

# MEMORIES

by

Elnora France

Prayer is the souls sincere desire uttered or unexpressed it is the motion of a hidden fire that trembles in the breast.



The following thoughts have been my prayer during the many past years.

Lord let me bring Love to those who share my stay on earth.  
May something I have said or done  
Remain where I have traveled on,  
To prove the person I have tried to be  
To make folks glad they walked and talked with me  
A flower, a smile, a letter or a word of cheer  
May these be my gift to  
Others from year to year  
While here on earth I stay.

***Elnora France***  
***August 30, 1984***

Along life's road I met a Friend  
Who brought me Love untold  
And Happiness to fill my heart  
More valuable than gold.

Along life's road I found a Smile  
And oh! my heart was glad  
For 'twas the sweetest one  
That I had ever had.

Along life's road I found a Faith  
To fill my every day  
A Trust in God, a Hope anew,  
To lead me on my way.

A dream of better things to come  
A Friend, a Faith, a Smile  
Along life's road I found them All  
That made my life worthwhile.

Today my wish for you my Friends  
Will be that road you travel 'ore  
They're waiting there for You.

***Elnora France***  
***August 30, 1984***

(The preceding was handwritten by Elnora France)

(This 'transcription' of Aunt Elnora France's booklet is dedicated to her memory. I have tried to keep Aunt Elnora's spellings and her words as complete as possible. In her original there were three pages of pictures copied from black and white photos. These have not been included. The booklet was done was Micro Soft Word 6.0. It is available on computer disk (187KB file). Neil McCutchan)

**Albert A. Swope (1867)**  
**Father of Albert Edward Swope**  
**Father of Elnora (Swope) France**

Albert Asbury Swope, his wife Sarah Hornby Erskine Swope, owned a 150 acre farm. It lay between the Heinlin road on the South and East, near McCutchanville, Indiana. A long lane led down to the two story frame house and large log barn. This house and barn faced the South and was located on an elevation giving a beautiful view of the surrounding country side. This lovely old house was built by Andrew Erskine, the second son of the pioneer family, probably sometime in the 1820's. This original log house contained four rooms, two up and two down. Sometime later rooms were added in the back and the handsome two story porch was built all the way across the front from which there was a magnificent view.

The house then finished was mainly built in the Federal-style of architecture and was not common in this area. This house and farm passed into the Swope family through a series of untimely deaths.

In 1856 William H. Erskine, the oldest son of the builder of the house (Andrew Erskine) married Sarah Ann Hornby.

William and Sarah Erskine had one son, Henry. William died three years after the birth of Henry, at the age of 32. Now the grandfather of Henry (Andrew) died in 1864 leaving the property to his mother, Sarah and his step father, A.A. Swope.

Sarah Ann Hornby Erskine Swope and A.A. Swope had one son Albert Edward (A.E.) Sarah died when A.E. was still very young. A.E.'s father A.A. later married Margaret Whitehead and they had one son, Pollard and two daughters Anna and Clara.

A.A. was a Civil War Veteran and lived on the farm as A.E. was growing up. Later in AA's life he moved to Evansville. A.E. apparently grew up on the farm but then went to Evansville. He attended Wabash College before his marriage. He married Kathryn Marie Young. They had two children, Mary Alberta (Mayme) and Ralph while living in a little cottage on the corner of Vine Street in Evansville.

A.E. and Katie moved into the large two story white house facing South on the farm owned by his father. The house had five large rooms, a parlor, a large fireplace with a black mantle over it. This was the living room and seldom used. Next to it on the East the sitting room, behind it the master bedroom, then next to that the large dining room and behind this was the big kitchen, coal range, pitcher pump and pantry. From the kitchen there was a hall which led to a small room which was used as a bedroom when children were little. A large store room opened into his hall also. This storeroom was lined with shelves on one side from top to bottom and there was a long swinging shelf which hung from the ceiling with wire. On this shelf was kept food so mice and rats could not nibble.

In the dining room the south wall was wood and in the southwest corner a door opened into a stairway to the upstairs. There was a large closet under the stairs. The family's large oval clothes basket and ironing board was kept here. This closet served also as a good hiding place for youngsters when small. They'd even curl up and get in the basket under the soiled clothes when playing hide and seek or boogey bear. The opposite side of the wall was the large wooden built in cupboards. The upper part always used for dishes. The lower left hand side held the large wooden stocking box which was usually full of long black stockings to be mended. The right hand side had two lower shelves for toys. Often the toys were out on the floor and youngster would be curled up on the shelf playing like this was his bed. Then if someone, an older brother or sister came along and shut the door, there would be a loud cry and mother would have to come to the rescue.

Upstairs there were three large bedrooms. The east and west rooms in the front each had a door opening onto the large upstairs porch that went all the way across the front of the house. These rooms were for the girls of the family as they grew up. One bed in the east room was often used by an elderly Aunt Annie (my mother's sister) who would come several days a week to help with the washing and cooking. This Aunt later made her home here after her mother and father died. The north room was used by a hired man, Charlie Payne, for many years. The upstairs rooms had a wood shingle roof but the rest of the house's roof was flat and was covered with tin. What a lovely sound the rain made when falling on the tin.

'Twas in such a house that a little girl was born 30 Aug 1984. This now made three children for the young Swope couple.

## Katherine M. Swope

Katherine M. Swope, mother of Elnora S. France, was the daughter of Benjamin and Harriet Lawrence Young, was born April 27, 1870, died September 25, 1939, the last of a family of seven children.

She lived in this neighborhood, McCutchanville, practically all her life with the exception of the first few years of her marriage which were spent in Evansville.

She was a faithful worker in the church and especially in the Ladies Aid of which she was president for 13 years.

On April 10, 1889, she was united in marriage to Albert E. Swope. They celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary the Spring of 1939. A large crowd of relatives and friends attended. Although she was ill that day she greeted each one with a smile and a cherry word. During her long illness she never complained.

She had a happy and sympathetic disposition which endeared her to a large circle of friends. She was a loving and faithful wife and devoted mother . . . making her home a gathering place for relatives and friends alike. Her mothering spirit included many young people who had been deprived of their own mother's guidance and love.

Those who remember her loving presence here are: The husband, Albert E. Swope, six daughters and one son.

### CHILDREN

\*Ralph Henry Swope  
\*Mary Alberta Swope Henry [Mayme]  
Clara Elnora Swope France  
Laura Helen Swope McCutchan  
\*Kathryn Sarah Swope Riggs  
Alice Edna Swope Cooksey  
Anna Isabel Swope Germano McKeeby

### WIFE/HUSBAND

Margaret Whitehead  
\*Robert  
\*Ivan  
Jason  
James  
\*Clarence  
\*Guy - Bill

\*1983 - Deceased

Her father was Benjamin Young, mother, Harriet Lawrence Young.

### Sisters/Brothers

Mary Jimson  
Anna Young  
Laura Goldsmith  
Emma Goldsmith  
Esther Wahl  
  
Charles Young  
Bob Young  
  
Henry Young

### Wives/Husbands

Charles  
  
Walter  
Jesse  
George  
  
Maggie  
Carrie  
  
Ella

### Children

Emma, Charles, Mary, Walter  
Jessie Mae, adopted  
Fred, Elmer, Wilber, Alvin,  
Robert  
Edith, Dorothy  
Clara, Walter, Lawrence,  
Margaret, Edgar, Edwin  
Harriet

Albert Edward Swope and Kathryn Marie, Father and Mother of Elnora Swope, lived in the country on a 150 acre farm. Their nicknames were Al and Kate.

His father's name was Albert Asbury Swope and his mother's name was Sarah Hornby Swope. Al had a half brother older by his mother's first husband. His name was Henry Erskine. Sarah died when Al was still very young. A.A. Swope later married Margaret Whitehead known as Maggie. They had one son Pollard and two daughters Anna and Clara, nicknames Dot and Todd.

A.E. wife's (Kate) mother's name was Harriet Lawrence Young, wife of Benjamin Young. They lived in a 4 room log house with one room upstairs located just off the Whetstone Road. Along the south side of the R.R. track at McCutchanville.

Albert A. was a Civil War Veteran and owned the farm to which his son moved. A.A. then moved to Evansville, Indiana.

Katie Young, as she was then called, attended McCutchanville school. A.E. also attended there as he was born on his father's farm, to which he moved later as a young married man. T'was at school and dances in the large hall above the two school rooms the two grew up together. In those days there were no cars and much of the courtin' was done by horseback or walking. The two often rode double on one horse.

## MEMORIES OF YOUNGER DAYS

I started to school when 6 years old and the teacher of the primary room was then Miss Belle Paterson who later married Elmer Bruner. Later in life I was the teacher of her first child, Bernice.

I had to walk the mile and half to school each morning and home again in the evening in good weather. Sometimes my father would take two horses and the kids would ride double up the muddy road to school. If it was raining he would hitch up the horses to the "surrey" and away we would go. The surrey had two seats, the one up front which could be folded down and the back pushed forward making just one seat leaving the space in back. The space was used for groceries and supplies when making a trip to town. Youngsters liked to ride there too.

The last day of school of my first year was to be a very important event. With a program first, followed by a picnic dinner, everybody was to bring baskets full of food to put on the tables fixed outside. My mother had bought me a new dress, a red figured calico and I was to wear a white bib apron with ruffles over my dress - but - I did not get to go to the picnic. I guess this was my first bit disappointment but I have learned as the years have passed that there are many disappointments that come our way, I had a fever that lasted a week.

The next year I took part of the third grade work along with the second so at close of that school year I was promoted to the fourth grade, which I think now a mistake as I was always the youngest in my class and couldn't do things many of my classmates did. When graduating from Central High School in 1911, there was only one boy younger than I. I was still sixteen; seventeen the coming August.

Grade school examinations were held for the pupils of all grades from the third grade up when I went to school. The regular teacher would go to a different school and we would have a visiting teacher to conduct two day examinations. On these special occasions we were allowed to dress up a bit by my mother. I remember I usually wore a white apron with a bib and ruffles over the shoulders on those important days of my first years.

The School Superintendent visited the schools occasionally. I remember one, Mr. James Ensle, who visited while I was in the Primary room. He always gave a speech. This time he recited the poem, "The Mountain and the Squirrel." According to the poem, they had a quarrel. The poem closed by the squirrel saying, "All is well and wisely put. If I cannot carry mountains on my back neither can you crack a nut."

He worked as a Postal Clerk several years after his marriage. A.E. and Kathryn had moved to the farm in 1894. Kathryn was to have her third child. As there were no cars or telephones at that time Albert rode horse back to get the Doctor in McCutchanville.

Dr. Wilbur Clippinger then lived at the corner of Petersburg and Kansas Road where the United Methodist parsonage is now. The Doctor's office was in a small building south of his home. Medicine bottles were lined up on both sides of the shelves. Callers waited on straight back chairs lined up in the small room, having a table for examining patients or operating. Various equipment completed the furnishing of the room.

The doctor was always willing to make house calls and drove his horse and buggy around the Ville. I guess he made it down to the Swope home as the third child of Mr. and Mrs. A.E. Swope was born August 30, 1894.



The Doctor later moved to a large white house across the road west of the school which later served as TV Channel 9. The Office at this new place was also a small separate building with waiting room and then a small room with an examining and operating table in the back.

The Swope family gradually increased. The next girl, Laura Helen (McCutchan) arrived in 1900. Then came Kathryn Sarah (Riggs) and Alice Edna (Cooksey) and Last, our baby sister, Anna Isabel (Germano-McKeeby).

My father wanted and really needed another boy as he had this large farm, but the girls came instead.

The three girls soon began to do outdoors jobs, feeding animals, herding cows on horseback down on the lower 50 acre field since there were no fences, etc. so my father gave them three boys nicknames - calling them, Pete, Billy, and Johnny.

When watching the cows they would sometimes have races along the Catalpha road having so much fun they'd sometimes let the cows slip into the corn nearby. Then there was a chase.

Sometimes they helped with the mowing and raking.

One time, Kathryn was driving the two horse mower to cut the clover and ran into a bee's nest. The horse began to run, bees following them and her giving many a sting. Kathryn managed to drive the horses to the barn and ran to the house. Her face was swollen so much that when Dad came home he looked at her and greeted her with a "Good Mornin' How are you today," then realizing who she was. Tho the stings were painful we all had to laugh.

The school building was upon the point of the McCutchanville School ground, Old Petersburg and Whetstone Roads, it was a two story building. Elementary pupils entered through large double doors on the South. After entering, they would go down a long hall to their own respective narrow halls and hang up their wraps. Children in the first 4 grade went to the room on the East, 5 to 8 grades went to the room on the West. Rooms were heated by large round stoves in the center of the room. Coal was brought in from the coal shed in buckets. This coal shed was just beyond the large cistern which had a long handle pump. Usually a couple of tin cups hung on wires from the pump for children to drink. In the winter buckets of water were brought in and each had their own drinking cup sitting on the window sill.

One end of the coal shed was a horse stable as teachers usually drove or rode horses to school. The outside toilets were still further south about where the school building is now Two double wooden structures with a tall board fence around each, one for girls and one for boys.

The first two years of my high school was held at McCutchanville. In the upstairs of the large two room school. Mrs. Mary Johns was the teacher. Subjects taught were English, Algebra, German, and History.

There was a north entrance to the school building. This was used by the high school students. The steps had banisters on each side. The dignified high school students took the quick way of descending - - by placing their hands and shoulders on banister and feet across on the other one could slide down and run out to the playground to engage in the game of rabbit. We were later taught how to play volleyball and really enjoyed taking turns playing. Girls also had a ball team.

The upstairs of this school was used as a lodge room on some Saturday nights by Woodmen of the World. My father, A.E. Swope, a faithful member, was also an officer of this lodge.

Many times there would be some rope or string left sticking out of the large double door closet. Of course, these dignified students' minds were not always on school lessons as they should have been. Someone would notice the rope and pull it out and give a quiet "baa." The lodge members were reported to have to ride a goat occasionally. So a giggle started along the rows of kids as word spread that the goat's tail was left out of the closet.

This Hall was used in the early days for dancing. Men played harmonicas or fiddles. Later it was also used for programs and entertainment.

Our eighth grade class had a commencement at the church. Pupils from Lynch school joined with us at that time. There were 14 graduates, I was the youngest.

Carolyn Hummer  
Warren Weber  
Sadie Huebner  
Ora France  
Frances Titzer  
Emily McCutchan  
Ralph Swope

Tiller Kulenschmidt  
Ada Weber  
Clara Young  
Edna McCutchan  
Brandenberger  
Mary Laubscher  
Elnora Swope

A real seamstress, Bertha Fosmeyer, made my white dress which had rows and rows of white lace insertion in the full skirt which came just below the knees, sleeves too were puffed and we had our pictures taken by a man from town with flash camera. My first experience with a flash.

(I cannot remember any other class having commencement at this church.) We felt very proud then as the church railing was decorated with ferns and flowers. The girls each carried a bunch of carnations and the boys each wore one on his coat lapel.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL

We used to drive the horse and surrey to Sunday School and Church when we were youngsters. Hitching posts were all along the cemetery fence and we also used trees when available to tie up the horses. In severe cold weather we had to cover the horses with a large horse blanket while we were in church. Sometimes when it was extra cold, we would have Sunday School in the back room which we called the Primary Department. Closing the large wooden doors that separated this large room from the Sanctuary. A large stove at one end soon warmed up that space if coal was kept rolling in. Two stoves, one in each corner of the Sanctuary kept the temperature fair except in the severe winter weather. I attended Sunday School at the church at McCutchanville. As a teenager we had a large class and used the upstairs. Mrs. Henry Harrison was our teacher and a very good one at that. She had a daughter named Clara. Sometimes one remembers very strange things. I can remember Clara and I were a bit jealous, not because she dressed very nice being the only daughter and only child, but when she went to the toilet at school we saw that she always had pretty lace on her "panties."

A number of our Sunday School class joined the church when we were twelve, I was among them. T'was after that I began to help with the Junior League. We older girls conducted our own study class. One book I well remember which took a lot of study class. One book I well remember which took a lot of study on our part was the life of Jesus, a small red book. We had small children stay every other Sunday after Sunday School to study. There were four churches our preacher had charge of then, we had Church only every other Sunday - Blue Grass, Centenary, Nobel's Chapel, and McCutchanville. The younger group was called Light Bearers, and we took turns telling them Bible stories and learning Bible verses and songs.

Later there was Epworth League at night. The young people took turns being leader. We had monthly business meeting followed by a party. I remember some of the games played, flying cloud, musical chair, fruit basket turnover, grandpa ditto died and then poor pussy which always brought burst of laughter when one of the boys would "meow" on bent knee before his girl.

The Epworth League gave many social events. But the big money making affair was the lecture course. We would write and get dates for musicians, lecturers and impersonators, etc. Then we'd sell tickets for these events. As there was no television to give competition, we had large attendance for these events unless weather was bad, then sometimes our crowd was slim, but having sold the tickets we came out well financially.

The Sunday School usually had a 4th of July picnic. Several times we'd have an auction sale. Everyone was to bring something to sell. One item there was an old horse brought to sell. Alice was married and had the boys but they were small, so she thought twould be nice to have a horse. So she along with the help of her brother, Ralph, got the old nag for \$25 which was the joke of the day. There was also frogs put up for sale along with a tub full of gold fish that had been caught at a small pond by Ray, Bud and a bunch of other boys. These were sold two or more at a time to kids for a small price who took them to frowning parents. Lots of home-made ice cream was made and sold sometimes even sherbet.

The Junior League, too, gave ice cream socials on the steps of the old school house. We would roll big logs down the steps of the school to make a stand. I even drove an old horse and surrey to town to a wholesale house and brought boxes of different kinds of candy. Then watered the horse at the "horse water fountain" at Market street and Pennsylvania Avenue. This fountain is now in the Yard of the Museum in Evansville.

As a young girl I went to several Epworth League Conventions at different places, also attended Rivervale one summer. Later I was a teacher in the primary room at Sunday School and also a superintendent. I also taught a class of 4th and 5th grade boys and girls for several years. After finally completing five years as Sunday School Superintendent, they had a contest and to my surprise I was called up front upon retiring and was presented an umbrella for work on attendance, "finally achieved 105." I attended the Sunday School Conventions also at different places while Superintendent. The last being Marion, Indiana. That summer I had taken off with my cousin, Emma, for a work project in Bloomington, Indiana. After receiving some salesmanship instructions we started out carrying a folding desk measuring about 20 x 14 x 4 inches to sell. We trudged the streets of Bloomington, Emma going up one side and I on the other, stopping at all doors. We were fairly lucky and did sell quite a few. During the day we'd eat one real meal. The rest of the time we had snacks in our rented room. On our way back from Marion, Emma stopped at Indianapolis and stayed to work in a drugstore with a cousin, Mable and Glad Shook, there. That left me alone in Bloomington trudging the streets, eating alone, selling and then delivering those desks two by two at the end of the season. Yes, I remember walking around Indiana University at Bloomington.

## MY FIRST CURLS AND HAIR DO'S

I had an Aunt Mary, (Mother's sister) that lived in Louisville, Kentucky, when I was a young girl. My cousin, Emma Goldsmith, and I had our first train ride to her home. Her husband's name was Charlie Jameson. He was confined to a wheel chair for many years. Every morning he had to be helped get dressed and into his wheel chair. Then Aunt Mary would take him to work, and go for him in the evening to bring him home.

It was at her home that I received my first curls. My hair was always thick and long, I usually wore it in braid hanging down my back and tied at the ends with ribbons or wound around my head in braids.

Aunt Mary had no children of her own. She had time to humor us as we were just visiting a short while. We asked if she could make curls for us. So finding some long rags, she wound our hair around these and tied them up and left them in as we went to bed.

In the morning when she took the rags off "Lo - & - Be-hold", we each had some nice long curls. We Oh'ed and Ah'ed and admired ourselves.

Thinking to improve on a good thing we wet our hair and began trying to comb it around our fingers as we had seen our Aunt do when she first took it down. - - But sad to relate, we did not improve the looks of our curls.

Later as I grew up I tried heating the curling iron over a lamp chimney and making curls around my face with short locks but -- didn't work to good. Then there was a crimping iron, we heated over the red hot coals in the range. This made pretty deep waves, if too hot, then we'd burn the locks off.

As a high school student my hair reached down to my waist. (My daughters can remember my braided hair, when I finally had it cut, and it is still in a trunk.) It was hard to do anything with it being so long and thick. Most of the time the braids would reach around my head, crossing and on around to my ears. Sometimes a big bow was worn across the back of my head, then came rolls and pompadours. "Rats" were worn in the hair. Not live ones; but ones made of false hair and our own pulled over these.

One girl in our class made about three dozen little rolls all over her head. She said she combed it once a week. Then there was the cap, this was a bowl shaped affair that fit the head and the hair pulled over.

I never went for these styles much because my hair wouldn't stay put. Two rolls at the back of my head had to do for me!

Our play house was under a huge apple tree. Some of the branches were very long and a few almost touched the ground. Making a nice shady place during even a hot day.

The space was divided off into spaces by bricks or long sticks making the rooms. A table was made by finding a wide board and putting it across a few boards. We watched for any pretty dishes that were broken and ready to be thrown away as we didn't have a fancy set of bought dishes as many children have now a days. This play house was near the grape harbor so we canned grapes in tin cans sealing the lids with sealing wax (mud) like mother did with her tin cans.

We had an Aunt Esther who was very jolly and full of jokes. She came to our house frequently. Sometimes we girls had dates while she was there. Instead of running down the path to the little house we'd go quickly to the china chamber or pot that was in our back bedroom. Aunt Esther said t'would be

ok. The boys would not hear a sound because she said, "I'll just sing loud." So she sang - Glory, Glory Hallelujah - then she'd stop and say, "Are you done yet?"

Dating boys knew twas time to go home if they heard a sharp ringing of the alarm clock. My dad's signal to them.

## WASH DAY

Recipe for a Wash Day . . .

Building a fire in the back yard to heat a kettle of rain water.

Set the tubs so the smoke won't blow in the eyes if the wind is pert.

Shave one whole cake of homemade soap in the boiling water.

Sort things, and make three piles - one for colored clothes, one for work britches, and one for the white things.

Rub the dirty spots on the washboard, scrub hard and then boil . . . just rinse and starch.

Starch

Take white things out of the kettle with a broom stick.

Spread the tea towels on the lawn.

Hang old rags on the fence.

Pour rinse water on the flower beds.

Scrub the porch with hot soapy water.

Turn tubs upside down.

Go and put on a clean dress, smooth your hair with sidecombs.

Brew a cup of tea.

Set and rest and rock a spell and count your blessings.

---

Monday was always wash day at our home down on the farm if the sun was shining. We had no electricity, therefore we depended upon nature's elements, the sun and breeze, to dry the clothes after they were hung out on the wire clothes line stretched from post to post in the large side yard. Wooden pole props with forked end or nail driven in the end held the line up - - keeping it from touching the ground after the many articles of clothing was hung on the line with wooden clothes pins.

The large copper boiler was filled with water, the lids were removed from the top of the range and the boiler placed over the red hot coals. Three zinc tubs were brought out . . . two put on a bench that folded up when not in use. Hot water from the boiler was then put in the first tub. The clothes had to be sorted - best clothes - bed clothes - underwear - colors - then the work shirts and overalls. There was always quite a tub full of each as we had a large family and of course washed the clothes of the hired man too.

Then the rubbing began . . . usually Octagon soap was used for the first few batches. Two hands grabbed the clothes then up and down the arms went scrubbing the clothes over those rough ridges of the wash board. The first tub full was not too soiled went quickly . . . then into the tub of cold water to rinse, wring by hand as often there were buttons to watch on better dresses.

Bed clothes were rubbed then put into the boiler with more soap added. After these were in awhile they were taken out of the boiling suds with a wooden wash stick, put in second tub, rung out with a hand wringer fastened to the edge of the tub. These were then put into the next tub of cold rinse water and rung out again. Then tub after tub was rubbed, boiled, rinsed and hung out to dry . . . hoping nature would cooperate and things would get dry. The final tub of clothes were those dirty work clothes of the men working in the field - with sweat and dirt sure made clothes that were hard to get clean . . . the shirt collars!! Those Overalls!!! We had a large smooth board and brush with stiff bristles . . . after rubbing the dirtiest places with soap we'd bush and brush these on that board . . . then they too were boiled and rinsed. Were we ever glad when these were out on the line. However the task were not all completed . . . the tubs had to be carried out and the boiler emptied, rinsed and hung up on a nail. There remained one more wash day task . . . the kitchen and porch had to be scrubbed with part of the suds that had been

saved. Often this didn't get done until afternoon . . . for of course there was dinner to get for hungry men and children.

There were no coffee breaks in the morning nor afternoon . . . the first clothes were usually dry my time dishes and scrubbing done. These were brought in, sprinkled and rolled up and put in a basket ready to iron the next day. The rest of the clothes were brought in . . . the bed clothes usually put back on the bed - smelling nice and fresh from outside air - the rest folded and put in their various places. By the time all that was done 'twas time to think about the evening meal . . . not to mention the fresh vegetables that had to be prepared for each meal and perhaps see that the chickens were fed and eggs gathered.

So ended a busy wash day on the farm.



## NOVEMBER 11 . . . OF LONG AGO - 1911

Patriotic enthusiasm ran high during the days of World War One. Many of the boys from McCutchanville were either enlisting or being drafted for service - then going to the different assigned camps. Many went to Camp Taylor in Kentucky.

The Ladies Aid began knitting socks and sweaters from yarn obtained from the Red Cross Unit in Evansville. Those that knew how to knit taught others during the weekly meeting. Then all took their knitting home to complete the article started. Mrs. Sade Henry taught me to knit. I first made a kaki sleeveless sweater which was not too difficult. Then I tried socks - I did quite well until I came to the heel and toe and had to have a bit more help.

All articles when completed were sent to the Red Cross in Evansville and more yarn obtained. Then old sheets were collected and bandages of different sizes were torn from these and tolled and sent to the Red Cross also.

An Honor Roll was made for the Church - having the name of each boy added as they went off to Camp. A similar Honor Roll was made for the School and hung on the wall of the large auditorium. Service Flags were also made. These were made of white with border of red, then a blue star was placed for each boy entering the service. The Church Service Flag hung on the front side wall displayed where all could see and be reminded of the boys that were serving their country. Many homes also had smaller flags hanging in the window to show that a son was in service.

A group of young ladies were quite enthusiastic. They formed a group at the Y.M.C.A. Determined to learn to march and learn all the military orders. They met twice weekly . . . wearing black bloomers and stockings . . . and white middie with black tie. Hoping to get real uniforms later. My sister, Laura and I joined this group.

-----  
Bells were ringing . . . whistles blowing . . . flags waving and the people were shouting!! "Hurrah! Hurrah! The war is over . . . over there and the Yanks will be coming home again . . . because 'tis over . . . over there!" The day long ago was when the Armistice was finally signed . . . November 11th, 1911.

No school in McCutchanville, although the school bell was ringing . . . also the church bell and many telephone bells . . . great excitement throughout the village and town.

A week previous there came an announcement that the war was over . . . then people sighed because it was a false alarm. Now . . . could they really believe . . . Yes came the report . . . 'twas really true!!

Everyone I think who had a car jumped in and headed for town . . . along the main street a parade was formed as cars got in line just as they could. Autos were honking . . . flags waving and crowds cheering that gathered along the sidewalks as the procession moved along main street. Our car was full. I was in the car driven by my sister . . . with Uncle Charlie McCutchan, a Civil War Veteran, standing on the running board - - cheering and waving his hat.

Special services were held in many churches that evening and on the following Sunday . . . praying and thanking God that the war was finally over and that all our loved ones would be coming home soon.

After most of the young men were home a program was given in their honor and the Service Flag was soon taken down . . . and one by one the Service Flags in the windows of the homes disappeared also.

## WINTERS

Our winters were often long and very cold with lots of sleet and snow. My brother often would skate from our home to school over the ice covered road and fields. We would have to wear long underwear, long heavy black stockings, high top shoes. Then over our shoes Mother would pull heavy men's stocking to keep snow out of our shoes. I hated this but it sure kept our feet warmer. At school we would have to hang our wet things by the stove in the center of the room. Those sitting near this stove always were too hot and the ones far away were cold. There was a large circular zinc screen the teacher would move around to help distribute heat and let the pupils on the outside get some heat or let kids in outside rows exchange seats with one closer to the stove. This made good excuse for pupils to change seats perhaps to get near someone they could whisper to.

Many times during snowy weather the coasting would be wonderful. Then the teacher would shorten the two recess periods to five minutes time for all to run out and down to the outdoor toilets and get a drink of water at the pump if it wasn't frozen. The noon hour would then be an hour and twenty minutes. All who had permission from home would go to the large hill down near the church. What fun we had, everything was used to slide on. Some used shovels, small boards, and long boards that held 6 or 8 at a time. Fun going down but the long walk up we had to hold hands and help each other and still some fell many times. Once I remember being on the long board, the front person held the rope but the back one guided. This time we were headed for a large ditch at the bottom, so the front kid said "roll": and all tumbled sideways off into the snow.

While the snow remained on the hill, the older teenage boys and girls would go to hill and coast a couple times a week. They'd build a fire on top of the hill and hover around occasionally to brush off snow and warm up after taking a tumble in the snow.

Sometimes when the ground was covered with that clean white snow, we youngsters would ask for snow ice cream. This was made by getting a big pan full of the clean snow and adding enough cream to make it cling together with sugar and vanilla to taste. Then bowls were brought out, filled and passed to youngsters who quickly emptied their dish and usually asked for more.

## MEMORIES

Then there were sleigh rides. My father had a large wooden sleigh. He'd hitch two horses or mules up and hand bells around their necks. Then we'd all pile in and pickup other until there were 10 or 13 youngsters.

Of course after I was in my teens and had a boy friend it happened that only two couples was all the sleigh would hold. We would have quite a few rides on moon light nights dashing over the snow in the two horse open sleigh. Often we'd have straw in the bottom of the sleigh to sit on and warm bricks to hold or put at our feet.

Then as youngsters we had quite a few rides in a two horse covered wagon. The road from McCutchanville down Whetstone Road to my Grandfather's farm was just a dirt road. Of course in rainy weather there was mud. One hill especially was always very muddy. One Christmas as was usually the case when both Grandparents were alive we would start to their house driving the two horses with a covered wagon.

On the hill just before we got to the railroad tracks the horses fell in the mud. We all had to pile out of the wagon, go over the bank at the side of the road and walk the rest of the way to Grandfathers. Oh the mud! Father had to cut some harness so the horses could get up. He and the horses were really covered with mud when they finally reached Grandfather's home.

Grandmother Young (medium height and slender) kept a box of blocks in her upstairs which we always liked to get down, she also had a Parcheesi game which was a favorite of ours. I always wanted her to use a low glass desert dish for any desert we might be having. I later received these dishes as a wedding present in July, 1921.

Grandpa Young was of medium height and was quite chubby. He had thin white hair as long as I knew him and always had a heavy beard. His favorite place to rest was in an old fashioned rocker under a large maple tree in the back yard. As a girl I always liked to be at Grandfathers in the evening and go for the paper which came out from Evansville on the train. We would go through a gap north of the house in the pasture fence, then up the tracks to the station. The paper was thrown off at the Post Office which was the front room of a small white house on Whetstone Road, known as Cavin's Station.

My mother once said they were interested in baptisms. She and her sister thought the preacher said, "I baptize you, . . . and into a hole you go." So they baptized their dolls and then put them in a hole. Once they covered them up and forgot where - they never found them nor did anyone that we know of.

The one visit to Grandfather's house I didn't like. I came home from school, the last school day before Christmas vacation. Mother met me at the door and had a bundle in her hand. She told me I could not come in but would have to go to Grandfather's and stay perhaps a week or more as my sister, Isabel, had diphtheria and was very sick. Taking my bundle of clothes I trudged very dejectedly up the lane and straight across the field to Grandfather's house. That meant I'd be away from home on Christmas for the first time. Part of this vacation was spent with my cousin, Emma Goldsmith, in Stringtown.

Another surprise we had at different Christmas was when we came down the stairs and rushed into the front room where our tree always stood in the bay window. We stopped short. Mother was in bed but she raised up and said, "Come see the Christmas gift I have." Going very cautiously over to the folding bed we saw a little tiny baby, my sister, Alice. I wanted to name her Carol but I was out voted.

The week before Christmas all the old dolls were brought out and dressed. I hunted up, washed, and ironed all their clothes. We had several old fashioned china headed ones. One especially with black hair called Rosie, because she had real pink cheeks; and a blond haired one called Susie. All were dressed as best we could and put in the front room hoping maybe Santa would give them some new clothes for Christmas. He often would. I was thrilled once when I found a bonnet on my dolly.

I was very proud one Christmas when I found a little dresser with drawers with even a looking glass.

Once I made a big rag doll about 18 inches tall for my little sister, Isabel. We called it Carrie. It was made the year I taught at German Township School using my spare time at boarding place, the home of Mrs. Brinkley.

## THERE WAS A SANTA CLAUS

Back in the days of long ago t'was proven that there was a Santa Claus.

Two little girls about ten years old had been saying that they didn't believe there was such a thing as Santa and they said they'd prove it. They knew they'd find Mother and Daddy fixing the tree and putting presents around it. Well, these two little girls were my cousin, Emma and I.

She came up to my house that Christmas eve. We went to bed willingly but between us we decided we'd really stay awake and find out all about Santa. So we hung our stockings on the head of the bed instead of downstairs as we usually did.

We talked in whispers a long time then we heard my Mother calling up the stairway in a very "Hush-hush" way. Girls wake up but be "Quiet, Come Quickly! Santa is down here trimming our tree."

We opened our eyes, t'was dark outside. We'd fallen asleep after all. The first thing we did was feel our stockings and what do you think we found? - - A switch in each one. We quickly made our way to the stairway where Mother was waiting at the open door with a coal oil lamp in her hand. Telling us to be real quiet, she motioned us to go to the living room door that was ajar just a tiny bit. We peeked in and to our surprise we saw! A real jolly looking Santa Claus busy trimming the tree. I think we both gave a big "Oh" or some kind of exclamation! Because Santa looked all around and started to pick up his pack, but not hearing any other sound for we really were quiet as a mouse then. He finished the tree and put presents from his big bag around the tree and went out the door. We heard the sleigh bells going down across the yard. We ran to see but t'was still too dark.

We were two very confused little girls because Mother and Dad were both there with us.

Later that morning the neighbor children came up (the Effinger's). They were very excited because they said they had been awakened by sleigh bells in the yard when Santa came to their house, trimmed the tree and left presents from his pack. Then left going down their lane. No twasn't their Mother or Father either.

We sure did a lot of thinking and asking a lot of questions, but we sure didn't know. Years later we found out that Santa was Emma's father, Walter Goldsmith.

Later that day the Goldsmith family came up to our house for dinner and we had a lively time telling them about seeing Santa.

They never forgot to remind us about the stockings and the "SWITCHES!"

After we were married and our families had increased all were invited down to Grandma Swope's to the old home for Christmas. Often my cousins Emma and her sister and brother, mother and father were invited.

The long table in the dining room was stretched full length. After food was all prepared, grandparents and older children and husbands and some of the younger ones that needed a helping hand were seated. The older grandchildren (the boys of Ralph, Mayme and Laura) in their teen would serve the meal. First course was always the oyster soup and little round crackers.

The main meal always was that big turkey that had been carved, dressing, cranberries, mashed potatoes and gravy, at least two vegetables, stalk of celery, home made bread and butter. A few were served coffee, others glasses of water, little folks - milk. By the time dishes were passed around they

often had to be refilled. This was the waiter's job also twas up to them to keep glasses filled. They were sometimes astonished at how often the water glasses had to be refilled but they were faithful in supplying all that was needed. They didn't know till the meal was over that a pan had been put under the table and all unnoticed different ones (especially Alice) would empty their glasses of water in the pan.

The waiters were kept busy after the main course, plates removed. The big coconut cake and fruit was brought in - mince pie was usually on the menu for any who wanted. Then of course, the plum pudding with generous serving of brown sauce topped with white topping of powdered sugar and mixed with cream and flavoring. My cousins had the theory that by eating a cracker you could start over and eat a bit more. It seemed everyone had a big appetite in those days. Dishes to wash. Yes. Lots of them but many had make light work. With all the talking and laughter taking place no one minded the work. Soon all were ready for few games and songs around the piano.

#### Be Thankful for Dirty Dishes

Thank God for dirty dishes  
They have a tale to tell  
While others my go hungry,  
You're eating very well.  
With home, health and happiness  
We shouldn't ever fuss  
When we see that stack of dirty dishes,  
Let's thank God who has been very good to us.  
And given us the good to eat.

On Christmas morning children are always anxious to see their presents. Although we rushed down the stairs early - - Mother would say - - "No presents until the pudding is made." So we'd have to stand in the doorway of the large living room and gaze longingly at the Christmas Tree standing in the bay window. The top most branches reaching almost to the ceiling were decorated with the Christmas Angel. Other home made articles decorated the wide spreading branches, also a few ornaments, the old fashioned candles and garlands of tinsel. Underneath the branches were the presents. We stood and started. Oh, if we could rush in and get them!! Tho' impatient - we knew that pudding had to be made - placed in the center of that large dining table, that pudding sure looked grand. Big and round with deep creases 'twas placed on a large cake stand with sprigs of holly on top. After the big meal of turkey, dressing, cranberries, etc. that pudding was served with hot sauce and topped with that white stuff . . . Boy was it good!!

Exclamations of delight were heard as we waited there by the door. There were six girls in the family - so dolls, old and new, were lined up dressed in their new apparel. The one boy shouted with joy too as he saw that his present was a new drum and horn and the long for gun.

The flames from the old fashioned fire place made the tinsel sparkle and glitter. What a beautiful scene!

This particular Christmas when we came rushing down, someone was standing there with finger on lips. "Shh, be quite," they whispered and led us to the living room doorway. Tho' excited we tiptoed and tried to be quiet as mice. Slipping up to the door we peeped into the room. The tree was in the usual place but there was also a bed. Mother wasn't in the kitchen. Our eyes opened wide in surprise as we saw her on the bed. Then she said. "Come and see, I have a special gift for you this Christmas." Quite dazed we approached the bed slowly and quietly . . . we saw in that soft blanket a real live baby girl. We had lots of fun playing with her as she (Alice) grew up.

She graduated from college, then began teaching kindergarten. Telling stories, playing games, singing the songs as she played the piano. She made many little children happy as well as giving them the first steps in education. She helped write and conduct quite a few programs for school and church. Making costumes for different characters. These programs were enjoyed by many adults who were proud to see their children on the stage.

Later she married and had three children, Steve, Randy and Kenny. These boys all graduated from college and became teachers. Steve and Randy are talented musicians. They gave a concert at the McCutchanville United Methodist Church for its Centennial Celebration in November, 1980. I was there as was their Mother. For the closing number Steve played the organ and Randy, his trumpet. Through the air came the beautiful strains of the "Holy City." The audience sat in breathless silence as the loud Hosanna floated out through the air. Softly the sound faded away. Suddenly a loud applause broke forth and all in the crowded church rose to their feet as the Mother slipped quickly and quietly and kissed the nearest son.

Thus continues the Happiness and Joy as the afterglow of the Living Christmas Gift.

'Twas the week before Xmas and all thru the house,  
Not a person mention birthday, so Pa smelled a mouse.  
The relatives were all counted and phoned with such care  
In hopes that the old and even the new would soon be there.  
The children were told when they were tucked into bed,  
That on Sunday they'd see Santa? No Grandad instead.  
And so it was--Grandad, with cap in his lap,  
When out on the porch there arose such a clatter  
He jumped right up to see what was the matter.  
And there before his eyes, what should appear,  
But all the whole darn family, with his tiny daughters dear.  
The kids in great numbers ran lively and quick,  
To try to give their good Grandad a birthday lick.  
While laughing and talking, his kinfold all cam  
Pa just chuckled and called them by name.  
Hi Dotsy, Hi Clara, Hi Harold, Hi Mayme,  
Hi Nora, Hi Tad, Hi Mary, Hi Wayne.  
He waved to them all with a cheery call  
Not come in, Come in, Come in all.

As I pulled off my coat and was turning around,  
There in the middle of all was Pa so hearty and sound.  
He was dressed in grey from his head to his foot,  
But his clothes were sprinkled with cigar ashes and soot.  
His eyes how they twinkled, his dimples how merry,  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry.  
The stub of his cigar he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it circled his head like a wreath.  
He had a broad face and little round belly  
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.  
He spoke not a work, but went right to work,  
Making a list of names, and giving his pen a jerk - -  
"Ding my cats," He said with a whistle!  
While he stroked his chin with grey hairs like the down of a thistle.  
Then we hear him exclaim as he peered over his specs,  
"What other man has a bigger and better family, By heck!"

## EASTER TIME

Little boys and girls always think of rabbits and colored eggs at Easter time. My little sisters were no exception. I think that I grew up too quickly. I don't remember hunting but I do remember the days I helped Mother color the eggs when the others were outside or busily playing elsewhere. A big pan of eggs were put on to boil, at least three dozen or more. The dye of various colors dissolved in old cracked tea cups by pouring water over the colored tablets and adding a bit of vinegar. Sometimes colored crepe paper was used, we also boiled onion peelings occasionally to make a pretty brown. After the eggs were dipped into the various colors and dried they were shined with a greasy cloth, quickly covered and put away in a safe hiding place.

Sometimes we dipped a toothpick in lard and wrote someone's name on the egg before coloring, or put a transfer picture on by wrapping a vinegar rag around the egg after the transfer paper was carefully applied.

Early Easter morn while air was quite chilly and grass a bit damp I often hid the eggs. We had many clumps of daffodils which were usually big enough to conceal the pretty eggs, also there were peony bushes. A few nests had been made the day before of course. We tried to put an egg in each one of those. Having a large side and front yard there was many places for the bunny to hide the pretty colored eggs. There was a lot of running to and fro hunting when the little sisters woke up and turned loose.

The Effinger children and us usually liked to see each other's eggs and often exchanged a few. My Father always wanted boiled eggs for his breakfast that morn and we had both fried and boiled. To be sure there would be enough to hide and eat, he'd often come from the barn on Saturday and say, "See I found a new nest full of eggs" and he'd have his had full or some in the corn basket. He liked horseradish on his fried eggs. We grew horseradish in our garden, the roots were dug and washed thoroughly and scraped then put in a grinder and ground up. This was really a weeping job as the scent of the horseradish was very strong. After grinding it was put in a small glass, vinegar poured over it and sealed ready to use.

One of the other things I liked to do was grind coffee. We bought whole coffee beans, often in three pound bag. We had a wooden coffee mill with a little drawer. This was frequently ground in the evening so twould be ready for Mother to put in the big two gallon pot for breakfast. All drank coffee, hired man, Aunt, Mother, Dad, and most youngsters. So there would have to be quite a few cups of coffee poured. Most often there's be eggs and bacon or sometimes fried potatoes, gravy and sausage. Youngsters especially liked the morning when Mother had the cinnamon bread that she had made the day before. Then there'd be pancakes; as it took so many to go around and that took the cooks time standing by the hot range, these were served mostly on winter mornings.

Every morn my Dad would give a "Woop - Woop" call up the stairway, all then knew twas time to roll and no lagging. All must be at breakfast table to eat. Oh how we hated to roll out from underneath the warm covers those winter mornings. We'd grab the needed garments as often times outer garments were left downstairs in a corner where we undressed by the nice warm stove and then rushed up and jumped into bed. In zero weather we took hot stove lids or hot bricks wrapped in paper and placed under covers to help take the chill off as there were no stoves or heat upstairs.



## GOOD TIMES

Still water, blind man bluff, vineyard, statue, pussy wants a corner, drop the handkerchief, cat and mouse, kick the can, and goose were some of the games played in the yard at the old Swope homestead.

I learned to play tennis when in my teens. A tennis court was made by the young people interested on the point of the school ground. The space was scraped and dug up, cinders were then placed in holes for drainage, then the hole filled in with dirt and rolled and raked to make level. After many yours of hard work we had many hours of fun. During the summer I would get up at 4 (yes 4) in the morning when t'was nice and cool, walk up the tennis court and there enjoy several hours of tennis ere the days chores began. At the end of the season those who had participated in work and play had a tournament.

I also belonged to the baseball team during those two high school years at McCutchanville. The girls team called "Pink Buds" were real ball players, so we thought.

Then we enjoyed volley ball, the game taught to us by our high school teacher.

The 4th of July was always a time of celebration. My father always liked the fireworks but usually there was a big picnic at noon some place. But the evening was for Dad - and us kids.

There was a fence down below the driveway made with pickets forming sort of a fan. My Father gathered all the fireworks near this. The kids sat back in the yard and one by one the sky rockets, roman candles and fire crackers were set off. We were thrilled and enchanted as each went bang and exploded up and up in the air. Dad always set off the fireworks as he was afraid for any of us for fear we'd have an accident. One time, however, he set a whole bunch off at once, by accident. There was an ah- ah - of - of and then ha ha. He'd done this year after year even after I was married and hall the kids there. All grandkids would go to Grandpa Swope's and have our 4th of July picnic. He would have a big bag of peanuts for the kids on the afternoon and then the fireworks at night. (Even Bud and Lois remember this gay time.)

Skating down on the pond in the winter was great fun. Winters then were different, the cold days came and stayed long. Ponds were frozen over and stayed frozen for long periods of time. Holes were chopped in the edge so cows and horses could get a drink of the cold icy water and come back to the barn shivering all over.

But youngsters gathered on the ice in the evening, built a big fire on the bank and stayed several hours. Many skated. My Dad enjoyed to show his skill as he grew up with skating in winter.

He made different figures; he was skillful in making the figure 8. The rest skated the best they could, played tag or slid around on the sleds, etc.

Altho there was lots of work down on the farm, I certainly can recall many "Happy Days." Work at its worst was not too strenuous and there was lots of fun to share. As children we played Indian in the big woods running and hiding, swinging on the wild grape vines in the thick grove beyond our cleared woods. We also hunted the fern that grew so lavishly here and there especially around an old straw stack.

May apple umbrellas and flowers were hunted in season as well as were other wild flowers.

Then we had the big rope swing in the barn. The big hay rope was used and tied to the big log beam that crossed the front entry from one large log bin to the other log bin. We pushed each other and with

one on each side we'd pull and up they'd go. Oft times we'd stand in the swing and pump or with two standing. One I was sitting in the swing, my sister was standing up pumping, "UP - UP" we went. Then "DOWN - DOWN" I went backwards out of the swing' Mother had said that I lay several days without knowing and they were afraid. But here I am still writing this story in 1981. Many times we'd walk across the log beams across the entry and jump down into the hay stored inside these large log bins.

Fun and experience, no one but the country children knew. My children also got to enjoy this old homestead with large barn, woods while living there when our first home burnt down.

There was a smaller swing on the old mulberry tree at the west of the house, also a hammock which hung between two cedar threes down below the driveway in the front yard. In the evening there was the game of kick the can.

The hammock was made from barrel staves fastened together with wires on each end run thro steeples or woven around the end of each - I don't know whether I ever counted but perhaps there were a dozen but at least there were enough to make a nice roomy place for youngsters to sit in. Sometimes 5 or 6. At each end a round pole was twisted in keeping wires apart. The ends of wire we fastened between two cedar trees. Many happy hours were spent in this hammock. Sometimes with a youngster sitting on each of the poles at the ends. They'd give others a good bouncing up and down.

## LIGHTS

Thinking back I wonder \* OH \* about so many things. How could we see to do our work in the evening to cook, eat, read or just about any thing as we sat around the large round table in the dining room. We couldn't press the switch and have the room brilliantly lighted with electricity, instead -- we got down the lamps from the kitchen shelf. T was a morning job, very often mine to see that the lamps were filled with coal oil. A gallon tin can with a spout was usually kept in a small closet neath the kitchen pump. This was supposed to be kept filled from the 5 gallon can kept in the smoke house. I sure hated to fill those lamps with coal oil.

Sometimes, of course, I'd get them too full and get the coal oil on my hands, so as a precaution we had to set the lamps on paper. Then we had to trim the wicks and wash the chimney. It seemed no matter who trimmed the wick it would be uneven, one corner perhaps too high causing the chimney to be blackened with smoke and at the best those chimney were either brown or blackened and had to be washed each morning. We had about 4 regular lamps. At one time a luxury. Also we had an Aladdin lamp. Of course, there was the lantern to be filled and chimney washed as father had to take this with him to do the morning and evening chores. I can see the old lantern hanging up on the nail as the cows in the back part of the barn were milked.

The match box filled with the long wooden red head matches always hung just inside the kitchen door that went from kitchen to dining room, handy to both kitchen range and dining room stove.

Later we had a big tank put in the front cellar, into this Father put carbide and water. As water dripped onto the carbide, a gas was formed which was piped thru the house to burn for lights. This indeed was a great improvement and we considered ourselves very elite, as only a very few families were willing to try this new lighting system.

The lights were nice but -OH- the smell. When Father emptied the tank, rotten eggs were mild in comparison to the smell.

But one good thing we didn't have to carry the lamp from one room to another as each room had its own light fixture.

Electric lights came quite a few years later; sometime in the early 1920's.

## **THE BIRD IN THE CAGE**

Hanging on the west wall of the kitchen in our wonderful old home when I was a young girl for quite a few years was a wire cage. This cage was the home of “Dickie” our little yellow canary having a few black feathers in his wing. Dickie had to have a bath every morning. We would put a paper on the table then get a small oval dish full of lukewarm water. Then Dickie was taken out of his cage and put near the dish. He was usually glad to take his bath but sometimes he fluttered around the kitchen a bit first. We took this opportunity to change the paper in the bottom of the cage and put fresh seed in the little glass on the side of the cage, also a dish of fresh water to drink. Occasionally a sprig of lettuce or a piece of apple was wedged between the wires. During his bath, Dickie would shake himself and water would splash over the table. After a few splashes he’d perch on the side of the dish and smooth his feathers with his bill. Then twas time for him to go back into his cage.

Dickie usually rewarded us by pouring forth his pretty songs quite frequently.

I’m still a bit sad when I come to the conclusion of this story. One summer day we thought it would be a real treat for Dickie to be outside for a while. He had been flying a bit more around the kitchen and would come and perch on our hand when we would hold it out and say “Come, Dickie.” So we took him out. He flew around in circles and really seemed to be enjoying his extra freedom. Several times he came back to us as we held our hands and called. Then he disappeared. We looked and looked, called and called among the leaves of trees and branches all around, but Dickie had vanished. We hoped his wings were strong enough to enable him to fly to a place of safety and that he would be able to find his own food. We even hung the cage outside in hopes he’d see his home and come back, but Dickie was never seen again and we never got another bird for his cage and I have never had another bird since.

This story was used as a theme by my granddaughter, Kay France, 1971. I wanted to keep her version but somehow it disappeared.

## **BLACKBERRY PICKING AS A YOUNG GIRL**

Having a big family my Mother tried to can all the fruit and vegetables possible during the summer. One of her sayings was, "Old Man Winter, has a big mouth and can really swallow a lot of food."

We had a tame patch of blackberries down in front of the house and we also went around the pasture fence looking for the wild berries.

One summer day we hear there were a lot of wild blackberries about four or five miles north of our house. Mother suggested we have a blackberry picking picnic. So a lunch was packed in big basket and water put in a gallon jug. The youngsters got their gallon tin syrup buckets to pick in. Daddy hitched the horse up to the Old Surrey. Mother and youngsters were off.

We found the berries hanging in bunches on the matted briars along the creek bank. Berries began to drop into the buckets and soon some had to be emptied into the large dishpans and 3 gallon milk buckets that had been brought along. After awhile we were aware of the darkening sky. Dark clouds were moving rapidly up from the horizon and the wind began to blow. Wanting to get all our pans and buckets full of the nice big plump berries, we hurriedly picked on and on - - until a few drops of water began to fall. We hurried to the surrey to cover the berries with oilcloth that was usually under the seat.

Mother said we'd just get under the bridge to eat our lunch and wait till the shower was over. "What fun we thought."

All was well for awhile, we were really enjoying the different outing. However, soon water began to trickle down the bank and under us. Twas no longer a nice dry shelter. So Mother said, we might as well run to the surrey and head for home, away we went, the horse's feet kicking mud all over the place.

The muddy, drenched bunch of berry pickers arrived home safely, we did have quite a few good juicy berries to eat with real cream and sugar. Also the juicy cobbler's all winter long.

Homemade bread and butter were also eaten with the blackberries.

## **HALLOWEEN**

The “Dew Drop Inn” as the Swope home was referred to in those days of long ago, was the scene of many good times as the family was growing up.

The youth group in those days was called the Epworth League. Social events and parties were planned almost every month in someone’s home.

T’was October probably about in 1912 that we planned a big Halloween party at our house. Decorations were quite elaborate, cornstalks were put up out in the front, on the porch and up the outside stair steps, which went up to the upper rooms, Jack-O-Lanterns were placed here and there thro the rooms and sacks of leaves placed where folks would have to walk on them. Guests were met out in the yard by a ghost and directed to go up the front steps across the upstairs porch thro two dark rooms down the inside stairway coming down into the dining room which was still dimly lighted. Along this trail they’d hear all kinds of noises, rattling of chains, bees waxed string drawn thro tin can, etc. Ghosts shook hands with them with rubber gloves filled with ice. There was much screaming and hollering.

Finally they were ushered into a room where a witch was stirring her brew in a big iron kettle. From this each was given a fortune. Twas magic, because it looked like a blank piece of paper, only after holding the paper up carefully to a candle could it be read. (The fortunes had been written with lemon juice.)

Doughnuts and apple cider were served as refreshments and then the next day would be spent in cleaning up the mess throughout the house and yard.

## THE LITTLE HOUSE

When I was a little girl I can remember the little frame building down the cinder path at my Grandfather's. My cousin and I would often times stay too long as we'd become interested in the pictures on the Sears Roebuck Catalog that we oft times found there or maybe twould be just a different magazine. As this was on the way to the barn, Grandfather Young would often knock on the door and call "Times up."

Then there was a similar building at our own home with two round seats or rather oval shaped, then a lower one just about a foot off the floor. During rush hour sometimes these would all be occupied. Of course, right after a meal girls usually had to go and often times stay until there was a call from the kitchen door.

There was one season of the year, however, we dreaded to go down the path. A large Catalpha tree shaded the first part of the path and then there were a couple more around the building. During the summer big long black and yellow worms came to feed on the Catalpha leaves and they'd fall on the ground and we'd never know just when one would decide to take its journey to earth. During this season we'd grab a "sunbonnet" and watching our step, because we sure didn't want to squash one or more of those worms tween our toes. We would make our way down and up the path a quiver of fear one of those long black worms would slip down our neck. The sunbonnets usually were large enough to come down over our face and also down over our necks so we felt fairly safe.

Then there was another hazard to fear at this little outhouse. The back of this building, under the seats was open and we always kept a flock of chickens. Well occasionally, there'd be an old hen that seemed to enjoy scratching in the refuse under the seats. Also ashes were kept in a bucket in the corner of this house and used lavishly to keep away the flies and smell.

One day we heard a yell come from the inside of this outhouse. Then my Mother dashed out, she seemed quite upset and angry. We were informed that one old hen was just a bit too anxious, and did not wait for the droppings to come its way. Can you use your imagination for the results. (The old hen pecked her on the bottom.)

In the winter there was no lingering in this little house as the seats were very cold and airy. Oft time we'd sit on our hands to avoid contact with the cold seat. I did not know the bliss and comfort of the inside toilet until I was married and lived in the new house built after the fire.

Of course, at night in the winter we seldom went the path to the little house, as at the foot of the bed or in a corner there would be a white vessel (or pot) sometimes made of granite and sometimes made of china. These had to be carried down the stairs and outside each morning. Oft times there would be an embarrassing moment as a man would make his appearance just as we started out the door. Then we'd put the jar back inside and await the man's departure, ere we'd continue on our errand. Sometimes my Aunt Esther would just put her big apron over the jar, pot, and continue on her journey to dump and clean it up ready for the next night. It seemed like the lid to this pot could never be put on quietly, it always made its own strange little noise that everyone knew and could hear all the way in the other room.

## IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

Summertime when I was young was really a busy time both out and inside the house down on the farm. there was work for the old and the young. Father would get the plow out as early in the spring as possible, hitch up the team of big horses and plow the garden, then disk, harrow and drag it. With a little hand plow rows were laid off and the early seed planted. Later a big patch of potatoes, corn, and many rows of tomatoes were planted. Asparagus had to be hunted as soon as the tips began to show above the ground, youngsters had to go around the fences looking for the place where it grew. Later my Father had an asparagus bed then we'd know where it would come up. Rhubarb plants and gooseberries had their place in the garden; also horseradish.

Very early in the spring after the grass and weeds began to grow, one of the neighbors would come up (Mrs. John Effinger) bringing a gallon bucket. It would be full of hot greens. They grew spinach, kale, mustard and to these she would add the wild greens such as dandelion, dock, etc. that she would gather. Seasoned with a few onions, potatoes and bacon. Most of us enjoyed this extra dish. (Later life after I was married, Grandma France used to gather wild greens which were seasoned in the similar way.)

Father planted tomatoes several years for the canning factory. Long rows were made with a plow then youngsters dropped the plants a designate distance apart. The men then came along, held them up and what their big foot pushed the dirt around the plant after some water had been poured on them from a bucket pulled along on a horse-drawn sled. The hot summer sun made the tomatoes grow and ripen. Picking tomatoes was fun for awhile, but soon became real work as up and down the rows we went picking the red ripe tomatoes from the thick vines. Bushel baskets were placed up and down the rows. These were filled and then loaded onto a wagon driven through the field. The bushel baskets full of beautiful red tomatoes were taken to town to the canning factory with two horses pulling the wagon. Several years green beans were planted for the canning factory, too. Occasionally we took time to play - hide in the weeds along the side of the tomato or bean field or maybe have a tomato battle. Besides the canning tomatoes for the factory, we had many plants in the garden. That meant we had tomatoes on the table each meal but it also meant we had to can them. Many days there would be a big tub full of tomatoes, boiling water was pored over these and covered for a few minutes. Then as the peeling was loosened, the tomatoes were quickly taken out and peeled, cooked and put in tin cans. These tin cans had ridges around the top with tin lids around which hot sealing was pored. Sometimes there would be bubbles on the wax. Then a poker would be heated red hot on the coal range and applied to the wax around the lid to help seal it.

Often my cousin would be visiting during the summer. About the time she saw the big tub of tomatoes she would be too sick to help.

We always raised cucumbers, too. These had to be picked every day. They grew fast and some way or other I guess we'd miss a few and low and behold there'd be a big yellow one too big to pickle. Mother made a brine with salt and water, there would have to be enough salt in the water to make an egg float. Then the cucumbers were put in the jars of brine weighted down and covered with a cloth.

After a few days the cloth would have to be washed, then Mother made these cucumbers into pickles and put in jars.

She also sliced green tomatoes, salted them and let them stand over night and mixed with small onions and made them into pickles.

Then thru-out the summer there was churning to do. Milk brought in from the barn in buckets night and morning was strained, put into crocks and carried to the cellar. These crocks were placed in rows so



we always knew which was the oldest. As the cream came up to the top twas skimmed off and put in a bucket which was tied on a rope and let down in the well to keep fresh and cool. We had a stone jar with wooden dash most of the time used as a churn, a lamp chimney was put over the handle. This fit around and over the hole in the lid and prevented the splashing of cram onto the floor. Occasionally the job got to be quite boring. So I'd get a book to read and as I puled the dash up and down, up and down. However, sometimes that dasher would begin to go slower and slower as the interest in the story grew. About that time Mother would enter the kitchen and the book would disappear and the dash would go up-down, up-down again. Then the butter, when it finally "gathered" a big yellow mass t'would be taken out and put into a large wooden bowl, cool water poured over it until all the buttermilk was washed out. The butter was then salted and with the wooden butter paddle it was patted into square pounds, wrapped with butter paper, most of it eaten or used in cooking. In the winter, coloring had to be added to give the butter the bright yellow color (because the cows were kept in the barn and had no green grass to eat). Yes, it took green grass to make yellow butter.

Another product made from the mild was cottage cheese. Mother would bring the milk up and after the cream was skimmed off the mild was allowed to clabber by standing in a warm place. The clabbered milk was heated very slowly, until the "curds" would gradually separate from the "whey" as milk was stirred very slowly. Then this was poured into a colander and allowed to drain. They whey was taken out to the slop bucket and later mixed with bran and fed to the pigs and chickens. But the cheese, after draining was mixed with a bit of salt and some nice thick cram then put in a large dish ready then to be put on the table for the two legged pigs. Our family liked to put syrup on top of it before eating. My Aunt, I remember put pepper on it and some other put in on blackberry preserves, still other folks liked it on top of a big red tomato, anyway t'was good eating.

## CHICKENS

In order to have fried chicken on our table when one couldn't go to a store to get one there would have to be an old hen to set. We would find an old wooden box, go down to the straw stack, get an armload of clear fresh straw, putting in into a box making a nice foundation in the bottom and a shaped hole for the old hen. In the evening we would go the hen house and get an old broody hen, carefully tuck her head under her wing and carry her to her new nest into which eggs had been carefully selected as to size, shape and placed into the nest. We'd take our hand and carefully roll each egg under the old hen's breast until she would wiggle around and settle down onto them. Sometimes we'd get a very stubborn hen who had a mind of her own, and would refuse to settle down. She would rise up on her feet and as we tried to get her to go our way sometimes eggs would be broken, then these old gals were put into a coop without straw, with just a little food and water until she got over the notion of wanting to set, sometimes we'd have a dozen or so of these stubborn creatures in the broody coop at a time.

The good old setters had a row in separate house where plenty of food, fresh water, sifted ash, and oyster shell were kept.

These old hens would get off their nest, eat and drink then go right back onto their own nest, usually. Occasionally we'd find on checking, two hens on one nest. But if the eggs in the vacant nest were still warm we'd just lift one hen over hoping she'd stay put. However, if eggs were cool or cold we'd have to throw those away.

After three weeks when the little chicks hatched we'd go down with basket and old rags, take out some of the chicks and put them in the basket and take them to the house. Often if left in the nest until hatched the mother hen would step on or mash some or she'd get off with a few leaving the rest to get cold and not get out of the shell. Sometimes the eggs would not hatch and get broken in the nest. OH, dear what a mess and what a smell!

After the hen had her allotment of babies usually about sixteen, we'd give all the chicks to the best mother and put the other old hens in the brood coop. On good days we'd put hen and chicks in a little coop out in the side yard. Sometimes down in the orchard away from the older chickens as they would peck them. After being shut up awhile we'd turn them loose keeping food and water near the coop. In the evening we'd usually find mother hen with her family nestled safely beneath her wing in the coop. When sudden showers came up during the summer it created quite a problem, oft time the old hen instead of taking her family to the coop would crouch under some bush. Many times I'd have to help hunt chicks in the rain finding them all wet and almost drowned. We'd try to wipe them dry with a cloth, put warm rags over them and put them near the old kitchen range which usually had a fire in it regardless of time or temperature of day.

With proper care, dusting for lice, plenty of food and water - the little downy chicks were covered with real feathers. By the time they weighed 2 1/2 or 3 lbs. they were either sold or killed and dressed and fried for a hungry bunch of folks.

Wet chicks were not the only thing the old coal range warmed, my Father would often find a baby lamb cold and shivering, or the mother ship would have twins and only accept one. So the little lamb was rubbed and put in a box near the range. Milk was warmed and with a spoon we'd try to get a few drops of nourishment down, if it survived a bottle with nipple was filled with warm milk and different youngsters would take turns serving the meal.

Then, too, there were often little pigs that had to be given extra warmth and care.

A cemetery for the pets that did not survive was under an old mulberry tree. Special pets had wooden markers with their name put by the grave. Occasionally a dead fish from the pond would also be buried in the cemetery.

A few turkeys were also raised on the Swope farm in order to have a nice plump one on the table at Thanksgiving and Christmas.

The old turkey hens were very sly and cunning. They liked to hide their nests. So some youngster was appointed to watch the old turkey hen slipping here and there. Oft time she wandered for an hour or more and then slip out of sight. The youngster returned to the house to report his failure in finding the nest. Another day and another kid might prove more successful but not always so, often the sly old turk hatched her eggs out in the open under bushes. Stragglings in with a few weak turks which we would nurse back to health for our dinner later on in the fall.

## THE PIG STORY

My Father raised many pigs on the Swope farm. He had a large pig house with a concrete floor with an aisle down the middle with separate pens along each side. Each pen had a door or gate of hinges which could be opened and the pigs moved easily from one pen to another. Another door in the back could be opened permitting the pigs to go out into a lot which was fenced in. I liked to watch the pigs being fed. Ears of corn were carried in the big corn basket with handles, from the corn crib in the barn or from a wagon that had just been filled at the nearby corn field. The fattening hogs received most of the corn, slop as it was called, a mixture of wheat bran, water or milk and mineral was poured into a trough for them to eat. Water had to be pumped from the well at the end of the barn and carried over to the building. It was interesting to see dozens of little black pigs scampering around. My Father said that "Poland china" pigs were the only ones to raise. Sometimes there'd be 8 to 10 little pigs with one mother, or even sometimes more.

Pumpkins were raised in the cornfield. Seed being planted after the corn was up and cultivated a few times. The big and little pumpkins were hauled up from the field in the wagon in the fall and thrown a few at a time into the lot for the pigs to eat. Mother always saved a few of the big yellow ones for those good pumpkin pies.

Of course, there always had to be a few for the children to carve into Jack-O-Lanterns with grinning faces.

Another interesting event was butchering day. Of course, the cute little pigs didn't stay little. Many were hauled to town market in the two horse wagon after they were grown and fattened on bushels of corn and loads of pumpkins.

Usually butchering came on school days. A nippy cold morn in the fall. Neighbor men came early, a fire was built in the back of the shed, a big black iron kettle filled with water was hung over the fire. Then close by was the scalding barrel. About the time I was ready for school I would hear the crack of a rifle. I then knew the first pig was killed. They'd put it in a wheel borrow or on a sled drawn by a horse and taken to the scalding barrel which had been filled with the boiling water. The pig was pushed up and down into this water by two men until the hair was loose, then it was pulled out laid on the scraping board and all the hair scrapped off. On arriving home from school we would see the pigs 5 or 8 now pretty and white with hair all scrapped off, washed clean, hanging on a pole with sticks between the ribs to keep them open so they would cool off.

When cooled, they were taken down from the pole and cut up; hams, shoulders, back bone, tenderloin, ribs, side bacon and sausage. Heads were cleaned thoroughly boiled in a large kettle with the heart and part of the liver. Meat was taken from the bone and all was cooked together then stuffed in casings making long links that was called liverwurst, the liquid was saved, too. This was mixed with cornmeal and a few cracklins, then cooked, after cooled this was fried and was called "scrapple."

Hams and shoulders were trimmed and rounded up, all lean scraps trimmed off were ground in a large grinder. Usually we had a large tub full of the ground meat. This was mixed with salt, pepper and a bit of sage. A neighbor, Mr. Effinger, often mixed this thoroughly in the kitchen at night. One time I helped mix a bit, I had one finger bound with a strip of adhesive tape as I had cut my finger earlier in the evening helping cut up the meat.

The adhesive disappeared and we could not find it. I wondered many times who chewed that tough piece of sausage. Part of the sausage was stuffed into casings and the links tied. Part was made into patties. Mother fried part of these and put in jars with lard on top to seal and keep. Much was eaten

fresh by the large family of youngsters and OH was the gravy good with those hot biscuits, or fresh bread.

The hams, shoulders, and bacon were rubbed with salt thoroughly and hung of the rafters in the “smoke house” which was a building just in back of the kitchen across a breezeway. This building was so named because, after the meat was thoroughly chilled and salt had time to penetrate, a fire was built of hickory wood. This was kept burning very slowly by smoldering, thus smoking the meat giving the hickory flavor. Later the meat was taken down and put in large paper sacks and tied and stored for use as fried ham and bacon.

The fat meat trimmed from shoulder, hams, etc. was kept separate. This was put in large black kettle outside and rendered (melted slowly by the fire beneath). This had to be watched very carefully and stirred frequently. The fat must be melted but not burned. When cooked sufficiently the melted liquid was poured into large stone jars. Sometimes 1 gallon, sometimes 5, depending on quantity. After cooling twold be nice and white and taken to cellar after being covered. Mother used this lard for cooking, making pies, etc. as needed. The meat left as “crackling.” We liked to eat this as it was crunchy and sometimes a bit was mashed fine and put in cornbread.

## HORSES AND COWS AT THE A.E. SWOPE FARM

My Father had many horses down on the farm and usually a team of mules. There were at least ten stalls in the big barn which were usually full of horses. Each horse, Mac, Fanny, Dolly, Dick, Bess, Lady, Belle, etc., all had his own stall. And its own harness.

Hay would be kept in the manger and ears of corn in the feed box given to them usually in the morning and evening. The number of ears depending on the work expected from that particular horse that day. I liked to count out the big yellow ears of corn taken from the large log corn crib, then carrying them in a large basket along the entry way to feed the horses. I'd slip an extra ear to my favorite horse. Before putting the hay in the manger we had to climb in and look for eggs. Often the old hen would hide their eggs in the corner under the feed box.

We also kept quite a few cows and calves. One field contained 50 acres but was not fenced. Two sides were along a road, as I had only one brother and he was kept busy with the big jobs. My sisters and I were given the job of watching the cows so they wouldn't get out on the road nor wander away. We didn't object to this too much as we were allowed to ride a horse most of the time. Often having races along one of the roads called Catalpha Avenue because of all the Catalpha trees along both sides. There wasn't much traffic along there then, as there were no cars.

Occasionally we'd become so interested in riding that a cow would wander away, then we were in trouble. There was an old school building along the highway on the other side of the field. This proved interesting having to climb thro the window and prowl around thro the dust and dirt accumulated there.

When the horses and cows were turned out to pasture in the field and woods below the house and barn they had a chance to get a drink at the pond. But when kept up in the barn oft times we'd be told to ride a horse down with the rest to follow; of course, the horse I was on wanted a drink too. I was always a little afraid as they waded out into the water up their knees. I'd have to lean over to keep the reins for fear they would fall, also trembling lest I'd slide down their neck into the water. After all had a drink, I had to round them all up and drive them back up the hill to the barn.

When my Father wanted the cows and horses up from the pasture many time he would send the big black shepherd dog. He (Dad) would stand out in the back yard and call our, "Go get the cows and horses," then away Ponto, the dog would go. Sometimes my Father would just want a team of horses. So he would name them and tell the dog to get the ones named and those two horses would be separated from the rest and driven up thro the woods past the pond up the long lane to the barn.

My three sisters helped outside with the farm work more than I. So they were given boys names: Kathryn was Pete, Alice - Billy, and Isabel was Johnny.

Occasionally I would drive the two horse rake over the field and make long rows of hay, which the men later put in bunches or piles ready to be loaded on the wagon.

Many big loads of hay were hauled up to the big barn. The wagon was driven into the barn entry. Father would stay on the load to pull the big hay fork down from the track above, to stick it into the hay, thus when properly set would take a large bunch of hay up and over into the large log loft along the track on the rafters. The horses hitched to the rope just outside had a hard pull getting that hay up that high. As soon as the hay had traveled down the track to the proper place, Father would pull the trip rope, thus letting the hay fall from the big fork into the mow below. He would also holler and the driver of the team would stop, turn them around and drive them back ready to go again with another load. I drove the horses for this job many times. Sometimes the hay would fall off the fork before getting up to the top, so

Father had to be very careful. Also the men back in the mow who were putting the hay back into the corners had to be alert and keep out of the way of the falling hay. Once we had a hired man helping who wore a wig. During the strenuous effort of pitching the hay, his wig came off. Tho he looked and we youngsters looked hoping we would find it and have some fun. The wig was never found. We oft wondered which horse or cow ate the wig lost in the hay.

Father also kept boarding horses sometimes. Large horses from the Harding and Miller Music Company, which were used on "Drays" for hauling. When their feet became worn from traveling the city streets they were brought to our farm and put out to pasture a while.

The Millers were a fine family and enjoyed coming to the country, also. Especially at "Paw - Paw" time. There were dozen or more of the trees down at the edge of the woods. These trees had paw-paw's about 3-4 inches long, light green on the outside but golden yellow inside. They have brown seeds about the size of a lima bean. I can see them and taste them as memory goes back to those days of long ago.

## WHEAT

During the fall days the large fields had been plowed and planted with wheat. Teams of horses or the mules were used with the plow and the men had to trudge back and forth many times ere the ground was broken, disked and harrowed or rolled. Then drilled. A big wooden wheat drill pulled by a team was filled with wheat and fertilizer.

The seed wheat had been carefully selected. Quite a few hours had been spent by some youngster turning the "fanning Mill" thro which Father poured the seed wheat. This mill would take most of the chaff, garlic and weed seed out, Leaving only nice plump grains of wheat. Many times Mother would come to the barn and get a bit of the selected wheat. This she would soak overnight in water, cook, and use for cereal the next morning. Sometimes she would grind it in the old coffee mill. Yes, we bought the whole coffee bean in the days gone by. I liked to put the beans in, turn the handle and then pull out the little drawer underneath and find it full of nice fine coffee. It really smelled good. Mother made coffee each morning in a large boiler which held at least a gallon.

We have no percolator in those days. So as soon as the coffee boiled it was taken off the fire as too boiling made strong bitter coffee.

I started to tell about wheat and I have wandered afar in thot. Perhaps as I wandered way from work in those days. Therefore, going back to the plump grains of wheat that were planted. The fields were pretty and green in the fall, later to be covered with winter snows.

Sunshine and rain to nourish the growing grain during the spring and early summer. By June the heads of wheat were waving in the summer breeze. Gradually we could see the wheat changing color.

Down near the barn you could see my Father get out the old binder which had been used many years and therefore usually needed repairs of some kind before starting the cutting of the wheat. Each part greased and oiled, check the canvas, repair as needed, the big balls of twine ready to install.

Finally the golden heads of wheat were waving in the air. A beautiful sight as you look out over the waving golden grains.

You wished it didn't have to be cut. But the binder drawn by the faithful horses, sometimes it took three or four big horses to pull the heavy binder, driven by the hard working farmer, entered the field and soon bundles of the golden grain lay tied in bunches all around the field. Then along came a couple of men in blue pants and straw hats. They stood the bundles in shocks, then bending two bundles placing them over the top as "caps" to help shed the rain. Extra help often had to be hired especially if the wheat was heavy and several large fields were to be cut and shocked.

This, of course, meant extra cooking for the women as the men really had an appetite.

One summer after the wheat had been cut and shocked a heavy rain came. The field which was down on the lower 50 acres, around the old school house along highway 57 was flooded. Bundles of wheat were floating around in the water. My Father with help had to wade and swim to get these bundles back, put them on a wagon and haul them up around the barn, spread them out to dry to keep the grain from molding.

Twas said a few bundles floated off into the creek. Sometimes a hard wind would scatter the bundles all about. This meant extra work as men had to go around and set them all up again.



Neighbors went together in those days to help each other at threshing time. Each man furnishing team, wagon, and help according to the acreage of what he had to harvest. After all was over they'd have a meeting at night to settle up any differences and to have a good time as families were invited.

Threshing days meant extra work in the kitchen too but again we could count on the neighbors to help out. The women came; extra bread baked, chickens to clean, potatoes, pies, cakes and so it goes.

The men were never on a diet; there were always two kinds of pie and they'd say, they'd have to "sample" each then take a piece of the best. If every thing went off on schedule the women would telephone each other and plan who was to have the next meal. However, rain would come and there'd be a real mix up, but again the neighbors helped in emergencies. The one who was preparing the meal and expecting to serve the dinner brought part of her things over to the one who thot the machine was going to move. A long blast from the steam engines whistle early in the morning was as signal for men around to hurry up as they were about ready to start. The engineers who had stayed all night got up very early to get steam up, oiled up, greased and be ready. That whistle could be heard for miles around and was almost deafening when close by. But youngsters were very proud and happy when allowed to pull the string and make the loud noise. It usually took 6 to 8 teams of horses and wagons to keep enough wheat for the big old steamer to stay busy.

The long table was always stretched full length in the long dining room by putting in extra leaves.

At noon the men washing out in the yard in a large tub filled with water drawn from the well on the porch and heated by the sun. Towels were hung on the lower branches of the maple tree near by.

Were the men hungry when they came in? Main dishes had to be refilled again and again.

Then the dishes!! Pot and pans, of course, girls could and did help with these. Seems like there was always cooking to do. Besides the events mentioned there was clover hauling and threshed to save the seed. Father always kept a hired man that stayed at our home. Mother's sister made her home with us for many years. Guests were always welcome and needless to say, our friends were quite numerous. Even over night as week guests. Yes, cousins who came and spent the week but didn't like to work too well.

Mother canned much fruit for the family - making many jars of jelly and jam. There was the large apple orchard, green gage plums, and the red goose plums, also, the long rows of grapes, the early and late Concord. Many grapes were cut and sold in town. Many just eaten off the vine by youngsters. We oft suspected some were gathered by unseen forces for wine. We tied paper sacks over some of the nice bunches to prolong the season. In winter sometimes we had navy beans to clean, we'd gather round the kitchen table and each with a pile of beans. We would sort the good from the bad by rolling the good into a pan on our lap pushing trash and bad beans to the side.

## STRAW

After threshing there was always a big straw stack down in back of the barn. The straw was blown over a large shed made on very strong posts topped with strong rails. This was used as shelter for cows in the winter, also furnishing a bit to eat. It didn't take long for them to make holes around the sides where they had eaten.

As youngsters we were told to look for the binder strings which had been used to tie the bundles and which was now scattered among the straw. My Father used these short lengths of twine in many ways in repairing machinery. He always said he could fix anything with bindertwine or hay bail wire.

We like best to slide from top to bottom of the tall straw stack. My Father always said "No" until after the rain had settled the straw a bit as climbing up and down would drag too much to the bottom.

We would have a good time playing hide and seek around the stack. The holes made by the hungry cows were good hiding places and underneath the shed were places to hide.

Mother always took advantage of the nice clean straw. After threshing we would clean house. That meant taking a tack puller or sometimes a chisel and going around the room pulling up hundreds of tacks from around the edges of the rag carpet which had been woven in strips. These tacks were often very hard to get up, the heads would break off and then we'd pound the rest of the tack down into the floor. The carpet was finally loose. It was rolled up and carried out and put over the wire clothes line. Then with a broom or stick the children were told to develop their muscles by beating the dirt out of the rug. Boy did the dirt fly! Adults usually had to finish the job.

Under the old rag carpet was the old dirty straw. This had to be swept up, carried out and burned or used for bedding for pigs, chickens, cows, or horses. The floor had to be scrubbed, all the woodwork and windows washed. Then down to the new straw stack. In an old sheet or tablecloth we carried up the clean golden straw and put it all over the floor again nice and even. The real job. Two sides of the carpet was tacked down before youngsters could get in and muss up the straw. Then the old carpet stretcher was put to use. The board about a foot long to which steel prongs was attached and had a sharp point which was driven into the floor. The teeth of the board gripped the carpet. Then by winding the handle the carpet was pulled tight over the floor. We pulled and pulled in order to get the carpet very tight or as the straw was mashed down by the many feet traveling over it later would let the carpet become too loose. I helped with this job many times, laying on my tummy I'd pull and pull, then tack down the carpet, folding under any surplus. When tacked all around often hitting my finger instead of the head of the tack. The younger children didn't help too much as they thought it was real fun to come in and play on the newly stretched carpet while the straw was nice and plump. Many times they'd have to be chased off because the stretcher could not pull their weight. We all liked to hear and feel the crunch of the new straw under our feet after it was down. It looked nice and clean and smelled so fresh.

(Of course, during the winter days all the old dresses, skirts or any old worn out garment had to be cut into strips, sewed together and wound on a ball of assorted colors in order that a lady could make a new carpet for us. Sometimes when wanting to have more color than was available among the worn out garments, Mother would have to dye some of the strips, we were always proud to see the red strips woven in.)

## FROM WHEAT TO CORN

Sometimes a “bed tick” was filled with straw but more often Mother would wait to get the nice white shucks from corn after it was gathered in.

In the fall there would be fields of corn to cut. This was cut by hand with long sharp corn knives. The stalks were held together standing up and tied together at the top with twine in a shock. These shocks were left in the field until later in the winter. In these modern days we miss seeing the “frost on the pumpkin and fodder in the shock.” One of the by-gone pictures of my childhood.

Many pumpkins were gathered then thrown into the two horse wagon later to be fed to the pigs and a few made into those good old fashioned pumpkin pies.

“Corn shredding” this meant neighbors helping again. The old steam engine and corn shredder parked down by the barn so the fodder could be flown up into the loft, later to fed to the stock. Shocks of corn were hauled from the field, shoved into the shredder, the long yellow ears of corn would roll out into a wagon parked next to it. Some of the men would be in the wagon to take off some of the shucks left on the ears. Youngsters liked to watch for red ears which appeared occasionally. Then the ride around to the corn crib where the corn had to be shoveled with large scoop shovels and thrown thro the window of the big log bin.

Of course, men always liked to eat in those days as well or maybe more than now as the work was much harder. This meant more work for the women. Early in the morn there would be the smell of fresh baked bread; several kinds of pies filled the oven of the coal range and soon were placed side by side on the shelf ready for the noon meal. An early trip usually had to be made to town in the old one horse surrey for beef as we had no refrigerator in those early days. Sometimes we dressed chickens or maybe there’d be a ham or two left. Vegetables had to be gathered from the garden and prepared. Often there was a big kettle filled with navy beans. A big black pot filled with beets often was on the back of the stove. These red coals of the range were oft kept red hot from early morn with wood or coal, another task for youngsters, keeping fuel for the stove. This meant carrying coal in from the shed. Wood that had been cut and stacked outside the shed were carried in arms and put in wood box in back of stove.

This must be kept full or else! There had to be finely cut supply of kindling for a quick fire, then, of course, the ashes had to be taken out by the youngsters.

After frost came we used to go pick up the persimmons that had fallen to the ground. Mother especially liked them. A persimmon pudding would be made after the seeds were removed by mashing the fruit thro a colander. A sauce was used over this pudding making it very rich but good.

Another thing that was made in the fall that made very good eating was apple butter. This was made in those days in a big copper kettle which had been made bright and shiny by rubbing with salt and vinegar, and a bit of elbow grease. If a big kettle full of apple butter was wanted about five bushel of apples had to be peeled. This was done the night before. Often with extra help we had a good time together. The teenagers would throw long peelings over their head to see what initial would be formed when the peeling landed. Of course, this would be the initial of the one they loved best. Fire was started early next morn neath the kettle. The apples had to be cooked thoroughly but car had to be taken that the apples didn’t burn. So a low steady fire was required and constant stirring with some one holding this long handle attached to the four wooden sections that scraped the bottom of the kettle. After long hours of stirring the apples would cook up smooth. Then sugar was added both brown and white and mixed with cinnamon and a bit of nutmeg, stick of cinnamon added to taste. For color red hots were added. After this was added the apples had to cook another hour. Then canned quickly and sealed carefully

while hot. Quite a few hours of labor but it represented many meals of good eating, especially with home made butter and bread or nice hot biscuits.

Sorghum. My father had fields of sugar cane several years. Before frost, the leaves had to be stripped from the tall canes. Plans were made with the man who owned the molasses cooking equipment. Then the canes were cut and hauled to the yard where they were ground. A horse was used hitched to a pole. It was driven round in circles and cane fed into a grinder. Soon the juice was running into a big vat. As soon as all was ground the cooking began. This had to be done very carefully as too hot a fire would soon scorch the juice and spoil the batch. If properly cooked a clear thick molasses was poured off into gallon buckets or other containers. This sorghum was really good with hot biscuits and butter. After a few years my father had to haul the cane to a neighboring place as the man owning the equipment refused to set up in so many places. This became difficult for my father so he stopped raising cane.

At one time there was a small house built down by the elm grove across the fence from the pond. I only remember the one man and wife who lived there. There flashes across my mind their pictures. She was very small, dark hair, wearing glasses, named Annie; he was tall, slender and named Harry Richardson. Harry helped my father with the farm work and Annie oft times would come up to the house and help Mother at threshing time, canning and etc. I can't at this time remember but I think that little house burnt down. I do know that for awhile Annie and Harry occupied the east room upstairs.

A well which was down east of the pond was located by a water witch. This man had a forked switch shaped like a "y." He held this tight and moved around. If it turned in his hand, it meant he'd found water. Water stood a couple feet from the top year in and year out, through dry or wet seasons. When water in the pond was low tubs were put near this well and the cows and horses were watered there. Neighbors came with barrels in two horse drawn wagons to get water when their wells went dry. We were well supplied with water having two cisterns at the house near the kitchen and a well on the porch on the east. When the pond was low in the late summer Father would take this opportunity to take a large scoop drawn by horses and dig out the mud making it deeper and bigger ready for the fall rain to give a new fresh supply of water for the animals. My brother of't would like to slip away for a swim in the pond or he'd dig worms, get his pole and go fishing. Sometimes he'd catch a 3 or 4 inch one. I never remember any big one caught out of this pond, I guess they are the ones that got away. Dead fish were often brought to the house and buried under the large mulberry tree that was on the east end of the coal shed. Quite a few pets were buried here also and little wooden markers with names printed on them.

Several times there was a picnic down in the large woods north of the house. Large rope swings were put up. Tables were made by putting planks on wooden horses, women brought food in large baskets and while they prepared the tables and food the men took care of the horses then played games like pitching horseshoes, etc. Youngsters played hide-seek hiding behind the many big trees, some of the boys made their way to the pond to chase frogs or you name it. Once there was a Sunday School group picnicking in the woods, another time twas a reunion of old soldiers, their wives and families.

My grandfather, A.A. Swope, was a Civil war Veteran and is buried in Oak Hill Cemetery. During my father's lifetime he would always take a flag and flowers to the family lot. There'd be a tub full of miscellaneous flower, honey suckle, daisies as well as roses or anything we might have. Part of these were for the unknown soldiers graves. We usually attended Memorial Day Services there. It was thrilling to hear the band and see all the flags flying in the marked space for all the unknown soldiers.

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood as fond recollections present them to view."

The Old Oaken bucket, the brass bound bucket that set neath the pitcher pump in the northwest corner of the kitchen, the only water we had in the house. The bucket needed to be washed each week and the two brass band shined making them look like gold.

The old wood and coal range had to have a new look occasionally by giving it a coat of black stove polish then rubbing with woolen cloth. The reservoir at the end of the stove had to be kept filled with water. The warming oven above, with the doors that closed got a good cleaning too as it was used to set many items in to keep warm and it often got messy. The chrome around got greasy and smoked up so this to had to shined up. The round heating stove in the dining room cam in too for its share of stove polish.

The cellar steps must be scrubbed at least once a week as many trips up and down were made with milk, etc. and occasionally a drop or two could be spilled. The cellar floor came in to for a scrubbing. The crocks were set up on the table that was in the corner and large buckets of water were carried down and with a broom the floor was scrubbed and then rinsed. All water going down the drain in the northeast corner.

Syrup was bought 6 gallon at a time which my father brought home crated in a wooden box.

Big square soda crackers too came in a wooden box.

Rolled oats was bought in large paper sacks, I guess about 5 pounds.

Sugar and flour was brought by the 100 pounds. The sugar was in a double sack, a thin white one which was enclosed in a heavy brown burlap sack.

Potatoes dug from the garden were stored in the bin in the northeast corner of the front cellar (we had two, one in the northeast and one in the front) where t'was dark and cool. Entrance to one was by a wooden door on the outside and on the east side of the house. This door lay flat and had to be lifted. The steps were very narrow and steep. One could lift the door in the floor in the dining room to gain entrance to this front cellar. This inside door was usually covered over by the rag carpet covering the rest of the floor. But whenever we cleaned house and took up the carpet we kids always made a trip down those steps. Twas quite spooky (dark and cobwebby).

## HIGH SCHOOL AND TEACHING

The last two years of high school I attended Central High School at Seventh and Vine in Evansville. It then had a north and south hall, the freshmen in the South. Having had two years high school work at McCutchanville, we were given credit and admitted to the north hall on the second floor. Entering this school was very important to me and very strange to be among so many different young people, knowing no one except those from the Ville and my cousin, Emma, who was attending the same school. She knew her way around having entered during her freshman year. I had to go in on the 7 o'clock traction. Walking down across the field in good weather saying my verses that I had to say in class. Very embarrassing to stand in front of so many kids in "Expression" class. I was scared to death and wondered how any words ever came out.

At times I thought I was running a little late and afraid I'd miss the 7 o'clock traction I would walk up the lane and across the field to the train. This got me in late but I'd be excused when coming on the train as quite a few others attending Central had no other way and teachers knew my Grandparents lived near the railroad station where I got on, Cavin's Station. At noon I often went to the corner grocery store for lunch with some other girls. We'd get Bologna, crackers, and divide cookies, maybe banana or apple.

I did not get to go to football games in my high school days. But I wondered about the game as I heard others talking and saw the boys that played with patches here and there on face or an arm in sling.

During my senior year we had a long theme to write. Though I spent many weary hours and burned the lights quite late, I don't recall my topic. I do remember one day I was working on the theme at the Willard library not feeling very good but thought I had to get books to read for the theme. Someone wondered why my face was so red, I said that I was worried. So went on home on the traction, walking across the field to the house. When Mother saw me, she put me to bed at once, gave me something hot to drink, covered me up warm and said that I had the measles; so I stayed home a week or so.

Commencement I had another dress by the same lady that made my 8th grade dress. These two dresses were burned at the time of our house fire, as was my wedding dress; so I only have memories of those.

That summer I went to Terre Haute to visit my cousin, Doris Bloomer. I made strawberry shortcake and biscuits for them. I also learned to ride my cousin's bicycle. As I had none of my own I didn't know how to even get on. One day we were to take turns riding around the block. My turn came, I got on ok and started off. Made my way around the block ok "but" I didn't get off as the others expected me to. So, the next time I came around they grabbed the bike. Was I mad! No, not really, I was glad because I didn't know how to stop and was afraid to get off.

That winter I taught a few days of school, substituted for my older sister, Mayme, down at the Hooker school which stood on the corner across from Bethlehem Church. Some of my friends had already decided to be teachers and were attending Normal School or Oakland City College. So when summer came again I signed up for classes at Terre Haute Normal along with several others from the Ville. We roomed together on S. 7th Street and walked 12 blocks to school. To cut expenses we ate crackers, peanut butter, bologna, cheese, jelly and pickles in our room. One evening after school we brought a sack and supplies, being starved, we decided to walk down a different side street and eat as we walked homeward. Next day during our math class the Professor said he hoped some of his pupils liked their math as well as they seemed to like "pickles."

That fall came and I was signed up as teacher of a one room school over in German township, 1 1/2 miles west of St. Joe. I was supposed to teach all grades but with only 14 pupils, I combined women and

let them work together. Of course, I boarded over there. Living with an elderly couple next to the school building. They had a hired man, an old bachelor. He liked to play checkers. So many cold evenings I spent playing with him and usually lost as he studied all his moves and quite an experienced player.

I had to do my own janitor work, going over to the school early to build the fire and clean blackboards. I swept the floors in the evening. Helped make apple butter at one of the neighbors that winter. My teaching salary then was \$50 a month. That was in 1912 and 1913.

many trips back and forth that winter was made from school to home with a young man (Ivan France) who was helping my father that winter. This young man later became my husband (nine years later). We drove over on Sunday evening in the one horse drawn buggy. Sometimes using his horse, other times using my father's. Then on Friday evening someone would meet me to take me home. I didn't have to stay over at the school very many weekends though times traveling was a bit rugged. Part time one of my sisters would take me over early in the day. One time we took a different road and had to pass underneath the railroad track through a tunnel, we called it. I don't know what the old horse called it because it didn't want to go through. We coaxed and tugged but with no results. Finally I got an ear of corn out of the buggy, held it out in front of the horses nose, and with my sister, Laura, holding the reins step by step after the corn he came until through the tunnel at last and on our way. We didn't try driving that horse through there any more.

Then one day it had really rained hard and I dismissed the children early and started off to walk the 2 1/2 miles to St. Joe thinking maybe the horse might get stuck in the mud as roads were not improved. Well, I got to St. Joe but was carrying my overshoes and mud covered my shoes. I had to take the middle of the road in many places as there were no paths on the side, one thing though no cars to worry about. Those days are gone forever but memories linger on.

The second year I taught at Union School over on the Darmstadt Road. This too was a one room school again supposed to have all grades but enrollment was again small so combined some of the studies of different grades. I was a teacher there three years. One year I gave a program called "Not a Man In The House." The children really enjoyed playing their parts. I remember one short chubby girl climbing though the window. A box social followed. The girls packed boxes containing lunch for two. These were auctioned off, no one was supposed to know whose box they were bidding on. On this occasion there was a hay wagon load of young people from McVile. Some way the teacher's box (mine) sold for \$5 and was bought by one of the McVile boys. How did he know whose box it was? You would never guess. We did not ride home on the wagon that night. There were many pleasant rides with this young man. But he was older than I and anxious to have a home of his own and I was not. So I refused my first proposal. Though I knew he was a fine young man. He did find a young woman nearer his age and was married the summer I attended Purdue in 1915. There were six of us that summer from the Ville attending that class. All seventh and eighth grade teachers were being required to teach home economics and manual training. So away we went to get the additional education. We had a very pleasant place to stay together. We took gardening, poultry, cooking, sewing, and the manual.

All was interesting and not too difficult through it meant quite a few early hours in the garden then laboratory hours with the other subjects.

The manual training presented the most difficult problem as I could hardly drive a nail straight but I had a good partner to work with who lent advice and helping hand.

I was fortunate the next winter, the boy I had in the seventh grade, yes, only one boy in the seventh and one girl in the eighth. Well, this boy's father was a carpenter, so we got along fabulously. Suggestions and projects that I gave the boy were made at home, thus solved the difficulty of getting

tools, etc. The boy, Albert Smith, took the examination for the 8th grade students and passed along with the 8th grade girl, Evelyn Erhardt.

One winter day twas slick. It had rained and then frozen over. My father said I'd either have to drive the old mule (Old Bill) or stay home. Though I argued and objected to the mule, Father was still boss and knew best. I drove the mule. We arrived at school safe and sound taking the side of the road where possible and of course going very slow. I unhitched by steed and led him to the horse stable. But, the saying, "Stubborn as a Mule" was sure true. For Old Bill refused to go in the stable, try as I would that mule held his head high and just stood there. Twas very embarrassing. But I had to lead that mule to one of the neighbor's big barn for shelter.

Another time it began to rain and freeze during the day. Roads became very slick. As pupils had quite a distance to walk in some cases, I dismissed early - 2:30. As I started my horse down the road I wondered if it was going to be able to stand up. I took the side of the road wherever possible. The tufts of grass giving a bit of support to the horse's feet. Then I thought of the long hill ere could reach home. I didn't thing the horse could possibly make it, so I went down to my Uncle Walter Goldsmith and Aunt Laura, living in Stringtown. I got there about 5 o'clock. Almost dark. Emma too had been on the road a long time, she had a school in German Township. Uncle Walter insisted on taking us to school the next morning. Although he was a teacher at Olmstead School, he called saying he would be in late.

Union School, Center Township (Pupils) About 1914  
Teacher, Clara Elnora Swope (France)

Lois and Ida Oglesby  
Gilbert Simpson  
Evelyn Erhardt  
Clara and Albert Schmidt  
Eloise and Lois Gardner  
Rosie, Kathryn, and Raymond Schenk  
Thresa, Albert and John Oschner  
Jack Bell, Daniel Harmon  
Gilbert Simpson



## ADRIAN, MICHIGAN

One summer day when in our dining room at the Swope home, there was a telephone call for me. A telegram was read over the phone, it said that a housekeeper was needed for a cottage at Adrian, Michigan, signed by Dorothy Erskine who was supervisor there. This was indeed a surprise to think that she would send me a telegram. "My first."

I was excited and wondered what to do. After discussing with my Mother I decided to go for the 12 weeks of summer vacation.

Clothes were readied, suitcases packed and the last of May I left for Adrian on a train. I was accompanied part way by Ivan who seemed reluctant to my departure. He went as far as Danville, Illinois, where I had a short lay over and had to change trains. Then he took a train back to Evansville and I was off alone on a new adventure. I was met at Adrian by Dorothy who took me to the school.

It consisted of 5 cottages with 25 to 40 girls in each. These girls were delinquent for one cause or another. I was assigned to one cottage. My duties were to plan meals, order supplies and oversee work of the girls in that cottage. The girls did the cooking, cleaning, etc. I even had a maid, a 12 year old black haired girl who had a very easy time as I preferred to run my own bath and get my own clothes. She did clean the room frequently. The girls had to be locked in their rooms each night. I took turns going down the hall saying good night by way of checking if the girl was really in her room, then the door was locked for the night. All had to be called and doors unlocked in the morning.

Chapel was held each morning. Occasionally I had to give a talk. The girls were assigned special duties, house work or yard. Someone had to oversee them at all times. They were taken for walks in the afternoon, two by two with two leaders in front and two in back. The girl that was assigned to cook for our cottage was named Hilda, a big black girl. She could cook fair but I discovered supplies often ran short and discovered she was taking some and hiding things to have a feast with some of her friends later.

The creed the girls repeated every morning, called:

Creed of Girls at Adrian

Not one holy day but seven.

Worshipping not at the call of the bell, but at the call of my own soul.

Singing not as the batons sway, but to the rhythm of my own heart.

Loving because I must, giving because I cannot keep.

This is my creed.

On good days Sunday School classes were held outdoors under the large trees on the campus. I had the lesson frequently for about 50 of the girls. We used the Presbyterian material, which as Sunday School Superintendent, I continued to use later on.

Toward the close of summer I received a letter which stated that my boy friend at home was going to take off for unknown parts if I didn't return.

That helped in my decision to return home as I did not like the idea of locking up girls anyway.

So home I went . . . another train ride!

## INTERVALS BETWEEN DATING AND MARRIAGE

Two summers I went to Terre Haute Normal School, 1912 and 1913. Then one summer to Purdue University. Another summer I had to earn a bit more money to pay the extra cost of education. So Emma Goldsmith and I went to Bloomington and took orders for school desks which we carried around the town and demonstrated. Then for me there was the summer in Adrian, Michigan, a girl's school. Ivan France spent one year at a trade school in Kansas City. One summer he followed the wheat harvest from Kansas north to the Dakotas. He bought a horse up there and had another girl which he said he liked and I dated other boys at home. The horse was black, when it died he had the hide tanned and lined. We used this in later years when we went sleigh riding on dates. Then came the days when he was in service, World War I. he was stationed at Camp Taylor first, his Mother and I went to visit him once while he was there going by train - a long dreary trip under the circumstances. he was then sent overseas stationed at Coblenz, Germany, part time, but most of the time was spent at Nancy, France, in the Field Remount Squadron. He stayed in an upstairs room in a large building with many other men. Part time he had to sleep on a feather bed with a feather mattress over him as covers were hard to get and it was so cold.

During the time Ivan was in service I was teaching at the McCutchanville School.

As Ivan's Mothers lived just across the road from the school she would usually come over at noon whenever she got a letter that I might be interest in and we'd exchange news of the men in the service. Then she began bringing in a dessert for my noon lunch. When she discovered that I didn't even bring any lunch she often would bring a tray of warm food over. As I was still teaching when he was discharged it was very convenient for him to come over to school to make a date. On rainy days I would often drive and put my horse over in the France barn.

Perhaps it might be in order to tell a bit more about the days leading up to matrimony.

Ivan France, the young man who became my husband 28 July, 1921, was the second son of Mr. Bailey and Ella France. They lived on a farm just across the road from McCutchanville School on Whetstone Road. He had an older and younger brother (Ora and Clair) and a younger sister (Alta). He was born 11 May 1894, only a few more months older than I.

In the summer and fall of 1918 my Father needed extra help on the farm so Ivan came to work for my Dad. That winter I taught school in German Township, I had a boarding place through the week but on Friday evening someone came after me and took me back on Sunday afternoon or evening. It was very convenient for Ivan to go for me and take me back. Thus, began our first dating, at first he just came and brought one of my Father's horse and buggy, later he brought his own, a black one named "Roy."

There were quite a few intervals between those first days and the marriage date.

There was one boat ride on Ohio River with my cousin and her boy friend. Twas a moonlight night as we drifted down the stream, "Beautiful Ohio."

Then there were the rides at "Cooks" park. I will remember my first ride on the roller coaster. Of course, t'was scary. As I'd never been on anything like it before, I'd scream as the car plunged down the steep incline then up again at almost perpendicular climb, just to jerk suddenly around a couple of curves. Of course, there was someone to hold me tightly lest I fall or faint.

There was an old log cabin on the hill east of my father's field. Then we took the short cut to school through the field we'd pass this old cabin. Then on between the rows of pear trees grabbing a few as we

passed in the fall of the year, then on to the gap at the end of the long row of evergreen trees. This old log cabin was empty for many years but finally some folks moved in and we had to go up the lane. This land was finally bought by a family named Eatons. They had two girls, Mayme, a school teacher, and Kathryn, younger. Their father made a brave attempt at doing a bit of fixing up and painting a few things, but he came from the city and knew little about the management. They thought it would be easy to raise pigs and chickens, but after buying them there were many questions. He had to come down to my father to get information as to what to feed, etc.

Quite a few rows of grapes were down in front of this cabin and we liked to visit these vines too when no one lived there.

There was a large evergreen hedge all along the road from the Swope lane up the hill and to a gap past the houses on the other side of the road. There were no houses on that side when I was young. A couple of large limbs wired together from this hedge supplied our Christmas trees many years.

## **WEDDING - 1921**

The wedding that took place - 28 July 1921, was at the home of the bride. The bridal dress was bought for \$25 which was then considered quite extravagant. T was a chiffon lace trimmed, with length just below the knee, size 14. I dressed upstairs with the help of my two cousins. Since I must have something borrowed I wore a pair of their white shoes and the other's garters. I came down the stairs into the dining room, met my husband to be and we went out to the front porch where the ceremony was performed. The minister was Rev. Perry France, uncle to the groom. All around the porch hung Japanese lanterns which lighted the lawn where the guests were seated. All except the parents who were in the swing at the end of the long porch.

Refreshments as usual were served. "No" we didn't have a real wedding cake.

We went up to our furnished apartment that night. Then for a honeymoon we went to Terre haute in a Ford to where my brother (Ralph) and his family were living. My brother worked in Swope's Jewelry Store on Wabash Avenue then, later opening a gas station-grocery store combined in the Ville. We took my two youngest sisters, Alice and Isabel, with us on the trip which was considered by us quite a long distance at that time. After coming home there were quite a few busy days to get our apartment livable. As was the custom in those days, there was a shiveree, a group a young people came with all kinds of noise making things. After standing outside awhile making all the racket they could, they were invited in to partake of refreshments.

We lived here in the apartment until November when we moved to our new home on Whetstone Road about 1/4 mile south of the school. This was the home of Mr. Add McCutchan, a 5 room frame house on 7 1/2 acres.

I resigned my teaching job after marriage, but the school trustee said they had no one to take my place, so I continued to teach the primary grades 1 and 2 at McCutchanville, therefore, moving was done during the Thanksgiving holidays.

## **MARRIAGE**

The day arrived when another old maid school teacher decided to sail forth on the sea of matrimony. After the diamond ring had been accepted, there followed many busy days. One of the uppermost thoughts was where to find a home. After looking and asking we decided to ask a man who was at that time living alone in a two story home. Knowing him well but feeling rather embarrassed, we placed our problems before him. To our relief and delight he agreed to let us have one side of the house which consisted of a front room to serve as a living room then down a narrow hall was a small room but plenty large enough to serve as a kitchen. Mr. Ed Moll, Sr. was then living at this place on Petersburg Road, on the north side of the road near the intersection of Browning Road.

Busy days followed, buying the necessary furniture -bedroom suit, dresser, small black rocker, black chair, dining room buffet, table and chair, kitchen outfit, pots and pans, etc.

## THE CENTURY OLD CHURCH

Now Listed On The National Register Of Historic Places

Tho' a hundred years have passed away  
Since the first stone was laid  
For then Church in the Ville, that November day,  
Many dear friends have worshipped there,  
Friends whose faces we see no more.  
Now different feet pass through the door  
And worship continues as in the days of yore.

Sunday School and Church Services I attended through  
the years  
With those friends whose memories I hold so dear.  
The inspiration received within those walls  
Has lingered - though eighty odd years have passed.

How dear to my heart was the sound of the bell  
As it rang out its summons on each Sabbath morn.  
Calling to folk young and old, living near and far,  
O'er the air at 8:30 they heard it say -  
"Oh come, come, come to the Church in the Ville."

Now various melodies from chimes we hear  
Placed in memory of those friends we hold so dear  
But the sound of that Old Bell  
Will always remain  
The sweetest of all refrains.

Not in cars of various colors and size  
They, the true hearted, came.  
They walked or they drove  
Horses through the rain or the snow  
Then tied them to the old hitching post or tree  
Ere the old folk and children in the church would go.

Many changes have been made both inside and out  
Through the hundred years that have passed  
The old hitching post has disappeared at last.  
The large heating stoves in the front corner are no longer  
seen;  
Now artificial palms stand there tall and green.  
Folks need not hover 'round the stoves to warm fingers  
and toes;  
The entire room is heated by a furnace in the basement  
below.

Tho' many a grumble was heard  
The organ, that was pumped by two feet,  
Was replaced by a piano grand.  
Now we find the large organ with many pipes complete,  
But the piano by its side still stands.

Fans with funeral ads on, also large Palm leaf fans,  
Waved to and for during the hot summer hours  
As the Minister reverently spoke of God's blessing and  
power.  
Now cool air 'round the room circulates;

In place of the fans, new red bibles in each pew have  
been placed.

New fencing has been build  
'Round the cemeteries on south, east, and west,  
Where friends and loved ones too  
In those cemeteries were laid to rest.

And on a pole there flies on high  
The flag of our country, the red, white and blue  
Saying to all as it waves in the breeze  
"To yourself - your country and your God - ever be true.

The melodies and words of the songs we sang  
In Sunday School so long ago  
Still linger in the heart and mind  
And thoughts given then by teacher and superintendents  
we knew  
Will long be remembered too.

At 9:30 when a tap or two of the Belfry Bell was heard  
All knew Sunday School Services would begin  
With Superintendent directing a song or two  
All bowed heads silently in prayer.

The adults moved quietly to classes of their own  
After offering thanks to the Creator for blessing they  
shared.  
Miss Isabel Whitehead, Mr. Bob Henry, and Miss Nettie  
Patterson were teachers we've known.  
The little folk then moved to a room of their own  
Formed when the large folding doors in back were  
closed.

I can still see in my mind's eye  
Mrs. Nora McCutchan, the Superintendent, standing  
there  
Greeting the little folk as they passed by -  
To be seated on rows of little red chairs.

How blessed is this Church of God  
Where thou art worshipped and adored.  
May the doors be opened wide  
Through the years that come and go,  
May those who morn and those who fear  
Be comforted and strengthened as they pray.

And those who err be guided here  
To find the better way.  
Be in each song of praise  
Which here the people raise  
And guide through the coming years  
All those who gather here.  
Elnora S. France - November 1980

## A POEM OF LONG AGO

### Elnora Swope And Her "Mule"

There was a mule --- that went to school  
But he wouldn't mind the teacher  
The wind did blow  
The ground was white with snow  
The mule was supposed to go into a shed  
But tho he was led  
And coaxed and begged  
He held his head high  
Till the teacher was ready to cry  
Oh dear! 'Twas well there were no children near  
For that teacher was a preachin  
Cause that Mule was such a Stubborn Ole Fool.

-----

Had to drive a Mule to the buggy one morning over to Union School on Darmstadt road, Center Township. The roads were very slick . . . it had snowed . . . drizzled rain and froze.

Father said, "Drive the Mule or stay home . . . because your horse could not stand up on those slick roads." Father was still boss. I drove that Mule though very embarrassed in doing so . . . as I had to take that Mule to a neighbor to get him out of the weather.

-----

There was a dog as I've heard tell  
was running round a log  
Then . . . I heard folds say  
That he got a spray.

Oh, how he stunk  
Because he had tried to chase a skunk.

Tho the dog a house he had  
He smelled so bad  
He slept outside in the air  
The family felt sorry for him  
And they sure wanted to get rid of that smell too.

So they gave him a bath  
in catsup and tomato juice.  
As he wasn't a pup  
It took more than a cup  
In fact it took a gallon or two  
Ere they turned that dog loose  
A smelling as good as new.

A true story about Jake Our Big German Shepherd