

Family traditional song

Title and Author Unknown

“There’s a little light, always shining bright,
in a window, at the end of the lane.

There is someone there, in a rocking chair,
by that window, at the end of the lane.

Although though the road be long and
filled with many a turning.

Some day I’ll wind my way back
to where that someone is yearning.

When my dreams come true, I will be there, too
by that window, at the end of the land”

“NEVER GIVE UP”

Title of childhood song recorded by

Lura and Myrtle

“Our life was quite good [as kids]. We had plenty:
plenty of work, plenty of food and plenty of fun.”

“Notice how little things in life can
change a person’s whole approach.”

“Look at the tremendous variety of outstanding talents
among the descendants from this one family.”

Wilbur Schield

“I did what I could with what I had.”

Vern Schield

Favorite old songs

[Vern and Wilbur made up this song as their introduction for their weekly radio show at Waterloo (1931)]

A grand - sweet mel-ody- - of love - to you - is on - its way.
So let - our songs - bright sun- shine in.
'Twill bright-en up - your day.
We're sure - these sweet - old mel-odies - will drive - your cares - away.
So laugh - and smile, its worth - your while.
Let's make - the whole - world gay.

I see a candle light down in **the little green valley**.
Where morning glory vines are twining round my door.
Oh, how I wish I was there again, down in the little green valley.
That's where my homesick heart will trouble me no more.
There's only one thing ever gives me consolation.
And that's the thought that I'll be goin' back someday.
And every night down upon my knees I pray the lord to please take me.
Back to that little old green valley far away.

I hear a mockin' bird down in the little green valley.
He's singin' out a song of welcome just for me.
And someone waits by the garden gate down in the little green valley.
When I get back again now happy she will be.
And by a little babbling brook once more we we'll wander.
And in a shady nook we'll dream the hours away. And I will
leave all my cares behind, go where I know I'll find sunshine.
Back to that little old green valley far away.

With someone like you, a pal, good and true.
I'd like to leave it all behind and go a find
Some place that's known to God alone.
Just a spot to call our own.
We'll find perfect peace where joys never cease.
Out there beneath the kindly sky.
We'll build a sweet little nest somewhere in the west.
And let the rest of the world go by.

When it's springtime in the Rockies I'll be comin' back to you.
Little sweetheart of the mountains with your bonnie eyes of blue.
Once again I'll say. "I love you", while the birds sing all the day.
When it's springtime in the Rockies, in the Rockies far away.

May you always walk in sunshine, slumber warm when night winds blow.
May you always live with laughter for a smile becomes you so.
May good fortune find your doorway; may the bluebird sing your song.
May no trouble travel your way; may no worry stay too long.
May your heartaches be forgotten; may no tears be spilled.
May auld acquaintance be remembered and your cup of kindness filled.
And may you always be a dreamer; may your fondest dreams come true.
May your home be filled with love to last your whole life through.

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This essay gives an insight into farm life that is well worth studying. Things we might consider disadvantages were generally viewed or turned into advantages. For additional insight, read the novel *Maudie in the Middle* written by Phyllis Reynolds Naylor and Lura Schield Reynolds in 1988. The following essay was written April 1979 by Lura Schield Reynolds who was living at N. Fort Myers, Florida. It was retyped for this publication.

MEMORIES, MEMORIES

I am writing this for my 8 grandchildren who may be interested to know what life was like on the farm in Iowa in the early 1900's.

My father, Fred Schield (1869-1948) was born near Belle Plaine, Iowa in Benton County. His parents were born in Germany. His great uncle, Dr. Hildebrand, was the personal physician to the Kaiser of Germany. My mother, Emma Thompson Schield (1872-1963) was of German, Scottish-Irish descent. She was born in Benton County also. When she was 13 her mother died of tuberculosis and her husband and 3 sons died soon after the same disease. Mother was the oldest of the 8 children so she assumed the role of mother and stayed some from school to look after the younger brothers and sisters. Before her father died he brought her an organ to partly compensate for her work at home.

My father saw my mother for the first time in a county church where Mother was playing the organ. He remarked to a friend that she looked like a speckled bird's egg because she had so many freckles. They were married later and Mother's dress was a lavender silk with tight fitting bodice, leg o' mutton sleeves, full skirt and matching hat. Ray and Myrtle were born in Benton County, Iowa and when Myrtle was 4 weeks old they moved to Sioux County, Iowa which borders on South Dakota. Before the move Dad had driven a mule team out there to do the fall plowing. There was a church on the other corner of the 160 acre farm called the Mt. Joy church of God whose headquarters were at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. I was born (October 27, 1900) and Vern also in the house that was on the farm and later it was moved up the hill to become the parsonage for the church. My parents had a new house built of 8 rooms costing \$10,000 paying the carpenters \$1 a day. The church was only one half a mile from our home and the school was one half mile the other way so were very fortunate. Our lives revolved around the church, the school and the home. The nearest town, Ireton, was about 7 miles away and a bigger town, Harwarden, was about 11 miles from us. We, as children, seldom got to ride to town in the buggy or wagon. Once when in town Vern and I were attempting to take off our overshoes when the store owner noticed us and told us that it was not necessary that we remove our boots to go into his store.

One of my first memories is being in the Mt. Joy church and telling my mother that "I had to go out" which meant a trip to the outhouse on the back of the church lot. I remember as I walked out that I was trying to see my shoes with each step but it was next to impossible as my mother had starched the lower ruffle of my dress so stiff it almost stood straight out. ... Our country was at peace during the early 1900's and life was very simple and peaceful. We had no radios or TV's so we had to make our own entertainment. We had a phonograph that we wound with a crank, and it had cylinder records. I recall two: OVER THE WAVES and THE TURKISH MARCH. My uncle, Al Lemonds, Myrtle and I once recorded a song NEVER GIVE UP and I got the giggles so bad I could hardly sing.

We had an organ and later a piano. I am grateful that my mother insisted that we take piano lessons to which we walked nearly 2 miles. We made our own card games out of the cardboard that came between layers of soda crackers that Dad bought in large boxes. Our favorite game was PIT and I can still hear us yelling, "2, 2, 2" or "3, 3, 3" or whatever number of cards we had to trade. Then someone screaming "corner" on whatever grain made up his entire hand. I can never remember asking mother "What can I do?" There was always the barn and the big hay-mow where we swung on the hay ropes or jumped from one pile of hay to another or played hide and seek

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with dozens of places to hide. We would tease Dad into giving us a long rope for a bag swing (a long rope with a gunnysack filled with straw on the end) and planks to make teeter totters or a merry-go-round. The latter was a single plank with a hole bored in the middle and a huge bolt put through it into a post entrenched firmly in the ground. By pushing with our feet we could go round and round and did so by the hour. We made play houses in the grove by tying twine from tree to tree making rooms and using old boxes and orange crates for furniture. We found an old stove and on it made our mud pies. We played church using the stairs steps for pews. At other time we would roll up in blankets and then roll down the stairs coming to a thud at the bottom it seems I made up a lot of stories in those days. One day I told Russell he didn't belong in our family. That Dad and Mother had found him crying by the side of the road in the grass and feeling sorry for him, they had taken the little baby home and cared for him. He went to Mother crying and said, "Lura says that I don't belong in this family". I got a good scolding for that which I surely deserved.

Dad bought us a Shetland pony and a cart. We called the pony Beauty and she gave us many hours of pure pleasure. When she died after giving birth to a colt, my mother bottle-fed the colt getting up at night to give it feedings. It was so small I used to carry it around in my arms and even took it upstairs. It is remarkable that none of the 7 children suffered a broken arm or leg as we did many daring things. We would jump down out of the haymow on to a load of hay below, passed each other on a narrow plank under which was machinery and a cement floor, walk around the rim on the top of the silo before the roof was put on and jump from a high place in a tree on to a bag swing that someone had swung up to us. The boys rode all sorts of farm animals, some tame, some not. All of us went barefoot in the summer and we could hardly wait until spring when we could take off our long underwear.

When I got home from school I changed into my work clothes and started to do my chores. I carried in water from the well for drinking and water from the cistern to fill the reservoir attached to the kitchen stove, carried in several baskets of cobs from the cob-shed for the wood burning kitchen range, fed different animals and hunted the eggs. That was a job I liked best. Besides gathering the eggs from the regular nests in the hen-house I would hunt for new nests in the haymow or in the corncrib or other buildings. Then there were the cows to be brought in from the pasture and milked. I would sit on a 3 legged stool and grab the cow's teats firmly in my hands and with a downward motion the milk would come out. Sometimes the cow would switch her trail right in my face and worse yet, sometimes it was covered with the cow's b.m. I loved to squirt milk on the cat near by. Naughty me! Then all the foaming pails of milk were poured into a machine called a separator which separated the cream from the skim milk. I hated to wash all the parts of that contraption - so many disks and awkward pieces.

Wash day was a busy one - piles and piles of clothes all sorted as to color and kind. Load after load went into the same water but with that homemade soap, somehow all the dirty overalls would come out clean. There was not enough line to hang them all up so they would be draped on fences or laid on the grass. City folk will never know the wonderful fragrance of sleeping between sheets and on a pillow case taken right off the grass and put on the bed - that rapturous earthy smell!

We all worked in the fields, even Mother, husking corn, shocking grain, planting and digging potatoes, putting up hay and so on. On cold frosty mornings we would be out early to husk corn and our husking mittens would soon be wet from the frost and our fingers would get almost numb from the cold. We would work before and after school when the work was the heaviest. Myrtle was a fast picker. One day she picked 92 bushels of corn. In the hot summer when I drove the team pulling the hayrack and hay loader it didn't feel very good to have the hay thrust toward me getting in my hair and down my neck. When I drove the horse pulling the hay fork with its load of hay, the heat was so intense on the south side of the barn that I could hardly wait to get back in the cool barn and rest a few minutes until the next load was ready and I would hear the call "Go ahead".. Sometimes I would jump into the watering tank where the animals drank to get cooled off. When a calf was ready to be weaned we would take a pail half full of milk and try to get the calf to suck on one of our fingers and then quickly bury our hand in the milk. The calf soon learned to drink the milk without our help.

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Three exciting times on the farm were: (1) threshing time (2) hog butchering (3) opening up our order from Sears Roebuck. At harvest time we would stand in awe of that big steam engine that would come slowly puffing into our place followed by the water wagon and later on by the neighbor men with their hayracks. The women folk were busy rushing around preparing lunches for the crew and huge meals for the 10 to 15 men who came to the house all sweaty and dusty. A long bench was set out with basins of water and soap and towels. Women seemed to vie with each other in setting out the best meal possible. We would ask our men when they threshed for the neighbors what the menu was like. Time for a hog butchering in the fall saw a barrel full of hot scalding water into which a hog (I never went to the barn to see it killed) still bleeding, was lowered by a pulley contraption. It was kept in the water for a short time and then quickly removed and the hide scraped off and the hog cut into quarters. The intestines were cleaned and used as casings into which went the newly made sausage. We had our own meat grinder and sausage stuffer. It was then fried and put into crocks over which the hot grease was poured and stored on the basement floor. This was our meat supply for the winter and it was handy when unexpected company came which was often. ... When Dad would be fixing to sell a load of cattle or hogs, Myrtle and I would get busy and make out a big order to Sears who at that time had their headquarters in Chicago. If Dad would protest that it was too much, Mother would be on our side and we generally sent it off like it was. We could hardly wait until the order came. How we must have annoyed the freight agent in Ireton by calling every day to inquire if a shipment had come in for Fred Schield. At last it came and then someone drove to town with horses and wagon to get it. That night we did the dishes eagerly and got the hammer all ready to pry the box or boxes open and the chairs all arranged in a circle so everyone could see. Then the dive for the articles buried in the excelsior – clothes, jewelry, shoes, hats, household items, farm equipment, and so on, some disappointing, others not.

In the dead of winter the men cut great blocks of ice from the frozen creek and hauled them home and buried them in a cave and then covered them with straw. In the summer we would uncover the ice and put it in the top section of the ice box. The lower part had shelves for the food. Underneath was a pan to catch the water from melting ice.

We always had a large garden. One year 800 quarts were canned, both fruit and vegetables. We had a number of apple trees so that was our main supply of fruit. We also canned bushels of peaches and pears purchased in town.

Our telephone, of course, was the old fashioned kind that hung on the wall and turned with a crank. One long ring was central. Each family on the line had a different ring. Ours was 5 shorts. We knew our neighbors rings and could listen in whenever we liked.

One of my jobs was to keep the lamps filled with kerosene and the chimneys clean. That was before we got acetylene lights which were a great improvement. The big kitchen range kept the kitchen warm and the sitting room was heated by a heater and later replaced by a furnace. The parlor was shut off in the winter by sliding doors. The 5 bedrooms were unheated except what heat would come up through the registers in the ceiling from the rooms below. Sometimes we would awaken in the morning to find the blankets around our heads frozen stiff from our breath. At times we heated bricks for our beds.

It was a rare sight to see a car go by. When we heard one coming we would alert everyone and then stand and stare at it as long as it was in sight. If we were on the road with horse and buggy and a car was either coming toward us or passing us, some one would quickly get out and run to hold the horse's bridle to keep it from lunging about or trying to run away – it would be so frightened from the noise from the chugging monster. Dad wasn't long in buying a car and that was a great day for us. The dust from the dirt roads was something else and no one wanted to trail another car so there was always the challenge as to who would be first on the road. I made a terrible mistake one day of blowing up and popping a paper bag in the back seat and Ray and Dad thought surely a tire had blown out almost causing the car to go off the road in the confusion that followed. You may be sure I never did that again.

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No matter how busy we were we always took time for family worship. Dad or Mother would read from the Bible and we all knelt for prayer led by either parent. Before Myrtle learned to play hymns Mother would play the organ while we all gathered round to sing one song after another. I remember once we were at a neighbors and Mother was playing their organ and I tried to show off by singing loud and making my voice quaver. Mother brushed her arm against me and I knew what that meant. I was so embarrassed.

In those days we had what is called Chautauqua which consisted of lectures, musicals and entertainments of all varieties which was held in a large tent. Dad would buy season tickets for all of us and at different times I heard Will Rogers, Russell Conwell and his famous lecture ACRES OF DIAMONDS and William Jennings Bryan. One day Dad had seen the performance of Pamihaski and his pets and when he got home in the afternoon he insisted that we all get ready to go to the night show of the same thing. That was our introduction to acts by trained dogs and birds and we were so thrilled with it that we talked about it for days. One other time in a comedy act a lady came out with lace curtain for a veil singing MY WEDDING DAY and carrying some flowers in a vase. She took the flowers out of the vase and drank the water. Funny how little things like that stay with you over the years.

The early 1900's was a time of peace in our country. All the wars we knew about we had read in our history books. My uncle, Oscar Thompson, who was a physical education director of the YMCA had been to Europe and brought me a pair of little wooden shoes from Holland. A great uncle, Emmanuel Keck, was a book salesman and hard of hearing. He carried a long tube-like instrument with a mouthpiece. Myrtle and I would sing duets into the hearing aid and it seemed to please him very much. Every so often Raleigh or Watkins salesman would stop by selling extracts. Peddlers carrying cases of jewelry and household items like thread, buttons, etc. would come and want to stay for a meal or overnight. Once in a great while a tramp would come in and ask for handout. I was all eyes and ears one day when a black man knocked on the porch (raised) floor and asked for food. We rarely saw one in that part of Iowa. I saw some in Sioux City once. That was the place I saw and heard Woodrow Wilson, then President of the U.S. The only other president I have seen is Gerald Ford in Ft. Myers, FL.

Halley's comet was a beautiful yet frightening thing to see. It was in April 1910 around 9:00 in the evening and I was talking to a neighbor boy who was about ready to go home when this bright light burst upon us and it became as light as day. I shall never forget the look on his face. We thought the end of the world had come.

At one time our whole family was quarantined for small pox. That meant no one could leave the place until the sign was taken down. I remember when it was over and Vi was real small and sitting in her high chair, Dad would tease her and say "here's a pox and here's a pox (tickling her on her face and arms) and then here's a pox" and tickle her quite hard on her chest while we all laughed. Small pox is a killer and it is a wonder we all survived. It has now been wiped off the face of the earth.

When I was quite small I was the flower girl at a wedding. Mother made my dress which had a lot of fine tucks and laces. Myrtle was quite upset because she had to stay home to look after the boys. One day before the wedding when the bridesmaid was at our house and when no one was looking, Myrtle cut about 2 inch square piece out of the hem of her dress for the wedding. She got a good scolding and spanking for that. Mother later gave her a little lamp for staying with the boys. I don't know why some ladies cried when they came up to kiss the bride but I cried too and had to be consoled.

One time I went up to the parsonage on an errand. No one was around in the kitchen when I was about ready to leave and seeing some pie on the table, I grabbed a piece and held it behind my back. I had to back out of the house as I left.

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In 1915 My uncle Ward Thompson was dying of tuberculosis so my parents went to see him in Colorado. They found they could go on the world's Fair in San Francisco for very little more money so they left us 7 children to look after the farm. The minister and his wife were to sort of look after us. It was in the spring and it rained a lot but we managed to put in a large garden. Myrtle and I cleaned the attic thoroughly and I embroidered a pair of pillowcases and a sheet and had them on my parent's bed when they returned. Vi was only 2 and she became quite sick at one time. I held her by the hour. We didn't want to wire the folks to come back home. When we met the folks at the train station on their return after 6 weeks of being away, Vi did not know Mother and clung to me. I remember of Mother turning her face away and starting to cry.

Russell got into my perfume one day and put it all over his overalls. He knew what would happen if I could lay my hands on him so he kept close to Ray all day.

All we had in the way of running water was a cistern pump inside the enclosed porch off the kitchen. Our toilet was an outhouse where good use was made of old Sears catalogs which served as toilet paper. At night we used what was called chamber pots. One of my chores was to empty them in the outhouse.

I was bothered with bedwetting and did so even at times while in high school. In the winter we wore long underwear and long black stockings and high button shoes which we fastened with a shoe hook. We girls wore lightweight cotton aprons over our heavier dresses and on arriving home from school would change into our "work clothes" to do our chores.

My mother gave birth to all her 9 children (twins died in infancy) at home. She was over 90 when she was hospitalized for the first time and even then she passed away before she was fully registered in.

It was unheard of at our house to hear anyone say that they didn't like this or that certain kind of food. It seems we were hungry all the time and were glad to get anything to eat. Since there was no store close Mother made all our bread turning out loaf after loaf of lovely browned bread. We also made our own butter so we had plenty of those two staples. We raised our own canned vegetables but during the winter we had no green vegetables of any kind and I remember how good the sheep sorrel tasted that we picked along the road in the spring.

Only the two spare bedrooms had store bought mattresses on the beds. The rest had straw mattresses - big ticks filled with fresh straw in the fall. When first filled they were so lumpy and high we could hardly stay on them. Such dusty things they were! One time we got bedbugs from a peddler staying overnight. Mother went around with her jar of kerosene and doused the springs and the legs of the bed. ... We had our own beehives and once when Dad was taking the honey from the hive I went out by the garden gate although I was warned not to and was promptly stung by an angry bee. I ran crying to the house and my Mother wouldn't let me in but told me to go to the basement. I thought she was very cruel.

Once when the folks were gone Ray crawled through the attic window and on up to the flat part of the roof. He pulled Myrtle and me up and we proceeded to play Blind Man's Bluff and about that time our parent's came home. They ordered us down at once. We managed to get to the porch roof but could get no farther. Dad had to reach around somehow and catch us as we lowered ourselves down. Ray got his whipping first then it was Myrtle's turn and I was last. Dad had threatened to throw pillows up and said we could stay up there all night but we preferred the whippings to that.

Three church services were held weekly at the Mt. Joy church plus Sunday School. Mother taught the little ones. Each Sunday we were given a little card with a colored Bible picture on it along with the story and a verse. On Sunday nights, since church service was the only attraction for miles around, young people would come for some place to go. Vern and I would peek over the high pews and watch the young people as they sang. One man opened his mouth so wide when he sang WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER that we ducked our heads and laughed. A great deal was made of children's Day and we youngsters had to learn our "pieces" and

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new songs. The church was decorated with flowers and streamers. Vi sang JESUS WANTS ME FOR A SUNBEAM when she was 2 or 3 years old. Ray had promised her a doll if she would sing it well. Often Dad would invite people home to dinner without asking Mother about it. We wouldn't know if they would really come or not and we would stand at the window and watch and if the buggy turned in well we would quickly tell Mother and she would hurry to get some potatoes and start peeling. We would light the fire in the wood stove and Mother would send one of us to the basement to get some sausage. In those days we children had to wait for the "second table". The visitors and our parents ate first and often times would sit around and talk after the meal was over while we stood in the background becoming more starved by the minute. Myrtle recalls one minister who insisted that the children eat at the first table and be allowed to take their choice of chicken. Blessings on him, whoever he was!

A Norwegian Lutheran church was right across the road from our church and I remember one Christmas when we attended their service and a man holding a long stick with a taper on the end lit all the candles on the tree which was a huge one. All the children present were given a little sack of candy which was a real treat.

When I was older I would go up on Saturdays and sweep out the church building which wasn't very large. Then I dusted all the pews. I remember how wonderful it felt on cold wintry Sunday mornings to stand over the big heat register and feel the hot air coming up all around us. Along with the Lord's supper, the church observed the ordinance of washing each other's feet. At one of those services I fell asleep and on awakening and finding it was all over, I felt so bad that when we got home I cried so hard my mother got a basin of water and proceeded to wash my feet.

The one room school we attended was just one half mile from our house so we felt very lucky indeed as some children had a 2 mile walk. All 8 grades would be in one room so the teacher had her hands full with short classes all day long in reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, spelling, physiology and music. Children in the lower grades learned much by hearing the older pupils recite and seeing work put on the blackboard. Some of the seats were double so we were glad if the teacher assigned a friend to be our seatmate. Each desk had an ink well as ballpoint pens were unknown in those days. Often the inkbottle would spill in our desks and the ink got on our textbooks. In one corner of the room was a long recitation bench where the pupils would sit when the teacher called a class up to recite. In another corner was a shelf holding a water bucket and a basin. There was only one dipper so everyone drank out of the same cup or dipper. Two children would be sent to a neighbors [house] to get a bucket of water. In wintertime the water would be frozen solid when left overnight. The teacher would come early to start the fire though sometimes in real cold weather she would bank the fire by putting on extra coal before leaving for the night. Even then we could "see our breath" when we came in the morning and kept our coats on until the room warmed up. The coal bin was in the same building that contained the boy's outhouse. The girls had one to themselves in another part of the schoolyard and it was a chore for the teacher or some of the pupils to shovel a path to the two buildings. Very few boys and girls went to high school in those days so they would attend school until their early middle and sometimes late-teens, which caused discipline problems in many cases.

My first teacher's name was Helen Richardson and I remember standing by her and winding and unwinding her long watch chain around my ear while I read sentences like: "The dog has a (then a picture of a bone)". It was a great day for us when some school official came with basketfuls of books for our library bookcase. Then he would take the books we had to another school. I read LITTLE WOMEN, REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM and POLLYANNA over and over. Sometimes our teacher would read a story called THE MYSTERY OF THE RAVENSPURS and it was so exciting we would beg her to read one chapter after another. I am sure that it was not the proper diet for school children for I had nightmares thinking of murders, etc.

One thing we did not learn at the country school was kindness to animals. One of our favorite sports was to drown out gophers. We would get pails of water from the creek and while one poured the water down the hole others stood by with boards and sticks to hit the rodent when it stuck its wet head out of the hole. It generally scampered away so fast we were left holding our sticks in midair.

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Our biggest sport in winter was sliding down hill on our sled and bobsleds (long sleds that held several children). We would hurriedly eat our lunch from pails that once held syrup and get into our outdoor clothes. We girls wore what they called leggings, pieces of cloth with buttons down one side and a strap at the bottom which went under our shoe. Often times I would be put at the front of the bobsled and on our fast ride down the hill with the snow blowing in my face I would grab the girls' legs on either side of me and by doing that would unbutton their leggings. I would be roundly scolded for that as it was no fun to button them again with cold fingers. Once Myrtle and I were sliding down a different hill with a fence at the bottom. Myrtle saw the fence and ducked as she was in the front but the barbed wire caught me on the cheek and I still have the scar from that. I ran home bleeding and crying.

Dad would come for us when it was real blizzardly in a big bobsled – sort of like a big wagon – and wait until school let out with his shoulders humped against the strong wind and the breath from the horses turning into clouds of steam. School kept until 4 o'clock and then what a mad scramble for each one to find their own clothes in that small hall. There would be straw in the bobsled and what we called “horse blankets” – real thick blankets – and we would snuggle under those with the snow blowing all around us. On Friday afternoons we had spell downs and we played what was called “building pictures”. One child was “it”. We all put our heads down our desks and that person went around and tapped 2 or 3 children on the head. They got up silently and went to the front of the room where the leader arranged them in some sort of a position or picture. Then “heads up” was called. We were allowed to look for only a few seconds and then the call “heads down”. The children involved scampered back to their seats and put their heads down. Then the fun began – trying to get the right children back up front and get them in the same position as before. It tested our powers of observation.

Box socials were big events. The girls in the neighborhood both in school and out would prepare a nice lunch and put it in a highly decorated box which would be auctioned off to the highest bidder. Young men would try to find out which of the boxes belonged to their girl friends. The children would put on a program beforehand and the schoolhouse would be jammed with parents beaming with pride over their offspring speaking his “piece” or singing a song. The money from the social would be used to buy something needed for the school.

Our baseball as we played it was different indeed. There were no sides. A batter would be struck out by either catching his fly or having a ball thrown across his path as he raced for a base. Then he would have to take his place as the last fielder and work his way up to pitcher and then catcher (thought often times the teacher would be our catcher) and then get in line for the bat. Another game we dearly loved was ANTE-OVER. We would choose up sides and each side get on opposite sides of the school house. Someone would call “ante-over” and then throw the ball over the building. If the other side caught the ball they would race around the school house and the one carrying the ball would try to tag as many children as possible. Those tagged or touched with the ball had to go to the other side – that breathless excitement not knowing whether the other side had caught the ball or not and watching to see from which side they would come charging after us!

I took the 8th grade examination but my mother thought I was too young to go away to high school so I spent another year in the 8th grade. I had an excellent teacher so it was not a year wasted. I shall never forget the day in the downstairs bedroom when my mother asked me if I really wanted to be a teacher. I assured her that I really did so that meant arrangements would have to be made for me to go and stay with some family in the town of Hawarden as it was too far to go each day with horse and buggy. So my folks contracted a neighbor named Karr who had moved to town shortly before that and they agreed to take me in and I would work for my room and board. They really did not have much for me to do and I remember how awful I felt when I overheard the man say to his wife after I had been there the first week, “I wonder if she thinks she has done enough to earn her board and room”. I had done all they told me to do and I felt hurt and confused. I think now my parents should have given them something weekly although I do remember of them bringing in farm produce from time to time and at the end of the school year Dad giving them quite a few silver dollars. Mr. Karr went to N. Dakota at one time to see his son and I milked their cow morning and night after getting it in from the pasture which was along the

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river. I stayed there one year and the next year I was with a family with 3 children and I had to get up early in the morning and go out and find scraps of wood to start the fire. The last 2 years I stayed with a family who lived close to the school. I remember she made the most delicious suet pudding with transparent sauce. ... I kept account of my expenses during high school and the first year I spent \$23.11. One item was \$4.40 for books and a dress was listed as \$11 and stockings at 20 cents. As far as I know I was the first one to come down with the flu (new to the United States and which killed thousands). The high school nurse told me to call my parents to come and get me. It was corn picking time and they all went to the fields and left me to fend for myself. There was nothing they could have done anyway. Mother cut up an onion and lay the pieces about thinking the odor would absorb the germs. Anyway, the rest of the family escaped the flu.

I wish I had kept my high school songbook. I recall with pleasure such numbers as WHO IS SYLVIA; THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING, TRA LA; the FRENCH NATIONAL ANTHEM and snatches of arias from operas. I remember just one boy friend, Slat's Oaks they called him because he was so tall. Because of the war (World War 1) anti-German feelings ran high and we in the German classes gave up our textbooks to a bonfire. For the rest of the school year we just talked about the war in class. In November of 1918 Dad, Mrytle and I went to Chicago to visit Dad's sister and Ray, who had volunteered for the Navy and was at the Great Lakes Training Station. While we were in Chicago peace was declared and Chicago went wild with the navy men flooding the downtown district along with thousands of workers off for the day of celebration. We had planned to shop but of course all stores were closed.

I graduated from high school in the spring of 1919 and went to Sioux City, Iowa for 12 weeks of "normal training". That was all that was required in those days to get a teaching certificate and of course passing the state examination. So in the fall I applied for my old home school in the country and wound up teaching my two younger brothers, Russell and Wilbur. You can imagine how difficult that was. I was only 5 years older than Russell and he was not about to mind an older sister. I remember of going to Mother and telling her that Russell wouldn't mind me and of her giving him a stern lecture. My salary was \$84 a month and I spent a month's salary on supplies that I wanted for the classroom. My parents celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary about that time and during my term of teaching they moved to Montevideo, Minn. And I finished out the school year boarding with Hollanders who had bought our place and could not speak English. The father always said grace before the meals and I soon caught on that he was saying the Lord's Prayer as I had had enough German to know what some of the words were. I left for Minn. as soon as school was out and applied for a country school about 8 miles from our new home. In the fall I drove a Model T Ford (had never obtained a license) and once after staying after school to sweep and dust it became quite late and I discovered that I did not know where to turn on the lights. I crept home through back streets and managed to arrive safely. One night Ray took the car to an American Legion meeting and it was stolen. I boarded with a family living near the school in the winter months and in the spring went to school by horse and buggy.

During the previous summer I had gone to a church meeting at St. Paul Park, Minn. and it was at this meeting that I decided to turn my life over to God. I had never had such peace and joy. It changed the course of my life as I decided to apply for admission to Anderson College, Anderson, Ind. So after my year of teaching was up I went to Anderson not knowing a single soul there. I was so hungry for knowledge as I had been giving out for two years of what little I knew and now it was time to get into studies again. I remember how thoroughly I enjoyed learning the periods of Old Testament history and got good grades in it. I didn't have the money to go home the following summer so along with 2 girls I sent to Indianapolis and worked in a tire factory. I was laid off after a time and then found work at a chain factory. That fall a friend and I got the job of peeling potatoes for the cafeteria which helped toward school expenses.

After graduating in 1923 from a 2 year course in Religious Education, I was asked by Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Rowe to work with them in establishing a new work of the Church of God in Atlanta, Ga. A branch house for the Warner Press was opened up there also and I filled and sent out orders for religious literature. One night the Rowes were in another part of the city holding a meeting and I was asked to conduct the weekly prayer meeting.

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Just before the meeting started I walked through the chapel and saw a new young man there. Being shy I did not stop to speak to him but merely nodded and went into an adjoining room (the chapel was part of a private home) and asked a member of the church to go in and speak to the newcomer and make him feel welcome. As you may guess, his name was Eugene Reynolds who later became my husband.

These were busy happy years. In addition to the office work I had charge of the program for the young people of the church, conducted Junior church, was Primary Superintendent and taught a class. I also lead the song service in the general meetings and sang solos and was in duets and quartets. Radio came into vogue about that time and we sang from an Atlanta radio station WSB, I think it was. Russell had put together a receiving set and using their earphones they heard me sing SHOWERS OF BLESSING in their home in Minn.

In the fall of 1925 Gene finally popped the question and on Jan. 1, 1927 we were married and left for Anderson College that fall in a model T Ford and had 16 blowouts on the way! We had money enough for only one year and I knew I must find work full time after that. One day Dean Olt called me into his office and asked if I would be interested in being secretary to the president of the college, Dr. J. A. Morrison. He said the present secretary was leaving to get married. I wanted to shout, "yes, a thousand times yes" as I could do that along with taking one or two courses toward my degree the summer I started the new job. We were living in the college dormitory and Gene did all sorts of work along with his studies. He worked at the meat market on week ends, sold men's custom tailored clothes, painted floors, worked in the cafeteria and finally managed it, was business manager of the college paper, THE BROADCASTER, and finally took over my bookkeeping job at the college which I had along with the secretarial work. I was 6 months pregnant with Norma when I got my degree and we were living in an upstairs apartment across the street for the college at that time. The depression was setting in and we moved back into the dormitory soon after Norma was born. About that time Prof. Russell Byrum, one of the teachers at the college who was also a building contractor, built a house for us on Chestnut St. Gene put in many hours on the house to save money and Pappaw Reynolds also helped when they came to visit us. Phyllis was born in the new house. She came on the day expected by my doctor failed to check his calendar and he was in Indianapolis at a movie. Gene found another doctor who came to the house and took care of things. He charged us \$25. My regular doctor was too embarrassed to send a bill so I got prenatal care free of charge. It was at the new home that Norma shocked us one day by announcing to Phyllis in her crib that she was going to tell her a dirty story. We later discovered that the piece of paper she was pretending to read from was soiled.

The depression was getting worse and Gene had a chance to take over a grocery store which was connected with living quarters on Columbus Ave. He had been in the grocery business in Atlanta so [he] felt he could make it in this new venture. I was to go back to the college job again and we got student help to mind the girls after we moved. It was hard to leave a new house and go to an old one where the kitchen sink was behind a door. Vi came to help out in the store and in 1934 she and I managed to save up a few pennies and went to the World's Fair in Chicago with a friend. There we met Vern and Marjorie, Russell and Mary, and Wilbur. We persuaded Wilbur to come back with us as he didn't have work at that time. We told him he could help out at the store and take some classes at the college. He soon got a job at Delco Remy. Both he and Vi took turns carrying Phyllis around the house and singing to her until she would fall asleep. Gene got an attractive offer as a salesman for Heinz and Co. so he left the grocery business and we moved to Muncie, Ind. As the company wanted us to reside in that city, I commuted to my job at the college by trolley but it meant such long hours that I gave it up in 1935.

John was born while we were living as 234 N. Pershing Dr. in Muncie. Later we moved to Ethel Ave. which was near Ball State Teachers College. I did not know at that time that I was allergic to the caffeine in coffee and became so ill that we decided I should take the children and spend some time on the farm with my parents who had moved from Minn. to Waverly, Iowa. The girls attended the country school there for a while and we spent most for the summer on the farm. On returning to Muncie in the fall, we lived at 709 Howard St. Money was very scarce. I took in washings to make ends meet. I covered our love seat with old curtains. We had 2 area rugs that did not match nailed down to the living room floor. I rejoiced in answered prayers when one day Norma brought in a big armload of dresses that a neighbor girl and outgrown and given to her. Gene switched jobs again

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this time selling calendars for Gerlach-Barklow Co. whose headquarters were in Joliet, Ill. One day I got a call from Mr. Rowe, who had moved from Atlanta to Anderson and was now manager of Warner Press, to come to work for the publishing house. So since Gene was in this new work we could make the move back to Anderson where we bought a house on East Fifth St. I worked there for some time while the girls went to a consolidated school and John went to kindergarten. Then came the big move to Joliet as Gene had been made assistant sales manager of the calendar company. I was not too happy with the smelly creek that ran close by our place at 430 4th Ave. but John was happy to be near water. This all happened in 1945.

We all sat together at our first service at the Richards St. Methodist church and the girls were all eyes when the young people filed in and sat in a pew a little ahead of us. We left for a vacation in Iowa that next week and brought Vi back with us. Peace was declared for World War II while she was there and we all rode about town carrying mops and flags and anything we could wave out the car windows. The streets were jammed with people laughing and shouting and some of the mothers who had lost sons in the war were crying.

Norma got to feeling so low about being separated from her high school friends in Anderson that Gene suggested they go uptown and look for some new bedroom furniture for her room. We were lucky to live so close to Washington grade school, the high school and the church. In a few years the place at 210 4th Ave. was for sale and we bought that [house] which gave each child their own bedroom. Gene, with the help of some of the boys from the church, built a garage. There was an old cistern in the basement and one evening we gave a "party" and the young people carried out that muddy water that had settled to the bottom. The idea was to make that space into a clubroom where the youth could come anytime they wished. We were all very active in the church and had many gatherings for young people in our home – taffy pulls, donut parties, etc.

Mrs. Bonnie Day, who wrote verses for greeting cards, lived next door to us and she was a great encouragement to Phyllis in her writing. John started flute lessons and soon was involved in rehearsals, contests and concerts. Norma went to Anderson College in the fall of 1948, went to summer stock theatre at Plymouth Mass., took a few courses at Joliet Junior College in 1949-1950 and was married in 1953. We remodeled the house at 210 4th making an apartment upstairs and Norma, Jim and Jimmy moved into that from the apartment on Herkimer St. Gene was not well at that time and I substituted in the Joliet schools for one year and then taught first grade for 3 years. We moved to 906 Alann Dr. and bought another car so John could drive me to finish out the year at Longfellow school and he could go on to high school to finish out his last year. That fall I started teaching kindergarten and John went to Northwestern University for one year then switched his major to architecture and attended the University of Illinois. He was married in 1961 and then went to Italy for a year as John received a Fulbright scholarship for study abroad. I continued teaching kindergarten at Taft school until 1966 and Gene at that time was with the Illinois School Building Commission. We moved to Florida that same year.

This brings us up to the time when all 3 children had homes of their own and now they can write their own memoirs and you will be included in that.

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Lura Schield Reynolds

Married January 1, 1927