My Life
As I Remember It

BY

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(neé ANNA LYKKEN)

To 1982
Tom Abrahamson
from
great grandma Klemme

THE EARLY YEARS

This is written as I remembered it and as it was told to me by my parents and my grandparents.

My grandfather, Ole J. Lykken, came to this country from Norway to homestead. Claims were staked out here in Union County, South Dakota. With the help of land surveyors they found land by what is now known as the Roseni neighborhood. There were three other men with my grandfather in that year of 1865, who started from Vermillion to look for the land of their choice.

My grandfather chose a quarter section of land that was one mile and a half west of Nora. They planted lots of trees on their land, mostly cottonwoods, and yet today we can see those old groves of trees still standing.

These men, alone and without families, dug caves in the earth in which they lived. They left their families in Norway until such a time that they were ready for them to join them here in their new country. At first, crops were poor and prices low, the seasons were dry, and the grasshoppers were plentiful. The grasshoppers didn't do much harm to the native wild grass, but made farming almost futile, destroying much of the settlers' work for the first five or six years. The settlers were inexperienced at farming, this was a drawback and also there was a lack of money with which to buy necessary machinery and farm animals. Oxen were cheapest, so they were used at first for pulling wagons and in the fields.

Winters were hard because of blizzards and very cold weather. Grandfather told of one winter when it snowed off and on all winter until the snow was 6 feet deep on the level, with drifts reaching 10 and 12 feet high before spring came.

He built his first house as soon as he could. It was a two room shanty with benches made onto the walls on two sides of the kitchen. The cupboards were built right onto the walls and

there was a home-made kitchen table, so not much more was needed to get along. They had a rocker and a couple of chairs and a stove, bed, and a dresser. By now it was 1874 and he was able to send for his wife and his son, Lars, my father.

My father was 8 years old at this time. Later more children were born, but several died as small children from small pox, measles, or diphtheria which killed so many children in those days. There were no doctors to call then. Five of their 13 children lived, three sons grew to manhood: Lars, Sigvold, and Isack; the other two died at an early age.

There were Indians still living in that part of the country but they were peaceful and in a few years they moved farther west in the state. There were still tepees standing on the land where my father started farming when he first came to America.

As their families became larger, my grandparents built a large square house which still stands today in very good condition. Also the first little shanty they lived in is still in its place on the original farm site.

They always owned sheep as they needed the wool for knitting socks, mittens, and scarves. They sheared the sheep, carded the wool and spun it into yarn. I can remember helping Grandmother card wool and I would hold the long loops of yarn she had spun, on both of my hands out in front of me. From these hunks or skeins of wool, she would roll the strands into balls of yarn from off my hands. Then she would knit the necessary items of clothing from the wool rolled into balls. Grandmother took her knitting along whenever she went visiting or to their Ladies Aid, her hands were always busy.

After they built a big barn and could provide shelter, they kept several milk cows. The milk was cooled in a tank of water in a building called "the milk house." The windmill pumped water into a tank for cooling the milk in, and every day milk was hauled to the Nora creamery where it was separated and butter was made from the cream. The women folk of that time did most of the milking if there were not too many cows. One person could milk 10 cows in not too long a time (by hand, of course). There were chickens to care for, too, and Grandmother would set her hens to hatch baby chicks in the spring. Raising chickens was done in this way until about 1915 when incubators began to be used in the hatching of baby chicks, but Grandmother didn't have one of those. I can recall helping her gather

eggs. She had boxes for nests nailed up in the corners of every shed in addition to the nests that were in the chicken house. The hens would sometimes hide their nests and in the latter part of the summer they would come out of hiding with twelve to fifteen baby chicks following after each hen. Those chicks the hen would care for very well.

Grandfather usually had white horses, but at one time had a big black one that he traded off for 80 acres of land. Land was not worth too much in those days, or a horse was worth a lot!

I can remember when our uncle got a new red wheeled rubber tired buggy. My, that was something! They polished and kept a buggy clean as we do our cars nowadays.

My mother (Ovidia Nordgaard) came across from Norway in 1892 when she was 20 years old. Most immigrants came across on a ticket for the trip furnished by someone here in America, it was then necessary to work out the price of that ticket in the service of those people who paid for the ticket. As my grandparents had sent my mother her ticket, she worked for them, and others, until she married their son, Lars, my father, in 1896. To this union was born 8 children: Ole, John, Anna (that's me), Arthur, Agnes, Louis, Abbie, and Salmer. All still live with the exception of Agnes who passed away in 1918 at the age of 15 years as the result of having measles.

My parents' first house was a shanty, still standing, consisting of one room and a low upstairs, more like an attic. As they needed more space and could do so, they built another house made up of one big room, one bedroom and an upstairs. A curtain was used to divide the space into two rooms and we lived in this house until 1909 when the folks built a big house, which still stands in good condition today on the farm that is owned by my sister, Abbie, and her husband Alvin Anderson. The big house was added on to the original house and not built from scratch, so it turned out to be four rooms downstairs and four bedrooms and a hall upstairs and an attic up over that. This house was plenty big for the family as the years went on. The year that they built on to the old house, all the children, but me, had bad cases of scarlet fever. I was over at my grandmother's house the day the doctor was called out and he quarantined the entire family for three weeks. I stayed at Grandmother's house during that time and I went back home each day with our hired

man to do the milking. We were milking several cows at that time. My mother could not even sell her eggs during the period of quarantine, so we packed them in a wooden barrel filled with oats and they kept all right. Oats will stay cool and in turn keep the eggs from spoiling.

Our milk was taken to the Nora Creamery each morning and we brought back separated milk and buttermilk in the empty milk cans. My father had a milk house too, at this time, so he had a tank where the windmill pumped water through, so the tank had cool water in it at all times. The water would then run out into a stock tank from the tank in the milk house, so the water wasn't wasted, but put to good use.

My parents got a cream separator in 1911, a De Lavel, then we could separate our own milk, there was no need to take it to the Nora Creamery for that purpose. An agent had come around and most all the folks that milked cows bought a separator, so it was necessary for the Nora Creamery to change over to doing mainly churning, as all the folks arouund separated their own milk and brought only their cream to the creamery then. The butter was shipped off to the cities. One year the Nora Creamery got a prize for the best country butter sold to one firm located in New York. The Nora Creamery continued with this operation until 1932 when the Alcester, South Dakota Cooperative bought them out.

About this time, 1911, my father bought his first car, an Overland, with 2 doors in the back. Few cars were seen before this time, and they were unusual enough to make a problem when driving on the road if you should meet a team of horses on a buggy. Often you had to get out and hold on to the horses or they would rear up and get very hard to hold.

My grandmother was a special person to me. I was with her a lot and I liked to help her. Mostly she had jobs for me to do for her, such as one day a week I would use clabby milk and take stains off her copper teakettle and copper coffee pot. That sour milk sure did the job and it wasn't hard work either, but it took time as everything had to be washed well afterwards. The water buckets were made of wood and had wide brass bands around them at the top and bottom and, of course, those had to be shined too. When I helped her clean house she would hand me a pointed paring knife to use in the corners, as in window sills and other corners. She said, "If you leave dirt, it laughs at you!"

That has stayed with me and I passed the saying on to my own daughters.

Cleaning house today is sure a lot different from how it was done in Grandmother's day and yet their old ways did as good a job as the new wonders of today do. Maybe it required more work then, but to those older folk, work was all they knew.

As a small girl I always looked ahead to going to Grandma's house. Everything tasted good there, her cookies had a flavor of their very own, and I could never make any that would taste like her's.

Another thing, I cannot remember Grandmother wearing anything but floor length skirts or dresses, she never got away from that style.

They made all of their own soap. All drippings, tallow, and fat were saved for the making of soap. After butchering a cow or hog all the tallow and fat was rendered and used, along with the lard that had become rancid from the last time they had butchered. So that is how they got away with the extra lard. One day a year was soap making day. All the fats on hand were melted up and put into a large wash tub. The lye water needed was mixed up in an enamel pail. The lye water was poured into the melted fat and the mixture was stirred and stirred until partly cool or till it started to thicken. Wooden boxes were lined with cloth and this soft mess was poured into the boxes and covered and let stand overnight. There would usually be some seepage from these boxes so they couldn't be placed over a floor, for the seepage would ruin a floor. The next morning the soap could be cut into squares the size you wanted. They were let stand till very hard, then stacked on a shelf until needed. This made a good cleaning soap and I have made a lot of it in my day. In fact my soap floated in water just like Ivory Soap which advertisers used to sell by saying "it floats," so did mine float! Soap making was not done much after 1930.

When my grandmother became bedridden with cancer, she wanted me to care for her and cook for Grandpa. I was with them from February until May at which time she got so sick the doctor told my mother it would be better if I didn't stay there any more, as at night she wanted me to sit in a rocker by her bed and hold her hand, which I did. It was no easy job in those days, as there was so much laundry that had to be done and it all had to be done on a washboard by hand. In those days cancer

was a bad word. When someone had cancer it was whispered, not said out loud. This always puzzled me. I felt she certainly couldn't help that she had it! She passed away in May 1918, bless her soul! After her death Grandpa stayed here and there, some times with his sons and sometimes at his own home.

When I went to school we always seemed to have trouble somehow getting lice in our hair. Almost every winter and other times too, we would pick them up in school, then my mother would have a time getting rid of the lice on us. She would use insect powder that was used to spray around in the house to kill flies. Then she would use a real fine toothed comb, one that had teeth on each side and use this to go through our hair every morning. My hair was so thick and curly that she had a hard time making that fine toothed comb go through my hair. So I was sometimes lousier than the rest of the kids. There was a family at school that got blamed for all the lice, but I don't know for sure if it was their fault or not. Anyway, we did not rub our heads together, so how I got them, I just don't know. The lice on the kids that had come over from Norway were a different kind of lice, maybe the Norwegian lice. The round-like louse in their clothes was a bigger louse than the kind we had here in America. My husband, Emil, has told me he used to get lice, too, at school, so I guess there were lousy people in those days.

Bedbugs were everywhere! I can remember when Emil came home with a couch he had bought at a sale, for the two eldest of our children to sleep on. It was so full of bedbugs that I had to pour carbolic acid in all the cracks. That was about the best thing to get rid of the bugs. I put carbolic acid in a squirt can so I could get it into all the cracks. I did this very thoroughly before we took the couch into our house. Once you got them, it was hard to get rid of them. We never had bugs, thank goodness, since I started to keep house. I do remember every time we went to visit one place, our girls would come home with bites on their seats and legs. I found one bug in one of the girl's bloomers one day after we had visited there the night before and they had gone to sleep on the people's bed before we had gone home. So I finally figured it out — and I kept a close watch after that to make sure we had taken none home in our clothes.

I helped Clara (my husband's foster sister) move one time and when we tore the paper off the walls in their house to put on new wall paper in one of their bdrooms, we had to wait until she had gone over the walls with some oil with carbolic acid in it

to first kill the bugs. She had a job before they could move into that house! If I remember right, they fumigated the house as that was about all that could be done. Well, it's a good thing there is no more of that. There were no insecticides those days to kill such things and at times they got out of hand.

My job as soon as I was big enough was the garden work. I always liked that and Mother let me take on the job. We usually had some of every kind of vegetable, such as carrots, beets, onions, turnips and Kolrobi. I had never heard of green beans until after I was married. The potatoes were my Dad's job. He would cut them and get ready to plant, then he would get all the kids out there who were big enough to put potatoes "just so" in the furrow. In this way they would come up in a straight row, and it would be the same when he would dig them. All the kids out there picking up potatoes this time, and Mother would come after us and scratch around in the dirt to see if we missed any.

There was a lot of walking done back then. If the distance was not more than three or four miles, we would walk it, the kids would, anyway. We had parties in neighborhood homes for our entertainment. The neighbors would take turns giving them. In the summer time we played games outside, and in the winter we played indoor games. As a rule about 16 or 18 would be present for an indoor party and more people than that attended the outside parties. Some of the games we played outdoors were Drop the Hankie, Brand New Pig In The Parlor, Last Couple Out, Captain Jinks, Go In and Out the Window, Come to Supper, and London Bridge Is Falling Down. Some of the inside games we played were Pass the Key, Fruit Basket Upset, Five Words in Your Ear, Flying Dutchman, Meet the Queen, Let Her Go, and Post Office. The outside games were also played at such times as the 4th of July, church picnics or at church festivals during the year. Usually the Fourth of July picnics were held at a place two miles west of the Roseni Church in a big grove of trees. There would be a big program and sometimes a band would be there to play on the program. Everyone would bring their picnic dinner and folks would put flags on their cars or buggies. The Fourth of July was a big event and there was always a new dress to be worn on that day. The Labor Day celebrations were big, too, and that gathering was usually held at Alsen in a grove of trees there and there would be a speaker, band, an evening dance, a merry-go-round, and other concession stands. A ride on the merry-go-round cost 5 cents. There would be races held for

the children; sack races, three-legged races, potato races, speed races to see who could run the fastest. This was a lot of fun for young folks and it wasn't far to go and the parents all went too, and the crowds were large.

In the winter we skated. Our meadows were usually under ice then so even grown men would come out on Sundays and skate. Most of our coasting was done on the Nora hill. The boys had made a bob sled that would seat six on it and they would slide from the hill to the west at Nora way up to the hill to the easst. There would be big crowds there enjoying the sliding and coasting.

When I was a child I remember that we had finished threshing and we kids were down around the new straw pile, a real big one, south of the house by the cattle lane and about 200 feet from the house. The boys sent me into the house to get some matches, and I had to climb up on a chair to reach the match box on the wall, but I brought them a few matches. The boys had raked some of the fine chaff into small piles, and the boys set fire to these small piles of chaff. I guess they never thought the fire could get away from them. Of course with a south wind the fire took off in a hurry. Before long the big pile of straw was aflame and we all ran and hid, for we knew we had done wrong. Our Dad was away threshing, but the neighbors saw the fire and came from all directions to help save all the farm buildings. They plowed up the ground near the house and between the fire and the barn. Well, nothing burned but the big straw pile, thank goodness. We three kids got a good whipping which we sure needed. Mother made us get our own switches when we needed a whipping, which was off and on. If the switch we found was too small, she would send us after another, and a switching we would get when we needed it. One day when Mother was in the field plowing, she had a young girl staying with us while she was busy in the field. We three older kids were in a bedroom and we were having a time! Those days mattresses were filled with fresh straw and how we got at that I can't rmember, but we had dug out all the straw from one of the mattresses. So when Mother came home for dinner, she found a real mess in the bedroom. I was small at the time and I can't remember what punishment we got that time, but such things stay with you and you never forget. Kids will be kids!

I remember when lightning struck our church one summer. We could see it burning so plainly from my window upstairs.

Sure made me feel bad. I was fifteen years old at that time. All that was saved from the church was the baptismal fount. I was old enough when the church was re-built to help do things to make extra money for things for the new church. The young people's groups held suppers and other things to help make extra money, and the choir had things to help too. It is an awful feeling when your church burns.

One time my godmother gave me a lamb, a sheep had had two lambs and disowned one of them, so it was given to me to care for. I had to heat milk for it and my mother had warned me not to give it too much or it would die. Well, it looked so hungry that I fed it another cup and that afternoon, it died. So I suppose it got colic. It made me feel bad, but I had been warned.

When the hard rains came our meadows and pastures would flood and the fish would come up from the Brule Creek. After one flood, my brothers were so proud when they caught several big carp. It seems John would lie down crosswise (this was after the creek had gone back down some) in the creek and stop the fish from swimming upstream, then Ole stood by and threw them out with a pitch fork. So then they came home with a lot of fish. A few days later John returned to the creek and later came home with a lot of crabs in a pail and he told mother he had caught "more fish." I guess he thought since they came out of the creek they were fish too, but Mother told him they were crabs.

When the three of us older children started to school, we could talk no English, so we found it hard to learn at first. Because We had to miss school in the fall and in the spring in order to work in the fields, and sometimes at other times, too when there was work to be done, we didn't go beyond the 7th grade, the three oldest of us. Older kids would sometimes go to school until they passed the 8th grade and some kids went until they were 18 years old. There were 34 kids going to the little Star School house in those days. On the way home from school (we walked, of course) all those kids that went west of the school parted company at the same corner. That was the corner where the fights took place. Usually the older boys would give a nickel to one or two boys that would agree to fight.. One of these times it was two second grade boys and my brother, John, was one of them. The big boys got such a kick out of watching those little guys nearly pull each others ears off, and get all scratched up in the face, this was great sport to them.

On the way home from school we would look for sheep "sour grass" and Indian potatoes, a grass that had little marble-like things under them, these we would eat. We also ate wild onions and in the fall we would eat the dried up rose seed pods from the wild roses. We looked for wild strawberries, and we usually knew where they grew.

My dad always had a lot of hogs on his place. A shelter for the hogs was a straw-pile-and-pole shed made with big tree limbs laying on top of 2 x 4 inch boards fastened to poles. Then on the top of that shed he would thresh some straw which made a nice shelter for the pigs on bad days. We could provide a lot of milk for hogs, so ours did well when they were small. We always saved all the dish water and scraps that the cats and dogs didn't eat, and we put this into 5-gallon pails which we then emptied into swill barrels. Milk went into the swill barrel from the milk house, then Dad would mix some ground meal with this and it made the best slop for hogs. Hogs were always "slopped" in those days. His hogs always did very well, but one year, 1916 it was, he built a good sized hog house for 20 brood sows at pigging time. That year he had 160 little pigs from those 20 sows. Then that fall those pigs caught cholera and all of them died but six and they lost all their hair and never would put on any weight. So it would seem a new hog house didn't help his hog business that year.

Most years Dad seemed to have good crops. He would have 300 loads of manure to haul out onto the fields in spring. He would hire a man to do that for him each year until his boys were old enough to do this job, which they did in the later years of his farming. One year the corn didn't mature properly and it was soft when he picked it, this didn't happen but that one year for Dad. He was lucky enough to have a big crib of ear corn from the previous year from which he sold a good deal of seed corn the following spring because it was dry corn. He sold seed corn for $6.00 a bushel that spring.

Dad was a thresher. He threshed for himself and others for several years. He ran the separator and Isack, his brother, operated the steam engine all during the years that they threshed. At that time horse power was used for shelling corn and also on the elevators for binning grain and corn. We children had the job of driving the horses around and around as he shelled and we would get tired of it, of course. I remember one time for some excitement we did some teasing to one horse. That horse didn't

like it when we would get in front of her and make faces at her. She would paw her front leg at us and sometimes even rear up, and of course we thought that was fun. But, Dad caught us at it one day, so that had to end!

It makes me laugh to think back on the team of horses I used on the spring wagon when I would go to confirmation class at church. Dad worked all the horses, but the two I used; one a big blind white horse and the other a small riding pony! Some team, but we got to church!

In our childhood we heard so much about ghosts. We heard the sounds of one, I think, on our home place for as long as we lived there. My mother would say she was sure a big Indian was buried under the place where the shanty, their first little house, stood. At a certain time in the evening around 5 or 6 o'clock, we would hear sounds that resembled three beats on a tub or boiler. It still happened after mother changed stoves so it could not have been in the stove. In later years the shanty was moved to a location farther west of where it stood, and the sounds disappeared, so maybe an Indian chief was buried there. In her youth my mother had lived and roamed with gypsy bands living in Norway, she had no living parents and the gypsies had offered her a home when she must have needed one badly. The Salvation Army was responsible for rescuing her from life with the gypsies, and for the remainder of her life she had only nice things to say about the Salvation Army. I am sure that living with gypsies as a young girl had something to do with my mother being superstitious and believing in spooks and ghosts. She told of places in Norway where there would be spooks present wherever someone had killed themself. She mentioned one bridge there that when you walked across it at midnight you could see a bunch of cats crossing the bridge. I never believed in ghosts!

Many years ago people in our community said there were ghosts on a farm up on the road going to Beresford. A light had been seen on the place though no one lived there, so one night a fellow who didn't believe in ghosts investigated the light and found out that when the moon got up in the sky so high it shone on a plow-share standing in the yard there. Even the local paper had a write-up about that "ghost." But it was no longer seen after the plow was moved.

As a child I thought I saw a cow's head coming out of our rain barrel once and I was so upset Mother had to hold me to

get me over the fright. That cow's head surely looked real to me. The rain barrel was used for catching rain water from off the roof; good soft water that we found many uses for, and the barrel stood outside our bedroom window. My brother John had to be watched closely as he would walk in his sleep, and one night Mother found him way out north of the trees on our place and once he was found half way up the windmill. All she could do that time was talk softly to him so he would come down without waking up. She said sleepwalkers don't get hurt if they do these things while they are asleep. But I don't know.

My father had a pony he would ride after the cows and many a time he would come walking home with the cows because the pony had thrown him. Sometimes months would go by and the pony would be fine then all at once he would throw whoever rode him. I used to ride him to pick up the mail and one time then too, he beat me home, as I landed beside the road! He was tricky, and had to always be tied in the barn as he would open gates. Our gates had a loop at the top and bottom that looped over the gate post and that pony surely could get these loops off the post. He was a good buggy horse, though. If a team was used, his mate was so much bigger than he was so they didn't make a nice looking team. They were usually the team we used to go to town, which was a big trip with a team of horses.

This is how my parents took care of their meats. We butchered all of the meat that we used. I can remember they always did this in February when it was real cold. A cow would be first shot in the head and knocked in the head, too, after she had fallen down. Then right away they would stick a knife in her neck in a certain place, where he cut a slit first so the blood could come gushing out. A pan was held ready to catch all the blood, and it was set, as a rule, in cold water or snow while someone kept stirring it until it "parted." The tissues from the blood were then thrown out and soon, after the stirring, it would be all clean blood which Mother took into the house and mixed with some flour, spices and salt and again stirred real well. This mixture would make what we called blood baloney. Next, it was put into the small salt sacks that we used to get our table salt in, these had been saved all year for this purpose. If she had more blood boloney than she had sacks for, she would put the rest in a cake pan measuring 9" x 13". She would then boil the sacks in water a couple of hours, and the pan she would bake. We ate this for breakfast, sliced, fried, with syrup on it and it was very good with head cheese or pigs' feet.

After the blood was caught, the cow was hung up as the hind part was skinned and hoisted up as the skinning took place so as to keep the carcass clean. The innards were removed after all the skin was removed, and the carcass left to cool. The heart, liver, and tallow were saved, and all the meat was cut from the head. A hog was usually butchered at the same time as a cow so as to make better head cheese, and they added pork to "rolls" that were made from the flanks under the belly of the cow. These flanks were used as rolls, we called them. A ten inch square of flank was cut, this was filled with some heart, or other meat scraps from both the hog and the cow and rolled into a chubby roll and sewed up with cord. This roll was now put into a mild brine for two weeks, then it was ready to cook and slice. When served cold, it made the best luncheon meat, believe me. Most of the meat from the cow was cut into chunks, and all the bones were saved and all of it went into a brine "strong enough to make an egg float." The pieces from the hind quarters of the cow were hung up to dry after being in the brine for three weeks. It took quite a while, couple of months, to dry, but was that good dried beef! The pieces when dry enough were wrapped and buried in the oat bin. Did you know oats stay cool down in there? This was the way the meat was kept away from summer heat and flies and it would not dry out.

The hide from the cow was sprinkled with salt and sold. The salt preserved it that way. The hides were sold to Strange Brothers in Sioux City, Iowa.

Now, the hog was done differently. A rope was put on its hind leg so the pig could be tied up to something. The hog was knocked in the head with an ax, so it fell down, then someone hurried to stick it in the throat with a knife so it would bleed good. That blood was saved as from the beef. A pig was usually butchered on a platform made up to the proper height so it was comfortable to work around. On one end was a wooden barrel which was filled with boiling hot water with ashes in it. After the hog was killed, it was ready to scald in order to take the hair off real clean. As a rule it took two men to lift the hog by its hind legs and dunk it up and down in the hot water in the barrel. Then they would take hold of the front legs and dunk it up and down a few times, and then repeat again from the hind legs . . . so it got a good dunking. The men and women would all start scraping the hair off after it was laid out on the platform. The faster this was done, the better the hair came off . . .

the head and feet were the hardest to get clean. The women had to do a better job on those later before they were cooked. The ears, snout, and tail were used, too. After they were cleaned, they were boiled until tender and put into a mild brine where it stayed until it was eaten. The hog's head was made into head cheese, we called it. The head was cut in half, the brains, teeth and eyes taken out, and the rest was boiled until all the meat would come off the bones. This meat was put into bags of cloth along with sliced cooked pieces of the heart, the liver and the fat from the head. After it was seasoned well and onions added, the bags were sewed up, laid in a pan, and something heavy put on it in order to press all the grease out of it. It was then kept in a cool place and served sliced cold. It was very good to eat with pancakes. There were no refrigerators in those days of my childhood so things were kept cool in a cool cave or a cellar used for that purpose. The brine barrels for all the meat were kept in our ice house in a grove of trees where it was shady. They had a small ice box for the house for butter, etc. They put a lot of ice in the ice house so it would last all summer and into the fall. Sawdust was put around the ice as it was packed in the ice house and it kept real good, and we always had our ice for homemade ice-cream too. When young I never heard of putting ice in water to drink. Our water was nice and cool right from the well.

The grain crop was seeded as early as possible. Wheat was sowed by everyone in those days and was always planted earliest. Then barley was sowed. Oats were seeded by broadcaster which covered three rows of corn, was pulled by two horses driven by someone who walked behind the broadcaster. After the grain had been disced two times, plowing was begun on the fields where corn was to be planted.

At first my father plowed with a walking plow pulled by two horses. Later he used a single blade plow he could ride on, pulled by three horses. My mother did much of my father's plowing after he got the riding plow. Later yet he got what was called a gang plow which was pulled by 6 horses. Fields were dragged, sometimes they had to be disced first before dragging. Now they were ready for planting.

Corn seed was picked from a crib of corn. Dad would do that on rainy days. He would sit in the crib and pick out his ears of seed corn early in the spring. After he had tipped all the ears so all the end small kernels were off and only the nice kernels left on the ear, he would shell the corn with a hand sheller.

This method was used for years. I can remember he once bought one bushel of whimpel corn, with kernels so sharp it sure wore out the mitts at corn pickin' time. This corn was supposed to have deeper kernels on the cob. After that he grew his own seed from that corn as it was good yielding corn.

After the corn planting was done, usually a day was spent castrating the young pigs and calves. After this it was time to cut the first crop of hay. He had some hay that was so coarse, called slew hay, that it had to be cut early.

After haying was finished it was time to cultivate the corn. The corn had been planted in very straight rows 40 inches apart, 2 and 3 kernels to a hill. The rows had to be straight cross-wise too, as it was cultivated four times, two times each way across the field. The first cultivator I remember Dad using was a single row walking cultivator. It was pulled by two horses and he walked behind it. Later he got a one row riding cultivator which sure seemed easy to him, then later yet, when my brothers were old enough to help, he used a two row cultivator pulled by four horses. So it was important that the corn be planted in straight rows so the person cultivating would not plow out the corn. This was usually all finished by the 4th of July, when it was time to begin the grain harvest.

The grain was cut and tied into bundles by a machine called a binder. My father used a five foot binder pulled by three horses. Later he used an eight foot binder pulled by four horses. The bundles of tied grain were placed into shocks, several bundles to a shock and leaned against each other so that they would shed the rain. This was usually done by the kids and my mother. My mother was there to see that the kids did a good job. Before they were old enough to do this job I suppose a hired man did it for them.

After this was finished it was back to haying again. Haying was done by my dad and the boys. Mother used to help buck hay on the stacker in early years until the boys were old enough to do it. My dad was always up in the haystack building the stack. The stacker was set on a small knoll in a meadow so the hay stack would be dry if water was standing after a rain. A team of horses was hitched to a rope that pulled the buck loaded with hay up over the top of the stacker, the load of hay was then raised and dropped onto the stack. Then my dad who was on the hay stack had to untangle the hay and spread it around so it would

be a straight stack, so that after settling, it would not be lop-sided and tip over. The hay was allowed to lie on the ground a couple of days before raking and after bucking up from the wind rows, some extra raking had to be done to get the hay that was scattered.

By this time it was threshing time which meant a lot of work for everyone. Of all the summer activities when we were kids there was never anything like threshing time! The night before the big day, the threshing rig was hauled into our farm yard and this was the beginning of the excitement. The engineer was my uncle, Isack Lykken, and the big old separator was tended by my father. As soon as the engineer left it, we kids were all over that machine, exploring and pulling on the string that blew the whistle. It smelled of oil and grease and chaff, a very special smell.

The morning of threshing day the engineer came early in the morning to get the steam up high enough by the time the crew arrived to begin their work. The bundle haulers came one by one, there were usually eight of them, and they were sent out to the field that was to be threshed first. While they were loading their hayracks, the threshing rig was pulled to where the straw pile was to be. This was usually in the barnyard or the hog yard or into a barn where the straw would be used. My father liked a straw pile for his hogs to lie around, and also threshed some onto a pole shed (this was mentioned earlier) so that it would be shelter on rainy or cold days. Some people had a man stack their straw, and that man had outstanding skill, as stacking straw was considered a most undesirable job. He wore his shirt tails out and a blue handkerchief around his neck to keep the straw from going down into his shirt collar, and a hat on his head. He was swallowed up in the depths while he moved down the ever-increasing pile of straw. Chaff would blow into his eyes and nose and the heat and flying dust were almost unbearable, but he toiled hour upon hour with hardly a minute's rest, and he took pride in his finished straw stack. Very few men could do this kind of work.

Some farmers stacked their grain bundles at harvest for threshing later in the fall. This threshing was usually done after Labor Day in September in place of in July. A man that could make such a stack that would stand against winds and rains for a couple of months was indeed something of a special man. When the men were threshing, two boys would carry water to the men

or fill a 10 gallon milk can with water for them to drink. This was hauled to the threshing rig on a grain wagon. There were two grain haulers to haul the threshed grain to the granary where it was scooped into a bin by hand. In later years elevators were in use for this purpose.

What was happening at the house while the men threshed? Activity was feverish! The housewife had planned weeks ahead; she had baked up things to eat and cleaned her house. The usual menu was meat, potatoes, gravy, cabbage salad, beans, escalloped corn, sliced tomatoes, fresh cucumbers, cream peas, two kinds of pie, coffee, or milk, whatever they liked to drink. A very large roast was served as the meat dish, and if they ate there for a second dinner, usually chicken was served.

A washstand was made up outside using a bench and a pail of water, two washbasins, soap and towels. This was placed in the shade of a tree close by the house. The towels were hung on twigs on the trees and a mirror hung on a tree, and a comb was placed there for their use. So they were cleaned off some when they came in the house to have dinner, for threshing is dirty work. The smaller boys had the job of seeing that plenty of water was kept there for all to use when they washed. All the men were seated at one big table, so all could eat at once. There were fourteen men in a crew. If, for lack of room, someone ate later it was usually the man of the house because he had many things to look after while the men were eating in the house.

All the horses were fed and watered during the noon hour. No sooner were the dishes all done up and the women were busy making up more food, the afternoon lunch. They made more coffee and made sandwiches, packed cake and cookies and took all this out to where the threshing rig was located. There the men would have their four o'clock lunch each afternoon. In earlier years the threshers were given supper too, but later about 1930 they began to quit for the day a little earlier and they no longer served supper to threshing crews. The supper meal was just a little too much for these younger women, the older ones could work day in and day out, it seemed, and they usually did up all the chores too. I know we did at our home! Some women asked their neighbors to come and help on threshing day and then they in turn would help them back when the threshing crews moved to their place.

While threshing went on, usually for about three weeks, the kids and women at home had a job to do — that was to go

through all the corn fields, and cut the cockleburs and pull up the sand burrs out of the fields, so they could not spread their seeds. This time of summer was the right time to pull or cut down these pesky weeds whose seeds were yet too green to grow. Sand burrs, if left till later got too sharp and were so bad to put up with when the corn was picked in the fall. We would take two or three rows at a time, so it went fast when about four of us were out in the field at one time. If they were not cut as we did it, later during corn picking the horses' tails would get full of burrs and the sand burrs would get on our mitts and would stick through them into our skins and a burr sticker was hard to remove. So the men were helping each other finish the threshing and the women and children were cleaning the fields of burrs, and when this was completed it was time to put up some more hay or start plowing some of the stubble fields. That was mother's job until the boys were old enough to take over.

In the fall when school began again, sometimes there would be a couple of grown men who had come over from Norway that year that wanted to learn the English language. They would go to school in fall and winter until spring when they would have a job to go to again. This is how most of the immigrants learned to talk and read our language.

Corn picking time began around October 15th and took until Thanksgiving to finish. Dad farmed 240 acres, so there was a lot of corn to be picked. Again we all helped; mother and all the kids big enough to help, and my dad had the job of unloading the corn at noon by hand while we ate, and the same when we got back in the evenings. Mother had a hired girl to do some help like making the meals when she was out helping in the fields. In later years, Mother no longer needed to go out to the fields as her family was growing up and taking over the jobs she had done. The three oldest of us each had a wagon to pick corn in. My brothers could pick nearly 100 bushels a day each, and I averaged about 70 bushels a day. In addition to corn picking we all had to help do the milking and chores, separating the milk and harness our own teams, so days were not too long in the fields as we had so many chores to do in the evening. We milked around 30 cows and we all had to help with that job at all times and it was all done by hand. Sometimes we milked as many as 42 cows, but it didn't take too long when so many worked at it.

By this time our dad had an elevator for unloading the corn which helped him a lot. The first elevators were pulled by horse

power, this continued for many years. We three oldest stayed home from school for the number of weeks it took to get the corn picking done. After that we could go again until spring when Dad needed help again, so we usually missed the same part of every school year.

After we had had a lot of cold weather in the wintertime, about January or February, the ice on the Brule would be frozen very deep. Then my dad would haul ice for the creamery at Nora. They preferred ice about 18 inches thick for cutting. All the cutting was done by hand and some would cut and some would haul, and those farmers having ice houses filled them, too, at this time. At the creamery it took two men in the ice house to pack the ice so it held as much as possible and would last until the next winter when it was cool weather again.

I remember we always went to Grandma's house on Christmas Day for dinner as did other members of their family, and we exchanged gifts. Our Sunday School children's program and Christmas tree at church were held at 4 o'clock on that afternoon, so from Grandma's to church all would go. We used horses, of course, and I guess that was why they had it in the afternoon, in order that folks could get home to do their chores before it got too late. We did not have a visit from "Santa Clause" in those days.

In the year of 1914 my parents went to Norway for a three month visit. We kids stayed at home, the oldest of us was 18 years old and the youngest, 2 years old. I was 15 years old at this time. We had the responsibility of doing the farming and taking care of everything including washing and cooking. We all stayed well during their absence, but when we heard of the mines being planted in the ocean by the Germans it had us all scared for their safety on their trip home. When they arrived in New York City on August 8th of that year, they sent us a telegram to say they got over the ocean all right, but when I answered the phone and heard it was a telegram, I fainted! Our grandmother had listened in on the call (it was a party line), didn't hear me answer any more, so they came over to our place and I was still "out" when they got there. Well, I guess we had worried so much about our parents, I didn't think it could be anything but bad news.

By the time of their return, the boys had the threshing done already. As at other times Uncle Isack was the engineer, so it went all right. We had a good grain crop that year. It had been

seeded before Dad left in the latter part of March, we had had an early spring that year.

Dad had installed an electric light plant in the year of 1912, so we had electric lights and refrigeration by then. We also had an electric iron and our washing machine was pulled by a pulley powered by a gas engine. The gas engine ran the dynamo that charged the storage batteries that gave us the electricity to run our lights. As we had to charge these batteries once a week, we always washed clothes on that day in order to make extra use of the gas engine that was running. Dad also had water pipes dug down so that we had running water by 1914 in the house as well as by the barn. We had a cistern on a hill to produce the force necessary for the water to run to where we had it piped. So times were becoming more modern.

The telephone came in, in the year of 1912. When all the people in the neighborhood got a phone it was a private line owned by the farmers who owned shares to be members. There was a telephone center at Alsen, and there was a lineman hired to take care of trouble that would come up with the phone lines. It hasn't been too many years since this system was bought up by Northwestern Telephone Company, about the time that dial phones came into use, I think.

I can so well remember the day my parents' phone was put in. I rode along in the wagon and drove the horses for the men as they were stringing wire on tall telephone posts. The posts had been set beforehand. So I sat down on a roll of wire. Well, they had our phone box put in with the batteries in it and all ready for use, when on our way across the meadows to Grandfather's place, as I sat on that roll of wire, someone at our house turned the crank on our phone box, and BOY! did I jump! The batteries gave me an electric shock, I say! The phone lines went straight across the meadows, the shortest way to get from place to place.

Another thing I used to like to do was go along with Dad and drive his team as he set fence posts or when he fixed his pasture fences. He would sharpen his posts like we sharpen a pencil. They would all be sharpened first and ready to take along in the wagon along with a 10 gallon can of water. When he was ready to set a post, he would dig a little shallow hole, pour water into it, set his pointed post in the hole to start it, then he used a sledge hammer to drive the post just so far into the ground. His fence lines were always straight as a line and his posts all into the

ground at the same depth. He usually did the fencing himself as it had to be done just so to please him. The person that went along with him on this job to drive the horses also held the post for him until it got started into the ground.

I will tell you how clothes washing has improved in my days. The first way we did it was by rubbing them on a washboard, of course. The first washing machine my parents had was a wooden tub with ribs on the inside so the clothes would rub around on the sides and get cleaned as they were moved about by a wooden agitator. The wooden agitator was fastened to a center gear which in turn was connected to a wheel which was turned by hand, of course. Each machine load had to be turned at least a half hour, longer for real dirty clothes then boiled in the wash boiler. Each wash day one boiler of water was heated and it was supposed to be enough for the whole wash. So no wonder we had to boil the clothes then. The clothes were rinsed two times, and blueing was added to the last rinse to help make white clothes whiter. Washing clothes for a family was an all day affair at that time.

The second washing machine that Mother had was not much better, only then, we had a handle, in place of a wheel, that we pumped up and down. It was a little easier to use, I think. After my father put in an electric light plant, Mother had another washer that was as modern as she ever got, at least we thought that was really easy washing! A gas engine was used to pull a pulley on the top side of the lid by a belt leading from the pulley down along the bottom of the tub. Boiling the clothes on washday was done till many years after I was married. Wash days were sure a lot different from now, as on our old wash days we could plan on doing nothing else for that day except prepare meals.

I can remember we were to a wedding one time, and the groom had a Model T Ford (1910), one of the first ones out in that neighborhood. So in the afternoon he took people for rides in his new Ford, one mile down the road and back. All the brass on that car was shining, I tell you. There was a lot of polishing to do on those cars and other cars in those days. This one had brass lamps, brass around the windshield and the braces of the windshield that slanted down to the frame on each side, and brass all around the front of the hood or down the radiator. A few years later, I think the year of 1913, my uncle got a 6 cylinder Winton, Boy! was that some car. For a while he always got the honor of taking bridal couples to church when they were getting

married. That car cost $3,000.00, and that was a lot of money in those days. My dad stayed by Overlands. Ole's and John's first car was a roadster Overland which they got when they were 16 and 17 years old. Dad got it for them as they had done a lot of work for him. That was about in 1915. Ouur roads were so bad, none of them were graveled, that if it ever rained one would get stuck, as the dirt got very slippery when it was wet. So we would not go away if it had rained or looked like rain, we just stayed at home. There was one road, which is now Highway 77, that had gravel on it by the year 1920, it was called the Rainbow Trail, and the telephone poles on the corners along the road were painted, red, white, and blue. The first time we drove out to the Black Hills there was crushed rock on a part of that road going west where it was not graveled.

We always milked a lot of cows. In later years Dad had a herd of cows, so we had at most 42 and the least, 30. He had to have that many to fill his big new barn that he built in 1916. That barn was big enough to tie up 30 cows, 15 on each side. On the north end of the barn he had a calf pen, and on the south end he had a place for horses, stalls for 7 of them. All along the east side of the barn was a pen to hold the bigger calves in the winter time. That really was the biggest barn I ever saw on a farm in those days or even yet.

We all milked except our father. The only time he had to milk was if he bought a cow that was very hard to milk or one with very short teats, as Mother said, "don't buy a cow until you know how she milks!" So if he came home with one of those hard milkers, he had to milk her! But usually a cow such as that ended up in the feed yard to be fattened and sold.

John and I used to do a lot of singing while we milked the cows. We tried to sound like a duet and a great many songs were made up as we sang, (that must have been good). Mother used to tell us we milked by rhythm and would shake the milk out of the cow, but sing we would. Ole's job was to separate all of the milk. The separator was now run by a 1½ horsepower gas engine installed in the milk house. He didn't want to wait for anyone to come in late with milk, but we had one slow milker that got us into trouble at times. Once, Arthur got done too fast with that cow so Ole thought he would go see if he had finished her, and sure enough he hadn't, so Ole milked her out and then he poured that milk down Arthur's neck. That didn't happen again soon. Each of us had a certain number of cows to milk and each

milked their own and that worked out all right, too. After the separating was done, the foam was skimmed from the pail and then the milk was poured into buckets a certain amount for each of the calves. Dad had several small wooden pails used for that. The foam was skimmed off because it was believed it gave calves colic. Feeding milk to 16 calves at one time was no joke, as they all wanted a bucket at once. There was a strap we used if they became too stubborn and we marked each calf as he drank with some milk foam which we smeared on his back, so the same calf would not be fed twice. The calves got so they knew when the separator was running it was feeding time and they would come running to the milk house. In the winter time they were fed in the barn. After the feeding was over all the calf pails had to be washed out.

At that time all our hogs were sold to a man at Alcester, So. Dak. and he would ship them to Sioux City when he had a full carload. Farmers that had a great many hogs would sell them to Sioux City after they were shipped there, then get a car for their bunch of hogs, and sometimes it was a mixed carload; some cattle and some hogs. When a farmer had a herd of hogs ready, he would have his neighbors help him to haul them to town. This was done with horses and triple box wagons. After their arrival, the horses had to have a couple hours of rest in the livery barn in town and were fed and watered while they rested. While this was being done the men would have their dinner. It was necessary that they let the cafe in town know they were coming so they would have dinner for that many on hand, as there were usually 7 or 8 men used for this job of getting the hogs into town. When cattle were shipped they were driven into town by men on horseback. It was a big job getting livestock to market then.

Corn, oats, wheat, or barley were sold right there in town at the local grain elevator. My Dad used to take a wagon box load of wheat down to the mill at River Sioux to have flour ground for making bread. He would haul it back from the mill in sacks, which Mother had washed so all were white and clean. These sacks were made of heavy cloth. Milling the wheat was done in the fall, as a rule, when the wheat was still clean and before the birds could mess it up as they always seem to do. We kids would chew on whole wheat at times, it was very good. The coffee we used was bought in whole beans, and called Peaberry Coffee. It was bought in large drums with a thick lid and we ground it

as we needed it as everyone had their own coffee grinder. Rice, crackers, peanuts, navy beans, pickles, and pickled herring stood around in the stores in open barrels and it was measured out as to how much was needed when we came to do our shopping. Sugar was sold in 100 pound sacks and measured out as to how much you wanted to buy at one time. The store would grind the coffee for you if you wanted it that way, stores all had good coffee grinders too. So you might say things were not too sanitary then.

The Nora Store was run by the Ronnings and later sold to Carl Oden who bought it from them and continued to run it for many years. That little country store had everything one needed it seemed. Since people usually sold their cream and eggs there, they could get their groceries there at the same time.

All of us children went to Sunday School at the Roseni Church where we had all been baptized. We attended Sunday School until we were confirmed. Six of us were confirmed there, the four oldest of us were confirmed in the Norwegian language, the remaining children were confirmed in English. Abbie and Salmer were confirmed in the Congregational Church in Beresford. Upon confirmation we automatically became members of the Luther League Society. I was president of the Luther League one year and secretary for two years. All the young girls became members of the Dorcas Society after confirmation, too, it was the young women's organization of the church, and I served as president of that group for two years. The Dorcas Society had their own dinner once a year and held a sale. They met once a month just like the Ladies Aid. The suppers we held were a lot of work as there were not many workers, but we had big crowds to feed at our suppers. After a girl got married she automatically became a member of the Ladies Aid.

During these years we had beggars going around from house to house on the farms in our area. We called them tramps. One or two of them would come around about once a week and ask for a handout. Mother would never give them money, which some of them would ask for, but she would always give them a good meal. She told them that if they wanted money they could find work to earn it. They were usually dirty, ragged looking fellows. We would also have peddlers come to our house a couple times a year selling yard goods, perfumes, stockings, underwear, and thread. One peddler, we knew as George stayed overnight at our house at times. He drove a nice team of horses and drove a

wagon that looked rather like a milk wagon. Another peddler I remember as a real dudey looking fellow who drove a fancy team with decorated harness with rings on it. He was also allowed to stay at our house when he passed through the neighborhood. He played the violin in the evening when he stayed with us and was good at it, too. He also sold yard goods, overalls, jackets, perfumes and such. This wasn't a bad business as the women then would not go to town very often, as traveling with horses then made it an all day trip.

There was another fellow that drove around among the farmers and bought cattle or anything else too; brass, copper, lead, old batteries, besides hogs or a fat hen to take home on the weekends. He bought a goose once to take home to eat. He would eat at our place once in awhile, too, and Mother would put him up for the night sometimes. If we ever served meatballs he would ask if it was pork or beef. He told us it would be our fault, not his, if we said they were beef when they were pork, and that he would not suffer for it. One day when there was nice stiff apple jelly on the table he ate it all up and then said "that sure was good jello." Old Abe as we called him, was a real character. The kids always felt so sorry for his team of horses as he drove them so hard they had no meat on their bones, they were so poor and skinny because he kept them on the run all the time. So the kids would hold some hay up to them so they could nibble awhile when he was buying something from Dad.

The Alcester meat market would come, in those years, and buy a fat steer from a farmer and butcher it right there on the farm and take the meat to town. That way the butcher didn't have the mess in town of disposing of the insides of the steer. The farmer just gave it to his hogs so it was no problem for him to get rid of it.

The stoves we used in my childhood days were made of cast iron, cook stove as well as heating stove. These had to be polished or they would rust in places. Stove polish was a liquid that came in a small can. It was put on with a wooden handled brush that was dipped in a can of polish and then brushed on the stove. The stove had to be cold at the time. After the polish was dry it was polished good with another stiff bristled brush. This would cause a fine dust to fly around the room so it had to be done before the house cleaning was done. This was done about 5 times a year and the stove would shine such a rich black color when brushed a lot.

Saturday was the time to gather up all the lamps in the house and fill them with kerosene and trim the wicks, and wash and polish the lamp chimneys. The lamp chimneys had to be done sometimes 3 times a week if the lamp was used every night. If there were small children around, lamps were up on the wall on a bracket or hanging lamps were used. The parlor lamp was a fancy one with a big globe bottom and a big globe top and a lamp chimney under the top globe.

The front room or living room as they are called today was not used unless we had company. It was closed all week long but on Sunday we could go in there and play the phonograph. We only ran it on Sunday so it was a treat. We didn't have a radio until 1923, that I can remember.

My Dad bought a second hand piano and I took some lessons, but I never got very good at it. I could play hymns and a few pieces. John, my brother could play by ear and so could I. I would learn a tune with one finger and then add a chord to go with it with the left hand. I think I played more that way than by written sheet music. That piano was given to me in later years and I in turn gave it to our first granddaughter, Donna, who studied piano for many years and learned to play very well.

Baths were only taken on Saturdays. Mother would take a wash tub, fill it half full of water on Saturday afternoon and wash us all in the same water, starting with the smallest one first and so on up to the oldest. I think back on this now and wonder, WHY? But that is how it was done and we grew up in spite of it.

For so many kids in a family, there were eight of us, I can't remember that there was much fighting. We seemed to be kept busy and maybe that helped.

Courtship and Marriage

Dad built the big 60 foot barn in 1916. It was that year that my brother Ole and I lived on another farm that my dad had at that time, as Mother had my sister Agnes to help her at home. We had a few cows to milk and sows to have pigs, so we had work to do. I had a garden, so Mother didn't need one. My brother and I had a lot of fun those two years that we lived there. We were both old enough to have a girl friend and boy friend. I got to know Emil Klemme that year. When a barn dance was held in our new barn, Emil was one of the men who played for the dance, and after that time we saw some of each other now and then.

One year later we became engaged. He left for the Army in July of 1918 and was gone until January of 1919, when he returned home. I was a good girl while he was gone. I visited him before he left Camp Dodge, Iowa for duty at Jacksonville, Florida. He was in Florida until his discharge. He had the flu at the time his company went overseas and so was not sent to Europe. That year so many people died from the flu. We all had it at home except for me, for some reason, so I was well and able to help do all that milking we had to do. Ole lost his sweetheart at that time, from the flu. They were to have been married that coming spring. Five in that girl's family died from the flu.

I had been seeing a lot of Emil before he left for the army and when he came back from the service we felt like we had to start over again. He would come up every Saturday evening. Sometimes we went to a dance for which he was playing. There were two other fellows in his group, one played guitar, one piano and Emil played violin. Sometimes they played a banjo if there was no piano around. He had done a lot of playing before he went into the army too, and once he was back he started at it again.

He came to see me with his horse (Daisy) and buggy. He had a 1910 model car he used to drive sometimes. Emil said Daisy would go at a slow trot all the way up to our house, which was a distance of 6 miles, so it didn't take long to get there.

We went out some together when it was way below zero and we never seemed to get cold. He had heated bricks in the buggy for us to put our feet on, on such cold evenings, and we had a lap robe made of horse hide which kept the wind out. And people wore more clothes in those days, for one thing.

In the wintertime dances were held in a hall or at someone's house. In the summer dances were often held at someone's barn. At the barn dances alcoholic drink was served freely. At some places they would mix up a 3 gallon bucket full of alcoholic hot punch, made of warm water, sugar and alcohol. It tasted very good and the punch was passed round in a bucket with a dipper in it to drink from, all using the same dipper. That didn't seem to make any difference to anyone. It made those that drank too much, sing, but just a little swig didn't bother you at all. At the summer dances there was plenty of beer around, but I didn't care for it so didn't drink any of that.

Emil would oftentimes take me to our church doings, such as young peoples' meetings and suppers at the church, as I was always active in the different church activities.

When fall came we decided to get married and the date was set for November 26, 1919. Mother wanted us to have a church wedding so those plans were made. All the neighbors and relatives were invited, so there were a great many plans to be made and much baking to be done, for in those days a wedding was a time for good eating as well as celebrating the marriage of the young couple.

Emil had been given a car by his folks when he came back from the Army. One day a week before our wedding we drove to Akron, Iowa and caught a train to Sioux City to buy our wedding clothes. We spent that day shopping and we missed our train that evening back to Akron. I happened to have an uncle living in Sioux City so I called them to see if we could spend the night with them so my folks would know where we were that night. Well, we stayed overnight with them and got the first train back to Akron in the morning. We had bought all of our clothes so we had a great many boxes. I bought my dress, underthings, and had my veil made at the Davidson Store there. Emil shopped for his things at a men's store.

My dress was made of sheer georgette crepe material and was trimmed with many beads. It had a tiered skirt, three-quarter length sleeves and the dress was calf length. I wore high lace up

shoes with Cuban heels. The veil was shoulder length. I think it was a very pretty dress and veil.

Emil bought a blue serge suit, white shirt, nice tie and black shoes. As he has a long neck they fitted him out in a shirt collar higher than usual on most shirts and it looked very nice on him. His suit fit him to a tee! So he looked very nice.

My folks planned to have a sale and move to Beresford right after the wedding and they moved some things from the house to Beresford before the wedding in order to make room there for tables to be used for eating. I had bought my dining room set so that table was set up in one room. She had tables in three rooms, long tables, they were. A couple of days before the wedding we did a lot of baking. I made the angel food cakes and the devil's food cakes, and Mother made the pie crusts and other things. The morning of the wedding she filled the crusts with prune whip which was very good when served with whipped cream on top. The day before the wedding was very busy. We had a man from Sioux City clean 22 chickens, we peeled all the potatoes, and prepared as much as we could that day. The morning of the wedding was a time we could tidy up the house and such. The cooks came after noon dinner and took over. They were two of our neighborhood women, Mrs. Mike Ustad and Mrs. Mike Hanson. It was planned so that by the time the wedding was over and we were all back home, things would be ready to eat within one hour's time. The table waiters had helped with the tables in the late afternoon so what was to be served, like dessert and water was all ready. All the food was cooked out in the old shanty so there would be no food mess where we were eating or where the people were, but the dishes had to be washed in the kitchen after the meal as the tables had to be re-set for others to be seated and fed. The waitresses were Alma and Emma Ronning.

It was a cloudy morning, no wind, but by the time we were ready to go to church it had begun to snow and had turned real cool.

So this is when Anna Marie Lykken became Mrs. Emil Klemme. We were married on the 26th of November, 1919 at three o'clock in the afternoon. The bridesmaids were Olga Wevick, Goldie Newbold, and Clara Klemme. The men attendants were Ole Lykken, Arthur Lykken, and Ray Klemme. The day had turned out snowy so some of the guests that lived far away couldn't come, so not as many attended our wedding as were invited. But we had a full house with the number we had.

We got many gifts, mostly cut glass, silverware, bedspreads and money. Money, that was the one thing we didn't have any of! And I didn't even think about money! The wedding gift-money we received went to buy a cook stove. We had enough left over for a couple of other things. We had received a bed, mattress, pillows, feather bed from Emil's folks. In addition to this at the time we started to farm, Emil was given one horse (he already owned one), one cow, two sows, a small wagon load of oats, 80 bushels of corn, a young bull calf, an old plow, cultivator, and a disc. This was machinery his father no longer needed.

From my folks we got three cows, six sows (which made 8 sows to have pigs that next spring), and 36 hens. So we didn't need money — I guess.

When my father had his sale two weeks after our wedding, Emil bought two horses, so we then had four horses to farm with. By the time we moved over to the old Solem place that belonged to my grandparents, we had a lot of stuff already and we were all set to farm.

After my parent's sale on December sixth of that year, they moved to Beresford where they lived for five years. When Louis graduated from high school and made plans to attend the School of Mines in Rapid City, South Dakota, they moved to Rapid City that fall. While there, my father worked at a cement plant taking care of the engine steam pressure that operated the machinery there. They lived in Rapid City for four years, then moved out to Custer State Park where my father took care of all the fences that surrounded the park.

There were buffalo, deer and other animals kept in the park and it was his job to keep 16 miles of fence in order. While there, they lived in a log cabin which was very nice. They had a garage and a barn. He had to see that there was plenty of hay cut for winter use for the Black Angus cattle that were kept in that park. The wild turkeys had to be fed in the winter, too. He had a lot of trouble with deer breaking down his fences. Deer would get caught in the fences or sometimes their horns would get caught, and they could not get loose and sometimes they tore their horns off trying to get free. He found some that had got caught and died that way. He told us he found two bucks with their horns locked from fighting and they were dead when he found them. He was always finding deer horns and had built a large pile of them by their house. The hay cutting was done by another man.

The state furnished two big white-faced sorrel horses for his use beside the riding horse he rode when he checked the fences. When he was checking fence lines he tied two posts on a rope to his saddle horn so he would have posts if he needed them. He said his horse would climb up any rocky bank or hill. He also carried staples so he would not need to go back again for a few days. They used their team of sorrels to haul home wood from up in the hills. These dead pines and slabs left by the saw mill crew were used for fuel after they were hauled back by the horses, so their fuel was free. Mother liked it in the Black Hills. So much like Norway, she said.

They stayed there for a few years and we visited them two times while they lived there. Our children sure enjoyed climbing the hills in the Black Hills. When they lived in Rapid City we had but two children and we would leave the kids with Mother and go out and climb Hangman's Hill, a rough hill to climb. Mother said in the early days men were hanged up there from a pine tree that grew out over a ledge on that hill, and that is why it was called Hangman's Hill.

As long as they lived in the Black Hills we would usually go out to visit them every other year. Our children always looked ahead to that long drive across the state. The first trip out, we drove all the way on crushed rock road. Later this was paved and was Highway 16. It is still there.

When Dad felt he could no longer do the work on the State Farm, he bought a motel, gas station, and house in Hill City. That was a nice place to live in the hills. They stayed there until Mother began ailing.. They took two long trips while they lived out there. On one of their trips, Leverne, our son, then sixteen, years of age, went along as their driver. They toured Washington state, Oregon, and California and all the places of interest along the road. Melvin Lykken, another grandson, went along on another of the trips they took.

Here is what I know of Emil's parents. They were born in America of German parents, in the state of Illinois. His name was Henry Fritz Klemme and her name was Lena Fraham and they marrietd in Illinois and soon after moved to a farm in Kansas. They farmed near Marion, Kansas, for 14 years. But those years were so dry and hot they didn't get good crops or, if they did, a sand storm would come along and cut it down in a day's time.

They moved to Iowa in 1900 and at that time Emil was five years old and his brother, Elmer, was nine years old. They lived on a farm near Rubel, Iowa for eight years, after which time Emil's father bought an 80 acre farm about nine miles west of Akron in Union County, South Dakota. The crops had been good since they came to Iowa. Later they bought another 80 acre farm a mile and a half west of where they were living.

Grandpa built a big new house on that "80" and also built a new barn, chicken house, corncrib and granary combined, and a hog house. When the house was finished in 1920, they moved into it in January of that year. After farming there for nine years, Grandpa decided to retire and they moved to LeMars, Iowa where they stayed until they celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary. They then decided to buy a home in Elk Point, South Dakota and lived there for a period of four years until Grandpa, restless as always, bought a home in Vermillion where they moved and continued to live until Grandpa died on July 14, 1945, at the age of of 79 years.

Grandpa, H. F. as he was called, was a large robust man. He was a horse trader, and later a car trader. He was always turning up in a different car that he had traded for, and they were always kept clean as a whistle on the outside as well as under the hood. He threshed for 59 years, first with horse power and later with a steam engine and still later with a large gas tractor. He was proud of having been a good thresher for all those years. He was a violin player, too, and had owned several fiddles. One of his fine old violins was given to Emil. This violin always had such a beautiful tone. Emil used to play it, but as he grew older he played it less and less — and loosing the three fingers on his right hand didn't help any.. But they were both good fiddle players in their day.

Grandpa and the other Klemmes liked to make music and whenever we were visiting their house, there was always music made by whoever had stopped in for the afternoon and usually, to prove he could still do it I guess, Grandpa would always dance a jig.

Grandmother Klemme lived in Vermillion for a few years after Grandpa's death. Another old lady stayed with her to help out. After her health failed and she could no longer be there, she spent the remaining two and a half years of her life in the homes of her sons. She required a lot of care. She was in our

home for a year and a half and with Elmer and Hilda for one year. She passed away there on May 26, 1958.

Emil's mother did a great deal of fancywork: embroidering, crocheting and quilting and piecing quilts. She did very nice work and gave each of her grandchildren a quilt that she had made. Emil's parents are both buried at Brule Creek Cemetery in a plot next to ours.

As a young man Emil stayed very busy. He did a lot of trapping during the winter along Brule Creek. He caught rabbits for eating, jackrabbits for his mother's chickens, and skunks and mink. The skunks and mink skins were worth something in those days so one could make good money trapping. He also played the violin at dances for many years to make spending money. He and his brother had to make their own spending money and that was the way he made his. He was able to buy a buggy with his earnings so he could go to see his girl friends — which I heard he had a lot of!

He told of one night when he thought he saw a ghost. He was on his way home from a neighbor's house where he had been playing cards. He was riding his bicycle over a hill when in the hollow by the bridge he spotted two big eyes shining brightly at him. He figured all he could do then was to pedal that much faster, get by the thing so fast that it couldn't catch up with him. This he did! He didn't sleep too well that night after he got home for thinking of that "ghost". But the next day he went by on the same road on his way to work in the field and he saw the "white ghost" he had seen the night before. It was a white calf lying beside the road! Like all ghosts, it was just imagination.

Emil was confirmed in the Peace Lutheran Church up by Alcester. It was a German Lutheran congregation, where they went to church and were members. The minister from the Peace Lutheran Church baptized our first two children. For a few years he would come to hold services at the Nora schoolhouse as it was so far for the members that lived as far south at Spink to drive as far as Alcester for church services. Leverne was baptized at the Nora schoolhouse, in a wash basin of all things, but I decided then, no more of that for me. Emil's folks wanted them to be baptized in their church. When it came Lu Ida's time to be baptized, I said the minister could come to OUR HOUSE or NO baptism! He didn't want to come, but he finally did. She was baptized in one of my cut glass bowls. Our other two children who were born later were baptized at the Roseni church, where we started to go later on.

Our Family

From the time we were married in November until the latter part of March, we lived on my parents' home place. By that time we got the house on the Solem place painted on the inside so it would be the way we liked it, and we papered two rooms and painted the wood work. It was a cozy house with a bedroom, living room, kitchen, entry, and pantry downstairs and two rooms upstairs. While we were on that place Grandfather built us a hog house and a chicken house. It already had a barn and a corn crib and granary there. We lived there for 9 years until Emil's father wanted to retire. Then we moved into a nearly new, big house on his place down by Spink, about 6 miles south of where we were living. All our children were born on the Solem place, (as it was always called). It was located ½ mile west and ½ mile north of of Nora.

Leverne was born on September 22nd and was an ambitious fellow from little on. He was one that found the places to get dirty when we were away.. So I always had to figure on a change of clothes for him in the summer time when we went visiting. Once when we were down to Grandma Klemme's he was out and was "busy". When we found out what kept him out so long, we found he had cleaned out all of Grandfather's gas engine's oil and grease cups. In those days old engines had cups to put the grease in, these cups had screw caps to hold it there and tighten, to grease the places that needed grease. His pink rompers were so greasy they could never be used for good, any more. One time he made roads on my rug using ashes from the stove, this he did when he was left in the house a short while when I was outside. I usually took him along outside with me, when he was old enough to walk along, so I would know where he was! As an infant I remember his hair was the exact color of gold as my wedding band.

Lu Ida was born May 25th, 1922, a black haired little doll. She never had too much spunk so when she got older and was old enough to play with Leverne, she was always his "gas man," and would have to sit there as he pushed an old roller skate which was his "tractor" or "car". And she was not supposed to move either!

When Leverne was about three years old or maybe younger, I had left him in the house with Lu Ida. I came in from outside and could not find him, but I could hear him faintly. I looked and looked, but no Leverne. I sat down on a small chest that I used for baby clothes in the closet and as I sat I kept searching back in the closet for him as it seemed like the sounds I heard were coming from there. But he wasn't there either! As I got up from where I was sitting I' looked into the chest on which I was sitting and sure enough there he was! I could have smothered him while I was sitting on the lid of that chest. I reckon he had crawled or fallen into the chest and the lid had dropped down on it.

Another time he was out with me while I was doing chores and once again he disappeared. I figured he couldn't get far so I finished what I had been doing. Then when I started to look, I couldn't find him anywhere. I called and I called, but no answer. He was about 3 at this time, too. By then it was getting dark, and Emil came out of the field and he helped me hunt for him. Well, we had an old square box that sat back of the house, I kept a few chickens in it, and when we smoked meat we used it for that, too. I had Rhode Island red chickens at that time. They are a dark color. These dark chickens were back in that box and back by the chickens, which were hard enough to see, we found Leverne. I guess he went to roost, too. He was found and no harm done. The poor fellow had to go along with me when I did chores and I guess he got tired of tagging along.

He was always so interested in deep tracks made by a wagon. He once saw a heavy outfit go along the road, and he was willing to walk over a half mile down our driveway so he could see how deep those tracks were that were made. Roads and tracks were his main interests. He was about 6 years old now and if we got stuck when we were driving somewhere he thought it was great fun. He was always playing getting stuck with his tricycle. He would pour water on the ground then drive his tricycle through it making buzzing noises as if he were stuck. He wore out 2 tricycles on his "road" that he drove on around and around our house, on the Solem place. Wherever he went he was always making his motor sounds. Later he built about 25 airplanes from wood, carving them to look very much like the airplanes of that day and time — many of them had double wings. He was very interested in airplanes and I guess he made use of his knowledge later on in his adult years when he was in the Army Air Force.

Yes, he was a very ambitious fellow all along, never much for horses. In his youth he could pick a lot of corn in one day, up to 100 bushels a day and this was by hand, of course. He learned early as he had to be a man long before he was one. In later years when Emil became sick and unable to work he was the only one to take over, and he did. I would help him harness the horses as he was still not tall enough for that. So he had to grow up sooner than most boys.

So now we had two children. I usually took them with me when I went out to do chores as I was afraid to leave them together in the house alone in winter. This was very hard. Often Leverne would go with me to do chores and I could leave Lu Ida alone in a crib or somewhere where she could not get hurt.

Emil was gone so much of the time in the winter time, shelling corn for other people. His first sheller he pulled with a tractor, and later he had one mounted on a truck. That was how he made a lot of our money. In 1924 he lost three fingers in a corn sheller accident. He grabbed hold of what seemed to be a wire in the feeder and it turned out to be a loop of wire that caught his fingers and pulled three of them right off. The cords from one, hung down 13 inches long. The accident laid him up all winter. That happened in October. That fall a husking bee was held for him to help him pick his corn. The neighbors came and did 25 acres for him and he was able to hire the rest done. He traded that sheller off for another one the following fall and went back to shelling corn. The following year we had a crop failure because it was too dry.

We had a young man, a new comer from Norway, come and stay with us the first year we were married. He came over with my uncle, so we were asked to try to teach him what we did on farms in America. He didn't even know how to harness a horse and he understood no English. So for Emil to make him understand was very hard. He had him help harness the horses and the one he harnessed had his horse collar on upside down and the harness on backwards, he had put the breeching under the horse's head. He couldn't see how that could fit, so Emil had to show him how it was done, so he could do it himself after that. When they were to haul manure, he took him along, riding on the spreader seat with him to see if he could drive a team of horses. *That* he managed all right, but he had one bad habit. He chewed tobacco and when he would spit, he would

aim at the horses all the time. Emil's two white horses had brown stains on their rumps that just wouldn't brush off. Emil tried to tell him not to do that but he couldn't understand, so he watched and waited until just when he was ready to spit, then Emil reached over and turned his head away from the horses. Then he caught on! Only thing he was good at was using a fork, that he sure could do. But he learned. Sometimes Emil had to bring him to the house so I could tell him in Norwegian what he wanted him to do.

His girl friend came across from Norway, too, and she had a job at our close-by neighbor's place. They would get together on Sundays and they would dance around outside like a couple of kids, always holding hands. I guess they were in love! They would walk along holding hands and they would sing, then all at once they would dance, I guess, Norway style. They got married and the last I heard they were living in Wisconsin where he worked in the woods there.

My Grandfather had a son in earlier years in Norway before he came to America. This son went by the name of Wevik and after he grew older he immigrated to this country, settled down, married, and lived near Nora, So. Dak. with his family.

One day that same year, Emil had left with a load of pigs and he had our Norwegian man with him so I sat at home alone. As he left he ran over a 100 pound pig. I thought, "I can't waste that meat!" So I ran and got a knife, stuck it, so it would bleed, I skinned it, and cut it up, and took the pieces down into the cellar to cool. We had a meat saw and butchering tools so I got the job done. I butchered a pig all by myself! Emil was kind of surprised at that when he got back because he didn't know he had run over it when he left. Later I put the meat in brine and we ate it all, nothing went to waste.

Now I was hatching more and more chickens every year. I was using an incubator and had 3 going at one time. I would hatch and sell baby chicks. I sold them for 10¢ a piece, and I usually kept about 400 for myself. After we got the new chicken house the chickens kept us in money for buying food. We also sold cream for grocery money. We were poor people at that time, but there always seemed enough so we got along.

Emil had a man there to help some winters so he would have someone help shovel corn when he went out shelling. We usually milked 7 cows, sometimes less, so there were plenty of chores to do. We usually had up to 60 pigs to care for too.

We burned corn cobs and wood in our stoves. For two winters we had an old fellow stay with us and he chopped wood as if he liked that job. He made his wood piles just so. He was an independent old fellow, for one winter when Leverne had shoveled paths in the snow to the barn and other places, (Leverne always liked to do that) old Walter would not walk in those paths because Leverne had done it in place of him getting to do it! He was good to have around to help me along. When he was around my wood box was never empty and my water pail was always full.

Here is how we took care of our meat after we were married. During the first years and up until 1930 we usually butchered a beef and canned it all. We cooked it in a boiler for three hours after it had been browned and a little water added to the jars. In place of head cheese, like my parents made I made what Emil's folks called wurst. This was made from the underbelly, flanks, heart, and part liver. This was put into a roaster, and first cooked all togther until done, then it was ground up in a meat grinder and we added 1/3 parts oatmeal, ground onions, and seasoning and this we cooked awhile longer. We put it in pint jars or pans. This would keep in sealed jars a long time, stored in a cool place.

We would butcher two hogs in the winter, usually February. We sugar cured all hams. First we made up a mixture of brown sugar, salt, red pepper, and black pepper, a certain amount for each ham. We took two newspapers spread open one on top of the other. The seasoning mixture would be poured in the center of the top newspaper. We would lay the ham on the pile of spices on the newspaper and work it up and around until the ham was covered with spices on all sides and top. Then the newspapers were folded carefully sheet by sheet so it was covered smoothly and air tight. After the papers were all folded on tightly, this was laid on a square dish towel, a good strong one, and it was sewed up all around with string. Then we took twine and tied it around the ham several times to hold the salt mixture tightly against the ham. Then we tied a double twine around end ways making a 6 inch loop for it to hang by. These hams were hung up in the alley way of the corn crib high at the top on 2" x 6" cross pieces there.

It took at least 6 weeks for them to cure and season. These hams would keep safely 'til the next August, or later, until used. They were always good and there was no spoilage and the insects could not get at them. A real fine way to keep ham.

The rest of the hog was made into bacon, and fried down for making lard. The head, some liver, and the heart went into wurst, made the same way as I mentioned earlier, except more oatmeal was added to absorb the extra grease. This also kept well if sealed in jars. So meat care has changed. Now the locker plant butchers for you, cuts it up, freezes it, and wraps it, so you have no work to do.

Electricity (REA) came along in the year 1945 when the highlines were put up throughout our area. It was then we got our first refrigerator and my first electric iron. Before then I ironed with sad irons. These were heated on top of the stove and they worked good too. They varied in size and weight and a pot holder was used over the handle because those handles were hot.

Marjorie, our third child was born on March 13, 1926. It was nice to have a baby again after four years without a small one. As a small child Marjorie was always playing with kittens: wrapping them up in her doll blankets, and giving them rides in her doll buggy. She had a pet pig at one time, a white runt that Emil had given her. She scrubbed him and took care of him, he was one clean pig! She led him in a parade at Pleasant Hill school one time, he led like a dog. But when she sold him to market he only brought $5.00 so hog prices must have been poor in those days to get that kind of money for a grown pig.

She also had a pet goat that she got when it was a kid, and Nanny was a big joy to the children, she was very playful.

When Leverne was older and going to school Emil bought him a Shetland pony which he named Nibbles. Nibbles was a real pet and the kids thought a lot of her. Leverne rode her to school until Lu Ida started to go, then Emil got them a pony cart, and Nibbles pulled them to school in that. She would trot along real nice.

In 1928 on December 28th we had another baby girl, and we named her Agnes. She stayed a very fat little baby, and a good baby, too. She would sit and rock herself in the big rocker for an hour at a time. She was slow to walk, and never crawled,

so she would sit where I would put her, until the time when she started using her feet at around 13 months of age.

Agnes was also fond of animals and especially liked dogs and horses and I guess she does to this day. In spite of her slow beginning she grew to have a very bright mind and was an excellent student when she started school.

When I had my four babies, all were dressed in a certain way when they were small. A newborn baby wore a belly band of wool flannel around their middle for a time. It was kept real snug and was pinned with three small safety pins. Over this was worn a long sleeved shirt made of wool and cotton if for a winter baby, a shirt of cotton if for a summer baby. To the shirt we pinned a diaper made of cotton flannel cut in a square 27" x 27". This square was folded into a triangle before it was pinned on the baby and attached to the baby's shirt in front. A heavy 36" square of flannel was laid under the baby and wrapped snugly around his feet to keep them straight, and preventing the baby from crossing his feet. Next the baby was put in a kimono which had long sleeves and was open all down the front. Then the baby was wrapped in a receiving blanket. The baby was dressed this way for the first three weeks, then if he didn't cry a great deal we would no longer use the heavy flannel square or the belly band. After three weeks or so we would dress the baby in a flannel slip long enough to cover the feet by 6 inches or so and over that he would wear a long sleeved muslin dress, and then be wrapped in a blanket. This was in addition to the shirt and diaper, long stockings (held up by pinning the tops to the diaper) and booties for the feet.

After the babies were 6 months old, they were put in rompers and long stockings so they could kick freely and start learning to crawl. The baby wore booties until they were old enough to stand on their feet, at that time they wore soft soled shoes and later when they began to walk, they got their first hard soled shoes, and they always wore long stockings.

After a child was potty trained he wore long legged underwear with long sleeves, a drop seat that buttoned, and little sewed-on tabs on the sides that were to hook the garters to, that held up those long stockings. Then came the bloomers, underskirt and dress, if it was a girl. The boys wore the same under pinnings except he wore a shirt and overalls.

Because of all this clothing there was a lot of clothes to wash in those days when there were 3 or 4 children in the family.

This type of clothing was worn by all our children until they were out of grade school. The bloomers were always of black cotton sateen. After the warm weather came in April or May, they were allowed to go without underwear but they wore their long stockings until it was warm enough to go barefoot.

All of our children were breast fed, so I never owned a baby bottle. We never heard of giving a baby orange juice or vitamins. Their first solid food was bread soaked in milk and sweetened a little. If there was a day that I didn't have enough milk for the baby I was feeding I just drank cocoa or tea to make me have more milk. Cocoa was very good for that, but the tea not so good, but it helped, I guess. The water we gave them was given them in a spoon. If more food was needed the baby was fed mashed up potatoes with either butter and milk or gravy on them, and soon they could have some of the vegetables that we had for dinner too. They were given very little to start with so their little stomachs could gradually get used to the different foods. Our babies seemed satisfied. They learned to drink from a cup very early, first to get water and later to get extra milk. This milk would be from our own cows of course. Sometimes the babies were given a piece of bacon to chew on, but no meat until they had enough teeth that they could chew it. This would mean practically no meat until they were about 2 years old. Well, they all grew up healthy. I think breast fed babies get something they don't get when they are bottle fed.

We usually kept the baby in bed with us until weaning time or a little before when they no longer needed to be fed at night. They would like to stay on the breast most of the night, but one got used to it. All our babies were weaned between 9 and 10 months. There were usually a few bad nights then but they soon got over it, it was worse on me than on them. Drying up your milk supply was painful and took a week or more, but we suffered through it in those days.

I seemed to get fatter each time I had a child. I had such an appetite when they were nursing. So I ate and furthermore, I had never heard of anybody going on a diet then. If you got

fat, you got fat, that was all! Well, I got fat! I got up to 227 pounds and I felt I wanted to lose some, so I went to a doctor. I had bad varicose veins at the time and in addition to injecting my varicose veins he gave me something to help me lose weight, which I did, for I got down to 165 pounds. This was in 1930 and I have managed to stay close to that weight ever since. I was told not to lose any more as I was a large boned person and would look best if I didn't take too much weight off. In my youth I was 5' 8" tall and my waistline measured 19 inches. Emil was 6 feet tall, so I guess we were a tall couple.

Our children have always been healthy, there was one appendix operation and one tonsillectomy, but otherwise, they rarely needed to see a doctor. They grew up into healthy men and women so I guess that is something to be thankful for.

Raising a family is work, but a lot of fun too and when you are young work doesn't mean anything anyway. We hired a baby sitter one time when we went to the Fair in Sioux Falls. A neighborhood girl stayed with them that time. We had a hired man when Lu Ida and Leverne were small and we left the two children with him one time when we went to the auto races. Mostly they went where we went, and they always went! to church with us on Sundays and there were no church nurseries then.

When our children were attending grade school at Pleasant Hill School, they would sometimes get "the itch". We called it the seven year itch but it would not last that long if I got at treating it right away. Even so it was a bad itch. The doctor gave us some sulphur salve that we had to rub on their bodies for 10 nights straight. After a real good bath to remove the old salve and a change of underwear each morning they were sent to school, otherwise the salve would cause them to smell bad during the school day. These clothes and the bed clothes had to be washed and boiled every day to get rid of this kind of itch. We had two outbreaks of that itch, I sure hated that job of smearing on all that salve each night but that was the only way to get rid of it. (Another problem in those days was impetigo. These sores were contagious and would be passed from child to child at school. They were very hard to get rid of.) Since the children wore all those underclothes, that I described earlier, it was a mess getting all those clothes dried around the stove overnight. They usually had only two changes of under clothes each so it was hard to keep up with the washing.

I guess our kids were well covered in those days, but of course this was in the winter time and they walked to and from school in cold weather so they needed those warm clothes.

I think back and wonder why there were all those problems like lice and itch in those days. Were we dirtier then? Or what? Just think how much more washing we had, no wonder it took over a half day to do the family wash.

Washing clothes became easier after the Maytags came out. After I got one of those I no longer boiled our clothes. It did a better job, but I still washed a whole wash in the same water. I think back now and wonder how the clothes ever got clean.

We were given a great many used clothes by our neighbors, the Abrahamsons. Their girls were grown and they would pass on dresses and coats to us, which I would make over for my girls. I made some nice coats and dresses from the clothes they gave us. Agnes' first bought dress was for her confirmation. I did a lot of sewing in my day and I always liked to sew and still do. Leverne's shirts and pants were all made at home, too, not bought. We didn't have the money to buy with. I always cut their hair until they were grown and married. I still cut Emil's in 1971, when this is written, and now I just have one good hand to do it with. He has not got enough hair left to pay $2.00 to have it cut. When he was a young man he had a very nice thick head of auburn hair.

All of our children went to Pleasant Hill School. Lu Ida and Leverne to the Nora school their first years, until we moved down here by Spink. All graduated from Pleasant Hill school and all went on to high school at Elk Point.

When our children became young folks we had house parties at our home at times. There were other young folks in the neighborhood so these parties went on each winter until they were out of high school, each taking their turn. They had a lot of fun and there was very little cost to having a party then. There were about sixteen young people in this group.

The 1930's were hard depression years and if it wouldn't have been for Emil's corn shelling I don't know what we would have done. At times we didn't know where the next dollar would come from. But the good Lord looked after us then, too. Emil always seemed to come up with a shelling job to help buy the groceries each week. Eggs were not selling for much then, nor cream, either. Everything we sold was cheap: corn — 18¢

a bushel; hogs — $2.50 a hundred weight; eggs — 9¢ a dozen, etc., but what we had to buy at the store didn't seem to be so cheap. Well we got along and always had plenty to eat. If there was no cash from anyplace else we would take a few hens to sell at the store, I always had a lot of chickens — and they would be traded for grocery money.

The first years after we moved down here, Fourth of July celebrations were held in the Larson grove by the Brule Creek just south of us. I can also remember the first summer festival we attended was held in Andy Abraham's grove. A tent was put up and used to cook in. Then there was an oyster supper held up above Twedt's Store one fall when Rev. Bergsakor was the guest speaker. This was before the new Brule Creek Church was built, our church had no room for gatherings such as this, so they were held around in different places. The old church had just the one main auditorium and a small room in back so there was not much room there. Rev. Walter Aamoth was our pastor at that time, and he was followed by Rev. Jacobsen, Strand, Hastad, Hilmoe and presently Rev. Rye.

Our children attended Sunday School first in the old church and then continued during their childhood years in the new church. They were in a different church and had to make new friends, and it didn't take them long to get acquainted.

The first time I went to Ladies Aid at the Brule Creek church was one time when Mrs. Ole Abrahamson was serving. This, too, was in the old church. I knew no one down here at that time, and I remember Mrs. Carl Peterson came over and sat by me and we talked so I felt glad that someone had done that. Mrs. Abrahamson, whom I knew, was busy serving that day. Yes, it took a while before we felt at home down here at Brule Creek, but we soon started mixing and got to know the rest of the people, because we always went to church on Sunday mornings. So after two years in our new location we joined the church down here.

As a member of this church I have been president of the Ladies Aid for two years and was voted in for a third year, but I turned it down as it was too much to do and not enought people to help at sales, etc.

The Ladies Aid served food at auction sales in those days in order to make money. In order to serve, we had to take along everything we would need: small kerosene stoves (3), a boiler

for heating water, 3 large coffee pots, box of dishes, spoons and knives etc., and table tops (3), and 6 saw horses. All this had to be hauled in a trailer to where the sale was being held. Emil would load up a trailer full of these things and then we would set it up where we could make it all fit. Most of this was carried from the church and then after the sale was over it all had to be carried back again. The two sales we served for during my two years as president, we set our serving tables up in the alley ways of the corn cribs. To be in such a place on a cold winter day, with the wind blowing was no fun! It was so windy our stoves kept blowing out, so Emil had to borrow "bang boards" from the farmers to set up and try to break the wind a little where we were. It took 3 bang boards to keep our stoves from smoking or going out entirely, and they didn't help keep our feet warm, as cribs are open underneath and the wind whips through and the corn husks blow around, and we stood there the whole afternoon. We wore our overshoes, but we still got plenty cold. At some auction sales there were old cook or wash shanties on the place and we used them when we could, this wasn't so bad, at least our stoves would stay lit. We heated water in a boiler for coffee and then we needed warm water for washing dishes and things. It seemed to take forever to get our water to boil when we used those old kerosene stoves. When we were in shanties there was usually an old stove there that we could use in addition to the kerosene stoves and that always helped. The president of the Ladies Aid was responsible for getting all these things that were used at the sale and then make sure that it was taken back to the church afterwards.

Every fall, in those years, we held chicken suppers and at this event we held a bazaar at which we sold fancy work, other things, and usually a hand made quilt or so. These quilts were very nice and would bring about $25.00 alone, so we made money on the items that were contributed and sold as well as on the chicken supper.

When we held a summer festival, it was usually in June and then we would serve outdoors on the east side of the church. This made a lot of extra work but I guess we didn't try to save ourselves work! I remember one year I took a lawn mower over to the church the day before our festival and cut the lawn around there as I didn't think the grass should be long and uncut when we held such a doings. So the day before it was held I cut the lawn. Our lawn wasn't well taken care of as it is now in the year of 1971.

At these occasions we served ice cream, pie, sandwiches (such as taverns), coffee, cold drink, and cake. There was a program and a guest speaker and there was always a big crowd that came.

I taught 3rd grade at Sunday School for 7 years and also served as treasurer of the Sunday school. I enjoyed that job very much.

Emil was a deacon for 6 years and has served on the Cemetery committee for 12 years and at this writing is still director of that group.

Our young people's organization in the church is the Luther League, and as long as our children were at home they were all active in that group.

Emil was in bad health during these years. He got arthritis in his feet in the year of 1933 which laid him up for years. But he worked, even when he was on crutches, he always did all he could do, sick or not. One year when he was unable to walk he planted the corn anyway. Leverne and I would help him get the horses harnessed and hitched and get him to the field. After he got there he managed to plant the corn, moving the stake at the end of each row, by crawling on his hands and knees. Leverne was too small to take over altogether, but he did more than most boys of his age. He did a lot of plowing for other people that year to help make money that we needed. He did this in addition to plowing and working at home. When he graduated from eighth grade he had to stay home for a couple of years before starting high school because he was needed so badly at home. When Emil felt better he started high school two years later.

Lu Ida went to high school in Beresford her first year and worked for Ole Wevik to earn her board and room. If she had not worked we could not have afforded to send her. Leverne attended Elk Point High School and he had a job sweeping at the high school all four years that he went, and he earned his board and room in this way.

In her second year Lu Ida went to Elk Point too, and did light housekeeping with 2 other girls at Levi Card's home. Marjorie and Agnes also went to Elk Point High.

All of our children did well in school and participated in many activities. Leverne and Agnes were valedictorians of their classes, and Marjorie was the homecoming queen in her senior

year. Lu Ida, after graduating in 1940, went to Southern Normal College at Springfield, South Dakota, where she received a temporary teaching certificate and began teaching school in Union County, So. Dak., in September, 1941.

Leverne who graduated one year later worked at home until his enlistment in the U.S. Air Force in 1942.

Marjorie who graduated in 1944 went on to business college in Sioux Falls. After completing her courses there she took a position with the Badger Ordinance Works at Baraboo, Wisconsin and later moved to Jacksonville, Florida where she worked for National Airlines. She met her husband, Norman Flados of Nocona, Texas while she was working there.

Agnes attended Southern Normal College at Springfield after her graduation, until she was qualified to teach in the rural schools of Union County. She met her husband, Berdell Kinsley of Mission, South Dakota while attending college there.

During their summers when they were older the girls "worked out." Lu Ida worked at a motel in Vermillion one summer and another summer she worked in Sioux City for a family. While there one summer she began dating Olaf Abrahamson, whom she had known most of her life and who lived less than a mile from our home, and they were married in 1942.

While Leverne was in high school making excellent grades, earning his board and room and being a good athlete, he had enough time left over to date LaVonne Hornstein of Elk Point, South Dakota and they were married in 1943 during the time he was in the Air Force in Fort Worth, Texas.

Marjorie spent one summer in Sioux City working as a live-in baby sitter for a family named Kaplan.

Agnes was needed at home those summers so she stayed with us and worked. And she really worked, too She drove the tractor during harvest some summers and got as brown as a berry while doing so.

Since we lived 14 miles from the town where the kids went to high school, it was necessary that they board in town while they went to school. They would come home on weekends and, for me, they were the most up-set weekends of all my years. And it went on for several years.

On Friday evening they came home with their suit cases, clothes on hangers, and the girls with boxes that they used to

carry their week's supply of food. The girls all did light housekeeping in Elk Point to cut expenses.

Every chair had something on it, and the house would stay a mess all weekend. I would do my weekly wash on Saturday then, so I could do up their weekly wash at the same time as I was doing ours. When you were heating a boiler of water I felt I might as well do it all at one time. And yes, a boiler of water was supposed to do a week's wash yet then.

So all forenoon I would spend getting the week's wash done up. In the winter if the day was not nice and we couldn't dry the clothes outside, we had to dry everything on a clothes rack over our furnace, as the clothes had be dried and ironed and ready for taking back to school the next Monday morning.

I was teaching Sunday School at this time which meant going to church as usual, coming home and cooking dinner, then in the afternoon was spent getting things ready for them to take back with them. The girls did their own ironing, but I had to get their food ready for taking back, there was bread, and cake and cookies to pack and anything else that they could eat during the week, that I might have on hand.

I always pressed three pair of wool pants for Leverne, no permanent pressed pants in those days, nor did they wear jeans. All had to be ready by late afternoon on Sunday: shirts, pants, skirts, blouses, dresses on hangers, suitcases of other necessities all packed and ready.

Those were to me the worst weekends! We had our kids at home so short a time it seemed we did those things and were never sorry for it afterwards.

In the year 1941, my parents came to live with us. My mother had become ill and they could no longer stay by themselves out in Rapid City by themselves. After she had been in the hospital in Rapid City, my brother, Ole, and I went out and took them home with us. My father stayed with us too so they could be together during her last two years. Mother passed away on November 15, 1943. Rest her soul, she sure suffered. After that my Dad lived with his children and we took turns keeping him. He was visiting with John in Chicago, Illinois when he suffered a stroke and died on April 5, 1946. Both of my parents are buried at the Beresford Cemetery.

On year Emil had a nervous breakdown, which lasted a long spell. We can thank Dr. Isaack for bringing him out of that.

It was a year before he was able to do all his work again. A few years later he had surgery and a part of his stomach was removed as was his gall bladder, so he was laid up then for a long time. It was about at this time that Emil's mother came to stay at our house, as she had become quite helpless by then, by now it was 1955.

I had two operations in the year 1944, both serious enough, but I recovered after a while. I had the first operation during Easter Vacation and the second one over the Christmas Vacation. This was done so I could have help from my two younger girls who were in high school at this time. Agnes stayed home from school two extra weeks to help when I needed her. By spring I was as good as new and back to doing my chores as usual.

I always had lots of chores to do it seemed and I didn't mind it too much because I always enjoyed working. Ever since we had lived on the Klemme farm, (since 1930) I had raised chickens. We had such a big chicken house there we quit milking cows and had more chickens, using the barn for chickens, as well. Each year it seemed I would have a few more, I bought them now, though, instead of hatching them myself. I bought straight run, so we had lots of roosters as well as hens. We managed to butcher over 100 roosters each fall for eating. We froze them so that we had chicken whenever we wanted it. There was a locker plant at Spink and that is where we kept all our frozen meat. When springers became so cheap to buy I began buying just the pullets for egg laying. By then I was also using part of the corn crib for my chickens, they seemed to be all over the place. We had 300 in the crib, 400 in the barn, and 700 in the chicken house. One year I even put old hens in the machine shed, that was the year that I had 1600 hens. Let me tell you that was a lot of hens to grind feed for and take care of. By this time we had had automatic waterers for several years. Over the years we took in a great deal of money from our chickens.

Emil always had many pigs, usually about 80 head each spring, and sometimes a few to come in the fall. He fed from 10 to 50 head of cattle each year. He fed more cattle the last few years that he farmed than he ever had before.

In 1947 we took off on our "honeymoon." It was the first trip we ever took without our children. We drove east to New York City, Niagara Falls, and while up there we visited with Marjorie who was married by this time and living in Connecti-

cut with her husband, whom we had never met. So we met our new son-in-law and we were well pleased with him. While there we went through a submarine at the submarine base in New London, Connecticut. We drove through a part of Canada on our way home, down through Detroit and then home. We had a wonderful honeymoon trip.

In 1951 we went on a trip to the Gulf of Mexico arranged by the seed corn company that Emil had been selling for, for several years. We enjoyed a day of deep sea fishing while we were in Port Isabel, Texas and made a brief trip across the border to Mexico. On our way home we visited Marjorie in Austin, Texas and saw our new grand daughter, Fara, for the first time. She was only two weeks old at the time. While we were there we acted as her sponsors at her baptism.

After graduation from high school and the beginning of World War II, Leverne wanted to enlist in the Air Force, and this he did. He reported for duty at Jefferson Barracks in St. Louis, Missouri in January of 1943. He received Basic Training here until March of that same year, at which time he was transferred to Knox College at Gaylesburg, Illinois. He lived in a college dormitory while taking several college level courses considered pertinent to flight training. He played the tuba in the Air Force Band while there; he had played for four years in high school and I am sure he thought that would be the end of it, but not so!

In May of 1943 he was transferred to Lackland Air Force Base at San Antonio, Texas. He took a battery of physical and mental tests as required before becoming an Army Air Corps Cadet. After successfully completing the tests he was given preflight training for a period of 9 weeks, after which time he was transferred to Corsicana, Texas for his Primary Flight Training. After the passage of another 9 weeks he was transferred to Goodfellow Field in San Angelo, Texas for his Basic Flight Training. Nine weeks later he moved on to twin-engine school and advance training which he received at Pampa, Texas. Nine weeks later he was graduated as a twin engine pilot in the U.S. Army Air Corps and commissioned as a 2nd Lt. in March of 1944.

He went home for a two week visit on his first leave after his commissioning. He reported to Tarrant Field at Fort Worth, Texas for four-engine pilot training after his leave. He recalls he rode on the train with Gordon Eggen, another boy from Union County who was in the service at that time, as far as

Norman, Oklahoma where Gordon was stationed and then Leverne proceeded on to Fort Worth.

It was when he was in the midst of this part of his training that he and LaVonne Hornstein, his high school sweetheart, were married on May 6, 1944. Shortly after this time he was chosen to be an instructor pilot in B-24 and B-32 planes and was able to remain on duty in Fort Worth and fly with his own classmates.

Their daughter, Donna Jean, was born the following year on August 30, 1945. In June of 1946 he was transferred to McDill Field, Tampa, Florida where he served as an instructor pilot and instrument check pilot, plus he had the added responsibility of being in charge of 74 colored enlisted men. He was instructing in B-25's and C-7's at this time.

He was discharged from the Army Air Force with the rank of 1st Lt. in December of 1946 at Ft. Bragg, North Caroline. They traveled home (via Fort Worth, Texas) and he joined his father in farming. During the first year they were back, they lived in our home in an apartment we had fixed for them upstairs.

They rented the Carl Peterson farm, near by, in March of 1948. Their son, Glen, was born on July 21, 1949. They lived on the Peterson farm until March of 1951 when, of all things, he was called back into the Air Force, because, by this time, our country was involved in something called a "police action" in Korea.

He submitted to physicals at Chanute Field, Illinois then reported to Randolph Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas, to pick up his first crew members (co-pilot, navigator, bombadier) for the B-29 he was now scheduled to fly. After his flight training in B-29's he picked up his gun crew and was then transferred to Lake Charles Air Force Base in Louisiana in September, 1951. This training was an accelerated course in bombing and navigating over water, in preparation for immediate duty as a member of a bomber group in Japan.

They had bought a house trailer because they knew they would be moving around, so now they moved the trailer to Austin, Texas where LaVonne and the children planned to stay while he was gone overseas. Marge and Norman lived there at that time, so there was some family near. They shared a Thanksgiving dinner together with the Flados family before he left for Camp Stoneman California where he was to be processed for overseas duty.

He left from Travis Air Force Base on a flight for Japan. He had a "dinner stop" in Honolulu on the way over, then they proceeded on their way.

They were traveling on a private air line, Flying Tiger Line, and arrived on Wake Island 12 hours after leaving Honolulu, where they stopped to refuel their plane and their stomachs. Another 12 hour flight had them landing at Haneda Airport in Tokyo, Japan, in what was now December, 1951.

Within three days of his arrival and after one orientation flight, he flew his first mission over Korea. During this tour they became a lead crew and led many missions over Korea, and later Leverne served as a check-out instructor pilot for new crews and gave indoctrination instruction for the new crews on their first combat missions. After 6 months and 35 missions he completed his tour of duty overeas. In the process he received several flight commendations, which he chooses not to discuss with anyone because as he says, "they are my business and mine alone." Leverne never was one that enjoyed tooting his own horn, even when he had something to toot about.

In May of 1952 he was flown home via Canadian Air Ways landing in Adak, Alaska for an overnight stay. They later flew to Vancouver, British Columbia where they were sent by bus to McChord, AFB, in Washington.

After the usual processing he was granted 30 days leave and he caught a flight to Austin, to get his family and they drove to South Dakota to visit us.

After the leave was over he moved his family and the trailer home to Castle AFB at Merced, California. There in July of 1952 he was assigned to a KB-29 plane attached to a Tanker Refueling Squadron.

It was while he was at Castle AFB that he had an interesting and frightening experience. He was returning to Castle AFB from a routine flight, at an altitude of 18,000 feet, when a disabled propeller detached itself from his airplane and plummeted to earth over Bakersfield, California. The falling prop damaged a residence in Bakersfield, but luckily no one was injured and the plane and crew landed safely back at its own base. A freak accident, that could have turned out tragically but luckily, did not, however it did create an uproar that reached all the way to the Pentagon.

In March of 1953 he returned home and resumed his farming operations on another farm near Union Creek.

In 1968 they moved unto the home place, we had since built our new house in Spink, and Leverne had agreed to farm our farm, and in addition to that he had bought the old Carl Pederson farm which gave him a nice sized acreage on which to farm.

They did some remodeling before moving over and have continued to improve and modernize the house as their finances permit.

Lavonne has been in the egg business for many years and does very well at it. Leverne keeps improving and expanding his operation each year. He works very hard and is a very skilled farmer.

He served as Treasurer of the Brule Creek Church for 5 years. He was Chairman of the West Union School Board for 10 years, Director of the Crop Investment Association for 8 years, President of the Union County Livestock Feeders Association for 2 year and has served as Director of the Union County Farm Bureau.

Lavonne is no less busy with her activities as a Sunday School teacher for the past 15 years and Superintendent for 4 years, Secretary-Treaurer for two years. At this time she is Stewardship Secretary for the Ladies Aid. This in addition to keeping her house, running her egg business and doing what she considers her duty by serving in the County Republican organization, and best of all she has been like our own daughter to us.

Donna was born in Fort Worth, Texas and and was baptized there with Melvin and Louise Lykken acting as her sponsors. After her father was recalled into the service, she attended school her first and second years in Austin, Texas and Merced California. She graduated from West Union grade School in Union County, attended and graduated from high school at Akron, Iowa. She studied piano with Mrs. Shoulberg in Akron for several years and became a very fine pianist. She married Verdell Swanson of Union County, South Dakota at Brule Creek Lutheran Church on October 9, 1962. They moved to a small home near Verdell's parents where they lived while Verdell farmed with his father.

They are the parents of three children now, Lisa who was born on April 17, 1963, Karen Lynn born on June 25, 1964 and Greg Allen who was born on April 22, 1970.

Verdell now farms on his own farm, and their two little girls attend the Garland School, the same school their Grandfather Swanson attended as a child.

Donna is director of the junior choir at the Union Creek Church and has taught Bible School in summer. She is a member of the Cheerful Neighbor Extension Club.

Donna can remember one Easter when we had a great deal of snow on the ground, and the roads were impassable, so in order to get to Grandma and Grandpa's house for the usual Easter dinner they rode over in a wagon pulled by her Daddy's tractor. She also remembers what fun the Treasure Hunts were that Grandma used to hold for the grandchildren on Easter Sunday. Another event she will never forget is when she had the mumps and how Glen and her mother caught them from her and she had to stay with her Aunt Marge who took her to school each day until her mother was recovered.

Glen's boyhood was spent going to West Union school, playing softball, and participating in 4-H Club work. He was baptized and confirmed, as was his sister before him, at the Brule Creek Lutheran Church. He attended Akron High School and was graduated in 1968. He was a busy fellow during his high school years. He played football each of the four years and in his senior year he was selected for the All-Conference team as offensive center, third team All-North Iowa, and All-State Honorable Mention. He played baseball for four years, track for three years, and wrestled for two years. He lettered all four years. He was sophomer class president, played a tuba, as did his his father, for four years, he was in vocal and instrumental small groups, glee club and mixed chorus.

In the spring of his junior year, Glen was selected by the Akron American Legion Post to represent them at Des Moines at Boys' State. He was following in his father's footsteps once again as his father also attended Boy's State when he was Glen's age. He was elected Vice President of the Student Council his senior year had 3 years of perfect attendance and was elected an attendant at homecoming festivities in his senior year. He had a 15 year perfect attendance record at Sunday School at the Brule Creek Church.

He has attended South Dakota Southern State College for 3 years majoring in Social Science. He has played football each year and was elected president of his class in his junior year.

In the summer of 1970 he began taking flying lessons. He and his father have flown together and when possible his Dad gives him a few pointers from the years back when he was a flight instructor. His Dad says he will make a good flyer! He recently became engaged to Donna Johnson of rural Akron.

Lu Ida Klemme married Olaf Abrahamson, of Union County, on the 19th of December, 1942, at the Brule Creek Lutheran Church. The officiating pastor was Reverend Douglas Jacobson.

The day after Olaf and Lu Ida were married, they moved onto Olaf's home place near Spink. They bought Olaf's mother's furniture so they moved into a ready-made house. After a few months they bought a bedroom set. It cost a total of $59.00 — complete, new, and shiny.

Lu Ida finished her second term of teaching school at North Spink in May of 1943. They were awaiting their first child. On January 19, 1944, their dreams came true when James Owen, a healthy 7 pound 15 ounce boy came to live with them. On June 20, 1945, Larry Robert made his debut into this world. He did not approve of doing the natural so he presented himself by means of a Caesarean Section. He weighed in at 7 pounds and 8 ounces. A short ten and a half months later, Curtis Edward arrived, duplicating Larry's method of entry into the world. Being a premature baby, he spent the first month of his life sleeping. His birth weight of 7 pounds and 1 ounce changed little during that time. These three boys completed the family of Olaf and Lu Ida until the arrival of daughters-in-law and grandchildren.

The three boys attended Pleasant Hill rural school, the same school that their mother and dad — also their Grandpa Klemme had attended. James revealed his artistic talent during these formtaive years by winning art contests sponsored by different TV programs. He won two pairs of shoes for himelf, a Schwinn bicycle, an electric coffee pot for his mother, a variety of theater tickets, and a personal appearance on TV. His art talent also helped to win for his school the YCL scrap book contest in the county and also in the state.

Curtis also won a bicycle for himself during his grade school years. During Curtis's last year in grade school he served as the county's Young Citizens League president.

When high school days arrived, Alcester High School was chosen as the learning center for the next few years. James began

in September 1957. He was a husky lad of 180 pounds so the coaches of surrounding schools were eyeing him as an athletic propect. He was a four year letterman by the time he was a senior. He was named to the all-conference team as well as the all-state team when he was a senior. His school chose him as Athlete-of-the-Year and he earned the honor of Decathlon winner. He was an alternate to Boy's State and received an appointment to the Air Force Academy from Senator Case of South Dakota. He received the Best Painting Award trophy for winning the National Open Custom Model Car Contest and for the four consecutive years he attended Alcester High School he designed the cover for the school's yearbook. Before graduating in May 1962 he was a homecoming attendant in his junior and senior years, class officer, and student body president his senior year.

After graduation from high school he entered the University of South Dakota at Vermillion where he was a member of the USD Rifle team. By this time Jim had received his pin for 13 years of regular Sunday School attendance at the Brule Creek Lutehran Church, and had tucked away 3 champion feeder awards from his 4-H club work.

At this stage, James transferred to Iowa State University at Ames, Iowa from which he received his Bachelor of Science degree in Landscape Architecture in 1967. While at Iowa State he was a medalist on the Air Force ROTC Rifle Team, a member of Delta Tau Delta Fraternity, and an active member of the Campus Crusade for Christ. After his graduation from college he attended Dallas Theological Seminary. Jim was awarded a Masters of Theology degree in May of 1971. During his years in Dallas, Texas, he was employed by Andy McMullin Associates Landscape Firm, where he served as designer.

On July 11, 1970, James was married to Claire Cheirs Parks of Memphis, Tennessee. Ceecy, as she is generally known, graduated from Southern Methodist University in Dallas. Their wedding in Memphis provided an excellent opportunity for the family to make a quick trip to Tennessee. He is now serving as pastor of a church in Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

Larry entered Alcester High in 1959. He was a member of 4-H Club for a number of years, but his athletic ability seemed to outshine his ability to raise cattle. Awards and medals he has earned include the following: 1962 Low Hurdles, High Hurdles,

and Mile; 1963 — Low Hurdles, High Hurdles, Tyndall Relay. In his senior year he was given the honor of all-conference football player, most valuable player in both football and basketball, top rebounder and top field goal percentage in his school. He was chosen as Athlete of the Year, and was Alcester's representative at Boy's State. Larry was Homecoming King and Student Body President during his senior year.

After graduation in 1963 he entered the University of South Dakota and was a member of the USD Rifle Team. He was a member and officer of the Delta Sigma Pi Fraternity. He married Linda Olson of Canton, South Dakota in 1962, but this marriage ended in divorce a few years later.

Upon graduation from the University of South Dakota with a degree in Business Administration and a commission in the United States Army, he entered the Law School of the University of Wyoming at Laramie. Shortly before graduation he was married to Le Ann Ness of Billings, Montana.

He received his Legal Doctor of Laws (LLD) degree in May of 1970. Larry and Le Ann moved to Granby, Colorado after graduation where Larry was employed by a local law firm. He is a member of the Wyoming and Colorado bar, after a short tour of duty with the United States Army he plans to practice law in one of the above mentioned states. Larry and Le Ann have a son, Robert Michael, who was born on October 2, 1970.

Curtis entered high school in 1961. His four years at Alcester were ones that brought him many honors also. He was active in sports as his brothers and there were times when Olaf and Lu da watched nervously as all three boys were on the football field at the same time. Curtis's talents leaned toward the musical side. He won a superior rating as tenor soloist when he was a junior and also as a senior, when he represented his school at the regional music contest. He was about the same age as his father was when as a young man he began his solo work on the trumpet.

Curt was an officer of the local Luther League and became the Conference League president. He received a 13-year Sunday School attendance reccord. In high school he was a class officer almost every year, including senior class president. He was an attendant to the king at homecoming in his sophomore and senior years. He was an alternate for the Boy's State award. His time was divided between his school work and Janene Mollet, whom he married on January 15, 1965.

After graduating from high school in 1964, Curtis entered the University of South Dakota, but after he and Janene were married both transferred to the college in Springfield, South Dakota. The following fall they moved their little house trailer to Vermillion and Curt reentered the university. He was a member of the University choir and the Madrigal Singers. Janene taught school in Elk Point South Dakota during the next three years. Curt graduated in January of 1969 with a degree in music education. In the fall of 1969 he and Janene moved to Canton, South Dakota where they bought a house and Curt began to teach vocal music in the high school . At the time of this printing, he is still in Canton and Janene is teaching in the Sioux Falls, South Dakota school system. She received her degree in elementary education in August, 1970.

Curt and Janene have two sons; Timothy Edward born in Tyndall, South Dakota August 27 in 1965 and Thomas Robert who was born in Vermillion, September 7, 1969. Tim by five and one half years of age had taught himself to read on the level of a first grader in the second half of the school year.

Lu Ida and Olaf are proud of having six children with college degrees — with a total of thirty-three years of college.

Lu Ida, after thirty years, also received her college degree in elementary education in 1970 from the Univrsity of South Dakota. She had resumed teaching in 1958 and taught three and one half years at Coyote School, four years at Pleasant Hill School and four years at Lamont School, all which are in Union County. School teacher's wages have changed through the years as she can illustrate by comparing her beginning wages of $720.00 in 1941 to $7886.00 in 1970.

After attending the University of South Dakota for one year and receiving her degree, she as employed as a 6th grade social studies teacher in the Akron Community School in Akron, Iowa. She and Olaf moved into their new home in Akron in the spring of 1971.

Olaf has farmed 400 acres of land for the past 10 years, but will continue farming on a more moderate scale beginning in the spring of 1971. He will be what is known as a "city farmer", farming only the home place of 160 acres which he and Lu Ida bought in 1962. This has been their home for twenty-eight years. The easier life will give Olaf time to enjoy his hobby of playing the trumpet and saxaphone, which he had done for fun

and profit for the past 40 years, playing solos and being a member of a small dance band.

Olaf has been a church officer consecutively for the past forty-one years, the last ten he has served as the church's Vice President. He served as a 4-H Club leader for five year during the time that the boys were active in 4-H work.

Lu Ida has been active in community affairs serving as Sunday School Superintendent, teacher for many years, and extension club officer of her local organization and the Union County chairman for two years. In 1959 she was selected as Union County's Homemaker of the Year. She was awarded a "day in the city" which was a special day for the selected Siouxland homemakers.

Their lives have truly been blessed with good things; a fine family, and a heritage of which they can be proud.

After being trained as a comptometer operator at Nettleton Commercial College in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, Marjorie worked for a time at Baraboo, Wisconsin. In the spring of 1945 she took a trip to Jacksonville, Florida, liked it so well down there that she sought employment. She was employed by National Airlines in Jacksonville at the time she met Norman Flados of Nocona Txas, who was a Lt. (j.g.) in the U.S. Navy and skipper of the USS P.C. 782, based at Green Cove Springs, Fla.

On August 18, 1946 Marjorie and Norman were married at Opalocka Naval Air Station chapel near Miami, Florida. She wore her sister's wedding gown.

They had a simple wedding and reception at the Officer's Club on the Station. Thus began her years of being a navy wife and following her navy husband from duty station to duty station.

In October of that year Norman was ordered to the experimental ship PC-ER 852 operating out of Cape May, New Jersey and they lived there for just a few short weeks before changing their residence to Rehoboth Beach, Delaware. Since the ship operated between the two ports they chose the one they thought would provide the best opportunity to be together. The 852 did most of her operating at night because they were testing night-signaling Nancy Gear so their hours were hectic, at best. In 1947 the ship went into dry dock in Charleston, South Carolina so their wordly goods, which didn't amount to much, were placed

in the back seat of their car and they were off for Carolina! After six weeks the ship was ready to sail and sail she did, this time to New London, Connecticut. While in New London that year, Norman applied for and received orders to the Submarine School at Groton, Connecticut where he trained until June of 1948. This was the first time they had lived on a military installation and they enjoyed it.

After graduating from Submarine school Norman was ordered to the U.S.S. Sea Owl at the U.S. Submarine Base in the Panama Canal Zone, C.A. They were in Panama for 9 monthss when Norman contracted polio on New Year's Day of 1949. After a 7 week stay in the hospital he was flown back to the States and hospitalized at Naval Hospitals in Pensacola Florida, Corona, California, Long Beach, California, and Corpus Christi, Texas; Marge following from place to place and setting up their small household in each location.

Decision time had come! Norman was discharged from the navy as a result of partial paralysis in his right leg. So back into college Norman went. He received a B.S. and a M. Ed. from the University of Texas and during their stay in Austin, Texas their first child was born, a daughter named Fara Ann, born January 7, 1951.

In June of 1951 Norman decided he would attend Texas A. & M. College at College Station, Texas in order that he may study agriculture. He and his brother, Richard, had bought a 468 acre farm in the Lower Rio Grande Valley of Texas in the year 1950 and he felt that agronomy would be his field.

They moved to College Station, Texas in June of 1952, once again living in a converted barracks, as most married students had to do back then. In all they spent 7 years in a barracks!

Mark was born that November 22, 1952 while his Daddy was attending the Texas-A&M Freshman football game! During the five years they were in College Station, Norman completed work on two more degrees and was awarded his Doctor of Philosophy Degree in Plant Pathology in May of 1958.

The previous January, Norman had accepted a job as Assistant Professor of Biology at Sam Houston University at Huntsville, Texas.

While in Huntsville a 3rd baby was born, John Norman, born on the 2nd day of September in 1958. Shortly after his

birth they moved into their first new home. They lived in it for 7 years before they moved once again. This time it was a little closer to home. Norman accepted the position of Chairman of the Biology department at Midwestern College at Denison, Ia. It was so nice during their five year stay in Denison to have family close by, just 115 miles away. We got to see each other quite often — which we appreciated so much.

The college at Denison faced one financial crisis after another and finally closed its doors in the fall of 1970. So it was moving day again, their SIXTEENTH move in 24 years!

They moved to McAllen, Texas in the Rio Grande Valley in March of 1971. Norman accepted a job as consultant with the Lower Rio Grande Valley Development Council where he was required to organize and institute a consortium for training health manpower under the State's Comprehensive Health Manpower Commission.

Norman was anxious to get back to Texas because he and his brother had since bought a 200 acre irrigated farm on which they had been growing cotton. Although the tenants are excellent farmers he felt it nice to be "close."

Fara attended grade school in Huntsville and high school in Denison, Iowa. She was active at school and received many honors. She was Band Queen her junior year, played oboe in the band for 6 years, elected homecoming attendant her senior year, cheerleader for two years, November's Girl of the Month of the Denison Bulletin, and was a class officer her senior year.

She attended the University of Iowa for 3 semesters, as a pre-nursing student, and attended Midwestern College during one summer. She was affiliated with the Alpha Delta Pi sorority at the University of Iowa and did her share of contending for this title and that, before she tired of it all, including college life, and decided she wanted to be gainfully employed. Fara was never afraid of work. She has worked as a car-hop, and during two summers she was a member of a corn detasselling crew in the corn fields of Iowa. During her senior year she was employed on a part time basis as a clerk in a drug store, selling cosmetics and acting as cashier. She is presently employed in McAllen as a secretary. She became engaged to Joe Emerson Jones of McAllen, Texas in August of 1971 and they plan to be married on January 8th, 1972.

Mark attended grade school in Huntsville and attended high school in Denison, Iowa. He was an excellent student throughout his his school years. He was active in Circle K Club, student council, a member of the National Honor Society, a Governor's Scholar of the State of Iowa, and was employed on a part time basis in a local shoe store during his senior year. He received the Eagle Scout Award as a member of the Boy Scouts of America and was granted a 4-year college scholarship from the AFROTC. He plans to attend Southwest Texas State University at San Marcos, Texas in September. After his graduation in May of 1971, he rejoined his family in McAllen, Texas.

John attended school at Huntsville for one year and attended the Denison Community Schools after their move to Iowa. He will be a junior high 7th grader in McAllen in the fall of 1971 He is a good student with an inquiring mind and a sharp wit. He is a Boy Scout and hopes to follow his brother's and his father's footsteps, if possible and attain the rank of Eagle Scout.

During the years Marjorie and Norman were in Huntsville, they were very active in political campaigns. In 1964 Norman was a delegate from Texas to the Republican National Conventionheld in San Francisco.

Norman did research and attended summer institutes during two recent summers, once in Stillwater, Oklahoma where he did cotton research and one summer was spent in Berkely, California at an institute sponsored by the Atomic Energy Commission. This is a family that has done many varied things and have had their share of "happenings". There were trips to launch a new nuclear submarine in Newport News, Virginia, publication of three books by Norman, amateur theatricals for Marge, Fara and Mark, political conventions, some public speech making by both Norman and Marge, and Marge learning to play golf and starting to college as a freshman after the age of forty.

They now own a new home in McAllen and are hoping to be there for a long time. As with each family they have had their ups and downs, their victories and their disappointments, but theirs has been a good life, and for this they are grateful.

After graduating from high school at Elk Point, Agnes attended the teacher's college at Springfield, South Dakota. There was a drastic shortage of teachers at this time, immediately after World War II, and she was given a temporary certificate to teach, after attending college for one year. She taught at the

South Spink school near her home and was well accepted by students and parents. Oftentimes, after doing something, one realizes how much more they *need* to know about what they are doing, and this was the case with Agnes. She returned to college for two more years. She returned to teaching once again, this time at the West Union School in Union County, where she taught for two years.

During her time at college she had met Berdell Kinsley from Mission, South Dakota. On May 28, 1948, she and Berdell were married at the Brule Creek Church. They had both been studying to be teachers and now they went out as a couple to work in their chosen profession.

From 1949 to 1951 they lived in Dallas, South Dakota where Berdell taught in the Dallas school while Agnes taught in the school at near-by Gregory.

Agnes's career was interrupted after teaching one year, when Lesley Ann was born at Burke, So. Dakota on October 12, 1950.

In 1951 they moved to Viborg, South Dakota where Berdell was teaching while Agnes produced a second pretty little daughter on May 30 1952. Then began a series of moves to teaching positions in the central and western part of South Dakota. They taught in reservation schools near Parmelee from 1953 to 1955. From there they were transferred to Fort Thompson, and then on to Lower Brule. During these years, both were teaching again, Agnes in the grade schools and Berdell, since his becoming a part of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, had been performing the duties of principal in addition to teaching duties.

Agnes was forced to take another sabbatical in 1956 when their third child, and first son was born on August 31st, at Chamberlain, So. Dakota. He was named Kermit.

They enjoyed teaching and working with the Indian people and as a family they always enjoyed the wide open spaces, hunting and fishing. Taking into account their feeling and understanding for the Indian people and this feel for the pioneer life, they packed their family off to Eek, Alaska where they both taught in an Eskimo school and were the only white inhabitants of the village. They moved on to Kalskag, Alaska after three years in Eek. They returned to the States after spending a total of five years there: from 1959-1964.

They should write a book about their experiences, for they had some that most people can never exprience in a lifetime. They tried to learn from the Eskimos as well as teach them in the classroom, sometimes this learning process reached comic proportions. They acquired two blooded Alaskan Huskies, bred them and raised their own dog sled team. They built their dog sleds, they cured their quota of fish, shot their fill of ptarmigan, and once or twice a moose or something four-legged and meaty.

As their dog team matured and were trained to the sled, each tried to master the technique of driving the dogs. The Eskimos enjoyed the Kinsley's willingness to try their ways and their trial and error methods, but in spite of being new to the skill, they all became quite proficient at driving their team. As Agnes graded them: Lesley was a Grade A Deluxe Sled Dog Driver with 3 dogs, Deborah was a Grade AA Dog Sled Driver with 7 dogs, and Kermit did well if he could get 1 dog to pull anything on his sled! But then he was a little fellow and he did what he could, and he never quit trying.

It was rather isolated there and they used their dog team for transportation, the only means available. They taught, they served hot meals to the students, they gave emergency medical treatment, Agnes delivered babies, they canned the berries that cold land produces in the summer months, and they experienced the long nights of winter and the everlasting sunlight of summer.

When their oldest children neared high school age they decided to come back to the States in order that they may attend a high school near them. They loved Alaska and say they would like to return.

Agnes has always been our "pioneering" type. Her sister Marge has said that had our family lived 140 years ago on the Eastern Seaboard, Agnes would have been the one that drove a team of mules across the width of the nation to pan for gold in California, and baked her own bread along the way!

From 1964 when they returned from Alaska until 1966 both taught at Oglala, South Dakota. Berdell in the meantime had resigned from the B.I.A. and they re-located in Parmelee and taught in the He Dog School near-by. At this writing they are living in Rosebud, South Dakota and both are teaching in the schools there, Agnes with her little ones, and Berdell in Administration. They have been in this location since 1969.

Lesley graduated from the Mission, South Dakota High School in 1968 and was a good student and active in extra curricular

activities. She was a member of the National Honor Society, Editor of the school paper, *The Falcon*, she played oboe in the band and received superior ratings on her playing.

After graduation she went on to the School of Mines in Rapid City for two years, majoring in Chemistry. She is presently employed as a secretary to the Follow-Through Director of the Todd County School District.

Deborah graduated from Mission High School in 1969. She was a member of the National Honor Society in school, a Clarinet soloist and a member of the Woodwind Ensemble. She received Superior ratings in her music. She was an attendant to the homecoming queen in her senior year. She has been attending the Teachers College in Chadron, Nebraska for the past two years, majoring in Secondary Education, her major area being Biology and Mathematics. She has always been a very bright pupil and remains so, for she manages to keep her name on the Dean's List each semester.

Kermit is now in High School in Mission and his major interests are basketball, football and rodeo competition. He began playing competitive sports while in junior high and will continue through high school. He enjoys his pony and competing in local rodeos. He was the Break-away Roping Winner for two consecutive years at the Todd County 4-H Club rodeo. He has spent his summers working as a handyman on the 7/7 Ranch. Like his sisters, he is a good student.

The Kinsleys are a close-knit family and they enjoy life to the fullest. They always stay busy and as a result they seem to accomplish many things in the line of crafts, sewing, and gardening, in addition to their busy teaching schedules.

In the summer of 1971 Agnes received her Bachelor of Science Degree from the University of South Dakota at Springfield. Berdell completed and received his Master's Degree in Education during this same summer.

I did a good bit of baby sitting back in the days when our oldest grand children were small. There were Lu Ida's three boys, and Leverne's Donna and Glen, although Glen was so small at the time he didn't get in on too much.

Their grandpa and I both thought this was fun. As I remember, we did some card playing in the evenings as they grew old enough, to pass our evenings. I read stories from, and they

worked puzzles in, the "Children's Digest" magazine which I kept for them there. These stories and puzzles were a bit different from those they saw in the daily paper and the usual children's books. There were times when it was rainy and the roads were muddy, I never fancied driving a car on Lu Ida and Olaf's driveway, so I carried a lantern for light and would walk over. When I kept them at our house, they would play for a time, then sleep until their parents came for them. Many evenings the four of them would play down in our basement, usually during the wintertime when it was unpleasant for them to play outside or too dark. They had tricycles down there and would ride around and around the big furnace. Donna was good on the roller skates so she would usually go on them, and I think they all made the corners pretty sharp sometimes. Then there would be an occasional corn cob fight, as we kept corn cobs down there in a pile in the northwest corner of the basement. Sometimes the mess was a bad one to clean up, but they did have fun.

When James was still quite small I kept him for his parents one evening and put him to bed on our sofa bed in the dining room. I went to check on him in the night and I found him hanging by his head through the rails in the back of the bed. Somehow he had rolled around and slid down between the wall and the cot and he just hung there . . . still asleep! I was so scared! But I guess it couldn't have been too bad for him if he could sleep through it.

When they were older they would ask me to tell them spooky stories, I had a few I could tell, mostly the same ones they had heard before, but they would like to hear them over again.

Once a year they would all walk over to the old abandoned cemetery on the southeast corner of our farm to look around. One time at dusk in the evening when Glen was small but old enough to tag along, they scared him so bad that he ran home . . . in the wrong direction. Those years go so fast, now some of those same children have children of their own, that are the same ages as those that we sat with and popped corn for. It seems like such a short time ago.

In 1956 we took in a 16 year old boy, named Jerry Weddel, who was having trouble in his home. Jerry was to help with chores, since he didn't know anything about it we tried to teach him something about farm work. He gradually learned but he pulled off some stunts there at first. But as he learned, we began

to trust him and that seemed to help him. He turned out to be a real nice fellow to have around. He took a load off my hands as he did almost all of my chicken chores.

After being gone one weekend, he came home on his motorcycle. It had turned cold and there was a light rain falling. But knowing Jerry, that wouldn't stop him! When he got back at 10 o'clock that evening he was wearing a leather jacket and just slippers on his feet so his upper half was dry, but the rest of his clothes were frozen stiff on him. He was so cold he couldn't talk. I had him sit over our furnace and I made him some hot lemonade to drink, I had him put his feet in a pan of warm water to help warm him up all over. Well, he thawed out and didn't even catch a cold!

Once he went for a drive in his car and he called us, he needed help. It seems his car was hanging over the edge of the Brule Creek bridge down by the Eidem place. His front wheels were off the bridge and the edge of the bridge was the only thing that kept the car from going over and into the creek.

Another time he was working in the field dragging with the tractor he came near killing himself. Emil had warned him of the deep wash-out on the northeast corner of the field and to not turn the tractor close to it. Sure enough, he turned close to it so there, too, he hung on the edge of that big wash out and what kept the tractor from tumbling over into the hole, with the weight of the drag behind it, we will never know. He did make us wonder sometimes!

He turned out to be a good worker and there was no end to his strength to keep on. He sees it all now and realizes what we did for him and he has told us at different times that he wonders how we ever put up with him then. I think all he needed was a home where people were interested in him and would help him to see what was right and wrong.

He stayed with us for two years. One problem I had with him was he could not learn to keep himself clean. He never seemed to wash clean so I would wash his neck, ears and head when he was going away somewhere. He never could learn to read, although I tried to teach him during the time he was with us. He was good with figures, though and could figure in his head. He is married now and holds down a good job, and there were times when I thought he never could. But he seems to make out well for himself, his wife and 3 children.

In 1959 I had a bad summer. I started having severe headaches in June and they stayed with me until I had an operation in September. It took a long time for the doctor to find my trouble. Dr. Johnson had given up and couldn't believe I had anything seriously wrong with me. It began to show in my face and eyes that I had real trouble so he sent me to Dr. Brown, a specialist in brain surgery, and after nearly a week of tests, they found a shadow on some X-days that seemed to be a blood clot. So I had a brain operation on September 26, 1959. It was a sad thing at first, but the outcome wasn't so bad. I made a great recovery when one considers how bad the after-effects *could* have been.

I am partially paralyzed on my left side, my left arm completely, and I wear a high leg brace on my left leg. I do all my own work now, which took a long time to learn to do with one good hand. I can't dress by myself or undress by myself, but I can dust, clean, can, pare potatoes, bake pies, cakes and cookies, and sew, and this includes cutting and piecing quilt tops. I get along fine and I have been thankful that it didn't affect my mind or cause me to be bedridden. I am very thankful! Even though I can't go like other women, I enjoy life anyway, I keep busy and I feel happy.

During the last few years I have been doing a lot of sewing. Emil bought me a new sewing machine and I make quilt tops.

I had been quilting and had 11 quilts finished for my grandchildren when I had the trouble that I mentioned earlier. There were 3 quilt tops I had not finished so I hired other ladies to quilt them for me so they were finished too and given to my grandchildren.

In 1960 Emil decided to retire so we had a sale and sold all our farm livestock, chickens, machinery and some household goods. The sale went very well and we got good prices for our property.

It seemed funny no chores for anyone to do anymore around there. I was still in a wheel chair at this time and was not able to do much yet. I had started to wash dishes and cook some things. I made myself try to do these things again. Late in the spring I had Emil take the wheel chair back to Sioux City so I had to make it with a crutch (one, not two, as I had just the one good arm). One crutch helped me to walk and later I started to use just a cane and I got so I did more and more of my work

as time went by. The hardest was ironing, I ironed in more wrinkles than I ironed out, at first. But I conquered that too, so now I can iron anything that I wash. I can even press Emil's suit pants when they need it.

We bought some property at Spink that had an old house on it but there was a good garage there. So we removed the old house and built a new home which was finished in 1962. We moved into it on June 19, 1962 and we have been very comfortable here. It is a nice snug little house.

In 1963 all of us, Olaf and Lu Ida's family, Leverne's and we went to Huntsville, Texas over the Christmas holidays and spent about a week with Marjorie and her family. So we have seen some of the United States in our day. We haven't tried flying yet but maybe we will, sometime.

A few years ago Emil bought a Chihuahua puppy that we named Tiny. She was such a good dog and never grew to more than 5 or 6 pounds. We enjoyed her for so many years. She became fat in her old age and on January 23, 1971 she died after being sick for one week. We miss her around here. We had a Siamese cat, but we gave her away, so there are no more pets here with us.

We have been enjoying our home here in Spink. Emil has helped Leverne plow, disc, or drag when he was needed on his farm, and has tended our yard and raised a nice garden each year.

Emil was taken sick in January 1970 and he did not feel too good all year. But in spite of his not feeling too well, he took care of the garden, the flowers, and yard, and did a little help on the farm too. In the first part of 1971 he has improved very much and is about feeling normal again. Thank the Good Lord for that!

In July of 1970 Agnes drove for us and we went to Memphis, Tennessee, by car to attend the wedding of our grandson, James. It was a good drive and a good trip. Emil managed the trip quite well, even though he wasn't feeling too well at the time.

The locker at Spink closed in 1970 so we had to get our own freezer for keeping our meats and garden stuff. I always keep baked goods in there too, and having our own freezer is very handy.

Leverne furnishes us with all the meat that we need, and he has done this ever since we have been here at Spink. Lu Ida always does my hair for me as that is a job I cannot do.

Emil was always a careful farmer. His fence lines were clean, his horses well tended in the early years, his machinery well taken care of in later years. He kept his fields free of weeds and took pride in his land that he increased from 80 acres to 240 acres in his lifetime. And after he retired, of course he could not be without a tractor, pickup, plow, or cultivator so these things he has, in the machinery line, to fix on from time to time. He also has a manure spreader that he painted up to look like new. He has a gopher killing machine and he hires out to kill gophers in the spring and fall for those farmers that have a problem. So he is a little bit of a farmer yet, even if he does live in Spink.

His garden and flowers have been very nice each year. We do a lot of canning out of our garden and freeze some of it too. We are well satisfied here.

Emil rigged a little green house for our house plants that he used a couple of winters, but the extreme cold nights would kill some of our plants so this year we had over 80 plants in the house because we didn't use the green house. I have enjoyed them, my specialty has been African violets and gloxinias. I have grown some lovely plants and have sold a few to florists during the past few years.

In the year of 1970 our children planned a Golden Wedding celebration for us at the Brule Creek Church. We have nice memories of that occasion.

Even if we had illnesses during our days of married life, it has been a good life for us. We had hard times, but they passed. I guess the worst of the hard times was the year we could not buy anything new for our children for Christmas. As I remember, I fixed up their old dolls; a new head for one, a new body for another, new legs on a third, and sewed some new doll clothes for all three. I cannot remember what it was we fixed up for Leverne that year. It hurt us I know. This was when they were still in grade school. Leverne had always wanted a gun and a bicycle, but during those years there was no money for a gun or a bicycle. I hope as they got older they understood the reasons, those were such hard years. So we hope those things are overlooked by them now.

As we have watched our own four children and grandchildren grow up into young men and women, and now our six great grand children coming along and growing up as the years go by

we know what a wonderful life it has been. A life with joy, worry, and sickness, but holding so much to be thankful for.

When I think back over the years, I say God has been good to us in many ways. Prayers have been said and answered, I know. It has been a full, good life.

Progress has been made in many ways during these days that I here describe: as they were told to me, as I saw it and as I remember it.