling** took the gathered hay in wagons to the barn for storage.¹

¹ See picture and explanation of storage methods on page 13.



6.) Hauling Hay



General Farming Methods, Equipment And Terms...

Raising Hay and Oats (continued)
Oats ...

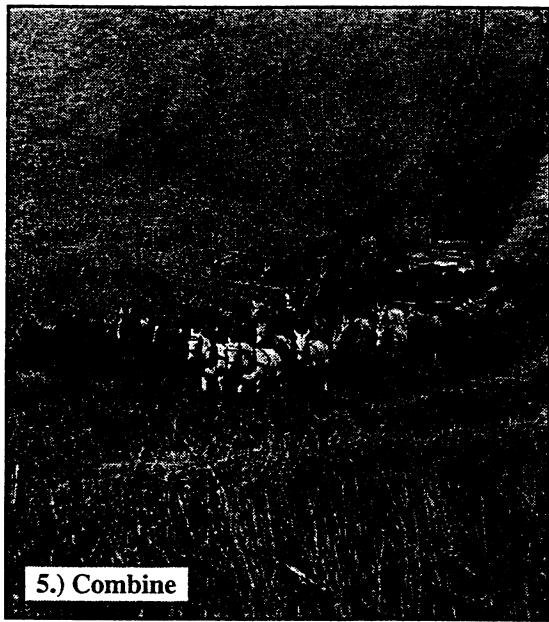
2.) **Binders** were used to harvest oats. This machine eliminated the backbreaking job of binding grain into sheaves on the ground. It automatically tied the cut grain with wire or twine into bundles. These were about 8-10 inches across and two feet high. When enough bundles were collected to make a shock of oats they were dumped back onto the ground to await the "Shockers".

3.) **Shocking** was done by workers who followed

behind the binders collecting 7-9 bundles and leaning them against each other in pyramids with a "cap" bundle on top to shed rain. This was called a shock and it's purpose was to allow air drying of the grain so it wouldn't rot in storage later. They were left to cure several weeks before the next step.

4.) Once dry, the shock bundles were separated with a pitch fork and loaded onto wagons for transport to a threshing site. Some workers displayed almost artistic ability to snare bundles tossed into mid-air and build huge 10-12 foot stacks of grain. It was a show of skill, but if they were too ambitious they could loose it all on a rough road. **Threshing** was usually done in August. It was the process of **separating** grain from the straw (stalks). This was done because straw has no food value. It was saved, however, and used for animal bedding in winter.





5.) Combine

"At one time, early in this century, an entire belt of midwestern states was raising nothing but wheat. During harvest a remarkable number of binders were run side by side cutting huge swaths in the grain which stretched as far as the eye could see. Often unattached young men would hop a freight train or hitch hike to Oklahoma or North Texas to find work with the wheat crews. They would start harvesting in the south and as the grain ripened they would follow it north, sometimes all the way to Canada. This wouldn't have applied to my mother but it certainly would have been true of my uncles experiences."

Robert Ethington, Son

Did You Know...

Soy beans were used in animal feed mixtures, for human consumption and for the oil which can be extracted. Corn and oats were raised primarily for cattle feed mixtures but both were also occasionally processed for human consumption. Hay was used for cattle feed. In the early 1900s most farms were too isolated from big cities or milk processing plants to be able to store and transport fresh milk in a timely manner but nothing was ever wasted. Cream was drawn off and sold for butter. Excess milk went into cattle, chicken and pig feed.

Robert Ethington, Son



General Farming Methods, Equipment And Terms...

Oats (continued)

- 5.) A Combine is simply a combination reaper or harvester with threshing machine and winnower attached. It did it all. It cut the grain, separated it from the straw, sacked the grain and dumped the straw on the ground. When it was done the sacks of grain were taken away in wagons. Needless to say it was a fabulous labor saving device for the farmer but often required twenty five or more horses or mules to power it.

Crop rotation was crucial to keep the soil from being drained of nutrients over time. Everyone had their own scheme for crop rotation but some typical plans for Iowa in the early 1900s were:

Five Year Rotation

- 2 years of corn
- 1 year of oats
- 1 year of hay
- 1 year volunteer hay-
(no planting but some hay returns,
this is used for pasture)

Six Year Rotation

- 2 years of corn
- 1 year of oats
- 1 year of hay
- 1 year volunteer hay
- 1 year soy beans

Five Year Rotation For Beans

- 2 years of corn
- 1 year of soy beans
- 1 year of hay
- 1 year volunteer hay



As A Young Woman

 still had all my hair when I graduated from high school. I never will forget when I cut my hair. I went down to my aunts in Marshalltown and everybody was talking about me with my long hair. I wore it in braids and I wore it every other way you could think of. I went down to Marshalltown and my aunt talked me into having it cut, which I did. Not too many girls had their hair cut at that time. I still have the hair that they cut off of my head. They used to make hair pieces of them. When I came home, I didn't think Dad was even going to let me in the house. It was short . . . he just didn't think much of this having a hair cut. It was kind of the way it looked in my wedding picture. I've always had short hair since then.

Soon after I graduated, I left for Iowa State Teacher's College in Cedar Falls where I took 12 weeks preparing to teach school. After 12 weeks of school we had to take a county examination in connection with our grades from Cedar Falls.

When at Cedar Falls, I roomed at 2221 Olive Street. It was a big square house and there were four girls in my room because we had a sleeping porch. There was a big apple tree that grew right up the side of the house. You know, we had the best hand picked apples. I often times wonder about those girls that I went to school with up there. It has been 73 years. I graduated in 1920.

Teaching School

 started teaching at the Freeloove School in the fall of 1920 (September) where I taught three years until the end of 1923. I had all eight grades. The number of children varied. Different years there were more and some there were less. People would move in and move out. A family who moved from the district through the year was presented a gift from the community. People wondered with all eight grades, how did you do it? But, you know, it was easy. A school day

opened with "Pledge of Allegiance" or reading of a chapter from an interesting book. Subjects taught were: Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Language, Geography, History, Hygiene, Spelling. There were no workbooks at that time which would have been a great help. We had the usual programs through the year. During the noon hour, weather permitting the children played games, such as Andy Over, Fox and Goose, Tag, or Ball. Families attending school were Opperman, Borton, Tevebaugh, Cook, Oyler, Hilleman, Foote and Dilley.

People say they don't know how kids learned in a rural school, but they do. They learned from each other. The younger ones learned from the older . . . they were right there in the same building. If John was in one of those grades, he could tell you just what the older ones was having. A lot depends on the teacher. When I taught school, there was no such thing as a work book. It was far from easy. I tell you, I spent many hours at night correcting papers and making exercises for them to do. We used blackboards. They didn't allow married women to teach in those days. If they married through the year, they had to resign.

This was an awfully good school system that we had here. There were five schools that made a board and you just had to be up at a certain place at the end of the month or you was going to lose out. The teachers didn't make out their examinations. For instance, the teacher at one school made up the math test and a teacher at another school made up another test. You had to be to a certain place in your teaching. I think they gave tests about once a month and then they were sent over to the County Superintendent's Office. So you had to be up on your toes. That was the same school that Raymond and Robert went to. They didn't have all the play traps to play with. There wasn't basketball and wrestling and golf and stuff to take you away from your studies.

I taught four years up here (at the Freeloove School). The next year I finished out a year starting in November at Timber Creek School near Marshalltown, and following that at Dillon for a short time. That was the end of my teaching career.

"I went down to my aunts in Marshalltown and everybody was talking about me with my long hair. I wore it in braids and I wore it every other way you could think of. I went down to Marshalltown and my aunt talked me into having it cut, which I did. Not too many girls had their hair cut at that time. I still have the hair here that they cut off of my head."

Hilda Ethington

Did You Know...

"Grandma could not vote until she was 20 years old? In fact **NO WOMAN** could vote until Grandma was 20 years old. That's right, in June of 1919 the nineteenth amendment was passed allowing women to vote. The new law took effect in the year of 1920. The suffrage movement in America had been going on since the nineteenth century and was not taken seriously by most men until 1910. Three major leaders of the movement were Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Carrie Chapman Catt. Carrie Chapman Catt was one of the first women to run for public office."

*Brianna Marie Rosen
Great Granddaughter
Age 13*

"I couldn't stand to teach in this day and age. Kids are so unruly. If they had been like that in my day I'd have them snatched bald-headed."

Hilda Ethington

"In the fifty years from 1870 to 1920, the populations of towns and cities grew faster than the rural populations. People came from the country to urban areas in search of work and an easier life, immigrants also headed for the cities."

*America In The 20th Century
1900 - 1910*

"The attractions of a business job were more than simply money - though that was no small consideration, since in an office a girl could make \$10 or more a week, twice what she would earn in a kitchen or an old fashioned sweatshop."

*This Fabulous Century
1900 - 1910*

Working At Mr. Benson's Store

When I left teaching Mr. Benson was hunting some help one day. He wanted to know if I would consider working and I said "Yes". So I started working there at the store. That was before I was married.

At that time, when I worked at the store, they bought their materials and things, all their supplies for the store. Mr. Benson would go into Chicago at Carson, Pierie, Scott and there was another place that he went in. And he would spend maybe a week in there buying his things for the store. The goods would come back to State Center on the train in great big boxes. Now they come right to the door on a truck. But then, they came on the train. Then the dray man, he come and brought them to the back door and gosh, we marked bolts of dry goods and everything.

One of the times when I was working at the store someone called me and told me to come right home because my mother had been hurt. She was milking the cow and she got kicked and had her leg broke. They got her into a car and took her to the doctor and set her leg. It was broke down toward the ankle. I don't know if the cow kicked her or stepped on her.

I stayed as a clerk at Mr. Benson's Dry Goods Store in State Center, and while there Lindsay and I were married on Friday, July 16, 1926 at the Methodist Parsonage at 7:00 o'clock in the morning, after working at the store the night before (Thursday) until 11:30. When we decided to get married, I suppose Ma thought, "Good riddance." She just took it in stride like she did everything else.

Love needs new leaves every summer of life, as much as your elm-tree, and new branches to grow broader and wider, and new flowers to cover the ground.

Harriet Beecher Stowe



I didn't have very many boy friends when I was a teenager. Dad wouldn't allow them around. I met Lindsay in 1923 (or was it '24?) when I picked him up on the street in State Center. I was at the fall festival. . . a bunch of us were [there]. They had band concerts. I knew who Helen and Ruby were. Alva was older.¹ We just got to messing around and there he was and there I was.

Before that I had gone a couple of times with an older fellow from State Center and he was a fellow you couldn't ditch on a bet. He kind of had his eyes on me and I wanted to get away from him so darn bad, and I did. Lindsay was with another fellow that he kind of run around with and we just went for a ride in the car and that was it. Anyhow, Chrissy Frike and Lindsay and I and Anne Nolan was in the car and I looked out on the street and there was that fellow that I was trying to ditch. I could have slid down under the car.

Lindsay asked me out. He was as shy then as he was later. He started to ask

me to go with him to things going on. I never will forget the time we went to the State Fair and we got so hot that Lindsay got sick. We had a picnic and he ate something that made him sick. That was embarrassing for both of us. Once in a while we went to the school programs or to a band concert. There wasn't much going on then. Mostly he just came to visit.

I drove a Model T. I drove it all over. You didn't have to have a driver's license when I first started to drive, but as time went on you had to have one. Those driver's licenses cost you 50 cents and they were good forever. They called them Granddaddy Licenses,¹ it had on them the color of your eyes, what you were doing [occupation], and your age.

Before he had a car of his own, Lindsay drove his folk's car. His dad had a Ford with a cloth top. Lindsay's first car was a Ford roadster. It was new and my brothers, Leo and Verne got one like it at the same time. He would drive the car when he came to get me. One night I was working at the store, they were all three parked out-



Lynn Hellyn



A Farm Of Our Own



*To love one who loves you,
to admire one who admires you, in a
word, to be the idol of one's idol, is
exceeding the limit of human joy;
it is stealing fire from heaven.*
MME. De Girardin

side in front of Benson's store.

I don't remember how he proposed to me. I remember when I went down to Marshalltown to get my dress, my mother went with me. I never said "Yes" or "No" that it was a wedding dress. I just got a plain yellow dress with a little lace front . . . yellow and green of georgette. My mother knew I was getting married but the clerks didn't. And then they read about it and they recognized the dress.

¹ Lindsay's sisters and brother.

² A Granddaddy license was available to all current drivers when the license law passed. New drivers had to take an exam before licensing.

L Lindsay worked for his dad.

At the time that we were married they lived down around Rhodes, but they moved to State Center shortly after that. We was married July 16, 1926, so we went together for three years [before marriage].

I went to the store and worked the night before [we were married] until it was almost midnight. We were married at 7:30 in the morning at the minister's house there in State Center. Oh, I never will forget . . . We went to Colorado on

our wedding trip. That was on the train, and Mr. Benson called over to the depot and he wanted to talk to me. He said, "Is this Mrs. Ethington." I said "No" Then I kind of stammered around until I knew what he was doing.

We got on a train and went to Colorado to visit Grandma Weuve and Aunt Ida, Aunt Minnie, Uncle Charlie, and Uncle Louis. They were all out there. We just stayed with them while we were there.

When we came back I stayed part time with my Grandmother and continued working at the store, and Lindsay continued working for his father on the farm. After a short time, we rented a six room house in State Center, and paid \$11.00 a month rent. We lived there until Raymond was born August 28th 1929, when we moved out to my folk's home in the country for the winter, then to a farm a mile east for one year.

The first house we lived in at State Center is still there and it looks just as good or better than when we lived there. They have kept that place up. At that time they didn't have street numbers.

Lindsay was farming with his dad. They had moved to that farm east of State Center. He worked for his dad. he just went back and forth because we was out at the edge of town.

We

e started farming in 1930. We lived east about a mile and a half on the old Weuve farm, which was a farm that my dad grew up on before he was married. That one was in an estate and they were going to sell it. It was some of the relatives that had it . . . an uncle and an aunt and a niece. When we went over to that farm, that's when Dad quit farming and the stuff that he had, [farming equipment etc.] he divided. He gave some to us and some to Georgie and some to Verne and Leo.

Dad bought the Niedert Place and that was the first farm he bought. None of the family lived there. It joined the farm we lived on at that time. The next one he bought was where Georgie lived over there. Then the next one he bought was this one. He bought it after we was married. When he bought this farm, it was with the intention that we would live on it forever. These farms had all been owned by someone else and Grandpa Weuve bought them. He bought this place from Chas. and John Binder.¹ This farm was always the size it is now . . . 101 acres. It is a fraction.² It sure looked different then than it does now. And the people that lived here, I had their children at Frelove School and then they moved east of here.

It just didn't take as much to buy a farm then as it does now, and you could owe on a farm. For instance, Mr. Benson, the fellow I worked for, he had a couple of farms. He would make the down payment on a farm and then the rent that he would charge, that paid for the expenses and kept them up and so on.

We lived on the old Weuve farm for a year. Then Dad bought this farm.

¹ John Binder was married to Hattie Binder. Charles was his brother.

² i.e. A fraction of a quarter section (160 acres).

Moving To The Farm

We

e moved to this farm on March 2, 1931 and have been here ever since. The buildings on this place when we moved here were in terrible shape. They were not fit for man or beast. The barn, we had to bank it up to the eaves for winter so the livestock wouldn't freeze.

There was an old house on this place a little bit east of where the crib stands [now]. I don't know of another house in the country that was in such poor shape. At the time we moved here, you see the 1st of March was moving day, but it fell on Sunday so we moved on Monday, March 2nd. And that day, it was a beautiful day and a week later, my, we had the worst blizzard and that old house, the wind just rattled the windows and it was in such poor shape.

The house had four small rooms downstairs, and two upstairs. There were eight windows in the whole house and big holes where rats ate through. The floors were so bad it made a person wonder if the weight of the heating stove and furniture would fall in the basement.

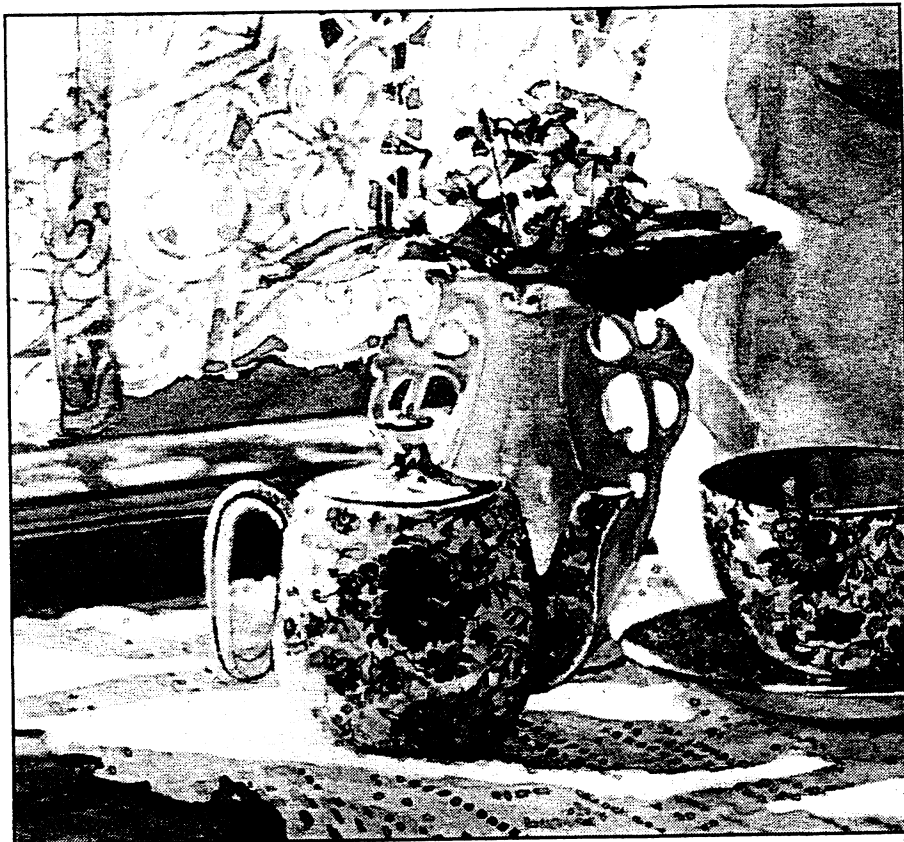
It had a dirt basement. It was just a hole in the ground with a dirt floor, and when it would rain in the spring, the water would get in the basement. I had some empty fruit jars that I had put on a board that lay on the cellar floor. I remember going down there after a heavy rain and there that board with the fruit jars was floating.

There is no house around here that would compare with the house that was here then. It was old. Someone told my dad that house should be condemned. It was just a shack. There were six rooms and the windows were up so high that Raymond would bawl because he couldn't see out. There was a lean-to built on the west side of the house, and it had a tin roof. Out there we had the milk separator. It got so hot out there under that tin roof in summer, a person couldn't stand it.

And there was where I did the laundry. Of course, the washing machine was nothing like the ones we have today. Those washing machines . . . you was the power.

I papered the bedroom down stairs, sending to Sears for the wall paper, paying seven cents a roll for it. I papered the ceiling and side walls for only a couple of dollars.

We moved here in 1931 and in 1932 they started building. My dad paid for the [new] house to be built. He had three houses built. Georgie's was the first one, this was the next one and the house where Leo lived was the third one. The one Leo was in was just like this one. Georgie's was different.



Lynn Hollyn

There's nothing on this place that was here at that time [when we first moved in].

Of course, you know at the time that he bought it they didn't have the big machinery that they have now. They used horses to farm with and by the time you did all your plowing and reaping your harvest and keeping your weeds down . . . Our roads looked a whole lot better because every farmer kept his roadsides mowed and now they depend on the County doing it.



A New House

Bob was born in 1932 in February over in the old house. Robert was just six weeks old when they started to build this house. If he had been a fussy baby, I don't know what I would have done. I would have given him away, I guess.

This house was built the spring of 1932. None of the original buildings are here any more. Besides the house, the barn was built in 1950, corn crib 1934, machine shed 1954, and garage 1969. The original garage went with the tornado.

When Lindsay and I were [first] married, we didn't have electricity in the first two houses we lived in. A typical lamp

found in the home was a kerosene lamp. Later we had the Aladdin lamp, which had a mantle and gave a white light. We never had electricity until the REA¹ went through and that was 1939 or something like that. Maybe it was a little before that. And, of course, you had everything that went with not having electricity. You had the wood burning stove and you know then after we got rid of the wood burning stove, we had a Heatrola.² Of course, there are no more of them. They have gone by the wayside.

I don't have any of the furniture that was my mother's, but I do have some of Lindsay's mother's. The iron bed in the north room and that dresser was Lindsay's mother's. I have her wheel chair. The furniture that we have . . . there are chairs on the porch that we bought second hand. Most of my furniture was second hand. Most of it is over 100 years old. We bought our first table second hand and used it until Lindsay's mother gave us her table. I gave Robert and Ellen my round table. They used it at Ames, Iowa, Madison, Wisconsin, Annandale, Virginia, Beaverton, Oregon and now have it in Corvallis, Oregon. I think we had a telephone when we moved to the country. We didn't have one in that house we lived in [in] town. We've had a telephone ever since. There have been



a lot of changes in that time.

When we bought this refrigerator, I thought the fellow wasn't going to let us have it. Lindsay picked this refrigerator out. Of course, when he made out the bill, he asked Lindsay how much he wanted to pay down on it. Lindsay said, "Well, I'll pay for it all or I don't want it at all." That was his philosophy, he said he didn't want anything he couldn't pay for. We paid cash for the car. Too many things can happen before you get it paid for.

Our kitchen stove was just a regular wood stove that you put cobs or wood or coal in. I would go out after dinner and take my baskets, which were these apple or peach baskets, and go out and pick up twelve or fifteen baskets of cobs from the hog pen and put them in that little entry room where I've got the freezer. That's what we burnt in our stove to save fuel. Otherwise, they would just have gone to waste. They didn't smoke or smell. The cobs we picked up were the cleanest and the driest ones. I'd take the ones that the pigs had taken the corn off in the morning. As they'd take the corn off, they'd push them off to the side. You know you could save a lot by just burning those cobs. And you know, we were always home. We were never anywhere else. You couldn't go off and leave them for fear they'd just burn out and then you would be out of fuel.

1 Rural Electrification Administration.
2 A brand of heating stove.

Work Of A Farm Wife

I remember cooking for carpenters in that little house. That was a time when you fed your carpenters. At that time you didn't have all these boxed materials. You did your own butchering and you had your chickens and your eggs. You didn't go to the store and buy them. I cooked dinner for them each day. I remember Raymond sitting at the dinner table, and I had sweet corn for dinner. He yelled out, "Ma, there is hair in this corn." I missed some of the corn silk.

At corn picking time, I always helped with the chores. We would pick a load in the forenoon and we would pick a load in the afternoon. It would be

under a hundred bushels a day, but we had no elevator and scooping it off was the only way we could get it into the crib. We would store it all fall and sometimes into the summer. We fed the biggest share of it to the hogs and we sold some, too.

I helped with the milking and the hogs and by that time we was ready to eat supper. After super, Lindsay went out and scooped the corn off with a scoop shovel and threw it up into the crib. And I sat here in the house and I patched gloves for the next day that we wore out through the day. We had to wear them or your hands would just be riddled if you didn't wear them. We used a husking peg. It's a thing that fits on your right hand with leathers between the fingers and there's a peg that comes across the bottom of your hand. That's what you raise the husks on the ear with. Of course, if the corn's quite dry and it comes off real easy, you don't even have it on your hand. You get so used to it.

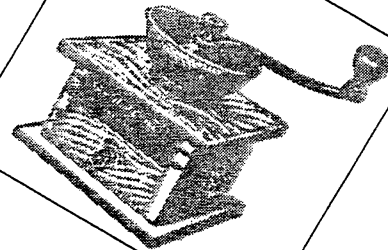
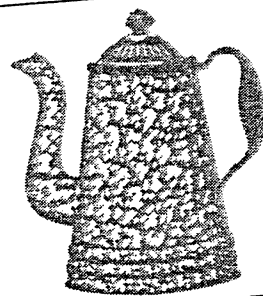
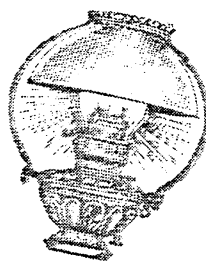
Milking Cows

I did everything. There isn't anything I haven't done. I always went along and milked. I milked so many cows. Lindsay would hobble one if we had one that was kind of mean. They never did kick me over. The barn that I have now, I suppose you could put eight, maybe ten in to milk. But sometimes we had one or two over and after we milked a certain number, we drove them out and put the others in. And, of course, some gave more milk than others. Some of them depended on how long they'd milk and how near dry they were. And in the summer, you'd have to spray them because there was flies and those flies would make them kick. I milked a lot of cows. But I never did sit down on a stool. I just stood up. That way, I could grab my bucket if they raised their feet. Lindsay used a stool, but I just didn't trust them too far. I tell you, I milked them alone. We still had cows when the kids went to the army. We had cows quite a few years, and hogs and chickens and cats.

We sold cream. There was a cream man that came around and picked up our cream and made a record of it and them that was all tested down at the creamery to see how much butter there was in the milk. And of course, when

"I cooked dinner for them each day. I remember Raymond sitting at the dinner table, and I had sweet corn for dinner. He yelled out, 'Ma, there is hair in this corn.'"

Hilda Ethington

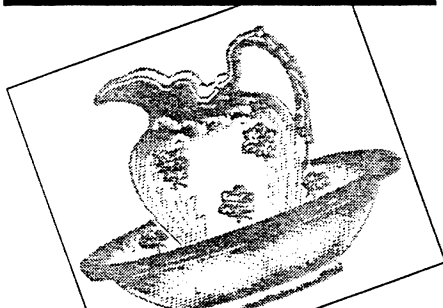


"Does your husband misbehave grunt and grumble rant and rave, shoot the brute some Burma-Shave."

From a 1920s advertisement

"And in the evening we would all go out and set those afire. That was one of the prettiest sights. All along the country side out in the fields you would see all those fires, but you don't see that any more."

Hilda Ethington



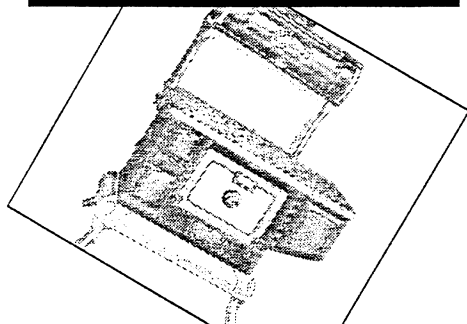
Did You Know...

By 1910 almost one million ladies belonged to women's clubs. They pressured local governments to create juvenile courts and brought about enlightened child labor laws. Not everyone agreed they were a good idea, however, some thought they just made the ladies feel "useful and worthwhile" or were an excuse to get together and gossip. In the January 1910 issue of the Ladies Home Journal, the editor (Edward Bok) said "Now what has the average woman's club done during the last five years? ... Absolutely nothing."

This Fabulous Century, 1900-1910

"We women do talk too much, but even then we don't tell half we know."

Lady Nancy Astor



Did You Know...

The fifteen millionth Ford came off the assembly-line in May of 1927. It was nearly the end of the Model T's. The Model A's that followed met the public's demand for color.

America In The 20th Century
1920-1929

your cream was tested, they had numbers and the higher the number was the better your cream was. That is how you were paid. They paid us according to how much butter fat there was. I think we was paid ever two weeks. You had to keep the cream sweet, so we got a water tank and pumped water in it. One of those cream cans Lainie has and I think Ellen has the other. But those are the we used and put our milk in. We never had any that was rejected, but some people did have, if it wasn't kept cool.



Other Chores

I've helped him [Lindsay] haul manure to clean out the barns. Well, that was just part of my work. I had to help. Lindsay just never was the best to do something like that. He didn't like to. But that's part of farming. I was house keeper and cook and everything. I helped build fence, I helped clean barns, I helped pull out fence. You know they work the fields now as soon as the last stalk is down. It used to be when the kids was little, we never did any of that work in the fall. They used to say it was better to leave it undone until spring.

One of the first things they did was they would break those stalks and rake them. And in the evening we would all go out and set those afire. That was one of the prettiest sights. All along the country side out in the fields you would see all those fires, but you don't see that anymore. You know we would burn a lot of weed seed that way, and while they didn't raise as much corn that way, they had cleaner fields.

Raising Chickens



While I was still raising chickens, we had two incubators and I would put eggs in those. I raised the chickens just to have layers and the roosters we sold. That was a part of raising money. Chickens were kind of messy. Ever so often we would have to go out under those trees where the chickens roost at night. There was no grass there, and we would have to sweep up the chicken manure, and haul it away or it would just run you off the place. That was a job that had to be done.

Our Cars



We never had too many cars. We always had one. I think when we traded that Ford, we got a second hand car that belonged to my uncle. I was a roadster. He was getting rid of it and we bought that. And then we had a couple more. Lindsay's favorite was the one that the tornado wrecked so bad. It was candy apple red.



Clubs

I joined the Thimble Club when they asked me to join when Robert was a year old. He was born in 1932 so it was in the year of 1933 that I joined. I joined at the Kniel place. They asked me to join and I have belonged all these years. I have always had an office or some other job because nobody else would do it. They either wouldn't do it or couldn't. Most of the women were married women in the neighborhood. Most of them are gone now.

When I first joined, they always helped the hostess with anything she had that she wanted done, like hemming tea-towels. I remember that one lady had her house burn down. I had a lot of feed sacks and she needed dish towels. We hemmed dish towels for her. Not only that, but they would take quilt blocks and quilt them for the hostess, or they would make quilt blocks for a friendship quilt with the names of members of the club. Then as people got older and dropped off or died, the younger ones wasn't really interested in quilts. They got so they just didn't do any sewing. It is mostly a social organization now. The members are getting to old that I don't know how long they will be able to hang together. The club is well over 50 years old. From the starting, it must be 75 years old since it was organized. People don't join those things any more. There are just so many other things.

*"Cleaning your house while
your kids are still growing
is like shoveling the walk
before it stops snowing."*

Phyllis Diller

Memories from A Mother

I remember before Robert was born and we was in town. We went into Mr. Benson's store and Rosella Frohwein worked there. Raymond was only about a year old. She had some pictures of pudding. It was an advertisement. Raymond said, "I can count them" Well, I just figured he would say one, two, fifteen, twenty-five and so on. I think there was seven. She would point to them and he counted every one right. I told her for once he got them right. He talked real early. He talked when he was a year old and he made sentences. He didn't talk baby talk. He just talked plain. Not many children at that age talk. I think that's because we talked to him. He read real early. I've got some of their workbooks here.

Raymond was real sick when he was a baby. He had asthma and when he was about seven months old he had pneumonia and was bad. I stayed in State Center with him at Lindsay's folk's [home]. He ran such a terrible high fever. They were afraid he was going to go into convulsions. Many a night, when he was real little, he slept in the rocking chair all night. We would put a block of wood under the rocker so he wouldn't pitch forward. We padded it with a blanket. Medicine . . . of course, the old standby was castor oil at that time.

At the fairs you would get those animals. They were made of plaster or clay or something. Up there in the closet, I have two or three things that belong to each boy.

When Raymond was about three years old, and I was in the basement doing the laundry, I gave him a catalog to cut pictures from. He was sitting in a little rocking chair, and was so quiet. I called and asked, "What are you

"He was sitting in a little rocking chair, and was so quiet. I called and asked, 'What are you doing?' 'I'm cutting.' I called several times later and got the same answer . . . 'I'm cutting.' When I came upstairs I found he had cut his hair. He had more on the floor than on his head."

Hilda Ethington

doing?" "I'm cutting." I called several times later and got the same answer-- "I'm cutting." When I came upstairs I found he had cut his hair. He had more on the floor than on his head. He looked terrible.

When the carpenters were building this house, I had a brooder house down here and it had a brooder stove. It was probably about August and all at once I missed Raymond. And I wondered, "Now where in the world did he go?" We called and we hunted and we called and we hunted and we finally found him. Here he was, down in that brooder house with his arms clear down in the kerosene tank and he was fixing something. We were lucky he wasn't lit.

Raymond was scared to death of Hoot Owls which he called Toot Owls. He had a little tricycle and the orders was that he always had to have that up here in the yard. He had taken it down in the grove and he forgot about it. About bedtime, he wondered where his "cycle-by" was. Well, he finally remembered he had taken it down there. We wouldn't go down there with him. He had to go down there it get it and it was dark, and he was afraid to the toot owls. But, he wanted it up here, so no matter how scared he was, he went. Don't think he ever did that again.

The boys worked with the farm work. In fact, I went to town one day, when the boys were small. I went to the hardware store to get a rake. And I got two of them. I said, "It's no use taking one home. I've got two boys and I'll give them each a rake and tell them to go to it." And I can still hear those people laughing. If I'd taken one it would have caused a fight.

There were a lot of happy times when the kids were growing up. They had to get their school work. They couldn't fiddle around. We were pretty strict about what we expected them to do. At

"Of all the men I have known, I cannot recall one whose mother did her level best for him when he was little who did not turn out well when he grew up."

Frances Parkinson Keyes

that time, there weren't things for kids to do to take them away from their studies. They didn't have all the activities that kids have now.

In the fall, we went to Marshalltown to buy clodhopper shoes and new overalls. We didn't do as much shopping then as we do now days. We made a lot of clothes at that time. We had a girl come to stay at corn picking time. I had her come to stay so there would be someone with the boys.

I have a lot of favorite memories that happened when I was still a mother raising my boys . . . things that they did when they were in school. I still have some of their work that they did then. I enjoyed watching them in the different programs that they took part in.

Usually they had a program at school up here at the Freelove School. We had some of the best programs up there. Especially one night. The girl that was to take part in the play was sick and couldn't come. Bertha Kutter, who was the teacher, she didn't know what she was going to do and she just asked Raymond, "Do you think you could do it?" That very night she put Raymond in there and they went through that thing without a break. And he just did it and I suppose it was alright, because you wouldn't know the difference but what he had just practiced right with them. Hearing it at school when they were practicing, he remembered it.

The Christmases . . . the boys had a better Christmas than what I had. When I grew up you got some clothes to wear and something like homemade toys, but the boys usually got games or they got something to read or something to wear.

Robert has worn glasses since he was five years old. He had all kinds of trouble to see and he has worn glasses ever since. Oh, and they would get the dirtiest. The doctor said that showed how bad he needed them. He wouldn't even notice they were dirty.

The boys always rode on the bus going to high school. After Raymond had graduated and Robert was still in high school, we had a dog that always went out to the road every morning with Robert when he met the bus. As soon as the bus went on, the dog came back and about 3:30 P.M. the dog would go out to the road to meet the bus.

Both boys attended the Freelove School through the 8th grade, after which they had to take and pass County examinations to enter the Colo High School. Raymond graduated from Colo with the class of 1946, and Robert with the class of 1949.

In the fall of 1946 Raymond started to Iowa State College, Ames, and received his BS degree the spring of 1951. Soon after [he] was drafted into the service.

Robert has always been more outgoing than Raymond. There is all the difference in the world between those two kids. Robert was a regular clown. Everything was fun . . . he just had the best time. Raymond was more serious.

The sad times have come. One of the worst times was when the boys were called to the army. I didn't know when they had to go to the service whether I was going to make it or not, because there was a war on then. I thought the bottom had fallen out of the barrel. They both went and they both came back, but it was a worry while they were gone.

Raymond had four years of college behind him, plus had finished high school. He couldn't go any further until he had his stint in the army behind him. I will never forget him saying, when it was time for him to go into the army, "How in the world will I be able to kill a person when I can't even kill a rabbit?"

He first went to Fort Sheridan, Illinois. Then he ended up in Kentucky with the 101st Airborne Division. After Raymond finished his military training in Kentucky, he was sent to Washington and then on to Ft. Richardson in Alaska.

I can still remember his number, US 55160793. I don't think I ever learned Robert's number. Army life just wasn't for Raymond, or Robert either, but they were both of them lucky because they didn't have to go to fight. When

he was called, I never will forget it, Raymond cried so. He was so young.

When he came home, he returned to Ames and got his Master's degree and his PhD degree from Iowa City in Geology.

Robert was a little older when he went. He had been home with us for three years when he was called. When Robert graduated from high school in 1949, I wanted him to go on to college. He was so young, I thought he had no business being out of school, but he thought he would just stay home. He was at home for a couple years, until he entered the army on February 20, 1951. He was first sent to Camp Crowder then to Ft. Leonard Wood for basic training, and later to Ft. Belvoir, Va. where on August 9, 1952 he graduated in a Map Compiling Course. Following a two week furlough, he then reported to Camp Kilmer, N. J. for overseas assignment which was Frankfurt, Germany.

After he went to the army, he said he had done a lot of thinking while he was in the army and he wanted to to on to school. When he was over in Germany, he took some schooling over there. He went to Ames and went through different departments and decided he wanted to go into Electrical Engineering. He had two years of that when he decided he wanted to go into Forestry. I thought it was terrible to make a change, when he had done so well in Electrical Engineering. It turned out to be good. If I would have changed his mind, maybe it wouldn't have turned out so good. It just seemed like he has had the world by the tail. If there was a promotion, he was always there to get it. He graduated May 25, 1963 with a PhD in Wood Technology, Theoretical and Applied Mechanics and was an instructor in Forestry.

Robert and Ellen Maddox were married Sunday, June 13th 1954 at Ruthven, Iowa. They have two daughters, Teresa born April 26, 1957 and Sheryl born May 10th 1958. Teresa married Glen Rosen August 11, 1979 at DeKalb, Illinois. They have two daughters, Brianna Marie born July 14, 1982, and Brittany Michelle born November 7, 1983. Sheryl married Ivan Kirkpatrick at Virginia Beach, Va, December 27, 1980. They have three sons, Ryan Aleksandr Kirkpatrick, born

November 24, 1981, Erik Mikhail, born August 21, 1985 and Sean Nikolas born March 31, 1987.

After graduation Robert was employed at the Forest Products Laboratory in Madison, Wisconsin, then at Washington, D.C. and for 8 years he was Station Director of Pacific Northwest Forest and Range Experiment Station, covering the states of Washington, Oregon and Alaska. He retired from government service in 1988 and became the department head in the Forestry Department (Forest Products Department) at Oregon State University, Corvallis, Oregon. He retired to part time in 1993.

Raymond and Leslie Nielsen were married Wednesday, June 15th 1955 in Richfield, Utah. They have two daughters, Elaine born December 20, 1956 and Mary, born July 9th 1961. Elaine married Ben Bluml August 16, 1980 in Winston Churchill Chapel at Fulton, Missouri. They have a son, Jeffrey Alexander, born August 24, 1988. Mary married John Patrick Pratt April 24, 1982 in Columbia, Missouri. They have three sons, John Elliot Pratt, born April 13, 1983, Jacob Erik Pratt born June 28, 1986 and Joseph Ethan Pratt, born April 17, 1995.

After Raymond received his PhD degree at Iowa City (State University of Iowa) where he and his family lived, he went to Tempe, Arizona and was on the faculty for five years at Arizona State University. He then moved to Columbia, Missouri and has been on the faculty at University of Missouri, Columbia since 1962 in the field of Geology, Paleontology and Mineralogy.

I remember their weddings and their graduations from high school and from college. They each have three degrees from college. There are not a lot of mothers that can say that about their sons. I talked to one of their teachers here just a short time ago, and she always asks about the boys. I was telling her that Raymond went down to Atlanta, Georgia and got some kind of award. At the same time, Robert was in Seattle, Washington getting an award of some kind. She said, "Do you think I had anything to do with that?" I think she did. I think they had one of the best teachers that ever walked and have succeeded because of their early school background.

Memories From A Grandmother

Elaine

I can remember the night when Raymond called me when Elaine was born. I was down on my knees in front of the Heatrola,¹ working on a scarf. It was kind of a mesh that you put yarn in weaving. he called and said, "Well, it's here." I can hear him saying that yet. That was on the 20th of December. It don't seem like it should be that long ago since Elaine was born.

I never will forget Elaine, when they was in Iowa City, and she was just bound that she was going to go home with us. Lindsay said, "Now, she'll just start to cry and we'll have to take her back." I said, "I don't think so." And she never cried a tear when she was here.

She just had the best times. We had an old tractor tire here and we got some sand to put in it. She always said we went to the beach to get it. We got it where the sand had washed out of the field. We brought it up in a basket.

And then she went out in the field with us to plant. I believe, pop corn. The planter had plugged up or something, anyway it didn't plant corn, so we thought we would plant that row in popcorn. She went along with us and she had a little sack of M&Ms. Well, she wanted to help plant the corn. She laid her M&Ms down and forgot about them and we got almost home and she thought about them. I said, "Well, we've got some more at home. We'll just get those." But she just started to cry. She wanted to go back and get them. So we went back and she knew just right where she had left them.

There were lots of little kittens here to play with, and she played with them a lot. I guess she had a favorite one. When Raymond and Leslie came to get her on the weekend, she had her suitcase packed. I missed the cat. I kinda looked around and I wondered where that cat was. I guess I must have looked in her suitcase myself, and there was that cat. It was quiet. It must have been warm in there. She must have loved that cat.



Lynn Hollyn

I have a picture that Elaine drew of me and Grunter. I've got it in a book. She was a nice looking pig. When Grunter had her pigs the first time, she only had two. Well, Lindsay said, "I'm not going to take and keep her around here with just two pigs. I'm going to give those pigs to another hog." When she had her pigs the next time, I think she had eight or nine. Why, she was so big and tame. Elaine would reach through the fence and pat her.

She helped me feed chickens. I've got some pictures of her helping me feed the chickens. She'd go out there to the brooder house and we'd put feed in the feeder.

I remember Elaine, too, when she said she pulled a boner. They had pancakes or something. Ray had walked down to the little store to get the pancake syrup. She was a little generous with hers. She had put all the syrup on the pancakes.

I never will forget the time the Saturday Evening Post had a picture in it of a little girl that was naked. Before I found this, Leslie had told me that she was tired. She went and laid down. Elaine was in her bed and she was supposed to be sleeping. Anyhow, she got up and got outside and started out for where Raymond was teaching, I guess. Anyhow, she was stark naked and somebody called Leslie. "Is your little girl home?" "Yes, she is in bed." That woman said, "Well, there's a little girl down here on the corner [Thompson's Corner] and she doesn't have any

clothes on." When Leslie went and looked, Elaine was gone and only her clothes remained. Anyway, in the Saturday Evening Post, there was a cartoon of a little girl that was naked and it showed the crossroads. I wrote on there "Thompson's Corner." When he got it, Raymond laughed and laughed. Elaine said, "I don't think it's funny."



Mary

Mary was the clothes sprinkler. She was along about six or seven years old, and Lindsay and I were in Columbia for the weekend. Mary was put to sprinkling the laundry. She had everything on the kitchen table and was standing on a chair. Finally she called to me, "Grandma, come and keep me company." From another room Raymond said, "Grandma, don't you do that . . . it's Mary's job." It was quite a job for such a little girl, but she got it done.

Terry And Sherry



When Teresa and Sherry were small and lived in Madison, Wisconsin, they belonged to the Girl Scouts, and sold Girl Scout Cookies. Teresa called me and asked if I'd like to buy some. I told her I'd take a box of each kind, which pleased her. In a few minutes, the telephone rang again.

It was Sherry. She said, "Grandma, I sell Girl Scout Cookies too." I doubled my purchase.

It has always been a Weuve philosophy to take things as they come and make the best of it, good or bad. That's the only way you could get around it. Now that I am in my 90's, one of the things I would try to teach my grandchildren and great-grandchildren is to not bite off more than they can chew. I tell you, it would be nice to go back and live those times over. There are not many people who would want to do it, I'll grant you that. But I wouldn't mind it. I wouldn't mind going back and raising chickens, milking cows or any of that. I think if kids had to do those things now a days, they would probably be better off.

*"Courage isn't something
you are born with.
It comes to you
with experience."*

Patricia Neal

The Big Tornado

The first storm that came through here [that summer], I think it was about the 9th of July, Mary's birthday. I could see it coming. I was standing here washing dishes and Lindsay was watching television. I said to him, "We better head for the basement." He wanted to listen to TV. The air was just black. You couldn't see the place just north of me at all. It was just terrible. We was right in the path of it.

I started for the basement and I just got down a few steps. oh, the awfulest popping, snapping that you ever heard in your life. I got scared and came back up. By the time I got there it was over. It had only lasted a number of seconds. Lindsay's picture went off on the television and he came in here [the kitchen] and he said, "Oh, Ma. The garage is gone." I didn't even see that. He started to get his shoes on and I looked out there and there was all kinds of electrical wires laying around in the yard. Well, if I had thought twice, I would have known they surely wasn't alive. Well, anyway, he got his

*"I was brought up in China,
where age is honorable.
I am old, of course,
but I am not vain about it."*

Pearl Buck

shoes on and was going to go out and we couldn't get the doors open. The doors that were shut, you couldn't get open and the ones that were open, you couldn't get shut. so I said to him, "Well, for goodness sake, don't go outside with all them wires around out there.

It wasn't a half hour till this yard was just full of cars. People seen it. I said, "Well, I thought there was a tail on one of those clouds" and people said there was. Over at Colo, they were getting ready for a wedding and they saw it and all those people came out here. And, of course, at that time, our telephone was above ground and we couldn't call the REA. People just run here and there, calling people.

After a day or two, neighbors came in to help and I'm telling you, it was a mess. We had a field that they couldn't get the beans out because it was so cloddy. Well, when that tornado went through it, I don't know whether it sucked them clods up in the air or whether it was pressure, but it was just like you'd gone over the ground with a roller. There wasn't no clods whatso-

ever. There wasn't over a dozen drops of rain fell. Everybody, all the neighbors all saw it. And, of course, we were right in the eye of it and we couldn't see out.

There wasn't a building on this place that wasn't hurt. It came right across here and right across this pasture. There was bluegrass all in head and it was just like it was burnt. The yard light pole out here, it didn't break it off, but it just bent it over . . . just bent it over clear down sot the top of it touched the ground. It was a wonder it didn't break. The corn crib had ear corn in both sides and there was grain in the grain bin and it broke a lot of the braces in that bin. The doors on the machine shed was just blown clear down here in the neighbors field.

The house was just pushed off the foundation. They raised it and pushed it back on the plate. It took them all summer to get it back in shape. That's when they put on the paneling to cover up the cracks.

We used to have a wire fence all the way around the yard. The tornado broke those posts off and rolled that wire up. We found the gate all the way down in a field. It blew stuff clear across the track. This man down in the next house, he was an invalid. He said he sat there in his wheel chair and just watched that stuff going over. And then of course, we had to go and gather that stuff up because that was in



*Teresa Ethington, Granddaughter
and Friendly Cow, No Relation*

people's fields and they couldn't plow.

The car was sitting in the garage. It blew the garage away . . . picked the car up and set it down in the flower bed over here. The car that the tornado went through, it was red . . . candy apple red. I remember when Lindsay got it, we had it out here in the garage. Dwight Becvar came and I said, "I'm going to show you what Lindsay's got out here in the garage." He said, "Will I need a stick?" I said, "No, it won't hurt you." I opened up the door and I could see his eyes. They just opened up as big as oranges. That's the one that the tornado beat up. It blew the garage away. That was in 1962 . . . That was the year after we went to Lake Louise.

Leslie and Raymond called from a motel in Wyoming and wanted to know how we were. I said, "Well, pretty good." She said, "What's the problem?" and I said, "We were hit by a tornado last night." Two years later, they called from the same motel and said "How are you?" I said, "Well, pretty good." She said, "Don't tell me you were hit by a tornado?" "Well, yes," I said. "We got hit by another tornado last night." It took a heavy board off the hog house, a big 2X4, and it tore the fence down. It took it over the house and it came right down through the roof in one of those closets upstairs. Well, I'll tell you, I don't want to go through another one of those. After that I was just scared to death of a storm. When a storm comes by I just go down into the basement.

"Who loves the rain and loves his home, and looks on life with quiet eyes, him will I follow through the storm and at his hearth-fire keep me warm."

Frances Shaw

"I've learned that the love of a good woman, a really good woman, is just about the best riches a guy can acquire in this life."

Robert F. Six



The Golden Years Travels

*I*ome of the trips that we took. . . I never in my life thought I would get into Washington, D.C. and I was there twice on the plane. We went by plane once before [the Washington D.C. trip] that when Robert was at Medford, Oregon, where he took his training [college summer school training, summer 1956]. We flew to Portland that time stayed there at the Multnomah Hotel and then the next morning we went on down where he was at Medford.

A couple of times we went to Colorado. One time when the boys were small. It was quite an unusual thing to do in those days. We drove out there in our Chevrolet car. My uncle had a cabin there. We stayed in one of his cabins out by Denver. I can remember when we got there. My aunt was a regular clown and he didn't know who we were. She said to him, (he had been off somewhere and had come back after we got there.) "Do you know these people? Have you seen them before?" He said "No." She said, "You remember throwing a stick at their dog don't you?" He didn't want to own up to it. His face was just as sour as it could be. I laughed then and I've laughed every time I've thought of it. That was Uncle Lewis and Aunt Ethel. Aunt Minnie, Dad's sister, nearly lived

sister, nearly lived to be 100. I was so in hopes when she got to be 99 that she would live to be 100. She died of cancer.

Gardening

I have a big yard to mow, but have a 10 horse riding mower. My mower had an electric starter and that is the easiest work I do. The mower is 15 years old and has covered a lot of ground. I could never get it mowed with the push mower. My yard has so many snakes in and I am deathly scared of them. I just run over them with a riding mower--even that scares me.

I have always enjoyed growing flowers, inside the house and out. These are the ones blooming in my yard now: Iris (all colors), dahlias, cannas, peonies, roses, poppies, day lilies (yellow and orange), golden glow, marigolds, petunias, daisies, bridal wreath, mock orange, lilacs (white and lavender), snow balls and phlox.

Crafts

*E*very winter I pieced several quilts. Some were made of heavy wool material, such as old coats. The best of the material was cut into blocks and set together with the sewing machine. I sometimes feather stitched the seams. I also have made quilt tops out of the best part of worn overalls, and tied with colored yarn. I pieced blocks by hand for a flower garden quilt and haven't set it together. I also have two crazy quilt tops from silk scraps with each seam feather stitched. Many of the quilts I pieced on the machine and tied them with various colors of yarn.

Besides piecing quilt tops I also do crocheting, tatting, Swedish weaving, and cross stitch. I have made many Granny square afghans and four broom stick bedspreads. Knitting is one craft I don't do.

Pets

*M*y pets are few. I have six nice reddish tan cats which have an apartment in the barn. I buy feed for them because I don't have enough table scraps for them.

When my granddaughters, Mary and Elaine, were small they wanted a cat.

For some reason, it ended up at Grandma's house. Its name was Tiger. He was a lot of company, and lived to be twenty years old, and I missed him after he was gone.

Reporter For The Nevada Paper

I wrote Colo news several years for the Nevada Journal. I enjoyed writing for the paper and during that time I had several outstanding interviews. In 1973 I interviewed Miss Rosemary Bruce, a black student teacher from Rust College in Holly Spring, Mississippi, who did thirty eight weeks of student teaching in the Colo School. I also interviewed Miss Alice Thornton, operator of the Colo Gift Shop. One of her specialties was crafting dolls using a rag doll as a base.

I finally had to give up writing for the Nevada paper when Lindsay took ill with a heart problem and I spent most of my time caring for him.

Scrapbooks and Diaries

I have kept a diary for many years. Each day I record the high and low temperatures, what I did, what was an important event, etc. It is interesting to me to look back many years, or ten to fifteen, to see what took place on a certain date.

I also have scrapbooks that I have made. I have clippings of weddings, deaths, family members and acquaintances, storms, blizzards, tornadoes, elections, family gatherings, just about everything of interest.

I have belonged to several clubs during my lifetime . . . many neighborhood clubs. I joined the Thimble Club in 1933. It was active until 1988. The last meeting was with Joan Wengert December 18, 1988. I also belonged to the Good Earth Garden Club-- joined 1951 and closed in 1991 for lack of members. I also a loss of membership through death. I still am a member of the Methodist

Church, the Esther Circle, and Eastern Star Isabelle Chapter.

A Busy Senior Citizen

When I was 86, after Lindsay died, I put up some snow fence. The best part of it was that Ronnie didn't see it. When he came, I said "Did you see what I've been doing?" "No." He looked out the window and he didn't see anything. "Well," I told him. "You're looking out the wrong window." He saw the fence and he says, "Do you suppose it will do any good?" I said, "It will probably do more good than where it was." It was in rolls in the machine shed. I thought we just as well put it out there and see if it would do any good. We had so many snow drifts last year. Oh, my, that was terrible and I thought if we could keep any of it out in the field, we should try.

Back Seat Drivers License

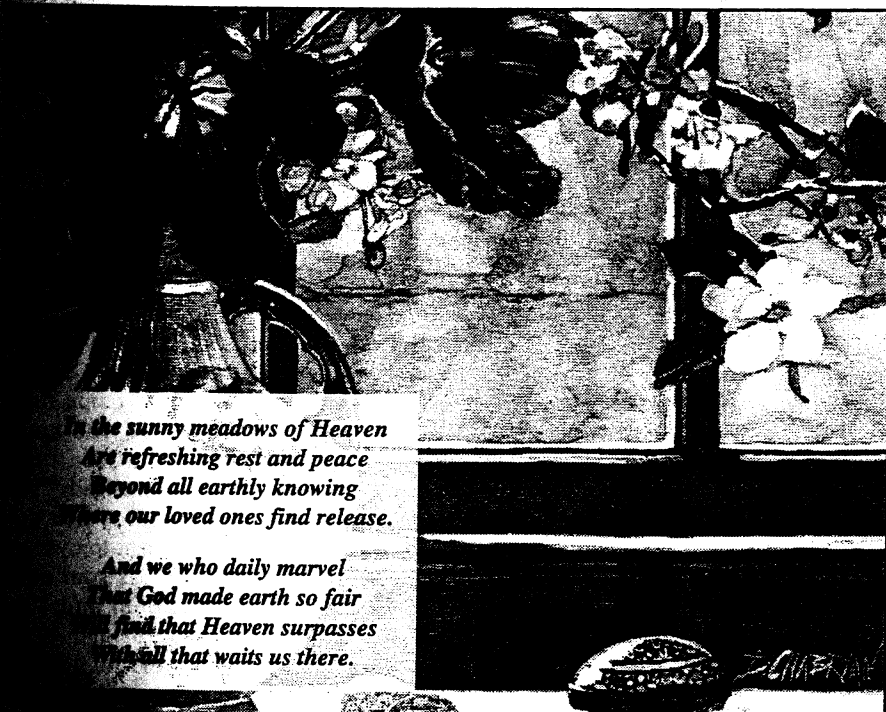
But I have something not many people have. It's a back seat driver's license. It was given to me by Raymond years ago. When I am in the car, and he is driving he will ask if I have my drivers license. I do not drive a car--haven't for years so do most of the driving from the back seat. Try it.

Golden Wedding

Lindsay and I celebrated our Golden Wedding August 1, 1976 at the activity room of the Colo United Methodist Church. It was hosted by the boys, their wives, and family. It wasn't convenient for either of the boys to be present on the regular date, July 16th. It was a day long to be remembered. One hundred forty-four people signed the guest book from twenty-six different towns. The day was concluded with a 6:30 two course dinner hosted by the boys at Twin Anchors for the immediate family and relatives.

Lindsay's Heart Attack and Death

Lindsay took ill with a heart problem and I spent most of my time playing doctor. He never had the best of health, and had been in and out of the hospital so many times in his lifetime, but he always was able to continue with farming until 1966. After that we rented the ground, but continued to live here. The neighbors were so good to us. If he needed to see the doctor, there was always someone ready to take him. Neighbors visited often or took him for drives. He passed away Jan. 31, 1980 age 77 years.



Lynn Hollyn

"When I think about my grandmother, the first memory that comes to mind is one of laughter. I guess you don't live to be Grandma's age without developing a great sense of humor.

I think the first time I understood the depth of Grandma's sense of humor was when Grandma E. and my mom came to visit me in Virginia. For sometime now I have been unable to remember dates. So I mark time by major events happening in my life. I was living in the house on Rockingham court and I believe I had two children at the time. I remember during their visit that Ivan's grandmother died. I remember sitting in the dining room with Mom and Grandma and watching the two of them drink tea, (which was so weak it was really only colored water), and playing Rack-O, but mostly I remember the two of them laughing and laughing. Apparently, Mom's neighbor had shared some nasty songs with her. Mom, in turn, passed the lyrics of one of those songs to Grandma while they were visiting. I'd like to share the source of days and days of laughter with you."

Two Little Flies

Two little flies decided to roam,
They left their mommy and they left their home,
They left their mommy and the buzz and the hum,
They told their mommy to kiss their bum.

Chorus:

One was black, the other was blue,
One had a ring around his ring-rang roo,
The other had a ring around his ring-rang too,
Hi ho and away they go.

They flew right into a grocery store,
They flew right in through the transom in the door,
They shit on the bacon and they shit on the ham,
They didn't give a damn for the grocery man.

They flew right into the burlesque show,
They got a seat in the very front row,
And when the girls came out to dance,
They flew up and went puff in their pants.

"So when I think about Grandma, the first thing I remember is her laughter."

Sheryl E. Kirkpatrick
Granddaughter

Did You Know...

"In 1955, Grandma and Grandpa E. drove to Utah for Raymond and Leslie's wedding. I was working at the Agronomy Department and Bob was a full time student. For the two weeks they were gone we carried on our full schedule on campus plus ran the farm.

We got up every morning at 4:00 A.M.-milked the cows, fed pigs and chickens, gathered eggs, had breakfast and by 6:15 A.M. headed for Ames. I dressed in the car on the way. By 7:00 A.M. Bob was in class and I was at my desk.

At 4:00 pm Bob would pick me up at work and we would head back to the farm. I would again change clothes in the car. When we got there, we fed pigs, chickens and cows, gathered eggs, milked cows and got supper etc. And then there was dishes, laundry, studying, and finally we fell into the hay exhausted.

On the weekends there were feed lots to clean, gardens to take care of, chicken houses to clean, the house to clean, etc. It was an extremely busy and tiring two weeks!"

Ellen Maddox Ethington
Daughter In Law

Dear Helen and Rick,

Thank you for inviting us to attend your lovely wedding. I am so happy and hopeful for you, Helen. You've been a wonderful friend to me all these years and I wish the very best for you. I know that if you love Rick he must be very special and I hope we will come to know and appreciate him too.

From the time you announced your impending marriage, I thought about a gift I could give the two of you that would reflect the warmth of our feelings for you. That is, right up until the invitation arrived. So, to honor your request, we came to your wedding with our best wishes only. This basket is, therefore, not a wedding gift but a marriage gift! (Have you ever noticed my skill with semantics before?)

These things aren't expensive, but they are from the heart. We hope you will get as much pleasure from them as we get from giving them.

The plant is a Christmas Cactus. When it blooms, it is covered with vivid deep pink blossoms. I don't know if I've ever told you the story behind it. This plant has been rooted and passed down through three generations of our family (so far).

When my grandparents were married, my grandfather wore sprigs of this very same plant in his boutonniere. After the wedding, my grandmother took it apart and rooted the Christmas Cactus. She is blessed with the kind of green thumb that awes us city folk. Even when she prunes a plant and throws it away it takes

root. They were married for over fifty years and over those years the plant thrived as their marriage did.

Eventually, just as their family had grown, putting down deep roots and ever expanding so too did grandma's Christmas Cactus until it overflowed the biggest pot she could find. Christmas Cactuses like crowded conditions and they weather dry spells beautifully, but after grandma died, grandma decided it was time to share her cactus's beauty and the joy it had brought them for all those years. And so all the adult members of my family have started with a little piece of grandma's Christmas Cactus to nurture and enjoy and the gift of the story and the love that goes with it. I'm passing it on to you, and I hope you will pass a piece of it to someone you care about. I hope your marriage grows big and full and beautiful just like grandma's Christmas Cactus.

Terry
Teresa Ethington Rosen
Granddaughter

"My first memory of visiting Grandma would probably be of playing with the shampoo, dish soap, and syrup bottles she keeps in the shape of people and animals. Later we progressed to playing Rack-O with Grandma and Daddy. I have always liked Grandma's beautiful house. When I was young I once said to my mother upon my return from Grandma's house that when I grew up I was going to go live in Grandma's house because I liked the off-the-stairs attic. I also love to poke around in Grandma's cupboards. One time I found a cute little egg carton sleigh.

Grandma has always struck me as very kind. Once she gave me a set of three books someone had given her because she knew I love to read. And Grandma never forgets my birthday. Grandma has an irresistible recipe for sugar cookies. Whenever we come down she has a HUG plateful. By bedtime though, they're always gone. Gum, Gum!"

Brianna Marie Rosen
Great Granddaughter
Age 13

"I like Grandma Hilda because she is my grandma and nobody else's. I love her house, it's beautiful and has secret hiding places. I also love learning about Grandma's past. It sounds exciting and I wish I could have been there. I love it because I'm the only kid who has a grandma who drives a lawn mower to town."*

Brittany Michelle Rosen
Great Granddaughter
Age 11

* Grandma hasn't driven a car in living memory if you don't count back seat driving, but she has frequently said if she ever needed to, why, she'd just get on that old riding mower and take it to town.

My earliest memory of our mother goes back to the old house on the farm when I must have been about two years old. It was small, drafty, and probably had no more than three or four rooms including the kitchen. I remember that she was sweeping the living room and I was sitting on the floor. The sun was streaming through the window, and its bright paths through the dust that she was suspending in the air prompted me to ask her about what I was seeing. I don't recall what she said but I do know that she was singing while she swept--the only time I remember hearing her sing. Likely I am one of the few living persons who remember seeing her drive a car. When the present house was under construction (I was about 4 years old), she went to town (probably State Center at that time), likely to buy food because I suspect that feeding the work crew was part of the bargain. I remember that she drove back in and parked the Model-T Ford about where the well is located. Soon thereafter they bought a Chevrolet (1929 model I believe) that had a stick gear-shift and to my knowledge she never drove again although she maintained a drivers license for many years thereafter.

It is hard to think of her independently of our father, for they were inseparable and shared in virtually everything that occurred in a farm setting during the depression and the war years which encompassed their early adult lives and the turbulence of the last four decades when they passed maturity and became senior citizens. I suppose those early years of uncertain financial future were difficult for them, but I certainly do not remember them in that way. They worked hard when the season demanded, but they relaxed when the farm schedule allowed. Saturday nights brought a trip to town to purchase supplies that the farm could not provide, with the funds to pay the price of the purchases coming from sale of eggs to the grocer. Once or twice a year brought a journey to Marshalltown to buy shoes, overalls, coats, mittens, etc. October saw long days harvesting corn, the two of them breaking the ears from the stalks, peeling off the husks (shucks they would have said), and throwing the ears into the horse-drawn wagon (whose volume had been enhance by tiers of sideboards) until it was full by noon; then in to the corn crib where it was shoveled into storage and then out again for another load in the afternoon. So it went, on and on until the crop was in. It seems arduous in the extreme by contemporary life styles, but I do not recall ever hearing them complain about it seriously.

This is not to say that they were dour workaholics, the kind of people shown in Grant Wood's *American Gothic*. Our parents had a sense of humor that they exposed to only those who knew them well and with whom they felt comfortable. They had a passion to be informed; several newspapers were delivered each day by the rural mail carrier. Magazines were ever present and read: *Life*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Readers Digest*, *Ladies Home Journal*, *Redbook*, *Liberty*, *Colliers*. They had strong opinions about public affairs, local, state and national, and discussed them frequently. While I suppose their opinions sometimes were parochial, that is a refreshing contrast to the apathy that we see in our society today. Probably this is best summarized by saying that they believe they were responsible for themselves and to the world around them, attributes that they transmitted to their children by example and not by edict. To my mind our parents were two of the most well-adjusted people I have known.

The sense of values, integrity, self discipline, thrift, dependability that they displayed during my formative years shaped my attitudes as I left the comfortable existence they provided me and cast my lot in the uncertainties of the academic world, and I am forever in their debt for pointing me in the general direction that I have followed. I can only hope that I have served my children, colleagues, neighbors as well.

Raymond Lindsay Ethington

Mother Ethington has always been an inspiration to me. I noticed many years ago that as her face began to show the wrinkles of age, the lines around her mouth all turned upward. I determined then that I would try to have the same positive attitudes toward life that she has.

I admire the curiosity that is a part of Mother's personality. Even at 95 years of age, she is still vitally interested in what is going on around her. She still keeps a scrapbook of newspaper clippings about things she finds interesting or about people she knows.

She has been willing to try new experiences and has usually approached them with a "matter of fact" attitude. She has been a reporter for the Nevada newspaper, recalling life as it once was and commenting on the coming and going of Marshall County citizens. As a senior citizen, she rode on a float in a parade down the main street in Colo. Several years ago she addressed a group of strangers at the celebration of the one room school with the complete confidence of a professional speaker.

Mother is a very independent woman. She has been the business manager of the farm for many years, keeping records and checks which were turned over to the "tax man" at the first of each year. She grew and canned lots of fruit and vegetables and made each dollar go farther than most could have.

Some years ago, after Dad died, I was concerned about her being alone on the farm. I asked her what she would do if she had to go some place and neighbors couldn't take her. She said, "I'll just get on my riding mower and drive myself into town." We are sure she would have if it had been necessary.

Mother has made many quilts from fabric scraps, old overalls, and other pieces of material. Her crocheting has turned out everything from pillowcases to doilies to hot pot holders, with a number of crafts in between. Her hands are rarely idle.

Perhaps the most admirable quality Mother has is her strong sense of values. She is uncompromising in the things she believes in.....frugality, honesty, kindness, and loyalty being just a few.

I have always appreciated Mother for accepting me into her family unconditionally. At our first meeting, around her kitchen table, generously spread with country cooking, she appeared to be unaffected by the fact that her first born son had just brought a stranger from a distant state and different religious background home to meet his mom and dad. I'm sure the intent was obvious. She seemed to be completely at ease and has always given me the feeling that I was the one she would have chosen for a daughter-in-law had she been asked to help in the selection process.

I am so grateful that she has taught us so many important things by her example. I especially value the lessons on growing older that she continues to teach us each day. Come what may, Mother always accepts whatever comes along and does the best she can with it, no matter how difficult.

Thank you for being a friend, a teacher, a mother. Leslie A Nielsen Ethington

When I think of Grandma, I remember going to her house and rushing to see the baby kittens in her barn. She was always so patient when I tried to talk her into playing with them one more time.

Once Grandma let me use her riding mower. It looked so easy until I ran over her Iris and she had to cut the mower out.

I could always depend on Grandma to entertain me with endless hours of playing cards. She was an expert at Concentration, Go Fish, and Old Maid.

Grandma always made us beautiful quilts, often with fabric we recognized from things we had worn.

I think of Grandma as a very intelligent, practical and independent woman and I'm glad to call her Grandma.

*Mary Frances Ethington Pratt
grand-daughter*

Visiting Grandma and Grandpa Ethington at the farm was always a treat. As a little girl I have many memories; the clean earthy smells of the pastures and the barn; the kitties I always wanted to catch which scattered on sight of me; picking and eating raspberries from Grandma's bushes; and ringing the old dinner bell to call Grandpa in from the fields to eat. I remember waking up in Grandma's iron bed upstairs to hear roosters crowing, feeling cool morning breezes waft in through open windows. Grandpa was already up and gone to the fields. Grandma had fed him and the kitties and was busy preparing breakfast for the rest of us late risers. Our days spent there were full of outside fun. Sunshine; playing hide and seek under spreading spirrea bushes; picking apples from the orchard; sneaking in to the dark and dusty corn crib to snitch dried feed corn cobs which we ground into meal; and climbing the tall ladder to the hayloft in the barn to try to catch the kitties. When the sun went down and Grandpa returned, we gathered around the big table to eat the meal Grandma had prepared. It was good country food; solid; the kind that made you feel like you were taking the health of the fresh air and sunshine right inside of you. There was much discussion of politics, local and national. Grandma kept us up to date on the comings and goings of family members, old friends, and neighbors. Often Grandma would pop a huge kettle of popcorn which we would gobble while watching a T.V. show or playing a game. We always resisted the time when we would climb the wooden stair case up to bed. Often after being tucked in we would sneak out of bed and spy on the adults downstairs through the metal heat grates in the floor until our eyes grew heavy and we sneaked back to bed.

Their life seemed simple to me. The consistent pattern of planting and harvesting; and caring for livestock followed the changing seasons. It didn't seem to alter much even when major events happened like the tornadoes that stormed through, removing trees and rocking the house on its foundation. Grandpa and Grandma moved in consistent patterns too, each having their own responsibilities on the farm. There wasn't much time spent on frivolities or sentimentalities. Grandma seemed totally focused on meal preparation, and caring for her animals and gardens. I wasn't aware that her interests or experience went beyond the confines of the farm. It wasn't until I was much older that I came to realize who my Grandmother really was.

It was the late seventies and I was in college. The "Women's Movement" was in full swing and I was very full of ideas of becoming an independent, self sufficient and achieving woman. I wanted to marry but was determined to have my own life in parallel to my husband's. I would be an "equal" unlike what I perceived the roles of my grandmothers and mother to have been. (I was pretty full of myself.) During this time Grandpa began to have heart problems. We came to visit him in the hospital. He was in bed, with lots of tubes and monitors attached. His thick white hair was mussed and he seemed uncomfortable at being confined to bed in a hospital gown with all of us waiting around him. Grandma sat beside him in a chair. She cleaned his glasses and sat with her hands folded talking softly about the farm and the Colo news as if it were just another day. She seemed calm and sure, but I could tell she was afraid. It was that day I realized how much she loved Grandpa and I saw them as a couple, not just as my grandparents.

I had always known my Grandmother was intelligent. I had known she had attended college, been a school teacher and an active member of her community participating in various clubs and activities. I knew she had written for the local newspaper and kept the books for the farm. I knew she had a "green thumb" and had wonderful flower and vegetable gardens. I also knew she had to have been the kind of mother that pushed her children toward excellence because both my father and my uncle were highly educated and respected. I knew all of those things but it wasn't until my Grandpa's health began to fail that I fully realized what a strong and independent woman my Grandmother was.

As I listened to them talk that day at the hospital, I realized what solid people they both were. How intelligent, strong and how much integrity they had.

We gathered for Christmas that last year at the farm; all of us. Grandpa was in good spirits and seemed to be feeling well. Grandma was happy to have us all there together as we exchanged gifts and memories. Bob and Ellen had just returned from Japan with lots of special gifts. We cousins all brought our various boyfriends to share in the event, hinting of the impending expansion of our family. We had a warm loving time together and parted making plans to get together again in the spring.

A month later we united again, this time to say good bye to Grandpa, whose heart had finally failed him. I watched my Grandma bravely face the funeral, finding solace in friends, family and the ongoing nature of the farm. It came to me so strongly what a special woman she is. She is someone who actively interacts with life in all of its stages. She is every bit the independent, self achieving woman I aspired to be while I was in college. I am proud that she has continued to pursue her interests and maintain the functioning of the farm in the years since Grandpa has been gone. I hope if I try really hard I can be a little bit like her. I love you Grandma.

GUIDE TO PHOTOGRAPHS:

1. **Anna Schaper Weuve** and **Ulysses Weuve Sr.**, grandparents of Hilda Weuve Ethington.
2. Family of Anna Schaper Weuve and Ulysses Weuve Sr.
Front Row, L-R:
Ulysses Weuve Jr., **Charles Weuve**, **Anna Schaper Weuve**, **Fred Weuve**,
Ulysses Weuve Sr., **Louis Weuve**, **Anna Weuve Moritz**
Back Row, L-R:
Minnie Weuve Elliott, **Lavena Weuve Hilleman**, **Albert Weuve**
(father of Hilda Weuve Ethington), **Emma Weuve Jones**, **Ida Weuve**
Cunningham, **Henry Weuve**
3. Confirmation at St. John's Luthern (North Church) near State Center,
Marshall Co., Iowa 1893.
Row 2, right end:
Mary Josephine Riemenschneider Weuve
4. **Albert Henry Weuve** and **Mary Josephine Riemenschneider**,
(parents of Hilda Weuve Ethington) wedding picture taken October 6,
1898.
5. Mayme Marian (sister of Hilda Weuve Ethington, born August 9, 1899-died
September 14 1902)

Verne Oscar Weuve (born August 13, 1906-died June 8, 1982) and Leo Arnold
Weuve (born May 23, 1908-died May 12, 1992 -- brothers of Hilda Weuve
Ethington)
- left out* 6. **Raymond Albert Weuve** (brother of Hilda Weuve Ethington, born June 19,
1910-died June 4, 1918)

George Gifford Weuve (brother of Hilda Weuve Ethington, born February 7,
1903=died September 17, 1990)
7. **Hilda Weuve Ethington** (born October 21, 1900) about four years old.

Leo and Verne Weuve
8. Home in Marshall County, Iowa where Hilda Weuve Ethington was raised.
Shown are **Albert Henry Weuve** and **Mary Josephine**
Riemenschneider Weuve with children, **Hilda Weuve Ethington**,
George Weuve, **Verne Weuve** and neighbor **Erma Donnenberger** sitting
on the grass, **Leo Weuve** sitting on Mary's lap.
9. Traveling to Colorado by car-- On the ferry across the Missouri River
Verne and Leo Weuve, (brothers of Hilda Weuve Ethington)

Three generations taken in Colorado
Seated: **Hilda Weuve Ethington**, **Leo Weuve** and **Verne Weuve**
Standing: **Mary Josephine Riemenschneider Weuve**, **Albert**
Henry Weuve (parents of Hilda Weuve Ethington) and **Anna**
Schaper Weuve (grandmother of Hilda Weuve Ethington)

10. Confirmation at the St. Paul Luthern Church in State Center, Marshall, Iowa.
Front Row, L-R:
Lawrence Wilkening, Myrtle Walters Wendel, Reverend Oltman,
Catherine Bernard Ethington (sister in-law of Hilda Weuve
Ethington), Florence Hilleman Gue, Elmer Funke, Walter Henze.
Middle Row, L-R:
Arnold Schuler, Gertrude Schoppe Biggs, Ralph Riemenschneider
(cousin of Hilda Weuve Ethington), Lillian Bernard Wengert, Earl
Riemenschneider (cousin of Hilda Weuve Ethington), Marguerite Myers
Hartwig, Ross Oltman, Leona Oltman Arnold.
Back Row, L-R:
Art Henze, Alvina Funke, Ray Wilkening, Esther Probst Wyatt,
Lawrence Richerodt, **Hilda Weuve Ethington**, Arnold
Saxauer, Margaretta Damman Grew.
11. First home of Lindsay and Hilda Ethington located in State Center, Iowa.
Rented for \$11.00 a month.
12. At school at Cedar Falls, Iowa
Hilda Weuve Ethington and friend

Hilda Weuve Ethington wearing the dress she made in 1920 for her
high school graduation
13. Important schools
Top: State Center High School as it looked when Hilda attended from 1916
to 1920.

Freelove School where Hilda taught 1920 to 1923
14. High School Graduation Pictures
Lindsay E. Ethington and **Hilda Weuve Ethington**
15. Wedding Picture taken July 16, 1926 in State Center, Marshall, Iowa.
Hilda Weuve Ethington and **Lindsay E Ethington**
16. Sons, Raymond Lindsay Ethington and Robert Loren Ethington
17. **Lindsay E. Ethington** and **Hilda Weuve Ethington**
18. **Hilda Weuve Ethington** and **Lindsay E. Ethington** taken for 50th
wedding anniversary.
19. At home on the farm near Colo, Story Co., Iowa
Hilda Weuve Ethington
Lindsay E. Ethington
20. Aerial Photograph of the Ethington farm

21. Celebrating Hilda Weuve Ethington's 90th birthday, October 21, 1990.
Top Row, L-R:

Ellen Becvar, **Hilda Weuve Ethington**, Shelly Becvar
Ellen Maddox Ethington and Robert Loren Ethington

Bottom Row, L-R:

Hilda Weuve Ethington and Leo Weuve (brother)
James Lively, Katie Lively, (nephew and wife), **Hilda**
Robert Loren Ethington, **Hilda Weuve Ethington**, Raymond
Lindsay Ethington (sons)

22. 90th Birthday Celebration

Front Row, L-R:

Hilda Weuve Ethington, Ruby Ethington (sister in-law)

Newspaper announcement

Ellen Becvar, **Hilda Weuve Ethington**, Ron Becvar (long time

Ellen Becvar, **Hilda Weuve Ethington**

Ellen Becvar, **Hilda Weuve Ethington**
Ellen Becvar, **Hilda Weuve Ethington**

October 21, 1990 (Three Generations)

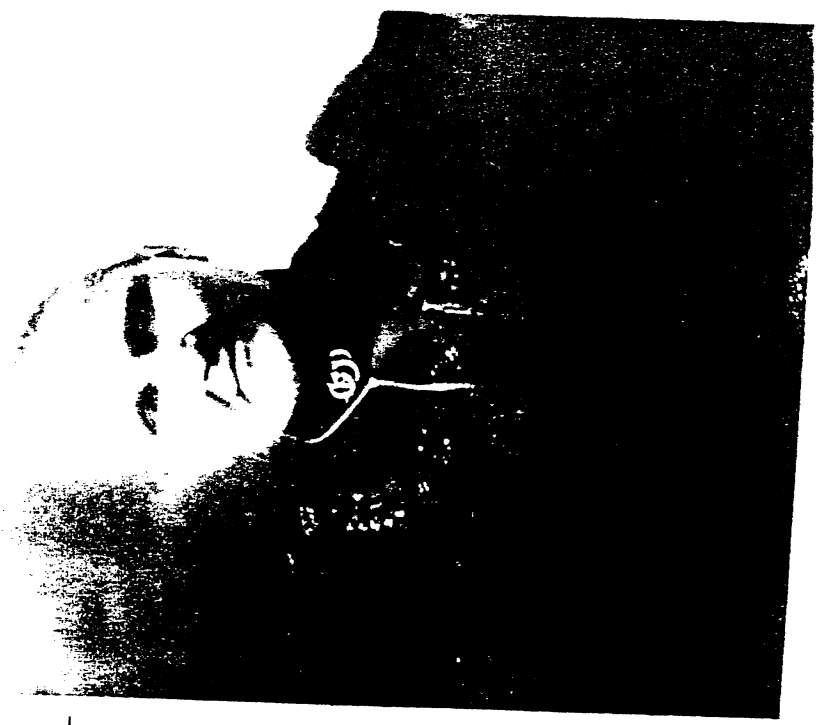
Front Row, L-R:

Ellen Maddox Ethington, **Hilda Weuve Ethington**, Teresa Marie
Ethington Rosen, Sheryl Ilene Ethington Kirkpatrick.

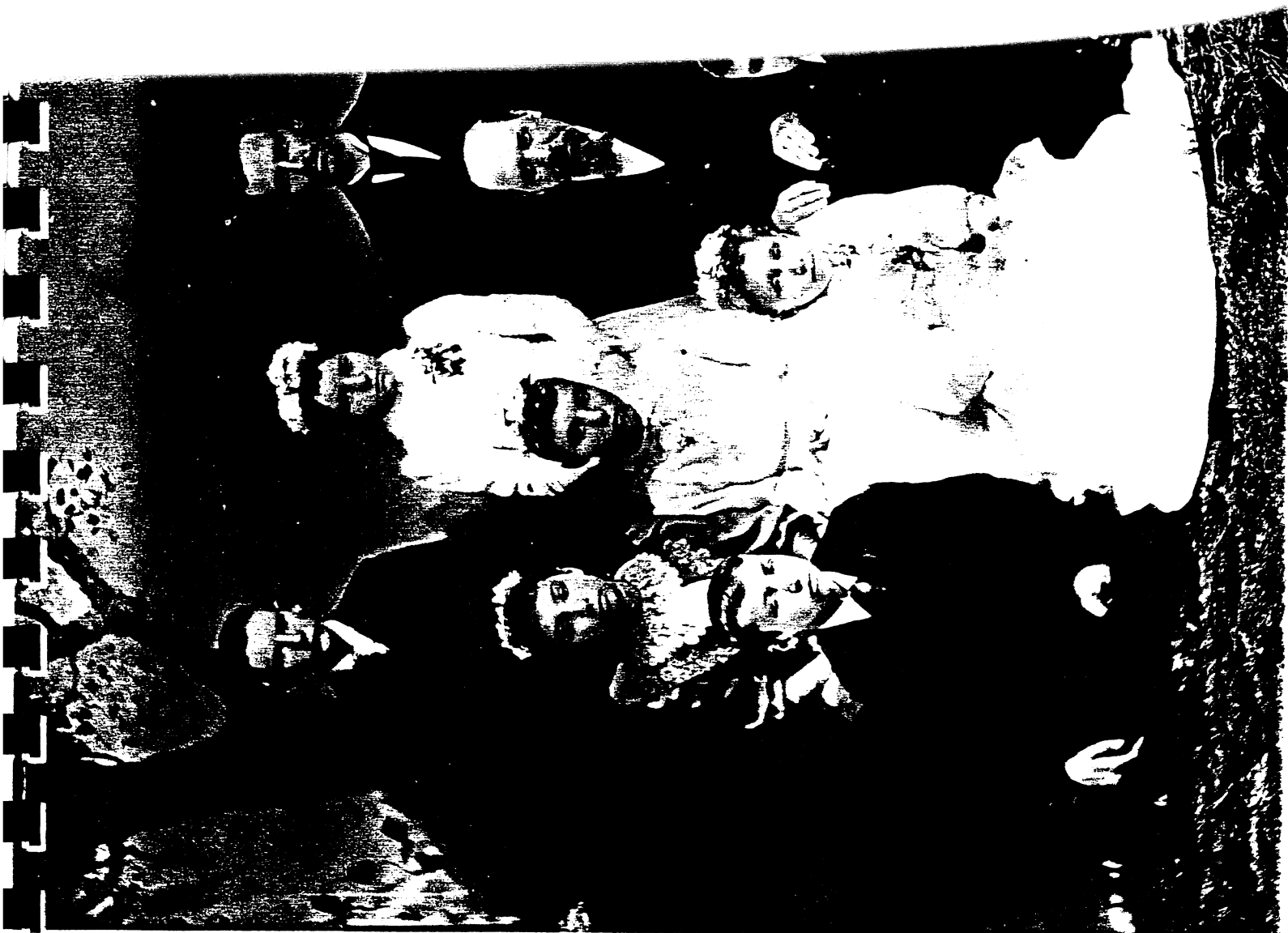
Back Row, L-R:

Robert Loren Ethington, Leslie Ann Nielsen Ethington, Elaine Marie
Ethington Bluml, Benjamin Bluml, John Patrick Pratt, Mary Frances
Ethington Pratt, Raymond Lindsay Ethington.

24. At Home on the Farm with a few of her beautiful flowers at age 94.
Hilda Weuve Ethington







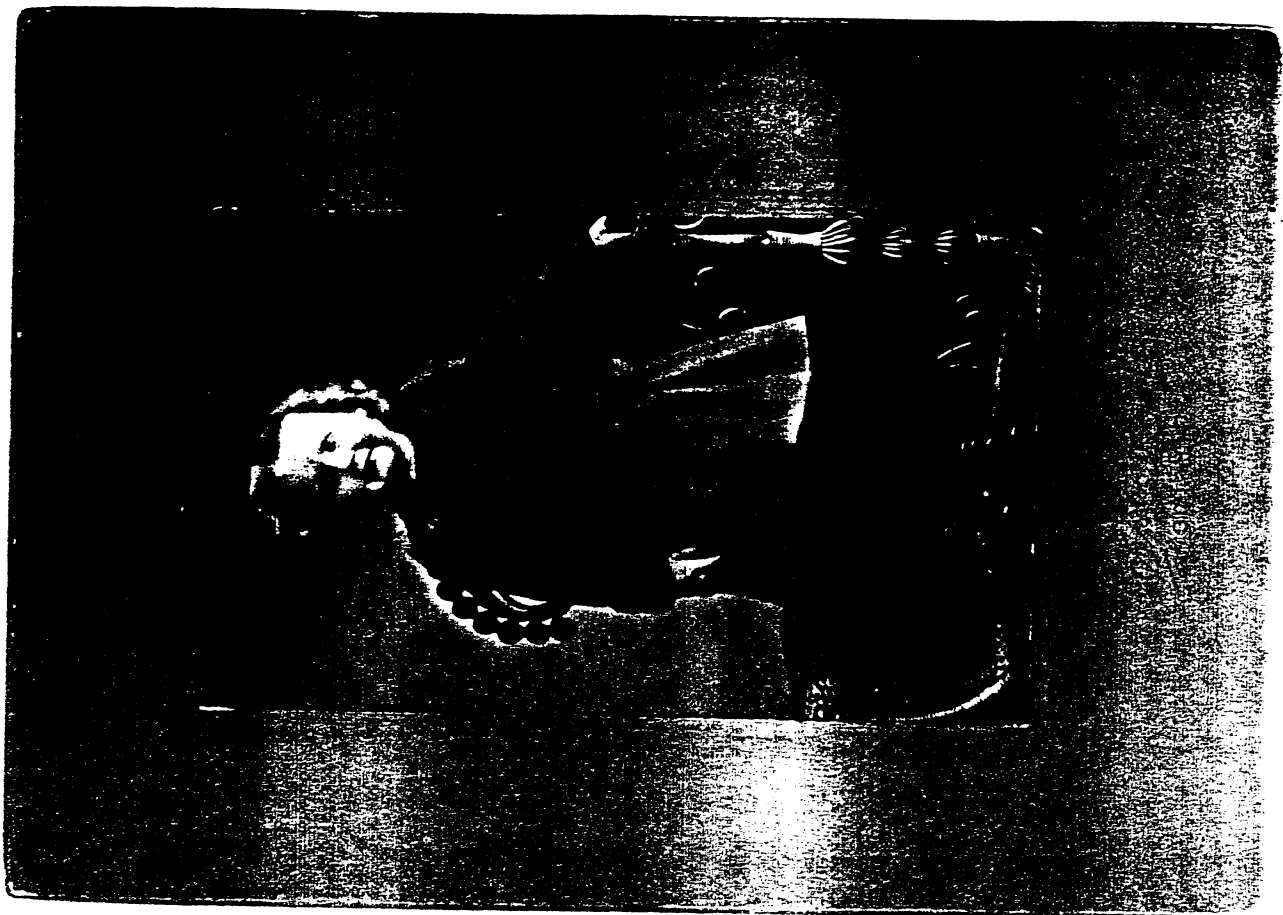


Leo

see

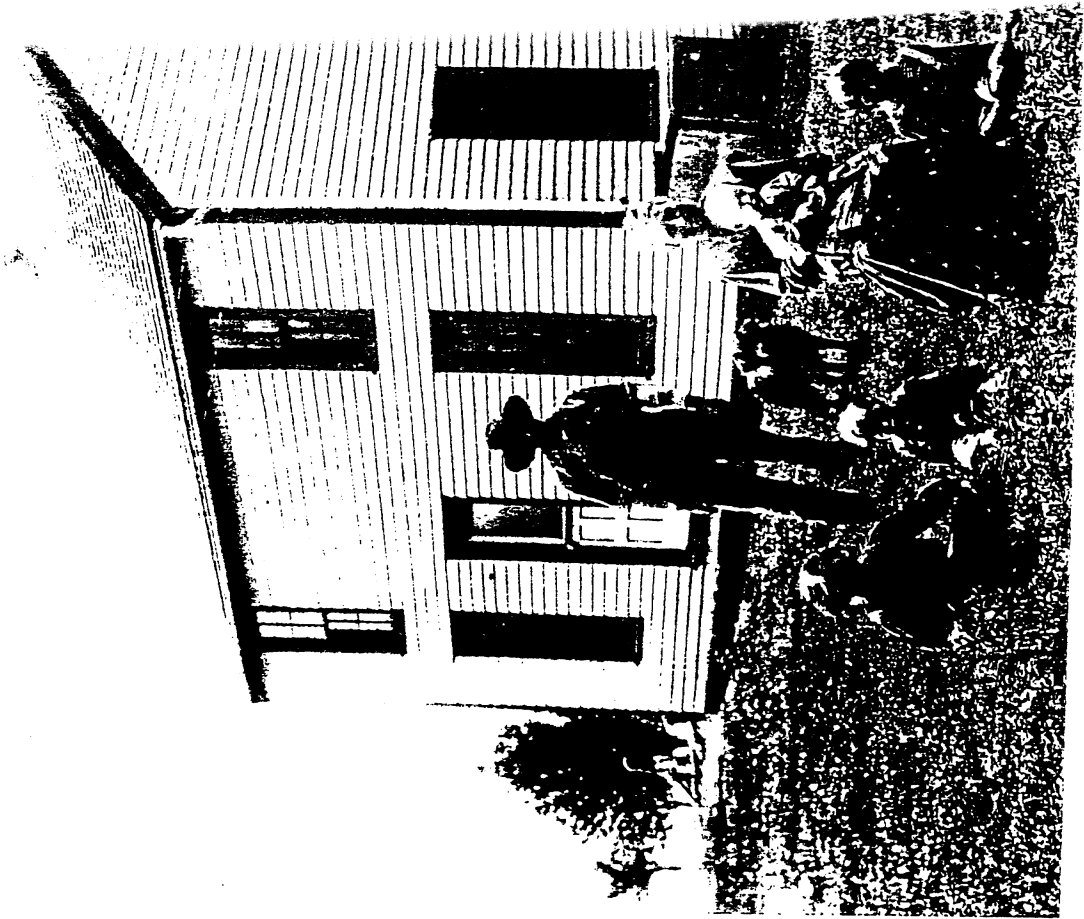
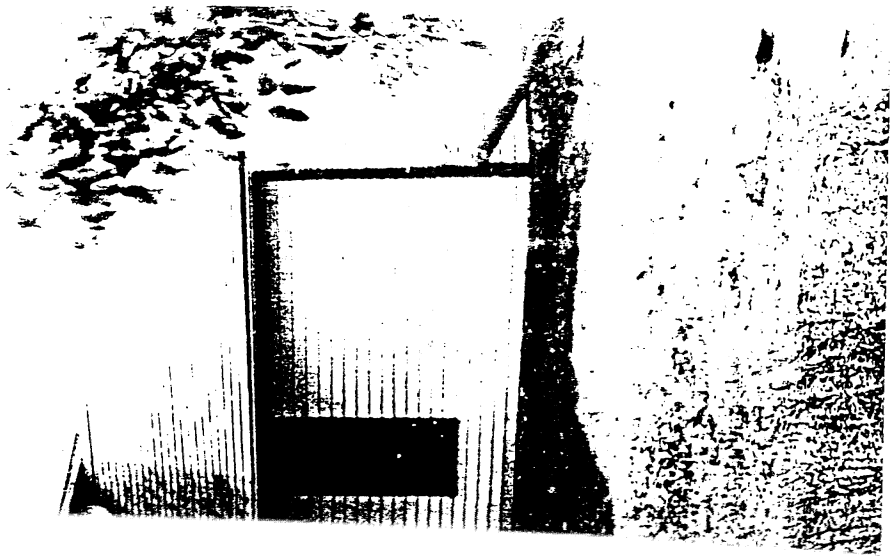


Maryanne

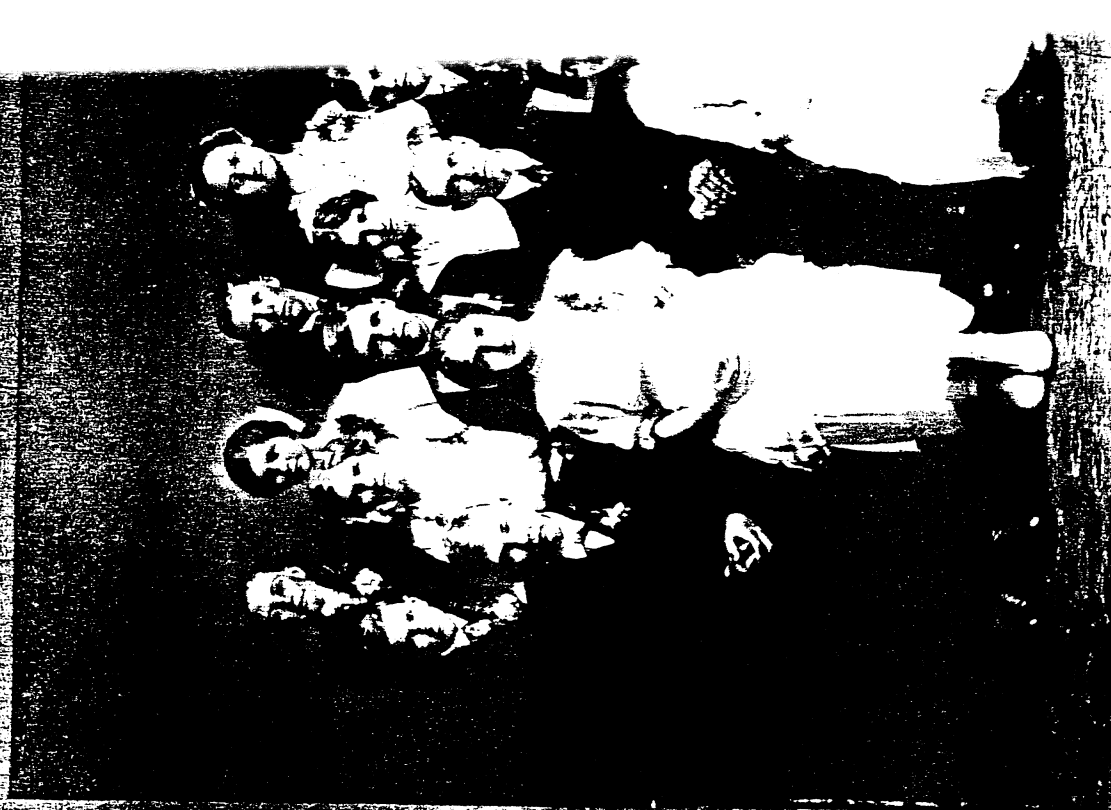


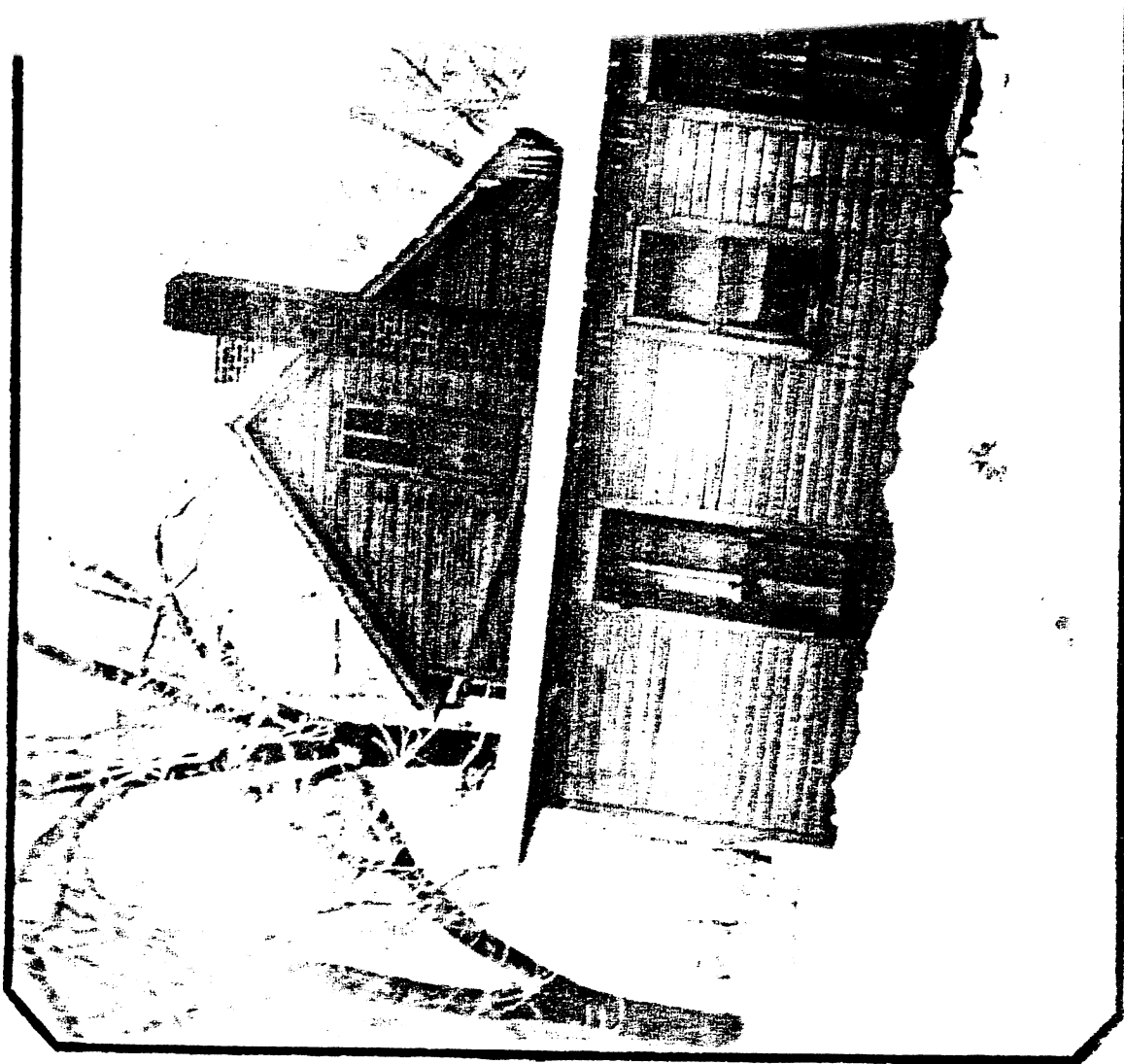
Walden

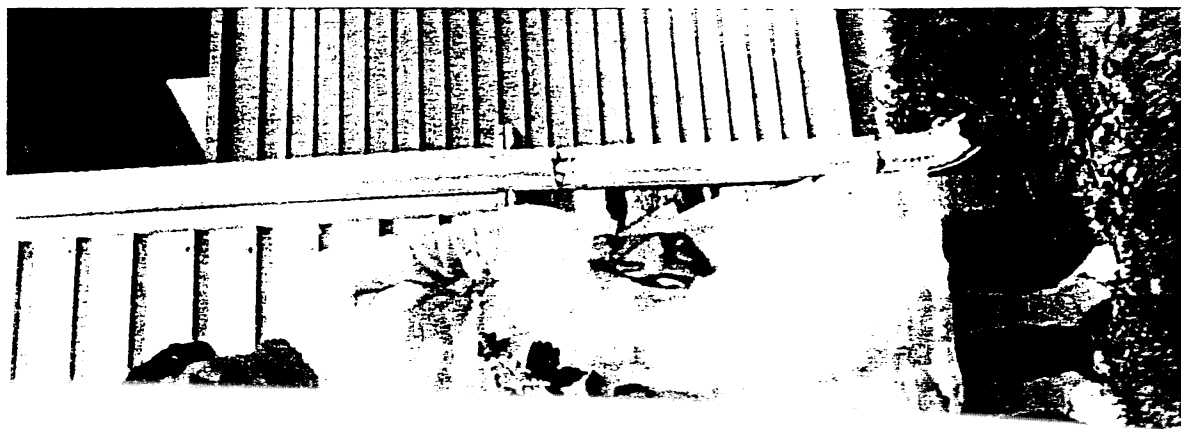




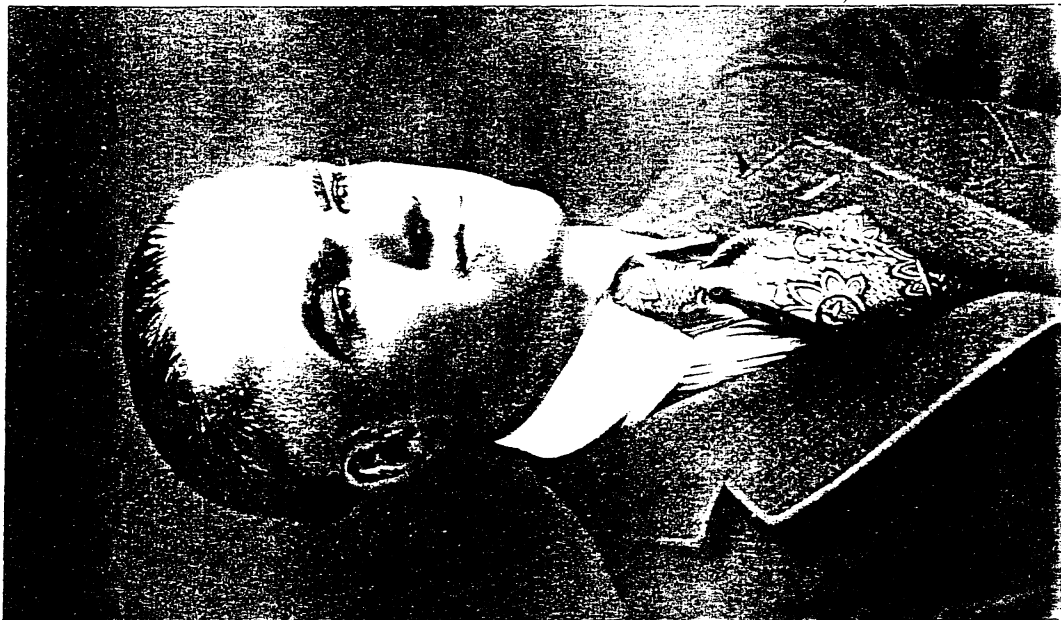
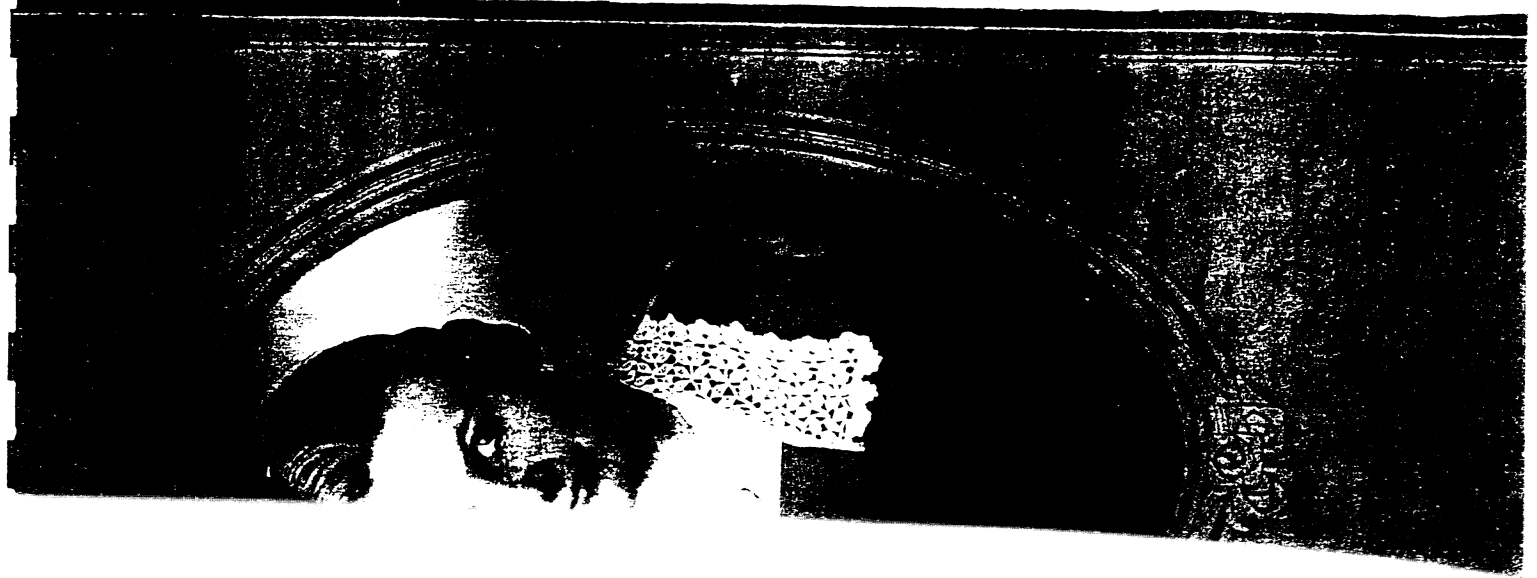




















Hilda Ruby Weuve Ethington, 103

Hilda Ruby Weuve Ethington, 103, died on Monday, Jan. 19, 2004, in Columbia, Mo.

Funeral services will be held at 1 p.m. on Friday at the Colo United Methodist Church. Burial will be in the Colo Cemetery. In lieu of flowers, the family requests that memorials in her name be made to Community Hospices of America Foundation, Inc., 1465 Primrose, Suite A, Springfield, Mo. 65804. Friends may call at the Wensel-Perrin Funeral Home in State Center from 6 to 8 p.m. on Thursday. The Wensel-Perrin Funeral Home has been entrusted with her final arrangements.

Hilda was born to Albert Henry and Mary Josephine (Riemenschneider) Weuve on the family farm in western Marshall County on Oct. 21, 1900. Her parents, seven siblings, and her husband, Lindsay Ethington, preceded her in death.

As a small child Hilda attended rural school walking two miles there and back each day. Later she drove to school in a horse drawn wagon. She entered State Center High School, when she was 15 years old and was the only member of her immediate family to complete a high school education. Hilda was a serious student, with many interests that she pursued by reading until her eyes failed a year prior to her death. She took great pride in her penmanship and was dismayed when the frailties of age did not allow her to maintain her high standards for her writing.

Following high school, Hilda enrolled at Iowa State Teachers College in Cedar Falls, and then taught in rural schools in Marshall and Story counties for four and a half years.

Hilda and Lindsay Ethington were married on July 16, 1926. They lived in State Center while Lindsay worked for local farmers and Hilda was a clerk at Benson's dry goods store. They moved to the farm where she spent most of the rest of her life. In 1931, Raymond was born on Aug. 28, 1929, and

ing and other times, and assisting Lindsay in harvesting the annual corn crop before the advent of mechanical harvesters. She and Lindsay never traveled far from home, although they made short visits to their children who lived in other states. Most of her life was spent within a few miles of the farm on which she was born over a century ago, and that was where she wanted to be.

She was a member of the Colo Methodist Church, Isabelle Chapter of the Order of Eastern Star, the Good Earth Garden Club, and of the Colo Thimble Club. In her later years Hilda became a reporter for the Nevada Evening Journal, covering news from Colo. Although slowing physically, she continued the half-mile daily trek to get her mail at her box on the nearby county road. She was still planting flowers and vegetables at 95 and keeping a well-mowed lawn on her riding mower.

When Lindsay's health failed, Hilda entered into an arrangement with the Becvar brothers, who operated her farm for about 35 years. She cared for Lindsay in their home until his death on Jan. 31, 1980. With the generous support of her numerous friends and neighbors, she was able to live there alone for another 20 years. Nearly six months before her 100th birthday she moved to Columbia, Mo.

Early in 2001 Hilda, by then restricted to a wheelchair, became the oldest participant in a study of the benefits of physical activity for elderly persons, conducted by the University of Missouri-Columbia. The increased mobility that she developed allowed her considerable freedom during subsequent years. Upon completion of the program, she made many new friends at exercise classes that she attended regularly for nearly two years.

Her family was aided in meeting special needs during the last three months of her life by caregivers from Community Hospices of America, to whom she became very attached; she considered each of them to be a

As a small child Hilda attended rural school walking two miles there and back each day. Later she drove to school in a horse drawn wagon. She entered State Center High School, when she was 15 years old and was the only member of her immediate family to complete a high school education. Hilda was a serious student, with many interests that she pursued by reading until her eyes failed a year prior to her death. She took great pride in her penmanship and was dismayed when the frailties of age did not allow her to maintain her high standards for her writing.

Following high school, Hilda enrolled at Iowa State Teachers College in Cedar Falls, and then taught in rural schools in Marshall and Story counties for four and a half years.

Hilda and Lindsay Ethington were married on July 16, 1926. They lived in State Center while Lindsay worked for local farmers and Hilda was a clerk at Benson's dry goods store. They moved to the farm where she spent most of the rest of her life in 1931. Raymond was born on Aug. 28, 1929, and Robert joined them on Feb. 13, 1932.

Hilda worked hard caring for children, managing her home, and working on their farm. She raised chickens, maintained a large vegetable garden, milked cows, fed farm helpers at hay-

failed, Hilda entered into an arrangement with the Becvar brothers, who operated her farm for about 35 years. She cared for Lindsay in their home until his death on Jan. 31, 1980. With the generous support of her numerous friends and neighbors, she was able to live there alone for another 20 years. Nearly six months before her 100th birthday she moved to Columbia, Mo.

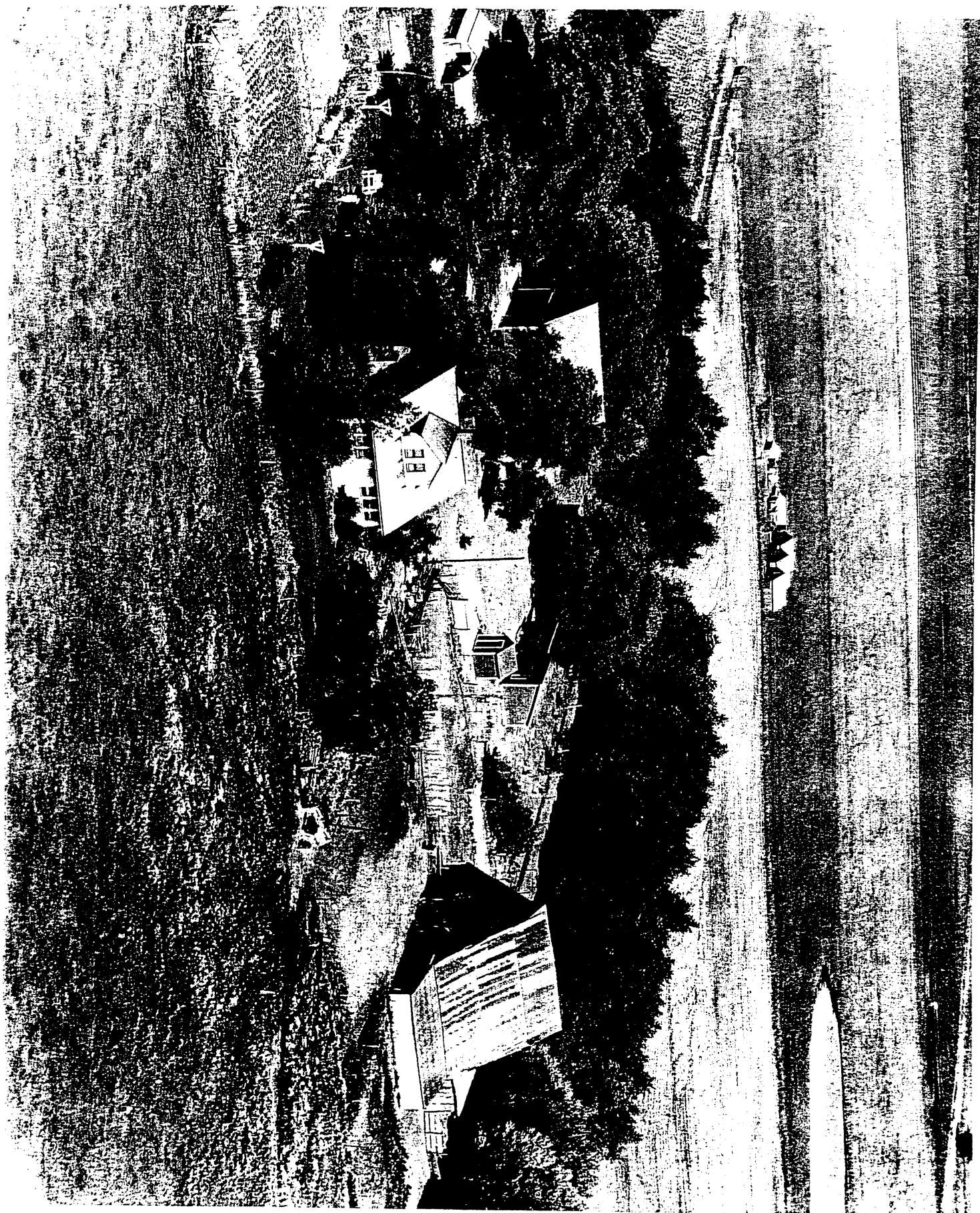
Early in 2001 Hilda, by then restricted to a wheelchair, became the oldest participant in a study of the benefits of physical activity for elderly persons, conducted by the University of Missouri-Columbia. The increased mobility that she developed allowed her considerable freedom during subsequent years. Upon completion of the program, she made many new friends at exercise classes that she attended regularly for nearly two years.

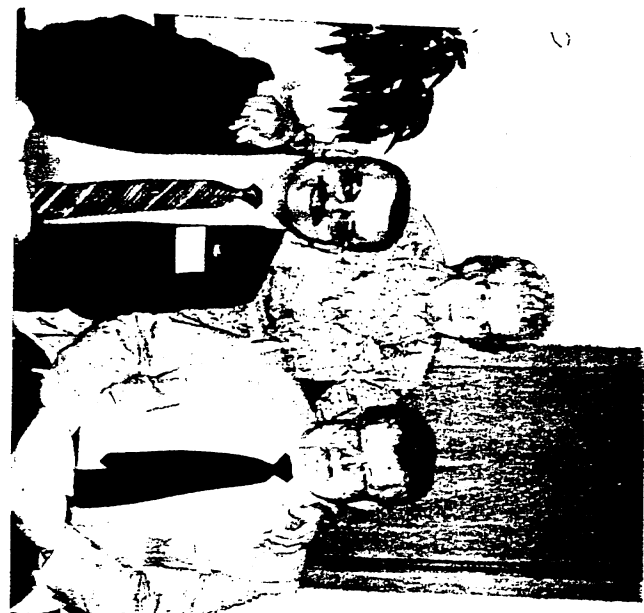
Her family was aided in meeting special needs during the last three months of her life by caregivers from Community Hospices of America, to whom she became very attached; she considered each of them to be a personal friend and benefactor.

Two sons and daughters-in-law, Raymond and Leslie in Columbia, Mo., and Robert and Ellen of Corvallis, Ore., survive Hilda. She has four granddaughters, nine great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild.



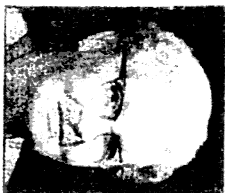








An open house in honor of Linda Ethington's 90th birthday will be held (Oct. 2) from 2 to 4 p.m. at the new Methodist Church in Colo. The event is being hosted by her sons and their families—Raymond and Leslie Ethington, and Robert and Ellen Ethington—and friends Ron and Ellen Rogers. Friends and relatives are invited. Two gifts per person.



Ethington





