A Full Life

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Pera Beth Eichelberger

Tell Studios

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Preface

A few years ago when I first started thinking about writing my memoirs, I had a bit of hesitation about how to go about it. Figuring that the first steps are always the hardest, I made up my mind to just start jotting notes. As I went about my daily routines, stories of events and people popped into my mind. Eventually the scribbled notes became an outline and the stories began to take form.

It's been quite a process to contemplate what I wanted to include, figuring out how to organize my thoughts and words, and then poring through photographs trying to decide which ones to include. What you hold in your hands is the result.

As I approach my 90th birthday, I must confess it's entirely possible that I may not have gotten all the facts exactly right. In the words of the famous writer Marcel Proust, "Remembrance of things past is not necessarily the remembrance of things as they were."

The historical information about the family isn't from my own memory of what my parents told me. I don't remember either of them talking much about their family histories. Our lives existed in the here and now, not in the past.

The information about my father's side of the family comes from notes of my father's presentation to his Rotary Club and my brother Robert's research. I'm so grateful for their work, as well as the continued research compiled by Karen Bauer Fabean and Andrew William Bauer. (Karen, the daughter of my brother Robert, based much of her wonderful family history on the genealogical work that Robert had done. Andrew is the grandson of my brother Wade.)

So that future generations will have easy access to other perspectives, I have included in the back of the book three versions of our family history that were compiled by my father, Wade, and Robert. I've also included a family history (in letter format) written by my grandmother's sister.

CHAPTER 1

The Bauer Family Farm

The small community of Broughton, Kansas, where I grew up is now known by many names: *The lost town, the little town that is no more, and the vanished community.* But before it disappeared, good, hardworking, people worked, played, worshipped, and attended school in Broughton for almost 100 years. Beginning on June 22, 1925, I was one of them.

It's sad for me to think that the small community where I grew up vanished within the limits of the Milford Reservoir in 1966. All the people who had lived there for generations were forced to leave their homes and histories behind to make new lives elsewhere. My family was one of them.

All that remains of Broughton now are pieces of old sidewalks, foundations where silos and buildings once existed, trees that lined our little community on the prairie, and mounds where bulldozed homes once stood. Our home was one of them.

My Pedigree Chart

Pera Beth Bauer
b. 22 Jun 1925, Broughton, Clay County, KS

Ernest William Bauer
b. 22 Nov 1884, Broughton, Clay County, KS
d. 20 Jun 1972, Clay County, KS
m. 22 May 1918, Clay County, KS

Martin Joseph Bauer
b. 7 Dec 1861, Jo Daviess County, IL
d. 14 Oct 1910
m. 5 Feb 1884

Joseph Phillip Bauer
b. 12 Oct 1820, Bavaria, Germany
d. 6 Jun 1881, Broughton, Clay County, KS
m. 10 Dec 1852, Galena, IL

Margarita Anna Hauck
b. 25 Sep 1833, Bavaria, Germany
d. 31 Dec 1926, Big Falls, WI

Magdalana (Lena) Vogelman
b. 21 Nov 1865, Halle Wurttemberg, Germany
d. 6 Aug 1938, Clay Center, KS

Johann (John) Georg Vogelman
b. 20 May 1832, Halle Wurttemberg, Germany
d. 22 Nov 1920, Clay Center, KS
m. 10 Jun 1865, Halle Wurttemberg, Germany

Sofia Katherina Goetz
b. 30 Sep 1836, Gailenkirchen, Wurttemberg, Germany
d. 22 Jul 1911, Clay County, KS

Pera Aral Nemnich
b. 10 Sep 1894, Clifton, KS
d. 16 Aug 1940, Clay Center, KS

William Ellsworth Nemnich
b. 4 Oct 1869, Anderson County, KS
d. 9 Dec 1938, Rochester, Olmsted Co., MN
m. 9 Oct 1893, Clay County, KS

John H. (or Henry J.) Nemnich
b. 27 Sep 1842, Nassau, Germany
d. 5 Aug 1925
m. 22 Sep 1866

Anna Heggetschwieler
b. 19 Feb 1837, Wayne County, OH
d. 1924

Melissa Grace Randle
b. 29 May 1877, Clay County, KS
d. 19 Nov 1930

Abraham Randle

Mary Duffer

It is important to me not just to tell my own story, but to tell the story of the home and community where I lived. I want to make sure that the memories of the people of Broughton, my people, are kept alive. As a character in one of Rick Bragg's books eloquently said, "People forgets if it ain't wrote down." I believe that.

My Father's Family

The Bauer farm where I grew up remained in the family for four generations. The farm was located on the Republican River in the small community of Broughton, in Clay County, Kansas. The nearest town was Clay Center, located six miles west of Broughton.

My great-grandfather (on my father's side) was Joseph Phillip Bauer. He was born in Bavaria (Germany) in 1820. When he was only 26 years old, he and his 13-year-old brother, George Francis, left their homeland and immigrated to the United States. After living for a few years in Ulster County, New York, Joseph moved in 1850 to Jo Daviess County in Illinois.

Two years after his arrival in Illinois, he married Margarita (Margaret) Anna Hauck, who was 19 years old at the time. My great-grandmother was born in Bavaria, Germany on September 25, 1833. With her family, she emigrated to the United States in 1850. My grandfather Martin Joseph Bauer was born around 1861 in Galena, Illinois. Six years later (in 1868), the family moved to Clay County, Kansas.

This undated photo shows the family of my great-grandparents Joseph and Margarita Bauer, who are the older couple in the middle. Standing are from left: Joseph, Jr., Martin, Margaret, and Julia. Sitting in front are from left: Mary, Catherine (Kate), Joseph, Elizabeth and Margarita.

That same year, Joseph purchased 150 acres of land on the Republican River, about two miles southeast of Broughton. (He paid $2400 for his property, equivalent to about $40,000 in 2015 dollars, and the value has substantially increased.) The property was good river-bottom land and included a four-room, two-level walnut clapboard house that was painted blue. It was thereafter appropriately known as "the blue house on the Republican River." Gradually, he purchased about 275 more acres and bore nine children, seven of whom survived.

My great-grandfather died in 1881 of stomach cancer. He was 60 years old and left behind his wife, Margarita, and five children at home who ranged in age from seven to twenty. (My grandfather was the oldest.) My great-grandmother managed the farm for several years. In 1926, about 18 months after I was born, she died at the age of 93, outliving five of her nine children.

My grandfather married Magdalana (Lena) Vogelman in February of 1884. My grandmother was born in Halle Württemberg, Germany, on November 21, 1865. In about 1874, she arrived in the United States with her family, and they settled on a farm on Mall Creek, about two miles east of Broughton.

After my grandparents were married, they built a house on the Bauer farm, northeast of the water well. My grandfather was soon considered "one of the vicinity's substantial and well-to-do citizens," according to the 1901 edition of the *Clay County Illustrated*, which also includes a picture of my grandparents' home.

My grandparents had four children:

- Ernest William, my father, born November 22, 1884; died June 20, 1972. (Interestingly, Dad was apparently born just nine months after his parents married.)
- William (1887 – 1968)
- Nellie (1889 – 1947)
- Harry (1895 – 1970)

Around 1891 (a few years after the death of my great-grandfather), the Bauer family farm was transferred to my grandfather. When my grandfather died in 1910 of colon cancer, my father was only 25 years old. My father had lived his whole life on the Bauer farm in the two-story house my grandfather built in 1904.

My grandmother Lena lived 28 years after the death of my grandfather. She seemed to me to be a bit of a hermit, but that may be because she was living alone by the time I was born. She died in 1938, when I was only 13 years old. I have few memories of her other than listening to her speak German to my father when we visited her at her house in Clay Center. We all thought that they spoke German when they didn't want the rest of the family to understand them. All my other ancestors on my father's side had died before I was born.

Some First Hand Vogelman/Bauer Family History

Recently, we discovered that my grandmother's sister (Caroline Vogelman Carls) had handwritten a family history in 1929. Through that resource, we learned much more about the Vogelman side of the family and how it intersected with the Bauer family. I've included her family history in the appendix at the back of the book, but I thought a few excerpts here might be an interesting addition to the family history.

My grandmother's sister was born in Wackershofen near Halle, Württemberg, Germany on March 16, 1854. (My grandmother was born 11 years later, most likely in the same house.) Here are some excerpts of her history:

> *Wackershofen is only a small village, all farmers, some pretty good sized and some small. [It] had no school or church but the next village had and that's where we had to go to school and church, something like a mile I think but a good nice road . . . There was a nice brook running right through the village. It started from a spring in a neighbor's orchard, a little ways up. Part of the water was led down in troughs to a big trough where people took their cattle to water. When the trough got too full, the water ran over into the brook . . .*

Left: My father and his siblings. Pictured clockwise from the far left are my dad, Nell, Will and Harry. (Taken in 1899.) Right: My dad, Ernest Bauer, in about 1885. Dad had his baby picture restored and he gave us a copy of it as a Christmas gift in 1948.

This picture of my Bauer grandparents was taken in about 1893, before Harry was born in 1895. Pictured from left are Nell, Martin, Lena, Ernest, and Will.

Later, she talked about the forest around the village with its "acres of pine tree all alike and not any underbrush at all." She, and I suspect my grandmother as well, loved to go to the forest to gather the huckleberries, strawberries, and raspberries that grew wild.

Because my great-grandparents feared that the four boys of the family would be called to war, they made plans in 1874 to go to America. Caroline left for the United States with some neighbors. The rest of the family (presumably including my grandmother Lena Vogelman) arrived later. She described her journey from her village in Germany to the distant shores of New York in vivid detail. After spending several days in New York in the "German settlement," she arrived in Clay Center.

From there, the person she connected with was my great-grandmother Margarita Hauck Bauer. No doubt that connection had something to do with the fact that Caroline's sister (Lena) would marry Martin, my grandfather. Here's what she said about those early times with my grandmother:

> *She [Mrs. Bauer, my great-grandmother] had heard that some people were expected to come and, as she needed help, thought she would try and get one of them, so I went home with them in their lumber wagon and everything looked so strange and big, that is the country did. The houses were sure small enough then. I remember I wrote home about the small houses but said they had plenty to eat in it. We were so surprised when we saw Mrs. Bauer.*

Her hair was all white and she had a little baby. She was not so very old, about 42, I think.

Well, we got along alright; she was good to me and helped me along but it was not easy, maybe not easier for her than for me. You see everything was so different here and she had to tell me and show me everything. She knew too that people are very hungry after an ocean trip and I was so bashful, too bashful, to eat enough at the table so she always sat down with me after dinner was over and we would eat the leftovers . . .

The summer of 1874 was very hot and dry. Many nights we could not sleep, but got up and walked around outside of the house. Most everything dried up and what was left the grasshoppers finished. They ate up everything that was green and more besides. People had no screen doors then, so some of them got into the house and ate holes in clothes, curtains, or most anything.

Then in August, just about the time the grasshoppers came, the rest of our family came from Germany. I was sick with some kind of fever when they came, was upstairs and even remember very well when Mr. Bauer drove in with them. Mother saw me and waved; she did not seem to think I was very sick but I sure felt bad . . .

It was so impressive to me to read Caroline's version of her first months in a foreign land. When my grandmother arrived in 1874, she would have been about nine years old. Can you

This photo of my grandparents (Lena and Martin Bauer) was probably taken in the late 1800s.

imagine arriving in a foreign country during such dreadful heat, and in a dry barren country overrun with grasshoppers? They must have been so strong and determined, which are traits I think are carried down in our family to this day.

My Mother's Family

My mother, Pera Aral Nemnich, was born September 10, 1894 on a farm southwest of Clifton, Kansas, about 25 miles from the Bauer farm in Broughton. Unlike the extensive family research that has been done on my father's side of the family, we don't have quite as much information about my mother's ancestors.

My mother's parents were William Ellsworth Nemnich (born in 1869 in either Clay County or Anderson County, Kansas) and Melissa Grace Randle (born in 1877 in Clay County, Kansas). Interestingly, Grandfather Nemnich was also of German descent.

William and Melissa had six children:

- Pera Aral, my mother (1894-1940)
- Meryl E. (1897-1980)
- Verda A. (1898-1959)
- Mary Wilma (1904 –1985)
- Wilbur D. (1908-1999)
- Dean I. (1916-1992)

My mother's sister (Mary Nemnich Danenhauer) wrote a brief history about my grandparents, who are referred to as "the folks" in her notes. Below are some excerpts from that history, which I paraphrased a bit for clarity.

The folks (William Nemnich and Melissa Randle Nemnich) started housekeeping in a French neighborhood near St. Joseph, Kansas. They were married October 9, 1893 in Clay County, Kansas.

Dad was very proud of his beautiful wife and worked very hard to provide her and his family a good life. (There were six children in our family who lived beyond infancy.) My mother had been raised on a farm not far from the home place. Mother always said that she didn't want to return to Missouri with her parents to again be courted by the tobacco-chewing Ozarkians.

Left: My mothers parents, William Nemnich and Mellisa Grace Randle Nemnich. It was probably their wedding photo, taken in 1893. Right: This photo of my mother's family was probably taken about 1915. Standing in the back are Verda, Meryl, my mother, her mother (who was pregnant), and my grandfather. Mary and Wilbur are standing in the front.

This photo, taken around 1903, is of my mother's class in Lincoln, Kansas. My mother (Pera Aral) and two of her siblings are pictured. Pearl Ditmer (in the back row) was the teacher. Verda is the little girl in the front row with her eyes closed; Meryl is the boy in suspenders standing in front of the teacher, and my mother is the little girl in the second row with braided pigtails, a white apron, and her eyes closed.

My mother is standing in the back of this photo, taken in about 1904. Her siblings shown from left are Meryl, Mary, and Verda.

My mother's high school graduation photo (with her diploma on the table).

Shortly before Dad's death in 1938, he was recognized as having been a "thresherman" for 50 years. My brother Dean always said that our mother was second only to Dad's threshing machine.

Dad was a great lover of music. Whenever there was a get-together with Mother's or Dad's folks, out came the songbooks and everybody sang.

My Nemnich grandparents: William E. Nemnich and Melissa Grace Randle Nemnich with the twins, Wynn and Wade, and Lafe. Taken in about 1924.

I don't remember much about the Nemnich side of the family, but I do know that Mother had a close relationship with her siblings. During the Depression, which was very hard on some of her relatives, it was special for us to all get together for Sunday dinners. My favorite was Uncle Wilbur. Uncle Merle lost part of his arm in a farming accident and became a minister in Idaho.

Our Farm

I've always felt that growing up on the Bauer farm in central Kansas was the beginning of a strong healthy life for me. The

My sister-in-law Dorothy Friesen Bauer (Gail's wife) painted this of the Bauer family home.

house where I grew up was a big white two-story house with a wraparound porch. It had a fenced yard on one side and a grove of cedar trees by the driveway. It sat on about 425 acres of fertile farmland on the Republican River.

Two railroads crossed the farm. The Union Pacific arrived in 1873, and ran along the western side of the property next to the river. The railroad furnished seed, and Osage orange trees were planted on each side of the roadway. Fifteen years later, the Rock Island Railroad cut through the farm on the north side. The trains crossed the farm twice a day, spewing steam from their coal-fired engines. During dry summers, the trains sometimes

A 1955 photo taken of the Bauer family home place.

sparked a fire in one of the pastures. When that happened, everyone grabbed burlap feed sacks, soaked them with water, and ran to the fire to try to stomp out the grass fires.

Our family raised sheep, among other animals. I'm about 16 years old in this photo.

The main road from Broughton crossed the Rock Island tracks and then connected to a half-mile long dirt road that led to our house. It was quite a challenge to navigate the road after a rainstorm because of the mud. My dad covered the dirt with a layer of rocks, which made for a bumpy ride for many years. Eventually he added more rocks and smoothed the surface considerably.

The Republican River sometimes flooded, but we were lucky that the water never came as far as our house. Sometimes the water flooded the fields though. There was a big flood in 1935 that flooded Uncle Harry's property, which was west of Broughton and two miles from our house. My brother Robert remembers going to Uncle Harry's house through the floodwaters in a high-wheeled wagon pulled by a team of horses. At times the water reached the floor of the wagon. The river was two miles from the road.

Growing Things

For generations, wheat, corn, oats, and alfalfa were grown on the Bauer farm, but Dad also loved to experiment with different crops and animals. One year he grew peanuts and another year he grew popcorn. He even bought a pair of peacocks. Initially, they were quite a novelty with their colorful feathers and strange calls, but eventually we just accepted them as part of our farm life. They were quite a sight when they landed on top of the barn or the windmill.

We also raised chickens, cattle, pigs, and sheep. Until we got a tractor — which was a big event — the farm was worked with horses. We always had dogs, but we never kept them inside. My dad felt that dogs were *outside* animals. One of my favorite dogs was a black one named Nubbins, but we also had a great dog that looked a lot like Lassie, the dog on that wonderful old television show by the same name.

Hedgerows of Osage orange trees (also called horse apple trees) enclosed the fields, but there were also fences, which had to be maintained. The Osage trees had green, bumpy fruit that was about three inches in diameter. We called them hedge balls and loved to kick them as we walked home from school.

There was a large orchard where pears, apples, peaches, cherries, and apricots were grown. A black walnut grove was west of the farm buildings, down in a ravine beyond the cattle feedlot. Mulberry trees also grew abundantly in different places around the farm. We used to shake the trees and then gather the sweet fruit that fell onto the ground. Some of it we ate immediately. Mom used the rest to bake into delicious pies and

jams. At one time, there were about 100 acres of timber on the farm, and people who wanted a year's supply of wood would dig the trees out for the wood.

On the east side of our house was a very large garden, measuring about 150 by 75 feet, with enough space for all sorts of fruits and vegetables, as well as for several rows of grapevines. Perennials like rhubarb, asparagus, onions, and strawberries came up each year. We also planted several rows of beans, carrots, peas, lettuce, cabbage, beets, and chard.

It was quite a job to tend to the garden, making sure the weeds were hoed, the plants stayed healthy, and produce was picked at the peak of the season. In this day and age when there's a grocery store within a short distance, it's hard to imagine that gardening in rural America in the early 20th century wasn't just a hobby. People depended on their gardens for sustenance. With nine people to feed, plus the hired hands working in the fields, a lot of hearty food was necessary. Nothing went to waste. What wasn't sold or used as feed for the livestock was canned for eating during the winter.

During the Depression, bums who rode the rails stopped by our house looking for food. Those lean years during the Depression were desperate times for many people, and Mom made sure that no one went hungry.

The Bauer Family House

Our house was situated on the far eastern part of our property and the Republican River was on the western side. The Army

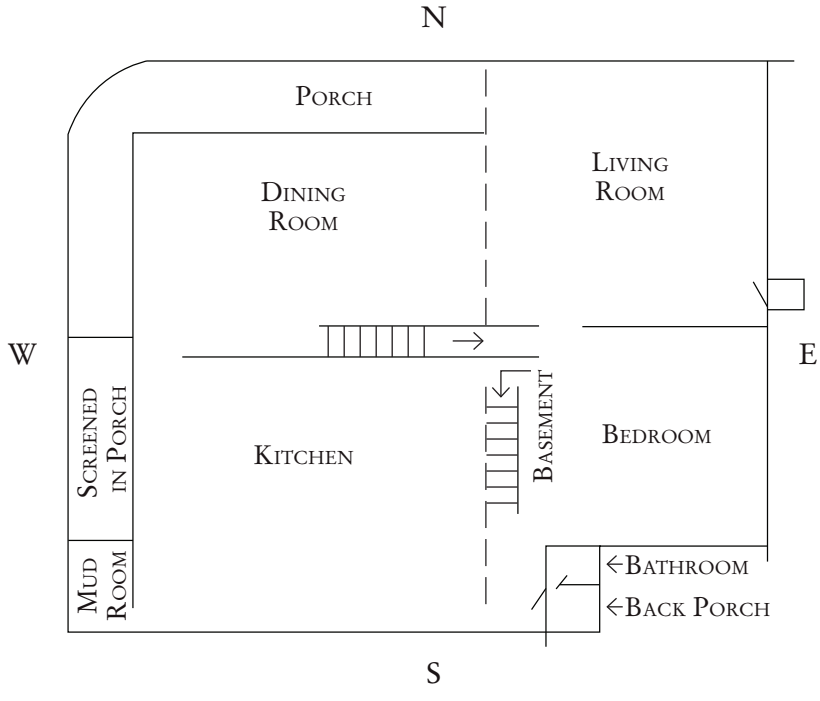
Corps of Engineers began building the Milford Dam in 1962. The government took over the property, and our house and all the buildings had to be torn down. A local person took the lumber from our house and used it to build other structures. There's no evidence now that our farmstead ever existed, but it will remain forever etched in my memory.

Our house during the dry years of the Great Depression in the 1930s.

Other than our house, there were several other buildings on the farm, including a big red barn, several storage sheds, a machine shed, two large silos, a milking barn, chicken house, pig shed, a cattle feedlot, and a garage. We also had a windmill close to the house, and other wells were near the pasture.

As in many families, the center of the household was the kitchen, which was on the southwest corner of the house. Most people climbed the steps from the yard onto the screened in porch, then entered the house through the kitchen. It was a large, almost square room that measured roughly 15 feet by 16.5 feet.

It was almost unbearable to be in the kitchen during the hot Kansas summers when the outside temperatures reached nearly 100 degrees and the hot, dry winds blew into the sweltering room. There was no air conditioning in those days.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Dining Room
Living Room
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Bedroom
Mud Room
←Bathroom
←Back Porch
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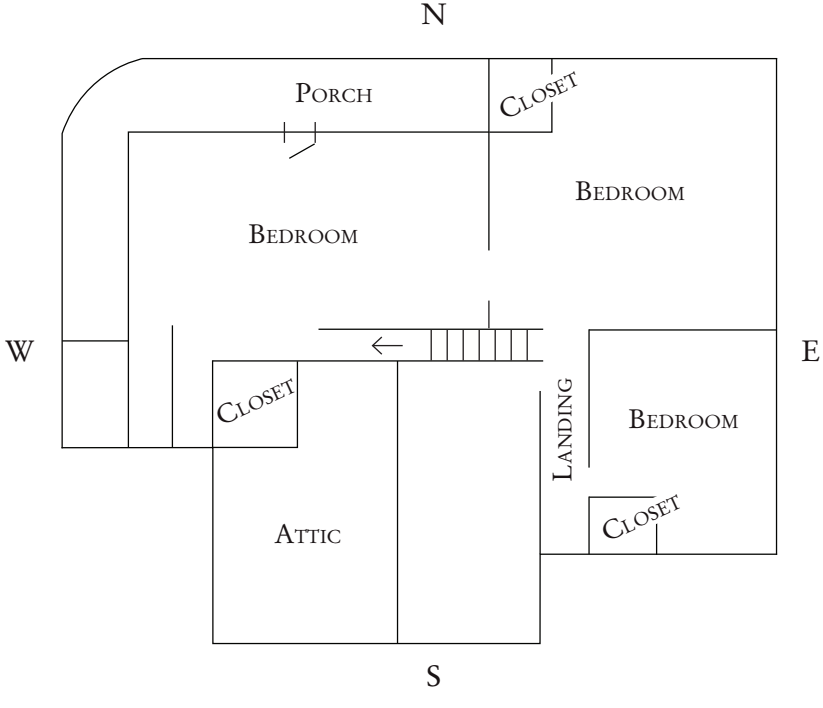
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Near the kitchen sink was the cast iron wood-burning stove with room for six pans. It was always on as Mom baked homemade bread and pies to feed the family plus the extra hands who were working in the fields. (All of us shared responsibility for keeping the wood box filled with wood from the woodpile outside.) The wall behind the stove was the perfect place to dry clothes or towels. From the window on the south wall of the kitchen, we had a view of two old, native stone buildings as well as the clothes drying on the line in the yard.

An icebox was on the north wall of the kitchen. We bought 50-pound blocks of ice in Clay Center, then rushed home and put them into the ice box where it hopefully lasted three or four days. A pan underneath caught the melted ice water.

Floor to ceiling cupboards on the north wall housed all the dishes, cereals, baking supplies, medicines, and other items. Dad made wine in the fall and always kept a flask of it in the upper section of the cupboard.

A large table in the kitchen with picnic-style benches accommodated all nine of us. Dad sat on one end of the table, and Mom was on the other end. The table and benches were all covered with blue linoleum that matched the kitchen floor.

Another point of entry into the house was through the mudroom, which was a small (six foot by six-foot) room. Work clothes were hung on large hooks on the left wall and boots — dirty with mud and debris from the farm — were shed.

On the south wall of the mudroom was a sink with faucets for hot and cold water. All of our rainwater was collected in a

cistern, which was outside on the southwest corner of the house. The cistern was topped with a large tin cover held in place by a large rock. In the mudroom, we could pump soft water from the cistern into the sink for washing up before coming into the house. To the left of the sink was an 18-inch-wide towel, made from about two yards of linen toweling sewed together to make a circle. It was put over the roller and served as a hand towel for a week, then taken down and washed.

Our hand-operated cream separator stood in front of a west-facing window in the mudroom. After the cows were milked, we poured the milk into a large bowl in the top part of the separator then turned the crank on the side by hand. As the milk was released, it flowed through disks, which separated the skim milk from heavier cream. The milk that we didn't drink, we fed to the pets and livestock. We sold the delicious rich cream to the dairy, which churned it into butter. There were 37 disks in that separator, and they all had to be washed after each day's use. It was usually my job to wash them. It was a chore I didn't like one bit, but I certainly knew better than to complain.

Once a week on laundry day (typically on a Monday), we hauled water from the cistern and heated it on the wood stove in the kitchen in a large copper oblong tub. We took the dirty laundry and the wash water out to the screened-in porch. (I'll always remember the beautiful trumpet vine that grew on the southeast corner.)

On the porch was the wringer washing machine and two rinse tubs. Many batches of laundry were all done in the same

water, one after the other. By the time we got to the dirty work overalls, the water was pretty cloudy.

All year long, we hung the wet clothes on two 50-foot clotheslines stretched across the yard. In summer, the clothes blew in the warm Kansas air and dried pretty quickly. In winter the clothes would literally freeze dry. In the frigid temperatures, our hands froze as fast as we pulled the wet clothes out of the laundry basket and attached them to the clothesline with wooden clothespins.

On the northwest corner of the house, next to the kitchen, was the dining room. It was used more as a family room than a dining room, though. The large table that seated 12 people was used mainly as a game table. Because we ate at the table in the kitchen, we could leave jigsaw puzzles or games out on the dining room table. We all loved to play board games like Monopoly or card games like Pitch, which was somewhat similar to bridge and involved bidding. We wore out lots of decks of cards around that table.

There was another door into the dining room from the screened-in porch, but it was seldom used. The door from the porch was one of three doors in the house with a beautiful etched glass window. (Two were in the dining room, and one was in the living room.)

Our telephone hung on the west wall of the dining room. We had a private telephone line, which was very unusual at the time. More common then were the "party lines" where each household on the line had their unique ring sequence. When

"central" (the telephone operator) connected us, the line rang just once. On party lines, anyone in any house could pick up the telephone and listen in on the conversation. I guess Dad just didn't want to listen to the telephone ring all the time, and especially wanted to make sure that his calls were private.

The sole heat for the entire house was in our dining room. It was a wood-burning heating stove that measured about three feet by two feet, and it held enough logs that they would burn for several hours. A treasured Seth Thomas clock that Dad brought home from Kansas City sat on a shelf on the north wall, and under the shelf was a desk.

My dad had a coil-spring rocking chair that was his favorite place to sit. An interesting experience that I remember involved the rocker. When the minister stopped by our house one day, he sat down in the rocker. He was heavyset, and the spring couldn't hold him. When he leaned back in the rocker, the rocker and the preacher fell over backwards. I'm sure my parents were horrified, but I bet the kids thought it was funny.

A large picture window on the north side of the room had a lovely strip of leaded glass at the top. A floor-standing radio stood next to the window. In the days before television, the radio had a prominent role in our home as a source of entertainment and information. At lunchtime, Dad checked the prices of grain and livestock. During World War II, as soon as he walked into the house he turned on the radio to find out the latest news of the war, desperately wanting any news that might be affecting the safety of boys overseas, including his own sons.

Some radio programs that the family listened to for entertainment were *Amos and Andy, Court of Missing Heirs, Will Rogers, Abbott & Costello, Your Hit Parade, Fred Allen, and Edgar Bergen with Charley McCarthy*. On the opposite side of the dining room was a buffet, which sat next to an enclosed stairwell. It had a large reproduction of a painting hanging over it.

A living room was on the northeast part of the house, but it wasn't used regularly except as a place for us to practice our piano lessons on our upright piano. We also had a Victrola in the living room, which we used to play classical music and opera. (A Victrola is basically a hand-cranked record player.) It had a cabinet to store the records. A beautiful deer head with antlers was mounted over the Victrola.

The living room was the only room in the house with a rug. The rest of the floors were made of four-inch wide red maple, which looked beautiful all the time. They were easy to maintain; all that was required was dusting. The double doors that separated the living room from the dining room were kept open most of the time, except during the winter because there was no heat in the living room.

On the north wall was a pretty bookcase with a long, glass door on its left and a dropdown desk with drawers on its right. The only other furniture in the room was a sofa, which sat against the south wall.

By far, the most memorable feature of the living room was that we had five sets of mounted Texas longhorns that hung

high on the walls. Dad had bought the longhorn cattle in Texas and then brought them to the farm to fatten. After he took them to market, he brought the horns back home with him where he boiled, scraped clean, polished, and mounted the horns. Mom always referred to the living room as her "bullpen." Years later, after both my parents had died and the furnishings were split up, my brothers got the mounted horns, which was totally fine with me.

Our parents slept in the only downstairs bedroom, which was on the southeast part of the house. A deep closet in their bedroom provided the perfect hiding place for the kids when we played hide and seek. The sun streamed in through two large windows on the east. Furniture in the room consisted of a bed, chest of drawers, dresser, and Mom's sewing machine. There was also a safe where Dad kept his documents.

The only bathroom in the house for nine people was beyond my parent's bedroom. Gratefully it had been added shortly before I was born so I never had to use the outhouse at home. Having indoor plumbing in those days was considered special, but it had to serve nine people in the house. Everyone had to traipse through my parents' bedroom to use the facilities. There was another entrance to the bathroom from the outside, but it was more convenient to go through the house. The bathroom contained a bathtub, toilet, and a freestanding sink. There was also a cupboard at the end of the tub that held towels and supplies. The tub, sink, and toilet were a deep powder blue, my Mom's choice.

One of the family's favorite places was the six-foot-wide porch, which extended from the mudroom to the living room. It was wonderful to be on the porch when it was raining on a hot summer day. We loved to play jacks or other games there as we listened to the thunder and watched the raindrops hit the yard or the white painted railing. Doors from the dining room or the living room led onto the porch. It seems odd to me now to consider that the house had a total of nine outside doors, and none of them were ever locked.

Upstairs were three bedrooms, which all had doors off the upstairs landing. My oldest brother, Lafe, slept in the smallest bedroom, which had a nice closet. In the early years, he shared his bedroom with one of the hired men.

The bed and dresser were made from a lovely cherry wood. Part of the roof over the first floor was right outside Lafe's bedroom window, but it had no safety railings so it was scary to go out there when I was younger. Lafe's room also had a window that overlooked the garden and the hill beyond it. One of our favorite pastimes was to climb "our hill" and search for flint and arrowheads left behind by the Native Americans who had traversed our property in the early days.

The large bedroom that my sister, Pat, and I shared had a full-sized bed where we both slept, a dresser, closet, chest of drawers, and five windows. We could reach a small porch by climbing out of the east window, which was an added bonus.

Since there was no heat in the living room directly below us and no heat upstairs, our bedroom became almost unbearably

cold in the winter when the temperatures dropped below freezing. We survived by heating bricks on the stove downstairs, wrapping them in towels and putting them at the foot of our bed. Snuggled together under a pile of blankets, we did our best to stay warm.

The third bedroom upstairs, which four of my brothers shared, was on the northwest side of the house. It had two beds: the twins (Wade and Wynn) slept together in one bed and Bob and Gail slept in the other. Unlike Pat and me, the boys were lucky to have heat in their bedroom. The dining room below their bedroom was heated and a pipe ran up the wall from below.

Two windows on the west, a small window on the south, and a door on the north leading out to a six-foot wide porch gave the room lots of exits. The porch, which had a railing, was actually the dark roof of the porch below. We all loved to pull out our mattresses there on a hot summer night and sleep under the stars.

In the back of the boys' closet was an entry that led into the attic, which was tall enough that we could stand upright inside it. The attic was roughly half the size of the kitchen below, and allowed room for lots of storage. My recollection is that most of it was junk and that it was unbearably hot up there in the summer. Mom used the attic as a drying room for the corn she put in soups during the winter.

Another essential feature of the house was the basement. It had two entry points: one by the stairs next to the kitchen and another from the outside. The basement had a concrete floor

and was divided into two rooms and a cave. One room held a 300-gallon water tank, a generator that provided our house with 32-volt electricity, and shelves for storing root vegetables like carrots, onions, and potatoes.

The other room was lined with shelves for storing meat as well as canned fruits and vegetables. I remember stomping cabbage in that room, too. First we chopped cabbage and put it into a large container, then added salt before tamping it down with a mallet until it was nice and juicy. After putting a plate on the top of the mixture to weigh it down, we waited as the cabbage fermented in its own juices. Occasionally we scooped off the bubbly mixture that rose to the top. After several weeks, the resulting "sour cabbage" or sauerkraut was put into jars.

Dad also made and stored his wine in the basement. He didn't drink a lot, but he liked his sweet grape wine. He became a bit of a wine maker, stomping the grapes we had grown with a masher, which is like a wooden mallet. He added lots of sugar and then put the juice into wooden barrels to ferment into a nice, red wine. I wish I had recorded his recipe, but I didn't.

There were also a few shelves in the cave for additional food storage, but its main function was to provide shelter from tornadoes. Since the farm was located in Tornado Alley, tornadoes were not that unusual where we lived. Most of our storms came from the west. Because that's the direction our house faced, we had a perfect view of developing storms and could take shelter if the weather looked threatening. We were very lucky that no tornadoes ever hit our farm.

When the Rural Electrification Administration ran 120-volt electricity into our neighborhood in 1940, we saw a lot of change in our lighting, refrigeration, and the way we lived. It was about this time that Dad recovered some money owed to him, thanks to the *Court of Missing Heirs* radio program. (The program featured two cases each week where missing heirs were located and given their rightful money.)

Dad had promised Mom she could have a new kitchen when he received money from a man who had borrowed money from him. The fellow's estate received money discovered by the radio show, allowing my dad to recover the money he had loaned. Unfortunately, Dad got the money after Mom's death, but he still updated the kitchen with a new refrigerator, gas stove, and water heater. A gas furnace was put in the house at that time, too.

CHAPTER 2

Early Life on the Farm

When my parents married in 1918, Dad was 33 and Mom was 10 years younger. I've always thought that the reason my dad married later in life was because he was so committed to managing the Bauer family farm. Typical for the times, my dad had only eight years of formal education.

That may not seem like much, but when you look at the exam that eighth grade graduating students were given in those days, it's probable that many of today's adults couldn't muster a passing score.

My mother graduated from high school, had a year of college, and taught school for four years. Despite the differences in their "formal" educations, I always believed that *both* of my parents were exceptionally intelligent.

It didn't take my parents long after they married to start having children. Lafe was the first, born on January 21, 1920. Ernest Gail (Gail) was born in 1921, followed by the twins

I've always loved this 1918 wedding portrait of my parents, Pera Nemnich and Ernest Bauer.

(Wynn and Wade) in 1923. I was born June 22, 1925 as the fifth child and the first girl. Next in line were Bob (born in 1928) and Pat, who came along five years later in 1933.

As I grew up, I always felt our family of nine was tight-knit. Dad was so committed to my mother, and it was clear that they loved each other and their children very much even though they didn't express their love in words. I don't remember much tension in the household, except one time when my dad got upset with Mom. The incident was probably memorable because it was so unusual for him to be irritated with her.

Nemnich-Bauer:—Miss Pera Nemnich and Ernest Bauer were married Wednesday, May 22, at 8:30 o'clock, at the Wm. Nemnich home north of Idana, Rev. Allen of Morganville officiating. About fifty relatives and close friends of the bride and groom witnessed the happy event. The bridal party were unattended, excepting by flower girls and Miss Nemnich's little brother acted as ring bearer. After congratulations a wedding supper was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Bauer left Thursday morning on a short wedding trip to Kansas City and other points. The bride has grown to womanhood in the Idana neighborhood, has been a successful teacher and is a popular young lady in her circle. Mr. Bauer is a prosperous, progressive young farmer and is one of the best young men in the community. Mr. and Mrs. Bauer have gone to housekeeping in the old Bauer home, 1½ miles southeast of Broughton with the best wishes of their many friends over the county.

Clay County Museum

The newspaper announcement of my parents' marriage on May 22, 1918.

We had all gone to Clay Center for our weekly Saturday shopping ritual in the "city." Mom hadn't completed her shopping by the time my father was ready to go back to the farm. He became quite impatient with her, but not angry. If the situation had involved my brothers, Dad would have just left them in town to walk the six miles back to the farm, but that wouldn't work with Mom. Though my dad didn't show any anger, he did sometimes exhibit a lack of patience.

EIGHTH GRADE FINAL EXAM

Graduation Examination Questions of Saline County, Kansas

J.W. Armstrong, County Superintendent.

Examinations at Salina, New Cambria, Gypsum City, Assaria, Falun, Bavaria, and District No. 74 (in Glendale Twp.)

Reading and Penmanship. - The Examination will be oral, and the Penmanship of Applicants will be graded from the manuscripts.

GRAMMAR
(Time, one hour)

1. Give nine rules for the use of Capital Letters.
2. Name the Parts of Speech and define those that have no modifications.
3. Define Verse, Stanza and Paragraph.
4. What are the Principal Parts of a verb? Give Principal Parts of do, lie, lay and run.
5. Define Case. Illustrate each case.
6. What is Punctuation? Give rules for principal marks of Punctuation.

7-10 Write a composition of about 150 words and show therein that you understand the practical use of the rules of grammar.

ARITHMETIC
(Time, 1 ¼ hour)

1. Name and define the Fundamental Rules of Arithmetic.
2. A wagon box is 2 ft. deep, 10 feet long, and 3 ft. wide. How many bushels of wheat will it hold?
3. If a load of wheat weights 3942 lbs., what is it worth at 50 cts. Per bu., deducting 1050 lbs for tare?
4. District No. 33 has a valuation of $35,000. What is the necessary levy to carry on a school seven months at $50 per month, and have $104 for incidentals?
5. Find cost of 6720 lbs. coal at $6.00 per ton.
6. Find the interest of $512.60 for 8 months and 18 days at 7 per cent.
7. What is the cost of 40 boards 12 inches wide and 16 ft. long at $20 per m?
8. Find bank discount on $300 for 90 days (no grace) at 10 per cent.
9. What is the cost of a square farm at $15 per acre, the distance around which is 640 rods?
10. Write a Bank Check, a Promissory Note, and a Receipt.

This test is the original eighth-grade final exam for 1895 from Salina, Kansas. It's highly possible that the tests taken in Clay Center were similar. An interesting note is the fact that the county students taking this test were allowed to take the test in the seventh grade, and if they did not pass the test at that time, they were allowed to re-take it again in the eighth grade. The test was transcribed from the original document in the collection of the Smoky Valley Genealogy Society, Salina, Kansas.

U.S. HISTORY
(Time, 45 minutes)

1. Give the epochs into which U.S. History is divided.
2. Give an account of the discovery of America by Columbus.
3. Relate the causes and results of the Revolutionary War.
4. Show the territorial growth of the United States.
5. Tell what you can of the history of Kansas.
6. Describe three of the most prominent battles of the Rebellion.
7. Who were the following: Morse, Whitney, Fulton, Bell, Lincoln, Penn, and Howe?
8. Name events connected with the following dates: 1607, 1620, 1800, 1849, and 1865.

ORTHOGRAPHY
(Time, one hour)

1. What is meant by the following: Alphabet, phonetic orthography, etymology, syllabication?
2. What are elementary sounds? How classified?
3. What are the following, and give examples of each: Trigraph, subvocals, diphthong, cognate letters, linguals?
4. Give four substitutes for caret ãuä.
5. Give two rules for spelling words with final ãeä. Name two exceptions under each rule.
6. Give two uses of silent letters in spelling. Illustrate each.
7. Define the following prefixes and use in connection with a word: Bi, dis, mis, pre, semi, post, non, inter, mono, super.
8. Mark diacritically and divide into syllables the following, and name the sign that indicates the sound: Card, ball, mercy, sir, odd, cell, rise, blood, fare, last.
9. Use the following correctly in sentences: Cite, site, sight, fane, fain, feign, vane, vain, vein, raze, raise, rays.
10. Write 10 words frequently mispronounced and indicate pronunciation by use of diacritical marks and by syllabication.

GEOGRAPHY
(Time, one hour)

1. What is climate? Upon what does climate depend?
2. How do you account for the extremes of climate in Kansas?
3. Of what use are rivers? Of what use is the ocean?
4. Describe the mountains of N.A.
5. Name and describe the following: Monrovia, Odessa, Denver, Manitoba, Hecla, Yukon, St. Helena, Juan Fernandez, Aspinwall, and Orinoco.
6. Name and locate the principal trade centers of the U.S.
7. Name all the republics of Europe and give capital of each.
8. Why is the Atlantic Coast colder than the Pacific in the same latitude?

9. Describe the process by which the water of the ocean returns to the sources of rivers.

10. Describe the movements of the earth. Give inclination of the earth.

BIOLOGY
(Time, one hour)

1. Where are the saliva, gastric juice, and bile secreted? What is the use of each in digestion?
2. How does nutrition reach the circulation?
3. What is the function of the liver? Of the kidneys?
4. How would you stop the flow of blood from an artery in the case of laceration?
5. Give some general directions that you think would be beneficial to preserve the human body in a state of health.

RULES FOR TEACHERS
1872

1. Teachers each day will fill lamps, clean chimneys.
2. Each teacher will bring a bucket of water and a scuttle of coal for the day's session.
3. Make your pens carefully. You may whittle nibs to the individual taste of the pupils.
4. Men teachers may take one evening each week for courting purposes, or two evenings a week if they go to church regularly.
5. After ten hours in school, the teachers may spend the remaining time reading the Bible or other good books.
6. Women teachers who marry or engage in unseemly conduct will be dismissed.
7. Every teacher should lay aside from each pay a goodly sum of his earnings for his benefit during his declining years so that he will not become a burden on society.
8. Any teacher who smokes, uses liquor in any form, frequents pool or public halls, or gets shaved in a barber shop will give good reason to suspect his worth, intention, integrity and honesty.
9. The teacher who performs his labor faithfully and without fault for five years will be given an increase of twenty-five cents per week in his pay, providing the Board of Education approves.

Chores & Discipline

Our days began early in the Bauer household. The men were up with the sunrise, and Mom and I were awake well before six. Farms run 365 days a year: rain, shine, or snow. My brothers helped with all the farm chores: milking the cows, feeding the animals, and planting and harvesting the crops. If we went to visit the relatives, the excuse to leave the gathering in the evening was always, "We have to get home to slop the pigs." No matter what the situation, the chores had to be completed twice a day.

When my father worked with Kansas State University to develop new seed products, my brothers and I helped detassel the corn to produce hybrid seed. It involved pulling the corn tassels off alternating rows of corn so it could be cross-pollinated with pollen from a genetically different plant.

In the winter, before they went to school, Wynn and Wade set traps or hunted for quail, pheasant, rabbits, raccoons, badgers, possum, and skunks. Skins were stored and sold to fur dealers.

I really had only one role in the family, and that was to help my mother. Meals had to be prepared, laundry had to be completed, and the house had to be tidied. Together, Mom and I collected the eggs from the chicken house. We took them into the basement where we packed them into cases that we took to market once a week. Often we took 30 dozen eggs. Selling eggs and cream provided cash that Mom needed to buy cooking supplies and clothes for the family. I loved it when I got the chance to try to milk a cow or drive a tractor, but that didn't happen often. I never felt a sense of unfairness that I had been

My mother, Pera Nemnich Bauer, loved being surrounded by her family. This ca 1925 photo shows her with Gail, me, and Lafe in the back row and the twins Wynn and Wade in the front.

This official portrait of my brothers and me was taken in about 1928 before Robert and Pat were born. Lafe (left) and Gail are standing in the back. I'm sitting between Wynn and Wade.

The Bauers always had dogs, but they were always outside dogs. I'm shown with my twin brothers Wade and Wynn.

This Christmas 1933 photo shows our whole family. Dad, Bob, Pat, and Mom are sitting in the front. Standing in the back are Wynn, Wade, Lafe, Gail, and me.

Casing eggs in the basement. From left Doug with his cousins Linda Bauer and Martin Bauer (Wynn's kids). Notice Doug's cowboy boots in this photo taken in about 1957.

relegated with my mother to do "women's work." There was certainly no women's lib in our household.

Sometimes the boys got into scuffles with each other, no doubt from the frustration of doing grueling work together in all kinds of weather. If the altercations were serious enough that Mom felt the boys needed reprimanding, she waited until Dad was home for the day. Discipline was his responsibility. The boys found their own switches, and Dad used them on each boy. There was never any accusation or negotiation between my father and brothers about the fault of the altercation. Each got his fair share. Being a daughter I can't remember being disciplined that way.

Legacy of Eating Well

As a farming family without a grocery store around the corner, we used what was available. The goodness of fresh vegetables from the garden was surpassed only by just-picked apples from the trees in the orchard. With chickens in the yard and cattle in the pasture, beef and poultry were plentiful.

Breakfast at the Bauer house consisted of any (or a combination) of the following: pancakes, bacon, eggs, waffles, Mom's homemade cinnamon rolls, or fish. (Yes, fresh fish that the boys caught was sometimes a breakfast food.) We also had toast made from Mom's homemade bread. Almost every day, she baked as many as eight loaves of bread, which took a large part of the day. Can you imagine making that much bread without a mixer or bread maker? She also baked a lot of pies, which were primarily fruit pies.

Memories of fresh chicken, fried to a crisp in home-churned butter still make my mouth water. Store-bought chicken that we buy today just doesn't hold a candle to it. For gravy, we made a roux of flour mixed with butter and chicken bits left in the pan. Fresh milk from our own cows was stirred into the gravy, making it rich and delicious. Years later, my kids called gravy made that way "Kansas gravy." Always, there were mashed potatoes.

Since we raised pigs, we also ate our share of pork, ham, and bacon. Nothing went to waste. After animals were butchered, what we didn't eat right away was packaged and taken to our meat locker in Clay Center, where we could retrieve it as necessary. About once a year, Dad butchered a lamb. We also ate catfish from the Republican River, especially during the summer.

Dessert was often fresh or canned fruit that came from our own orchards or fruit vines. Occasionally we made cookies or fudge enhanced with the black walnuts that grew on trees in the grove beyond the barn. For years, I didn't know that there were

other types of nuts. Sometimes we put walnuts into the milk chocolate fudge we made, but because neither Dad nor I liked chocolate, we didn't have it very often.

As a snack we sometimes ate popcorn that Dad grew. Popcorn has very small ears that had to be shelled by hand, which we did by pulling off the husks then rubbing two ears together. Doing that made the kernels come off easily. Dad had a wire basket, which he filled with popcorn and shook in the old wood-fired stove in the dining room until it popped. This was obviously well before the days of microwave popcorn. The heating stove was about four and a half feet tall, and provided the only heat in the house.

Of course, cooking for nine people (plus the hired hands on occasion) created lots of dirty dishes, pots, and pans. It was typically my responsibility to wash the dishes after meals. Someone else usually dried them and put them away in the cupboards. Once Pat was old enough, she helped with the dishes, but she had to stand on a box to be tall enough to reach the sink.

Family Time

When we weren't busy doing chores to keep our farm and home running smoothly, we spent time with our extended family who lived nearby. Dad had three younger siblings: William, Nell (Nellie), and Harry. Uncle Harry and Aunt Ruth lived close enough to us to make it convenient to get together often

with them and their four girls. Aunt Ruth was a great cook, and I can still remember her delicious cinnamon rolls. Their daughter Nelda and I loved to ride horses together around the countryside, especially on a nice Sunday afternoon. Uncle Will and Aunt Viola had a chicken hatchery. They lived a little further away, so we didn't see them as much.

My mother had two sisters and a brother who lived pretty close to us. They all had children, so we had a lot of cousins to play with when we got together. Our Aunt Verda and her family lived in Morganville, which was about 15 miles from Broughton on the Union Pacific route. Occasionally the Bauer kids got to ride the train to see them, which was a great adventure for us to do by ourselves.

When my brothers were young, they often went fishing for catfish in the Republican River, either by themselves or with cousins. The river was about one and a half miles from the house, so they typically rode horses to get there. If the boys had fish in their hands, the pony wouldn't let them on, but if the pony didn't see the fish, they could mount. They had to be sneaky.

My brothers set lines along the riverbank, which were checked in the morning and evening. They also fished for huge catfish with their bare hands, using a technique called noodling, which was illegal at the time. It was effective, though, and we all enjoyed eating the huge fish they managed to lure out of the holes along the bank. Sometimes they caught so many that we had a community-wide fish fry. I didn't fish with my brothers. Not because I was a girl; only because I wasn't invited.

Uncle Harry (left) and his friend Leo Chapman show off the catch of the day from the Republican River. (Leo's son wrote a book on Broughton.) Notice the belt that was used to string the fish.

The Rock Island Railroad had to cross a creek on our property. In the early days, there was a railroad bridge across the creek, but it was later replaced with a large stone arch culvert that was big enough to drive a team and wagon through. There was another culvert under the road approaching the farm. The two culverts allowed rainwater runoff to pass down the creek, but Kansas was so dry that there was never standing water in the creek. In the summer, the culverts were nice and cool.

There was also a small pond in the pasture that froze over in the winter. We loved to go ice-skating when that happened, but our clamp-on skates didn't provide much ankle support. That meant that I never was able to skate very well. In the spring and summer when the weather was warm, my brothers and I used to play ball games on the north side of the house. I couldn't throw the ball worth a flip, but I hit pretty well and was a good base runner.

4-H

Mom was a leader of our local 4-H organization, which is a youth development organization that's been around since 1902. The organization served as a community builder, social outlet, and a service for teaching young people skills they could use throughout their lives. It was a very integral part of our community, and all of us were involved. I'll never forget the pledge that we said at every meeting.

> *I pledge:*
>
> *My head to clearer thinking*
>
> *My heart to greater loyalty*
>
> *My hands to larger service and*
>
> *My health to better living for my club, my community, my country, and my world.*

We not only learned to accomplish our projects and exhibit them, but we were also taught to give presentations, judge products, and make displays of community interest. Mom helped me sew clothing and bake things (such as cookies, breads, and cakes), and then she gave me the encouragement and confidence to enter my creations at the county fair in Clay Center. The boys raised cattle and entered the livestock in the competitions, too. It was really exciting to win ribbons for our efforts.

Clay County Museum

Our family attended church at the Broughton Methodist Church.

Church

On Sunday mornings, we were all expected to attend Sunday school and church at the Broughton Methodist Church. It was a small church, with a center aisle and about 14 rows that could seat about 150 people. For us kids, church probably was more about seeing our friends than about religion. Frankly, it felt more like an obligation than a calling, but for people who grow up in rural communities like we did, going to church is something people did. The church was the center of social activities.

I was never much of a Bible student, but attending church had a role in teaching me right from wrong. Mom sometimes

went to church, but Dad rarely did, though he did support the church financially. He said he couldn't hear well, but I don't think that was the only reason he didn't attend. When I was about 15 years old, I started playing the piano at some of the services. We didn't have a "regular" piano player at the church, so those who could play would just take turns.

I have fairly vivid memories of the tent revival meetings, which went on for several days and nights. In my opinion, they were a phony presentation of religion that turned me against the church, but I do like the sense of community that churches provide.

CHAPTER 3

School & The Loss of My Mother

When I was six years old, I began my education at Broughton School, a two-room schoolhouse built of native limestone in 1882. It was one of the oldest schools in the county. To a little girl, it seemed like such a large building and I loved it.

We entered the building through a large square foyer that measured about twenty feet on each side. After hanging our coats on hooks in the foyer, we waited to be called into our classrooms. All the children stood on either side of an imaginary line that ran the length of the entry. On one side were the grade school students in grades one through four, and on the other side of the imaginary line were the students in grades five through eight.

Each classroom held about 30 chairs for the students and a big desk at the front for the teacher, who illustrated her lessons with the aid of a giant blackboard. The teacher gave each grade

Clay County Museum

The Broughton School that I attended until it was destroyed by a fire in 1938.

separate lessons, while the rest of us did our schoolwork and waited our turn. There were seven students in my class, and I went through all eight grades with the same kids.

Behind the classrooms was a hall for meetings and activities. I distinctly remember my dad standing at the blackboard during a parent meeting at the school (like today's PTA meetings). Someone challenged him with an addition problem that he solved lickety-split on the blackboard. He was so fast at math.

The school playground was very large, but it didn't have much play equipment except for a swing set and a teeter-totter. Recess was a fun time for us, like it has been for kids through the ages. It seems strange now to observe the heavy backpacks

that kids of all ages carry to school. That certainly wasn't how it was when I was in school. Though we may have had a project we were supposed to work on at home, I don't recall us having much homework.

We carried our lunches in black, metal, oblong lunch pails that were fastened on the side with a toggle latch. Though I'm not positive what we carried to school for our lunches, most likely we just had a piece of fruit, plus butter and homemade jelly spread on some of Mom's delicious homemade bread.

There was no indoor plumbing at the school. We got water from a hand pump in the schoolyard and instead of indoor toilets, we had two outhouses in the schoolyard — separate ones for boys and girls.

I know many parents tell their children exaggerated stories about how they walked miles to school through snow and sleet. I'm not exaggerating when I say that my brothers and I walked a mile and a half to school *each way*, and sometimes we *did* have to walk in snow and sleet. To be honest, if the snow was really deep or heavy, Dad hitched up the wagon and horses and transported us to school. The cold weather really bothered me and I always got very cold hands despite being bundled up for the long walk to school.

One strong memory of my school years happened during the Dust Bowl days of the 1930s. I remember sitting inside my classroom watching clouds of dust roll in and darken the sky. The dust got so thick that we needed lights to see in our classroom in the middle of the day, so school was cancelled. Somehow the word spread to all the parents to come pick up the children.

Clay Center has hosted a Piotique festival and parade since 1936. (The word was a combination of "Pioneer" and "Antique.") I'm shown with my friend Fern Haden. In our float for the parade, I was Betsy Ross and Fern was my helper as we enacted making the first American flag together.

I was 12 years old in this 1938 photo.

My dad came to get us in the car and had to use the headlights in an almost futile effort to see well enough to keep the car on the road. I remember we covered our mouths with cloth so we wouldn't breathe in the dust. It was a scary time.

Another memorable time occurred the night before school was supposed to start my eighth grade year. Dad was on the

school board and the telephone rang in the middle of the night, informing him that the school was on fire.

All of us quickly dressed, got into the car, and drove to the school where the fire had engulfed that lovely old schoolhouse. All we could do was stand and stare as the flames shot high into the pitch-black sky. That scene was a vivid and tragic memory. Later officials determined that the fire was caused by spontaneous combustion from cleaning rags used to get the school ready for classes.

The dress that I sewed (with my mother's help) and wore when I gave a speech for my eighth grade graduation.

School was held that year in the Broughton Methodist Church. The fifth through eighth grade classes were held in the basement. Classes for the younger grades were held on the first floor, which is where the music teacher conducted our music classes.

I always enjoyed school, and my favorite grade school teachers (Lucy Tennehill, Eleanor Ressler, and Elsie Erickson) encouraged me to do well. At the end of the year, all the eighth grade students had to take a countywide exam. (In those days,

Clay County Museum

This class photo taken in 1937 or 1938 shows all the students of Broughton School. Eleanor Resler and Elsie Erickson were the teachers. (I'm in the middle of the back row.)

grade school went through the eighth grade.) I did so well that I was declared salutatorian for the whole county. I had to give a speech at the *countywide* ceremonies.

It scared me to pieces to think of speaking in front of so many strangers from throughout Clay County. But I got through it, maybe because I practiced my speech often and wore a brand new dress that I made with my mother's help. It was made of light blue voile and had tiny white flowers, short puffed sleeves, and a gored narrow skirt. It is hard to believe when I look at it now that I ever fit into it. I do remember believing that it looked wonderful on me.

This was our infamous BBR group in high school. On the far left is my longtime friend Nan (Leanna Donley), whom I'm still proud to call my friend.

It's interesting to note that the county grade school graduation did not include the town kids. It's no wonder that the kids from the county felt segregated from the town kids when we all started high school together in ninth grade.

Freshman Year of High School

In 1939, I began my freshman year at Clay County Community High School (which is now called Clay Center Community High School). At the time, there were three other high schools in the county, located in Morganville, Wakefield, and Green.

This photo of my mother was taken shortly before her death in 1940. We didn't have many pictures of her so several years after she died, my dad took some family snapshots and had them professionally enhanced like this one.

My high school was about six miles from our home. Initially, I rode to school with Wade and Wynn, but when they graduated, I carpooled with neighbors.

As a freshman, girls were required to take home economics. The first day of class, I picked a seat next to another country girl who didn't know anyone either. When the teacher told everyone to pick a partner, I looked at the girl next to me and shyly asked, "Would you be my partner?" Of course she agreed. Her name was Leanna Donley, but I've always called her *Nan*. That day was the first day of a friendship that has lasted a lifetime. Now, 75 years later, we still talk by telephone every month. Those lifelong friendships are truly special.

Home economics class was so boring to me. We were supposed to learn how to "boil water and sew a straight line," which were skills I'd mastered long before arriving in ninth grade. However, friends I made in that class connected me to several other girls in my grade who were leaders of the class and very intelligent. They represented a nice cross section of country girls and city

After Mom died in 1940, flowers surrounded her casket in the living room of our house. The photo also shows some of the longhorns and mounted deer.

girls from Clay Center who were members of a club that we called the *BBR*. I was very pleased when they invited me to join. We were forbidden to explain to anyone outside our club that the acronym stood for *Blonds, Brunettes, and Redheads*.

The Death of My Mother

Perhaps every person has a defining moment: an event that abruptly alters the trajectory of a life. My earliest defining moment was the unexpected and sudden death of my beloved mother right before I was to start my sophomore year of high school.

As the summer of 1940 drew to a close, we were all bustling about as usual with our chores on the farm, preparations for school that was to start in a few weeks, and finishing our exhibits and projects for the Clay County Fair.

I've blocked out many of the painful memories of this time period, but I have a vague memory that Mom began to feel ill and was taken to the doctor, who examined her and promptly admitted her to the hospital. Within the matter of a few days, she was gone: dead of childbed fever. As we later understood, she had developed a fatal infection from a tubal pregnancy. These were the days before antibiotics, and no medicines available in Clay Center at the time could stop the infection.

She died on August 16, 1940, just a month shy of her 46th birthday. My father insisted that I go to the mortuary to help dress Mom's hair. That experience stayed with me forever. Before the funeral, Mom's body was brought to the house. While her casket rested in our living room full of flowers, family and friends came by to mourn with us. After the funeral service at the church, Mom was buried at the Broughton Cemetery.

The shock of Mom's death extended beyond our family to the whole Broughton community. She had been very active at our church and in many community activities, including being a charter member of the Women's Farm Bureau and taking an active role in organizing the Broughton 4-H club. The whole community knew her well and was touched by her death.

My memory of that time is one of shock. As I look back on that horrible period, I believe we all somehow suppressed

our grief because Dad was so devastated. He adored my mother. Perhaps none of us really realized the impact of her death, but we knew we needed to support Dad and get our lives back together as much as we could. It was such a fragile time, and we somehow knew that having the family fall apart was not an option. We just put one foot in front of the other and kept going.

When Mom died, my six siblings ranged in age from seven years old (Pat) to twenty years old (Lafe). I was only 15 years old when Mom died. After her death, everything changed.

Dad didn't want any outside help in the house, so we all took on new responsibilities. Accepting my new role as "the woman of the house," I took over the bulk of the washing, cleaning, and cooking. Bread still had to be baked. Butter still had to be churned, and the younger children (Bob and Pat) needed some help getting ready for school.

Lafe was away at school studying to become a doctor when Mom died. At first, he mailed his laundry home from the university for me to wash and mail back to him. Dad retrieved beef from our meat locker in Clay Center, and put it in the oven to have for dinner. I'm sure we must have had some fruit and vegetables from the garden. We all just went through the motions and tried to survive. That's what was expected of us and we did it.

Though I have few memories of that difficult time, the ones that remain are vivid. I remember making a dress for 4-H and modeling it in a style show at the county fair that fall. While I was away, Wynn and Wade took the initiative to can a bushel

of Alberta peaches that we had bought from someone who'd transported a whole truckload from Colorado. That meant they had to blanch the peaches so the skins would come off easily, cook them in sugar syrup, and fill sterilized jars with the fruit. It was a huge responsibility lifted from my shoulders, and I was so grateful to them for doing it. It was unthinkable to waste food even in those difficult circumstances.

After Mom died (and before I started my sophomore year), I also remember Wynn and Wade's kindness when they ordered a three-piece outfit for me that I had seen in the Sears Roebuck catalog. The pants and skirt were navy and the sweater was red, white, and blue. It made me feel that I would be very well dressed for the school year and was an act of kindness that I never forgot. (Mom had sewn the clothes I wore in my freshman year from men's pants.)

High School Life Goes On

Though grades were never discussed in our family — it was always just expected that we would do our best — I earned high grades in all my subjects. I especially excelled in mathematics, which I liked. I also enjoyed German, probably because of my German ancestry and also because I liked the German teacher, Mr. Tuttle. When we visited my Grandmother Bauer, she spoke to my father in German, though it was a quite different German dialect than the one I had studied for two years. My senior year I took Latin, but I didn't really like it. I didn't need the credits so I elected not to attend class regularly. It was no

surprise when I earned a D.

Football was very important at Clay County Community High School. The whole town's social life centered around the football games, which no one missed. It was a big time to socialize with friends. We sat on wooden bleachers and cheered for our favorite players.

This was my high school graduation photo taken in 1943.

During my junior year of high school, I started dating a young man named Bob Malcolm, who joined the Marines after World War II was declared. Several of our classmates had already left to fight the war; two of them were killed in action.

The night of our high school graduation in 1943 I was scheduled to catch a train with a friend and travel to California to see Bob. I was able to receive my diploma early so that I could make the trip.

While everyone else was celebrating their graduation, my friend and I were listening to the clickety-clack of the train

wheels along the tracks, leaving Clay Center behind for bigger adventures.

Probably the biggest adventure of the trip was visiting my brother Gail at his Naval air base near La Jolla, California. A bus took us there in the middle of the night, and it felt so strange to be wandering the base not knowing where we were going. As for the young man that I had traveled across the country to see, he abruptly severed our relationship when he came back to Clay Center on leave. Though I was crushed at the time, it was certainly for the best.

CHAPTER 4

War Years

To many people of my generation, World War II was a defining time. It was a terrible shock listening to the radio on Sunday morning, December 7, 1941 and hearing the news of the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor. All five of my brothers served in the military at one time or another, though thankfully not all at the same time. Dad was able to continue running the farm throughout the war, though it was hard without his sons at home to help. No doubt worry for their safety was never far from his mind.

When the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, Lafe was in his fourth year of Reserve Officers' Training Corps (ROTC) at the University of Kansas, where he'd begun medical school in the fall of 1941. After the bombing, Lafe was advised to apply for a reserve commission in the Army Medical Administrative Corps to keep him out of the draft. Later, the military convinced him

to resign his commission and enlist. He served in all sorts of medical capacities throughout the Pacific, which he chronicled well in his own memoirs.

Gail was in the Naval Air Corps because he wanted to fly, but he was discharged because he suffered from airsickness during the dive-bombing action in flight training. When he came home, Wynn enlisted.

As a member of the Army's 3rd Armored Division, Wynn was on the sixth landing after the D-Day invasion at Normandy. His division spent weeks advancing through France and Germany. For years, he didn't talk at all about his war experiences. However, as anniversaries of the war are commemorated, Wynn has begun to talk more about what he went through, and he has shared some of the stories at the school his grandchildren attended. He also participates in military reunions, where I'm sure he feels more open to discussing what happened during those horrific days. He became extremely seasick going to Europe, and still can't stand the thought of getting on a boat. Wynn's wife, JoAnn, has assembled wonderful scrapbooks about his service.

Wade, who was married to Connie at the time he joined the Army, served several months at different posts around the country, but was dismissed after their first child, David, was born. Dad, as well as Connie, needed Wade at home.

Bob was only 13 when the war began, but he tried to join the military during the last half of his senior year. Because he was only 17, he had to get Dad's permission to enlist in the

Navy. Thankfully, the war was almost over by that time. He was released in December of 1947.

In today's world with hundreds of color television stations delivering news and programming 24 hours a day, it may be hard for some people to imagine how vital a role the radio played during those turbulent war years. When he wasn't in the fields, Dad was glued to the radio, listening to the reports by Edward R. Murrow. I can only imagine the concern and fear he felt for his sons. Mom had passed away by then, and he carried the burden of worrying about his sons alone. I know of at least two young men from our small community who died during the war. I'm very proud of my brothers' service, and so grateful that all of them survived.

Rationing

Rationing was a big part of life for anyone living in the United States during World War II. Shortages developed due to so many supplies being funneled overseas to keep the war effort going. Lots of things were rationed including sugar, gasoline, meat, tires, cars, canned foods, coffee, and other goods.

People couldn't just walk into a store and buy as many groceries as they needed, or fill their cars with gasoline when the tank became nearly empty. It was necessary to carefully manage ration coupons, and be sure to keep the car as full as possible because the availability of gasoline was uncertain. We were lucky to have our own gas pump on the farm, which we

needed for our tractor. The government no doubt saw the need to keep farmers supplied with gas for the farm equipment.

Because we could grow or raise so much of our own food on the farm, rationing didn't affect us as much as it did many other people. Farming families like ours had been planting gardens and preserving our food for years, so we took it all in stride. But those who didn't live on farms were encouraged to plant Victory Gardens to supply their families with the fruits and vegetables that had become so scarce due to labor and transportation shortages. When sugar was rationed during World War II, we were careful to keep a supply of sugar for baking as well as Dad's winemaking. We used stamps from our ration book for that.

There were no silk hose but I probably wouldn't have worn them anyway. There was an embargo on Japanese silk, and nylon was used to make parachutes. I learned recently that it took the equivalent of 36 pairs of stockings to make one parachute.

It was after the war that we felt the shortages the most. Things like cars and tires were in short supply. Because we churned our own butter, we rarely had to use the oleo that came out after the war. It was a butter substitute made from vegetable oil. It came in the form of white bricks and included a tube of yellow food coloring that people blended so that it looked more like butter.

The war years affected everyone but it was with a sense of obligation that everyone went about their business and did everything they could to support the war effort.

After High School

When we graduated from Clay County Community High in 1943, many of my male classmates traded in their caps and gowns for military uniforms and left to fight the enemy.

Mom had died just three years earlier, and Dad asked me to stay home for a year after graduation. Pat was only ten years old at the time, and Dad felt she needed me around. In many ways, it was a good year for me. I enjoyed my brief job as bookkeeper at the sales barn in Clay Center where weekly livestock auctions were held. It's likely I would have stayed on longer, but the manager made an inappropriate advance toward me. I left one afternoon and never returned.

In the evenings, I often went with friends to USO dances, which were held for the soldiers at Fort Riley, about 35 miles southeast of Clay Center. We swayed to those wonderful tunes like *Begin the Beguine or White Cliffs of Dover*, and danced the jitterbug to faster songs, too. I especially loved to jitterbug.

One of the girls I went to the dances with was Margaret Humfeld whose parents owned the local greenhouse. They were very nice people who often invited soldiers for Sunday dinners, and they often included me in their plans. During busy times at the greenhouse, like proms or holidays, I was happy to help make corsages or flower arrangements. I used those skills later in life and I always enjoyed being around flowers.

In 1944 I started classes at the University of Kansas in Lawrence where I made many lifelong friends. One of them was

Norma Doctor Zehm, who was assigned to be my roommate at Corbin Hall. She was from a rural Kansas community and was rather shy, partially because of an eye injury that left her blind in one eye. Another friend was Annie MacAlaster Wyatt.

I attended KU for three semesters. Then my life took a different turn.

CHAPTER 5

Unsettled

After the end of World War II in 1945, men and women who had served their country returned to their hometowns ready to resume their lives or begin new ones. One of those young men was Eugene Douglas Swenson.

A "new life" was just what Mildred Swenson had in mind for her son. She knew my brothers through their work together in 4-H club and extended an invitation to them (and to me) to come to a party she was hosting. The stated pretense for the party was to "welcome the veterans home." I learned later that the real reason she wanted to host the party was to find a mate for her son Gene.

For reasons that I now don't quite understand, Gene and I started dating. We did have a few small things in common. We were both 20 years old when we met. (He was born January 13, 1925, and I was born six months later on June 22nd.) Both of us lived in Clay County, Kansas. Both of us came from farming

families. A relative of Gene's (Adrian Swenson) had farmed for my father for many years. Gene's father was a farmer, too, though he farmed on land he leased rather than owned.

I hadn't dated very much before I met Gene. Other than the fellow I'd dated briefly in high school before he left to join the service, I'd only dated a couple of farm boys. They were real losers in my opinion.

Sometimes people ask me what attracted me to Gene in the first place. After the war was over, there weren't that many eligible men in our small community. Gene had served in the military, was nice looking, and could be charming when it suited him. His mother probably put some pressure on him to find someone, and I was available. Undoubtedly both he and his mother believed that I was a good catch from a good family. Our dates usually consisted of going to the movies or some activity with our families. Sometimes we double-dated with my brother Wynn and JoAnn Martin, who eventually became his wife.

Ours was a whirlwind romance. Gene and I decided to get married in December of 1945 at the Broughton Methodist Church during our Christmas break from college. My father never made a single comment about Gene, positive or negative. I suspect his silence on the subject said a lot, though Dad never would have interfered or tried to change my mind.

Because my mother had passed away, all of the responsibilities for planning the wedding fell completely on my shoulders. It wasn't a happy time for me. I'm sure my mother's absence was especially painful because that time is typically so important

for a young woman. Since the time between our decision to get married and the ceremony was so short, there just wasn't time for me to bask in what young brides probably thought was a joyous, thrilling occasion. That's just not how it was for me.

We got married on December 27, 1945, just seven months after the end of World War II. I wore a white satin wedding dress and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and large white chrysanthemums. Dad gave me money for the dress, and it still amazes me that he would give me what was probably an exorbitant amount of money for a dress that would only be worn once. After the wedding, I put it in a box to preserve it. Years later, I opened the box and found that it had rotted. I tossed it in the trash.

My attendants were three of my high school friends: Leanna Donley Partridge, Beatrice Tuggle, and Mary Ann Swenson. All of them justifiably complained about how uncomfortable the bridesmaids' dresses were. Dress fabric was in short supply after the war and our options were limited. About the only fabric that Mrs. Brown (the dressmaker) could locate was crinkly fabric that was very much like a lightweight plastic. I only remember one of Gene's attendants. His best man was Dr. Sievert Anderson, a physician.

After the wedding ceremony, we had a reception in the basement of the church. Thankfully, my Aunt Ruth had been kind enough to plan that for me.

The only thing I remember about our short honeymoon to Dallas was that the weather was horrific as we drove back

to Kansas from Dallas. As soon as we returned from our honeymoon, Gene went back to Manhattan to attend Kansas State. I took my finals and finished up the semester at KU in Lawrence.

Early Married Years

Once I finished my semester at KU, our married life officially began. While Gene attended classes at K-State, I took a lot of math and statistics courses, thinking I might eventually get a statistics degree. Fortunately, my three semesters at KU had provided a good background, and I don't think I found the coursework too difficult. At the time, I didn't see any future in that line of work. Of course, in this day and age a math degree would be highly desirable. I may have missed my calling; I never did get a college degree.

During college I worked for Dr. Holly Fryer, the head of the university statistics department. He and his wife, Ruth, became good friends and took me under their wings. For a lot of reasons, we remained close friends throughout our lives. Gene and I played bridge with them, and we spent a lot of time together.

While I was working and attending classes, Gene was working on his Master's degree in Milling Technology to prepare himself for work in the field of milling grains, particularly wheat to flour.

Ours was a busy household, even in those early years. My sister, Pat, was also living with us in Manhattan while she completed her sophomore and junior years in high school.

She was a very active teenager and participated in many sports activities, as well as playing in the band. We were busy.

Moving On

After Gene got his Master's degree around 1950, he accepted a job with the Carnation Company in Oakland, California. At the time we were so happy for him to get a job and to be able to finally start a family.

Meanwhile, Pat was looking forward to her senior year of high school. I'm sure she was worried about what she would do when Gene and I moved to California. We were relieved and elated when Dr. Fryer and Ruth generously offered to have Pat stay with them during that important last year of high school. They had two young daughters of their own, and taking on an extra child in an already-busy household was a huge responsibility.

Many years later, during one of my special visits with Dr. Fryer, I told him how remarkable it was for them to welcome Pat into their home and treat her like their own child. In a demonstration of the kind of person that he was, he had a simple answer. "Well, why wouldn't we?"

In 1950, we headed to Oakland, California in the first of what would be many moves. Our first home was a two-bedroom house in a development in San Leandro, southeast of Oakland. We had a different way of life than either of us had been used to. Many of our new friends were Gene's associates who lived in the San Francisco Bay area. When we got together

for parties in Oakland or San Francisco, there was inevitably quite a bit of alcohol consumed, which was a new experience for us. During the day, I worked on ships' logs at the Naval base in Oakland, and at night we often partied.

Gene and I were ready to have children, but it took several visits to the doctor before I finally found myself pregnant. Luckily, the pregnancy itself wasn't difficult and we were thrilled when Douglas Gene was born on February 18th, 1952 at Kaiser Permanente Hospital in Oakland. He was a nine-pound, healthy baby. I absolutely loved caring for my newborn son, and life seemed idyllic: a beautiful baby boy, our own home, and a nice yard. It was wonderful, but my happiness and contentment didn't last long.

Just six months after Doug was born, I learned that Gene was never going to stay put anywhere for very long.

As I remember, the move across the country from Oakland to Edina, Minnesota, was difficult for Doug as well as for me. For the next two years, we had our own home, and my life was totally devoted to Doug, getting Gene off to work, and dealing with the huge snowstorms that were commonplace there. It was a far cry from Oakland, California.

Like all young mothers, it was important to me to forge friendships. Times were different in the early 1950s, and women didn't work outside the home as much as they do today. For the most part, a woman's life was totally wrapped up in her family, which suited me just fine, especially when I found other young

mothers who were happy to get together fairly regularly. The children played while the mothers commiserated.

As our growing family was uprooted time and again, I began to understand that one way that we could become anchored in a new community was to join a church. In Minneapolis, we became part of the congregation at the Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church, where Doug was baptized. Being part of the church community gave us opportunities to socialize.

Unfortunately, within a very short period of time, Gene was ready to move again. He got a job in Muncy, Pennsylvania working for Sprout-Walton, a company that manufactured equipment for the milling industry. At first we lived in the lower floor of a large house, but later we rented a single-family house.

When I found out I was pregnant again, I was delighted. Again, it was an easy pregnancy with no morning sickness. On June 18, 1955, our healthy, beautiful baby girl was delivered by Dr. Patrizio at the local Muncy hospital. She weighed eight pounds, seven ounces.

I had grown tired of having to spell my name every time I introduced myself, so I was determined to name my child something simple that would cause no confusion. We named our baby daughter *Sue Ann*. Her brother greeted her with admiration and awe.

Before too long, Sue was baptized at the local Lutheran church where we had become active. Once again, it didn't take us too long to make friends. One of them periodically invited

us to go to the Poconos in the Allegheny Mountains for the weekend. Gene and Doug were active with the Cub Scouts, and the family of one of Doug's friends took him fishing, which he really enjoyed. Family life was busy and full.

In 1957 we once again uprooted our family, left our friends, and moved. This time our location was Saginaw, Michigan, where Doug entered the kindergarten. By this time, Sue was old enough to attend a cooperative preschool class, which meant that mothers were required to participate for a few days each month. Mothers helped the teachers with activities, and could monitor firsthand how our children were doing in class. Though there wasn't a term for it during that time, we probably would have been called volunteer teacher's aides today. It proved to be a great outlet for me. I have often felt that it was a good model that isn't followed today, but with so many families in which both parents work, it probably isn't feasible now.

The kids made friends quickly, as children often do. It seemed like either Doug or Sue was always getting invited to a birthday party or outing, which they loved. At one of those parties, Doug learned an important lesson. He had done something that offended one of his friends, and apologized. The friend said, "Do you know what that means to apologize? It means that you will never do it again." I always thought that was good advice. I also remember that Doug tried to climb a large tree in our back yard and had a bad fall. Fortunately there was no permanent damage to Doug (or the tree).

We became close to an older couple we met through our church, and we discovered we had many things in common, including a love of bridge. Agnes and H.M. Asker became like grandparents to our children. When Agnes died, H.M. gave us a set of her china and one of her beautiful cut glass vases because he wanted us to have something of hers. I always think of Agnes when I use them.

In addition to these "adopted" family members, we were also close to our extended family for the first time in our married lives. My sister, Pat, had married Dick Pickett by this time, and they lived in West Lafayette, Indiana, where Dick attended Purdue. Pat was having health problems and we were glad to be closer to them and be able to be together for holidays. All of us loved spending time on the lakes of Michigan, and it was wonderful that our extended family wanted to vacation in the area with us. My brothers Wynn and Bob and their families came at different times. It was a joy to be together with them again.

Such get-togethers were short lived. In 1959, we moved to Southport, Connecticut, not far from Long Island Sound, but far from our families. It was a real treat to live by the ocean and enjoy the beach, the salty air, and the bounties of the ocean such as clams and lobsters. It was fun to travel to some of the points of interest in the eastern United States, too.

After so many moves, we had learned to jump in as quickly as possible into the communities where we lived, primarily through church and school activities. In Southport we became

active in the Episcopal Church. One year, I served as chairman of the fall bazaar, which I enjoyed.

Doug sang in a men and boys choir at the church and took piano lessons from Jim Litton, the choirmaster. He didn't seem to mind practicing in the mornings before school. Though he was an excellent student, the lessons didn't last long. To this day he enjoys playing the piano for his own enjoyment.

During this time, my sister's health was steadily deteriorating, which made it difficult for Pat to care for their four-year-old daughter, Pam. I invited Pam to come live with us. She blended in perfectly, and we were delighted for her to be part of our family for a semester. Pam is a year younger than Sue and the three children got along great. I made dresses for Sue and Pam that they wore in a style show at the grade school. Pam was always such an animal lover. One night I checked in on her, and found Pam sleeping with the cat wrapped around her head.

One thing I'll never forget is the scare I had while we were in Southport. When Doug was in second or third grade, we enrolled him in a summer session at a school quite a distance from where we lived. One day, he didn't come home on the bus as he always did. I reported him missing to the police, but they didn't take me very seriously, and I spent two and a half frantic hours trying to find him. Despite reassurances from Sue that the police would find him, I was beside myself.

As it turned out, when Doug realized that he had missed the bus, he decided to walk home by himself. About the time he decided that it was too far to walk, some nice woman discovered

him. She gave him bus fare, and put him on the bus to our house. I was thrilled to see him, but Doug wasn't really too concerned.

After a short stint in Connecticut, Gene got restless again. In 1962 we moved to Wyoming, Ohio, a suburb of Cincinnati. At that point, I declared that *I would not move again*, but it was an empty threat in some ways. Though we stayed in Wyoming, we had two houses while we were there. The first one was a house that we built. The second one (at 27 Worthington Avenue) was a 1920s-era home in the village. It had never been updated, but was charming. The house had an elevator as well as beautiful woodwork and a grand, open staircase in the large front hall.

Perhaps best of all, the house was across the street from both the grade school and the high school. Doug and Sue received good educations in the school district there. Wyoming was a big football town, and Doug tried out for the football team when he was in junior high. He played very well, and earned some recognition for his abilities, but he eventually declared that it wasn't for him. He said, "Football is for the tough, not the intelligent."

Once again, we became part of a church community and were very active in the Ascension Episcopal Church, where Doug was an altar boy. When he sang a solo in Arthur Honegger's *King David* at the Christ Church Episcopal Cathedral in downtown Cincinnati, it was a big deal. We were very proud of him.

The weekend after Christmas, there was a huge event at Christ Church Cathedral in Cincinnati called the Boar's Head

Top: Our house in Wyoming, Ohio at 27 Worthington Avenue. Left: The house had beautiful woodwork, as this 1972 photo shows.

and Yule Log Festival. One year Doug was a jester in the festival, which was often televised. It was fun to watch him jump over the pews of the cathedral as he played his role with enthusiasm and skill.

Those were busy years for Sue, too. She participated in all sorts of sports, including swimming, ice-skating, horseback riding, and soccer. As an active and popular girl, one of her favorite activities was to host tree-decorating parties at our house during the Christmas season. We always had a towering Christmas tree — measuring twelve feet tall or more — that filled the open stairway in the entry hall. Sue and her friends decorated the tree with ornaments they brought. I vividly remember their enthusiasm and laughter as they placed the ornaments in a suitable place. Afterwards they enjoyed a casual supper at our house. It was great fun.

Gene wasn't the only one bringing home a paycheck. For three years, I worked with a class of special-needs children at the church. At that time, there was little instruction on how to teach children who were in those days called "retarded." Fortunately I got some good guidance from an advisor with the county. A lot of patience and love guided me through that experience, and I like to think that I made a difference in a few lives.

Big differences were coming to my life, too, though I didn't know it at the time. . .

CHAPTER 6

Endings

When a telephone rings in the middle of the night, how many of us have at least a fleeting fear of whether the call will bring news that might shatter our lives?

That was the kind of news I received February 24, 1968.

Lying peacefully in my bed in our Worthington Avenue home in Wyoming, Ohio, I was jarred awake by the shrill sound of the phone ringing. It was Wynn calling to give me the devastating news that our baby sister, Pat, had died with several members of her family in a terrible automobile accident far, far away on a dusty dirt road in Argentina.

I'm sure all sorts of thoughts flew through my mind in an instant: *Pat, my baby sister, was gone. Pat, who considered me almost as a substitute mother when our own mother had died when she was only seven years old. Pat, who had shared a room with me when we were growing up and who cuddled with me to keep warm during those frigid Kansas winters. Pat, who stood*

by my side as we cooked and cleaned and took over the duties as the "women of the house" once Mom was gone. Pat, who had lived with Gene and me for two years in high school. Pat, my only sister.

That day, and in the many days that have followed since her death, memories came flooding back.

Memories of Pat

After my younger sister was born at our farm on January 12, 1933, it took a long time before we found the right name for her. A hired woman who was working for us at the time started calling her Pat for some reason. Eventually, Mom and Dad pronounced that her official name was Greta Alice, but the name "Pat" stuck with her for the rest of her life.

Being the only girls in a family of five brothers, Pat and I were given our own bedroom. It was a large room upstairs in the northeast corner of the house, just above the living room. There was plenty of room for us to share our lives. Our dark bedroom furniture — a dresser and chest of drawers — contrasted with the white walls.

With no heat in the second-story rooms, we often put warmed bricks at the foot of our double bed and snuggled together to keep warm. Despite the almost eight-year difference in our ages, Pat and I were very close.

When our mother died suddenly on August 16, 1940, I was 15 and Pat was 7. Like everyone else in the family, we had to take on new roles in the family as everyone pitched in to try

to make life as normal as possible. Without our mother who was the centerpiece of the family, we all had to redefine what "normal" was. That time period was a blur as we all tried to just keep putting one foot in front of another. That's what Mom would have wanted.

After Pat finished her freshman year she left the farm to live with Gene and me in Manhattan, Kansas. It was delightful to have her while she completed her sophomore and junior years of high school. Pat loved playing clarinet in the band. Sitting next to her in the clarinet section was Dick Pickett, who would become her husband.

They both went to college at Kansas State, and graduated together. By that time it was a full-blown romance and they decided to get married. They had a formal wedding at the Manhattan Methodist Church, followed by a reception at her Tri Delta sorority house. At the time, Gene and I were living in California, which made it impossible — to my great disappointment — to help Pat with her wedding preparations. But we of course attended the wedding, and I stood proudly by as her matron of honor.

Dick was one of those people who was not only brilliant, but could also do everything to perfection that he set out to do. After he got his undergraduate degree at K-State, he joined the Air Force and later was in the Strategic Air Command. He flew all sorts of planes including B-47s, B-52s, L-19s, and T-33s. Some of his missions were to Europe and Africa.

Dick and Pat's family expanded quickly. Patti was born while they were still in Manhattan. Pam came along a year later,

followed by Allison, then Andrew in due time. I kept in touch with them, but wasn't as involved as I might have liked because Dick's assignments took him to Air Force bases across the United States.

After he left the military, Dick went to Purdue University where he got his Master's degree, and then his Doctorate in animal husbandry. On loan from Purdue, Dick took a position with the Ford Foundation and was sent to Argentina to set up curriculum in animal science at the *Universidad Nacional del Sur*, the largest university in southern Argentina.

On that fateful day in February of 1968, Pat and Dick and their children were driving to the beach for a vacation. We learned later that the accident happened as Dick tried to pass a truck on a very dusty road with limited visibility. The head-on collision killed Pat, Dick, Allison, and Andrew. The only survivors were the two older children, Patti and Pam, who had severe injuries and fortunately no memories of the accident.

Two men from the Ford Foundation escorted the bodies from Argentina to Emporia, Kansas, where the funeral was held. It was startling to see those four beautiful caskets at the front of the church that was packed to capacity with friends and family who had come from all over. As I grieved at the loss of my sister and her family, I could see that my father and Dick's father were heartbroken, too. It was a horrible time.

After the funeral, the two men who had escorted the bodies met with the family and announced that someone from our family should be with Patti and Pam when they regained

consciousness in the Argentine hospital. Because of what Pat's friends had said about the close relationship my sister and I had, both gentlemen suggested that I should be the one to go to Argentina to be with my two young nieces until they recovered enough to return to the States.

But Lafe was adamant that he should be the one to accompany the girls back home. Though I didn't know it, Pat and Dick had apparently approached Lafe and his wife, Joanne, before going to Argentina. Together, they made arrangements that if something happened to Pat and Dick, my oldest brother and his wife would become administrators of the estate and take responsibility for raising the children.

Everyone in the family was surprised to learn about this plan, but no one was more shocked than I was. Dad and I believed that I should have custody of the children, but it wasn't to be. Unfortunately, the episode that occurred as a result of this announcement left bad feelings between Lafe and me. He and Joanne took over the responsibility of raising Pat's children and they were estranged from our family from that point forward.

For the next several years, I felt very shut out from the lives of my nieces, and I regret that tremendously. Perhaps if our families had communicated better, we might have eased much of the tension that ensued. Forty years after the incident, Lafe said that when Pat wrote her custody papers, he insisted that she tell everyone in the family about her change in plans. I knew nothing about her plans.

CHAPTER 7

The Bakery & Beyond

The year 1968 was a huge turning point in my life. Nothing was the same before or after that milestone year.

As I grieved the loss of my sister and her family, the thin threads that were holding my marriage together began to unravel. The same year that I lost my sister and her family, Gene was managing a bun factory for the White Castle Hamburger chain. Through his network of contacts, he learned that a pastry shop was for sale not far from our house in Wyoming, Ohio. I don't think either of us ever expected to own a bakery, but the opportunity fell into our laps and we grabbed it. The opportunity to start something new was a bright spot at a time when I desperately needed one.

My life changed dramatically after we bought the Wyoming Pastry Shop. Looking back on that period of my life I now realize some experiences we have in life that seem relatively *minor* at the time can have quite *major* consequences. On the

surface, buying a bakery might not have seemed like a life-changing experience, but it was.

For years, my confidence and self-esteem had been slowly eroding in a marriage that was becoming increasingly fractured. But when I was given the job of running the bakery, I blossomed.

It was my first experience dealing with the public, and it made me grow in many ways. For the first time in many years, I began to have some real self-confidence. While the children were growing up, we'd moved six times and had never put down roots. By the time we moved to Wyoming, Ohio, I had begun to establish my own personality and get my life under control. I became much more outgoing and was able to relate to people in a healthy way.

Best of all, Gene found other interests and turned complete control of the bakery over to me. He had nothing to do with the day-to-day operations of running the business, except for occasionally closing the store at the end of the day and counting the money. I didn't resent his lack of involvement. I didn't *want* him involved. I began to have a taste of independence, and it was delicious.

Before buying the bakery, I had no knowledge of the bakery business, and no retail experience whatsoever. Yet oddly, I don't remember having any fear. Perhaps having the responsibility of cooking for our family of eight after my mother died so early in my life taught me a lot about putting one step ahead of the other and just getting the job done.

I liked the employees at the bakery, and I think they liked me. One of the employees, Ann Pope, was especially instrumental to

our success. She had worked at the bakery for a while before we bought it, and with a gentle kindness and a sense of humor, she showed me the ropes of running the store. Ann was short and when she had a hard time reaching things on the upper shelves, I'd laughingly say, "Ann, if you would just *grow up*," as I handed her what she needed. I *needed her*.

She became my guardian angel, and she taught me a lot about our customers, products, and production. The customers loved her, too. We even celebrated an *Ann Pope Day* at the bakery, when everyone was invited to tell her how wonderful she was. We gave away free coffee and buttons with pictures of Ann on them. It was a big celebration and a lot of fun. After the party ended, I took all the employees out to dinner and presented Ann with a brooch as a small token of our appreciation.

Doug and Sue were both young teenagers when we bought the bakery. They worked at the bakery after school and made friends with some of the other teenagers who also worked part-time. Doug helped with the cleanup and maintenance, and Sue worked in sales. I'm sure the experience taught them both lessons that have helped them in their later lives.

For the 13 years that I owned the bakery, business was so brisk that we had to learn to work quickly and efficiently. On Saturday mornings, customers often lined up three-deep behind the counter to stock up for the weekend. Our specialties — like breakfast coffee cakes (kuchen), Danishes, éclairs, or doughnuts — flew off the shelves. To this day, Doug says he still wishes he could find a Danish that tasted as good as the ones we made at the bakery.

Our head baker, Bob Bonomini, was a master of cake making and decorating. His creations were known for miles around. When our church was dedicated, he fashioned a cake that was an almost perfect replica of the new church. It was a big hit at the dedication.

As in any business, there were challenges of every sort. Among the most devastating was when Bob died over Thanksgiving weekend one year. He collapsed of a heart attack after working so hard in the bakery during the days leading up to the holiday and then feasting on a huge Thanksgiving meal. It was so sad.

We also dealt with much smaller problems, such as when the bakery flooded in the middle of the night after the cleaning man left a rag in the sink where the air conditioner drained. When I learned of the problem in the wee hours of the morning, I woke Doug (not Gene) and together we cleaned up the water, fixed the problem, and made the bakery presentable before the staff arrived at 5:00 a.m.

I learned a lot about people, both good and bad. Years after I sold the bakery, one of my former employees came to me and apologized for taking money. I had never suspected any wrongdoing. We had a simple cash drawer with no way to reconcile sales with cash taken in each day. I knew her husband was a bum and forgave her.

As for customer service, my philosophy was that whenever customers complained — which happens in any business no matter how hard you try — I agreed with them and did my best

to fix whatever situation was causing the problem, even when we didn't do anything wrong.

Once, when a customer accused me of giving him the wrong change, I followed him out to his car and gave him back his twenty-dollar bill. It stung that anyone could think that I had cheated him or her. I would never knowingly cheat anyone. I'm proud that the man remained a loyal customer, despite the misunderstanding.

Another bad experience was dealing with an inspector who wanted to become inappropriately friendly with me. But those bad experiences were completely overshadowed by the good employees and wonderful customers that I encountered through those years.

Transitions

A newfound feeling of self worth gave me courage, though perhaps at the time I didn't fully recognize the changes that were occurring in myself. Like a budding flower opening its petals, the changes happened a little at a time.

In 1970, a milestone was set to occur: Gene and I were to mark 25 years of marriage. It was hardly a cause for celebration for either of us. Our marriage had been filled with tension, moves, and struggles. Gene had begun to wander, and it was difficult to trust him in any sense of the word. We had a few good times, but many bad times as well. With two children to cherish and hold onto — and the bakery to manage — I often struggled to get through my days.

Late in December of 1970, Gene and other White Castle employees went to Newark, New Jersey, to check on a new plant that was being built there. When Gene didn't come home for Christmas or for our anniversary two days later, I wondered where he was. Then I learned that Gene and his associates had all been back in Wyoming for several days. He just hadn't elected to return to his family.

When he finally walked in the door, his comment was, "I'm *finally* home!"

My response was, "I think you should find someplace else to *come home* to." Four months later, we were divorced.

Later in life, several people (including myself) questioned why I had married Gene in the first place. Does anyone really completely know the person they chose to marry? I certainly didn't know Gene. He was a very insecure person, and I think as I became stronger and more self-reliant, it intimidated him.

In retrospect, I don't think he ever felt up to the responsibilities of a wife and family and the ups and downs that are part of any marriage. On a daily basis, he took out his frustrations on the kids and me. His manipulative behavior, negativity, and constant criticisms were toxic, and it became very difficult to be supportive of him.

On the positive side, life with Gene produced two wonderful children and certainly taught me to recognize my good fortune when I met Bill Eichelberger many years later. But I don't want to get ahead of my story.

Selling the Bakery

After Gene and I divorced in 1971, I was awarded the bakery in the divorce settlement. Things went along very well for seven years after that, until I suffered a slipped disc in my back when I did something as simple as leaning down to tie my shoes. Working in the bakery aggravated the rupture, and it was impossible to be free of pain no matter what I did.

I dealt with the excruciating pain until I could stand it no longer. In 1979, I decided to have surgery in Cincinnati. I remember my brother Lafe (who was a physician) telling me that when the surgery was over I would feel so comfortable and pain free that it would be like "someone had poured warm water over me." He was spot on. It was hard to believe that after suffering so long, that I could wake up from surgery and once again feel "normal."

Being in so much pain for such a long time had affected me. Even though the surgery made a huge difference, every time I reached for a baking pan or a tray of treats, there was a twinge of fear that the pain would return. Plus, I was tired of working twelve hours a day, six days a week, and constantly feeling tethered to the pastry shop. I was ready for a change and decided in 1980 to sell the business.

My strong preference was to sell it to an employee, but that didn't work out. Just three years before my surgery, my head baker died. Had he lived, he probably would have been my first choice to take over the bakery. By 1980, I had four full-

This photo of the bakery was taken in 2013 or 2014, many years after I sold it. The new owner added awnings.

time bakers and several sales people, but none of the employees were a good fit as a potential owner. I had several offers from people who thought the bakery would be a good investment, but they knew nothing about baking. Eventually, with the help of my attorney and good friend, Bob Edington, I sold the bakery to someone who had been in the baking business and wanted the Wyoming Pastry Shop for his sons.

In my reflective moments, I think about the impact that owning and running that bakery had on my life. Before we

bought it, my self-confidence and sense of self worth were almost zero. That surprises some people, including my daughter who doesn't remember me as anything but a strong, confident woman. But it was the bakery that instilled confidence and strength in me.

Now, 35 years after that part of my life closed, it gives me a sense of pride to know that I had something to do with growing a business that is still thriving in the small town of Wyoming, Ohio. But selling the store also gave me a new found sense of freedom. Without the responsibility of the bakery, the world suddenly opened up to me . . . and led me to Wichita, Kansas, then to Colorado and the next phase of my life.

CHAPTER 8

Flying High

Shortly after my divorce was final in the spring of 1971, I decided that I would learn to fly an airplane. At the age of 46 — and for the first time in 25 years — I was finally free to pursue my own interests. The bakery was humming along well, and I felt I could schedule some time away from the business to indulge in something I'd always wanted to do: *fly*. Three of my brothers (Lafe, Gail, and Bob) had all gotten their pilots' licenses and I wanted to do the same.

There was a small airport in Hamilton, Ohio, about 25 miles north of our home in Wyoming, Ohio. When I learned that I could become a member of a flying club there, I immediately joined. It gave me access to the club's plane and allowed me to take flying lessons at a greatly reduced rate.

Being a member of the flying club expanded my circle of friends, too. I became good friends with many of the people in the club who all shared a love of airplanes. My friend Jim

Being in the pilot's seat was the fulfillment of a lifelong dream.

Johnson knew an instructor with the flying club named Tom McHenry. Tom took me on as a student and we eventually became very close on a professional, as well as a personal level.

I worked hard to pass my written exam and meet the requirements for flying. The next step for the license was to fly solo. The thought of that made me very nervous.

I distinctly remember my first solo flight on February 13, 1973. I didn't have enough control of the airplane on the landing, and it veered off into the grass. When I got out of the plane my knees were shaking. But I learned from my mistakes

and the mishap made me a better pilot. It gave me such a feeling of pride and excitement when I finally passed all the requirements and got my pilot's license after 31 hours at the controls.

As I became more confident in my ability to fly the airplane, I was more comfortable with flying cross-country. When I was flying, the navigation standard was VOR or VHF Omnidirectional Range navigation. That is so different from today, when almost everyone flies with the aid of GPS navigation, which some people call the most significant aviation invention after the jet engine.

In 1974, Don Weston (a pilot friend of mine) and I decided to buy a Piper PA-28 Cherokee Arrow together. It was a low wing with retractable gear, and its registration number was N3971T. We identified it on the radio as *3-niner-7-1-tango*. Not long ago I looked up the status of my old airplane and discovered that it had been transported to Greece.

Shortly after that, I set a personal goal to earn my instrument rating. Doing so was the next logical stage in my aviation training. The other big reason I felt I needed my instrument rating was that the weather in Cincinnati is always hazy, and I knew that unless I only wanted to fly on clear days, I needed to be able to fly by instruments and have flight controllers monitor and guide my flights. When I received my instrument rating in May of 1976, it was a big accomplishment for me.

Flying is like a lot of other challenges in life: the more you do it, the more comfortable you feel. As I got more comfortable

After I became confident in my flying skills, I loved taking people for a ride. On this flight were Art (one of my bakers) and the head baker, Bob Bonomini.

flying, I began to take friends and relatives on trips with me. One of my greatest pleasures was to make the five and a half hour flight to see my family in Clay Center. (The airport there had a north-south runway, but no control tower.) I also remember flying my brother Wynn to Nebraska to visit his farm.

Once I flew a friend to the Outer Banks of North Carolina to visit a neighbor and fellow pilot. When we started our trip back to Ohio, the weather in the Outer Banks was hazy, and we needed special permission from flight control to take off under those circumstances. As soon as we were above the clouds, it was smooth sailing.

Another anxious time was a flight I took with Jack Knowles, a young friend and fellow member of the flying club who took flying lessons with me in the early days. We enjoyed flying together, and I loved having him as my copilot. On one memorable flight, the generator went out, making the radio inoperable. Without any communication with flight controllers at the various airports we were passing, it was impossible to know whether other airplanes were nearby. Jack and I kept a watchful eye and flew back to home base as quickly as we could. Jack has remained a good friend through the years and still calls occasionally to check on me.

Sue Joins me in Flight

It was such a joy when Sue announced that she wanted to follow in my footsteps and learn how to fly. It was an experience that we could share, and I loved the idea. Not long before she started lessons, I bought out Don's share in the Piper Arrow. He had decided that he didn't want to fly anymore about the time that Sue announced she wanted to learn to fly, so the timing was perfect to buy him out. Sue could use the Piper for her flying instruction and not have to rent a plane.

Sue took up flying after discovering that college wasn't for her. She had attended the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, but it wasn't a good experience. The next fall she tried a semester at the University of Kentucky, but again college just wasn't for her. Instead, she dedicated herself to perfecting

I was thrilled when Sue (left) announced she wanted to learn to fly. She's pictured here with my niece, LeAnn (Wynn and JoAnn's daughter.)

her flying skills and eventually became a flight instructor herself. That made me so proud.

I know of at least one close call she had as an instructor, but I didn't hear about it from her. A customer came into the bakery one day and told me that Sue had been mentioned on the news. Apparently she was in the air with a student and when she tried to apply power, it didn't come on. They were forced to make an emergency landing in a field near the airport. Thankfully, everyone was fine, but I'm sure they were a little shaken up.

Getting into (*and out of*) tense situations comes with the territory when you're a pilot. One of my memorable solo flights

FCC FORM 753-B
OCTOBER 1971

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS COMMISSION

This PERMIT, when countersigned by the Secretary of FCC, authorizes

Pera B. Swenson

to operate licensed radio stations for which this

RESTRICTED RADIOTELEPHONE OPERATOR PERMIT

is valid under Rules and Regulations of the Commission and for the lifetime of the holder subject to suspension pursuant to the provisions of Section 303(m) (1) of the Communications Act and the Commission's Rules and Regulations. This Permit issued in conformity with Paragraph 903, International Radio Regulations, Geneva 1959.

6-22-73
GRANT DATE

FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS COMMISSION

Ben F. Waple

PERMITEE SIGNATURE _____

SAFETY IS NO ACCIDENT

PLEASE SIGN YOUR NAME IN INK

CUT ALONG

I. UNITED STATES OF AMERICA XI.

Department of Transportation – FEDERAL AVIATION ADMINISTRATION

THIS CERTIFIES IV.

THAT V. PERA BETH SWENSON
27 WORTHINGTON AVENUE
CINCINNATI OH 45215

DATE OF BIRTH	HEIGHT IN.	WEIGHT	HAIR	EYES	SEX	NATIONALITY VI.
06-22-25	68	145	BLOND	BLUE	F	USA

IX. HAS BEEN FOUND TO BE PROPERLY QUALIFIED TO EXERCISE THE PRIVILEGES OF

II. PRIVATE PILOT III. CERT. NO. 560323904

RATINGS AND LIMITATIONS

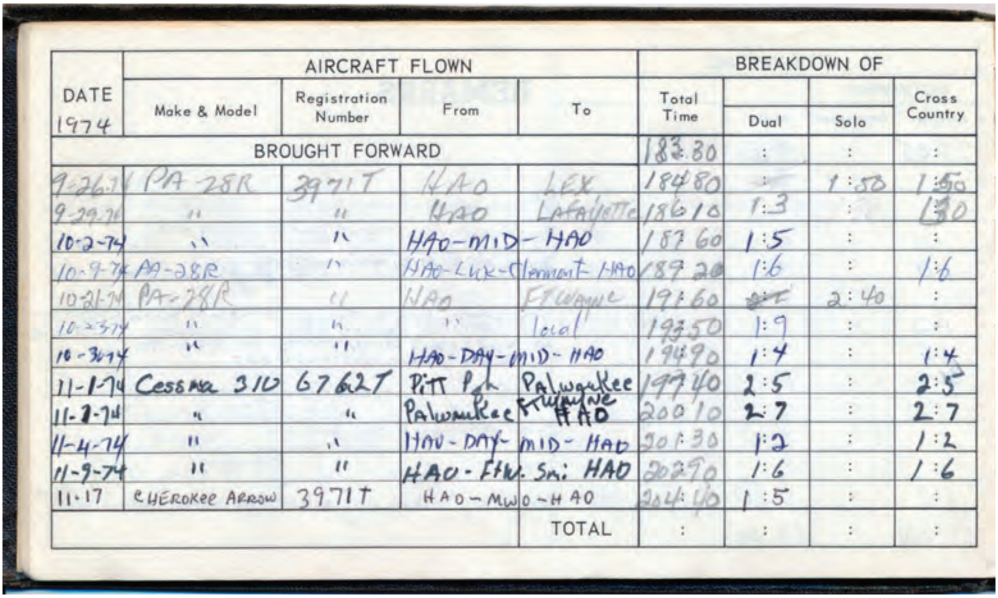
XII. AIRPLANE SINGLE ENGINE LAND
INSTRUMENT AIRPLANE

XII.

VII. Pera Beth Swenson
SIGNATURE OF HOLDER

X. DATE OF ISSUE: 05-31-76

X. John L. McLucas
VIII. ADMINISTRATOR



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9-29-74	"	"	HAO	LaFayette	186.10	1:3	:	1:30
10-2-74	"	"	HAO-MID-HAO		187.60	1:5	:	:
10-9-74	PA-28R	"	HAO-Luk-Clermont-HAO		189.20	1:6	:	1:6
10-21-74	PA-28R	"	HAO	Ft Wayne	191.60		2:40	:
10-23-74	"	"	"	local	193.50	1:9	:	:
10-30-74	"	"	HAO-DAY-MID-HAO		194.90	1:4	:	1:4
11-1-74	Cessna 310	6762T	Pitt Pa	Palwaukee	197.40	2:5	:	2:5
11-2-74	"	"	Palwaukee	Ft Wayne HAO	200.10	2:7	:	2:7
11-4-74	"	"	HAO-DAY-MID-HAO		201.30	1:2	:	1:2
11-9-74	"	"	HAO-Ftw. Sm; HAO		202.90	1:6	:	1:6
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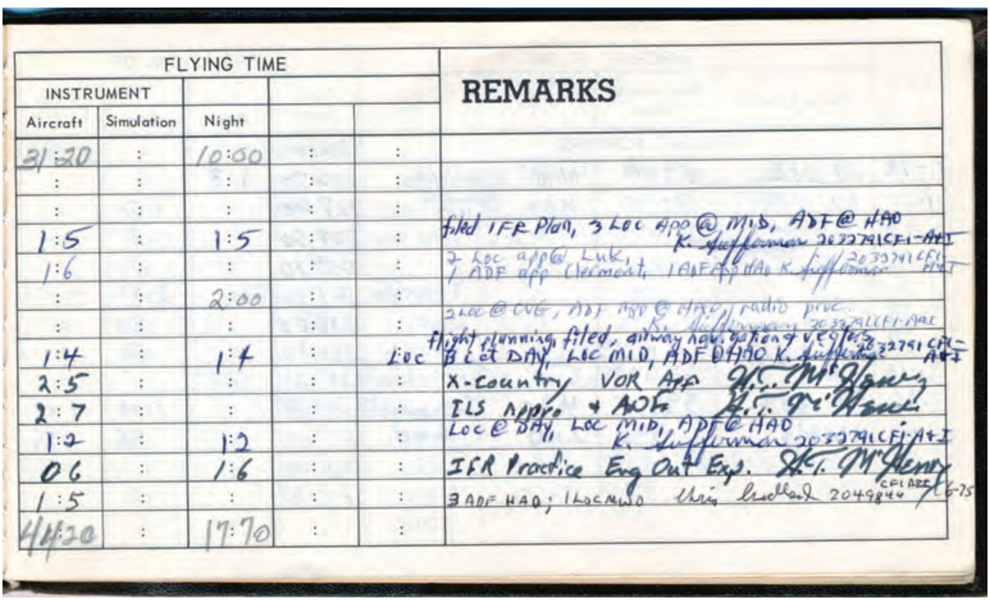

FLYING TIME INSTRUMENT Aircraft	Simulation	Night			REMARKS
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:	:	:	:	:	
:	:	:	:	:	
1:5	:	1:5	:	:	filed IFR Plan, 3 LOC App @ MID, ADF @ HAO K. Hufferman 2037791CFI-AI
1:6	:	:	:	:	2 Loc app @ Luk, 1 ADF app Clermont, 1 ADF App HAO K. Hufferman 2037791 CFI-AI
:	:	2:00	:	:	2 LOC @ CVG, ADF App @ HAO, radio proc. K. Hufferman 2037791 CFI-AI
:	:	:	:	:	flight planning, filed, airway nav. [illegible] vectors 2037791 CFI-AI
1:4	:	1:4	:	:	Loc Bet DAY, LOC MID, ADF @ HAO K. Hufferman
2:5	:	:	:	:	X-country VOR App [illegible]
2:7	:	:	:	:	ILS Appr + ADF [illegible]
1:2	:	1:2	:	:	Loc @ DAY, Loc MID, ADF @ HAO K. Hufferman 2037791CFI-AI
0 6	:	1:6	:	:	IFR Practice Eng Out Exp. [illegible]
1:5	:	:	:	:	3 ADF HAO; 1 Loc MWO [illegible] 2049844 CFI AI 6-75
44:20	:	17:70	:	:	

My log book, pilots license, and instrument rating are still prized possessions.

Sue and I were so proud to complete the Powder Puff Derby together in 1976.

was to visit my sister-in-law Karen Swenson in Pittsburgh. When I ran into some bad weather and became uncomfortable flying home, I asked flight control to find a nearby airport. I think my exact words were, "Put me down." Fortunately, Sue had her pilot's license by then. I called her and asked her to find a friend to fly with her to where I had landed the plane. I was too shaken to fly the plane myself, so Sue piloted the plane home.

In 1976, Sue and I committed to flying the Powder Puff Derby from Sacramento, California to Wilmington, Delaware. Since 1947, the Derby had been an annual transcontinental air race for female pilots.

It was quite a memorable event for Sue and me. There were several mother/daughter teams in the race. The two of us divided the responsibilities: She piloted the Piper Arrow, and I served as copilot whose primary responsibility was to be the navigator and to monitor all the details. Many of the entrants didn't finish the race, but we were very proud to complete it in the middle of the rankings as handicapped by our category of plane.

At the end of the race, there was a big banquet and awards presentation. I made matching formal, wraparound skirts for Sue and me, which featured hand-painted birds in flight along the edge of the skirts. Tom (my former flight instructor and special friend) and Sue's friend attended the banquet with us. I flew back to Cincinnati with Tom, and Sue flew back with her friend in the Arrow.

The next year (1977) was the final Powder Puff Derby race. After 30 years, rising costs, decreasing corporate sponsorships, crowded air space, and rising insurance premiums made the annual Powder Puff Derby no longer feasible.

Sue's passion for flying continued well after our race together. She found a way to combine a career with her love of flying when she started flying cargo across the United States. I helped her buy a DC-3 that she used in the business, but we sold it when she started flying for another firm.

About three years after the momentous Powder Puff Derby flight, my life once again took a detour. I sold my plane, but didn't lose my love of flying. Little did I know when I sold the Piper that I would fly again: next time with the love of my life.

CHAPTER 9

Moving On

The year 1980 was a big year for me. By then, Doug and Sue had flown from the nest and I had downsized from the large, old house on Worthington Avenue in Wyoming, Ohio and was living in a small house not far from there. I sold the bakery, sold my airplane, and began to explore what the next stage of my life might look like.

When my nephew Martin Bauer (Wynn and JoAnn's son) learned that I had decided to sell the bakery, Martin suggested that I interview for a job as legal administrator at his law firm in Wichita, Kansas. The interview with the partners went well, and I was pleased to accept a position with his law firm, Martin Pringle.

It was a big step for me to move to a new city and back to Kansas, but I was ready for a change. It didn't take long for me to sell my house in Ohio, and I found a lovely condo in Wichita, not far from Martin and his family. We saw a lot of each other.

His oldest daughter, Maggie, was just a toddler at the time and we became great friends. My old stomping ground, Clay Center, is about 128 miles north of Wichita, so I was also able to renew old friendships and see my family more often. The future looked very promising!

New Career

Working for a law firm was a complete change of pace and atmosphere from the bakery. The least significant difference was the attire. We had worn uniforms at the bakery, and I needed business suits and professional clothing at the law firm. The more significant difference was that the high-intensity atmosphere in a large law firm with 25 attorneys and support staff was quite a departure from the friendly, laid back environment of a small town bakery. But I made it my priority to learn the business end of the law firm as quickly and professionally as possible. It was stimulating and challenging to be responsible for hiring and firing personnel and to be involved in decisions regarding office structure, but I enjoyed working with the people in the firm.

It was a real pleasure to live in Wichita and be close to my extended family. In particular, I enjoyed Maggie's company and she loved spending time with her "Aunt PB." We've remained close throughout our lives, which is a source of great joy.

There were always many events going on along the Arkansas River in downtown Wichita near the office. In particular, I loved going to the symphony with my friend Helen Ferrell,

whom I'd met at church. She worked at the library downtown, so it was easy for us to meet for lunch, too.

About three years after moving to Wichita, friction among the partners began to develop, which completely changed the atmosphere of the office. It seemed the time was ripe to move again. I began to consider Denver, where both Sue and Doug were living. Doug had moved to Denver after he had completed his MBA at Harvard. Denver was the location of Sue and Terry Buff's business, as well as their home.

Move to Denver

Knowing that I would continue to work after I moved to Denver, I elected to live near downtown. At the time, Doug was helping a local developer and entrepreneur named Pat Broe develop the Norman — a lovely, historic old apartment building — into condos.

The building at 99 South Downing Street had a very interesting history. When it opened in June of 1924, it was billed as "The Aristocrat of Apartments" and was considered to be the most prestigious address for apartment living in the city. I heard that many influential people — including mothers of governors —had lived there. Whether that was true or not, certainly the Norman had been home to many important people of the city until it started to decline in the 1940s. At one time, a gentleman on the staff retrieved residents' cars out of the garage behind the building and brought them to the circular drive where the residents were waiting. It wasn't quite

that chic when I was there, but it is on the National Register of Historic Places, which is quite significant.

There were six floors with eight condos on each floor, so it was not a large building, but the Broe Group was determined to return it to its former elegance. After I selected a unit on the fifth floor, Sue and I made plans to remodel the kitchen and bathroom and refinish the floors. I worked with a decorator in Wichita, and Sue did a super job overseeing the project.

The timing worked out perfectly. In 1983, I was able to move directly out of my condo in Wichita and straight into my new condo in Denver. It was a good move because I was happy to be near Sue and Doug, and I loved Colorado immediately.

The one-bedroom unit I bought had very tall ceilings and fabulous, large windows that covered most of the east walls of the dining room, living room, and study. Morning sunlight poured in the windows as I drank coffee from my vantage point overlooking the Denver Country Club. In the afternoon, the unit stayed cool as the sun set behind the mountains on the other side of the building.

Once settled in my lovely condo, I went to work *looking* for work. My first job in Denver was as office administrator in a financial firm downtown. It was the same type of work that I had done in Wichita, but with more restrictions. A young man in the firm resented my position. It wasn't a good experience, and I was happy to leave the firm and move on to something else.

One of my friends in Denver (Gloria Shelton) was a legal administrator I'd met through our legal administration network, and she provided a reference for me to a law firm. By this time

I was 59 years old. It strikes me that in today's economy, I probably couldn't have gotten a job at that "advanced" age. But I landed the job as administrator at the Long & Jaudon law firm that was located in an old mansion at 17th and Ogden. I enjoyed the law firm, the partners, and the fact that I could walk to work. But the senior partner found it difficult having an older person (and a female, no less) working in an authority position at the office. After three years at the firm, I left. I basically retired from that job, but continued to do some data work on a freelance basis for a firm that did billings for law firms.

Hiking Changes My Life

Leaving the law firm and steady employment left me with time on my hands for the first time since Doug had been born more than thirty years earlier. I've never been a person to sit on my hands and do nothing, so I set out to find new activities to fill my time with fun instead of work.

Shortly after I'd arrived in Denver, I reconnected with some friends (Jo and Hank Seasholes) I'd had when we all lived in Wyoming, Ohio. They were avid members of the Colorado Mountain Club, a hiking club founded in 1912. Their enthusiasm for hiking inspired me. It didn't take long before I signed up for Class A or B hikes on the weekends. (The hikes are classified A through D, based on mileage, elevation gain, and other factors. Class A hikes are the easiest and Class D hikes are the most difficult.)

Savoring the scenery in the Rocky Mountains on one of our many hikes.

Cross country skiing in Yellowstone National Park in about 1989.

Most of the hikes included 15-20 participants of both sexes who ranged in age from their mid twenties through their eighties. We carpooled from Denver to nearby locations, ate a brown bag lunch along the trail, and returned to Denver late in the afternoon. The hikes, which were led by experienced leaders who knew the trails, were lots of fun. I enjoyed the people I met, the thrill of conquering a trail, the beautiful views, and of course the wildflowers.

One of my first hikes with the club was up Mount Sniktau, south of I-70 and east of the Eisenhower Tunnel. When I reached the summit at an altitude of 13,240 feet, I felt like I was on top of the world. The views from there were breathtaking. That was the trip that taught me a lot about the importance of layering clothes.

I also fondly remember other great hikes with my nephew Martin Bauer and his wife, Ann, in Estes Park, where they have a summer home they've owned for many years. It was just wonderful to join them there when they traveled to Colorado.

The club also led trips to many other locations, and after learning how to cross-country ski, I decided to go with the club to Yellowstone. With the temperature at 35 degrees below zero, it was too cold to ski, but I loved touring the park in a snowmobile. It was so cold that even the steam from the geysers froze, creating scenes that looked like a magical winter wonderland. It was just gorgeous.

Though I loved the mountain hikes, it wasn't something that I could do on a daily basis. Instead, I got some exercise

A frozen winter wonderland in Yellowstone National Park on one of my trips there.

walking at beautiful Washington Park, about two blocks south of the Norman. Sometimes my friend Sally Bryant, who also lived in the Norman, joined me and sometimes I enjoyed walking by myself.

In 1988, a walk in Washington Park changed my world.

CHAPTER 10

The Love of My Life

In 1988, just five years after moving to Denver, I couldn't have imagined what a different turn my life would take from the single life I'd experienced for 17 years. I don't think anyone, including me, would have guessed that I would ever marry again. But I never anticipated meeting someone as kind and wonderful as Bill Eichelberger or that I would be lucky enough to attract his attention.

It all started on a hiking trip in 1988 to Vancouver Island sponsored by the Colorado Mountain Club. There were several in the group led by our friend Mimi Baldwin. Our base for the trip was the Mount Washington Ski Resort in British Columbia. Bill was one of the four single men on the trip, and he caught the eye of one of the women. She relentlessly pursued him, claiming she "needed him" to help with the car or projects and was always by his side on the hikes. Believing

that I wasn't strong enough to take some of those hikes, she didn't "allow" me to accompany them. It didn't bother me. The other women on the trip noticed her blatant flirting and found it quite amusing.

We all enjoyed visiting Butchart Gardens in Victoria on a stopover on the way home after the hiking part of the tour was over. During a layover at the Seattle airport, Bill asked me to have lunch with him, but I didn't think too much about it.

Interestingly, the hikes Bill and I took together in Vancouver were not our first hikes together. Bill still has a picture of a hike that we both took with the Colorado Mountain Club, but we didn't really "connect" until that trip to Vancouver.

After we all returned to Denver, I invited everyone on the tour to my condo at the Norman for a get together. As Bill was leaving the party, he asked me to call him the next time my friend Sally Bryant and I walked in Washington Park. His house, at 570 South Franklin, was on the east side of the park, not far from the Norman.

True to my promise, the next time Sally and I headed out for a walk at the park, I called Bill and invited him to walk with us. I have to admit that I was really pleased to see him waiting for us.

Not long after the walk in the park, Bill and I began spending an increasing amount of time together. We shared a love of theater and went to performances downtown as well as some of the smaller theaters in neighboring communities. Both of us also loved the outdoors, and enjoyed hiking and cross-country skiing together. Skiing was something I'd done since

living in Ohio, and Bill was more than willing to put on skis and give it a try.

Bill also had a Snipe sailboat, but our sailing adventures together were short-lived. Not long after we launched his two-person dinghy on the Cherry Creek reservoir, the wind shifted, tipping the boat and dumping us both into the water. Unfortunately the wig I was wearing went to the bottom of the reservoir, but both of us just laughed. Fortunately we were both wearing life jackets, so we never felt we were in any danger. However, it distressed him to capsize the boat on my very first sailing trip.

Like flying, sailing takes a lot of effort. Loading the boat with supplies, hauling it to the water, and launching it consume time and energy. After our experience together, Bill decided to give the Snipe to Doug, who had been sailing for quite a while. Doug didn't have a boat of his own, and it was very special for him to be able to sail Bill's boat. To this day the two of them have lively conversations about a sport they have both enjoyed.

The more time Bill and I spent together, the more the sparks flew between us, though I don't think anyone recognized it except Bill and me. He was (and is) a very intelligent, stable man, and we share many of the same interests: classical music, theater, hiking, cross-country skiing, and many other things. It impressed me that he was such a patient, easy-going man, especially after all the strife I'd endured in my first marriage.

Before I met Bill, he had retired from a long career in computing at the University of Denver. (He was an electrical

engineer and a computer expert there in the early years of computing.) He'd been married and widowed twice, and had raised four children. I appreciated his commitment to marriage and family from the very beginning.

In March of 1989, Bill headed to New Zealand for another trip with the Colorado Mountain Club that he'd been planning for a long time. Our friend Mimi Baldwin was also going, and she and Bill decided to take an extended trip there together after the hiking part was over. He was always relaxed about that kind of relationship with his friends, which was fine with me. Even though I was interested in Bill, I didn't feel any jealousy that he was traveling with Mimi.

I volunteered to take Bill to the airport before he left for New Zealand. On the way, Bill popped the question. "Will you marry me," he asked. His seriousness fully communicated how heartfelt and sincere his proposal was, but I was a little surprised by his timing. My answer was, "Maybe." I'm sure my reaction was a little less enthusiastic than he had hoped for, but I just couldn't give him an answer right away. In some ways I was ready to marry him. We really enjoyed each other, and there has never been a bit of nastiness between us. But I'd been alone so long — more than 17 years — and I felt I needed to seriously consider whether I could give marriage another chance.

He called me from New Zealand a couple of times, which may not seem like a big deal in today's world of instant communications, but in the late 1980s, personal intercontinental telephone calls were not all that common. It impressed me that he would do that. I began to process that Bill really cared about me.

While we were apart, I had some time to explore my feelings for Bill. I had enjoyed my single life while I was young and active. When I met Bill, I still felt young and active at the age of 63, but I was also beginning to appreciate that it would be nice to have a wonderful companion whom I adored for the rest of my life. Before long, I gave him the answer that just felt right: *Yes!*

Bill and I were married September 8, 1989 in the chapel at Saint John's Cathedral in Denver. At the time of our marriage, I was 64 and Bill was 68. Sue was my attendant, and Bill's son, Dave, was his best man. Doug walked me down the aisle and gave me away. I wore a beautiful two-piece aqua dress that I'd had made for the occasion, and Bill wore a navy blue blazer and gray pants.

It was a joy to see the number of people who came to Denver to celebrate with us. Special guests included my brothers and their wives (who certainly doubted they would ever see me married again), my niece Maggie, and Bill's children. My friend Sally Bryant hosted a lovely luncheon for the female out-of-town guests the day before the wedding, which was such a thoughtful gesture.

After the wedding ceremony, the reception was held at what was then the Museum of Western Art, just north of the Brown Palace in the old Navarre Building. A museum docent accompanied wedding guests through the three floors of the museum while a pianist played classical music. It was a very elegant, fun affair with beautifully decorated tables and a wonderful dinner. At one point during the evening Bill and I

Left: Bill and me at our wedding ceremony on September 8, 1989. My grandson Rob wouldn't let go of me all night. Right: Bill and I played a song at our reception, as Bill's granddaughter Elizabeth looked on.

sat down and played a duet: Schubert's *Trois Marches Militaires*. That stopped the conversation for a bit.

We spent our first night at the Brown Palace. The next morning, we left for Orlando, Florida for our honeymoon and a trip to Disney World. We're not sure why we picked Florida, but we enjoyed the park and it was good to get away.

Bill moved into my condo at the Norman with his grand piano, and we set out to remodel his house on South Franklin Street. We removed some walls, and we added a room on the back to accommodate a computer work area and extra closet space. Both of us felt so lucky to be living together across from such a special place as Washington Park, where a walk in that park had started a relationship that has lasted more than 25

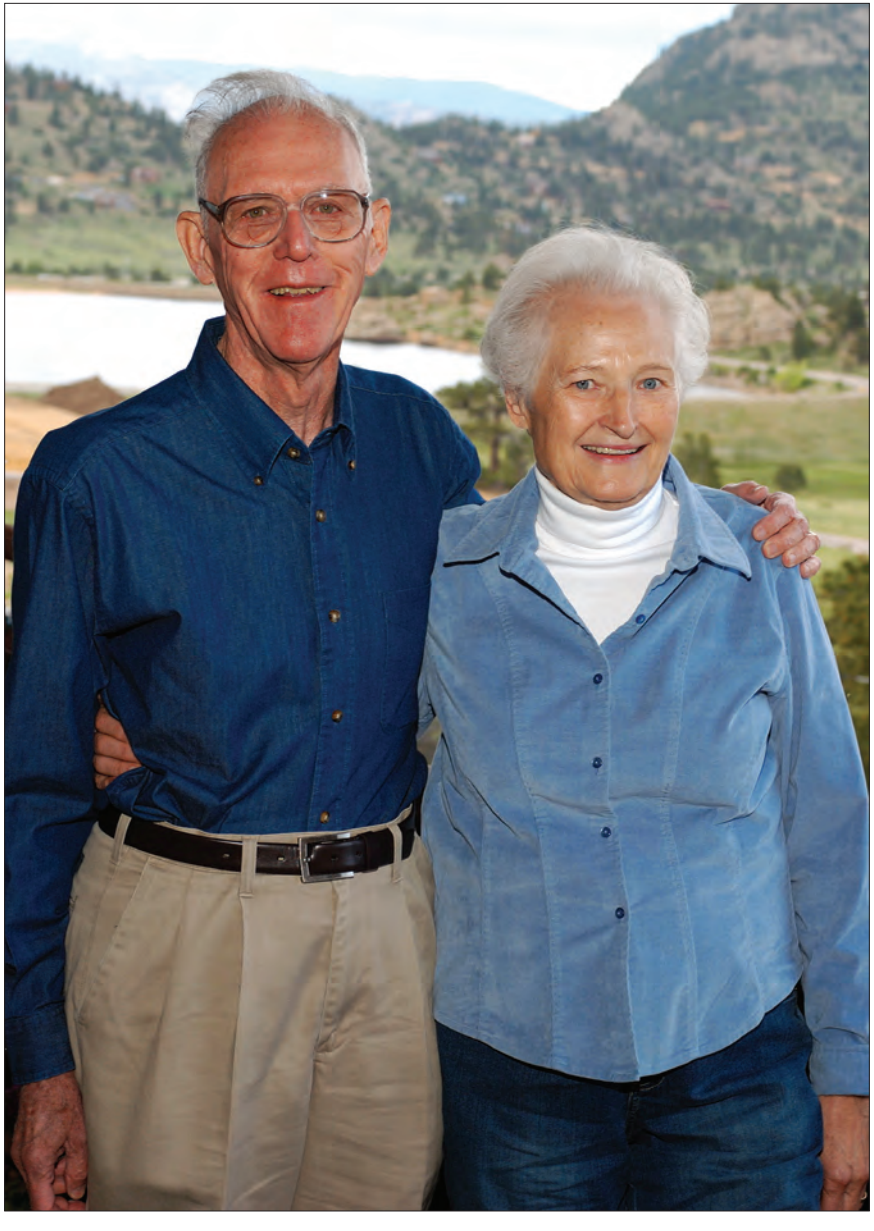
years. We've traveled many miles together on the paths at the park, and have loved watching all the activities and the changing of the seasons right in our front yard.

More than just remodeling the house, there were adjustments both of us made as we learned to enjoy life together as a married couple. Bill had never lived by himself for very long. Similar to my father, Bill remarried within a year after his first wife, Marty, died. Two years after his second wife, Betty, passed away, Bill was again looking for companionship. After Bill and I married, I promised him that he would not have to bury another wife.

In neither marriage had Bill been very domesticated. Those were the days when the men had careers and women took care of the household work. In contrast, when Bill and I started dating, I'd been single for more than 17 years, had earned a living, and had become quite independent because I'd had to be.

When Bill and I married, we figured out systems to share the household chores like laundry, which was especially important after I broke my leg. The system we settled on was that I sort the dirty clothes, Bill takes them into the laundry room in the basement and washes them, then brings the clean clothes upstairs for me to fold and iron.

More important than laundry duties was figuring out how to combine families. His four grown children (Dianne, David, Susan, and Sally) all had spouses and were living independently. Sue and Doug had families of their own, too. We figured that just because Bill and I liked each other, it didn't mean that our children had to like each other.



Bill and me at my 80th birthday celebration in Estes Park in 2005.

As a result, we didn't think we needed to pressure any of the children by insisting on melding families. In retrospect, that may have been a mistake. But fortunately, all of his children live in the Denver area, and we get together to celebrate Father's Day and Christmas.

Somehow it's all worked out. Bill and I recently celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary with a party in our back yard. It was so gratifying to see the friends and family who came to mark the special occasion with us. It was a good time for Bill and me to reflect on all the fun we've had through the years.

CHAPTER 11

Travels

For as long as I can remember, I've been a person eager for adventure. One of my favorite quotes is, "The world is a book and those who do not travel read only one page." I feel so fortunate to have had the health and the resources to travel to many corners of the world and to "read more than one page."

It's impossible to comment on all places I've been in my life. Some of them I've mentioned in other parts of this book. I'll highlight some of my other memorable trips in this chapter. For those who might be curious, I've included a fairly comprehensive list in the back of this chapter of the trips that Bill and I have taken since our marriage in 1989.

Early Trips

I don't remember taking many trips during my first marriage other than a trip to the *Montreal World's Fair* in 1967 and another to *Washington, D.C.* a year or so earlier. Doug and Sue each

invited a friend to go along to Montreal, and we pulled a trailer and stayed every night in the mobile home. It was so much work to plan and cook for six people that it wasn't much of a vacation. Being in such close quarters with Gene for an extended time was no picnic either.

On the Washington, D.C. trip, one of the highlights was to watch the Senate in session, which was a valuable lesson for the children about how government works. It must have made an impression on Sue because she took her children to Washington when they were about the same age that she had been on her first trip there.

In contrast to her uncle, my niece Karin "Dee" Swenson proved to be a wonderful companion in 1972 when we traveled together. (Dee was the daughter of Gene's brother and sister-in-law.) She went through a rough time after her parents divorced and her brother was killed when he was crossing the street and was struck by a motorcycle. I think that the trip was a brief respite from those terrible experiences. We explored *San Francisco* together and then went to *Phoenix*, where we visited her grandmother. The trip was a joy. It obviously meant a lot to Dee, who wrote me a nice letter roughly 40 years after the trip, reminding me of the things we had done together. Here's the letter in part:

> *Oh, My Dear Pera Beth,*
> *So glad you found me. Yes, I have such fond memories of our trip. I remember looking out the window at the clouds while you read me Jonathan Livingston Seagull.*

I thought of how wonderful the ability to fly must be. I remember the hotel in San Francisco like it was yesterday. I also remember having dinner with someone, but I don't think it was Great Uncle Bill; maybe it was a good friend of yours. I remember going to the aquarium and laughing while riding a cable car. But most of all, I remember being with my favorite aunt.

My travel experiences increased when I got my pilot's license in 1973. (At the time, I was living in Wyoming, Ohio.) I joined the Jetaway Travel Club in Cincinnati. It was modeled after the Ports of Call Travel Club of Denver, Colorado, which at one time had 66,000 members throughout the United States.

Our Cincinnati travel group took trips around the globe on a chartered plane that held about 80 people. It was much cheaper to take these exotic trips as a member of the club than to take the trips individually. This was during some of the early days of airplane travel, when women donned nice dresses for the flights, and men flew in coats and ties. Flying was quite different then than it is now.

Two of the most memorable trips with the travel club were a trip to *Greece* and one to see *Chichen Itza* in *Mexico*. I'll never forget sitting on a balcony in *Athens*, overlooking the Acropolis, and feasting on tender, tasty lamb that we pulled apart with our fingers. I've always been a fan of Greek food and our meals there didn't disappoint.

We saw many of the significant sites in Athens before cruising the *Mediterranean* and seeing those gorgeous white

Enjoying the scenery on a trip to Mexico with Jetaway Travel friends Sarah and Joan.

buildings in places like *Santorini and Mykonos*, where the cobalt blue rooftops were the same color as the sea. Another amazing experience was seeing *Corinth* and realizing that we were walking in the footsteps of Jesus.

On one of the later tours, I loved seeing the ruins and pyramids at *Chichen Itza* and learning so much about the Mayan civilization that occupied them.

One of my favorite travel companions before I met Bill was Marie King, who was a science teacher at Wyoming High School. Our friendship probably began when she brought her

I loved the beautiful beaches and water in Fiji, which was a stopover on our way to Australia and New Zealand.

students into the bakery in the morning before school so they could prep for their exams. Marie led a group of about 30 people on an intergenerational trip. I went with them to *Australia and New Zealand*, which was great fun. The group was about half teenagers and half adults. The kids were naughty at times, but Marie just ignored them.

Cruising through the *Great Barrier Reef* in a small submarine was an amazing experience. We were captivated by all the colors and formations of the reef. It was mesmerizing to watch the schools of brightly colored fish dart in and out through the

coral. As a lover of music and theater, it was also a treat for me to see the famous opera house in *Sydney*.

In 1989, Marie and I planned to go to *China* together, but because of the uprising in Tiananmen Square, we didn't go until the following fall. (Bill was invited on the trip, but chose not to go.) I called it a "tourist trip" because we only saw the most popular sites, and didn't spend much time with the native people, which is something I enjoy more than anything. But a highlight of that trip was definitely seeing the terracotta warriors in *Xi'an* that date back thousands of years.

After Marie married Jim Johnson, the four of us had many adventures together including a wonderful experience floating on a houseboat for ten days on *Lake Powell*. We'd slowly cruise into one cove or another and then stop the boat and go swimming or hiking. It was a very unique experience: relaxing and beautiful.

Alaska with Doug

Perhaps one of the biggest gifts a grown child can give a parent is time together. Doug gave me that "gift" when he asked me to join him in *Alaska* during the mid 1970s. (After graduating from Cornell in 1973 with an architecture degree, Doug had lived in Anchorage, where he first worked for an architecture firm. After leaving the firm, he went out on his own and built a condominium in *Anchorage*.)

Doug invited me to join him and his then-girlfriend for a backpacking trip in *Denali National Park*, which encompasses more than six million acres. Since no cars are allowed in the park, we traveled into the park by bus. Doug directed the bus driver where to drop us off, and our adventure began.

For the next three days, we hiked through some of the most beautiful countryside I've ever seen. We camped under the stars at night and at times felt like we were the only ones in that fantastic wilderness. It was amazing. Aware of the large bear population in the park, Doug and his girlfriend carried bear whistles and clapped their hands and sang as we walked to scare away any creatures (including bears) that might be nearby.

A vivid memory was getting my feet soaked as I waded through an ice-cold stream, which was a little deeper than I had anticipated. I had to change socks when I reached the other side of the stream, but it was just part of the challenge of backpacking at the age of 50 plus. Dealing with swarms of huge black flies was a bit unpleasant. They seemed completely unfazed by the repellent that we sprayed on our bodies and clothes. Once I returned home, it was impossible to remove that smell, even after washing my clothes several times. Doug's girlfriend was an accomplished photographer and documented the trip well.

It was wonderful spending that time with Doug, and I'll always appreciate that he invited me along.

Taking a rest near Mount McKinley. At more than 20,000 feet, it's North America's highest peak.

Other Favorite Trips

After Bill and I were married, we continued to participate in hiking trips that Mimi Baldwin organized. Having someone as skilled and pleasant as Mimi to plan and organize all the trip details was a luxury that we enjoyed for many years. Typically the groups she led included about 16 people. Most of the trips included hiking days, but we didn't necessarily hike every single day.

When we went to places like *England and Ireland*, Mimi tapped into hiking routes and information provided by some of the British hiking groups that had been around for decades. We often stayed in grand, old estates, where we joined other hikers from *Great Britain* and all over the world. It was a special kick to hike around *St. Ives* in the *Lands End* peninsula in the UK, reciting the lines from that famous nursery rhyme: *As I was going to St. Ives, I met a man with seven wives . . .*

Typically, participants in our group had options for three different hikes each day, which varied by distance and difficulty. Depending on which hike we chose, the van dropped us off at different spots along the road or trail. The main objective — other than completing the hike — was to meet at 3:00 for tea and/or cocktails.

Some of Mimi's tours also led us to *Norway, the Canadian Rockies, and Majorca*. We also went on one of her tours to *New England*, where we saw the spectacular colors of the changing leaves in the fall.

Another group we traveled with quite frequently was Bill's circle of friends from Whittier College. Bill and his buddies

called themselves the "Early 40s Alumni," rather than a term like "the Class of 1943" because many of them didn't graduate the year they were supposed to. World War II interrupted their schooling.

The trips typically were organized by Whittier College. The American destinations were as varied as *Sedona, Arizona; the Olympic Peninsula; Death Valley; Rancho Santa Fe; the Asilomar retreat center in Pacific Grove, California*; *Hawaii*; and many other locations. (As a side note, Bill and I played the same piano duet at Asilomar that we had played at our wedding. Alcohol was involved.) I don't have vivid memories of those trips, except Death Valley. It was someplace that I might not have chosen to visit, but I found it very interesting.

Since many of Bill's college friends were musical (like Bill), the Whittier trips often included at least one night of musical performances. In college, Bill's roommate, Bob "Tippy" Dye played the ukulele. Another friend, Guy Frank was a pianist. In college, the two of them loved to play at all hours of the day and night, which annoyed Bill because it interrupted his studying, but on the trips their playing was a source of great entertainment. To my delight, we also played a lot of card games on the trips. I've always loved to play cards, and Hand and Foot (which we played on the trips) was one of my all-time favorites.

We also shared many trips with Sally and Don Bryant, who loved traveling, hiking, and sharing cocktails as much as we did. One of our exotic destinations was *Morelia*, *Mexico*, which is west of *Mexico City*. It wasn't that we sought out Morelia.

The Bryants had seen an advertisement in the Stanford alumni magazine about a house for rent, and it looked like an interesting place to visit. The house was lovely and was the perfect base for exploring the countryside.

Most of the time in *Mexico* we freewheeled it, armed only with guidebooks, maps, and Don's very poor Spanish. A funny memory is that Don kept his finger on the map, so he always knew where we were. We hired a guide to take us to some of the neighboring villages, where we loved seeing the native artists at work carving stone, hammering copper, or making straw baskets. All of us enjoyed eating real Mexican food, which was quite different than what the Denver restaurants served. Sally and Don were both geologists. He had a PhD in Geology, and she had a Master's degree in the subject. It was fascinating and educating to hear them talk about the geologic formations we observed on our many trips together.

We also went together to *Bonaire*, where we shared the emotional experience of scattering their daughter's ashes. On the same trip, we also went to *Puerto Rico*, where Bill and I tried our hands at geocaching.

When Bill and I set off for *Peru* in 2001, it turned out to be one of my favorite trips of all time. I loved the spectacular scenery of the *Andes*, the Peruvian people, and the way the trip was managed by our tour company, Overseas Adventure Travel.

As long as I live, I don't think I'll ever forget walking around those amazing, mystical Inca ruins at *Machu Picchu* and contemplating how an extensive civilization could have been

built and thrived in such a steep, mountainous region. Many visitors see the ruins shrouded in fog as we did, which makes them look especially magical. But we were also able to see them in a different light when the sun came out the next day and the skies were clear and bright.

Flying With Bill

Bill first became interested in flying when we visited our friends Marie and Jim Johnson at their home in *Florida*. Jim was an accomplished pilot who had encouraged *me* to learn to fly years earlier when we both lived in Ohio. While in Florida, Jim took Bill flying, gave him some lessons, and bought him a logbook.

Once we were back in Denver, I encouraged Bill to take flying lessons. He joined the Aspen Flying Club at Centennial Airport, which gave him access to the club's planes and instructors. It was a great accomplishment for Bill to get his pilot's license in 1993, at the age of 73.

I was happy to serve as Bill's copilot, but I never wanted to take over the controls from him. I didn't renew my pilot's license, which I had let lapse in 1980. Flying was his thing and I wouldn't interfere. I was a good navigator, and I helped him watch the weather and monitor the controls. Bill always appreciated any flying advice people gave him, even mine.

Together Bill and I flew as far west as *Phoenix*, as far north as *Sun Valley*, as far east as *New Jersey*, and as far south as *Lajitas, Texas*. (Lajitas is a nice resort in *Big Bend National*

Park, on the Texas/Mexico border and has its own runway.) A vivid memory from that trip was that the weather was closing in just as we needed to start gaining altitude to avoid the mountains. I had to nudge Bill a little to move around them, but it all turned out just fine.

Another vivid aviation memory Bill and I have is flying with the Bryants over the *Santa Fe Trail* from *Fort Larnard, Kansas* to *Las Vegas, New Mexico*. It was amazing that after almost 200 years, the ruts created by wagon trains are still visible from the air.

One of Bill's goals was to fly to as many of the airports in Colorado as possible, especially the high-altitude airports, which provided an extra challenge. He enjoyed the special training necessary to traverse the mountains and was confident in his abilities. Conquering the airports in *Aspen* and *Leadville* are aviation coups for pilots. At 9,927 feet, the Leadville airport is the highest airport in North America. The Aspen airport also is one of the highest in Colorado and has a difficult approach. I remember that Bill once had a bit of difficulty getting over a mountain pass, and I gently suggested that he turn around, which he did.

Reaching the same conclusion that I had several years earlier, Bill decided to give up flying when it became more work than fun. The traffic on I-25 going to Centennial Airport can be a hassle, and with all the air traffic around Denver, it became harder to compete for flying time, especially during landing and approaches.

Yellowstone

Yellowstone National Park has always held great fascination for me. My first trip there was as a 12-year old youngster when my brother Wynn and I went with Uncle Harry's family in about 1937. I still remember boiling eggs for our lunch and eating them near the sulfur springs, and how horrible the stench of sulfur was. Through the years, I've gone back to Yellowstone several times, but never forgot that first experience.

Our most recent trip to Yellowstone was in May of 2014 when Sue and Terry invited us to accompany them in their 32-foot-long motorhome with a Jeep SUV towed behind. I confess to feelings of nervousness before we left, but we were game for the adventure and determined to be good traveling companions. Now that Bill is 93 and I'm 89, traveling just isn't as easy as it used to be.

When they arrived to pick us up, Bill and I were surprised to see that Sue had rented a three-wheel mobility scooter to make it easier for me to maneuver around the sights in Yellowstone. It struck me what a fantastic and thoughtful thing that was for her to do.

It's about 550 miles from Denver to Yellowstone, but we made it in one day. With cooking, bathroom, and lounging facilities on board the motorhome, it made for a relaxing, relatively easy trip.

Though Bill and I had been to Yellowstone several times, we had never seen the park like Sue and Terry showed us. Both of them have spent many days in the park, and are very familiar

with places off the beaten path that few tourists ever see. They are also experts in spotting and identifying wildlife. To our delight, we saws grizzly bears, black bears, bison (and their calves), bighorn sheep, antelope, deer, elk, moose, chipmunks, and lots of *Homo sapiens*. We were also thrilled to see a blue heron as well as an osprey mother sitting on her eggs in its nest beside a small lake.

Even in late May, there was lots of snow, but the air temperature was so warm that I wished for lighter clothes as we traversed the park. One of the things that fascinated all of us was to see the different stages of forest regrowth after various forest fires through the years. A major fire in 1988 affected almost a third of the park, but the fires — and the subsequent regrowth — are part of the natural order of things.

Sue and Terry took us to many of the popular tourist sites like Old Faithful and the Mammoth Hot Springs, where we watched an elk walk to the falls for a drink. In some of the more popular areas there are boardwalks, which allowed me to easily navigate in my scooter while Bill walked along beside me. No doubt his daily walks in Washington Park gave him the stamina and leg strength he needed. He even had a nice hike to Undine Falls, which is off the beaten path.

We saw many breathtaking views. Among the most memorable were on the Firehole Canyon Drive, which took us to spectacular sights like the waterfalls along the Firehole River. Another highlight was seeing the Norris Geyser Basin, which looks like it belongs on another planet. While on a moose-

viewing expedition, we got a good view of the Tetons from Jackson Lake.

At night, our motor home was headquartered at the Fishing Bridge RV Park, located near Yellowstone Lake. Terry and Sue treated us to a spectacular dinner at the nearby Lake Yellowstone Hotel. Bill was delighted to have his Scotch on the rocks delivered to him without even asking for it. That's service.

While we were on the trip, Sue told us of a major honor she had recently been bestowed by NCR. She received the Super Tech Award for her role in solving technical problems for NCR's CounterPoint software. (Mariner Business Solutions, the company that Sue and Terry founded, sells and supports the software.) Knowing the long hours she puts in and how dedicated she is to her clients, we were delighted to hear the news and are so proud of her.

Sue and Terry were wonderful hosts on what will likely be one of our last major trips. What a memory they provided for us.

Brief Memories of Other Trips

Though I don't have detailed memories of all of the trips I've taken, I do remember a few snippets of adventures that weren't mentioned above. Some of those adventures include the following:

— The son of my friend Mary Coulter was a major player in franchising Pizza Huts. As a special gift for Mary, he gave

her a *Mediterranean* cruise. She didn't want to go by herself, so she invited me to go along. *I hated the cruise.* We had an inside room, which gave me claustrophobia, and there was nothing to do except walk around the deck. Other than time with my friend, I found the cruising scene to be very boring and vowed never to take another one. I would much rather have been outside hiking a beautiful trail.

— A trip to *Panama* in 2005 organized by the Denver Zoo: Bill and I had reached the point in our travel lives that we were eager to enjoy outdoor activities, but didn't necessarily want to go on long hikes. The trip to the *Panama Canal* and the nearby rainforests was memorable. A highlight of our Panama trip was meeting the Davison family and the twins, Morgan and Cameron, who at the time were eight years old. We've continued to follow their interests in music through the years.

— A trip to *Costa Rica* in 1998 with Bill's daughter Dianne and her husband, Bob: Dianne worked for a travel group, and we thoroughly enjoyed exploring the country with them.

— After a hike in *Norway*, we flew to *Rotenburg, Germany*, where we visited with Katharina Pfeifer, a foreign exchange student we had grown to love, and her family. Bill and I are her American grandparents.

— It was great fun to go to *Salt Lake City* with my granddaughter, Leah, to teach friends Lynn Ward and Carol Firmage to make candy houses, caramels, and hard candy like they remembered doing in Cincinnati.

— Bill and I went together to *Hyannis Port, Massachusetts* to visit friends from Cincinnati, Dody Loutrel and her husband, Lou. Their house was directly across the street from the Kennedy compound, and Lou had sailed competitively several times with the Kennedys. Lou's health was failing, so Bill helped Dody winterize and store their boat for the winter.

While we were there, it struck me what a long journey it had been from that farm in Kansas to staying right across the street from American "royalty." I never could have anticipated that my life would take me to such a place.

Partial List of Our Travels Together

February 1989	Yellowstone, cross-country skiing
September 1989	Disney World for our honeymoon
May 1990	Southern Utah—Arches, Canyonlands, Capitol Reef, Bryce Canyon, Zion
September 1990	Lake O'Hara, a very special place, and hiking in the Canadian Rockies
July 1991	Pingree Park Elderhostel west of Fort Collins
September 1991	New England fall foliage
May 1992	Sedona with Whittier College group
February 1993	Big Island, Hawaii, volcano eruption; met Don and Sally Bryant there; visited Esther and Bob Dye in Honolulu

May 1993	Olympic Peninsula / Port Ludlow with Whittier group; Mt. St. Helens, Mt. Hood, Mt. Rainier, Victoria, and Butchart Gardens
October 1993	Lake Powell on a houseboat with the Bryants and Marie and Jim Johnson, and Arches and Bryce Canyon and flight over Monument Valley
January 1994	Vista Verde skiing resort near Steamboat
March 1994	Sierra Vista, Arizona / Bisbee Elderhostel
April 1994	Death Valley / Mammoth with the Whittier group
September 1994	Glacier National Park
May 1995	Cornwall / Cotswolds hiking
June 1995	Asilomar with Whittier group and Donna and Joe McClelland (Bill's cousin), and Mary Armour and Jim Nelson (also Bill's cousins); and Sea Ranch
September 1995	Eugene Oregon for Hemlock Society meeting and visit Bill's nephew Bruce Eichelberger
November 1995	Springfield, Missouri for Bill's grandson's wedding (Jeff Black). It was also Bill's first flying trip.
December 1995	Topeka for the Treasures of the Czars, flying with the Bryants

March 1996	Morelia, Mexico with the Bryants
May 1996	Black Hills, flying — Rapid City
May 1996	Rancho Santa Fe, California with Whittier group
October 1996	Sun Valley and Sawtooth Mountains, flying
November 1996	Kauai with family for Bill's 75th birthday, and two days on Oahu
January 1997	Soccoro, New Mexico to fly and see the sandhill cranes
March 1997	Grand Island, Nebraska for sandhill cranes, flying
May 1997	Kauai with the Bryants; Oahu for Whittier reunion at Turtle Bay Hilton and glider flights
July 1997	St. Louis; Cincinnati; Belmar, New Jersey Frederick, Maryland, flying
September 1997	Flying Santa Fe Trail with the Bryants
February 1998	Phoenix, flying, to visit my brothers Wynn and Bob and flying over Canyon de Chelly and Shiprock
March 1998	Costa Rica with Dee and Bob Kruz
April 1998	Florida for wedding of Bill's nephew Bryan Crane; Jim and Marie visit; and flying

May 1998	Durango / Tamarron with Whittier group: Southern Utah
Summer 1998	Hiking in Ireland
September 1998	Nova Scotia, not long after Swissair Flight 111 crashed there, killing 229 people aboard
March 1999	Big Bend National Park, Lajitas private airstrip; Carlsbad with the Bryants
April 1999	Majorca / Barcelona hiking
May 1999	Catalina with Whittier group
November 1999	Amarillo flying, and Palo Duro Canyon
October 2000	Utah to visit Pam and Dennis Krumwiede and their children; also visited Idaho and Wyoming
July 2000	Norway / Germany hiking
March 2001	Glenwood Springs on Amtrak
April 2001	Peru and Machu Picchu
August 2001	Reno for 50th birthday party for Bill's nephew Bruce Eichelberger
March 2002	Phoenix / New Mexico, first trip in Prius, Bob Bauer's anniversary
May 2002	Southern Utah, Monument Valley, etc. with Mimi Baldwin
May 2003	Black Hills / Badlands driving

August 2002	White Sands, Zapata Ranch, Creede, Colorado
October 2002	Cuchara, Colorado
February 2003	Maui, in condo with the Bryants
February 2004	Bonaire and Puerto Rico with the Bryants
April 2004	Texas flowers, driving
September 2004	Montana, Lewis and Clark, Yellowstone, and visit my grandson, Rob Buff
February 2005	Sedona to help Mimi Baldwin
November 2005	Panama, rain forest and Panama Canal
2005-2013	Various hiking and United States trips
May 2014	Yellowstone National Park with Sue and Terry
Other trips:	— Aspen for music festival, several times (with the Dyes, the Wachsmans, and with Bob)
	— Flying to Wichita, Kansas City, Clay Center, Dodge City—several times
	— Elderhostel program at Arcosanti, Elderhostel with Kay and Al Tennes
	— Keystone skiing Elderhostel
	— Big Island, Hawaii

CHAPTER 12

My Farm

Though I admire my father for many reasons, one of his traits I most admire was his sense of fairness and equality. He didn't really come out and say it, but I've always sensed that he wanted to treat each of his children impartially in terms of his estate planning.

Many years after my grandmother died, Dad told me that her estate paid Uncle Sam in taxes what Dad thought was an exorbitant amount of money. He vowed, "By damn, I'm not going to do that again." The tax laws then were such that he could deed the farms to his children without paying taxes, so during the years following Mom's death, Dad very carefully thought out and planned his estate and how he would divide up his property. He may have talked to my brothers about his plans, but I don't know that for sure. He never discussed his estate planning with me, but I know one of his goals was to leave a farm to each of his sons.

Since Lafe was a physician, he gave Lafe the value of what would have been his farm to help Lafe set up his medical practice. Dad helped Gail buy his wife's family farm. For Wade, Dad bought a farm south of Broughton. After Wynn returned from World War II, he got the Bauer family farm and home with everything in it, which was perfectly fine with everyone as far as I knew. (Wynn compensated his brothers as part of the transaction.) Bob's share of the inheritance was a native-stone house and land next to it to farm north of Broughton.

The parcel of land that Pat and I got was a 400-acre plat near Gas City, Kansas, northwest of our family farm. Gas City is basically a pumping station. The closest "large" town is Clifton, and its population is only about 550 people. It's definitely rural Kansas.

I'm not really sure that Dad planned for Pat and me to have the farm. Back in those days farmers thought that *their sons* should become farmers. Originally all of our names were on the deed, but over the years, Dad removed my brothers' names. Eventually Pat and my names were the only names left.

I believe Dad's sense of fairness took over after Mom's death. It was hard on everyone, but I had to take over many of Mom's responsibilities for running the house. Without her mother around, poor Pat must have sometimes felt like an orphan. I know Dad was sensitive to all that, and perhaps that's why he gave us the farm before he died. Our farm was the least profitable of the farms when Dad owned it. He paid about $25,000 for it in the 1950s, and now it's worth substantially more.

After Pat's tragic death, her two surviving children (Patti and Pam) inherited her share of the farm. Eventually Patti sold her share to Pam. Although Pam and I have separate deeds of our portions of the farm, it is farmed as one unit and we share equally in expenses and profits. There have been times when we've considered selling the farm, but we have always elected to hold onto it.

Norm Bechard, the man who farmed the parcel for my dad, continued to farm the property until he retired. His nephew, Barry Bechard, has farmed it ever since. Barry is a terrific guy. It is interesting that we farm with a handshake agreement. No contract was ever written or signed. This requires a lot of trust from both sides, which we have.

I've always enjoyed the interaction with Barry and managing the finances of the farm. I have no knowledge of the planting and details of growing crops. He has total responsibility. My attitude is, "Send me the bills and send me the checks."

In the number of years that we've owned the farm, there have been big changes. Originally, there was a house on the property, but that was torn down several years ago. The original barn still stands, though. The Union Pacific railroad used to run along the edge of the farm. When the trains quit running, the ties were taken up and we leveled the land, which allows us to farm to the edge of the property. Corn and soybeans are the main crops under irrigation, although wheat is often put in areas that the three irrigation wells don't reach with their long irrigation arms. Sorghum is sometimes planted, too.

One thing that hasn't changed is the Republican River, which is on the west side of the property. It still floods occasionally, as it has always done. If the water doesn't rise too high, the crops can often withstand a flood and maybe catch some of the soil that washes down.

The farm has meant a great deal to me over the years, and the extra income has allowed me to help with my grandchildren's education. Dad would have been proud.

CHAPTER 13

A Healthy Life

Medical professionals have known for a long time that certain diseases (like heart disease, cancer, diabetes, and many others) can run in families. Knowing a bit about my family's health history might not only be helpful, but perhaps also interesting to some of my family members.

For the past 89 years, I've enjoyed a (mostly) healthy life. My good genes have had a positive impact, I'm sure, but I've undoubtedly also had a healthy dose of plain good luck. Other contributing factors to my long life are that I've always believed in exercising as much as I was able and eating a nutritious, balanced diet. All five of my brothers had heart problems, which I've never had, thank goodness. My theory is that the boys in the family ate more beef than I did.

I've been conscious of my weight for as long as I can remember, but I've developed a reasonable conviction: When I decide I'm too heavy, I just cut down on my portions. Most of our meals after breakfast include meat (or protein), vegetables,

starch, and a salad. I can do without dessert, but Bill can't. Every night he has a bowl of ice cream with homemade chocolate sauce. Also, Bill and I do enjoy a cocktail or a glass of wine before dinner. I think the key is: everything in moderation.

I've always tried to stay active and exercise. Even as we moved from place to place, I often went to the gym at the YMCA. Unfortunately, these days I feel like I sit too damn much, so I've renewed my resolve to walk more.

I didn't have many illnesses growing up, other than chickenpox, measles, and scarlet fever, which were common before vaccines were readily available. Fortunately, most of the illnesses I remember in my childhood were treated with nothing more complicated than good old-fashioned milk toast, which was simply a buttered piece of toast with hot milk poured over it. In my late eighties, I had a mild case of shingles, even though I had the shingles vaccine. I broke out on my back and was pretty miserable. (As a side note, I was missing a lateral incisor and only had five front teeth, which left a gap. It's a congenital condition; so in future generations, others may have the same condition. After my divorce, I had braces and closed the gap.)

Growing up on the farm, we were lucky that the doctor was only about six miles away. It was relatively easy to go to Clay Center to see him. When Pat was born, he came to the house to deliver her. She was the only one of us who was born at home.

I remember a couple of calamities when I was growing up. The first one was that Lafe broke his leg in an automobile accident. He spent one summer in a body cast. Without air

conditioning, the heat in the summer with that cast on must have been almost unbearable. Mom put wet towels in front of a fan that blew air on him, creating something like a modern day evaporative cooler. The second incident was when I broke my nose playing baseball with my brothers, which required me to have my nose packed.

Surgeries & Other Medical issues

The first surgery I remember was in about 1979 when I had a slipped disk repaired in my back when I owned the bakery. I was constantly lifting trays of bread and other bakery items and twisting my body. Once when I bent over to tie my shoe, I experienced a severe pain and knew something was horribly wrong. Since that surgery, which required a two-inch incision, I haven't had many problems except for occasional neuropathy from nerve damage caused by surgeries on my leg and back. Sometimes I feel like I'm walking on hot coals or nails. Most of the time I can control it with medication and the right amount of walking at the right times of day.

In about 2000, I went for a walk in Washington Park across from our home, and could only get part way because my right knee was so painful. I'm sure I'd had problems with it for a long time, but it became clear that day that I could no longer ignore it. On my doctor's advice, I elected to have knee replacement surgery, followed by several physical therapy sessions. My knee is still painful and sometimes makes creaking noises when I bend it, but I've accepted it.

My most recent surgery was in 2010, which was both tragic and comical. I opened the door to greet some friends who were bringing food for a meeting of what was then known as Washington Park Cares. As I reached for the food, I lost my footing and literally fell out the door and onto my front porch. It was pretty clear that something major had been affected because I was in a lot of pain.

Shortly before the fall, Bill and I had given each other strict instructions not to call 911 for any heroic medical measures if something serious happened to either one of us. So Bill's first question to me was, "Shall I call 911?" Clearly it was *not* a life-threatening injury, so I expressed myself *very clearly*, and with a few choice words, that he should make the call immediately.

The paramedics classified my injury as "trauma" and took me against my will to a hospital where I didn't want to go. The treatment to repair my broken femur was less than satisfactory. To repair the break, the doctor inserted screws into my bone to secure the metal holding me together. Not surprisingly, the screws didn't hold in my old bones. For the next five months, I was still in excruciating pain, but I attributed my problems to not working hard enough on my rehab. In short, I blamed myself.

When I went to the foot specialist to be fitted for some new shoes, he helped convince me that I wasn't the one to blame for my pain. Noticing that one leg was significantly shorter than the other, he suggested that I phone my doctor immediately. Within two days, I underwent five hours of surgery and since then, there has been gradual improvement.

I learned two important things from that experience: 1) A person can demand to be taken to a specific hospital, rather than having the paramedics dictate the hospital choice and 2) It's imperative to keep on top of (and question) your medical care and not just assume that the medical personnel are always right.

Though my fall was not caused by any problems with balance, I think that falling becomes a very common problem for people as they age. Having plumbing and digestive problems, like I do, is another common health problem. Other surgeries that I've had were a hysterectomy, cataract surgery, and for bunions on both feet.

In about 2005, I had blepharoplasty (eyelid surgery) after I saw a picture of myself that had been taken in Estes Park on my 80th birthday. It was a good picture, but I was distressed to see how much the skin around my eyes was sagging and resolved to do something about it. I'm glad I did.

At the age of 65, I began to have problems with my hearing. After testing, I learned that I inherited the Bauer age-related hearing loss. Apparently genes and aging (as well as loud noises) all play a role. My lack of hearing is not in one frequency, but is a complete loss across the spectrum. Hearing aids have helped considerably. Though hearing technology has improved through the years and I update my hearing aids periodically, they are still far from perfect.

It's a big frustration for me, particularly in social situations where there is a lot of background noise. I confess I sometimes feel stupid that I can't actively engage in conversations involving

several people, but it's because I *can't hear* the conversations. Fortunately, Bill is very knowledgeable and understanding and tries to sort out what the hearing problem is and how to make adjustments if possible.

Mental Health

Thankfully, no one in our family has Alzheimer's disease or other dementias, which currently afflict an estimated seven million Americans. I believe mental acuity has a lot to do with genes, but as insurance, I have made a conscious effort throughout my life to try to remain mentally, as well as physically active. I read the newspaper every day, and do some of the games in the paper like word scrambles, Sudoku, and cryptograms. I know the research is fairly mixed on whether those help, but I figure it can't hurt to keep my mind active that way.

I also still love putting jigsaw puzzles together, especially at Christmas time when the family gathers and we want to have something to do together. Perhaps that's a throwback to my early years on the farm when the dining table was almost always covered with games and puzzle pieces. When I was 88, Bill and I tried taking piano lessons. He's still very good, but we lost interest in the lessons. It's hard to teach old dogs new tricks.

Exercising your mind is only part of mental health. Another critical aspect, I believe, is social interaction. When we were younger, we enjoyed the company of several different friends. As we got a bit older, a lot of our friends were fellow members

of Washington Park Cares. Sadly, many of them have moved on, one way or another. As we age, we really get back to the notion that "family is what counts," and our social network today is largely comprised of family members.

Another part of mental health is staying positive. Everyone has bouts of depression or feeling down now and then and I'm no different. When that happens, I tell myself, *Find something else to do or think about. You can't dwell on that problem forever.*

Handwork like needlepoint or knitting has helped during difficult times. It helps take my mind off other things. When I was going through that horrible divorce, I took out my hostilities on a three-by-five-foot rug I needlepointed. Each push or pull of that needle was releasing a little bit of anger and directing it at the rug instead of my soon-to-be ex-husband.

Perhaps my attempts to stay positive stem from lessons learned on the farm. We didn't have time to dwell on what was wrong, but always strived to keep going and do the best we could to make things right. I've never talked to my children about this, but perhaps my actions have shown it.

CHAPTER 14

Community Activities

For as long as I can remember, I have felt a responsibility as a citizen to be active in my community in whatever capacity I could. Both of my parents were very civically active. Among my dad's many accomplishments were serving on the school board and the county commission, fundraising for the Clay County Hospital, and planting trees in the courthouse square and at the fairgrounds. Mom was always active in the church and Ladies Aid. She was also a charter member of the Women's Farm Bureau and helped organize the local 4-H group.

I'm very proud of my parents' accomplishments and proud that I inherited their sense of community involvement. It's an important trait to have.

I became more involved in the community as my business and my confidence grew after buying the bakery in 1968. One of my first community activities was with the Wyoming

Avenue Merchant's Association. (In addition to the bakery, the association included a pharmacy, meat market, decorator's store, art business, and several other businesses.)

As my responsibilities in the association expanded, I learned new skills and broadened my network. When I was elected president, it was quite a milestone for me. It signified my growth as a businesswoman and my skills as a leader. That was a good feeling, and I relished it.

My next role as a volunteer came after I moved to Denver in 1983. By 1988, I found myself president of the homeowners' association for the Norman condos where I lived. Keeping things running in a 1920s-era building was a big deal. The plumbing and heating systems were outdated and required constant maintenance. Dealing with complaints and "suggestions" by the homeowners sometimes became tiresome, too. But we made good progress while I was president, including taking the big step of purchasing a unit to house a full-time custodian. As one of the developers of the Norman, Doug was a big help to me. He also owned one of the units.

I also became active at Saint John's Cathedral, an Episcopal church located at the corner of 14th and Washington. For several years, I served on the Altar Guild, where I met Nancy Woodward. Her husband, Woody Woodward, was the church archivist. For years, I entered all the handwritten information about the births, deaths, and marriages of the church family into a database that's a treasure trove for genealogists. The church was chartered in 1861 as Saint John's Church in the Wilderness, so some of those vital records are among the earliest in Denver.

Nancy enlisted me to help her with the arrangements for the many weddings that took place in that magnificent church. One of the most memorable weddings was when we accommodated John Elway (then quarterback for the Denver Broncos) who was late to arrive at the wedding with his wife and baby. I directed them to sit in the only vacant seat, which was toward the front of the chapel. Not wanting to disrupt the wedding, he chose to stand in the back.

In 1993 Nancy asked me to co-chair the church bazaar with her. The year we chaired it, a couple who had been long-time members of the church decided to empty their large house of their possessions and travel the country in their mobile home. They donated everything in the house to the church: wonderful china, Oriental rugs, furniture, and all sorts of fantastic things. The church had become very famous for its bazaars, but the year we chaired it was a record year. I think we brought in about $50,000.

One of my other favorite activities at the church was helping Linda Houston arrange altar flowers. Considering the size of the altar, many flowers were required to do it justice. The church has its own large, refrigerated room for the fresh flowers, just like a flower shop does. It was rewarding to see the arrangements we created being displayed so prominently in such a beautiful, holy cathedral.

Another significant thing I did while I was involved with the church was to needlepoint a station of the cross, called "He spoke to women." It depicts Jesus meeting the women of Jerusalem during his final hours.

The wall hanging I needlepointed hangs on a column in the sanctuary of Saint John's Cathedral. It is entitled, "He spoke to the women."

Washington Park Cares (Now Called A Little Help)

Undoubtedly one of my proudest volunteer accomplishments is the founding of a growing organization that touches the lives of many people in the Denver area.

In 2005 as I was approaching 80 and Bill was a few years ahead of me, we read an article in the AARP magazine about the Beacon Hill Village movement in Massachusetts. It is an organization founded in Boston in 1999 to provide services and programs for seniors so they can lead vibrant, active lives in their

own homes and neighborhoods. In short, it helps people over 50 to "age in place" instead of having to move out of homes they dearly loved.

Shortly after reading that first article, we read another similar article in the *New York Times*. For the next few weeks, while the concept began to jell in our minds, we looked out our front window at the beautiful Smith Lake in Washington Park and decided that aging in place was exactly what we wanted to do. We could not imagine abandoning the view and the house we loved so much to move into a retirement community or nursing home.

Washington Park seemed like a perfect area to start a Beacon Hill type of village. From the beginning, the stated purpose was "to help neighborhood seniors connect with services and resources to continue life on their own terms, with dignity and independence, in their own homes."

For about a year, we went up and down the streets in the Washington Park neighborhood, asking our neighbors if they would be interested in an organization like that and if they would support it. We held neighborhood meetings in our house and talked about the concept. As it turned out, the neighborhood had a lot of people who were asset rich, but income poor.

Some people were hesitant initially, but as articles began to appear in newspapers like the *Washington Park Profile*, more and more people became convinced that it was a good idea. In the meantime, Bill and I got to know people from the Beacon

Hill Village movement. Fortunately its executive director, Judy Willett, had children at the University of Colorado in Boulder, and we met for coffee when she came to town to see her kids. She was a big help in walking us through the various steps we needed to take to form a similar organization in Denver.

Even before the organization officially got off the ground, a woman asked the nonexistent organization for help. Linda Koenig, one of the early volunteers, responded. Linda took the woman to her doctor's appointments and helped her with things around the house. We decided to try for one year to see if we could get the organization going.

As with any start-up group, there were long, sometimes heated, discussions. Some of the issues we debated were about the name, logo design, and how much to charge for memberships. A few of the early organizers felt strongly that it should be a church-based organization rather than a community organization. Others, including Bill and me, had a different view.

Eventually the name "Washington Park Cares" was chosen from several suggestions, and the wheels were set in motion to build the organization. People who had been active in the neighborhood meetings evolved into an organizing group of about ten people. Some of those became directors on our first board.

Though we continued to hold board meetings in homes, we initially held our special programs at a nearby police station because they allowed us to use the room for free. Money was always a factor in our decisions.

Our first open house was held at the Washington Park boathouse on June 15, 2008. About 50 people signed up to become members of Washington Park Cares, and the organization grew from there.

All of us had a sense of what we needed to get done and we all worked together well. Bill did the bookkeeping and computer work and kept track of people in a database, sent out notices, and created a newsletter. Mary and Denny Swann, who at the time lived in the Biscayne neighborhood of Denver, pitched in enthusiastically. Denny had a good business mind and was very energetic. He took charge of volunteer recruitment and training. Mary and I did the social stuff, like planning picnics, lectures, and dinners. Other people stepped up. Bill Hummel worked on the bylaws and filings to the IRS to get tax designation as a nonprofit organization.

In the beginning, we didn't have an office where calls for services could be directed. Instead, we established a phone number and set up a system so that telephone calls were routed to the home phones of different volunteers each day. They responded to requests and found a volunteer to take care of members' needs. The volunteers all enjoyed the work and were very valuable to the fledgling organization.

It soon became very clear that to be able to grow, we needed to focus on fundraising. Carla Gyetvan, who had been an executive director for another nonprofit organization, came to one of our early talks and got involved. She was instrumental in organizing the first two fundraisers. Our first one was held

Carla Gyetvan modeled one of the quilted jackets I made, which was auctioned off for a fund raiser for Washington Park Cares (now A Little Help).

at the Dos Chappell bathhouse in Washington Park, where we raised about $10,000.

We increased our goal and our efforts for the second fundraiser. By this time, Betsy Kelchner, who had served for a while as a volunteer executive director, had come on board as a part-time employee. She was on the faculty in the school of social work at the University of Denver.

The fundraising event was held in the hospitality department at DU, where we had a wonderful room, great ambiance, and delicious food. A few of us scoured the community for donations for the silent auction. I remember getting a glass piece from the Pismo Fine Art Glass store in Cherry Creek. Dr. Michael Kappy donated five beautiful photos he had taken on his travels. We also auctioned time at a condominium in the mountains, a good piece of jewelry, and several other items. When we tallied the proceeds, we were thrilled that we had raised $13,000. Perhaps the biggest highlight of the evening was that Denny Swann — who by this time had advanced cancer — made a brief appearance.

Part of the mission of Washington Park Cares, which continues today as "A Little Help," was to form and strengthen

intergenerational connections. Taking that mission to heart, we became friends with a Pakistani exchange student at South High School. Bill and I loved getting to know Nayab Fatima Khan and learning more about her culture.

It's been almost ten years since Bill and I first had the glimmer of an idea to start Washington Park Cares. As Bill and I got older, the energy that we felt in the beginning declined. We got to a point that we said, "We can't keep doing this," so it's fitting that it has evolved in new directions and with new people. That's just part of life. The organization has seen many changes in its short history, including its name change to A Little Help in 2011 and hiring an executive director and staff.

People give us more credit than we need for our role in the organization. I admit that watching it grow has been a big source of pride for Bill and me. The idea for Washington Park Cares may have been ours, but there were many others who took the idea and ran with it during those early years. In addition to the people already mentioned, others who were instrumental to its success were Bill Miller, a CPA who served as our finance chair, and Penny Rollert, who was a wonderful secretary. Debbie Waugh and Denny Swann made a wonderful team in charge of organizing and training the volunteers. Others who were very active and invaluable from the beginning were Di Harbor and Dave Bean, Suzy Canon, and Pam Pressel.

Though it has grown in different directions than we foresaw, we are happy to see what a difference the organization is making in so many lives. It's very gratifying knowing that we've had a small part in getting the ball rolling.

City of Denver

I was pleased to be honored among the Denver 150 in 2008 and have my picture taken with Governor John Hickenlooper, who was mayor of Denver at the time.

It was also very gratifying in 2008 to be honored among the *Denver 150*. In celebration of the city's 150th birthday, the city and county of Denver selected 150 of its citizens to honor as "unsung heroes." The definition was "ordinary people who have done extraordinary things to help make our city a better one for this and future generations." According to the newspaper report in the *Rocky Mountain News*, hundreds of nominations poured in from all neighborhoods and fields of interest and neighborhoods. Each nominee's work had to be transformational and the nominees had to be people who hadn't been widely recognized or distinguished in the past.

I was very honored to receive the award during the ceremony at the Colorado History Museum, but Bill should have received the award as well. Unfortunately, there was a requirement that only one person per organization could be a recipient.

CHAPTER 15

Cooking & Celebrations

When I was growing up on the farm, cooking sometimes seemed more like a chore than a pleasure. Putting nutritious, filling meals on the table for a family of nine (plus the occasional hired hand) was not an easy feat. The saving grace was that the times spent with my mother in the kitchen were treasured ones. After she died, those memories were all that I had left of her. In some small way, I think my love for cooking stems from my feeling of connection to her.

My mother was an excellent cook with skills she learned no doubt from her own mother, whose recipes had been verbally passed down from generation to generation. Sadly none of those recipes were written down.

Mom instilled certain traits around the rituals of preparing and serving food. Sitting down to meals was a time when we connected with each other around the family table. By watching

her and feeling how she nurtured us through delicious meals she served with a bit of decorum, I also learned the pleasure of doing for others and being sociable.

Later in life when I had children of my own, I found a sense of satisfaction in preparing and presenting tasty meals the family enjoyed. To me, it was fun to try new recipes and set a pretty table. It gives me a great deal of pleasure to watch Sue cook and realize how much we share the enjoyment of preparing good food for our families. She's an excellent cook, and I like to think that she got some of her skills from me.

Most of my friends no longer cook, but I still enjoy it. I'm fortunate that Bill is not a picky eater. He's very appreciative of anything I cook. Entertaining is more difficult these days when so many people don't eat meat or dairy or gluten or sweets, so we don't entertain as much as we used to.

Though we enjoy eating out, especially with friends, we eat most of our meals at home. Our meals are varied, but we do have one strong tradition: Every night Bill has a bowl of ice cream with homemade chocolate sauce. The ritual is simple. I make the sauce in one-pint batches and put it in a jar. Each evening he spoons some fudge sauce into the bottom of a bowl, heats it in the microwave, then adds the ice cream on top. (We call it an "upside down chocolate sundae.") When the jar is empty, Bill washes it and puts it on the counter. When I see that it's empty, I make a new batch and fill the jar with more chocolate sauce. I've included this recipe and others later in the book.

Holiday Celebrations

When I was a child, we didn't have strong holiday traditions. We had a cedar grove next to the house, so we always had a fresh-cut Christmas tree, decorated simply with popcorn and cranberries. If we exchanged presents, there were not many of them. Farm chores continue 365 days a year, and I don't have strong memories of Christmas standing out from any other day.

But when I had children of my own it was a different matter. The kids anxiously anticipated Santa's arrival. We made a big deal of decorating the Christmas tree and the house for the holidays. I used to take the children to midnight service on Christmas Eve, followed by a bowl of oyster stew before we went to bed.

The tradition of having oyster stew likely began with my father. He always brought a gallon of frozen oysters home with him after accompanying our animals to the packinghouses in Kansas City. Once he arrived back at the farm, we fried the oysters, or put them in oyster stew, or just ate them raw.

Bright and early on Christmas morning at our house, Sue and Doug rushed in to see what Santa had brought. They emptied the needlepoint stockings that I had made and hung on the mantle. Inside they found apples, oranges, nuts, and small toys. Next, we all opened brightly colored packages. After all of them were opened, we sat down together for our Christmas feast. To this day, Christmas dinner traditionally consists of rib roast, twice-baked potatoes, and a strawberry-banana mold with cream cheese in the center. Of course, we also used to have the traditional pumpkin and apple pies.

Doug and Sue peer around the corner to see what Santa brought on Christmas morning in 1958.

Another big part of the family Christmas tradition happened well before December 25th when it was candy-making time for friends and family. When we lived in Saginaw, Michigan in the 1950s, I learned how to make colorful hard candy and peanut brittle from a neighbor, who made candy in huge batches to sell as a fundraiser for her garden club. I'll never forget the scene of standing in her kitchen making the candy while my children stood outside her big bay window and watched us. You could just see the wonder and anticipation in their eyes as they waited not-too patiently for a sample.

Now, more than 50 years later, Sue continues the candy-making tradition, not just for family, but also for her clients who are lucky enough to receive her homemade treats.

Another holiday tradition was to invite friends and family members to our house to make candy houses and share food and drink of the season. We coated sandwich buns with a spread of butter, mustard, and poppy seeds and filled the buns with pieces of ham and Swiss cheese. These were individually wrapped in aluminum foil and kept warm in the oven, easily accessible as people became hungry through the evening. But the main event

was the candy making. We made the spicy hard candy I'd learned to make when we lived in Michigan, as well as peanut brittle and melt-in-your-mouth caramels.

One thing the kids enjoyed the most was making candy houses. First, we made a base for our creation out of a large board. Next, we began to build a "scene." Wadded up paper towels provided the structure for a hill. Aluminum foil was transformed into a "lake." Boxes or milk cartons became the basis for buildings.

Top: The family tradition of making candy houses at Christmas lives on. In the center is my granddaughter, Leah, proudly showing off the village she made with friends. Right: Some of the candy we made for Christmas.

After all the structures were in place, we covered everything in seven-minute icing (made from egg whites, sugar, water, and glycerin, cooked slowly in the top of a double boiler). Then came the fun part: decorating. We used wafer cookies or candy canes for the fence, chocolate bars for the doors and windows, and circular, Necco candy wafers for the "tiles" on the roof. To the delight of everyone involved, we expanded our village to include churches, homes, and even airports, all made from cardboard and candy.

Another part of the holiday cooking tradition was making Bûche de Noël, which also is known as a Yule log. I was very proud of how delicious and beautiful the fluffy, log-shaped chocolate desserts were. For many years I made them and gave them as Christmas gifts.

There is no doubt that candy making has been a big part of my life. I'm quite certain it will be one thing that people will remember me for. I also believe that cooking is part of my legacy, especially for Sue. Recently, as we cooked side-by-side, it struck me how similar our cooking techniques were. I looked at her and said, "You cook just like me."

She smiled and answered, "Of course. That's where I learned."

CHAPTER 16

Diversions & Hobbies

Many of the hobbies that I enjoy to this day, I learned from my mother. She had an artistic streak and was interested in doing creative things. Most of her creations involved a needle and thread, but she also hand painted some china. She was also someone who appreciated music and the performing arts, particularly singing hymns around the piano. I believe she inherited that love of music from her father.

Home Arts

When I was a little girl, Mom made a lot of my clothes with a pedal sewing machine. Amazingly, she transformed men's old pants into skirts for me. When I was old enough, Mom taught me to sew, too. We bought our fabric from J.C. Penney, which had a fabric department then. I can remember her helping me with sewing projects when I was in 4-H.

I was so proud of the wall hanging that I made with my daughter-in-law, Karen, who is pictured here with me. It extends from the second to the first floor of their lovely house in Denver.

One of my first major sewing projects was the dress that I wore when I gave a speech as salutatorian of my eighth-grade graduating class. Both the dress and the speech were big deals. Sue even had the dress preserved.

Later, I enjoyed making my own clothes, though I do admit that it wasn't much fun if I had to adjust the fit or correct things that went wrong. I made Sue's clothes when she was little and taught her to sew, too. Sewing seems to be almost a lost art these days.

Mom taught me to embroider using flour sacks. The sacks were very soft and absorbent. We cut them apart, embroidered the edges, and used them as tea towels. Stores used to sell flower patterns that we ironed onto the fabric to use as the guide for the embroidery.

A few years ago our church, Saint John's Cathedral, decided to have volunteers needlepoint 12-inch squares depicting the Stations of the Cross. After they were all framed and hung in the

Through the years, I've created many needlework pieces, but among my favorites are the needlepointed Christmas stockings I've made for several people, shown at the top of this picture.

church, there was a tea and open house so that everyone could view the handiwork. As I mentioned earlier, my square depicted Jesus speaking to the women as he was entering Jerusalem.

I've loved creating works of art in needlepoint, and I'm especially proud of the Christmas stockings I've needlepointed. My niece Karin Swenson truly cherishes the one I gave her and is proud to hang it every Christmas.

When I was in my seventies, I took up quilting. I cut and sewed the pieces together, then sent it out to be quilted by someone else. In addition to throws and bed covers, I also made quilted jackets, which were fun to do.

Probably one thing that people know me for is my knitted pieces including scarves, baby blankets, sweaters, and other pieces. I taught myself how to knit, with the help of the people in yarn stores who are patient and helpful.

I've always been a person who has to keep my hands busy, and handwork has fed that need. On the flip side, it's hard for me to just sit and watch TV; I have to be doing something all the time. Sometimes when I go to bed my mind is still so active that it's hard for me to sleep.

Music

Music always had a place in the Bauer household. Mom promoted music for her children, both by providing music lessons and by taking us to musical performances at Kansas State, which was about 40 miles away. Dad also supported our musical endeavors, but I don't remember him displaying any musical talent.

Mom knew how to play the piano, but she was so busy raising seven children that she never had the time to play it much herself. She made everyone take music lessons, though. We went to Clay Center where the teacher, Mrs. Carlson, walked us through the "Melody Way is Easy to Play" piano course every single week. As each of us sat at the upright piano in our living room practicing our lesson, Mom oversaw our progress. My brother Wade said Mom was very strict about our practice sessions, but I don't remember that.

As little kids, Wynn, Wade, and I loved to play the piano together. We recreated those moments in about 2011, but had a harder time all fitting on the piano bench than we used to.

Everyone in the family was musically inclined, except Gail. He used to say, "I play the radio." Lafe and Wynn played the oboe. Wade played the saxophone. Lafe, Wynn, and Wade all sang in barbershop quartets. In fact, when Lafe had his 94th birthday, he sang with his old quartet.

My twin brothers and I used to play the piano together when we were kids. In about 2011, the three of us got out some of our old music and sat down on a piano bench to play. We found it was harder to get our wider butts on the bench than it used to be, but we had a great time.

Wynn (left) and Wade, shown in this 1938 photo, were known throughout the county for their skills at playing the accordion.

Wynn and Wade also played the accordion, which they took up after Dad went to Kansas City to sell livestock and somehow came home with two accordions. They became so skilled that they were invited to perform whenever there was any kind of festival or activity in Clay County.

Through the years, I became very proficient at the piano and even won a statewide contest. As a teenager, I wanted to take violin lessons, but I never did. My brothers used to say the only reason I wanted to take violin lessons was to "show off my dirty elbows."

When Mom died in 1940, there were no more music lessons.

The year after she died, I was invited to accompany the high school choir in an operetta, which was quite an honor. I was a sophomore and the performers were mostly seniors. Many of the stars were children of prominent people like the doctor and the dentist, and that made me conscious of the need to perform accurately. It was quite nerve-wracking. More than 70 years later, I still remember the terrifying moment when I hit a wrong note. But the star of the show just continued on perfectly, literally without missing a beat.

Flowers and Gardening

It was too hot and dry to have many flowers on the farm in Kansas. With no irrigation, we had to water the garden by hand. As hard as it was to keep things growing, I developed a love for tending young plants and watching them grow and bear fruit (or vegetables).

I loved making the altar flower arrangements at Saint John's Cathedral.

When Bill and I married, it was an added bonus that he had a lovely yard and garden at his house on Franklin Street. It didn't take me long to plant and grow tomatoes, zucchini, beets, and carrots. The garden is gone now, but I love growing brightly colored flowers like geraniums, petunias, dahlias, and zinnias. It gives me great pleasure to see a cut flower arrangement in the house made from flowers I nurtured in our yard.

I first learned to arrange flowers in the 1940s when I helped the Humfelds in their greenhouse in Clay Center. Later in Ohio, I joined a garden club where I learned the art of arranging and how to anchor the displays. I did very well in the competitions hosted by the garden clubs. I also loved making the altar flower arrangements for Saint John's Cathedral.

Cards and Games

As I mentioned earlier, we always had a jigsaw puzzle or some type of board or card game going on around the dining room table when I was a youngster. I think everyone would agree that the Bauers were a joking, laughing, outgoing family. One of my nephews tells the story that when he visited his mother's side of the family, there was a Bible on the table and everyone was serious and quiet. But when he visited the Bauer side, there was joking and laughing. I hope I've carried on that tradition of *fun*.

I've always enjoyed playing cards. It's a good, relaxing activity. When people focus on playing cards, it puts them in a different mindset where they're focused on the cards instead of things that might be troubling them. Shortly after Bill and I married we took bridge lessons together, and we've enjoyed playing ever since. For many years, we played with a bridge group through St. John's and were often the ones to organize the games.

We play a pretty good game, though not a vicious one like some people play. When Sue comes over, she almost always asks if we can play cards. Doug and his wife, Karen, are also very good bridge players, and we enjoy playing with them. It's just part of the family tradition.

Sports

For as long as I can remember, I've been a big football fan. In high school I had friends who were on the football team. Going

to the football games was "the thing" to do. Bill and I are big Broncos fans and we enjoy watching them on television.

Bill and I used to love mountain hiking, but we gave it up in our eighties for less strenuous activities. We also enjoyed cross-country skiing and did some of the yurt-to-yurt skiing with the Colorado Mountain Club or with other friends. After some trial and error, we learned to dress correctly in layers and knew which types of skis were best for gliding. We especially liked the Nordic trails near Frisco, just off the road to Breckenridge.

When we gave up mountain hiking, we started geocaching, a treasure-hunting game played worldwide where people use GPS-enabled devices to find the geocache (container) hidden at that location. Bill had read about it and thought it would challenge our brains, but not be quite as physically challenging as mountain hiking or skiing. It was also attractive to us as an adventure that would get us off the main roads and into areas we might not otherwise discover. We've found the caches in places as close as Washington Park and as far away as Hawaii and the Caribbean islands. And of course, the GPS comes in handy for more than geocaching; we use it whenever we travel.

Another fun aspect to geocaching was using what is known as a "travel bug," which is a tracking tag that enables the person who finds the bug to track its progress as it passes from person to person or cache to cache. The one we used had a little sign on it that said "Denver School of the Arts." We enjoyed tracking it around the globe to some pretty difficult geocaches. Geocaching has been a fun hobby for Bill and me, and something we enjoy doing together.

CHAPTER 17

Thoughts on My Dad

Not long ago I ran across a quote that resonated with me: "My Father gave me the greatest gift anyone could give another person; he believed in me." That was certainly true of my dad.

As one of the only two girls in a family with five brothers, I think Pat and I always had a special place in my dad's heart. There's often something special between fathers and daughters, and I think that was true in our family. That bond between my father and me grew after my mother died and perhaps became even stronger after Pat's death.

After my mother died, Dad made it clear that I would take over her household responsibilities. It was what he expected of me, and I did what was expected, as we all tried to hold our family together.

Two years after my mother died, while I was still in high school, Dad remarried a woman named Emma Leach. I don't

think we kids even knew her before the wedding. Can you imagine making a decision to marry without involving the children? When Dad married her, he announced that I would continue to do things that I had been doing since Mom died, like the cooking, cleaning, and the laundry. As a teenager, that wasn't easy for me to swallow.

It's an understatement to say that Emma didn't blend well into our family. I'm sure it must have been very difficult to come into a houseful of children whose mother had been adored by everyone. But we didn't care.

Lafe was away at school, but that still left six kids at home, and none of us worked too hard to make her feel welcome. We didn't try to include her in our conversations and almost pretended she wasn't there, because frankly we wished that she wasn't. In short, we were rude to her.

On the flip side of the coin is the fact that Emma never tried very hard to find a place in our family. We all thought it was strange when she took her laundry to Clay Center for her sister to do, rather than washing her clothes herself in the house. *Her house*. Dad bought her a sewing machine and some fine china that he thought she might enjoy.

To make matters worse, the only bathroom in the house had to be accessed through Dad and Emma's bedroom, so she never really had any privacy. Not surprisingly, she only lasted a year. One day she told my father, "I think we should move to Clay Center."

His response was, "I think you should." When she left the house, Emma left the sewing machine and the china behind. She and my father divorced on January 5, 1944.

After I married Gene Swenson almost two years later, Dad didn't have a lot of input in my life. At the beginning of our marriage, Gene and I were both in college. Then we moved to California. We only saw my dad about once a year. Of course, we were in contact through letters, but we led separate lives.

Dad's life was changing in major ways, too. He retired from farming shortly after Wynn returned from World War II and got married. When Dad turned the farm over to Wynn, he must have felt at loose ends. He no longer had a farm nor a wife. It didn't take him long to decide that he needed someone else to share his life with. He started communicating with a woman he had gone to grade school with named Sarah Alice Gardner. Her nickname was Allie.

Her family had moved from Clay County to Oregon in 1907. I don't really know how or why my dad tracked her down in Oregon, but I think they courted by mail for quite a while before they decided to get married. On December 18, 1947, my dad married her in a very small, quiet ceremony in Eugene, Oregon. Dad told all of us *after* the event. Allie and Dad lived in Eugene for about five years.

In 1952, they moved to Clay Center, where they bought a house at 833 Huntress with a yard that encompassed about a quarter of a block. In a demonstration of how he was always linked to the land and what it could produce, he planted the

grounds around the house with a wide variety of flowers. Some of them were fairly common (like roses or clematis), but he also loved to grow exotic ones like passionflowers.

Throughout his life, Dad was a very caring and thoughtful man, and he showed that even in his later life by taking bouquets of his beautiful flowers to nursing homes and the hospital. When the new hospital was being built in Clay Center, Dad also worked very hard to solicit donations. Doing such things kept him active and involved and, I'm sure, gave him a great sense of pleasure. His actions also served as a good model for the rest of us.

Unfortunately, Allie died unexpectedly in 1965. I'm sure Dad missed her terribly, but he continued to live in the house they had shared and managed pretty well on his own. He cooked oatmeal for breakfast, and ate dinner with his sons and daughters-in-law about three times a week. Wynn's wife, JoAnn, often did his laundry. After Dad gave up driving, he walked downtown (about ten bocks) and got books at the library. (This was before televisions were common.) As a voracious reader, he read about seven books a week.

When he was diagnosed with kidney failure, he refused dialysis. I went back to Clay Center during his last days, and was with him during his final moments. I wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead and stayed by his side, as his breathing became shorter and shorter until he peacefully slipped away. He died June 20, 1972, at the age of 87 and was buried in the Broughton Cemetery next to my mother.

In testament to how long and how much his family had contributed to the community, the funeral was filled with people who came to pay their respects to a great man. It was barely a year after my divorce. I remember telling my sister-in-law JoAnn that with Dad's death, the last stabilizing influence in my life was gone.

A Legacy of Connection

When I reflect on my father's legacy, perhaps one of his biggest legacies was to keep his family connected.

After Dad turned 70 in 1954, we had a big birthday party for him every five years in Clay Center. My father had 7 children and 24 grandchildren, and all of us tried our best to go to the reunions that became a family tradition. Typically we gathered at the Cedar Court Motel where we all ate so no one had to cook. In respect for how special these events were, people dressed in their Sunday best.

Dad particularly loved the little kids and brought magazines that they could tear up. Looking at the old photographs taken at the reunions reminds me how important taking pictures was to Dad. It's sad to see how many family members have passed on. Dad enjoyed the reunions three more times, as he celebrated his 75th, 80th, and 85th birthdays.

About nine or ten years after Dad's death in 1972, the family decided we needed to follow Dad's example and continue getting together for family reunions. I took the responsibility for planning the first one in Clay Center in about 1981 and

Dad, shown in this picture taken in the early 1960s, was a voracious reader. After he retired from farming, he read about seven books a week.

My dad's 70th birthday party in 1954. Front row: Pat, Dad, and me. Back row from left: Wade, Gail, Bob, Lafe, and Wynn.

Our family reunion in 1963 on my dad's birthday drew a big crowd. (I'm in the third row toward the right.)

arranged for everyone to have matching t-shirts imprinted with "The Bauer Bunch." I resolved to have activities (and food) to keep the kids entertained. We had face painting and costumes, and all sorts of things to do that they enjoyed.

After that one, the other family members took turns organizing the reunions. Initially, they were held every other summer in people's homes. But later, we branched out and hosted them in places like Rocky Mountain National Park, the 4-H camp near Junction City, Kansas, and a B&B north of Topeka. Sometimes as many as 60 people — ranging in age from babies through "senior citizens" — gathered for two or three days of fun. We hiked, swam, bowled, did crafts, and socialized. Once we even had white elephant gifts that we opened during "Christmas in August" festivities. One memorable white elephant gift was a big carving of a man's head. No one wanted to keep it for long.

It was always fun being with my siblings and their spouses, but there is a special place in my heart for my nieces and nephews. I enjoy that generation a lot and I'm very proud of all of them.

Today, 60 years after our first family reunion for Dad's 70th birthday, it seems doubtful that we will have another Bauer family reunion. My generation is dying off, and we have become segmented. One brother has 37 people in his extended family.

I'm not sad that the reunions don't happen any more. It's just part of the transition of life. But we will always remember how important it was to get together and bask in the *feeling of connection*. That is the Bauer family legacy.

My family on a trip to Estes Park, Colorado for my 80th birthday in 2005. Front row from left: Sue, me, Karen, and Leah. Back row from left: Terry, Bill, Doug, and Rob.

CHAPTER 18

Reflections

As I became more and more emotionally invested in writing my memoirs, Bill commented that it had been good for me to reflect back on my life. I agree. As I've gone through the writing and reflection process over the past few months, here are a few additional nuggets that have come to mind.

Education

When I was younger, I didn't feel compelled to get a college degree. It just wasn't a necessity in those days. It's a different world now. I've done everything in my power to see that my grandchildren, Leah and Rob, have a good education. When they were babies, I set up trust funds for them, which grew through the years and provided enough money to pay for their educations. Those funds came in handy when Rob attended the Denver Academy. I know both of them really appreciate that they were able to go to college without borrowing any money.

Money Matters

I consider myself a good money manager, which is a skill that I probably learned from my father. He had debt during the Depression and worked very hard to pay it off. Initially I wasn't married to a person who was skilled at managing money, so I took over those responsibilities very early in our marriage.

For many years after moving to Denver, I was a member of an investment club. Our group of 15 intelligent, savvy women deciphered company information and trends as we learned the skills and strategies of investing. By the time the group disbanded (fortunately right before the market turned south), I had earned a sizeable return on my investment.

Possibly because I've always had a good sense of budgeting and money, I've always felt financially secure and never worried about making a payment. Wealth to me has never been about having money. It is about having the ability to do things I felt were important, and it's important to me to share what I have.

I've always been committed to helping Sue and Doug financially as much as I could, and fortunately I had the means to do it. I don't think Doug or Sue ever asked for money, but I was always willing to help. When Doug was in Alaska, I was an investor in a condominium project he oversaw. When Sue decided to ferry freight, I helped her buy a DC-3. When it was sold, I got my money back, so that was a good investment for both of us.

When Bill and I were married, we decided that he would manage the money and I wouldn't put my nose in money issues. The exception was that I managed the finances on my farm

and handled the regular contributions to the grandchildren's education funds.

Both Bill and I have always been very open with our children about financial matters and have had very frank discussions about money. I think that's important in families, but not everyone feels that way.

Regrets and Letting Go of Things That Can't be Changed

I suppose everyone has regrets. One of my biggest ones is the lost time I missed with Sue when we were estranged for many long years. I know such things happen in families, but it's sad to think how much time and energy we wasted being apart. Going through that was harder than my divorce. I'm so lucky and happy that we are close now. Our friendship and relationship are sources of great joy to me. And of course, I love being with Doug and Karen. She's a great cook, and we share fun times with them over good food and a stimulating game of bridge.

Another regret I have is how things were handled after my sister, Pat, and her family died in 1968 and the estate and guardianship of the children were handed to Lafe. Several years after his wife, Joanne, died in 2008, I learned that Joanne resented me a great deal after Pat's death. That shocked and distressed me deeply. I wish that we had been able to discuss and resolve those issues instead of harboring bad feelings all those years. Now that Lafe and Joanne are both gone, there is nothing I can do except let it go.

On a much lighter note, I've always regretted that I've had such thin hair. I see people (I particularly notice older people) with these beautiful heads of white hair and I think, *Why can't I have hair like that?* I see myself in the mirror and *there's no hair.*

I bought a wig many years ago after I saw a group photo that had been taken of me with some high school friends. I was shocked to see that I had a bald spot on the back of my head. For the next 16 years, I always wore a wig, even when I was hiking. In fact, I remember hiking with Bill and getting very hot. I just took off my wig, dipped it in the stream, and put it back on. He didn't act surprised at all and was completely accepting. When I gave up wearing wigs, I gave them to the children next door to use when they played dress-up.

The Origin of the Name "Pera"

I've often been asked about my name. Since no one outside of Clay Center knows anyone named Pera Beth, I always have to follow my introduction with an explanation. "It's like Vera, except with a P," I say when questioned.

I'm not really sure why my Nemnich grandparents decided to name my mother *Pera*. When my daughter was born, I never considered naming her anything that would require an explanation. But the name has continued through my brother Gail's family. When he had a daughter he asked me if my children wanted to use the name, and I assured him that they did not. So Gail and Mina named their daughter Pera Jo, who has a niece named Pera Mallory, who has a niece named Pera Katharine.

Lessons Learned on the Farm

One of the biggest things I learned from living on a farm was to survive on what we had. If we didn't have what we needed — whether it was a tool or an ingredient for a recipe — we got creative and made things work with what we had on hand. Unlike today, we couldn't run to the grocery story or Home Depot to buy what was missing or broken.

By the same token, we lived by the philosophy of avoiding waste. If there were cracked eggs, Dad used to say, "Make custard." If there were apples sitting around, we made pies or applesauce. When the vegetables were picked, we ate what we could and canned the rest.

I think living on the farm also taught me to be accepting of the cycles of life and accepting when things go wrong or creatures die.

Defining Moments

Four of the defining moments of my life have been my mother's death, divorcing Gene, selling the bakery, and marrying Bill Eichelberger. Sometimes I ponder how differently my life might have turned out if those things hadn't happened. My mother's death forced me to grow up quickly and take over many responsibilities that I would never have had at such a young age.

Being married to Gene was quite a downer. I was endlessly put down and criticized. What if I'd stayed married to him? I was raised to persevere against all obstacles, so it feels odd to

contemplate what might have happened if he hadn't forced my hand by not coming home for Christmas that year. I might not have divorced him. If I learned anything from that experience it was to seek out and appreciate *positive* people.

What if I hadn't sold the bakery? I had friends who wanted me to stay in Wyoming, Ohio and keep running it, but I was ready for a change. If I hadn't sold it, I never would have moved to Colorado and wouldn't have met and married Bill.

What if I hadn't married Bill? My life wouldn't have been nearly as happy, and content, and pleasant if I hadn't met the man who is truly the love of my life. I'm so grateful for him. We've had so many wonderful experiences together: traveling, shared friendships, and learning. What a joy it's been to be married to such a wonderful man!

Most Meaningful Gift

I'm not a person who puts a lot of emphasis on material goods. I don't need a fancy car, the latest gadgets, or extravagant things. One of the things that I value the most is the pair of earrings that Bill gave me on Valentine's Day a few years ago. When we got married, we didn't buy an engagement ring or fancy jewelry. It just wasn't important to me. But years after Bill and I were married, we walked into a jewelry store and Bill asked me to help him select some gold earrings as a gift to me. They're lovely and I appreciate him so much for giving them to me.

My Parents' Lasting Legacy

I know that my mother and father would have been so proud of their offspring: 7 children, 24 grandchildren, and at last count, 57 great-grandchildren. Among them are a lot of smart, accomplished, thoughtful individuals in a variety of professions: doctors, architect, computer whizzes, lawyer, farmer, librarian, social worker, nurses, college choir director, school psychologist, piano teacher, and many others. That's quite a legacy. I'm happy to have lived long enough to enjoy special moments with all of them.

I'm particularly appreciative of my nieces and nephews who still seem to enjoy spending time with me. Special thanks go to Karen Bauer Fabean (Bob's daughter) as well as to Martin's children (Maggie Bauer Goss and Thomas). They are thoughtful young people who visit us when they can. My grandchildren, Rob and Leah, have been very special to me through the years, and I wish we could maintain that closeness. Sadly, my two great-grandchildren, Lucas and Matthew, live on the East Coast so I don't get to see them as often as I'd like, but I loved seeing them when they came for a visit in 2014.

Random Thoughts

The period of my life I've enjoyed the most: The most enjoyable period of my life has been after I turned 65. I've had friends who say, "If only I could be in high school again." I don't feel that way. I missed my mother terribly after she died when I was in

high school. Then I had that terrible first marriage. But since I've been 65, life has been good.

Things I feel I'm good at: I believe I'm a good organizer, and once I set my mind to do something I can figure out the steps to get it done. And I follow through; I finish what I start. That's maybe how we got Washington Park Cares (now A Little Help) off and running. I also feel I'm a very honest person with a high sense of integrity.

Most surprising thing that ever happened to me: Getting married for the second time. I was single for more than 17 years. I enjoyed being single, and really wasn't looking for anybody. When I announced to my family and friends that I was getting married again, everyone was surprised. They just never saw that coming and neither did I.

Pet peeves: One of the things I hate the most is hypocrisy. It's important to be real. And I can't stand people who think they are better than other people. Those are things I just can't abide.

Most thrilling thing I've ever done: Learn to fly. That was wonderful.

Any woman can prove herself. I believe that women have to learn to be good at *something*. Whether it's being a good partner or being successful in business (or both), work at being successful, however you define it. Don't expect the other sex to take care of you.

Church and religion: I've been a Methodist, a Lutheran, and an Episcopalian. Church was always the thing that anchored

me as we moved from place to place. My membership and participation always gave me a sense of peace and belonging.

Proudest Accomplishments

I think the fact that I've been able to manage my life, keep my head above water, and do good deeds for others makes me very proud. I've always tried to keep a good home that was nice and clean and felt welcoming to friends and family.

On a different track, I'm proud of the fact that I have nice skin. It surely was an inherited trait rather than anything I brought upon myself.

When I asked Sue what she thought was my proudest accomplishment, she didn't hesitate with her answer. "Mom," she said, "I think your biggest accomplishment was leaving Dad."

Advice to Future Generations

I don't know if anyone really listens to advice, but here are some things I'd offer if anyone is interested:

Find someone you really love and cherish.

Do good deeds for others. It makes life more meaningful and enjoyable. Whether it's knitting a sweater for someone, needlepointing a Christmas stocking to give away, or making Bill's favorite chocolate sauce, it brings me great pleasure knowing that I'm doing something that makes someone else happy.

Try to find the kind of work that you enjoy. Have a good, solid work ethic and don't make excuses. If there's a job to be done, do it, even if you really don't feel like it.

Spend your money wisely. Donate and volunteer. Everyone, including you, will be better for it.

Cherish your family. My family is very important to me. I cherish the time we spend together.

Keep busy. It helps keep you going both emotionally and physically. I know when I've found myself in difficult situations and began to feel a little down, keeping busy was something concrete I could do to keep myself going.

Find things that will make you happy.

Friendships are important, but you have to work at them like you do any relationship. It's delightful to have friends you can trust, confide in, and be honest with. Friends are people you want to do things for, and who want to do things for you.

Be Happy for Me

I've had a good, full life and really haven't been afraid of much of anything, other than having a long, drawn out ending to it. I joke sometimes that my first thought when I wake up is, "Oh, I woke up again today." I'm glad about that, but when my time is over, my fervent wish is, "*Be happy for me.*" You can be sad for *you*, but please be happy for me because I'm accepting and ready for what lies ahead. I feel that I've accomplished a lot in my life.

In short, as the title says, *I've had a Full Life!*

Bill and me in 2015.

CHAPTER 19

Special Recipes

It's remarkable to think that I've been cooking for more than 80 years. During that time, I've accumulated scores of recipes. Some of them have fallen out of favor, but a few of them have special meaning in our family, either because they are family favorites or there was some sort of tradition around the recipes. I include a few of the special recipes here.

Chicken Liver Pâté

¼	cup minced onion
3	tablespoons butter
1½	pounds chicken livers
¼	cup dry sherry
½	cup heavy cream
1	stick butter, softened
1	teaspoon salt
⅛	teaspoon pepper
¼	teaspoon nutmeg

Note: This is Doug's favorite dish.

Sauté onion in butter until soft. Add chicken livers and cook quickly until all the pink has disappeared. Puree onion and liver in a food processor. Spoon into a separate bowl and add remaining ingredients, mixing well. Chill and then serve with crackers.

Chicken Marbella

3 pounds boneless chicken, cut into serving size pieces
1 head of garlic, peeled and finely crushed
¼ cup dried oregano
Coarse salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste
½ cup red wine vinegar
½ cup olive oil
1 cup pitted prunes
½ cup pitted Spanish green olives
½ cup capers with a bit of juice
6 bay leaves
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup white wine

In a large bowl combine chicken, garlic, oregano, salt, and pepper. Add vinegar, olive oil, prunes, olives, capers with juice, and bay leaves. Cover and let marinate, refrigerated, overnight.

The next day, preheat oven to 350 degrees. Arrange chicken in a single layer in one or two large shallow baking pans and spoon marinade over it evenly. Sprinkle chicken pieces with brown sugar and pour white wine around them. Bake for 50 minutes, basting frequently with pan juices. Serves 10 to 12.

Mandarin Salad

½ cup sliced almonds
3 tablespoons sugar
½ head iceberg lettuce
½ head romaine lettuce
1 cup chopped celery
2 whole green onions, chopped
1 11-ounce can mandarin oranges, drained

Dressing
½ teaspoon salt
dash pepper
¼ cup vegetable oil
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons vinegar
dash Tabasco sauce

Note: This is my granddaughter, Leah's, favorite salad.

Over medium heat, cook almonds and sugar, stirring constantly until almonds are coated and sugar is dissolved. Set aside to cool. Mix all the dressing ingredients. Combine lettuces, celery, onion, and oranges. When you're ready to serve, pour the dressing over the lettuce mixture.

Note: These sugared almonds are so delicious that I often mix up extras, and keep them in the refrigerator to use on other salads.

Cranberry Relish

1 cup sugar
1 cup water
1 small box raspberry Jell-O
2 cups raw cranberries
1 apple with peel
½ orange and its peel *(see below)*
⅓ cup celery, cut in small pieces
½ cup walnut pieces
small can crushed pineapple

Combine the sugar and water in a saucepan and bring the mixture to a boil. Once it starts boiling, add raspberry Jell-O, then set aside to cool. Coarsely chop cranberries in a food processor and pour into a mixing bowl. Core the apple, and coarsely chop in food processor; add to the cranberries. Grate the orange peel and chop the orange into small pieces; add to cranberry mixture. Add remainder of ingredients to bowl, combine with cooled Jell-O and pour into mold and chill until set. Carefully remove from the mold and serve.

Caramels

2 cups sugar
3 cups heavy cream, divided
1½ cups Karo syrup
1 teaspoon paraffin
1 tablespoon vanilla

Prepare a 9 x 13 dish by coating it with butter. In a large saucepan, stir together the sugar, 1 cup of cream, and Karo syrup. Cook until the mixture reaches 225 degrees on a candy thermometer. Add the paraffin and second cup of cream, cooking and stirring again until it reaches 225. Add the third cup of cream, and stir until mixture reaches 225 degrees. Remove from heat and add vanilla. Pour the mixture into the prepared dish and allow it to cool. Cut into squares and wrap each piece with waxed paper.

Peanut Brittle

- 1½ cups sugar
- ½ cup white Karo syrup
- ⅔ cup water
- 2 cups raw Virginia blanched peanuts
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 rounded teaspoon baking soda

In a large saucepan, mix together the sugar, Karo syrup, and water. Stir and boil until the mixture reaches 220 degrees on a candy thermometer. Add the peanuts and salt, and stir constantly until the temperature reaches 290 degrees. *(Note: you may need to adjust for altitude. I cooked this candy to 300 degrees in Michigan, but only cook it to 290 degrees in Denver.)* Remove from heat and add butter and soda. Stir until well mixed and the butter has melted. Don't stir too much. Over-stirring causes the peanut brittle to lose some of its crunch. Pour onto warm, buttered cookie sheets and stretch with the flat side of knifes until the mixture is very thin. Break into pieces when cool.

Candy House Icing

- 4 egg whites
- 2 cups sugar
- 6 tablespoons cold water
- 2 heaping teaspoons of cream of tartar
- 1 teaspoon of glycerin

Note: This is the icing that we used to cover our candy Christmas houses that I describe in the Cooking & Celebrations chapter. After you have assembled the structures for the houses and village, this is the icing used to cover it all.

In the top of a double boiler, mix all ingredients together and cook over hot water, beating constantly with a hand-held electric mixer for at least seven minutes. Cover entire design with icing and decorate with candies, as I've described in the chapter.

Spiced Hard Candy

You will need the ingredients below for <u>each</u> flavor you wish to use.

- 4 cups sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup white Karo syrup
- 1 teaspoon <u>each</u> of a variety of flavored oils such as red cinnamon oil, green wintergreen oil, white peppermint oil, anise oil, clove oil, or orange oil

Combine sugar, water, and Karo syrup in a saucepan and boil until the mixture measures 300 degrees on a candy thermometer. Remove from stove. Stir in one teaspoon of one flavored oil. Cover marble slab with powdered sugar. *(Note: you can get scraps of marble from marble or granite companies.)* When the mixture is cool enough to handle, cut candy into one-inch wide ribbons strips, beginning at the edges, which will cool first. As the strips are cut, pass them to your helpers to cut into bite size pieces as they rotate the strips 90 degrees and cut into pillows. *Note: Helpers need to keep the cutting surface covered with powdered sugar.*

Hot Fudge Sauce (*Bill's favorite)*

- 4 ounces unsweetened chocolate
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup half and half
- 4 ounces sweetened condensed milk
- 1 tablespoon vanilla
- 2 tablespoons of rum

In a small saucepan, cook first four ingredients over low heat until melted and thick. Add condensed milk and cook until right consistency, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and add vanilla and rum. Store in the refrigerator. Perfect over ice cream.

APPENDIX 1

One Farm 1868 - 1966

ERNEST WILLIAM BAUER

Note: the following is a transcript of a speech that my father, Ernest William Bauer, gave at a meeting of the Rotary Club in 1966. It's been slightly edited from the original.

The Bauer Farm as it is known today was acquired in 1868 by my grandfather, Joseph Bauer. One tract was possibly one of the first land transactions in the county. 150 acres was deeded to David Becker, guardian of "Jane," minor child of Pa San Tubbee, a Florida Indian war veteran. This transaction was made in Ogden, Kansas in 1860, which was the first capital of Kansas. This tract was sold to James Hemphill for $300 in 1861. Mr. Hemphill was the father of Uncle Billy and Uncle Jim Hemphill, as they were known in later years. In 1868, this land was sold to Joseph Bauer, my grandfather, for $2,400; $600 cash and a $1,800 mortgage.

The Hemphills had built a four-room house; some of the finish lumber was hauled overland from Leavenworth, Kansas. The house was covered with native walnut clapboards and was painted blue. Thus it was known as the blue house on the Republican River. Dan Myers was one of the carpenters. The mortgage was paid and released in 1874. It was released by H. M. Frazier in Clay Center.

Joseph Bauer died in 1881. The land was transferred to my father in 1891 by my grandmother. She and several members of the family moved to Milwaukee, Wisconsin. My father died in 1910; my mother died in 1938,

and the farm was transferred to me about 1940. Other land had been added to the original 150 acres. A 160-acre tract and an 80-acre tract were bought from the government in 1872 and 1874, for $2.50 per acre. This land has nearly all been transferred back to the government by Gail Bauer and Wynn Bauer, great grandsons of Joseph who acquired it in 1868. This has been one of the best farms in Clay County. It still is and I hope it will produce many crops of catfish for the government.

The production on this farm has been above average. Corn was one of the first crops, and the main crop, through the years. Corn has yielded as much as 140 bushels, oats over 100 bushels, and alfalfa, as good as the best.

We always had fruit in season, including pears, apples, peaches, cherries, grapes, and a good vegetable garden. A cellar always had canned fruit and vegetables stored in it. Our meat supply was mostly pork. Usually around the first of the year, a day was spent to butcher three hogs for the year's meat supply: canned and cured for year-round use. Potatoes, apples, and poultry supplies were always on hand. The cow and the hen had their place keeping the kitchen supplied and helped furnish the clothing as needed. *(Note: Dad showed his humor here. He meant that they sold the cream from the cow and the eggs from the chickens for cash to buy clothes and kitchen supplies.)*

At one time, there were about 100 acres in timber on this farm. People wanting a year's supply of wood would dig the trees out for the wood. Many acres were cleared this way. Later it was necessary to let the trees be cut, leaving the stumps, and then use a stump puller to clear this land. This land produced many good watermelons. After the Union Pacific Railroad came through in 1873, the railroad furnished seed and a row of Osage orange was planted on each side of the roadway. The Rock Island Railroad came through a few years later, both roads passing through this farm.

The first fences were hedges, which were usually planted on government lines. The first wire was smooth wire. Later barbwire, the woven wire, came in use and served as a good fence for all stock.

The plow was necessary. The first of the farm machines, it was used to turn the first native sod. Next came a harrow. I remember using a wood framed harrow. The early day corn was often planted with a two-row planter. In clearing our timber, small fields would often be planted by hand. The plowed field would be marked with a three-row marker and corn planted by hand in the marked lines. Often the field was cross-marked and seed planted on the crosses, making rows two ways.

Earlier plows, listers, and farm machinery were made for the operator to walk. Later some wise guy put a seat on the frame, now no piece of machinery would be complete without a seat. All pieces of early day machinery are now in demand as antiques.

I do not recall the early day harvesters, but I do remember people talking about them. I remember my father and grandfather owning a Buckeye Self-Binder. No one farmed large fields of grain. A two-horse plow or lister did not permit anything but small fields. Threshing time was a big job in the early days. Six or eight horses furnished the power, straw was stacked by hand, bundles were cut by hand, and the grain was put into the wagon by hand.

My father usually had a hired man who lived with us. His pay usually would be about $16 or $18 a month with board and washing. One man's father sometimes collected part of the month's pay.

Corn harvesting was all by hand, a wooden peg was used and this was later replaced by a metal peg, and later the hook. A good day's work of husking usually would run from 50 to 150 bushels.

Early day travel was by lumber wagon, pulled by either ox team or horses. I recall a 15-mile lumber wagon trip on Sunday's trip. Later came the one-horse cart, a fresh air ride, and then came the spring wagon, and buggy. Following this came the two-seated surrey and then the automobile, and now the airplane. About 1869, two uncles, my father, a cousin, and I made a trip to the northern part of Butler County in a spring wagon, taking two days each way. This trip could be made in an hour by plane.

Mr. John Sims (who used to be with M. G. Patterson here in the grain business) worked on the Bauer Farm in the early days. He told me about making a trip to Junction City to do their trading and dispose of produce. They drove down one day, did their trading and then came home the next day. He also told me the Bauer girls helped in corn husking.

Alfalfa was first grown in about 1900. Before this, prairie and millet was mainly used for feed. Corn used to be cut, shucked, and fed as such. In the 1930s we produced some certified seed wheat and oats. In growing hybrid seed corn, a cross of two varieties was made: four rows for seed production and two rows for pollination, the object being to get good qualities of each variety into one seed. The four rows were detasseled before shedding pollen, causing a cross pollination from the two rows. Hybrid milo was grown in the same way to get this cross.

My father once had a cowherd, but over the years, we have bought feeder steers and fattened them out for market. I remember two deals in particular. One was the sale of some over 1,400-pound steers at $5.00, which my father thought exceptional. Another deal of buying some spayed heifers at $2.50 per hundredweight and selling them for $5.00 the next spring when fat. We usually fed 250 to 400 head. I have bought cattle for as little as $.02 per pound.

Cattle and hogs have been fed most every year since 1890 on this farm. We raised many hogs but feeder pigs were bought. About 1930 we fed 3,000 hogs. Feeders were bought in Kansas City, Wichita, Colorado, and Louisiana. As it was necessary to treat these for cholera and as these immune hogs were used in the production of hog cholera serum, we were able for several years to furnish hogs to serum plants in Wichita, Kansas City, Topeka, and Omaha for a premium.

In the feeding of livestock we have bought corn from many farmers within ten miles of our place, all being delivered by team and wagon. We also shipped in many carloads of feed. I have bought corn for less than $.30 and as high as $1.65 a bushel. Our first silage was used in 1913 and every year since. A big improvement has been made in the harvesting of silage.

One year I cut feed all night with a corn binder so we could fill the silo the next day.

We tried raising lambs a few years but gave it up. A man must become a good grandmother for this job. We tried lamb feeding, securing lambs from New Mexico and Colorado. Death losses were too high. We put over 1,000 head on wheat pasture near Herington and after 60 days, sold them at $1.50 profit per head. Death losses in lamb feeding can now be controlled by vaccine and new feeding methods.

The movement of cattle used to be all by driving them from point to point. We often drove cattle 25 miles to and from pasture, usually taking two days for the trip. I have driven some colts 25 miles to pasture in a day, though many more miles were added to the trip because they would go down into the fields and go down the wrong road at the crossroad.

We started cattle on feed many times by cutting snapped corn by hand. We later had a machine that did a better job. Silage and ground grain are best. Sometime it was necessary to put a few into a small pen with the feed. They often took several days before they would eat.

The Bauer farm has never been for sale; it has been with much regret that we were forced to give up the ownership of this farm. The fifth generation of Bauer stock has lived on this farm and has always been farmed by a Bauer. In giving up the ownership we must hope it will really be "progress."

Broughton, Kansas

Broughton has been known as Rosevale, Morena, and Springfield. The name was changed because there was a Rosevale and a Springfield elsewhere in Kansas. I do not know about the name of Morena. I found where Mall Creek Post Office was changed to Rosevale in 1862. Another record shows Max Sanders as postmaster of Springfield in 1870.

The Union Pacific Railroad came in 1873 and Morena was plotted at that time. The courthouse record shows Broughton received this name in 1888.

Some of the earlier residents were Jesse Dever, a Union Pacific agent; Elmer Strain; Oscar Bonecutter; and W.C. Barth, a Rock Island agent.

Some of the early merchants were J. S. Sweek, George McCormich, Harry Smith, Mr. Gillettee, Jim Arnold, and Ed Keeler. Some of the early day doctors were McDonald, Phlen, Montgomery, Durant, Schwartz, Jackson, and Foote. Dr. Foote also had a drug store. Early postmasters were Jim Verner, Theodore Ingersoll, and Jesse Dever.

A small schoolhouse was built in the early 1860s. A seven-year-old boy tried to gain entrance after school hours. He raised the window and as he tried to get in the sash came down on his neck and he was found dead. A stone building was built in the early 1870s and this was replaced by a two-room stone structure in 1888. This building burned in 1937 after which the present building was built. In the 1890s the enrollment was about 100. Section crews and agents for both railroads were housed in Broughton. Some of the early teachers were Mr. McClurkin, George Whitselt, Dolly Perkins, Susanna Keith, Charles Kelly, Charles Durant, Roy Rahn, and Frank Barnes.

A cottonwood grove between the tracks on the west side of town by the road was used as public picnic grounds and for the Fourth of July celebrations.

Broughton was named after W. S. Broughton, who was a grain, coal, and livestock dealer along with Rod Scheinkoenig. Mr. Broughton's wife and a Mr. George Howland's wife were sisters. Their names were Ida and Anna, this was where the name of Idana, Kansas came from. Mr. Howland was a Clay Center businessman. Mr. Broughton was killed in a train wreck in Clay Center in the late 1890s. His body was taken to New York for burial. A five-minute stop was arranged for the train bearing his body and all school children and neighbors in and near Broughton, with the Broughton band being present for this farewell.

The Broughton cemetery was platted in 1891; burial before that was made in Gatesville and Clay Center. Rod Scheinkoenig was also injured in the Clay

Center wreck, he was cared for in the William Docking home, (father of our former governor) for some time until he could get around.

The first church services were held in the schoolhouse. The first church was built in 1905. This church burned in 1917 and a new building was built in 1918. Early ministers were Vincent, Boaz, Biffington, Esteppe, Barnes, Ryan, Beckwith, Lamb, L.A. Hawn, and Ryerson.

Blacksmiths were Alex Hemphill, G. K. Snyder, John Snyder (father of the Snyder Brothers Jewelry), and Louie Novak. Other early residents were Jim Restine; Walter Restine; Fred Barnes; William Mitchill; Harry, Fred, and Ed Sanders; George Bryson; William Strausser; Henry Hart; and Henry Gardner.

The Jim Verner family operated a hotel for several years. The grain elevator was built soon after the Union Pacific Railroad was built. This was operated by an upright steam engine. At one time active Odd Fellow and M.W.A Lodges were represented here in Broughton.

Broughton in its time was a big little town, a large shipping center for livestock, as well as grain and coal. The first river bridge was built in 1876 and the present bridge was built in 1948.

Broughton was a thriving, busy place from 1890 to 1910, but after the automobile came out in force, the little town folded and died.

APPENDIX 2

Memoirs of Wade Arlan Bauer

Note: the following is a transcript of family history that my brother Wade did a few years ago. It's been slightly edited from the original.

I was born at Clay Center Community hospital on the north side of Clay Center, Kansas, on September 19, 1923. I don't remember a thing about that day.

School Days

The Broughton School was one of the better-run schools in Clay County. We had some of the better teachers because the school paid more than most. Dad (Ernest W. Bauer) was on the school board for 25 years. The school board, instead of the county, had more to say about how the budget was used back then. The Broughton School was a two-room building with four grades in each room (first-fourth grades and fifth-eighth grades). There are a lot of advantages in having four grades in one room — you could learn from those ahead of you and also review from those behind you. The school also had a one-room open area that was used originally as a one-room school (before my day). But this room was used to play games mainly on bad weather days.

Marylin Hemphill was one of my grade school teachers. Emma Bushell had us in fifth grade. I had Elizabeth Hammerli in sixth grade. She was an excellent teacher. Her father was a staging agent for the railroad. Her mother

ended up being a county superintendent for awhile. The only male teacher I ever had was Harold Heimrich. He taught either seventh or eighth grade. Back when Dad was going to school there were a few male teachers in Broughton. But Harold Heimrich is the only male teacher I know of who ever taught at Broughton during my generation.

There were only four students in our eighth grade class — two girls: Maureen Babb and Irene Spiers, and Wynn and me. All four of us were good students, which was not the case in several other classes.

Back then, we had railroad workers living in Broughton. They were there only for a short time. There was temporary housing for railroad workers. At times, a Mexican or two — railroad worker's kids — went to school with us. I don't remember language being a problem. I just remember them going outside and playing sports with the rest of us. There were no black kids when I went to school. There were a couple of black families that lived near Broughton, but that was before I was in school. In the spring and fall, we played a lot of softball and other sports. Students from other schools came in for ball and track events.

An old coal furnace in the basement heated the old school, and in the winter a lot of the boys went to the basement to eat their lunches. The school had two outhouses. We soon learned to go quickly and get back where it was warm. As for getting to school: we always walked, even in the worst of weather. I don't remember ever riding to school. Everybody walked. It was one and a half miles and seemed twice as far when the snow was blowing. Another thing, many of the boys at my school had trap lines and would check them on the way to school. If they caught a skunk then they came to school with that odor on them. As the room warmed up, the smell got worse.

Music

Also, during those grade school years — when I was about seven and eight — Mom dressed Wynn and me up in girls' clothing and wigs and we sang in many places. We both sang soprano. I remember performing at the Shiloh church

over by the Nemnich's. We also went to the amateur hour at the Chatalkwa — out by the city swimming pool in Clay Center. When we finished playing our songs, we'd pull off the wigs and everyone would laugh. It was fun, but we soon outgrew that. One time Dad brought home a 2-bass accordion and I learned to play it. Soon I advanced to a 12-bass and then to 120-bass. One of the songs we played a lot was *The Blue Danube Waltz*. Wynn and I took the accordion with us about everywhere we went. That got old, too. We went to Clay Center for piano lessons. We took piano lessons from Nora Carlson when we were kids. Mom taught us songs and she made us practice the piano. Mom had to stand over us with a yardstick to make us practice.

I went to 9-12th grade (1937-1941) at Clay Center High School, graduating in 1941. We had an enrollment of about 640 students. We had around 140 in my class. Math was my favorite subject. I couldn't see anything hard about algebra. I didn't really participate on a high school sports team, but I played in intramural sports.

On The Farm

We kept 16-20 workhorses. I remember one white horse we had. Dad would have to switch it on the rear to keep it from walking on the ridge of the field. We had names for all of the horses, but Dad was never really close to any of them. I never had a horse of my own when I was young.

Dad fed a lot of cattle and hogs and sheep. Many times as they were ready to market, we drove them to the stockyards in Broughton where they were loaded onto stock cars on the Union Pacific Railroad, and shipped to Kansas City. Sheep and cattle came in by train and we would drive them home. Later, trucks came in to eliminate this chore.

We were fortunate at home as we had a 32-volt generator system in the basement. The entire house had lights and we also had a big tank for water in the basement that gave us running water. We had electricity for as long as I can remember. We also had a cistern pump for soft water in our washroom. Dad always kept a razor strap in that same room. Most of us

boys knew what it was for. Yes, I had my share, but a little discipline is good for everyone.

It seemed like every winter we had trouble with packs of dogs getting into the sheep pen. But one time Dad put strychnine on a dead lamb and it got a lot of our neighbors' dogs.

Dad Loved Work

Dad was real interested in business. All he cared about was work. He loved his family, but it was Mom's job to raise the kids. Dad planted an orchard, mostly apples, on our home place in Broughton. He also planted a few cherry and peach trees. He made wine about every year from our vineyard. Dad always bought and sold cattle. He used to take the train down to Fort Worth, Texas, and Old Mexico in the 1930s and early 1940s and buy longhorn cattle. Then he'd ship several hundred head back up to Kansas on trains. He also bought several hundred sheep and pigs, locally.

Hogs

We'd have 400 to 500 hogs at certain times. With the hog project: Several times Dad just let the pregnant sows go to the timber and have their babies. It wouldn't be long before the family of pigs showed up.

Back then, a number of diseases would hit and it seemed like we spent days burning dead hogs. We had to vaccinate all the hogs we purchased or raised, but still had trouble raising them. Before vaccines, necro used to kill lots of hogs. I remember Dad and my brothers and me used to pile up hundreds of dead hogs and burn them. God, what a smell. We drove hogs and sheep and cattle one and a half miles to load them on trains in Broughton. They had loading facilities on both the Rock Island and the Union Pacific railroads. On the drives, Dad was boss. He, all my brothers, and the hired man, Chris Haden, would do the drive.

Hired Man

Haden was Dad's hired man for years during the 1930s. I remember Dad used an old saw rig to saw logs with him. I have no idea how much Dad paid him, but a lot of guys made a dollar a day during that time. When the Depression hit in the 1930s, Dad let Haden live in a little house — that was there for hired help only — which was a quarter-mile north of the home place. Haden also worked for the Works Progress Administration (WPA) when they came around in the 1930s.

The Great Depression

The Dirty Thirties (the dry years) were something to remember. I remember binding corn about all night so they could fill silos during the day. A big old steam engine ran the cutter and the blower chopped the stalks and put them into our big upright silos. The wheat and oats were also cut with a binder and then again threshed with a big tractor and threshing machines that blew the straw into big piles. All the grain was hauled in by horses and wagons and hand scooped in the bins. I've also helped bale some of the straw from the stacks being put into bales with a horse-drawn stationary baler.

Corn was all planted with horse-drawn equipment, cultivated with a two-row cultivator, and then picked by hand again. All ear corn was scooped by hand into the crib and then sometime in the winter we hired a sheller to come in. Again, the corn had to be scooped into the sheller and then had to be scooped by hand into the granary.

We never had herbicides at that time, so the hoe was a necessary item — not only to cut weeds (we had sunflowers that grew everywhere) — but also to keep the kids busy.

Dad's Past

Martin and Lena (Vogelman) Bauer were my grandparents on my dad's side. Dad was the oldest of four kids. He had two brothers, Uncle Will and Uncle

Harry, and a sister, Aunt Nell. I never knew my granddad, Martin Bauer. The farm was basically handed over to Dad after his father (Martin) died.

Dad went to the Broughton School through eighth grade, and then he farmed full-time. He was ten years older than Mom. I don't know how they met, but Dad and Mom were married in 1918.

Pera (Nemnich) Bauer

My mom was Pera Aral (Nemnich) Bauer. Mom was born September 10, 1894, in Clifton, Kansas. She was the oldest of six kids. When she was young her family moved to a farm over by Morganville. I don't know much about when she was a kid. I know Granddad and Grandma Nemnich took Mom and the rest of the kids to the Shiloh Methodist Church, which was close to their home. Mom was a teacher before she met Dad. She had normal training during high school. She taught in the Shiloh District west of Morganville. She had to stop teaching after she was married. Mom had real, real fine blonde hair and blue eyes. She was about 5'6" and 135 lbs. Dad was about 5'8" and 150 lbs. Mom's first and third kids were stillborn. No one ever talked about it, but there are two babies buried in Dad and Mom's plot at the Broughton Cemetery.

Mom didn't do much outside besides gardening. Dad always worked outside. He did all the butchering of hogs, cattle, and chickens. Mom was busy raising seven kids. She used to make sauerkraut and soup. Ruby Davis (Laflin) [1912-1989] only lived about a quarter mile south of us. She helped clean house and take care of us kids for Mom. They paid Ruby about $1 a day.

Mom took us to the State Fair in Topeka one year during the 1930s. A lot of women couldn't drive cars at that time, but Mom could. We walked around and looked at all of the exhibits. Dad used to take apples and corn to our county fair. Mom used to sew a lot for Pera Beth and Pat. Mom encouraged us to do well in school. She promised us nice wristwatches if

we did well in high school, but she passed on before we graduated, so we never got watches.

Mom's last baby wasn't full-term. Her blood pressure was acting up. She shouldn't have been having another kid at that age (less than one month before her 46th birthday). The baby was aborted and Mom never came home after that. She developed an infection and died a few days later. We always wondered if the doctor, Dr. Fritz Shephard, could have done a better job.

After Mom Was Gone

Pera Beth, my younger sister, assumed the responsibility of being the mother after Mom was gone. I did a lot of the cooking. A few years after Mom died, Dad married Emma Leach, an old maid. Dad kept his nose out of other people's business, but people gossiped when he married Emma. She was the bank director and owned stock in Peoples National Bank. I guess he promised Emma that he'd move to town if she married him, but he wouldn't leave the farm. I imagine it would be difficult to be an old maid and marry into a family with seven children. They were only married about a year. She never remarried. I remember that Emma had visited England because her grandparents lived there.

Dad was married a third and final time to Alice Gardner. Dad went to grade school in Broughton with her. After his divorce, he must have heard that she was living in Oregon. She was a librarian in Eugene, Oregon. Dad lived in Eugene for about two years after he married her. She didn't care much for us kids. She was a short, heavy lady. She took care of Dad until she died of a heart attack in 1965.

Dad didn't want us to go to college. Lafe was the oldest boy and Dad wanted him to be a farmer. So, Lafe paid his way through college and the University of Kansas Medical School. Dad gave 160 acres to each son who stayed home to farm (Gail, Wade, Wynn, and Bob). He paid for Pera Beth and Pat's education. They both went to Kansas State. In later years, Dad came to realize the importance of college.

Think for Yourself

Dad always tried to make us think for ourselves. If you'd ask him if it was time to put up hay, he'd say, "You can't put it up until you get it down." Use your own head, in other words. I guess he was trying to make us more independent. He was pretty strict. If we left a gate open and sheep got out, we got a lickin'.

Scooping Corn

Dad always had back problems (he called his back problems lumbago), but he could out scoop anybody in the county. When he was older, he always had to rock about three times to get out of a chair. He used to buy grain by the boxcar load, and he'd stay all day and fill his wagons until the boxcar was empty. I've never seen anyone scoop corn and grain like he could. He was an early riser and an early go-to-bedder. He was usually back by 6 PM for supper to be fair to Mom and us.

Fighting the End of Broughton

Dad went to Omaha in 1936 to fight the dam being put in. He knew it would be the end of everyone's farms. But it didn't make a bit of difference. Thirty years later they built the dam. Dad delayed it enough to have the dam built by Tuttlecreek in Manhattan. But once the government has plans in its books, it's about impossible to get them off. Milford Dam was put on the Republican River, and other dams built to protect Topeka and Kansas City from flooding.

German

Dad could speak German. I remember hearing him talk with his mom. I guess so we didn't know what they were saying. Dad used to read a lot, particularly worldly books and biographies. He used to read *Newsweek* magazine from cover to cover.

The Nemnich Branch

Granddad Nemnich ran a threshing crew. Before modern farming equipment and combines, they shucked wheat and went around to other farms with the old steam engine and threshing machine and did it for other people. Granddad owned the machine, so he led the crew. Back then, they did everything on horses. He had 160 acres up by Morganville — eight miles west and four miles north of Clay Center. Most people called him "Will," but he was "Granddad" to me.

Our families, the Bauers and Nemnichs, didn't visit very often — usually, just on Sundays or during holidays. Granddad Nemnich never helped us farm or anything. The Bauers and Nemnichs got along, but they didn't really know each other real well. I remember my Nemnich grandparents had a bathroom in the upstairs with running water, which was unusual for the time. They kept Grandma Nemnich off in a side room of the house. I don't remember a whole lot about her. She was an invalid. I never set down and talked with her. She was confined to wheelchairs and beds. A stroke had paralyzed most of her body and she couldn't speak. She died when I was about seven.

Granddad Nemnich probably struggled like everyone through the Depression during the 1930s. It was just too dry to grow much. He married Grandma Rose (Rose Tillotson) after Grandma Nemnich died. For a step-grandma, I thought she fit well into our family. The Nemnichs were German, but I don't remember ever hearing Granddad Nemnich speak German. I never heard my mother speak German, either. Granddad Nemnich died of cancer in 1938. The Danenhauers lived in the house after the Nemnichs were gone.

Meeting Connie Demaray

I first saw Connie Demaray at a 4-H Encampment in Hutchinson, Kansas. I was the Best Groomed Boy from Clay County and she was the Best Dressed Girl from Jewell County. We ran around together at the State Fair. I got sick

on an airplane (amusement park) ride, and Connie's mother thought I'd been drinking.

Connie and I lived with Dad for the first six months after we were married. Dad had a black Buick, the family car, which we all used to get around. Connie went to stay with her folks when I went away during World War II. She had David while I was gone. He was over a month old the first time I saw him. We moved into our house south of Broughton after I got back, and I bought a new green Chevrolet pickup.

Grandma Bauer

I never visited much with Grandma Bauer. Her name was Lena (Vogelman) Bauer. She lived in Clay Center when I was growing up by Broughton. We'd go in with Dad to see her sometimes, like on a Sunday, or during the holidays, but not very often. Older people didn't talk much with kids back then.

APPENDIX 3

A Family History

ROBERT IVAN BAUER

Note: the following is a transcript of family history that my brother Robert Ivan Bauer did a few years ago. It's been slightly edited from the original.

Joseph Philip Bauer (1820 – 1881) came to the United State from Germany in 1846. After living in Ulster County, New York for three and a half years, he moved to Jo Daviess County, Illinois, where he lived for at least 17 years. In September of 1868 he came to Clay County, Kansas, where he bought a farm. It is not known how he came to Kansas or when he brought the family to Kansas. It is believed that the family came to Kansas in the fall of 1868.

The record of the farm began with 150 acres deeded to David Becker, a guardian of a minor child of Pa-San Tubblee, who was a Florida Indian war veteran. First transferred in Ogden, Kansas, this tract of land was later bought by James Hemphill.

The Hemphill family built a four-room log house on the land. This house was painted blue and built mostly of native lumber. Some finish lumber was hauled from Leavenworth. The Hemphill family built a log barn, which was about 75 feet long. It had a cattle protection area, room for about six horses, and a corn bin in the north end. The Hemphills also dug a well, which was laid inside with a rock wall. This well never went dry.

In September of 1868 Joseph P. Bauer (my great grandfather) purchased the land from Hemphill for $2,400 ($600 cash and $1,800 mortgaged). The house that the Hemphills had built was used until a new house (about 100 yards north) was built by my grandfather Martin Bauer in 1883. Joseph died in 1881 and his widow lived in the original log house until 1894 when she moved to Wisconsin with her married daughters, Julia and Katie. In 1904 Martin built the last home built on the farm. This was located just east of the log house, and then the log house was torn down. The first house Martin built was moved into the barnyard and made into a modern elevator and grinder. This was about 1908.

The Union Pacific Railroad was built through the area from Junction City to Clay Center and was the first railroad to run through the farm. In 1888, the Rock Island Railroad, which ran from Manhattan to Clay Center, cut through the farm. The Rock Island had a creek to cross, across which they put the bridge. Later this was replaced by a large stone arch culvert, which was big enough to drive a team and wagon through. Both railroads built large unloading pens at Broughton where many head of cattle, hogs, and sheep were loaded and unloaded. The Bauer farm was about two miles from the pens, and the animals were herded from the farm to the loading pens. Both railroads had a depot where a station agent with his telegraph handled the daily traffic.

At about the time my parents were married, my dad had a 32-volt light plant installed in the basement of the house and wired the house so that every room had a light bulb. But no other electrical devices were in the house. An inside bathroom with a tub on legs, stool, and lavatory was installed at this time. Water was heated by the kitchen stove being hooked to the hot water heater tank setting next to it. The water pressure system was a 300-gallon steel tank in the basement which water was pumped into by the windmill (when the wind was blowing), otherwise we pumped by

hand. As the tank filled, it compressed the air inside and caused pressure so water would run through the pipes.

My mother, Pera Nemnich Bauer, died when I was young, and the memories are short. I remember how hard she worked to keep seven children fed, their clothes clean and mended.

A lot of our food was provided by a large garden, which we always had just east of the house. Canning was done all summer. We turned cabbage into sauerkraut in a 30-gallon wood barrel. We had a large orchard and grape arbor just east of the garden where apples, pears, cherries, peaches, grapes, and rhubarb were plentiful. We even grew horseradish. Meat (pork) was butchered on the farm and canned or salted for storage. Milk and butter were kept cool in the summer in a five-gallon can lowered into the water well on a rope. We made butter in a three-gallon wooden churn. I liked to churn the butter, because I got the buttermilk to drink.

Many wild fruits and nuts were used in our diet. Mulberries, wild plums, wild grapes, gooseberries, and walnuts were the most common. The gooseberry bush was a very *stickery* plant and we kids made a picking can out of a tin can with a lid half attached. We nailed a board on the lid with nails sticking up about a quarter inch apart. With this you could hold the limb of the bush with one hand and just pull the can along under the limb, catching the berries with the nails, and they would drop into the can. For mulberries we would spread old blankets under the tree and shake the limbs until the ripe fruit fell to the ground. We then gathered the fruit and put it into buckets. Walnuts were gathered in the fall and stored in the shed to dry. A sandy area in the cornfield provided many watermelon, muskmelon, pumpkin, and squash.

The river provided us with lots of catfish at times. We kids would set bank lines and someone would check them in the morning and the evening. The river was one and a half miles from the house, so we rode a horse to check the lines most of the time. One pony would not let you get on with a

fish in your hand, but if the pony did not see the fish, you could get on. So we were sneaky about getting aboard with a fish in hand.

In winter we kids hunted for quail and pheasant and skin animals such as skunk, raccoon, possum, and badgers. Skins were stored and sold to fur dealers.

Before we had a corn picker, all the corn was picked by hand, and it was an all-winter job. We raised nearly every kind of domestic animal and fowl. Even in the purchased cattle we had a team of oxen and several longhorn steers. We had the longhorns returned from the packinghouse when the cattle were sold, and we boiled, cleaned, and mounted them. They hung in the living room of our house for years.

Homemade bread was nearly a daily job for mother. It was baked in a three-loaf pan in the wood cook stove. The house heat came from the large wood stove in the dining room with a flue pipe going up through the bedroom where I slept. It wasn't much heat when the stove was going, but getting dressed next to the flue was better than freezing. Of course, you cooked on one side and froze on the other half. Every year a large woodpile was located south of the house. Getting the wood in was one of my first jobs.

The wood heater was replaced by a butane furnace and cook stove in about 1940. The first mechanical refrigerator that I remember was a kerosene model. When the Rural Electrification Administration (R.E.A.) came we got our first electrical refrigerator. The washing machine was a Maytag. It ran by a gas motor until R.E.A. came. The sewing machine was a foot treadle Singer.

Our mail was brought by rural mail carrier, which was the same family for years. At home, we played a lot of card games for entertainment. We made our own Monopoly set, which got hard use. The first radio I remember was battery powered and had lots of static. We had a player piano, which most of us learned to play. Dad bought accordions that Wynn and Wade learned to play. Lafe played the oboe. Gail started on the saxophone. Pera

Beth played the piano. After Mother passed away, Greta (Pat) and I never took lessons.

In the summertime, there were ice cream socials at the church and school dinners. When the new school was built, the community started having square dances in the basement along with a dinner, which always had a big turnout. George Dietrich played piano, Harley Haines the fiddle, and Tom Holt was the caller.

I never knew my dad to drink liquor enough to cause drunkenness. Dad did make wine nearly every year and had a half dozen wood wine kegs in the basement for storage. Some liquor was kept in the cabinet in the kitchen, but it was mostly for company or medicinal uses.

In my school years, all of the Bauer children walked to school: one mile north and one-one-quarter mile west. Rain, snow, or shine, very few days were missed. We walked. The first school in Broughton was a wood building. It was later replaced by a one-room rock school, which was replaced in 1888 by a large two-room schoolhouse built of native stone with a basement. When I was in the fifth grade, the schoolhouse burned down the day before school was to start. School was held that year in the local Methodist Church while a new school was built on the location of the old school. Stone from the old school was used in a retainer wall at the Broughton Cemetery.

The longest trip my dad Ernest remembered was a trip to Butler County in the spring wagon with several relatives. It was a two-day trip, and they stayed overnight in Hope, Kansas. George Dietrich said the bed bugs just about ate them up.

Ernest's first car was a 1913 four-cylinder Buick that he bought new in Clay Center for $900. In 1915 he wanted to go to Butler County and bought four new tires and put three of them on. On his way, Ernest took George Carls to Pauline, Kansas, and then went on alone to Butler County. West of Emporia one tire blew out, and he drove on the rim to Florence where he had to put on the fourth new tire. The mechanic ruined the tire trying to mount

it and gave him a new one. South of Florence he ruined another tire and went back and bought another tire. About a mile from the Karl Vogelman farm, he got stuck in a mud hole in the road and just left the vehicle there overnight and walked.

I don't remember the use of the buggy. But when I was young, I do remember us kids pushing the old buggy up the hill east of the house, then all getting aboard and guiding it with our feet for a wild ride down the hill. There were a few accidents, but nothing serious. The use of horses and wagons for feeding the stock, picking up corn, and other chores was normal. Once in a while a new horse was added to the team, and we would have a runaway team which would run wild until they got all tangled up or hit a tree or post and would have to stop. I remember my oldest brother Lafe helping with a four-horse team and dirt sled cutting the new road south of the river bridge at Broughton. About the same time, a pond was built in the same manner just north of the house.

I don't remember ever threshing but we still had to fill silos with a crew binding the feed in the field, another crew hauling the bundles to the silage cutter, and a crew running the older tractor and cutter at the silo. Of course, this meant that we had to feed the crews, which was a big household chore. Shortly after getting our first tractor, we had a corn picker mounted on this tractor. We kids then walked along behind the picker and attempted to pick up what had fallen to the ground.

Most all the corn was fed to the hogs and cattle. This corn (some yellow, some white) was open pollinated. In later years, we raised a lot of hybrid seed corn, which we bought from Kansas State College in Manhattan. The seed we raised was graded, sacked, and sold all around the area to other farmers and dealers. When new varieties of wheat, oats milo, and corn became available at the college, we usually raised some that could be sold as seed. Seed corn required a lot of extra work, but the returns were worth it. Some popcorn was raised for our own use.

In 1935 one of the largest floods that ever came down the Republican River backed water clear up to the Union Pacific Railroad tracks in Broughton. I remember going to Uncle Harry's house west of Broughton in a high-wheel wagon and a team through the floodwaters. At times the water was up to the floor of the wagon. This road was two miles north of the river.

In 1937 Lafe graduated from Clay County Community High School and stayed home one year to help farm before entering medical school. That year Ernest bought his first tractor, a Farmall F-20. Lafe said they planted corn that spring in three days. It was a job that usually took three weeks. This just about put the horses on the farm out of business. That winter Dad and Lafe spent many days pulling stumps with the new tractor. There was still quite a large area near the river where the trees had not all been cleared.

In 1940 my mother died in the hospital at Clay Center and was buried at the Broughton Cemetery one mile north of Broughton. Mother had always been active in the local Methodist Church, school functions, and 4-H clubs.

I started high school in 1942 at which time World War II was in progress. Gas and tires were rationed and new cars were unavailable.

I attended Clay County Community High School, commuting daily in a pool ride with local neighbors. Some of my brothers were in the Army and Navy, and so I had farm chores morning and night to take care of. This did not leave much time for the things at school I would have liked to do.

Before the war was over, all five Bauer boys had served in the Armed Services in some way. Lafe went to the South Pacific as an Army medic and Wynn went to Germany with the U.S. Army 3rd Armored Division. Gail served in the Navy and flew in the V-12 program in the United States. Wade served in the Army and was stationed in Kentucky. I went in the Navy after peace was signed. I signed up in February 1946 and was released December of 1947.

I was married September 1949 in Linn, Kansas, to Loretta L. Biel whose father was the minister of the Missouri Synod Lutheran Church in Linn. After returning from the Navy, I entered Kansas State College in Manhattan, but after about six weeks I quit and went back to the farm. Along with Wynn and Wade, I started farming in the spring of 1948. In the fall of 1956, I took an exam for a position with the Kansas Highway Patrol (KHP) and was accepted. I attended an eight-week school at the University of Kansas in Lawrence and was then stationed in Newton, Kansas. We moved there in December of 1956. In July of 1959, I quit the KHP and worked for Guerdon Industries in the mobile home business. In January of 1960, this company transferred me to Corona, California, to work from their plant there. In August of 1962, I went back to work for the KHP and moved to El Dorado, Kansas.

My dad, Ernest, passed away in 1972. He had graduated from the eighth grade in the Broughton School. Over the years, he was a Mason and an Odd Fellow. He was an officer in the Odd Fellows at one time. He had been a vice president of the First National Bank in Clay Center a while before it went broke in 1932. He had served as a school board member at Broughton, on the township board, and one term on the county commissioners.

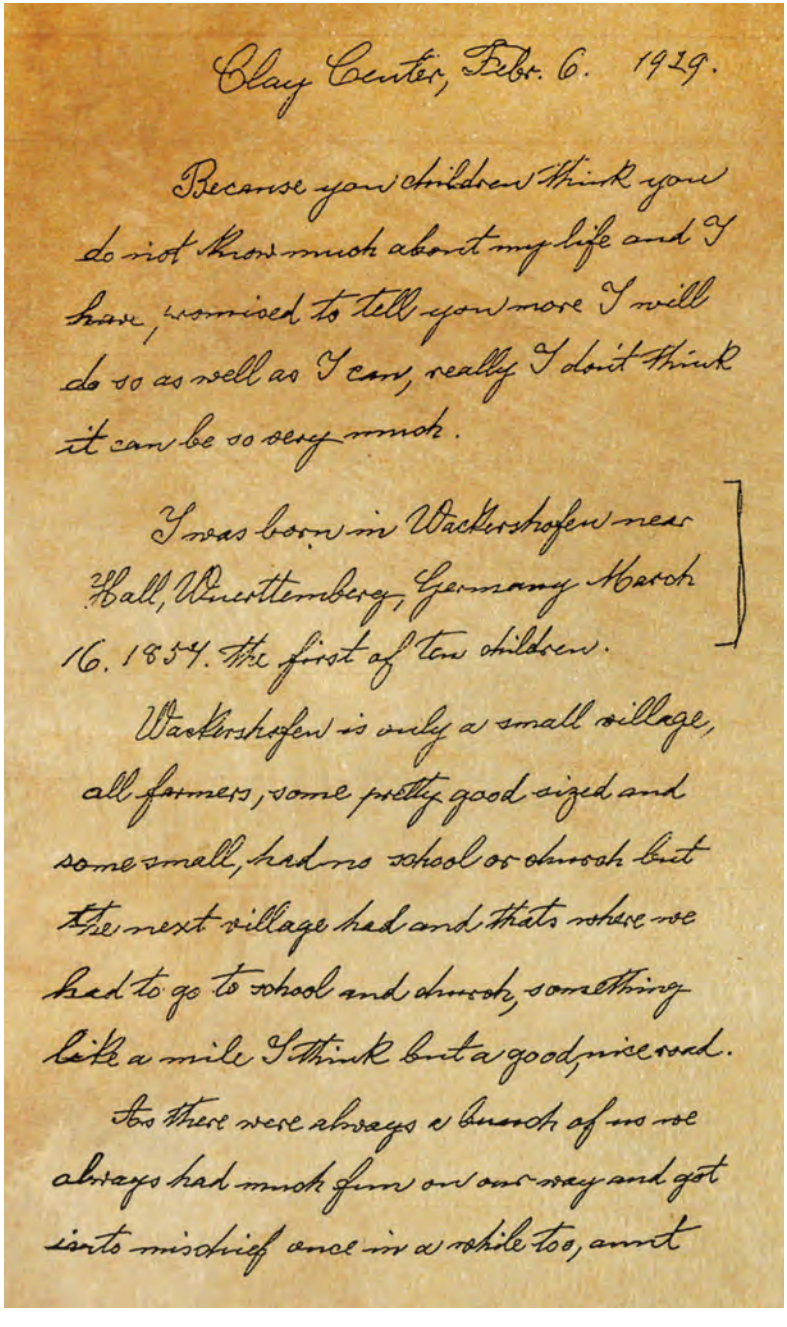
APPENDIX 4

A Family History

CAROLINE VOGELMAN CARLS

(my grandmother's sister)

This letter was written by my grandmother's sister. Our thanks to Clay County Museum for permission to reprint the letter here.



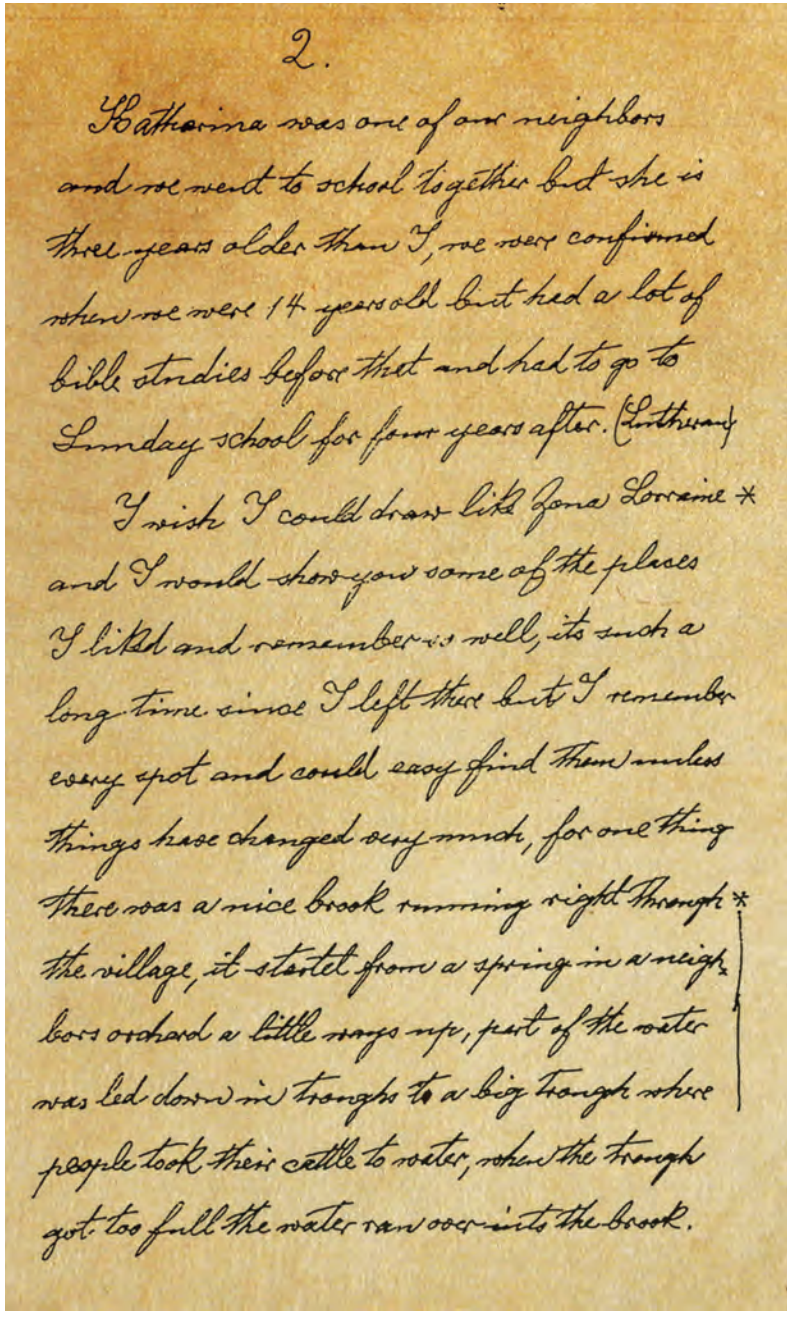
Clay Center, Febr. 6. 1919.

Because your children think you do not know much about my life and I have promised to tell you more I will do so as well as I can, really I don't think it can be so very much.

I was born in Wackershofen near Hall, Wuerttemberg, Germany March 16. 1854. the first of ten children.

Wackershofen is only a small village, all farmers, some pretty good sized and some small, had no school or church but the next village had and thats where we had to go to school and church, something like a mile I think but a good, nice road.

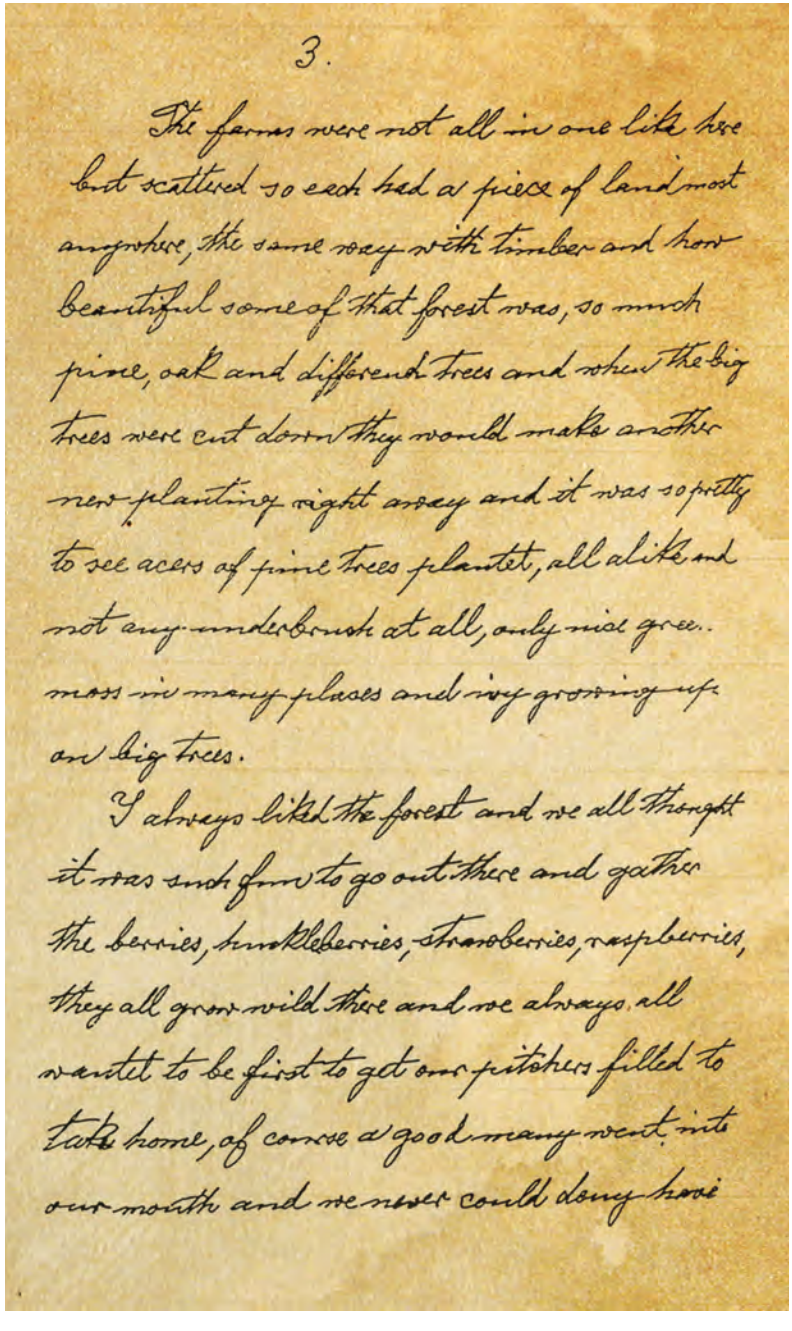
As there were always a bunch of us we always had much fun on our way and got into mischief once in a while too, and it



2.

Katharina was one of our neighbors and we went to school together but she is three years older than I, we were confirmed when we were 14 years old but had a lot of bible studies before that and had to go to Sunday school for four years after. (Lutheran)

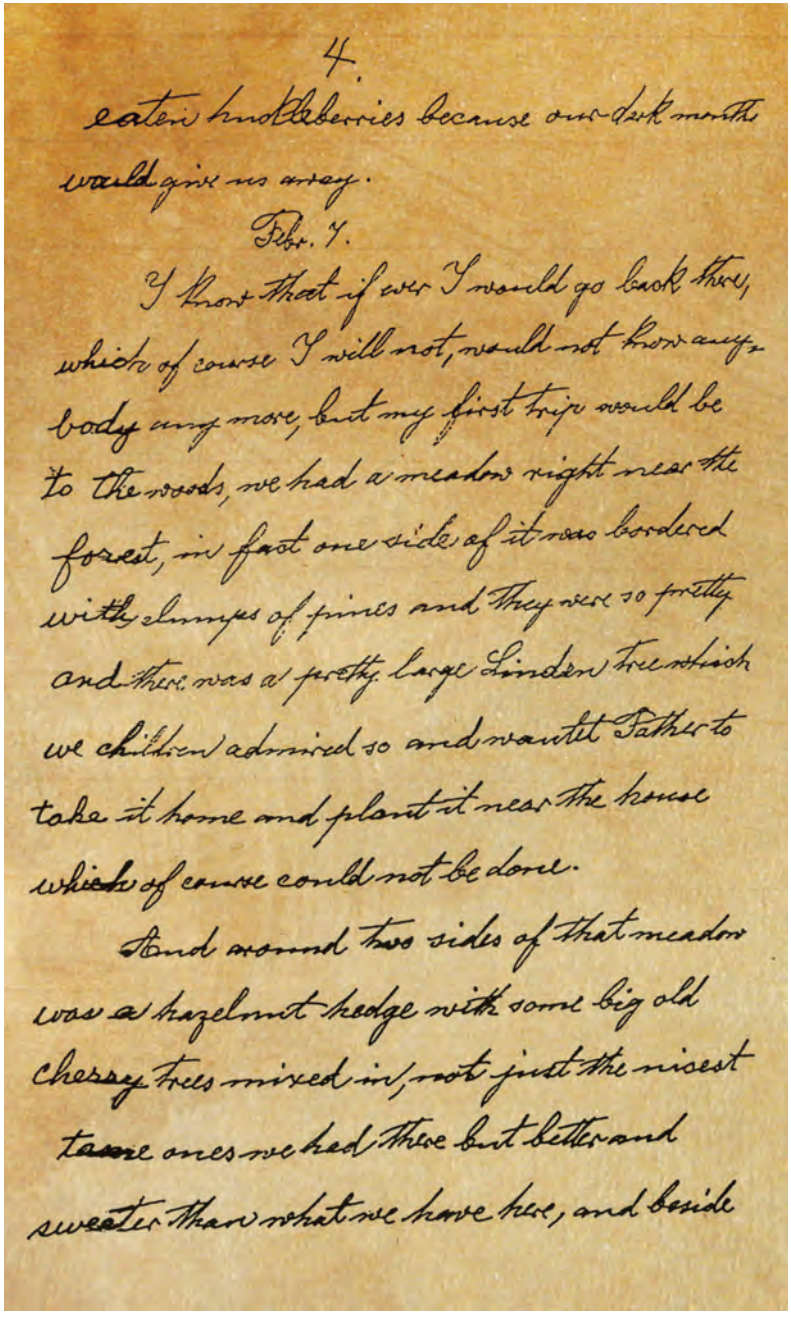
I wish I could draw like Jona Lorraine * and I would show you some of the places I liked and remember it's well, its such a long time since I left there but I remember every spot and could easy find them unless things have changed very much, for one thing there was a nice brook running right through * the village, it started from a spring in a neighbors orchard a little ways up, part of the water was led down in troughs to a big trough where people took their cattle to water, when the trough got too full the water ran over into the brook.



3.

The farms were not all in one like here but scattered so each had a piece of land most anywhere, the same way with timber and how beautiful some of that forest was, so much pine, oak and different trees and when the big trees were cut down they would make another new planting right away and it was so pretty to see acres of pine trees planted, all alike and not any underbrush at all, only nice green moss in many places and ivy growing up on big trees.

I always liked the forest and we all thought it was such fun to go out there and gather the berries, huckleberries, strawberries, raspberries, they all grew wild there and we always all wanted to be first to get our pitchers filled to take home, of course a good many went into our mouth and we never could deny how



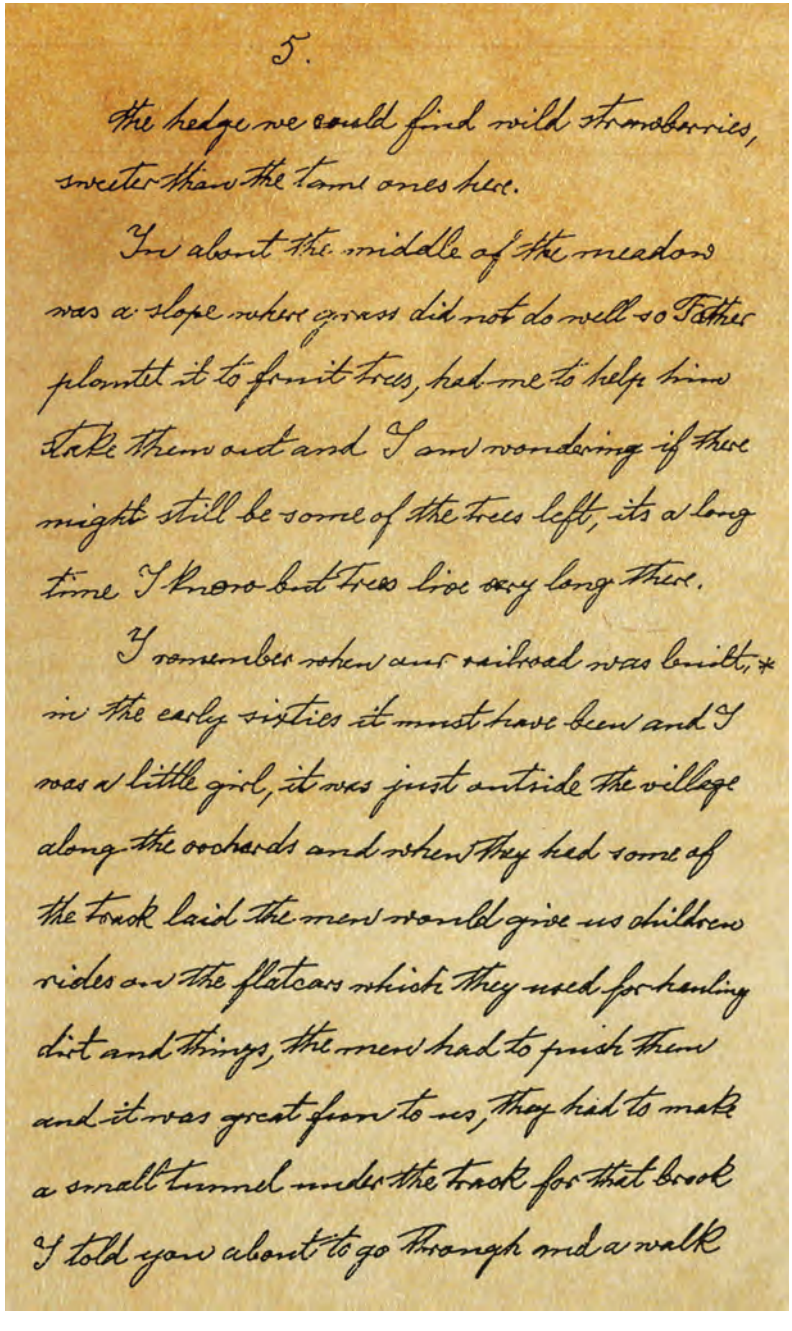
4.

eaten huckleberries because our dark mouths would give us away.

Febr. 7.

I know that if ever I would go back there, which of course I will not, would not know anybody any more, but my first trip would be to the woods, we had a meadow right near the forest, in fact one side of it was bordered with clumpes of pines and they were so pretty and there was a pretty large Linden tree which we children admired so and wanted Father to take it home and plant it near the house which of course could not be done.

And around two sides of that meadow was a hazelnut hedge with some big old cherry trees mixed in, not just the nicest tasse ones we had there but better and sweeter than what we have here, and beside

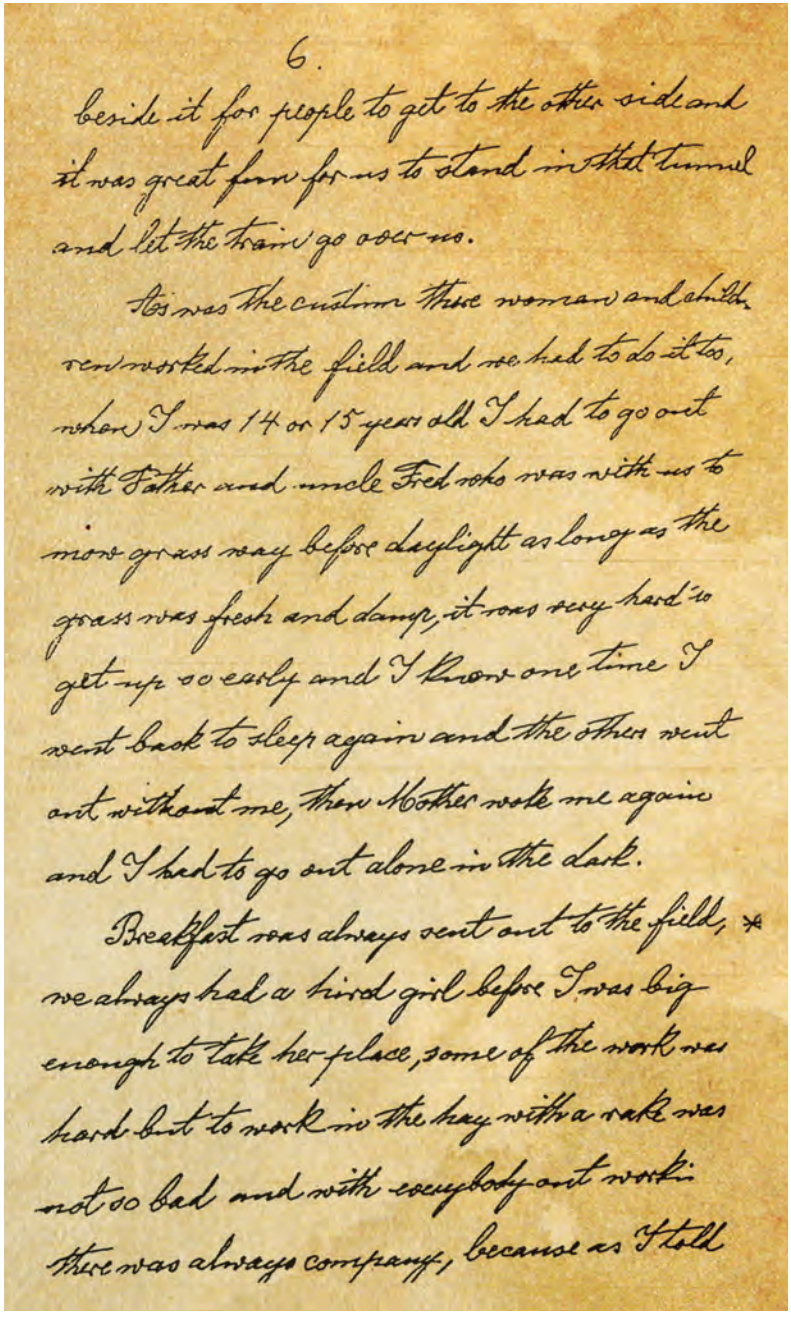


5.

the hedge we could find wild strawberries, sweeter than the tame ones here.

In about the middle of the meadow was a slope where grass did not do well so Father planted it to fruit trees, had me to help him stake them out and I am wondering if there might still be some of the trees left, its a long time I know but trees live very long there.

I remember when our railroad was built, * in the early sixties it must have been and I was a little girl, it was just outside the village along the orchards and when they had some of the track laid the men would give us children rides on the flatcars which they used for hauling dirt and things, the men had to push them and it was great fun to us, they had to make a small tunnel under the track for that brook I told you about to go through and a walk



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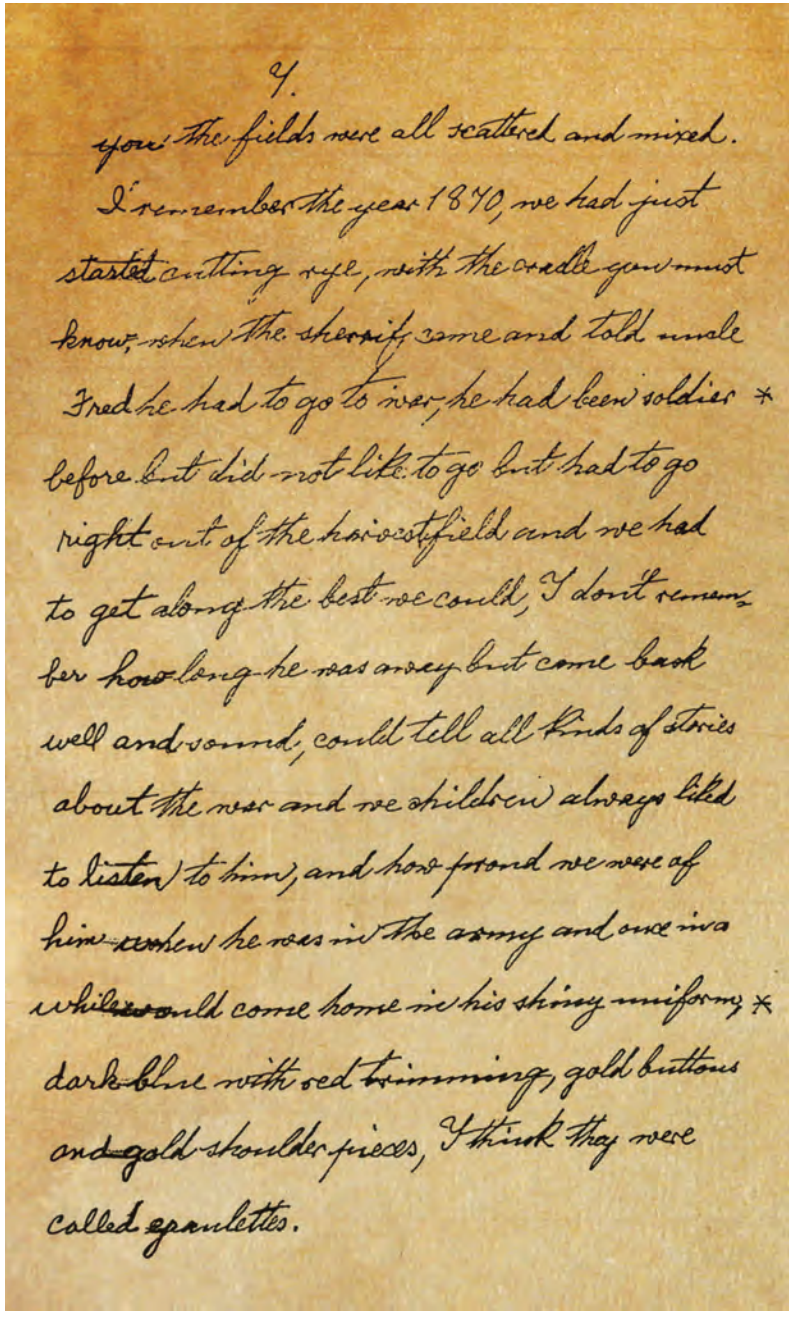
beside it for people to get to the other side and it was great fun for us to stand in that tunnel and let the train go over us.

As was the custom these women and children worked in the field and we had to do it too, when I was 14 or 15 years old I had to go out with Father and uncle Fred who was with us to mow grass way before daylight as long as the grass was fresh and damp, it was very hard to get up so early and I know one time I went back to sleep again and the others went out without me, then Mother woke me again and I had to go out alone in the dark.

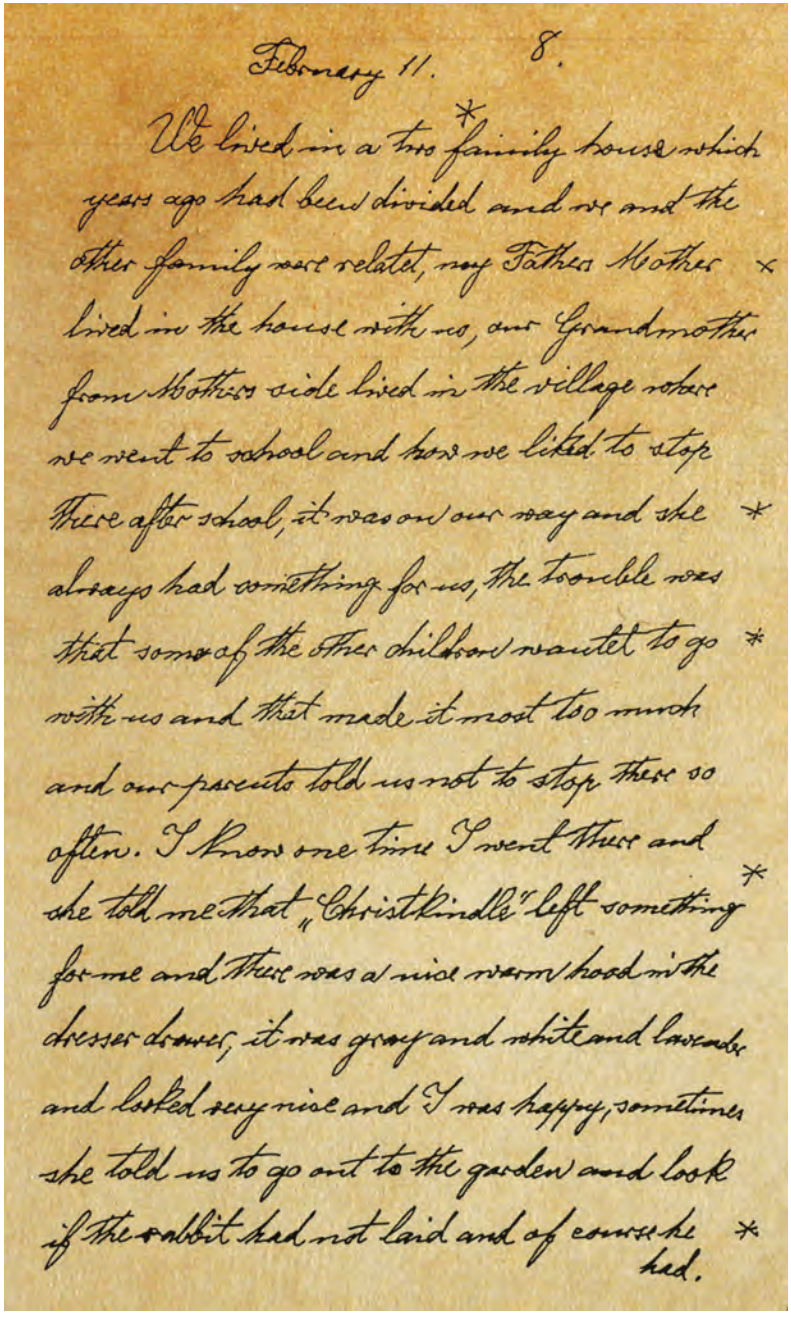
Breakfast was always sent out to the field, * we always had a hired girl before I was big enough to take her place, some of the work was hard but to work in the hay with a rake was not so bad and with everybody out workin there was always company, because as I told



4.

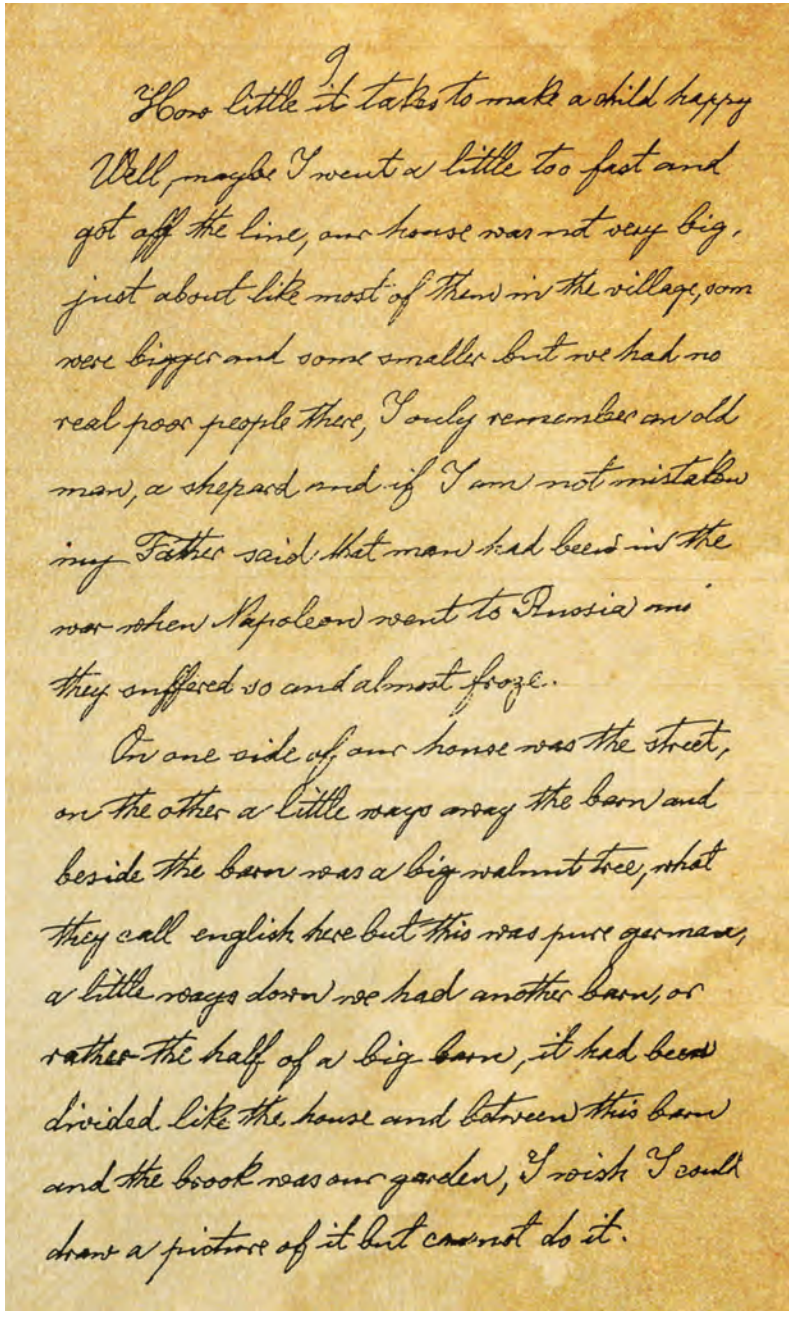
you the fields were all scattered and mixed.

I remember the year 1870, we had just started cutting rye, with the cradle you must know, when the sheriff came and told uncle Fred he had to go to war, he had been soldier * before but did not like to go but had to go right out of the harvest field and we had to get along the best we could, I don't remember how long he was away but came back well and sound, could tell all kinds of stories about the war and we children always liked to listen to him, and how proud we were of him when he was in the army and once in a while would come home in his shiny uniform, * dark blue with red trimming, gold buttons and gold shoulder pieces, I think they were called epaulettes.



February 11. 8.

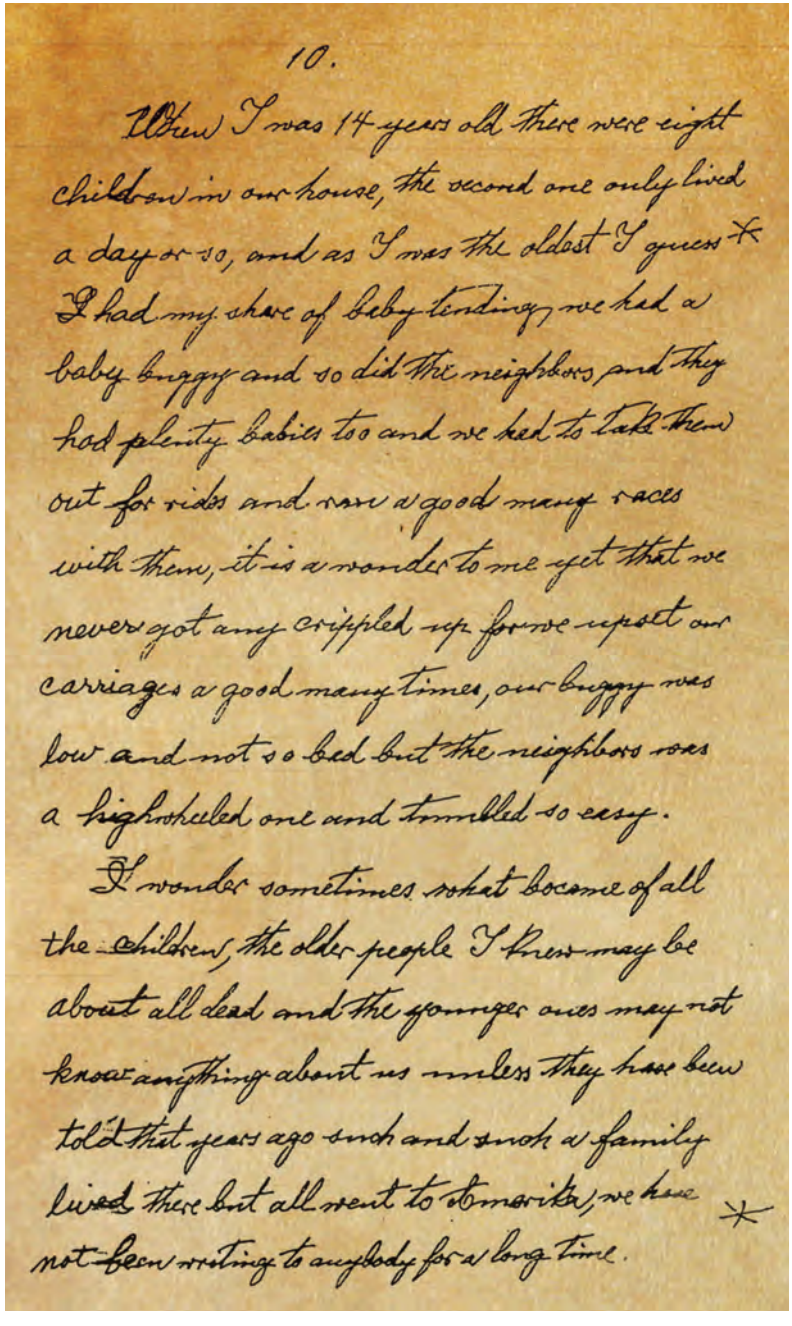
We lived in a two family house which years ago had been divided and we and the other family were related, my Fathers Mother lived in the house with us, our Grandmother from Mothers side lived in the village where we went to school and how we liked to stop there after school, it was on our way and she always had something for us, the trouble was that some of the other children wanted to go with us and that made it most too much and our parents told us not to stop there so often. I know one time I went there and she told me that „Christkindle" left something for me and there was a nice warm hood in the dresser drawer, it was gray and white and lavender and looked very nice and I was happy, sometimes she told us to go out to the garden and look if the rabbit had not laid and of course he had.



1

How little it takes to make a child happy
Well, maybe I went a little too fast and
got off the line, our house was not very big,
just about like most of them in the village, some
were bigger and some smaller but we had no
real poor people there, I only remember an old
man, a shepard and if I am not mistaken
my Father said that man had been in the
war when Napoleon went to Russia and
they suffered so and almost froze.

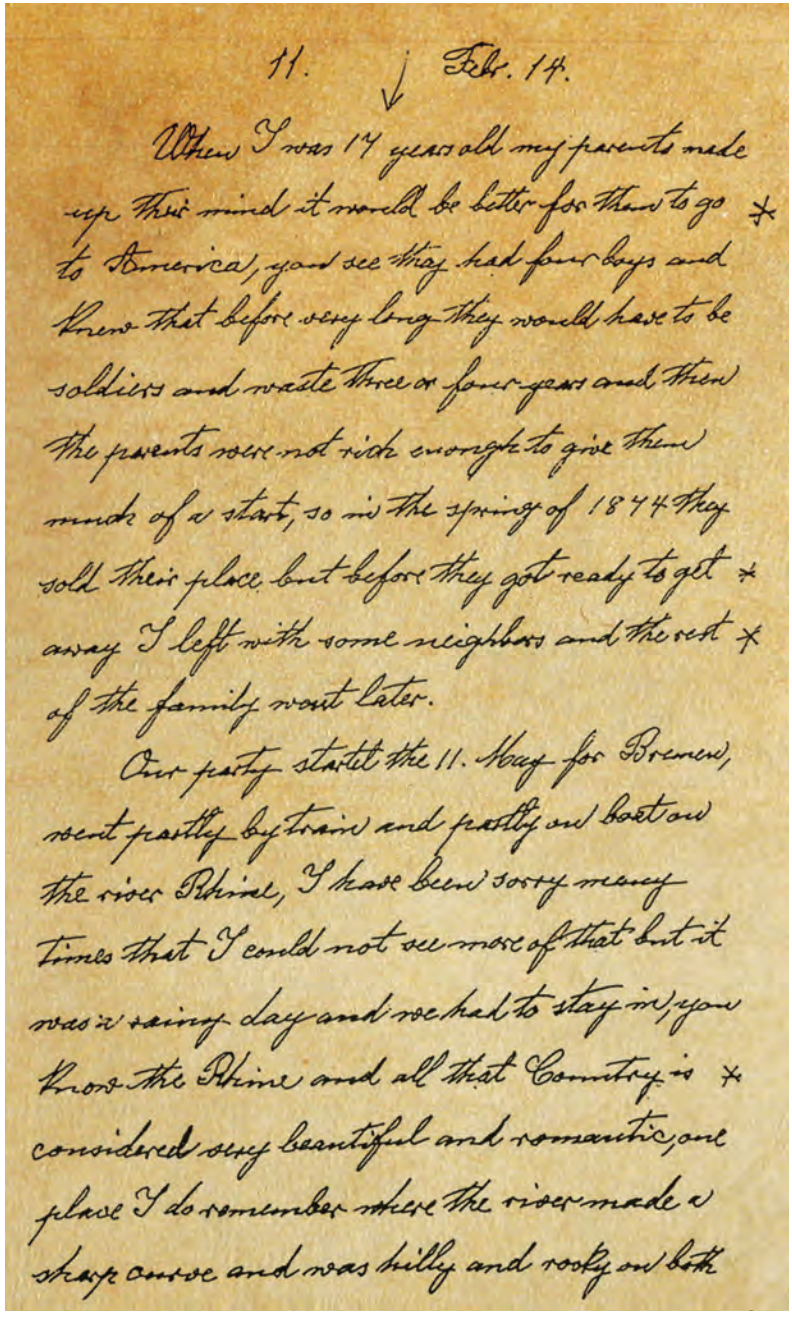
On one side of our house was the street,
on the other a little ways away the barn and
beside the barn was a big walnut tree, what
they call english here but this was pure germane,
a little ways down we had another barn, or
rather the half of a big barn, it had been
divided like the house and between this barn
and the brook was our garden, I wish I could
draw a picture of it but cannot do it.



10.

When I was 14 years old there were eight children in our house, the second one only lived a day or so, and as I was the oldest I guess I had my share of baby tending, we had a baby buggy and so did the neighbors and they had plenty babies too and we had to take them out for rides and have a good many races with them, it is a wonder to me yet that we never got any crippled up for we upset our carriages a good many times, our buggy was low and not so bad but the neighbors was a high wheeled one and tumbled so easy.

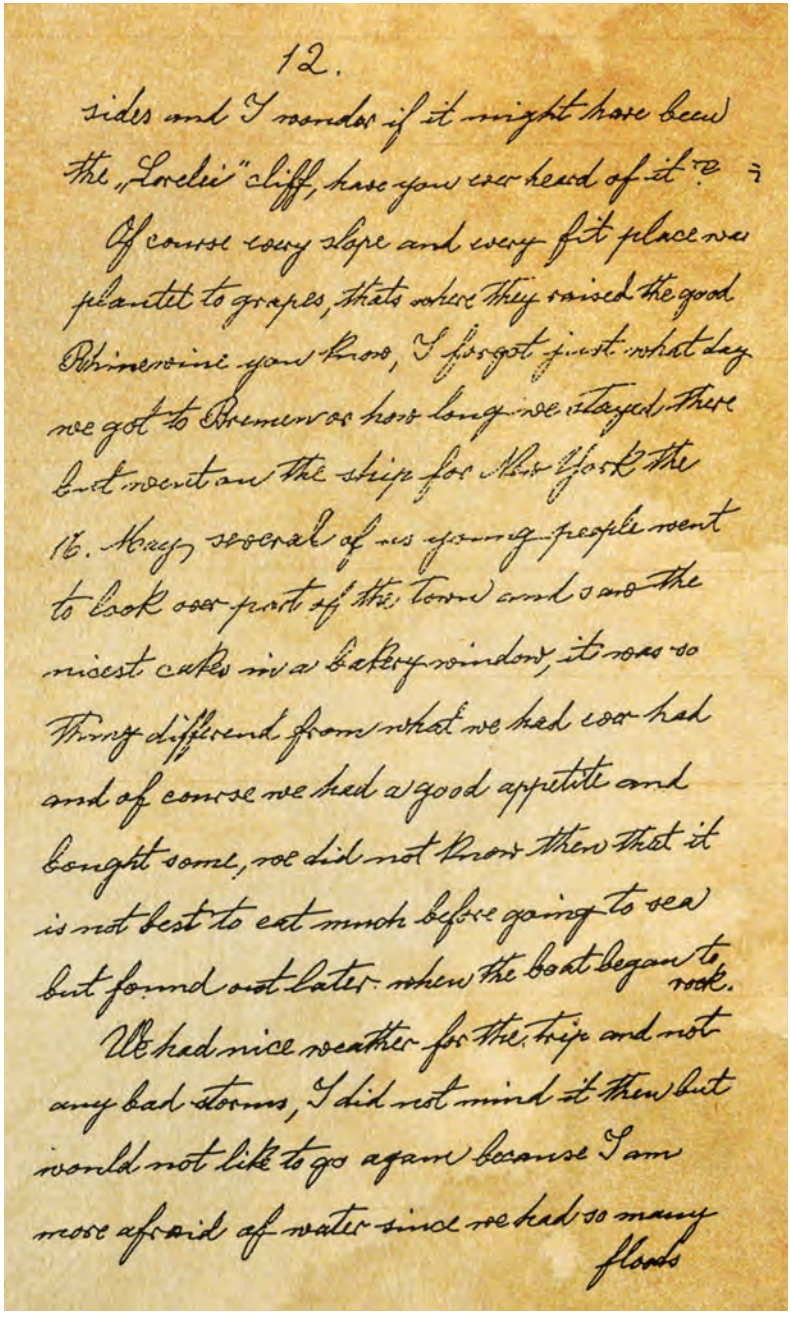
I wonder sometimes what became of all the children, the older people I knew may be about all dead and the younger ones may not know anything about us unless they have been told that years ago such and such a family lived there but all went to Amerika, we have not been writing to anybody for a long time.



11. Feb. 14.

When I was 14 years old my parents made up their mind it would be better for them to go to America, and see they had four boys and knew that before very long they would have to be soldiers and waste three or four years and then the parents were not rich enought to give them much of a start, so in the spring of 1874 they sold their place but before they got ready to get away I left with some neighbors and the rest of the family went later.

Our party started the 11. May for Bremen, went partly by train and partly on boat on the river Rhine, I have been sorry many times that I could not see more of that but it was a rainy day and we had to stay in, you know the Rhine and all that Country is considered very beautiful and romantic, one place I do remember where the river made a sharp curve and was hilly and rocky on both

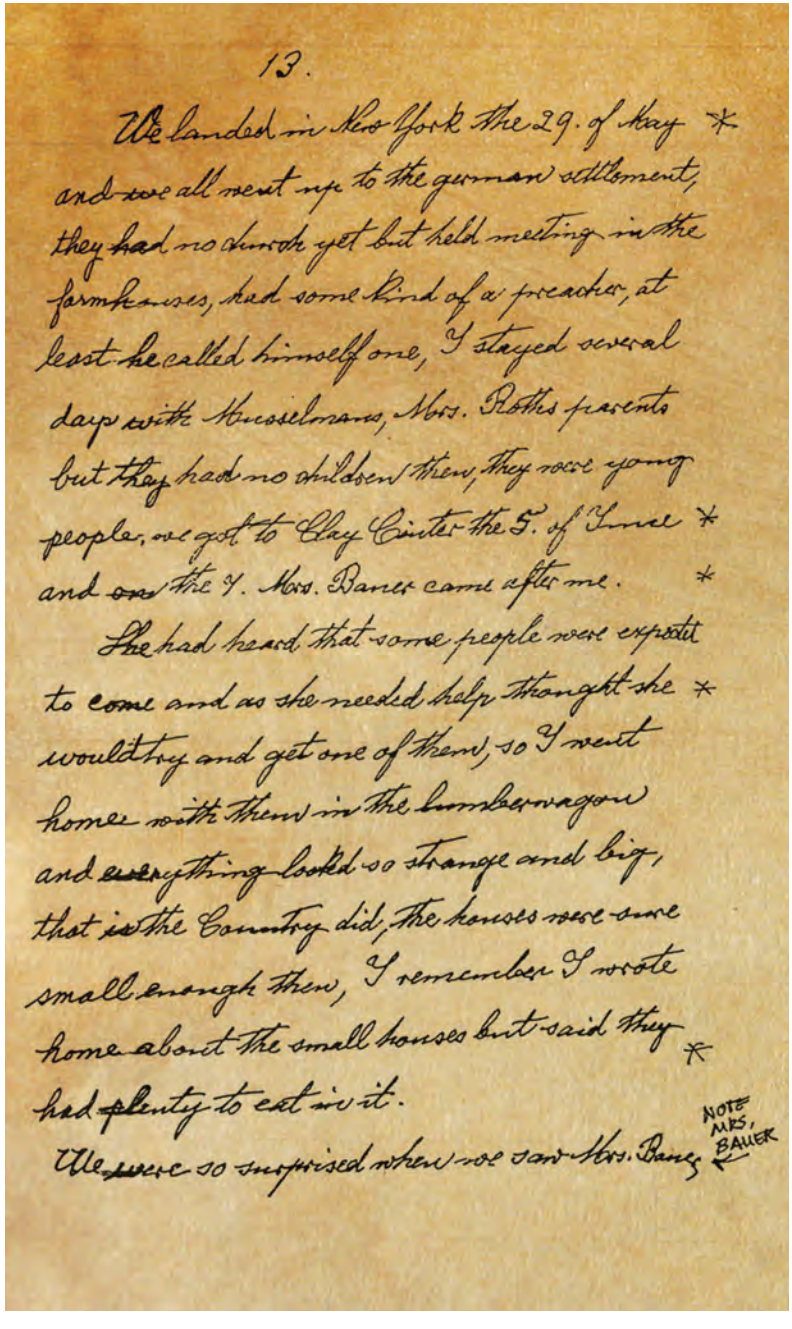


12.

sides and I wonder if it might have been the „Lorelei" cliff, have you ever heard of it? ?

Of course every slope and every fit place was planted to grapes, thats where they raised the good Rhinewine you know, I forgot first what day we got to Bremen or how long we stayed there but went on the ship for New York the 16. May several of us young people went to look over part of the town and saw the nicest cakes in a bakery window, it was so funny different from what we had over had and of course we had a good appetite and bought some, we did not know then that it is not best to eat much before going to sea but found out later when the boat began to rock.

We had nice weather for the trip and not any bad storms, I did not mind it then but would not like to go again because I am more afraid of water since we had so many floods

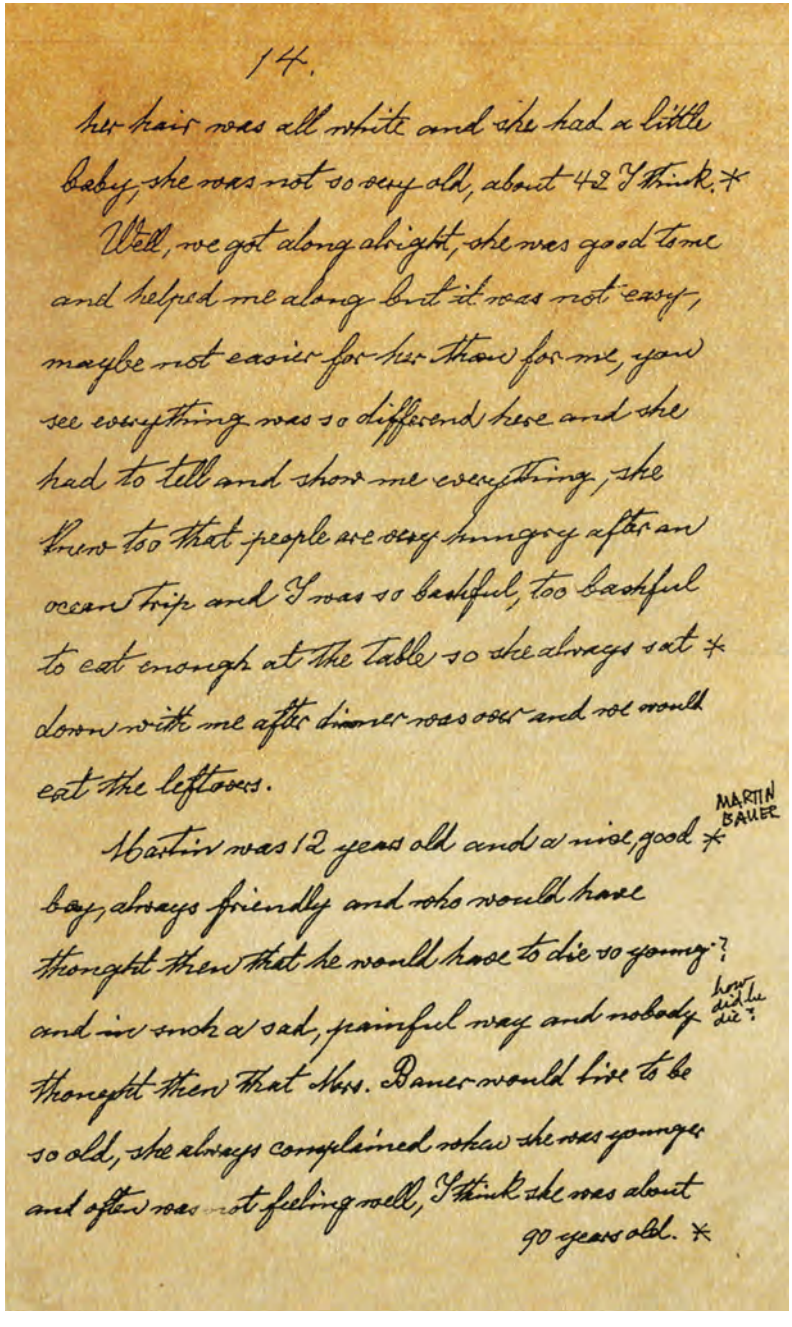


13.

We landed in New York the 29. of May * and we all went up to the german settlement, they had no church yet but held meeting in the farmhouses, had some kind of a preacher, at least he called himself one, I stayed several days with Hasselmans, Mrs. Roths parents but they had no children then, they were young people, we got to Clay Center the 5. of June * and the 7. Mrs. Bauer came after me. *

She had heard that some people were expekt to come and as she needed help thought she * would try and get one of them, so I went home with them in the lumberwagon and everything looked so strange and big, that is the Country did, the houses were awfully small enough then, I remember I wrote home about the small houses but said they * had plenty to eat in it.

We were so surprised when we saw Mrs. Bauer NOTE MRS. BAUER ←



14.

her hair was all white and she had a little baby, she was not so very old, about 42 I think. *

Well, we got along alright, she was good to me and helped me along but it was not easy, maybe not easier for her than for me, you see everything was so different here and she had to tell and show me everything, she knew too that people are very hungry after an ocean trip and I was so bashful, too bashful to eat enough at the table so she always sat * down with me after dinner was over and not would eat the leftovers.

MARTIN BAUER

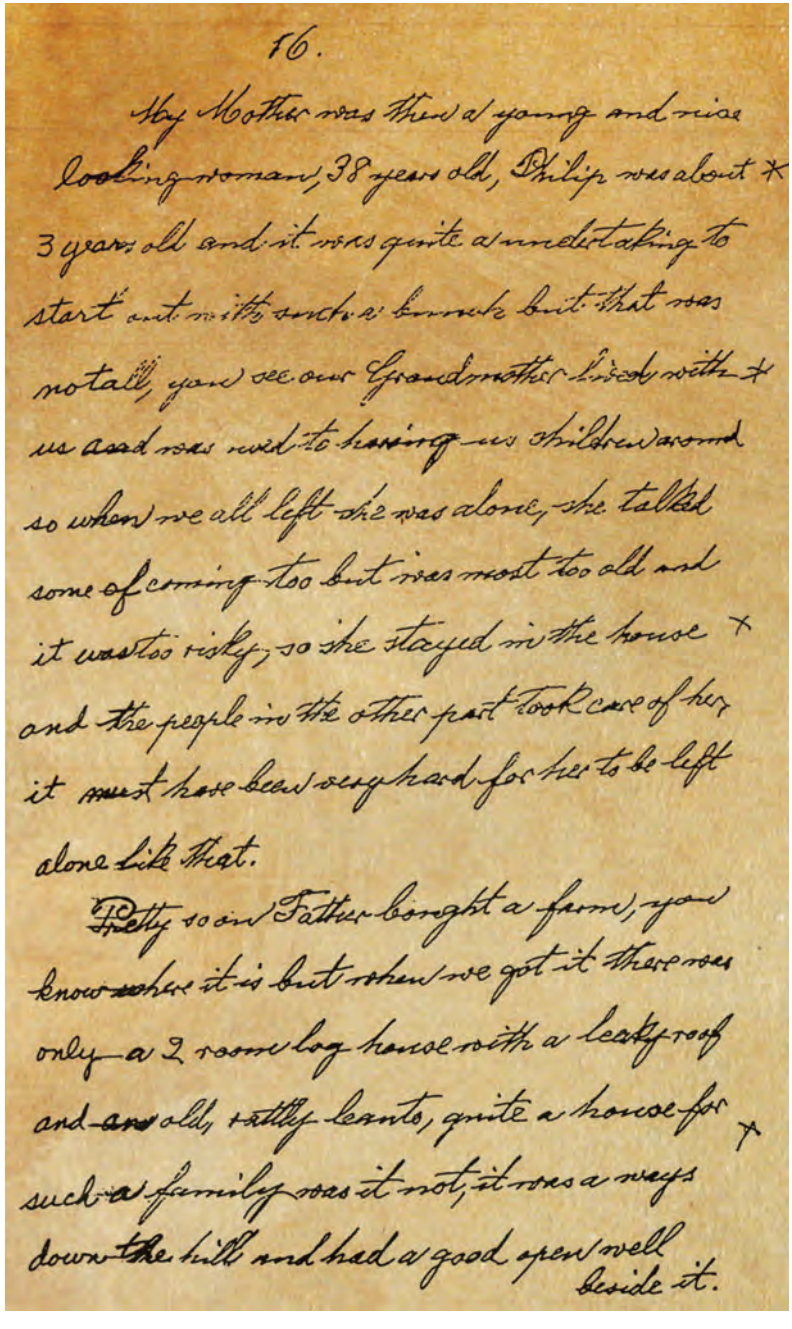
Martin was 12 years old and a nice, good * boy, always friendly and who would have thought then that he would have to die so young? and in such a sad, painful way and nobody thought then that Mrs. Bauer would live to be so old, she always complained so how she was younger and often was not feeling well, I think she was about 90 years old. *

how did he die?

15. February 15.

The summer of 1874 was very hot and dry, many nights we could not sleep but got up and walked around outside of the house, most everything dried up and what was left * the grasshoppers finished, they ate up everything that was green and more besides, people had no screen doors then so some of them got into the house and ate holes in clothes, curtains or most anything.

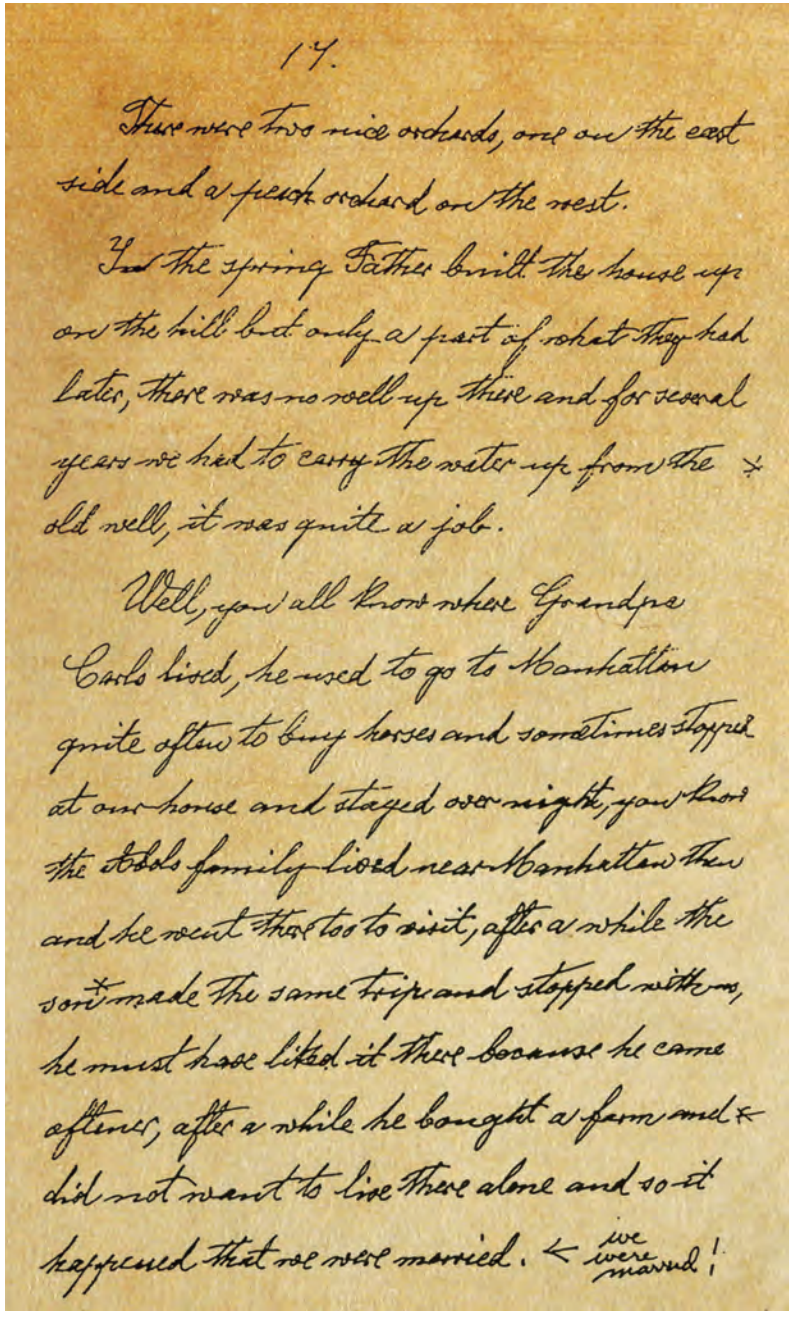
Then in August, just about the time grasshoppers came the rest of our family came from Germany, I was sick with some kind of fever when they came, was upstairs and remember very well when Mrs. Bauer drove in with them, Mother saw me and waved, she did not seem to think I was very sick but I sure felt bad, was so thirsty for sour milk but Mrs. Bauer would not let me have any so one time I sneaked down cellar and helped myself to some and was no worse off for it.



16.

My Mother was then a young and nice looking woman, 38 years old, Philip was about 3 years old and it was quite a undertaking to start out with such a bunch but that was not all, you see our Grandmother lived with us and was used to having us children around so when we all left she was alone, she talked some of coming too but was most too old and it was too risky, so she stayed in the house and the people in the other part took care of her it must have been very hard for her to be left alone like that.

Pretty soon Father bought a farm, you know where it is but when we got it there was only a 2 room log house with a leaky roof and an old, tatty leanto, quite a house for such a family was it not, it was a ways down the hill and had a good open well beside it.

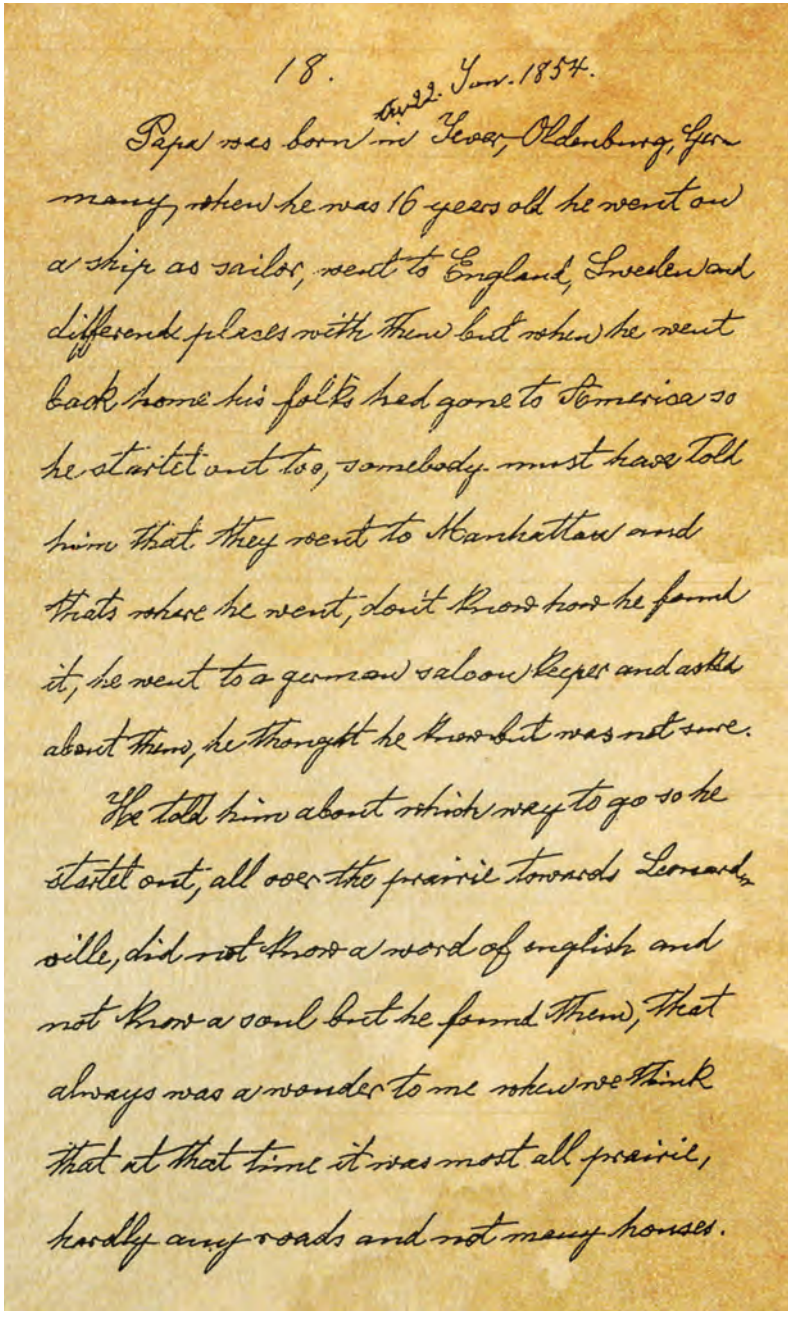


17.

There were two nice orchards, one on the east side and a peach orchard on the west.

In the spring Father built the house up on the hill but only a part of what they had later, there was no well up there and for several years we had to carry the water up from the old well, it was quite a job.

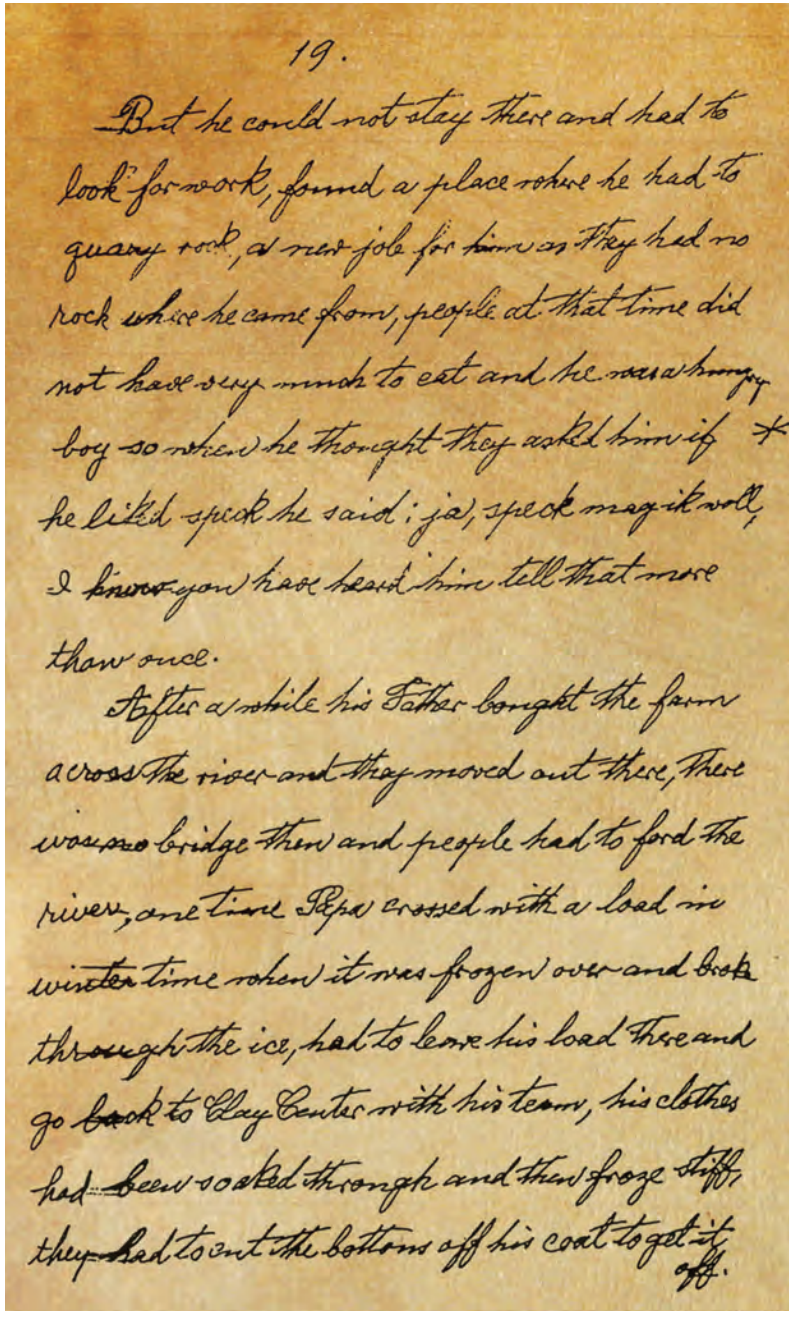
Well, you all know where Grandpa Carls lived, he used to go to Manhattan quite often to buy horses and sometimes stopped at our house and stayed over night, you know the Abels family lived near Manhattan then and he went there too to visit, after a while the son made the same trips and stopped with us, he must have liked it there because he came oftener, after a while he bought a farm and did not want to live there alone and so it happened that we were married. ← we were married!



18. Juv. 1854.

Papa was born the 22. Juv. 1854 in Jever, Oldenburg, Germany, when he was 16 years old he went on a ship as sailor, went to England, Sweden and differend places with them but when he went back home his folks had gone to America so he startet out too, somebody must have told him that they went to Manhattan and thats where he went, don't know how he found it, he went to a german saloon keeper and asked about them, he thought he knew but was not sure.

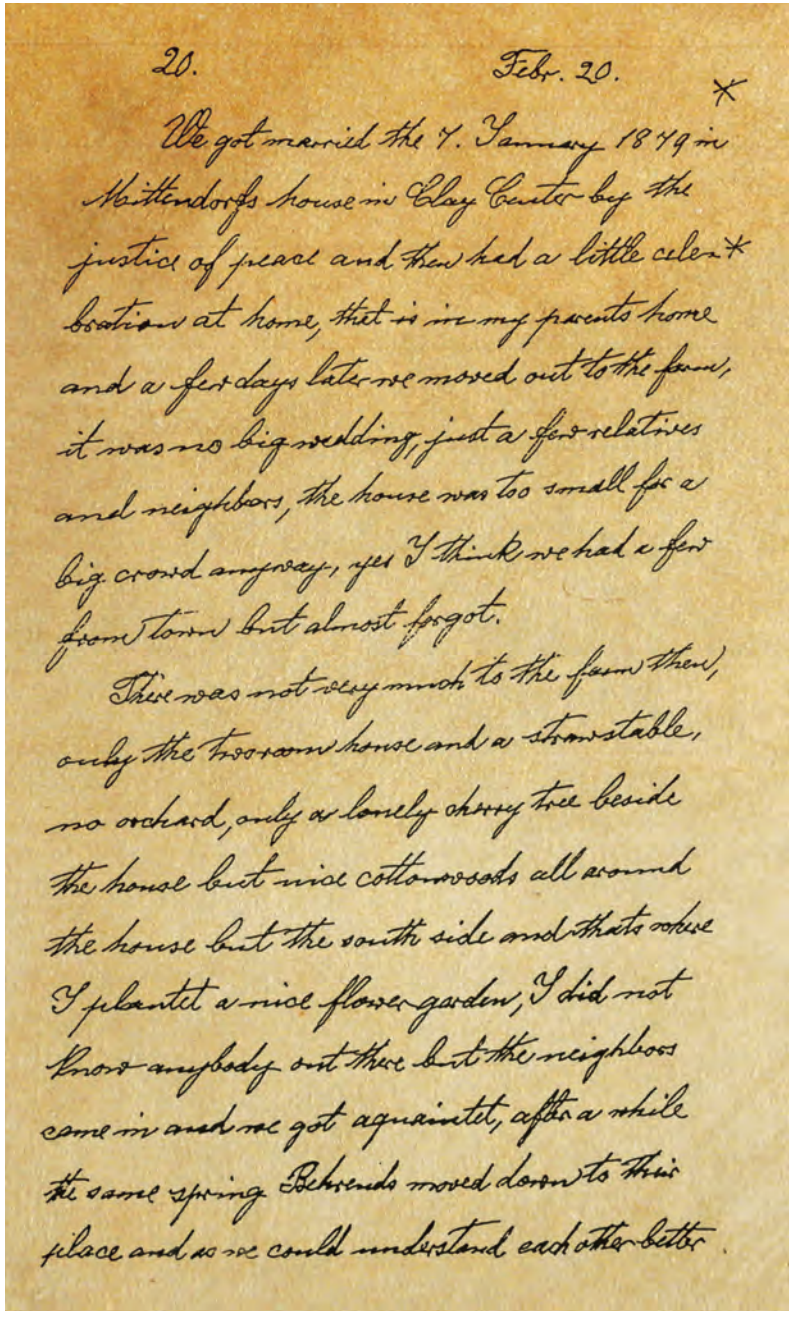
He told him about which way to go so he startet out, all over the prairie towards Leonardville, did not know a word of english and not know a soul but he found them, that always was a wonder to me when we think that at that time it was most all prairie, hardly any roads and not many houses.



19.

But he could not stay there and had to look for work, found a place where he had to quarry rock, a new job for him as they had no rock where he came from, people at that time did not have very much to eat and he was a hungry boy so when he thought they asked him if * he liked speck he said; ja, speck magik wol, I know you have heard him tell that more than once.

After a while his Father bought the farm across the river and they moved out there, there was no bridge then and people had to ford the river, one time Papa crossed with a load in winter time when it was frozen over and broke through the ice, had to leave his load there and go back to Clay Center with his team, his clothes had been soaked through and then froze stiff, they had to cut the bottoms off his coat to get it off.



20. Febr. 20. *

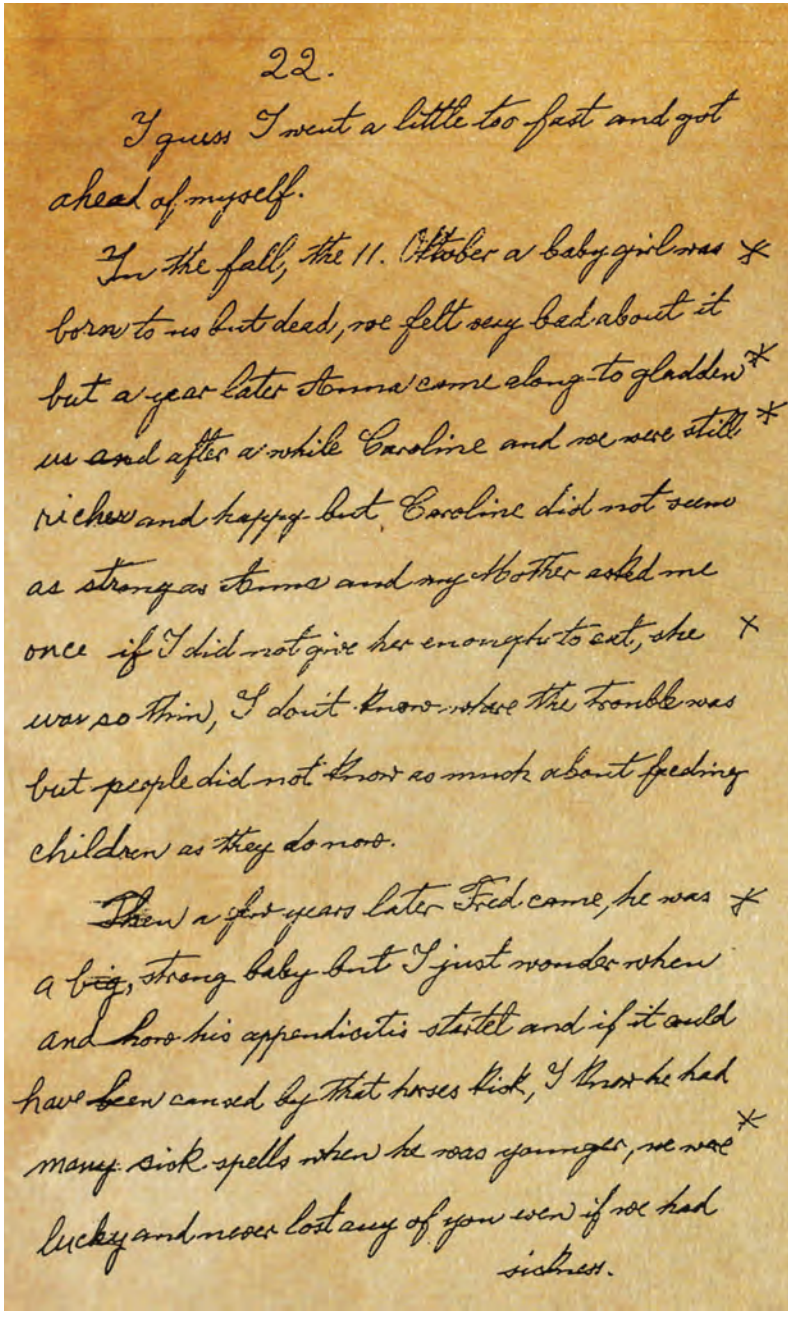
We got married the 7. January 1879 in Mittendorfs house in Clay Center by the justice of peace and then had a little celebration at home, that is in my parents home and a few days later we moved out to the farm, it was no big wedding, just a few relatives and neighbors, the house was too small for a big crowd anyway, yes I think we had a few from town but almost forgot.

There was not very much to the farm then, only the two room house and a straw stable, no orchard, only a lonely cherry tree beside the house but nice cottonwoods all around the house but the south side and that's where I planted a nice flower garden, I did not know anybody out there but the neighbors came in and we got aquainted, after a while the same spring Behrends moved down to this place and so we could understand each other better.

we neighbored more with them than with the others.

Papa bought the place in the summer 1878 and about a month later there was a bad flood, if he had not bought it before that I hardly think he would, it was just after harvest and Papa says lots of wheat stacks and oven stacks went down the river, for some reason we did not raise big crops the first few years and Papa's Father told him he did a foolish thing to buy that place but later we for several years raised corn when there was not any on high land and people had to come and buy it from the bottom.

But it did not always go so well and we had a good many floods and failures and you all know that it was not very nice to be surrounded by water, and worse than all when the river started to eat land.

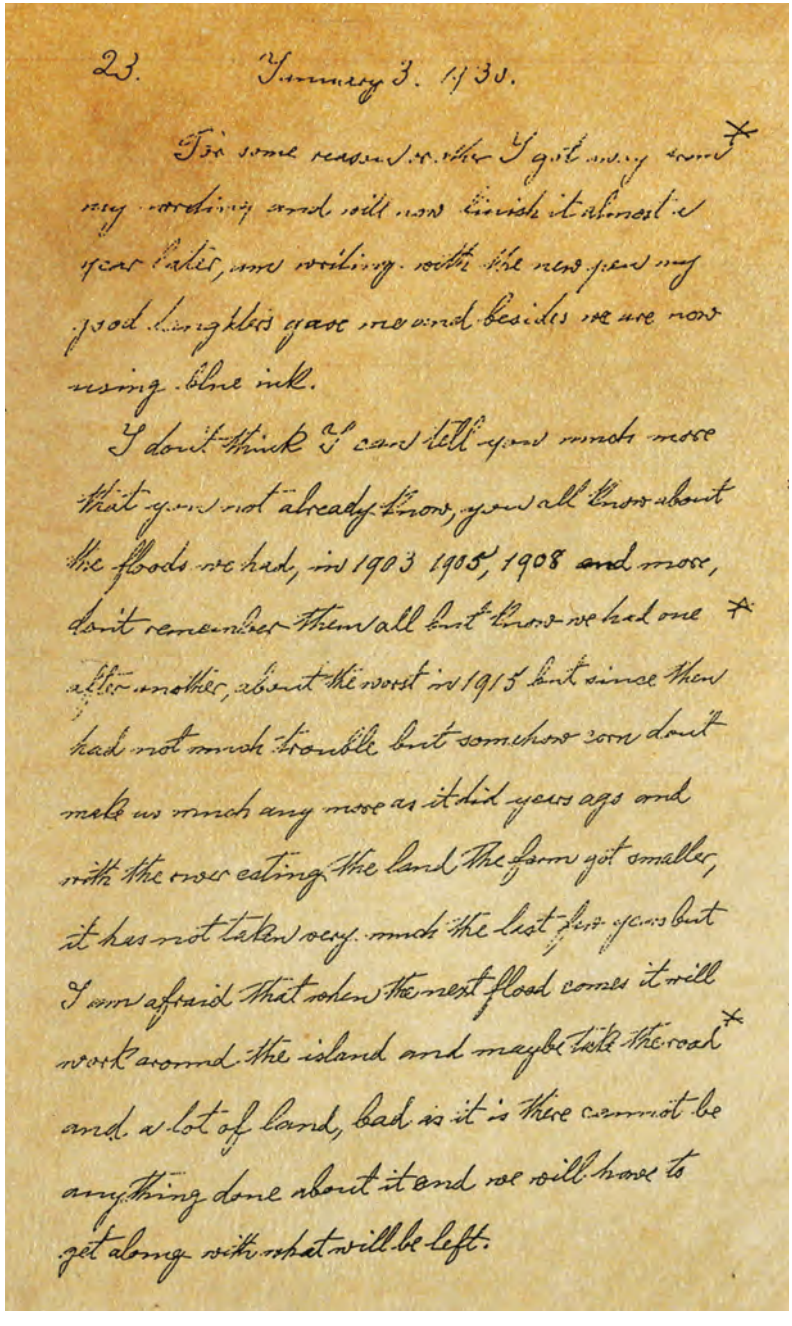


22.

I guess I went a little too fast and got ahead of myself.

In the fall, the 11. October a baby girl was born to us but dead, we felt very bad about it but a year later Anna came along to gladden us and after a while Caroline and we were still richer and happy but Caroline did not seem as strong as Anna and my Mother asked me once if I did not give her enough to eat, she was so thin, I don't know where the trouble was but people did not know as much about feeding children as they do now.

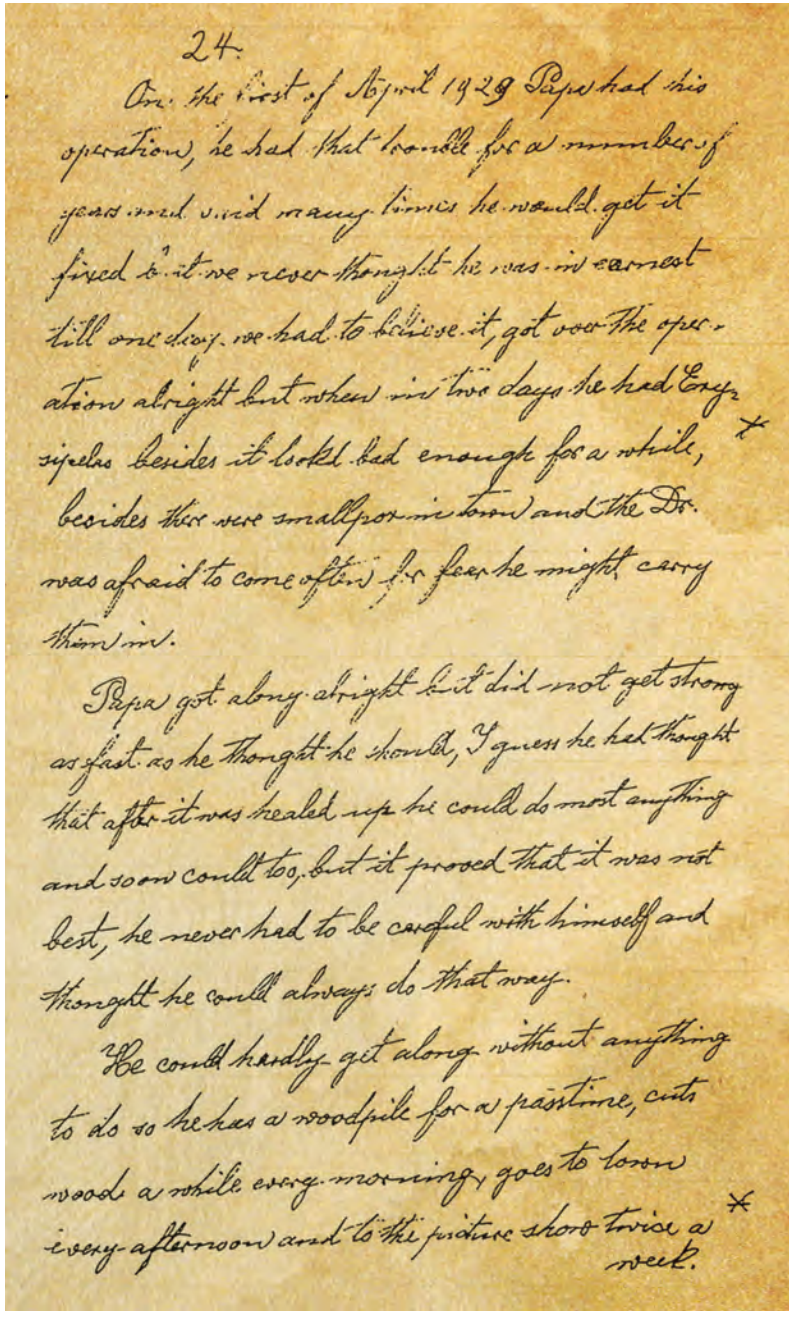
Then a few years later Fred came, he was a big, strong baby but I just wonder when and how his appendicitis started and if it could have been caused by that horses kick, I know he had many sick spells when he was younger, we were lucky and never lost any of you even if we had sickness.



23. January 3. 1938.

For some reason or other I got away from my writing and will now finish it almost a year later, and writing with the new pen my good daughter gave me and besides we are now using blue ink.

I don't think I can tell you much more that you not already know, you all know about the floods we had, in 1903 1905, 1908 and more, don't remember them all but I know we had one after another, about the worst in 1915 but since then had not much trouble but somehow corn don't make us much any more as it did years ago and with the river eating the land the farm got smaller, it has not taken very much the last few years but I am afraid that when the next flood comes it will work around the island and maybe take the road and a lot of land, bad as it is there cannot be anything done about it and we will have to get along with what will be left.

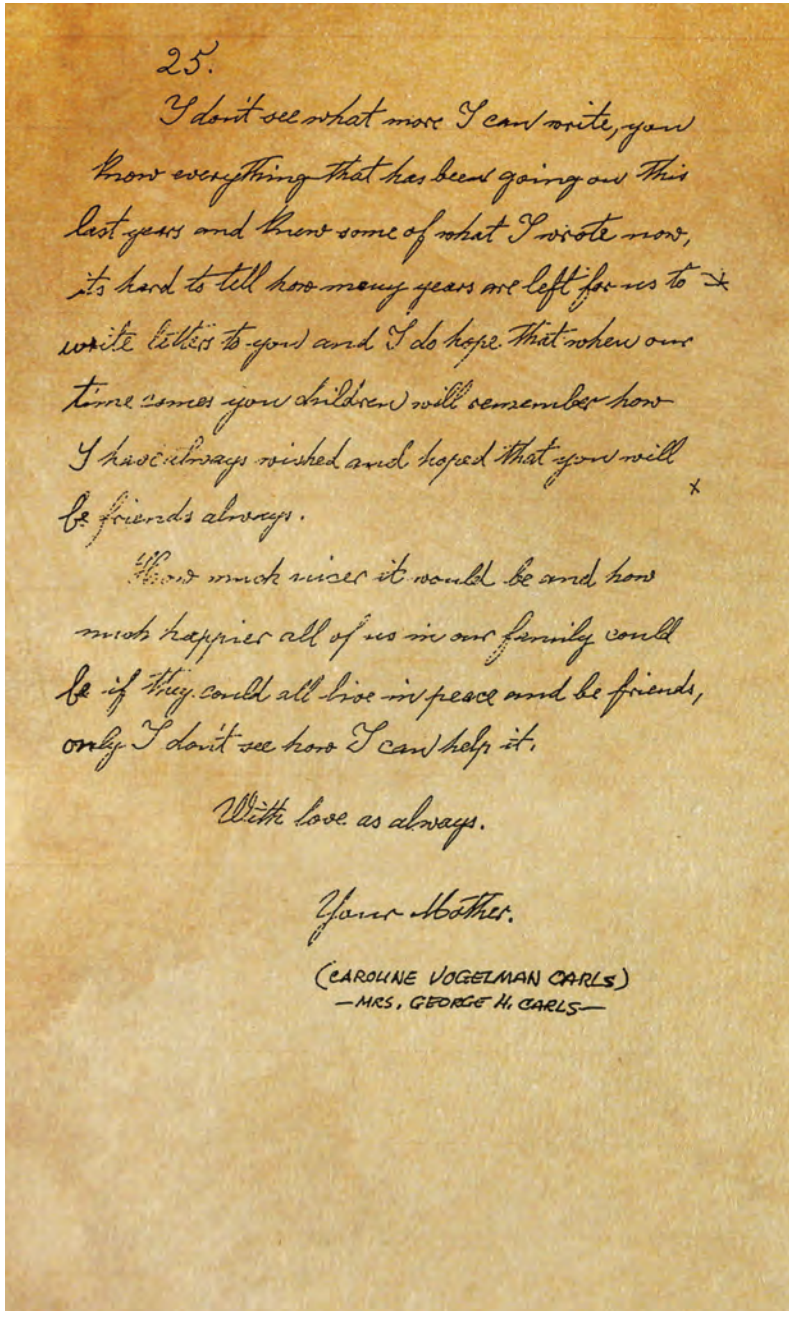


24.

On the first of April 1929 Papa had his operation, he had that trouble for a number of years and said many times he would get it fixed & it we never thought he was in earnest till one day we had to believe it, got over the operation alright but when in two days he had Erysipelas besides it looked bad enough for a while, besides there were smallpox in town and the Dr. was afraid to come often for fear he might carry them in.

Papa got along alright but did not get strong as fast as he thought he should, I guess he had thought that after it was healed up he could do most anything and soon could too, but it proved that it was not best, he never had to be careful with himself and thought he could always do that way.

He could hardly get along without anything to do so he has a woodpile for a pastime, cuts wood a while every morning, goes to town every afternoon and to the picture show twice a week.



25.

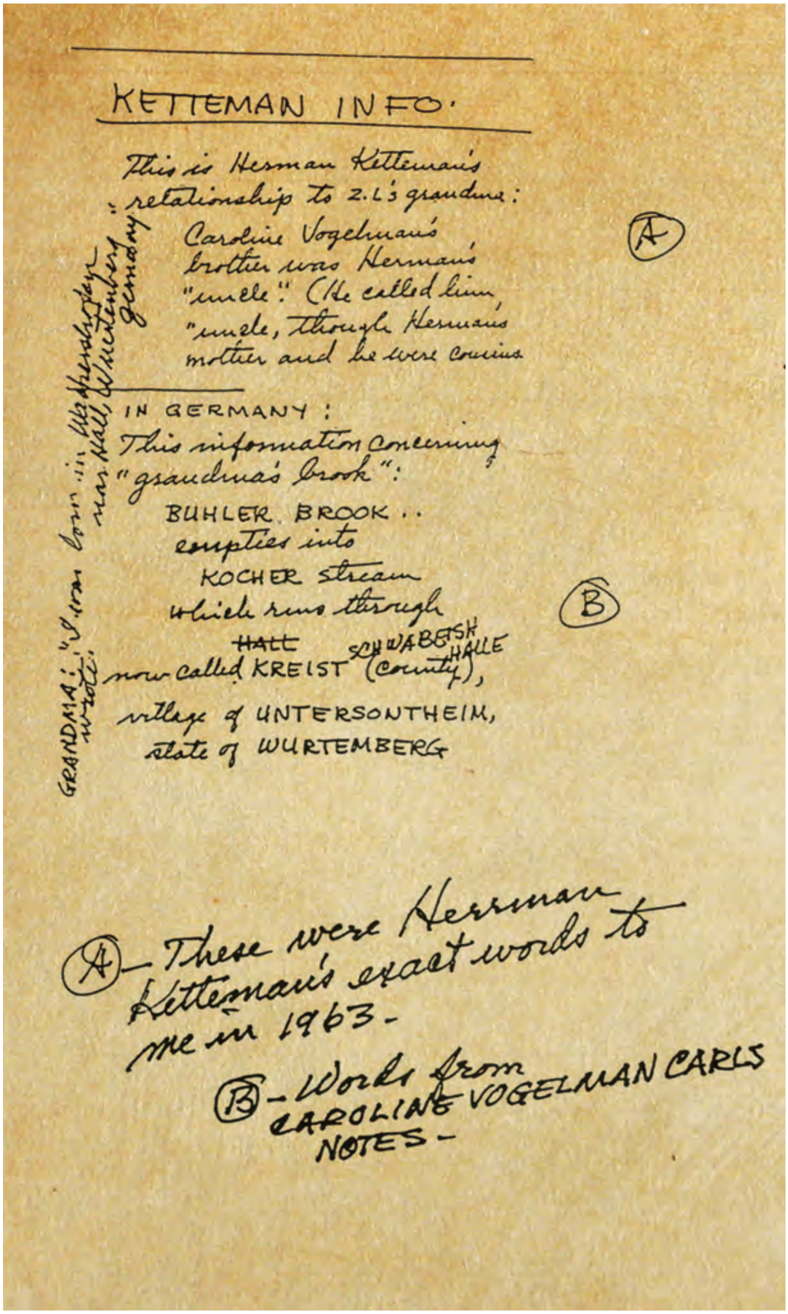
I don't see what more I can write, you know everything that has been going on this last years and there some of what I wrote now, its hard to tell how many years are left for us to write letters to you and I do hope that when our time comes you children will remember how I have always wished and hoped that you will be friends always.

How much nicer it would be and how much happier all of us in our family could be if they could all live in peace and be friends, only I don't see how I can help it.

With love as always.

Your Mother.

(CAROLINE VOGELMAN CARLS)
—MRS. GEORGE H. CARLS—



KETTEMAN INFO.

This is Herman Ketteman's relationship to Z.L's grandma: Caroline Vogelman's brother was Herman's "uncle." (He called him, "uncle, though Herman's mother and he were cousins

GRANDMA: wrote: "I was born in Wackershofen near Hall, Wurtenberg Germany"

IN GERMANY:

This information concerning "grandma's brook":

BUHLER BROOK.. empties into KOCHER stream which runs through ~~HALL~~ SCHWABETSH HALLE now called KREIST (county), village of UNTERSONTHEIM, state of WURTEMBERG

(A) – These were Herrman Ketteman's exact words to me in 1963 –

(B) – Words from CAROLINE VOGELMAN CARLS NOTES –