

A black and white photograph of three children standing outdoors. On the left, a young girl with dark hair sits on a wooden wagon. In the middle, a young boy sits on the same wagon. On the right, an older boy stands barefoot, looking towards the camera. The wagon has large spoked wheels and a dark body. The background shows a building and some foliage.

Buzz's Story

**89 years
of memories**

**CHARLES (BUZZ) ARTLIP
2012**



89 YEARS of MEMORIES

I always said that if I ever wrote my memoirs, I was going to start them like Peanuts comic strip does: It was a dark and stormy night. Anyway I was born in the south part of Elliott, Iowa on April 3rd 1923. We lived in a small house with 3 rooms downstairs and a low attic. I was the fourth child in the family; the folks lost their first child, Fay, at about two years of age from the croup, quite a blow in a young family. Brother Dean was born in 1920, Maree was born in 1921, and I in 1923.



The house I was born in, located in south Elliott.



Probably the earliest photo of me; here I am, between Dean and Maree.

Quite a few people wonder how I got the nickname of “Buzz.” It started right after I was born. My older brother Dean was three at the time and couldn’t speak plainly. He would tell others about his new “Buzzer”. I was called that for a brief time but someone soon shortened it up to Buzz. I have been Buzz for all these 89 years to close friends and relatives. Actually my name is Charles Ross Artlip. I don’t know why my mother entered me in school as Ross. When I went to the Army they insisted I use my real name, Charles R. Artlip, so I answer to any of those names. Nicknames hang forever I guess. I like the name Buzz.



When my 13th birthday came around my mother decided I should have a party. I remember we played Hide and Seek, Blind Man Bluff, and a few other games but when nine o’clock came they all wanted to listen to the radio. Bruno Hauptman was being executed for the kidnapping and killing of the Lindberg baby. It had been in the news for several years. Mrs. Hauptman always said he took the blame for someone else. That was the big news for April 3, 1936.



When I was in the fifth grade I was a good speller. The first eight grades had a spelling bee; I won in my grade so I got to go to the final spell off of the 8 grades. It got down to only 2 of us left, Phyllis Craig, seventh grade, and me. I won the contest on a fluke; she got the word per cent, and she spelled it right but connected the two words together. I spelled it right and spelled the next word right and was declared the winner. Accidents do happen. There are a lot of new words that I can't spell now. My brother Dean was great on mathematics but had a hard time spelling simple words.



When I was 12 or 13 my folks let me go to Red Oak on the 4th of July. I had a ride and Dad gave me a dollar to spend. I was in Seventh Heaven until it came time for the parachute jump. The way they did that a professional came to Red Oak and filled his balloon with smoke from a bonfire. When they got enough smoke in the balloon they let the balloon loose with the jumper in the basket. The trouble was they didn't have enough gas in the balloon so he didn't get high enough. He jumped anyway and it killed him. It about made me sick and spoiled my 4th of July. I understand the guy was getting \$20 for the jump. I never did like that kind of acts, taking those chances. One other time I went to Red Oak the 4th of July and met Elaine there. I had money so we did the whole carnival: rides, pop corn, hot dogs. I think we were 16 at the time – lots of fun.



When I was six months old we moved to Omaha and moved in with my Walker grandparents. Dad attended barber school for six months. The Walkers were always taking in some relatives when they needed help. Of course I don't remember any of this.

The first I actually remember was living in Grant, Iowa, where Dad opened up a barber shop. He also sold candy bars, and I suppose pop. Dad told me that one day he cut 100 heads of hair, 25 cents a cut. No shaves that day. The reason for so much business that day was there was going to be a celebration and everyone was getting spruced up for it.

We lived right across the street from the shop; the road wasn't paved yet then. I was probably three and a half. I got up one morning and went outdoors; my sister Maree, probably around five, was coming from the shop and eating a Hershey candy bar. I said, "Where did you get the candy bar?" She said Dad was cutting



Elaine and I as teenagers.

her hair and when he shaved her neck he cut her a little. She cried and he gave her the bar to make her feel better. I said, "I'd let him cut my neck for a candy bar."

We lived in three different houses when we lived in Grant. I always wondered if Dad didn't pay the rent or was it because his family was increasing and they needed a bigger house. Sister Edie came along in 1925. I do remember her being just a baby when we moved to Elliott. I know of two of the houses we lived in at Grant. One of them was the house right south of the Chevy garage. The second one was where the fire station is now; both long gone. The third house was built on uneven ground and to enter the back door there were 10 or 12 steps. I wasn't supposed to climb them but I caught the dickens several times. No use telling a three year old "no", I did it anyway. I was lucky in not falling and breaking a bone.



Here's the Elliott school we Artlip kids attended.



I'm not sure just when we moved back to Elliott, but I started to school at age five in September of 1928 in Elliott. My first grade teacher was Berneice Ploghoft. It was a very trying year; houses weren't built well and were hard to heat. There was a lot of sickness. I came down with pneumonia; I woke up one night and my family was all there. I remember my Dad saying to someone, "I thought we lost him," but anyway I came out of it and survived. But I did miss about a month of school. I know now that I should have been held back because I didn't do well the next two years. It was the fourth grade when I picked up and my grades got a lot better. By the fifth grade I started making the honor roll.



My second grade teacher was Helen McKibben, Florence Chandler the third, a Miss Reynolds the fourth. Nina Harding the fifth, Capitola LeBlank, sixth grade, Amelia Bishop, seventh grade and Marie Soaps in the eighth grade. Miss Soaps was my favorite teacher, but they were all very helpful. When I was in the seventh grade, it was probably the W.C.T.U. that sponsored a written Essay contest on the evils of tobacco and alcohol. Guess what, I won the first prize – 75 cents.





The entire Artlip family (from left to right) Mom, me, Bob, Dad, Betty, Maree, Edie, and Dean.

Some of my school mates were Chuck Welch, Howard Lantz, Bob Askey, Junior Williams, Vic Lewis, Richard Chastain, Max Thomas, Mavis Reed, Nettie Belle Braden, Lily Peck, Wanda Kinser, Dewey Carroll, Elwin Guffey.



A few years ago I got to wondering just who was in my class, which had 30 students in 1928. I called Mavis Reed and she had all the pictures of the class when they graduated. She said she would be glad to loan them to me to copy so I now have an album of the Class of '40. I am quite proud of the book. My wife Elaine put the album together and copied the pictures on her computer. Thanks, Mavis for years back in Elliott.



I don't know just why my folks moved back to Elliott. It may have been that it was the start of the depression and Grant wasn't a big enough town to support three or four barbers or Dad was always a big lover of the town of Elliott. I know that my brother Dean always said that he, Dean, never wanted to live anywhere else, that Elliott was the best town in the world. He came back to Elliott after his four years in the service and built a house that he and Nettie Belle lived in until his death at age 70. Nettie still lives there at age 89, next door to her daughter Sandy. Daughter Number 2, Cathy, lives in Elliott, too, in 2012.



When we first moved back to Elliott I met the neighbor boy, John Broyles. We of course were happy to find playmates approximately our age. Airplanes were still a novelty in 1927; when one went over John would run to his house and hide behind the cookstove and I would be right behind him. John was afraid the plane would crash and take him with it. I didn't even know what an airplane was.

The Broyles family consisted of Archie, his wife, sons Harry and John. We hadn't lived there very long when Mrs. Broyles had a baby girl, called Geneva. In the process Mrs. Broyles died; the family disappeared and at that time I didn't know what happened. No one tells a 4 ½ year old about deaths in the neighborhood. I found out later as I got older, that Archie knew he couldn't take care of them so an Aunt, Mrs. DeWitt took the baby to raise and Archie put the two boys in the orphanage at Stanton. Archie had applied for a Homestead claim in Canada. Eight or ten years later the orphanage closed and Archie came and got the boys and took them back to Canada for a couple of years. They came back to Elliott for a couple of years. The boys drifted off and Archie died. The last I knew John was living in Shenandoah. Geneva died three or four years ago.



On September 1, 1928, I started to school with 29 other boys and girls. We had a terrible tornado and Francis Jervis, one of the kids in my class, had a father and young brother killed in the storm. George Smith had a baby snatched out of his arms as they were trying to get to George's father's house ¼ mile away. This was less than a mile north of the Jervis place. My father had spent the day in Omaha; on his way home he stopped at the Kemling store for a pop, and they told him about the storm in Elliott. I guess he made top speed the next ten minutes. We were all OK; we rode out the storm in a cellar under the house. Most all the damage was done at the south edge of town and out in the Smith and Jervis neighborhood. As the funnel went north it took the Lowman Church 3 miles northeast of Elliott.



One time there was a fire at the café ran by George Marsh and his wife Grace. Knowing me, I was there looking over the damage. George asked us kids if we would like some Hershey bars and of course we did. The only trouble was that they tasted like the burned out café smelled. Whenever I had a Hershey for several years after that I thought they tasted like George's smoked candy bars. But I wasn't about to pass up a candy bar; I still don't.



One day I was walking past Scott Woods' Produce Station and lo and behold, there lay a dollar bill on the sidewalk. I was only six or seven years old but times were tough and I figured someone had lost part of their egg or cream money, so I took it into Scott or Tim. They said they would give it to anyone who showed up missing money. At that time if someone lost a dollar he would miss it. About a week later Scott handed me the dollar and another one to go with it. See, honesty pays in the long run.





Dean, Maree and me, probably around 1925.

Hershey bars keep showing up in my life. One time in the early evening, I told Mom that I would sure like a candy bar. She handed me a quarter and I was off to the store. We lived one block west of the Christian Church at that time. I was probably 5 or 6. When I got home with the Hershey bar the other kids were home, and wondering where their candy bars were. No one told me I should get five candy bars so I said "I begot." I couldn't think of the word forgot. The other kids got their candy bars.



When I was a toddler, still in a high chair, Mom gave me a glass of milk. I dropped the glass and fell out of the chair after it. I guess I got quite a cut as I still have the scar on my chin.



We lived just a half block west of the Askeys and after school I would go over to their house to see what Bob wanted to do. Bob was my age and grade. Bob's brother Hank was chopping up boards for kindling. He laid one end of the board on a block and hit it in the middle. The rough splintery end flew up and hit me just below the hairline and the blood ran. I headed for home on the run; I guess it looked like I had been scalped. Lester Nelson, who worked at the station across the street, loaded me in his car, and handed me to Mom. I still have the scar. I guess we were still living at the south end of Elliott and hadn't moved to the brick house on West Main yet.

Bob Askey was full of vim and vigor; he was always thinking of things to do. We were known as the dirty faced twins. One day he showed up with a sawed off rifle and wanted me to go with him down by Coe Creek to do some target practice. Of course he didn't have anyone's permission to have the rifle, but like six- or seven-year-olds, I went with him. After about 15 minutes I decided I shouldn't be there so I took off toward home. I got a couple hundred feet away and he said, "Come back" and I didn't so he pulled up the rifle and shot at me. It was a good thing there was a dead tree between us; by the time the bullet got to me it had lost its fizz. – Number 2 out of my 10 lives.

One time Bob got into his Dad's home made wine; by the time the folks got home Bob was in bed. He told his mother that he wasn't feeling well because he had fallen off the barn. I'm sure his Mom knew what had happened; she knew Bob. He stayed out of the wine after that.

One time Elliott was having a celebration and they were going to have a pie eating contest. Bob and I had volunteered to be contestants. We were each given half a chocolate pie; someone said “go” and we tore right into the pies. Well, Bob really won but the contest wasn’t over until you threw the empty plate. Bob didn’t seem to understand that; I finished my pie and threw the plate. I think I got 75 cents as first prize; Bob got 50 cents. We had our fill of chocolate pie at the time, but I still like it; also Lemon meringue, banana, peach, mincemeat, most every kind except gooseberry. Gooseberries are a whole story of their own.

Bob Askey and his family moved off to Missouri; I think Bob was about 10 or 11 years old. One time he was visiting Elliott. My Dad would let me use the family Model A car at noon. Bob wanted me to teach him how to drive. Dad would probably have kicked my butt if he had known I was using the Model A to teach. Bob didn’t have any idea how to shift gears or drive. After six noon hours on the school athletic field he was doing great. We were about 15 at the time. I never did see Bob after that. He didn’t have a very happy life. He married the same woman twice and then ended up committing suicide. I never knew what brought that on; just as well.



I suppose I was 10 years old when I started picking gooseberries. I would go out and pick them, then pay some neighbor kids to stem them for 1 cent a pint. Mom and Maree got into the business, too, and we found a place of about 40 acres down across from the Stennett store where the berries grew wild and plentiful. The farm was owed by a Peterson family. I think Mrs. Elaine Bisbee, two houses west of us in Villisca, owns the farm now. Most of it has been torn up and the land is now a gravel/limestone quarry. Some of the best crushed rock in southwest Iowa comes from there.

To get back to the gooseberries, my Dad would drop us off at the gooseberry patch and we would pick for two or three hours. After I got to be about 13, I would haul the crew down to pick, then in the afternoon we would have a gooseberry stemming bee on Mom’s screened front porch. I wasn’t much for that stemming stuff so I would sell out my berries to Maree and she would stem them. Ten cents a quart was what we charged. We usually had at least 100 quarts sold ahead. I eventually bought Elaine’s engagement ring with my gooseberry money. One good thing that came out of going to Stennett was that the store across the road from the patch sold pop and candy bars for 5 cents each and we could slip over there for a break, if we had any money. If we didn’t have money, we could get cold water from the pump. I remember that they were very good about that. I was always able to find ways to make spending money.



One time I was down at the river and walked under the bridge. There was a slot machine, broken into, lying there on the bank. Slot machines were illegal in Iowa and someone was always breaking into places that had them. What they wanted was the Jackpot money. The thieves would take the machines outside of town, steal the money, and throw the remains away. The business place wouldn't dare report the break-in. I drug the remains home and Dad being a junk dealer paid me 45 cents for the aluminum. The thieves had missed four nickels, so 65 cents wasn't to be sneezed at.



Another project of mine was horseradish. There was a patch of horseradish about three-fourths of a mile south of Elliott, along the railroad tracks. How it ever got started there no one knows. Anyway, I would go down there and dig up a bucket of it, take it home and clean it. Horseradish looks about like parsnips. I ground it through Mom's food chopper, then went to the grocery store for a quart of vinegar. The two were mixed together, put into pint jars and were ready to sell for ten cents a pint. I had several steady customers. I think Mom was the loser on the business because she lost her pint jars in the process. It was strong stuff; I would lose a lot of tears grinding it. The people who liked horseradish really liked it. My sister would pile it on her eggs; my Dad was very fond of it, too.



Frank Braden was one of my best horseradish customers. In the fall of the year the flavor of horseradish got stronger and of course I usually didn't care anyway. Frank said sure, he'd take a pint. Frank's son was in the same grade as my sister Maree. During show and tell Bill Braden got up and told that when his dad took a bite of the horseradish, he said, "Damn that Buzz Artlip!" Maree was embarrassed and I think Bill had to stay after school for using the profanity.

Frank Braden lost two sons in WW II. They were killed about a month apart. Frank said that he got rich leasing his machinery to the government, but the loss was quite a blow, and he said it wasn't worth it.



We lived in the south part of Elliott twice. I was born there and we were living there again when I was 10 to 13 years of age. My brother Bob was born there in 1936. Dad owned the little house, more or less. He never could get clear title to it. The kids had a shortcut across the creek near our house. One day when I was about 11, Junior Williams and I had been uptown, and I had gotten into an argument with Clyde Braden. He was the "fightingest" kid in town for his age, which was a year older than we were. On our way home we cut across the creek, to the west bank. And here comes Clyde, raring for a fight. We didn't think both of us could handle him, so I picked up a gumbo clod and got a direct hit on his head. I headed home as fast as

I could; I didn't know what would happen the next time. Junior stayed on the west bank to be sure the victim wasn't dead. Junior said Clyde laid there for a little bit and then headed back up town, the fight all gone from him. He never called me on that; I guess I fought too rough.



We were always looking for something to do. The Ray Braden family lived right across the street from us and we would play marbles for keeps. We smoothed out a spot near the street and dug a hole for a pot. Each of us would put two marbles in the pot and shoot from a line 10 or 12 feet away. If you hit the pot you won all the marbles. Types of marbles were clay "commies," steel ball bearings, and "glassies." There were a lot of tears shed over the game if someone lost all his/her marbles. The loser would go home crying.



About the time I was ten years old Ralph Braden was 11. He came down with a stomach problem. He had a big knot in his stomach. Ralph died. It was a big shock to me; I figured he was my best friend. I don't know if they ever knew what the problem was. That was the second death in my 10 years that really shook me up; Mrs. Broyles was the other one.



I was in the tenth grade when one of my classmates came down with polio. The year was 1937 and no one knew what to do about it, so they closed the school. It was six weeks before they opened up again and I never went back. My Dad needed help and I used that for an excuse; my folks didn't object. Jack Weaver died from the polio.



I was a good student, but I didn't like to be confined. Both of our children have a college education. Jim graduated from Ames and later got a Master's degree from New York University while he was working for Enjay, an Exxon spinoff in New Jersey. He is also a CPA. At that time Enjay rented time on a mainframe computer but didn't really use it. Jim was an object of interest to his fellow employees because he could communicate with the downtown facility. After a few years in New Jersey he was transferred to the Exxon office in Houston. He taught the employees there to use computers, writing the text



Edie, Maree, Baby Betty and me. Don't know where Dean was.



Jim and Kathie's Texas Hill Country ranch house that they built themselves.

for his classes. Jim was on call 24 hours a day. Many times he would get calls in the middle of the night. Sometimes he could answer the questions on the phone, but at times he had to go into the office.

Exxon opened a new refinery in Baytown, Texas, and Jim spent two years there, setting up a computer bookkeeping system for the new plant. He then went back to the Houston office.

Jim's boss said, "Yes, we want you to take your vacation time, but just two or three days at a time, and don't leave town."

Jim retired after 34 years with Exxon, and now lives on a 59 acre "ranch" in Kerr County, in the hill country of Texas.



My daughter Linda graduated from the University of Iowa with a degree in journalism. She could hardly wait to get on with her life. She had applied for a job with the Newark *News* while still in school, and went there immediately after graduation. Her car had been severely damaged by hail while in Iowa City; we had it repaired. After arriving in New Jersey she was involved in an accident. The car was repaired just in time to be stolen. Shortly after she married Jim Weinstein the *News* went on strike, and then folded, leaving them both unemployed. Things were rough for a time; then Linda worked for several years for the state of New Jersey, in various jobs. Jim became a partner in a public relations firm, and Linda went to work there. Jim was involved in politics, and when he was appointed Commissioner of D.O.T. for the state of New Jersey Linda took over Jim's interest in the business. After a time she and her partner divided the busi-



Elaine and I, plus all of our direct descendants, plus our daughter- and son-in-law, 2 granddaughters-in-law and a grandson-in-law, and all 9 great grandchildren (as of April 2, 2012). Also Elaine's brother and his wife, Pat and Sue Corbin.

ness, and Linda now works out of her home. She can take time off by arranging her work ahead of time. A funny story – one of the guys who worked for one of her accounts tried to get Linda's contract voided; before that could happen, HIS contract was canceled.



We had a big celebration here over Easter week-end to celebrate my 89th birthday and our 70th wedding anniversary. The whole tribe was here: two kids and spouses; 4 grandkids and 3 spouses, 9 great-grandkids; Elaine's brother Pat and wife Susan from Rapid City; Elaine's niece Jeannie and husband John Rafferty from Topeka; my nieces from Elliott, Cathy Adams and husband Jerry, Sandy Blackman, Dean's daughters; Kay Keeton, Edie's daughter; and Dean's widow, Nettie Belle. Also attending from Red Oak was Bob's daughter Shell York. It was such a wonderful week-end that Elaine suggested to Linda that they might start planning our 80th.



I have been gone from Elliott for 71 years but it is still my home town. Dean died in 1991 at the age of 70; Maree died in March 2011 at the age of 89; and Edie died in September 2011 at the age of 86. Bob died in August 2008, age 72. Betty lives in California, bedfast, age 81. We do not correspond; she sent a card on our 50th anniversary. I always said that Kay Keeton seemed like my little sister. She isn't well, and is on

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oxygen. She has a nice home in the south part of Elliott. We see her once in a while; she came for our celebration. Mom had her a lot when she was growing up. Kay is just a year older than our Jim and they were playmates quite a lot and are still good friends to this day, but don't get together much anymore.



The Elliott Water tower says home to me.



All the Artlip kids in 1961 at home with Mom: in front are Betty, Edie, Maree and Mom; in back are Bob, me and Dean.



Jim and Kay at my mom's house in Elliott.



We try to get together with the local Artlips whenever we can. They all came down to see us once when Linda was home; it was the first time they'd seen our street sign so we had to take a picture..

Back to some of my trials and happenings. The first car wreck I was ever in happened on the corner where the bank is in Elliott. I remember the car Dad was driving; it was an open touring car, no top. We may have had one for it but it wasn't on the car. I don't remember if we were coming from the street that goes south or on Main Street but we did run into another car or they ran into us and it shook me up. I cried up a storm over the bump I got. I was five years old, maybe only four but I still remember. I suppose the car was a '18 to '20 model Overland or Whippet, it may have been a Star or old Buick. I remember Jay Askey had a Chalmers; it was a bigger car but it seemed to be broke down, just sitting in the yard most of the time. Of course, the Model T Ford was the most popular one on the market; it was also the cheapest. They always said if you had some bailing wire you could fix a Model T. If you couldn't, a shade tree mechanic in the neighborhood could. One time Newt Kipp called Dad and told him he had a Moon car he wanted to sell to him for junk. Dad was kind of leery but we went to look at it and it was a Moon brand, one of the high priced kind. Dad bought it for \$10. The only problem was that it was always broke down and he couldn't get replacement parts for it. It was the only Moon car that I have ever seen.

About that same time Blair Botts talked to Dad about 15 or 20 old cars in his timber north of his house. Old cars, some from the turn of the century; the reason they were there was Blair's father, Lyman Botts, had been a car dealer in Red Oak during that period of time and these cars were some that weren't good enough to resell. Dad bought the whole bunch. We tore them up and hauled them away, a truck load at a time. We worked at them all summer. Blair got rid of a lot of junk.

James Bruce tells about a Model A Ford in which the engine went to knocking. He and a cousin tore into it and found some of the rod bearings shot so they got some bacon rinds and packed the bad rods with that. Then they pulled the car into Omaha and drove it the last block to a car dealer's lot; the car sounded about like most Model A's did. He traded for another Model A. He got about half way home and the rearing gear went out of it. Jim laughed about that for years. He found out you couldn't beat those Omaha car dealers.

I had about the same experience when I traded my '28 Chevy Blue Goose off. I found a '32 Studebaker that ran great on a lot in Essex. I borrowed what I could and the dealer carried the rest, about \$30, I think. A rod went out of it. I parked it in Elliott at Mom's and called the man at Essex and he came and got it. I lost my Blue Goose in the deal but I wasn't out of a car very long. I was always wheeling and dealing cars. I think Bruce let me use the route truck for a while – 2 cents a mile and gas. Gas was about 18 cents a gallon. I think I bought a \$20 Model A next. Then a guy named Barney Gregg came along with a '35 Auburn. Barney was short on money and was about to be drafted. The Auburn was a maroon and tan convertible. It had been wrecked sometime, and been fixed up, more or less. The top didn't go down but the rumble seat worked very well. The hood appeared to be about a block long, and the car looked like it was going about 60 miles an hour when it was standing still. We had a great time that summer. The trouble was that winter was getting closer and the car was definitely air conditioned. Barney Gregg showed up and wanted to buy the car back. I decided to trade it back to him for \$50 and the Model A he was driving at the time. Barney went to the army but never came back. I never knew what became



Our 2000 Mercury.

of the Auburn. I never dreamed at that time that I would have 8 or 10 new cars during my lifetime plus several new pickups. I think the 2000 Mercury we have now is the best car I have ever owned. Hope it lasts us out – 71,000 miles on it at this time. (May 2012)



I got my driver's license back recently. I turned my license in a year ago after the eye doctor said "You shouldn't be driving." So I had a second cataract surgery. It's nice to see again. Now, if I could just hear! We're working on that now. Pat's wife has hearing problems and she has a set that she likes very well. Elaine got literature from Hearing Planet off the internet. I hear with the aids I have but not well, and not much without them. I plan on following through on that tomorrow. Of course I will never have good balance again; not much chance according to most doctors.



When I was about ten years old I decided to take up trapping. I got ahold of several traps and headed for the river. In running my line I found a real mad 'coon caught in a trap. Dean was the trapper in the family. I said to him "Bring your rifle," but he didn't. Dean got to the trap, and was going to knock the 'coon in the head. One blow and the 'coon was back in the hole. That ended my trapping career. I didn't want to meet another mad 'coon.



We had an experience with 'coons a couple of years ago. Evidently these two half-grown orphan 'coons lost their mother and wandered into our garage. We knew there were some animals in our garage. I took the fire extinguisher and sprayed the corner behind the cream cans. One 'coon came out and I hit it in the head and stunned it and there came the other one. John Marsh was here to see me and I threw the ¾-inch tire iron to him and he stunned that one. I finished both of them and put them out for the garbage man but he wouldn't take them. I hauled them out to Findley Cemetery and dumped them in the old riverbed. We didn't want those orphans coming back here to live in our garage. I was afraid there might be a full grown 'coon but there wasn't.



One time near the Fourth of July I was in the alley behind the Jarboe Produce and Vic Lewis, the son of Bill, the only cop in town, showed up with some fire crackers and went to lighting them. I said, "You are going to get in trouble; they are against the law." About that time Mr. Green, the mayor, came around the corner and said, "I'll see you in my office at 9:00 o'clock in the morning." That's when I found out you could be guilty by association. We were lectured very thoroughly by Mayor Green about fire crackers and their dangers.



When I was about five years of age my mother, Dean and baby Edie would get on the train and go to Griswold. The purpose was to take Dean to the doctor. His problem had been diagnosed as St. Vitus Dance (Chorea). In later years his case would probably have been referred to as a hyperactive child. We have a lot of hyper children in the world today.



When I was four or five my mother gave me a bucket and told me to go over by the railroad tracks and pick up little pieces of coal that the train had lost. We lived next to the tracks and I had been with her when she had done that. I had just started picking up coal when Hal Ploghoft came out of his office at the hog yard and gave me hell for stealing coal. Needless to say I went home crying. Since we lived next to the tracks we got a lot of hobos knocking at our door. Mom never refused them but at times all she had might be just an apple butter sandwich. This was in the heart of the depression and the vagrants were glad to get anything to eat. I think our house was marked because very few hobos missed us.



Dad was still doing pretty well with his new barber and shoe repair shop. Also, he helped Scott Woods some at his produce station in any spare time. This is the time he started in the auto parts business. He had been farming an acreage one and a half blocks west of the shop; it gradually became his used parts lot. If someone wanted a front end or rear end for a car, he might have it, or know where he could get it. He would buy any old car if he could buy it cheap enough. I was his errand boy.



My mother, holding Baby Edie; standing are me, Dean and Maree.



I kind of got into the business in 1934 when my grandparents celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary. Dad went to his parents' home, and I had to stay home in case someone showed up wanting to buy something. To make me feel better Dad said I could have 10% of anything I sold. I sold \$25 worth of stuff and got \$2.50 commission – best day ever for me. I probably bought a new pair of overalls, about \$1.10 at that time.



My Grandfather Reuben Artlip kept up with the times very well. He got a daily newspaper through the mail. He had a telephone and battery radio. His green '26 Chevy was still fairly new when I first remember it. But there seemed to be a hole in his automobile know-how. Most people of that time used alcohol as a coolant in their radiators. But alcohol was 50 or 75 cents a gallon. Kerosene was only ten cents a gallon, and it didn't freeze, so why wouldn't that work? Reuben learned a very expensive lesson when he tried it: he ruined the engine in his Chevy. A mixture of half alcohol and half water would protect down to 10 below. The trouble was that if it got hot, like if you were plowing through mud, the alcohol would boil away faster than the water would, and could leave your vehicle vulnerable to a broken head or block.

I was my grandfather Reuben's hired man. He lived on 20 acres two miles north of town. He milked 4 or 5 cows and raised two litters of pigs a year. He could get the hogs up to 225 pounds in 5 months with the help of skim milk from the cows. He utilized his land to the fullest potential. He would plant oats early in the spring on about five acres, then cut them for hay crop just before they got ripe and get me to help put up the hay. He then plowed up the five acres, planted soy beans, and hopefully cut them for hay before the first frost. One problem was that you had to shock the beans to dry out so they would cure out to keep during the winter. This way the cows would get the protein from the oats and beans both; they loved the bean hay and milked like mad.



Reuben and Belle Artlip's wedding portrait.

Grandpa made hay the hard way. First he would cut the hay crop and let it cure some. Then he got his buck rake out and windrowed it. Then running the buck rake crossways of the rows, made, more or less, piles. Then Grandpa came along with the hay rack, and I would pitch the piles up to him. We unloaded the hay into the barn, all by the hand method.



Grandad was a hard worker. After he got his chores done he would head for the timber to cut wood for heating the house. One day he was in the timber and decided to blow some logs. He got out his auger and drilled an inch and a half hole, packed it with potash and sugar. When he went to tamp the chemicals in, whoops! It blew. And he was astraddle the log. I still think the explosion would have killed an ordinary man but Grandpa was a tough old German and he crawled to his car and got home, but hardly able to walk. Grandma called Dad and he headed out to the farm. Dad did the chores that evening but guess who was on chore duty the next morning? Me! I had milked cows before but not Grandpa's. They were used to a gentle old man that treated them with loving care. They just wouldn't give the same amount of milk for me. Grandpa would be waiting for me when I brought the milk in. He wouldn't let me turn the separator. The cream might vary two points in test. What he didn't know was if you got less test you would get more weight in pounds of bulk. He was a good old man and I always figured a true Christian. Anyway, about the fourth day he told me I wouldn't need to come back, that he would try it the next day himself. He really wasn't able but he couldn't stand just a half can of cream when he had been getting nearly a full one.

I ran cream and egg routes down in the Braddyville area and that was where Grandpa came from. I even picked up cream and eggs from the farm he lived on. Roy Davison lived on the adjoining farm and we visited quite a bit about the Artlips. One topic was about the little church at the Shearer Cemetery. They didn't have a regular minister so the people in the neighborhood took turns leading the service. Roy Davison said Dave Artlip could get up in front to lead a prayer and would still be praying 30 minutes later. David Artlip was my great-grandfather. I was telling Phillip Turner about that and he said, "Your grandfather was quite long-winded on prayers, too". My Grandpa Artlip was an Elder in the Elliott Christian Church for a good many years. I don't remember my grandmother ever going to church. I attended Sunday School at the Church of Christ in Elliott and received a Bible for perfect attendance. I don't believe the women had much to say about running the church but probably did most of the work to keep it going. If it wasn't for the women in our Presbyterian Church we wouldn't be able to operate.



I had a great-uncle who was a cut-up. He was quite a disappointment to his parents. He would mooch off his folks until his father kicked him out. Then he would join the Army for a hitch. When that was over he would head back to the farm. The local boys would gather around Chauncey, called Chancy. He had them convinced that he could talk with the dead. They agreed to meet at a certain time in a deserted house for a demonstration. A couple boys had overheard the plans, and climbed up on the roof. About the time the table was supposed to rise the boys dropped a couple geese down the fireplace chimney. The boys reported that the participants came out of the house running as fast as they could. They said that Chancy had the shortest legs, but he ran faster than any of them.



Chancy claimed in later life that he had married five times. He said that he wouldn't have stayed with the last one as long as he did but the preacher was slow in leaving the house. Chancy was an unusually handsome man; that likely contributed to his female problems. He left his wife and son in Alabama and died at the home of his sister Ann in Kansas. We called on Chancy's son Douglas in Mobile. He was a drunk but was handling it well. His wife was really a souse. Doug's son Marion showed up while we were there. He appeared to be a normal human being. Amazing, with the parents he had.



Chauncey Artlip's portrait.

Chancy was a talented artist. At least four charcoal drawings have survived. Some of them were copied from photographs. It isn't known if that was the only way he could do it. We have two of the pictures, one of his mother, and one a composite of my Dad and his little sister who died. He was very good, but still a bum. They said he enjoyed life, though.



One of Chauncey's portraits, done in charcoal.



My Uncle Walter was a character, too. He married a lady from the Decatur, Nebraska area. I suppose his wife Dora helped him get set up in farming. Walter thought he was a great gambler, well, he wasn't as good as he thought. Dora told me in later years about it; when he lost his last team of horses she left him. She married another guy, they bought a farm, raised a lot of chickens and eggs and prospered. The last time we saw Dora she was 103, blind and couldn't hear. Her step-granddaughter was supposed to let us know if and when she died, but we didn't hear anything.



Another uncle of mine was a real bum. When his first two boys got old enough and big enough he would hire them out to farmers who needed help and then on Saturday night he would collect their pay. Of course boys that age would need some spending money so when they didn't get their pay they would steal some-

thing and sell it. The boys stole a set of harness and got caught. They got a year and a day in the penitentiary. It should have been the father who did the time. Dr. Cooper was a very outspoken man, and he told my uncle, "If you get sick, don't call me. If your wife or kids need me I will come, but not you". I think my uncle's wife cleaned Dr. Cooper's hospital rooms.

One time Dad and I stopped in Villisca to see Uncle, and first thing Uncle offered to sell Dad some coal. Dad said he could always use some coal, but then he thought about Uncle's shady reputation, and asked, "Where did you get this coal?" Uncle replied, "I stole it from the railroad". Dad said no way was he going to get involved with stolen coal.

I found out later that Uncle was a member of the "Midnight Lump" gang here in Villisca. A good friend of mine told me a few years ago about his experience with one of the families involved. He was going with a girl of the family, and things were going great. It came time for him to meet her family so he was invited for Sunday dinner. He said they had just sat down at the table, and the mother said it was time for the blessing. They all bowed their heads and the mother began to ask the blessing. A train whistle blew, and when the prayer was done, he looked up and there wasn't a man in sight – Guess where they were? He married the girl anyway, and they raised two children, but I'm sure he didn't join the Midnight Lump gang. His wife was a very good wife and mother, and the children had a good education and were quite successful in life.

There were a lot of the Midnight Lump gang in Villisca during hard times but they were still a no good bunch of thieves. They worked harder stealing the coal than if they had an honest job. Some people are that way.

After I moved to Villisca I met a man who wondered if this guy was my relative. I replied that I hated to admit it but he was. The man said that several years before my uncle had tried to buy from him an old car that wouldn't run. When asked why he wanted it my uncle said he wanted to make a trailer to haul coal from the railroad. The man said, "I got a club and ran him off the place. I have no use for a bum, an out and out thief."

Well, my uncle did get run out of town, but not for stealing coal. He and his partner decided that while stealing coal was profitable, why not corn? There were two government sealed bins right east of town. One night they cut a hole in a bin and hauled away a couple hand trailers of corn. I guess that it was the next afternoon that a man showed up at uncle's door and told him if he was still in town the next morning he was going to the penitentiary. The next morning there was no sign of uncle or family. I found out later they located near Sparks, Nevada.



My Dad was always ready to make a profit on somebody's misfortune, like the time a guy came along with a '41 Ford and Dad bought it at the war-time Government ceiling price. No new cars for the public had been made since '41 so new or near-new cars were scarce. Dad's cousin came back from Army service, and he wanted that '41 Ford. So Dad sold it to him for \$1,000 over the ceiling price. Guess what? The guy went to the O.P.A. board and reported it. Dad couldn't give the \$1,000 back quick enough. There could have been a jail term connected with the deal. In another deal Dad bought a house that had belonged to an old age pensioner. The estate re-

ported the sale to the State. You didn't actually get possession of such property for a year. But someone came along who wanted to rent it, so Dad rented it out for \$20 a month. Dad repaid the rent he had collected when he found that a welfare worker was checking on such deals. I had some good laughs over those deals. The rest of us were trying to follow all the government regulations.



The depression and hard times made crooks and thieves out of a lot of people. I could write a lot of stories that I know about and probably will before I get through here. Another good one I laughed about was several year ago. A young guy called my Dad and wanted to sell him a junk car. They discussed the details some and Dad offered him \$25. The guy said the motor was missing and Dad replied that he had bought a lot of cars that had a bad spark plug or some such problem – bring it down. A little later it was towed in, the guy collected his \$25 and was on his way. It was the next day that Dad lifted the hood and lo and behold, the engine was missing. The fun part of it was that Dad had been taken which didn't happen very often. He was very careful after that and didn't buy any cars over the phone.



There was a farmer who lived a mile east of town who was tighter than the bark on a tree. He was also very well off at the time of the depression. One time he was in town on business and was eating from a 5 cent bag of peanuts and someone came up to him and said, "Those peanuts sure do smell good". And Charlie said yes, they were sure good but he had gotten so he had to have a 5 cent bag of peanuts every time he came to town, and he just couldn't afford the luxury of them. Farm jobs were scarce at that time, and usually paid a dollar a day. A friend of mine was desperate, so he hired out to Charlie for 50 cent a day and his keep – food and bed. He worked 12 hours the first day, ate the evening meal, then grabbed an extra lamp and went bed. He read a couple hours, then up at 5:00 and back to work. He worked a 12 hour day, ate supper, and found that his lamp had disappeared. He demanded his dollar and went back to town. Quit.



This was about the same time I started helping Bruce on the cream route. I got a dollar a day and had to carry my own lunch. I would get up about 6 AM, go up to Osborne's store, buy a banana and a piece of minced ham and sometimes a loaf of bread if we were out of bread at home. I grabbed a quick breakfast and then up the alley to Orttons and off on the route. We were usually home by 3 P.M. I always liked the routes better than the junk business. I was 15 at the time and one time we were leaving Exira and Bruce said, "You drive" and of course as a 15 year old kid I was always crazy to get behind the wheel of a vehicle. There is a little curve in the road about a mile south of Exira and about the time I got there another cream truck was coming from the south and I could see that he was on my side of the center line. I thought it was that crazy Witzman kid from Griswold wanting to play chicken with me, so I got half way off the road and he sideswiped me, really just a fender bender. Bruce came to from his nap and he and Witzman agreed to fix their trucks themselves, no reporting. The other truck was Vernon Schultz's; Witzman was subbing for Vernon. He just went to sleep on the job.





That's my backside as I headed around the truck. This was 1941 when "modern" Tenville didn't really exist. But that is me carrying a cream can.

Hydroplaning. I have found out that during a rain or in the first 30 minutes after a rain that an asphalt or concrete highway can be very slick. This particular day Bruce told me to drive home from Exira. Going to Elliott where we lived you go through Griswold. At the north end of Griswold the highway crosses the railroad tracks kitty-wampus. It was raining a little at the time and when I hit the crossing it threw me into a skid and I over-corrected. Bruce grabbed the wheel and got it straightened out. I'm sure that if Bruce hadn't grabbed the wheel we would have rolled the truck. He was just waiting till I was 18 so I could take over the routes and he could build houses. When I was a month short of my 18th birthday I went down to Tenville to see how he was getting along. He and his family had moved down there in January. He and Steve Milner were setting up a shop for the GMC agency. Steve was a mechanic. Bruce had moved a near new garage building down from Elliott in the middle of the night. He also moved in a 12x30 chicken house and the Orton family was living in it. Vera always said they would have frozen if she hadn't stuffed wads of pages from a Sears catalog in all the cracks of the chicken house. But what the heck, she was promised a new house and the foundation had been run in February and early March. The concrete had been poured for the Quonset building. He wanted me to move down ASAP and run the routes; he guaranteed me \$10 a week or 12 % of the route check, whichever was more. Also included were my room and board. I would sleep at Milner's (Zuber house). Best offer I had had, and Dad was hard to work for, so the middle of March I moved to Tenville and started driving a truck. April 3rd I stopped in Clarinda and got my chauffeur's license. When Orton's new house was finished I moved into the upstairs there.



Elaine and I were married the 3rd of April the next year. My pay went up to 18%. We rented a house in Villisca for \$10 a month. Bruce started talking about a new house for us, and I assured him that \$10 a month was all we could afford. He said no problem, \$10 a month was OK. The house wasn't completely finished when we moved in about the first of June 1942, but among Bruce, Elaine and me, we got it done. It was very small, about

600 square feet, but we got by, and I was about to go to the Army.



Elaine & Jim at the Corbin farm in May 1943.



If you look on the right behind Mary, you'll see our Tenville house as it first looked.

On the 16th of February I went to Omaha for a physical and a week later I was off. Elaine went to live with her folks. On the morning I left we picked up Loren Dunn at the café and started to Red Oak. We got over to the road that goes to Stanton and the car conked out. The first car that came along was Rick Anderson's brother from Stanton and he was heading for the depot, too; he was in the same draft group as I was. Gerald Jarboe was also in that group, and Thelma provided transportation to Elliott for Elaine and ten day old Jim. Dad went to the Stanton corner and got our car. The points needed adjusting.

Off to Des Moines and then Virginia Beach. About the second morning out on the sleeper train, I looked out the window and I could look straight down.

We were sitting on a trestle that was built between two mountains deep in West Virginia. It looked like 1,000 feet down. No one of the enlisted men knew where we were going, only where we had been by the depots we had passed. We got off the train in Norfolk, Virginia and were bused to Vir-

ginia Beach, one and a half miles north of Camp Pendleton. We each were directed to the Battery we would be assigned to. After we got to our Battery, they had a roll call, and my name starting with "A" was one of the first ones on the list. When they called my name someone over in the corner yelled. It turned out to be Junior Weeks, one of my best friends that had shipped out from Des Moines a day earlier than we had. We had no idea where they had



Our honeymoon house on 2nd Avenue in Villisca in 2012, just a long two blocks from where we live now.

sent him. Gerald Jarboe, another of my friends from home was in my group. We spent a lot of time together, the three of us, Thelma Jarboe and Elaine.

Thelma and Elaine still have hour long phone conversations. Thelma lives in Texas, a couple hundred miles from where our son Jim lives. Thelma is 87 now. Elaine and I are 89; Gerald and Junior Weeks have died in the last two or three years. I miss them. All my friends are dying off. I saw in the paper that two more of my classmates have died: Betty Bates and Doris Dean DeWitt.



At Virginia Beach; that's the Atlantic Ocean beach just across the street from our house.

To continue my Army days, I was a member of the First Battalion, 783rd Coast Artillery.

We spent 18 months at Camp Pendleton for training. I was to be the bugler but I couldn't play the bugle; just not windy enough, I guess. We had to qualify for accuracy on the gun range. I was in the Motor Pool at that time, and we were expected to be able to handle a Thompson sub-machine gun. I don't know if I was just lucky or what, but I hit a moving target 99 times out of 100. We also had to qualify on the Army M1 rifle and the Browning automatic, which weighed 16 pounds. I did OK on those, but nothing special.

We were always going to some kind of school. Not long after we got to Camp Pendleton we had to take IQ tests. Everyone who scored over 110 was required to attend a Leadership Training Course. I think it met for one hour every Thursday for six weeks. You would be surprised how few of the 100 soldiers qualified for that class.

I was in the Army in '43. There were a lot of things happening. We had one guy from Kansas who was 6 foot 4 inches; he was really awkward. While we were learning to march he went to the hospital for several days and missed out on some of the moves we had to learn. Since he had been in the hospital he didn't know what the drill sergeant was talking about. When the sergeant called, "To the rear, march," Case didn't and about a dozen guys ended up on the ground. Most every one laughed except the sergeant. Case had some personal, individual training; he learned. While we were in training we had to take our turn at Guard duty and K.P. I hated Guard and Case hated K.P. so he would take my Guard duty and I would pull his K.P. It worked out well until the night I got him up, or tried to. I woke him up at midnight. He smoked a cigarette and said he'd take over so I went to bed. About 6 AM the Mess Sergeant got me up and said the kitchen stoves hadn't been fired up; my name was on the list as Fire Guard. We got Case up; he claimed I hadn't wakened him. We both got extra duty for that; I think they also made us quit trading duty.



Elaine and Thelma Jarboe at Virginia Beach.

About the time I had my teeth pulled the company decided we needed some Bivouac time which was camping in the field. Not having any chewing teeth I just knew I was going to starve to death, trying to eat army food. I did have sense enough to load up on candy bars which held me off for a while, but in about three days I ran out of them. I went to a cook I knew, and he said, "Do you like raisin cobbler?" I said, "No, but do you have some?" He said that the others didn't seem to like it, either, and gave me a cake pan full. I still don't care for it but I think it saved me from starving. Had I been in Camp I could have gone to the PX. When we first got to Camp Pendleton we weren't supposed to go to the PX, but some guys did. I guess I was too chicken to take a chance. There was a real gold-brick there that I knew from back home, and he would go, so I got him to buy me three boxes of bars at a time. I would give him a couple bars at the time. He would put my bars in one of my barrack bags, tied to the end of my bed. Of course he didn't have any money but the bars were 3 cents each. I charged a nickel; some of the guys would give me a dime. I kind of made my spending money that way. Most of the non-coms and sometimes the officers would show up with a sweet tooth for a bar.



Sometimes Elaine would come out to camp in the evening. A big sundae and a hot dog for a quarter, cheaper than she could eat at home. She and Thelma had a good time at Virginia Beach; we shared a crummy little house with the Jarboes. We had a neighbor who had a few chickens that ran loose. One day Chuck Hindal was there. He had had a couple of beers, one too many and he picked up a bottle

and threw it at an old hen – good shot, broke the hen's neck. He wanted Elaine to cook it for him, no way she said, so he and a guy he was with put the hen in a paper bag and took it down to the Kliner's a few blocks away. I guess they ate it. If Chuck had been sober he wouldn't have thought of doing that. We bought our eggs from the guy who owned the chickens.



*Junior Weeks and me at
Virginia Beach.*

A lot of the guys from my outfit hung out around our place. We lived right across Atlantic Avenue from the ocean, and we had a cold water shower stall in our yard. It was pretty busy in warm weather. There might be seven or eight towels hanging over the wall of the stall. Junior Weeks hung out at our place from time to time. He said that Elaine was his banker; he was still introducing her that way 50 years later. He would come to town on payday, and pay Elaine what he owed her. He gave her half of whatever was left and then disappeared. When that was

gone he would be back for more, and usually owed Elaine by the time the next payday arrived.



Junior was a good friend. After we had been in the Army about six months the names of all the guys were put in a hat, then drawn for furloughs. My name was one of the first drawn. It didn't make any difference, I didn't have any money. I don't know where he got it, but Junior came up with a \$20 bill; I think the train fare was \$17. So I went home for ten days. We had money at home, so I sent Junior the \$20. Good friends like that are hard to find. Junior was kind of a cut-up, but he married Preacher Lee's daughter; I'm sure they had a very happy life. The Army put Junior in Communications; he was one of the Battalion linemen. When we went to Texas they didn't need that department, and he was a tank driver. I remember he came in from the field, red as a beet, and I asked how hot it was in there. He looked at the thermometer, and said, "135 degrees". I'm sure that would have killed me, but I guess he was tough. Later tanks had air conditioning.



Jim at the Atlantic Avenue house in Virginia Beach.

Of course having a gambling game going in the Army was a usual occurrence. On pay night you could find at least one game going. I think I drew \$6 a month after my expenses were taken out: laundry, insurance, dependents, etc. so I would roll the dice a time or two. This one night I had \$2 I was ready to lose so I shot a roll for a dollar. I couldn't seem to lose. At one time I must have had \$60.

Then a guy showed up half drunk and went to calling my bets. I got down to about \$40 and quit the game. I gave Elaine the money the next time we got back to camp and told her to buy herself a nice outfit with it. She did, a blue suit. She had the outfit for several years. A good friend, Evelyn Harsh, kept wondering how we could afford an outfit like that, her husband was a sergeant and I was only a PFC and she couldn't afford one. We never did tell her I won the money shooting craps.



The motorpool; I'm in this picture about half way down the line.



I was attached to the motor pool but I spent a lot of time on KP. One day the First Sergeant came in and told the Mess Sergeant that they had shipped out his second cook on one shift. The Mess Sergeant said, "I have to have another cook." I said, "How about me?" He said, "You're hired." So for the next 19 months I was

a cook. Cooks and Bakers School was a snap. Thirty days of that and I was second cook on the shift. The Mess Sergeant was a pain in the butt but I survived. One time I had pumpkin pie on the menu. The cook manual told you how to mix the filling but it didn't say how hot the oven should be, so I partially baked the crust, poured the mixture in to the crust and had the oven too hot. I watched the pies closely but found out later it should have been baked at a much slower rate. The trouble was the pumpkin was runny. Some of the guys ate some anyway; by the next day the pies had set up pretty well. The pumpkin tasted good anyway.



Elaine, Jim and me during the war.

The Army received frozen chickens. They had been beheaded, their feet cut off, and defeathered. They also still had their guts in them. No doubt some chairwarmer decided that they could save a dime a bird by delivering them that way. You could smell those chickens cooking a block away. The taste went right through the meat of the whole chicken. Some of the guys wouldn't eat them; I was one of the guys. I hope that by now they have changed the way they buy their chickens.

Some days we would get off early, and I would go to town. Elaine and Jim, nine months old, were ready to go for a walk. We would usually end up at the Duck Pin Bowling Alley. We lived in a small house right behind



Brownwood, Texas apartment house.

the Red Cross which was next door to the Bowling Alley and we would watch the people, mostly service men, bowl. Most of the guys had kids back home, and they liked to play with Jim. They wanted to buy things for him, but Elaine would say "No." So when we got home we would shake him down, and his pockets would be full of money. Then we could get a few doughnuts. A little shop had the most delicious raised doughnuts we ever found in all our travels. One time I drove three or four officers on a trip, maybe to Norfolk. One of the officers knew about the doughnuts and he had me stop and he bought two dozen. They each ate only one and the rest were still in the bag when they got out. The guy said, "You take the rest home with you." They didn't go to waste.

We went from the Atlantic coast to Camp Robinson at Little Rock, Arkansas the last of July. It was miserable.

Then to Camp Bowie, at Brownwood, Texas. We liked Brownwood. Then we were sent to Fort Hood; there were no provisions there for families, so Elaine and Evelyn Harsh and the little boys drove back home to Iowa.



Dressed in my cook's whites in St. Louis.

Hallelujah! The war was over. Our outfit never had to turn our field artillery on people. At that time they started to release soldiers to go home. They were very fair about it; they went by a point system. If you had served overseas you were given extra points; the length of service counted. I still had six months to go after 31 months. I spent that time at a separation center at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis. I was in charge of a dining room. The center had two dining rooms, with a kitchen in the middle. We could feed 3,000 people at each meal.



Our St. Louis apartment house.

After I was sent to Jefferson Barracks, Elaine found us a single all-purpose room near the gate. It was also near the Mississippi River. It was a nice enough place, but you had no control over who your next door neighbors would be. We were next door to a real hillbilly couple. I'm sure the wife was a mental case. Elaine said that Fern would give their baby a bath on a table, then leave the baby there while she emptied the water. The baby would roll off onto the floor. Fern listened to the radio all day. When the announcer said, "Would you like to be Queen for a day?" Fern would shout, "I shore would."

Happy Day! March 1, 1946. I received my discharge from the US Army. The next day we headed for Omaha, where Elaine's parents lived. I soon found a job with a wholesale firm that provided supplies for dry cleaning places, but we couldn't find a place to live. Then Bruce showed up, wanting me to come back to Tenville. He offered the same pay I was getting in Omaha. When someone else had lived in our house in Tenville, our furniture had been moved into Orton's upstairs, so it only had to be carried across the yard. So, back to Tenville again.



Bruce had built the house for us right after we were married. The house was small and I suggested to Bruce that we needed more room and it would be nice if it had a basement and a porch. He started to dig a basement



My cream truck, well, Bruce's really at that time, but the one I drove.



Back in Tenville; 3-year-old Jim in the doorway of our house. It was good to be home.

but lost his ambition, and settled for a partial basement. He did build a 10 x 20 enclosed porch on the south side of the house. It still had black paper on it when he decided that we should buy the house; price \$2,000. He went to the bank and helped me borrow \$1,000; we had \$800 that we could spare. Bruce knocked off \$200, and in 1948 we owned a small house on three quarters of an acre of land. We paid off the \$1,000 in six months. The bank wasn't pleased.

We still needed more room and by 1950 Elaine had figured out how we could add on two rooms and have three bedrooms. I think the bathroom was done in 1950. In '51 we found a carpenter and ordered a load of material out of Omaha. The porch was torn off and we spent \$5,000 adding two rooms to the south side of the house.



Our Tenville house with the south porch.

When I first went to Tenville I got acquainted with several of the local guys: Denny and Weldy Larson, Billy and Junior Wheeler, Neal Taylor and Wally Anderson. All of them liked to gamble, even me. We would get together in Junior Wheeler's garage, right beside Dunn's station and sometimes play cards till midnight.

I was always the guy they were trying to figure out, should they hold or fold, if I made a big bet was I trying to buy the pot or did I have a good hand or not. Sometimes I would have a good hand, and they thought I was bluffing and call – Wrong! Then sometimes I had nothing and they would drop out. Then I would show them my cards and they would cuss, they had been taken again. I always ended up coming out ahead. Nothing big; 40 cent limit. Junior thought he was a gambler, but he was really terrible at it, the poorest gambler of the group. We had a lot of fun though, those cold winter evenings.



One more of my near misses – At the start of my sophomore year I was out for football. The Red Oak team had an early football game and our players were invited to the game. So some of our players got the family car and hauled a load down. I was riding with Max DeWitt and we were to pick up Wayne Selser one and half miles west of Elliott. They lived back about a quarter of a mile on a lane. We got back to the highway sooner than Max expected; he couldn't get stopped and a car was coming from the west. It turned out to be Albert Eshelman in his big Packard, and he missed us by a foot as he passed the rear of the car. Of course we were all scared witless. I was sitting in the back seat on the side where the impact would have been. Max



Our Tenville house with the 1950 addition on the south end.

headed north and pulled off into a corn field. Albert came looking for us but he didn't find us. He found out some way who all the guys were and gave each of us a dressing down. I had nothing to do with the driving but this is what happens when you get a bunch of kids in a car. Max was a good driver, but got a bit careless. We went on to the game but I didn't sleep very well that night. After a few years, when Max was a grown man he told about when he was in school, he would need spending money. He drove the family car to school and his Dad would keep enough gas in the car for Max to get to school and back. Max devised a plan to buy extra gas so he could drive a little extra. They had a hen house a ways from the house and when he fed the hens on the way to school he would put a couple hens in a gunny sack and sell them to the produce station. Heavy hens were worth a couple dollars each. He said he had to quit that after his mother got to noticing her flock was getting smaller, someone must be stealing them. Someone was – her son.



There was a lot of stealing going on. A business man bought a big hog and had it butchered. The butcher hung the two halves in the garage to cool out and notified the owner that the job was done. Next morning the business man met one of his neighbors downtown (a man with a poor reputation) who said, "I'm sorry to hear that someone stole your hog that was butchered yesterday; you just can't trust anyone any more." The business man went home and looked and the neighbor was right – no hog. Someone asked the business man if he was going to have the neighbor arrested, and he said no, the neighbor probably needed the meat worse than he did, but he sure as hell was going to put a lock on that garage door. I suppose the neighbor and his eight kids ate for a while after that.



The same business man had more bad luck later that same winter. I had been to a square dance at Gus Anderson's and was going home about midnight. As I passed the business I could see the business man banking the furnace with coal. I went on home and went to bed. About 1:30 Mom yelled up the stairway there was a big fire uptown. She knew I wouldn't want to miss anything as exciting as that. I dressed and headed up

town. A half block of buildings were on fire: a hardware store, the lumber yard building, and an insurance office building. It had started to burn the second lumber yard building across the alley, but they saved that one. A funny note – my friend Vic Lewis was on the roof of the Petty Seed Company across the corner west, and some burning debris blew over there. Vic didn't have any water to put it out so he peed on it and saved the building. A hero! We had a lot of laughs on that one. The company rebuilt the lumber yard building but that was about the only thing that was rebuilt on Main Street.



We had other exciting things happen in Elliott. One day in 1936 the bank was robbed. A couple of young guys from Red Oak were the culprits. I remember one of them was named England and they were driving a '32 Lincoln 12 cylinder car. The reason I remember the car is that Gerald Jarboe eventually bought the car. He said it would pass anything on the road except a gas station. He didn't keep it very long. The reason they caught the bank robbers so quickly was that they went back to Red Oak and started spending their ill gotten gains. Not very smart, I guess. We had the bank robbed here in Villisca a couple of years ago. The robber was of about the same mentality. He stopped at Caseys on the way out of town for a pop and a sandwich. I think for some reason they were suspicious and had a picture of the guy and his car, not even knowing the bank had been robbed. When they found out about the bank robbery they phoned the Sheriff and gave him a description and the law soon had the guy in jail.



Some people aren't very smart. Like embezzling bookkeepers – it doesn't take an auditor very long to catch it. A few years ago we had a preacher come into town who was going to start a new church. A very likeable guy, he got part time jobs at the school as assembly room monitor and as a clerk at the local hardware store. The hardware store made keys, but no one suspected at the time that the preacher was making duplicates of the keys made for customers. I guess he had keys for every business and church in town. One day at school the coach was telling others that his new jacket was missing. The preacher came in so he was asked if he had seen it. He said, yes, it was over there in his locker. It probably was, but everyone considered it a joke and laughed. Our church was missing an air conditioner, and the local plumber was missing a full furnace and other items. The furniture store was missing a roll of carpeting. Still no one suspected the preacher until after he left town. He became pastor of a church up by Des Moines. The police caught him in a clothing store in Des Moines one night after hours. They investigated his church and found our air conditioner, the missing furnace, the roll of carpet, and no doubt other things. The church up there paid for the furnace and carpet which had been installed in their building. We got our air conditioner back. There are a million such stories.



I was always looking for some way to make some spending money so when I heard that Lawrence Saemisch and his partner from Stanton were going to open a duckpin bowling alley in Elliott I called Lawrence and applied for a job setting pins. They were running an alley in Stanton. I knew Lawrence from cream hauling. He hauled cream to Exira like Bruce did, only just a couple of days a week, while Bruce hauled six days a week in the summertime. I was hired as a pin boy at 2 cents a line. I got the steady bowlers with money. I spent most of the winter at the Bowling Alley. I would make up to a dollar a day some days and nights. Later I was offered the job of manager, but I was smart enough to know that since I was only 14 years old I would have trouble handling some of the smart ass younger guys. So, I kept setting pins. Sometimes we would work all night refinishing the lanes with shellac. I think I got 25 cents an hour for that, good money for a slack time of the year.

The alley didn't last very long, perhaps just one winter. Then, in 1956, Max and Vernon Stennett opened another duckpin alley in the same building. It closed in 1959 or '60. One of the alleys was installed in the basement of the Christian Church, but it wasn't there long; kids went down and made a racket at inappropriate times.



I could make \$1.50 or \$2.00 a day on the farm, making hay or shocking grain. Wages were going up for the working man. I remember working out at Dean Reynolds; I and another guy got the job of mowing the hay in the barn. The other guys in the crew would bring the hay in from the field on racks and then send it in to us by a horse and hay fork. After taking care of a forkload we could go to the hay door for air; oh, it was hot. We worked on that job for most of a week. Time to be paid and Ollie Dughman was first in line, and really the only goof-off in the bunch. He was asked how much Dean owed him and he said, \$2.50 a day. \$2.00 a day was the going pay at the time, so when Dean paid the rest of us he said we were all better help than Ollie and he paid us \$2.50 a day also. The Dughman family was not considered upstanding citizens.



Elaine is related to an Elliott family. I kid her that they are her White relatives. Della Nelson was a White, and was a cousin of Elaine's father. Della married Bill Nelson. They had 10 children. Bill was a hard worker, but windy. At Della's funeral, one of the kids asked Lawrence what her grandfather had been like. Lawrence replied, "He was a good man, honest, he worked hard to support his family, but you couldn't believe a damned thing he said." Bill would lie if the truth would serve him better. When the bank closed Bill was running up and down the street telling everyone that his wife lost \$200 in the closing. That family never had \$200 together at one time.



Frank Chandler was the telephone line man for Elliott for years. Then he got tired of freezing on top of telephone poles, so decided that Elliott needed another restaurant. He bought some used café equipment and opened up. He said the first day he took in 36 cents – very discouraging. But he kept at it; times got better and he made a go of it. The lesson here is don't give up, keep trying. Chan told about one time he had been down in Missouri visiting his daughter. On the way home he decided to stop at the Pine Room in Tenville. Frank was a big man, about 6 foot 4 inches, with quite a paunch, the kind the state sent out at that time. He said when he went through the door the conversation stopped, and the back door went to slamming, as employees scurried to move the hooch and slot machines out of sight. Frank drank his coffee and left; he found it amusing that those people thought he was a state man.

Frank was a 100% Democrat. One time he and Scott Woods got into a hot argument. Scott was a cripple, with one arm in a sling. Frank said something bad about the no good Republicans and Scott started beating Frank with his one usable arm. Frank had a big picture of Roosevelt hanging in his café. One day Roy DeWiltt was smoking a cigarette and put the burning end to Roosevelt's nose. If Frank had been there he would have beaten Roy to a pulp but the next time Roy came in Frank gave him a chewing out and then hired him to work part time. I worked part time for Frank when he would go upstairs and take a nap.



One time I got in trouble, no fault of mine. Vic Lewis, Junior Williams and I decided to walk to Stennett on a Sunday afternoon; it was five miles each way. On the way back, about a half mile south of Elliott we ran into Roy DeWitt and a couple of other guys and we stopped to talk to them. Roy had a shotgun and he shot at some pigeons on the roof of the barn. About that time there was some activity at the house, and the three guys we were talking to jumped the fence and took off to the river. And here comes Lloyd Smith on his horse, madder than all get out. We were all going to jail for knocking shingles off his roof. We finally convinced him that we didn't have a gun, that it was those guys headed for the river. Well, we were still going to jail for being there. He finally worked Roy DeWitt's name out of me. When I got home word had already reached there from the DeWitts; they were sure Roy wouldn't lie. His sister came to our house trying to get me to change my story because Roy was going to get a good switching if I didn't. I suppose that happened, but he never held a grudge against me for it.



We had several bootleggers in Elliott. We had one who didn't mind getting locked up for a while because his wife could go to the store and get whatever groceries she wanted and the daughter wore the highest priced shoes and clothes in town. If the law left him alone he made more money than anyone in town. I had a friend who went across the alley to visit a playmate and while he was there the sheriff and a bunch of deputies raided the place. They didn't find any hooch so the Sheriff sent the deputies home. My friend said the deputies were no more than out of sight than his friend's father got a bottle of hooch and he and the Sheriff had a drink.

A woman I knew made her hooch in the bathtub. She sold it in half gallon fruit jars. I heard that it was strong stuff. A person I knew in Red Oak would go to Missouri every couple of weeks in his touring car and bring back a load of moonshine, a big load. One time the teacher decided it would be nice if the kids would get up and tell how their folks made their living. When Don got up and said, "My Dad is a bootlegger" she decided to change the subject. She kept the boy after school and told him he shouldn't say things like that. The poor kid said he told the truth and he didn't think there was anything wrong with that.



Everyone was trying to make a living during the depression; one guy was Ed Buehler. He had been farming, lost his lease and moved back to town. He had an old regular Farmall tractor which had a saw on the front of it. He started sawing wood for anyone. The pay sounds terrible now - \$1.35 per hour. He would feed the saw and he was good at it. Whoever he sawed for had to furnish the wood and the rest of the crew to get the wood to the saw and haul it away. Well, the engine blew up and there was no way he could buy another tractor or a new engine. He was quite a mechanic so he bought an old Hupmobile and mounted the engine from it right behind the tractor engine. The Hupmobile had three times the power of the Farmall engine and he could really saw wood. My Dad was one of his customers. Ed made a living sawing wood for years. He was always busy, not much expense, gas 17 cents to 20 cents a gallon, and that old Hupmobile engine, a hybrid Farmall.



Henry Smith, an old fellow in Elliott had a Model T truck. He hauled coal from the elevator to their customers. When people phoned in their orders Henry had a man to scoop the coal. A ton was a big load for the Model T Ford truck. Most orders were for a thousand pounds. Sometimes Henry's helper didn't show, and Henry would get me for a scooper. I would get 25 cents a ton if I had to scoop at both ends. I think old Henry got 20 or 25 cents a ton for the use of his truck. Henry was about 75 at the time, still making his own living.



A little later people would come to Dad and want to rent his truck to move into town. Of course I got the job of moving them. I think I got about 20 cents per hour and Dad got 50 cents an hour for the use of the truck. I remember moving Dr. Johnson's stuff in upstairs at the grocery store. I moved Dr. Eggemeyer's stuff from the house right west of the telephone office to his new house in the north end of town. Times have changed. When I was a kid I trimmed the Eggemeyer's bushes for 10 cents an hour. The last bushes I trimmed, in Villisca, I charged \$10 an hour. Inflation. I remember scooping walks for 10 or 15 cents and glad to have a job.



Dr. Johnson probably came to Elliott about 1936. He was an Osteopath and could write prescriptions, or take out tonsils, but the regular hospitals wouldn't admit his patients. The patients had to see one of the hos-

pital doctors to get in. The hospital at Creston would take him and his patients. One night about midnight someone knocked on our door; it was Dr. Johnson. He was supposed to meet a woman in Tenville to go to the hospital in Creston to have her baby. Doc made some calls and found that she was on the way. I guess they made it in time.

Another Dr. Johnson story – I was about 14. Dr. Johnson was fairly new in Elliott. There was a heavy snowstorm and he needed someone to go with him to the country in case he got stuck in the snow. We were going to a place about 3 miles southeast of Elliott; we made it out there OK but got stuck coming back. I got out and scooped a while. Then I got into the car to warm up and Doc scooped. Then I scooped some more. We got loose and made it back into town. He paid me 50 cents and I had spending money again.



I keep trying to think of things that happened during my life and last night after I had gone to bed it came to me that I hadn't written about my chicken business. Things had slowed down in my cream and egg business and I was always looking for more income. A guy by the name of Beebe from Lyman bought a big semi, a chicken hauling truck. He got me started hauling chickens to him. I bought 20 coops and let it be known to my people on the routes that I would haul their chickens to a market when they got ready to dispose of their old hens. I didn't know that this would lead into several phases of the chicken business. Quite a few of the people felt their chickens would still lay well the second year. Some of the producers would sell their 2 or 3 year old hens to me to go to market and I would locate some one year old hens for them at 75 cents per hen. I would make 25 cents per hen and they would be happy. The old hens weren't worth much on the market – 5 cents a pound. I would make 2 cents a pound, and there was another off-shoot of the old hens, if they were heavy hens. I had some people in the neighborhood that would clean the hens for me and I always had people wanting heavy roasting hens. I charged \$2 for them: the farmer would get 75 cents each, I would make 50 cents, and the lady who cleaned them got 50 cents. Usually the chicken cleaner could clean 100 chickens a day if she had a feather picking machine. Another phase of the business: the hatchery at Atlantic started me selling 15 to 20 week old pullets for them. I got 25 cents for each pullet I sold but of course it was a night job in addition to running my routes, but I was young and willing to work.

I had a shop building in Tenville and people found out they could come get their eggs, butter and good thick cream. I had one couple down by New Market that I knew were clean and I would pay them a premium for their cream. They refrigerated it, so I had good sweet cream. I would put it in quart jars, \$2.00 a jar if they brought a jar; if not it was 25 cents extra. I never locked the shop; they could come any time, day or night. I never felt but what everyone left the amount of money they were supposed to. Most people are honest and they sure liked those large eggs and the cream. Elaine to this day won't buy anything but extra large eggs; she says her recipes don't work with regular large eggs.





My Tenville shop building, truck garage, egg grading room, and walk-in refrigerator. What a great place!

One time I was fishing off the bridge 1 ½ miles south of Morton Mills. I got a good bite and finally decided that it was a turtle on the end of my line. About that time Zay and Murl Greenfield stopped and wondered if I was having any luck. I told them that right then I thought I had a turtle on the line and was going to have to go down and cut the line, that I didn't want any turtle soup. They said that they did, and I said, "Help yourself," so they went down under the bridge, cut the line and were off to have turtle soup; they said they loved it. I have yet to try it. I don't suppose I ever will. Another time Wilma Greenfield ordered five heavy hens from me. I delivered them to her and the next time I saw her she said those were very odd chickens – no hearts, livers or gizzards. I told her that most people didn't want those parts and I had the cleaner put them in a plastic bag and I would bring her some the next time I came to town. The bag I took her probably had five pounds in it. She was very pleased. I think Wilma is the only member of her family still living now (2012). Wilma has a boy by the name of Steve.



I have been thinking of the Shields family that grew up west of Elliott; I knew them then. They went to school in Elliott as I did. There was one boy, Dean, two years ahead of me in school, sister Grace, one year ahead of me, Mary Louise, one year behind me and two younger girls, Harriett and Laura. We were good friends of the family, and their father, Charley, and my Dad were good friends. They did a lot of business with each other. Dean, his wife Mary and their six kids moved in next door to us in Tenville. Mary taught school in Red Oak. Dean was doing some experimental work at Frank Braden's machine shop at Tenville. One of the things he was working on was a device to measure the stress on precast concrete beams for bridges, way above my head. I understand they got that done and put them on the market.





Jamie Shields in 1963 in our Tenville house.

Jamie was the third son in the Shields family. When he was about eleven he started helping me on the routes. He could load and unload cans, run errands, and carry some of the lighter cans. Of course this was during summer vacation time and on Saturdays. I had two sets of routes and the last of one summer my driver quit and I had to go and run those routes. Jamie knew the routes I had been running so we got his older brother Hugh to drive and Jamie directed and kept track of things.

I was always very fond of Pepsi; I would buy it from the Pepsi man wholesale. I would freeze it in

my refrigerator, four bottles at a time. If I had help, that was two bottles each. About 10 in the morning we would take two bottles out of the cooler to thaw for noon. I liked them and my help did, too. Then at noon we took the second two out to thaw for mid-afternoon. When Hugh was driving the truck for the one week, he thought it was pretty neat. Every time he visits us he will say, "Got any frozen Pepsi?" Of course Hugh likes chocolate chip cookies, too.

The Shields family was here for three years; Jamie came back for the summer when he was 15 and stayed with us until he had to go home for school. Dean flew up from Birmingham in his Cessna to get him. Dean offered us a ride in his plane. Of course Linda wanted to go, but Dean wouldn't take her unless one of us went, so Elaine said she would go. So I crawled in, too. It was our first plane ride; we circled over Elliott and Tenville, quite a ride.

Jamie tells about one birthday. His mother told him he could have anything he wanted to eat for all three meals. Jamie says there was no doubt about it – he had French toast morning, noon and night. Jamie's oldest boy is getting married soon. The youngest one is in college, while the only girl has finished college.

Bill Shields was the fourth boy in the Shields family. He grew up to be a big fellow. He was probably 6 – 7 or 6 – 8 and weighed about 270 pounds. He told the story of the time he came home from school and was hungry so he decided to make some scrambled eggs. He started with two eggs and some milk – too much milk, so he added two more eggs. Too dry, so added some more milk. This kept up until he had nine eggs in the pan; he ate them all. Bill played football for the San Diego Chargers for several years while he was getting a degree in engineering. Hugh and Jamie also have engineering degrees.

Margaret, the only girl in the family, Hugh and his wife Ramona and Ralph Jackson, a former Tenviller who had married a cousin of the Shields came to see us recently. Hugh lives in Joplin, Missouri, and they survived the terrible tornado of 2011. Their house was destroyed and they are building a new one.



I think there have been times when I mentioned different cars I had over the years. I was always car crazy as a kid. My first car was a '26 Dodge. I bought it from Albert Eshelman at \$10 down and \$10 a month. Came the third month and I was broke. Dad said he would pay the \$10 and he junked the car. I was only 14 and he didn't want me to have a car yet anyway. At the age of 16 I was yelling about having a car again. Frank Chandler had a car for sale. It was a '28 red Chevy sports coupe with a rumble seat. I had \$20 and Dad loaned me \$30. Dad helped me paint it Robin Egg Blue. I called it the Blue Goose; we still call it that when we talk about it. I had it about two years and then traded it off for the '32 Studebaker that threw a rod; I turned it back to the dealer in Essex. It seems like I bought a Model A Ford next and then sold it to Floyd Dehart, \$10 down and \$10 a month. He paid the \$10 and was supposed to pay the rest but his job ran out and he was gone. I heard that his father had bought a farm up by Missouri Valley. I got Banty Anderson to take me up there. We located the farm and got Mr. Dehart up about midnight. I told him about the deal and he said he would talk to Floyd about it. My \$20 came in the mail on Tuesday; Floyd's Dad got things moving.



I paid \$50 for the '35 Auburn that Elaine and I had so much fun with that summer. The guy I bought it from said that the Auburn had a bad head gasket. I took it to Gerald Kinnersley a local mechanic. He went to Red Oak, got the new gasket installed and charged me \$1.35; the gasket cost 50 cents. He sure didn't know how to charge. I didn't have a car through the winter; I drove Bruce's truck to get around.



Came April 3rd, 1942, Elaine had spent a week in Villisca. We rented a house and moved in some furniture. I ran the route and we were off to Maryville to get married. We had to run down a clerk from the courthouse and got a license. Everyone was very cooperative. Hunted up a Church of Christ, found the preacher. He said we should have a witness but it wasn't necessary. So we got hitched. I think I had \$5. Gave the preacher \$2.50. Had some hamburgers at Shambaugh. Busy day. April 3 was a Friday so on Saturday we spent the day cleaning out our storage room. An old bachelor had lived there and never threw anything away. \$10 a month rent.

In the fall my mother made it known that she would like to go down to Joplin, Missouri. My brother Dean was stationed at Camp Crowder. I had a '29 Chevy by that time so we had a car to drive. I had taught Elaine to drive. Young people don't worry about tires; we should have – because of the war, tires and tubes were rationed. I had six tires for the Chevy so we were off on a 500 mile trip. Bruce agreed to run the Saturday route so we were free as a bird. I had tire patching and a hand air pump. We had two or three flats but the worst problem was the inner tubes; they were rotten and if you didn't get stopped quickly enough a flat would ruin the tube. I ruined two tubes and it came time to



Here we are visiting Dean at his base in Joplin, MO and the '29 Chevy we drove there.

start for home. The oil station attendant said he couldn't get new tubes. He did have one used tube we could have for \$2.00, new price. It had 13 patches on it but he would guarantee it to hold air. We didn't have much choice so I bought it, and yes, it did get us home.



Jim and I with the '35 Pontiac; see the handle on the front of the door.

I traded the '29 Chevy and \$50 to Arlen Wollenhaupt for a '35 Pontiac. This Pontiac had what they called "suicide doors". The doors opened from the front. This was the car that conked out on us the morning that I left for the Army. We sold that car to Elaine's parents for \$135. They needed a car during the war. A couple of years later we bought a '37 Chevy when we were at Brownwood, Texas. Elaine started home to Iowa and had a flat that broke a few of the rayon cords; the station attendant said he had some new liners so they put one in and it got her home. I got out of the Army soon after that and went to work again, for \$40 a week on the routes. I sold the '37 Chevy to a Mr. Peterson. I was driving Bruce's truck for transportation. An odd thing happened; Elaine's folks went on a trip out west to visit relatives. Deep in Nebraska a '37 Chevy with Montgomery County license plates passed them. A little farther down the road they saw the '37 Chevy; a kid fell out the back door and

everybody stopped. The boy didn't seem to be injured so every one went their merry way. Quite a coincidence; two cars that I had owned meeting in central Nebraska under these conditions.

I guess the next car we had was new – a black '49 Chevy. It was still difficult to get a new car. Glen Gillette, manager of the Corning Creamery had two cars ordered, a Pontiac and a Chevy and he let me take the Chevy when it came in. \$1,500. Then I traded at Hopkins, Missouri for a '51 Chevy. Then I traded again for a new '57 Chevy – turquoise and ivory. Traded again in '64 and that Chevy wouldn't pull the hat off your head. So in '66 we changed to a Ford, 390 engine, power brakes, automatic transmission. In '72 I bought my Dad's '72 Plymouth which had air conditioning.



I retired the first time in '76 and we bought a new LTD Ford to drive on a trip west. Didn't have time to break it in, so we drove that new car to Littleton, Colorado, and then up Pike's Peak. Jarboes had a full weekend planned and then their car developed a problem. They said that if we wanted to go on the tour we would have to take our car. I said fine, as long as Gerald drove. He was used to mountains. So we started out going up Pike's Peak. We had a great weekend. Colorado Springs, Central City, the Glory Hole, Boot Hill. There were donkeys that wandered around panhandling from the tourists. Our favorite place was Cripple Creek. There was a bar that had a brass donkey in the window; the place was called the "Brass Ass." An old hotel put on "melterdramers" where you could boo and hiss the villain. We went on to the west coast, and had a fine trip.



A number of years later we visited Colorado again. Our grandson David was playing soccer for Elizabethtown College in Pennsylvania. Linda said the team was to play in a tournament in Colorado Springs and they were going. She suggested that we meet them there. So off to Colorado. We were all there, but where was David? In Pennsylvania, with a broken arm. His team won the tourney without him. Some weekend. First, they had six inches of rain, spoiling the scheduled balloon glow. The races were held the next day.



The Artlips went on vacation in their 1949 black Chevy in 1950.



Linda and the '57 Chevy which she drove in high school.

Before we got to Colorado Jim and Linda had rented a car. Jim was used to the combination on the door of his car at home and when he stopped the car he would pull the key out of the lock and drop it on the floor. He did that with the rental car before we got there and oops – no combination. They had to get a locksmith. We all got out of the rental car in downtown Colorado Springs, and lo and behold – he did it again. I had left my window down about two inches and Elaine thought she could get her skinny arm through the window and pull up the door lock. She did, and the burglar alarm went off. We attracted a lot of attention before Jim got to the key and the switch.

We went up Pike's Peak on the cog railway. It was Labor Day weekend, but Linda slipped on some ice at the top and injured a knee; she hobbled around for a while. We visited the Air Force Academy and watched the glider planes. We visited the amazing Garden of the Gods. We went to Cripple Creek; it had changed since we were there and was full of slot machines. I got \$2 worth of nickels and went to play the machines. The first \$2 lasted about two hours; the next \$2 lasted about 15 minutes.



Linda, Elaine and me at the top.

We took the scenic route to the Royal Gorge which led through a canyon. Some places it was just barely wide enough for two cars to pass. About the place the canyon was the narrowest there was a disabled car, blocking the road. It had lost a bolt out of a tie-rod and was cross-ways of the road. Several cars had been coming from the south, and seemed to be waiting for someone to do something. I looked the deal over and told some of the guys standing there to grab hold of the bumper and we would bounce the car to one side of the road. I think they all thought I was crazy but they did what I asked and on the third bounce the car moved against the west bank which made room for one-way traffic to squeeze by. Jim was still sitting in the car, and he was amazed that this old country boy knew how to do that. That was one of the ornery tricks we would pull on our buddies, bouncing their cars between buildings so that they couldn't get them out. I never thought I would use that trick to get us out of a jam in Colorado.

Due to the problem in the canyon we were late getting to the Royal Gorge. Jim and Elaine wanted to take the cog railway to the bottom, but the last trip of the day was down. We walked across the bridge, and went back to Colorado Springs. We went to a Chuck Wagon supper that featured a lot of beans and western entertainment. We visited with very friendly people. It was fun. Bless the Weinstens for taking us under their wings and providing us with this great experience. We were getting ready to go somewhere and when I got into the car the whole seat of my pants ripped

out. I sneaked back into the hotel to change. Elaine had decided that my pants had gotten too tight and she had let them out a bit. I guess I didn't embarrass anyone – just a fat old man.



The last four cars I owned have all been Mercurys: an '84, '86, '92, and the 2000 that we have now. No more; Elaine likes this car and it has just 71,000 miles on it. It rides well, drives well, and we don't go anywhere any more.



About a year and a half ago my eye doctor said, "I don't think you should drive the shape your eyes are in". I argued a bit but decided he was right so I said, "Don't turn it into the state DOT and I won't drive, but I will turn my license in", and I did. I had the cataract removed; what a different world it is! So, at the age of 89 I decided to get my driver's license back. After going through the manual about five times I took the test. There are some tricky questions and I missed seven of them. You were allowed only 6. I went back the next day, and missed five. So, I passed that. I thought I did everything right on the driving test but the Inspector had me down for six gigs, but I passed and got my license. And then I had the wife – she had been doing all the driving during the year and a half that I wasn't driving. I was out of practice and made what she said were a couple of errors. She was probably right. I asked her if she wanted to go to Red Oak with me, and she said only if she drove. She is a good driver, but overly cautious at times. Most of us aren't cautious enough.



Glen Findley and I decided to go fishing at Lake Okoboji one weekend in April. Usually the weather is decent at that time so we went. The weather turned cold and damp by the time we got there but we were ready to fish. We rented a cabin and boat. The only furnishings we had in the cabin were a bed and a perk coffee pot. We went to the store and bought some coffee, bread and lunch meat. We made some coffee, drank some, added some water, still too strong. Went fishing, froze our butts off, quit fishing and went to the store again. I bought a pair of overshoes and some long underwear. Went back to the cabin, added some more water to the coffee pot, still too strong, decided to go out for supper and get some decent coffee. We had a good meal and some good coffee. By that time it was time to go to bed. My problems had just started.



A back road to Royal Gorge.

Glen dropped off to sleep instantly. He turned out to be a snorer, the loudest I had ever heard. I later asked Vi how she stood the snoring and she said you get used to it. I certainly didn't, the two nights we shared the cabin. The next morning we went to a local café where we got some good coffee. We dumped what was in the pot. It wasn't fit for a dog. We went fishing. I caught several walleyes. I don't think Glen caught any. He said I was jerking the line too hard; he was the known fisherman around Tenville, but I caught the fish. When we got home he said, "Don't forget the fish." I said, "You take them, I know you and Vi like fish and you cleaned them." No argument.



Elaine and I decided that we would like to go to Canada. Don Haskins had bought a fishing camp on a 5 acre island in Whitefish Bay. We rented one of the cabins out on the south point, took a couple of pounds of hamburger with us and met Don at the government dock. He took us by boat about five miles to the camp and the main lodge where they lived. Since I had been a former neighbor in Tenville and he had been a cream hauler, too, he rented us a good boat that belonged to a friend of his. Don's boats weren't too great. The next



Elaine caught more fish than me.

morning he was to take us and another couple staying there out fishing, and we would cook our fish for lunch. Don's wife threw in a couple cans of Spam. Don laughed at her; we would catch plenty of fish. Guess what we had for lunch. Don was rather embarrassed about that, and said that the next day he would take us to a place where he would guarantee us all the fish we wanted. We went by boat, then walked about a mile to where he had a boat stashed in the weeds. Not many people knew about that branch of the lake. Elaine had never caught a fish and I had to bait her hook and take the fish off. She was catching them so fast that I couldn't get my hook in the water. Finally she quit fishing so I could. Four and five pounders were the only ones we took back to the cabin. An Indian had shown Don how to clean and fillet Northerns, and after getting the bones out, they were by far the best eating fish there. Don and Birdie had two kids, a girl and a boy; they spent a lot of time with us. They were lone-

some out on the island. We enjoyed them. There was a bear on the island. We didn't see it, but every night it got into the garbage cans. We kept a good watch when we were out after dark.

Our Jim was 15 at that time; he knew the routes but wasn't old enough to drive. He stayed with the Max Garrett family and he and Max ran the routes. They fed him and picked him up in town after baseball practice. The first day on the route Max grabbed a full ten gallon can of cream as they were unloading at the creamery and fell off the dock with it. He broke some ribs, and was in pain the whole time we were gone, but he wouldn't let Jim call us. Jim was quite adept at handling a full five gallon can. Max was a school teacher wanting to earn a little extra money.

Daughter Linda had a good time while we were gone. She stayed with the Max Means family, and they had kids about her age. They went swimming every day.

I was quite lucky to be able to get someone who was able to take on my routes occasionally. Duane Rhamey was a farmer on a small farm and he was usually available. Mike Kimmel worked at the creamery, and at times Glen would allow him to take over for me. One time when Duane was running we had a lot of rain. The grass grew like mad and the cows gave lots of milk. Duane hauled the largest amount of butterfat my routes ever produced. Duane was a worker; he and his wife raised a large family of nice kids.



I don't know when or where we got him, but we had a dog when I was a kid. We called him Toodles. He went everywhere with me, my buddy. He was a medium-sized dog, white with a brown circle around one eye. I really don't know when he disappeared; I'm sure I cried. He was the only dog we ever had. (*Toodles is in the picture on the cover.*)

When Linda was about 15 months old I thought the kids needed a dog. Irwin Davison had a litter of pups; the mother of these pups was a Cocker Spaniel. I think the father was a pencil nosed Collie. I took the dog home and Linda would carry him around for a while. He soon got too big for her to carry. He was quite a dog. The bread truck would stop over at the station before they were open and leave their order on the step. Tar Baby would bring home a package of cinnamon rolls; he didn't even break the wrapper on the rolls. Elaine would go over and pay for the rolls; we ate quite a few cinnamon rolls for a while. I suppose they found a safer place for the bread man to leave their order. Then Tar Baby started to follow the kids to their country school. He was hit by a vehicle; he had a broken leg but managed to drag himself home to a screened in porch where he didn't move for about three weeks. He would eat and drink if you



Tar Baby and Linda when they were both new.

set it where he could reach it. After he got on his feet he started going to school again. He had a limp for a while but got over it. He had appointed himself the protector of the kids. He would threaten any adult he didn't know who came to the school. The kids could calm him down, but one day he was sleeping on the step, and Lula B. Reed, the County Superintendent, stepped up there. Startled, he bit her on the leg. Lula B. was sure she was going to die of hydrophobia. A neighbor was unkind enough to suggest that the dog would probably die. Well, he did, actually. We had to keep him at home for ten days and then have him put down.



When I was ten or twelve years old I got acquainted with a boy named Russell Jarboe, a cousin of Gerald Jarboe. He got me interested in going to Sunday School and Church. My aunt had given me some clothes her son Kenny had outgrown. My mother and I considered them good enough for Sunday School, and I went steadily for about two years. I still have the Bible they



The 1st Presbyterian Church of Villisca.



Elaine and I were both Elders when Linda's daughter, Melissa, was baptised in 1974.

gave me. I didn't get started going to church again until I was 28 years old. Our kids attended Sunday School at Sciola for a time, and then started going to the Presbyterian Church in Villisca. We began attending church there. I was 28 when I was baptized. Elaine and Jim were baptized at the same time. Linda, age 4, objected; the minister came to the house later, and it went smoothly then. We have been members of the Church for 60 years.

I was ordained as Elder when I was 33, and served on the Session off and on for many years. I was the church treasurer for a time. I was the Head Usher for a number of years. I missed a lot of the hard labor on church repairs as it was done in the daytime when I was working. The biggest project I was involved with was laying oak

flooring in the Sanctuary, which was done mostly at night. People were sticking to the pews in hot weather, so we refinished all of them. Yale Wright's pants fell off as he worked; he had lost a lot of weight, and didn't live long after that. I also helped tear up the concrete floor in the kitchen and install a new sewer pipe. Elaine has held many offices and spent countless hours on church work. She was one of the first two women ordained as Elder in our church.



During the years leading up to World War II the used metal business was good, and Dad made a good profit on it. There was a big demand for used car parts. People were selling off their old iron, and Dad was the local dealer. After the war Dad bought a big four-hole Buick. After he had shown it off for a while he sold it and got his money back. Money talks.



I know that I jump around a lot in these notes, but if I don't write it right then I may forget it. We are going on one of our trips to Arizona next. We had been visiting our good friends the Zuber in Mesa. An annual event there was a Montgomery County, Iowa get-together for people who had lived in Montgomery County, or any visitors who wanted to attend. My friend Vic Lewis had died shortly before that and we planned to stop in Kingman, Arizona, to visit his wife. Just a few miles east of Kingman something came from the side of the road and ran under the car. It made quite a racket, and I said we must have hit a prairie chicken. But the car got noisy, and I said, "It looks like it ruined our muffler. We will have to get that fixed in Kingman." We got a motel room and ate supper. We then went to visit Jackie. We knew she had company. We had heard that her brother Manning DeWitt and his wife from Griswold, Iowa, were there. Manning had lived in Missouri for years; he ran the State Farm Insurance agency there. I knew that the Askey family from Elliott moved to that town years before, so I asked Manning if he happened to know Hank Askey. He grinned and said, "We just sold our house to him before we left there." Manning's wife was a sister of Vernon and Johnnie Schultz, so I knew her also; all in all we had a good visit.



Edith and Johnny Zuber.

The next morning we found a muffler shop. The manager said he had several jobs lined up, but since we were traveling he would do ours first. About an hour later he came and told us that our muffler was full of coyote fur, but that we were ready to hit the road.

We went on to Jarboes at Henderson, Nevada. We had a good visit; they always fed us well, and showed us a good time. A couple of times when we were at Jarboes Elaine called Peggy Orton and she and her

husband came for a visit. One time Max and Ramona Weeks stopped in for the evening and we talked about the old home town of Elliott and of the next year at Mesa and Las Vegas. Max was a brother of Wayne Junior Weeks, a lifelong friend from Elliott.



One year we went to Houston to visit Jim. From there we headed to Mesa to see the Zubers. It was hot and humid; I wasn't as alert as I should have been and at 65 miles per hour you are moving right along. I could see a car pulling a long trailer up ahead, not going quite as fast as we were. For some reason the driver decided to go back the way he had come. He turned the car onto a cross-over, but that left the long, long trailer blocking my lane. Elaine yelled, "Trailer." I hit the brakes as hard as I could but saw that I wasn't going to get stopped so I turned the steering wheel as far as I could and then had to come back past the back end of the trailer. We both shook from the scare for an hour after that. We could have both been killed. On to the Zubers and a good visit. They seemed to enjoy our visits. Ron Zuber and Willis Dunn lived just a few blocks from there. They came over just as soon as they heard we were there. They were former Tenville residents. Once a Tenviller always a Tenviller.



One time we went to Mesa in time for the Iowa gathering. Jarboes planned to meet us at Zuber's. They parked their motor home in Zuber's driveway. Jane Zuber lived just three doors down the street from her parents. She had a lemon tree loaded with the biggest lemons we had ever seen. Jane said to help ourselves, so we did. We were going to California so we couldn't take them. We set up an assembly line in Zuber's kitchen. Edith found some old containers and we filled them with lemon juice. Jarboes had a freezer compartment in their motor home. The juice kept well until we reached Jarboe's house. We packed our share in ice in a cooler and it was fine when we got back to Iowa.



Our friends, the Jarboes.

We left Mesa with the Jarboes. We would follow them in our car; we would eat and sleep in the motor home. We had barely made it out of town when a wheel of the motor home hit a tire iron and threw it into our windshield. I told Elaine to get on the CB to tell Jarboes what had happened but they didn't answer. They had no idea what had happened to us, but after they realized they had lost us they went back to Zuber's. In the meantime we had run across a highway patrolman. He called a windshield place in Phoenix. They said cash or credit card. Elaine said cash if we had enough. He said \$125. Elaine said we would be right in. While we were waiting Elaine called Zuber's, and found Jarboes there. We arranged to meet out along the highway in a couple hours. The next day Gerald bought a new CB.

We saw a lot of interesting things in California, but my most vivid memories are of Indio, the Date Capital of the World – at least in their opinion. Afternoon shows included camel races and ostrich races. The ostriches were hard to control and sometimes bit their handlers. There were bleachers for spectators. A mime would come up behind a couple starting up the bleachers. He would push the man to the side, then encourage the woman up the steps with his hand on her rear. She would get to the top before discovering the substitution. After an initial squawk, she would laugh with the rest of the crowd. In the evening an outdoor theatrical production of “Arabian Nights” was given. The dates were good, too, if you like dates. We accompanied Jarboes back to Henderson and then left for Iowa.



Back about 1955 Viking Lake had been filled and I got a hankering to get a boat. I bought an old boat and a trailer. The boat was no good but it was a good trailer. I had the boat and trailer behind my pickup one day when I was going through Stanton. I saw a boat and trailer parked on Dannie Anderson’s used car lot. So I stopped and traded my boat and trailer for his. The boat I got from him was basically an aluminum shell. I used that boat the rest of the summer. Sometime during the year a better boat and trailer came up for sale. I bought it, a much safer outfit. We had a lot of fun with it for two or three years. One time the engine went to missing. I had the spark plug out cleaning it, and dropped it in the lake. I had a piece of rope in the boat and John Kemery pulled us in to the dock. After that, I always carried an extra plug in the boat. I guess I got to working more hours, the routes kept getting longer and I put the boat in Lou Raney’s shed and it was there for about five years. I pulled it out on my lot and sold it to Doug Bloom. I made several hundred on the boat, but inflation had set in, too.



When I started buying eggs on the route I didn’t get very many and I took them to some other dealer. Then the State passed a law that all eggs had to be graded, even ones that were straight run. Wilbur Branan bought a washer and grader and talked me into bringing my eggs to him; they would grade them and write the checks to the producers. I would get 75 cents a case. Things went fine for a couple of years, but he and his wife started having problems. He went to boozing and his checks started bouncing. As soon as I found out about the check problem I made different arrangements. I guess I picked up about \$2,000 of his bad checks. It was the low production time of the year so there were 50 cases a week instead of 150 cases as there were in the high production season. That is about the time I started grading all I could myself and peddling them out to stores, cafes and other places. Of course that all took time. I hardly had time to sleep but I was successful and I could make \$3 or \$4 a case. By the next year I had to buy eggs from other dealers to fill my orders. One thing I had to have was a walk-in cooler. In checking around I learned that Harry Carson’s butcher shop in Elliott was closing and the cooler was for sale - \$200 including the compressor. It was about 9 feet tall, and had fins for the cooling on the inside unit. The compressor pumped the fluid through the fins; that was the way it cooled. I bought an inside unit and a compressor for the outside unit; the old compressor would deafen you. I asked Dick Carson where that cooler came from, and he had been told that it

came with the butcher shop when the Carson family bought the shop early in the 1900s. It was on the north side of the street then. I didn't have to ask him why it was so tall. My grandfather Reuben Artlip started that shop in 1909 and the first thing he bought was that cooler. He had measured wrong and when it came it was a foot too tall for the store so they cut that part of the floor out and lowered the cooler into the hole. It was probably there for 50 years before it was moved to the building kitty wampus across the street from the bank, where Harry moved his shop.



Harry Carson made the best pork sausage in southwest Iowa. The café at Tenville would go to Elliott and buy 20 pounds at a time. We bought two or three pounds when we were in Elliott. Harry also made the best bologna – ring baloney. He cooked it all day in a big iron pot of water in the smoke house. Sometimes I would go by and he would ask me if I would turn the baloney rings over for a while. I might turn the rings for an hour or so. He would show up after a while to build up the fire; he would give me a ring of baloney to take home. That would be our meat for supper. Mom would cut it into 7 or 8 chunks. Each person could make a sandwich or just eat it. I remember that it was delicious. I have never tasted any other as good, or maybe I was just hungry.



The second time we lived in the south part of Elliott Maree would have been about eleven. Mom gave her one of her chickens for a pet. Most of the chickens were shut in an old building but this one was allowed to run the acreage. One day the chicken showed up with a tag hanging from its mouth that said "Carson's Homemade Bologna". Harry's tag was on a piece of string. It had been on the end of a ring of baloney that had a little piece of the meat still on it. Maree got Dad to pull the tag and meat from the chicken. Dad gave the tag a heave out into the weeds and the chicken seemed no worse for wear. The same chicken turned up the next day with the same tag in its mouth; it didn't seem to learn. I suppose we eventually ate the chicken.



In the fall of 1970 a basement had been dug west of the cemetery, and the Sciola Church was moved onto it. The work was not finished, and a jungle grew up around the church. Like two idiots we started mowing the yard and the cemetery. Then you could see how bad the building looked. I got ahold of some matching siding and filled in the bare spots. We found a guy who was willing to finish the basement. The birds had flown in and out for years where the chimney was broken, so he put up a new chimney. Somewhere along the line I was elected as chairman of the church board. Elaine was already the Township Clerk, but was also named Secretary-Treasurer of the Church Board. The building looked so bad we decided to paint it – 30 feet to the peak. The church had a few thousand in the bank and people donated a little money – a very little, and work continued. Elaine donated some money for storm windows and new double front doors and storm doors.



The old Sciola Church faced east toward the highway; these photos show the church in the old days and just before it was moved and renovated. After an 1892 tornado damaged the south side, it was rebuilt with different windows.

The restoration was far enough along that we held an Open House on the last Sunday of August, 1981. 250 people signed the guest book. The place was packed. Master of Ceremonies Dwight Carmichael welcomed the crowd. We sang *The Little Brown Church*. As part of the program a rededication service was held. Elaine talked about the history of the church. We were presented a plaque for our work on saving the building.

Elaine prepared the mountain of paperwork required, and on 18 July 1983 the Sciola Church was entered in The National Register of Historic Places. There have been six weddings in the church since it was restored. One guy has been married there twice. Various other meetings were held, but it doesn't seem to be being used now. I would like to see money raised to move the building to the County Museum in Red Oak. It would be preserved there.

An appliance man said, "I'm taking a furnace out of the Building and Loan building. You can have it; it works. They just wanted a new one." Well, I installed the furnace, and with the help of the appliance man, we changed it over from natural gas to Propane. I had enough vent pipe to make the heat go where I wanted it to go, and also to make the cold air pipes. We got carried away and cashed in Elaine's I.R.A. and sheathed and shingled the roof; probably crazy to do it but we were drawing 15 % on our savings. We spent \$4700 on the roof. Then I donated the money I got for mowing the Arlington Cemetery to put Steel siding on the building. Took several years of mowing to pay for that. The guy guaranteed that the paint would stay on, but I never could get a written guarantee from him. The paint lasted five years on the front of the church. We replaced that but I never did get anything out of him. The rest of the siding has shed its paint by now. A 50 year guarantee from the Stephens Construction of Emerson, Iowa – good workmanship in installing but he wouldn't stand up to his word.



The Sciola Church in August 2010.

The basement entrance was covered by a cellar door that leaked water and mice. Clayton Gay gave me some used lumber and I put up an entryway with a regular door. Much better. The front step had been poorly designed and water ran under the door and into the basement. Bill and I built a new entryway that improved the situation. Since then we have gotten old and moved to Villisca.



One Sunday morning we had just returned home from church when a crazy guy showed up at our door. He had drawn a sketch of a house, a 26x26 foot main floor, same for a basement, and was determined that I was going to build him a house. I was skeptical of the whole deal but he had found out that I had worked on the Sciola Church and it looked good. Anyway, I went up on the hill and looked the place over; I decided that if he thought I could do it I would try it, so several days later he had a man with a Cat dig the basement and another guy ran the cement walls. We let it cure for a few days, and then a big truck showed up at my place and dumped a load of lumber down by my shop. I sorted it out and got all the 2x4s in one pile, the 2x6s in another pile, so that I could find what I wanted when I wanted it. Of course the 2x12s were what I needed first so I hauled them up first and got the first floor on. The walls were next; it begins to look like a building when you get the walls and dividers up. I got Jim Peterman to cut the rafters. It takes a good carpenter to cut the rafters for a four way roof. Well, in about three months the house was ready to move into and the owner did. When he had lived there for several years he had two people fighting to buy it. The guy who bought it still lives there. It was 25 years ago that I built it and it hasn't fallen down yet; I guess miracles happen.



I started mowing the Arlington Cemetery when I retired from the routes. I mowed for anyone who wanted the service. At the same time I started resetting gravestones, sometimes for individuals and sometimes for a cemetery board. When I looked at one double cemetery, who would have thought that there were about 300 stones to reset. I took it on, but it took two years to finish it. I had a lot of mowing to do. I had 36 yards to do at one time plus three cemeteries. I had two mowers and would trade for a new one every year. Since they were guaranteed for two years I never had to buy any repairs. Then new mowers got too high. When I was able to get down and work on my own mower I was doing OK but now my balance is so bad, I can get down, but can't get up.



Entrance to Arlington



102 Artlip Street, Villisca, Iowa 50864.

When I told Elaine that it was time to move to town from Tenville she screamed, “NO!” She didn’t want to move to town, but after thinking it over she decided I was right. We started looking around for a house that was available, that would suit our needs, and that we could afford. We knew Bill Cunningham had his house for sale, but he had the price too high. He started out pricing it at \$150,000 but no one was buying; he was paying heating bills and upkeep on two houses. He kept coming down and we still couldn’t pay what he wanted. He didn’t know we were interested or were thinking about it. He was here visiting, and said, “I would sure like to sell that house.” I said, “Bill, you have the house priced too high for the town of Villisca. It would sell for that in Red Oak.” He said, “I told Bergren (Steve) this morning that I would take \$90,000.” About that time he went to the bathroom and I said to Elaine, “We were talking about \$100,000. That

would give us a little room to do a little fixing on it.” When Bill came back I told him he had sold his house in the five minutes he had been gone. He was shocked but happy. I had talked to my broker and he said I could sell off some of my C.D.s and get what money I needed. Elaine likes her laundry room and the three bedrooms. She made the fourth bedroom into an office. We have a single hide-a-bed in there and a queen hide-a-bed in the family room. The house is all on one floor, good for an old cripple like me. We have been here seven years already.

That left us with a house, a 36x80 shop full of welding equipment and woodworking tools, and forty-seven hundredth of an acre garden spot with an old house and a couple other buildings on it, all in Tenville. As soon as it was rumored that we were moving, Bill Jacobs appeared on our doorstep. He wanted to list our house, and also to buy the garden spot. There wasn't much land but it was a corner out of his 80 acres. I had



The corner lot with the buildings and the garden to the left. This was taken from the bridge looking southeastward.



The garage auction.

bought it from Bernice Smith when the State took her Standard station and café in 1972 when rebuilding US 71. I told Bill \$2,000 and he said, “That’s \$4,000 an acre”. He offered \$1,500 and I told him he was the one who should have it, but he had to clean it up. I had it quite cluttered with my junk.

Pat Garland had told me if I ever wanted to sell my shop, they wanted it; it was in his front yard. I priced it at \$10,000; it was a good building with

concrete flooring, good wiring – Cleon’s job. He was good at wiring but his house had the poorest wiring in

Tenville. After Cleon died Phil Garland bought his place – why, I don't know. They have fixed it up some, resingled and put the porch roof up to a peak. Phil took Cleon's aluminum shed, made a nice shop out of it. After Garlands bought my shop I decided to have an auction. I sold my John Deere tractor at the sale; most of my good tools were sold: table saw, radial arm saw, floor drill, welder, band saw and a lot of other tools. I miss the saws, but I just didn't have any place to put them. I'm working on a project now that could use the saws but at 89 years of age I don't know whether to start new projects or not.



After I first quit the routes Clayton Gay wanted me to help him on the tiling machine; I thought it sounded interesting. In addition to helping lay the tile I would get to run the Cat, filling the trenches. Back and forth. Back and forth one blade full at a time. I got so I could make that old Cat talk; that led me to running the Cat a little more. Between tiling jobs Clayton would take on dirt work jobs. Don Haley (now dead) would run the No. 7 Cat and I would use the No. 6 Cat to push trees over the bank that Don had pushed out. There was an old stump near the pond that I could probably handle myself, leaving Don for the bigger stuff. I ran the Cat up against it and it was rotten, came right out. The only trouble was a lot of bumblebees came out with it, madder than heck about what was happening. I threw my Cat in reverse and started backing as fast as the Cat would go. The bees finally gave up and went back to the stump, or what was left of it. Don was watching all of this. He said, "Just leave the stump alone for a while. My Cat has a cab on it and we will fix them." About an hour later he pushed the stump into the pond. I guess bees don't swim because none of them survived.

Another time I ran into bumblebees I was working down at Seymour Johnson's place. Joel Bashaw was living there. They were going to tear down a building and there was a lot of new lumber. I couldn't stand there and see them haul that off to the ditch. Bill had his chain saw there so I borrowed his saw and started to saw boards off near where they were nailed on. Joel said take anything you want. But a bunch of bumblebees didn't like being disturbed. Bill got out but two or three got me. After a while I got to feeling a little woozy and went home. I had never been bothered by stings before. I got home and Elaine was gone so I laid down on the sofa. The doorbell rang; it was John Maxell and Francis Jervis. I invited them in but the first time I threw up they decided to leave and come back later. The next day when I went back after the boards I took some wasp spray with me and sprayed every bee I saw. Good boards – I used them as side boards for my trailer. I also started carrying antihistamine – two tablets will keep you from getting sick from the stings.

The main reason I was at the Johnson place was to paint the outbuildings, one of which was the barn. I wouldn't take that on until I talked to Mark Raney. He didn't seem to be afraid of high places. I got most of the barn painted up to 25 feet high and got Mark on the job. We had a forty foot ladder but that wouldn't reach the peak, so we tied a 10 foot section of my extension ladder on to it; that would reach the peak. Mark was strong as a bull and a willing worker. He painted the hay entrance hole and took a brush tied to a four foot pole and painted as far out to the sides as he could reach – good job, Mark. He and his father, Jim, painted the barn across from John Baker a couple of years ago.



Back to the old days when I was about 15 years old. I didn't work for Bruce Orton that year – more money per day working on the farm. I was working for farmers up in the Waveland district north and west of Elliott. Elmer Wallace put me to work hauling grain from the threshing machine. He had a beautiful team of horses for me and a good grain wagon. The only trouble was the horses were hard to hold back, too much power, they were OK going out to the thresher but when you started back to the house they wanted to run with the load. I was sure they were going to upset on the corners; I was lucky we didn't. After threshing was over there was hay to put up. Elmer and Mr. Mastin worked together on the hay; we pulled the hay rack with a Farmall tractor. Every third load I would get to drive the tractor. The first and second loads I would have to work on the rack, bucking the hay loader or front man on the rack. Mr. Mastin was a natural for the rack; he could roll that hay into place, no problem. I had a hard time even standing up on the rack. When I was bucking the hay loader I would get behind and the hay would about cover me up but Mr. Mastin would help me, thank God for Mr. Mastin. We would eventually get through at Elmer's. I was usually in demand at Dean Reynolds, right south, and at the Wilson farm, two farms south, also.



Harlan Saint lived a mile west and a half mile south of the Wilson place. Hybrid seed corn was starting to be known in the area. K.M.A. and Earl May Seed Company were wanting in on it so they would furnish the basic seed to some of the young farmers to plant and raise seed for them. Harlan was one of the farmers. Of course there was a lot of labor involved in it. One of the things was at a certain stage the corn had to be detassled. Banty Anderson and I did that for several days. Hot weather of course. But we were tough.



Working at Harlan Saint's reminds me of 1935, the only year my Dad farmed that I remember. He rented Inez Carey's 80 acres, the farm right south of Harlan's farm. It was a poor year to farm (dry). First he had to buy a team of horses. He found the old blind mare he had had back in 1917. He found another horse that worked well and led the mare well. If I remember right it rained a lot when the crop should have been in, then turned off dry the whole summer. He got the seed in the ground, but we had a better stand of cockleburrs than we had corn. So, we started hoeing and cutting cockleburrs. At that time we didn't have the chemicals that they have today; probably couldn't have afforded them anyway. We did get one good rain late in the season that helped the crop but not much. When it came time to pick the corn Dad would go out in the morning, pick a wagon box full, put it in Mrs. Carey's crib, go to the field, pick another box full and haul it to the elevator in town, sell it for 18 cents a bushel. Corn wasn't worth much. The guy at the elevator had corn piled in cribs all over the city park. Corn got scarce in '36, another dry year. Roscoe Kipp at the elevator, sold all his corn in '36 for \$1.35 a bushel. If he had held it a couple months longer he could have sold it for \$1.50 per bushel. Dad got 18 cents for his but he had to have the money in '35.



When I first got off the route a lot of people thought, "There is a guy I can probably get to help me in his spare time." I did help Dean Gourley quite a bit, bringing in his crop. That was probably '76. After we got the crop in he wondered if I would plow for him. I would start about 7 o'clock in the morning. I would turn the heater on. By noon I would turn the air on; by 4 PM I would be using the heat again. I guess I must have gotten involved somewhere else because I don't remember helping Dean the next year. I could have gotten involved in more mowing or cemetery repair by then. I also helped the Gridley farm operation several years. I was always busy it seems. Years before when I was about 14, Guy Thomas, our next door neighbor approached me and wanted me to help him shock oats out at Bill Mercer's farm. Ok, I said, so we got up and went out to the Mercer farm and shocked bundles all day. Guy said, "I'll see you in the morning." I said OK. That night it rained all night so I figured we wouldn't work the next day. I was up at the Café the next morning and Wilbur Saemisch came along and wanted me to go with him and move his tractor from Grant to a few miles north of Lyman, a paying job. It was a slow old tractor so I was coasting it down the hills, got on the long hill south of Atlantic and kicked it out of gear. I noticed Wilbur in a yard as I went past. I hit the brakes and scattered tools all the way down the hill so I turned the tractor around and picked up the tools on the way back up the hill. Wilbur took me back to Elliott and I went back to shocking oats that afternoon.

About the same time as this, Dick Stewart, the Ag teacher got a couple of guys to cut weeds out of his corn. He had rented the first place south of Elliott and since he was a teacher he wanted his cornfield to look good. His wife was a good cook and we had fried chicken every noon until the field was weed free. Dick and his wife eventually bought a farm southeast of Elliott; that was 50 years or longer ago.

Don Williams got ahold of me and wanted us to paint his tenant house. I can't remember who my partner was at that time. Don wanted all the windows washed while we were at it, storm windows, regular windows inside and out. My partner started on the paint scraping and painting. I started on washing windows and then painting the storm window wood frames. I washed and painted windows for three days. I can't remember how many windows, but a lot of them. His son was a bachelor and the tenant. The son got married a couple months after that. I guess she liked the clean windows. The son didn't even have a girl friend when we started the job.

Then Dave Williams wanted Jack Cooney and me to put a new roof on his hog facility. That was a hot job. It was a long building with a corrugated metal roof. It took us three days. No end to the work if you are willing to do it.



We had been gone to New Jersey, and when we got south of Atlantic on the way home, we noticed that the trees were stripped. We wondered if there had been a tornado. I said that whatever it was I hoped it hadn't hit Tenville. It had. It was a bad hailstorm. Our place at Tenville wasn't bad, just a few limbs down. But it

had hit hard around Sciola. Mrs. Bill Thompson had been trying to get ahold of me. I mowed her yard. She wanted me to clean up her place so the next day I took my tractor up there. I'll bet I hauled or drug 20 loads of brush to the ditch. Elnora Roberts had several loads, too. Elnora had several trees wrecked so I took my chain saw and started to trim them. I reached over to saw a limb off and the ladder turned. I threw the saw so I wouldn't fall on it. As I fell the fly on my overalls caught on the stub of a limb and by the time I hit the ground there was nothing left of my pants below the belt line but a few strings. I did happen to have another pair of overalls in the pickup. I did hurt a shoulder. I had promised Jim I would come down and reshingle his house. I begged off on that job until my shoulder healed. A person with only one good arm wouldn't be much help. I did eventually go to Texas and finish his shingling job. Jim fell off the roof while I was there. He landed on his feet on a run. I was sure he would be crippled, but no bad effects.



On vacation in 1950.

In 1950 we decided to take a six weeks trip, our first vacation since I got out of the Army. We covered a lot of ground. We stopped first to see my Uncle Walter in Central City, Nebraska; I hadn't seen him in years. The first night we pitched our tent in a country school yard in northwest Nebraska. Elaine's sister Fran and the kids were sleeping in the car. Elaine and I had two folding cots and planned to sleep in the tent. Before morning we threw the cots out and put newspapers on

the ground under our blankets. We were freezing on those cots. We went on to my sister Maree's at Sunnyside, Washington. Maree accompanied us to Grand Coulee Dam and to Ezra and Elsa Pahl's at Richland. We took Maree back home and went on west.

We spent the night at Moses Lake. It was so windy we tied the tent to the car so it wouldn't blow into the lake. The next morning I tried to cook pancakes for breakfast. The wind took the heat from our little gas-line stove; the pancakes could be burned on the outside and still raw in the middle.

Then on to the Puget Sound area. We visited Elaine's Uncles Carl Lary, who was married to Leah Jackson, Ron Jackson's aunt; Ray Lary, who was married to Nina Baker, John's sister; and Lola Childs, Elaine's aunt. We took the ferry from Whidbey Island across to Port Townsend, then drove to Elaine's Aunt Grace Gilden at Port Angeles. We visited Elaine's Uncle Don Lary at Bremerton and then went to Oregon.

Elaine's sister Mary Sasse and her family lived at Vernonia. We spent a week with them and then visited Elaine's Aunt Fern Long and various cousins at Hood River. We had been gone for five weeks when we got back to Tenville so we went to Dubuque to take Fran home and visit Elaine's parents.



A drawing by Elaine's late brother-in-law Calvin Sasse.

When we got ready to come home it was apparent that Fran planned to come with us. Her mother said to Elaine, "What is she up to?" Elaine said that she supposed Fran planned to get married as soon as possible. And she did. Bill came home on leave shortly after that and they were married in Red Oak. Bill was stationed on the east coast, so they went there. They were living in Baltimore when Bill got out of the Navy, and he went to work there in a machine shop. About that time a set of cream routes became available and we called the Cunninghams to ask if they were interested. They said, "We'll be there as soon as possible." They wrecked their car on the way, but made it to Tenville. Bill ran the routes for several years, then was on the Iowa Highway Patrol for seven years. He then became a member of the US Marshall Service. After he retired they bought the house we live in now. Fran died in 2001 in Weslaco, Texas. Bill died in 2008 in McAllen, Texas.



Elaine's sister and brother-in-law, Fran and Bill Cunningham, after their wedding.



We decided to take a trip east in '55. Jim was 12 and Linda was 7. We had a good time and visited many historic places. We went back to Virginia Beach and Camp Pendleton. We were surprised that the Statue of Liberty was green; Jim said it must have been something she et. We made it through New York City; only ran one stop light that we knew of. We got lost in Boston but saw the Bunker Hill Monument and Old Ironsides. We went on up into Maine. It was the first time I had seen a roundabout. We wanted to see the Rev. Elliott Bodwell; they weren't home but a neighbor thought they were at a church meeting. We went there; the place was buzzing with activity. We were about to leave when we saw Bodwell racing down the driveway. Someone had told him there was an Iowa car out there and he wasn't about to let us get away. He had preached at our church for several months when we were without a pastor. We liked him very much. We followed them home and had a wonderful visit with them. He confessed that he had never yet made it off that roundabout on the first time around. Judy Else, who is married to Vince Else, is the Bodwell's daughter.



I have always been interested in things that grow wild, like gooseberries and horse radish. One of our most plentiful natural crops has always been black walnuts. The flavor of chocolate cookies and fudge is sadly lacking without black walnuts. For years I have gathered the nuts. I hull them, dry them, crack them and then pick out the meats. It is a time consuming operation. When I have a lot of them I sell them. I like to have enough for Elaine, and then give them to relatives and friends, perhaps as Christmas gifts. About ten years ago I had about 50 pints. The next year things looked great, but only about one in ten was good. Once in a while it turns out that way. My balance has gotten so bad that I can't stand up to pick up walnuts. I sold my hand corn sheller at my sale, but I have a cracker. Last fall the kids were here and they picked up four or five gallon buckets for me at Sciola and Fred Scholey brought me several buckets full. I pound the hulls off with a hammer and then dry them in the shop. It gives me something to do. Walnut wood has gotten so valuable for lumber that there aren't many wild trees left.



A few years ago when I was in better condition someone would call me and want me to remove a tree or haul away one that blew down in a windstorm. I would get paid for that and haul the wood home. Eventually someone would come along and buy the wood. Lots of ways to make a profit – much better than the Midnight Lump and it was honest work.



James Jack lived next door to us in Elliott, a block north of the bank. He drove a truck for Gerald Milner and George Reed. They hauled about anything; one of the things was salt. They would go down into Kansas and get a load of loose salt, bring it to Elliott, dump it on a floor of a building

and sack it up in 50 pound bags. Then they loaded it back into the truck and hauled it to a place in Des Moines to a meat packing plant. They would use it to ship cases of meat all over the US. This particular week Jim had been hitting the road pretty hard: trip to Kansas, getting the salt bagged and on the truck ready to go to Des Moines. Usually they had some help on the Des Moines end, but not always. He was worn out so he hired me to go along in case we needed help unloading – we did. We got unloaded and headed home. About the time we got to Redfield, about half way home, Jim decided there was something knocking in the engine. So, to be safe he called Gerald Milner in Elliott. Gerald said, "I'll be right up with some spare parts." Jim had talked to a guy that had a big shop in Redfield and the guy said Gerald could use his shop if he wanted to work all night on the truck. Jim did want to get the truck back on the road. We met Gerald down by the road and I jumped on a running board to ride back to the shop. Gerald said, "We have a kid in Elliott who looks just like you". I said, "I am that kid." He didn't know I was with Jim. They got the front part of the truck in the shop. I crawled into the seat and slept all night. Gerald got the truck repaired and on the road home about 5 AM. Another job finished.



My sister Maree went to California right out of high school, and was lucky enough to get a job in the Post Office. A couple of years later she married a guy named Blake. They bought a new Buick and came to Iowa for a vacation. Blake worked for J & P Coats; while here he was to make a trip to Minneapolis and call on one of their offices. He wanted me to go with him. I called Bruce and he said he would run the routes for a day or two. Off we went to Minneapolis about 5:00 the next morning. Got there about noon, had lunch, and he made his duty call. By that time it was about supper time. We stopped at a dining place and had what they called Hash – 25 cents a plate full. Then we were off to Elliott, 350 miles away. I think I slept most of the way home. Quite a trip. Maree didn't stay married to Blake very long; seemed like a nice fellow to me. He was an officer in Government service during the war. He was on a crew that flew the Hump in India, whatever that was.



After we were married and moved to Tenville we decided we should have a garden. I spaded up a small plot and planted some potatoes. The soil was all sand, the weather was dry, and we didn't get our seed back. I must have been complaining about our garden as Mrs. Smith suggested that we use hers, as she wasn't using it anyway; it was down behind the Standard station. That was good black dirt. Then the State bought her station and razed it for the US 71 improvement program. That left her with 47/100th of an acre with an old house on it. She sold the plot to me for about what it cost her to do the legal work to transfer title. We had a garden there for about 50 years, until I lost my ability to stand up in plowed ground. We raised beans, strawberries, potatoes, tomatoes and corn, if we could keep the coons out of it. Had to put up an electric fence wire, and eventually the second wire after the deer decided they liked sweet corn. The Hart's dog liked to come to the garden with Carol and Ron. She was sure surprised the first time she crawled over the fence. She waited a while; she was smart enough to know that the fence would bite her again but



The Artlip "farm" on the corner of Highway 71 and old US 34.

she had to get out. She started yipping before she touched the fence, but she stayed away from it after that. Harts had a garden on our land after they moved to Tenville. They raised great melons. Frequently they would go somewhere in melon season and leave the garden in Elaine's care.

She said that was really putting the fox in charge of the henhouse. There were two apple trees on the lot. One was a Jonathan that bore huge apples. One year we got about eight bushels of apples from that tree. The other tree didn't do as well. Eventually we lost both to a wind storm.



One time I was loafing around Chan's Café and Fred Penry came in and said, "I have a job for us if you want it". I was always ready to make a little money. Fred said George Marsh had a potato patch down by the foot bridge and needed two guys to pick up the potatoes. We were off to the foot bridge for a paying job and started in. I suppose the rows were 150 to 200 feet long. We got to the end of the first row and started back on the next row. Fred stopped to clean out under his finger nails and George fired him on the spot. He didn't like Fred anyway I guess. I picked up the rest of the potatoes. There was always someone wanting some help.



Ross Stennett got me to help him haul corn. He drove a truck some for Spicer Trucking. A guy over east two miles sold a crib of ear corn to another guy three miles south and hired Spicer to haul it. First, we had to scoop it out of the crib onto a truck and then scoop it into another crib three miles south. Scooping it off the truck wasn't bad, but where we first loaded the truck we had to scoop it about five feet over the top slat on the crib. Ross decided it would easier to knock the slats down to about three feet. At about that time the farmer showed up in a huff about us wrecking his crib. I don't know how that all came out, but we went ahead and finished hauling the corn. Ross got my pay for me.



We had a lot of fun the first time Elaine's sister Mary brought her husband, Calvin, to visit us. He had been born in Oregon and had never been east of the mountains. They met while both were in the Navy. He was a grocery store man and all he knew about corn was sweet corn. He had never seen field corn. He looked at those fields of maybe mile long rows and said to Mary, "They had better get that corn picked. It looks



More artistic work by Cal Sasse, poking fun at himself.

pretty far along for the market now.” Poor Calvin – we were always laughing at him. On going past a hay field full of square bales, he asked, “What will they do with those chunks of hay?” Calvin liked to ride my routes with me. One place had several cases of eggs so I would open the gate and drive as close as I could to the cave. They kept a bunch of red pigs in one part of the barn and once in a while the pigs would take a notion to run, follow the leader. I came out of the cave and there was Calvin, standing on the running board and clinging desperately to the truck while the pigs were running in a circle around the truck. There were maybe 40 forty pound pigs in the bunch. Of course, each time Calvin related the story the number of pigs had grown considerably. It got up to about 200. After they went home I got a pattern and cut out three wooden pig silhouettes, painted them red and sent them to Calvin. He went along with the fun. His back yard was terraced, and he installed his pigs to look like they were jumping over a terrace. A strange thing happened to that family—Calvin died of Lou Gehrig’s Disease, and two years later Mary died of the same thing. The doctors said that up until that time, there had been only eight known cases in the whole world where a husband and wife both died of ALS.



Albert Corbin had started working as a meat inspector at the packing plants in Omaha. He didn’t actually quit farming until the fall of ’44, but he needed someone to pick his corn in the fall of ’42. I suggested that I was only running routes four days a week and I would be able to work three days a week picking corn if he thought I could handle the mules. And we could sure use the money. He thought I could; I had picked corn before with other people. I would get up at home, about 5:00 am and head for the farm. Harness up the mules and have corn hitting the bang board by 7:00 am. I would pick 45 or 50 bushels, take it to the crib and scoop it off. Eat a quick dinner and head back to the field for an afternoon load. The weather was good and I was able to work my three days a week. If I remember right, I had 1153 bushels. Elaine would come to the field and help for a while every day. One day I started to the house with my noon load. I think we thought we had 55 bushels, and the hills were steep on that farm. Part of the harness broke. Headed for Lou Raney’s. He repaired the harness and back to the field for another load; didn’t get my 100 bushels that day. One day Elaine was riding in the wagon and a rein got under the tongue. The mules took off and made a big circle. Elaine had them under control by then and got them back on the proper row. One other time the mules wanted to move up in the row a little faster than I wanted to, so I got about 25 feet of rope and tied it on the end of the reins. I



My in-laws, the Corbins

yelled "Whoa!" and set down on the rope. That was one surprised pair of mules. We finished on Thanksgiving Day. By the time we finished it was snowing. We got 10 cents a bushel for picking the corn. We used that money for backup money while I was in the Army; it stayed in the bank.



Sign on the cream truck when I worked for Bruce.

I ran a cream and egg pickup, basically through the eastern two-thirds of Page County. At first I was working for Bruce Orton on a share the profit plan. He didn't have much business, so I worked hard building it up. I contacted all the producers in the area that I traveled. People seemed to like me; they worked on their neighbors and relatives to get them to send their cream and eggs with me. I soon had friends all over the county.

But there were patrons who were a pain in the butt.

One was a Mrs. Harms

at Shambaugh. They got a lot of cream; I would stop there, get the cream carried out of the cellar. About that time she would come out of the house looking at the check from the week before. First, she would complain about the weight of the cans, next about the test, and then about the price we were paying. I wasn't in a very good mood one day when I got there and she started to complain. I said, "Mrs. Harms, why don't you get someone else to haul your cream; you don't ever seem happy with me." She said, "There's no one else hauling cream around here." I said, "I saw the Cudahay truck go around the curve the last time I was here." She said, "They are worse than you are!" I kept hauling their cream until they started selling milk.



The sign on the truck after I bought out Bruce's interests.

Most people were very nice even if they had a complaint. Usually they had a legitimate reason if they complained. There was never a dull moment, maybe a breakdown, or a tire problem, you never knew what was going to come up next. I guess I liked it; I stayed at it for 40 years.

The country was full of dirt roads and I would run even if it rained several inches which it did once in a while. One time on the Missouri line I came up on a place where they had put in a new culvert just before a rain and the boys hadn't packed it. I tried to jump it and fell in. I walked about a half mile back and got the guy to bring his tractor. He couldn't budge it. I called home and told Elaine to come pick me up at Braddyville. I walked four miles into Braddyville and met her and Vera. The next morning Bruce and I took two Handy Jacks, several planks and blocks down and hooked the other truck on. Had chains on it. We got it out. I had several fall-ins like that in my hauling days. Sometimes it would be a seep hole in the road. I had three upsets in my 40 year career. One was in the middle of the road when I went to turn a corner on frost. One was on a mud slick road; I ran off the road and upset. The other one was on an icy day. I started up a hill and didn't make it, couldn't hold the truck and went backward over the grade. I was never hurt in any of the accidents, just my feelings.



When I was a kid, we seldom went farther than Red Oak. But once in a while Mom would talk Dad into taking us to Omaha to visit her parents. Not often, because that was a long trip. For most cars, a good speed would be about 25 miles per hour. We always took the Pioneer Trail, over through Macedonia, as it was quite a lot shorter than a highway. Once in a while Dad would kick the car into neutral, and coast down one of the long hills, at 35 or 40 miles per hour. Whee! We didn't make the round trip in one day. We would go one day, and come back the next day. The relatives seemed happy to see us, or were good actors.



What one kid won't think of, another will. Coe Creek ran through our property when we lived in the west part of Elliott. Every few years they would come through with a drag line and clean out the ditch. The dirt was used to build up the banks on both sides; that could build up a pile of dirt ten feet high in places. It was ideal for digging a cave back into the bank, so we did. There was a good supply of hemp weed, so someone would light up a stick of hemp. Marijuana, and how it did stink. We were lucky that the dirt didn't cave in on us, and we never lost anyone from the weed smoke. After while we would find something else to occupy our time.



My brother Dean came home from school one day and asked me if I wanted to go ice skating with him. Usually I wasn't asked to go anywhere with him. I said, "Dean, I don't think we have had enough cold weather to freeze the ice hard enough to hold us." But he thought we had and away we went a half mile south to the old river bed. Well, I was right, the ice wasn't thick enough and Dean fell in up to his waist. It was about 30 degrees and Dean in his wet pants about froze. The wind was blowing, too. I heard some bad words on the way home.



I don't know how Dean got the job but he was hired to drive a truck pulling a big roller when they were building Highway 48. The job didn't last very long. He was supposed to pull the roller two miles south of Ebert's corner, then turn around and cover the same section going back. Well, the first I knew about it was when I woke up and could hear a discussion between Dean, Dad and a strange voice. It seems that Dean was doing fine until he was supposed to turn around and couldn't find reverse. He was crossways of the road when a car came over the hill and hit the truck. Dean was a good carpenter but didn't know beans about machinery. I guess they got that deal settled but he didn't do any more truck driving. No one was hurt so he was lucky.



Frank Walker with some of his grand-kids, including me, second from the right, I think.

The hill on the east side of the Elliott Cemetery is steep and quite a drop-off. We used to sleigh ride on it if we were feeling brave. There was a gate near the bottom of the hill; if you missed the gate you ran into a barbed wire fence. I never missed the gate on my few trips down, but some of the kids did, and were badly cut by the wire. No serious injuries that I remember. What I hated about the hill was the long walk back to the top.

Another story I enjoyed about the cemetery involved Ruby Stennett Peterson. She owned a lot there and offered space on it to a friend. The friend had a stone placed on the lot, and then the two had a falling out. The ex-friend bought a space at Arlington Cemetery at Tenville, and asked me if it would move the stone. No problem. I took my trailer up there and loaded the stone on it. I took it to Arlington and set it for her. Then came the funny part – my niece Sandy Artlip Blackman walked in the Elliott Cemetery every evening. She came home from a walk exclaiming, “It’s gone! It’s gone!” Her husband Ron said, “What’s gone?” She finally got through to him what was gone. A couple of weeks later Sandy was telling me about the missing grave-stone. She was surprised to learn that I was the one who had removed the stone.



My Dad was always crazy about fish. He would take his gig and go down to the river. If the water was clear he could see a fish coming down the river. By chasing it against the current he could outrun it and the fish would get gugged. We would have fish for supper. Another way to keep fish in our house was to hear of a heavy rain upstream. The river would mud up and the fish would come downstream with their heads out of the water. We would gig them. Coe Creek runs through the town of Elliott. It empties into the river just a mile west of town. While the river was muddy the creek would still be clear, and the fish would swim into the outlet. Some of the guys would jump into the clear water, catch the fish and throw them out on the bank. Plenty of fish for everyone.



My biggest catch ever.

There was another way we could have fish. Once in a while Dad would go to the fisherman's market in Omaha and buy two washtubs of fish. He took them home, cleaned them, packed them in ice, and peddled them out through the country. He had learned who the ones were who liked fish. If there were any left we ate them. I know that sometimes I got pretty sick of fish.

Once in a while I would get an urge to fish. One Sunday I was in Elliott and I think it was my sister Edie who suggested we go fishing. We decided to go to Baldwin pond, about six miles east of Elliott and then two miles south. They allowed anyone to fish there. I had been fishing about an hour when I got a good bite. I figured it was a turtle but it turned out to be a big catfish. I landed

it, and Lavern Simpson, who was there, said that he fished there most every day, and he had never seen a fish that big come out of that pond. We had no scales, but most people guessed it between six and seven pounds. It was the biggest fish I ever caught, and I have fished in Canada. I gave it to my Dad; I suppose he ate it.



My mother always said that she thought that our diet would have been short on meat if it hadn't been for the rabbit population in southwest Iowa. My Dad liked to hunt and he was a good shot, too. He would take his rifle and go out and come back with a bag full of rabbits. He wouldn't dare get too many. We had no refrigeration in those days, only Mother Nature. If the weather was staying below freezing he might bring home 50 rabbits. He cleaned them and hung them on the clothesline to freeze out. That gave Mom more time to work them out. Usually we would start eating the big pieces. Then Mom would cook the bony pieces, pick the meat off the bones and cold-pack it. If the weather started to warm up she had to cold-pack the whole bunch. The cold-packed meat made delicious gravy – a pan full of gravy with biscuits baked right on top of it – Yum! Most everyone cut their own wood and the brush would be piled up. Rabbits made their homes under the brush piles. Dad would get on the brush pile and jump up and down to get the rabbits to come out. When he had as many rabbits as he wanted, he gathered them up and went home.



I don't know why but there was a short season on squirrels. Dad liked to hunt squirrels, too. He had a 16 gauge shotgun; he took it into the timber and sat down. If he saw a squirrel go into a nest, he fired the gun into the nest, which didn't tear up the squirrel. Dad liked their meat, too.



Sometimes Dad raised a hog to butcher; we usually had a cow, and hogs grow fast on milk. Dad butchered once or twice a year even if he had to buy a hog. On butchering day Dad shot the hog and hung it from a rafter. He either skinned it or scraped it so the fat could be peeled off. Mom would render the fat, a year's lard supply. A hot job. Lard for pie crusts. Then the sausage was ground and fried in patties, which were then put into a 15 gallon crock jar of lard. That would preserve the sausage indefinitely, but of course it didn't last long at our house. We ate pretty high on the hog. A wonder any of us lived to be 80 years of age.



I remember that when I was very young, people would bring parts of their butchered animals to the Artlip house. They didn't want the hearts, livers and tongues, and my folks loved them. The last time I remember taking Mom out to eat she ordered chicken gizzards and livers. That was her choice, even over a high priced steak. Dad preferred deer meat over good pork or beef.



One time we were in New Jersey at the home of our daughter Linda. They had just purchased a new freezer, and with it they got some kind of contract for packages of frozen meat to be delivered at certain intervals. One day this was liver. Linda refused to cook it, so Jim asked Elaine to cook it. She said she would cook it but she wouldn't eat it. I said that I would; I never really liked liver, but I could eat it OK. Elaine cooked it and I thought it was OK. There was enough left for another meal. Linda asked Jim what he wanted to do with it and he said, "Throw it out." So she did.



My brother Dean was always quite a good trapper and hunter. He enjoyed going out and getting his deer, and then he enjoyed eating it. After a time other hunters started bringing him their deer. They liked to hunt them but didn't really like deer meat. It got so that he had deer meat the year around in his freezer. Mom ate quite a bit of it. Deer and noodles and beef and noodles are two different dishes as far as I'm concerned.



Mom always had a big garden and canning was a way of life. Our cave always had several hundred jars of garden stuff. One thing we had was pickled watermelon rind. Another treat was pickled apples. When we lived in the south end of town we had two trees. They were a hybrid crab apple. Good eating off the tree and very good pickled. Anything to fill a stomach.



*Grandpa Reuben and Grandma Belle with
Cousin Millie Langley between them.*



I used to eat quite a few meals out at my grandparents, the Reuben Artlips. Grandma was a good cook; she made the best mincemeat pie I have ever eaten. She said her secret was to always use the meat from the hog's head, that it was the sweetest meat on a hog. Grandma also made good coffee; she had a perk pot and made it full every meal. Grandpa would drink it all; Grandma didn't drink coffee. I remember that it was Butternut coffee. Grandpa insisted on meat for every meal. I know that he had a lot of meat to be able to do that.

When I first went to Tenville several of the local families would show up in the evening at the Ray Dunn station: the Guss family, Cliff Stackhouse and wife, Elwin Stackhouse and friend, Billy Wheeler, Kay and Myrtle Wheeler, Lou Raney and other neighbors. A social evening was spent, with reports of news, farming talk, and weather. Tall tales were a popular part of the evening. Many good ones were told, but Kay Wheeler was the master of the craft. He could tell the most

outlandish story with a completely straight face. He said when his family moved here from Wisconsin he was just a kid, but everyone had to help on the trip. His job was to herd the bumblebees. Everyone laughed just as hard as if they didn't know that Kay was born near Sciola. He told about a snowstorm he had endured. He woke up one morning with a drift across his bed. A skeptic asked, "Didn't you shut the door?" "Yes," Kay said, "I shut the door but I forgot to plug the keyhole."



Back during the depression days people made a buck any way they could. One of those ways was hunting and trapping for pelts to sell. To prepare a skin it had to be stretched on a board and dried. Kay told about a dog he once had – a really great coon hound. Kay could cut a board, show it to the dog, and the dog would immediately take off for the timber. When he came back he had a coon that would fit the board. "Until," Kay said, "One day Mother set the ironing board on the back porch. The dog looked at it, took off for the timber, and hasn't been seen since." Kay could go on and on with such stories; I enjoyed him very much.



Tenville was always a gathering place, especially from the time I moved there. The guys would get together and talk about their crops and hunting and fishing experiences. Some of the hunters got together and decided to put on a deer feed. Several offered to furnish venison from their freezers: Glen Findley, Dave McAlpin, Al English and one or two more. Word was passed that everyone was invited to supper at Artlip's Garage on Wednesday night January 13, 1965. Ward Cooper donated a small hog. He and Al English butchered it. The pork and venison were barbequed together. Very tasty. Coffee and Kool Aid were made in five gallon cream cans. An old refrigerator became a smoke house for baked beans. The wives brought carrots, radishes and pickles. Several neighbors brought card tables and folding chairs. The serving was cafeteria style. The meat was very generously served in buns. You could have seconds if you wanted. There was no charge, but donations were accepted to help with expenses. There were probably less than 100 at this first supper, but everyone had a good time so it was repeated the next year on Saturday night 15 January. Cleon and I helped gather up all the picnic tables in the neighborhood. We probably had 150 hungry people that night. The meat was cooked at the garage, and blew a few fuses. Cleon wired in a couple new circuits to handle the load before the next year. As many as 300 attended in the following years. Mervin Laire, Jim Sprague, Jerry Cooper and possibly others furnished country music for the events. One year there was square dancing. Then ones who had helped started moving away, and it was just too much for those of us left. The last supper was February first 1973, but didn't we have fun!

The local ladies' club had an annual fall supper for their families. Probably cards would be played after supper. This year it was to



Toddler Linda.

be held at Orton's garage. It was snowing that evening, the Tuesday before Thanksgiving. When the party broke up it was found that there was a foot or more of snow on the ground. We had just a short way to go. Linda was a toddler, but I had to carry her up the bank, and I was worn out. Those storms do slip in, in Iowa.



RAGBRAI has come through Tenville a couple of times. I remember this one especially as I was building a house up on the hill for Jack Fitch. Jack came over from Omaha every couple of days to check on my progress. On this day he got behind a large number of riders on old Highway 34. He said he had never seen so many bikes in his life.

Marvin Shipley had a stock tank loaded with ice and pop. His brother and wife had a lot of cinnamon rolls made up. They didn't last long. A group from the Strand Church had a stand on the west side of US 71. The Marsh kids had a stand, too. They also had a pen of small pigs; that seemed to interest many riders. All in all it was an exciting time.

RAGBRAI has come through Villisca since we moved here. We could sit in our front yard and watch 10,000 bikes go by: regular bikes; tandem bikes; recumbent bikes; there was even an old fashioned high wheel bike. That bicycle just came from Red Oak, and went back there.



A tornado came through Tenville, probably in '62. I got home from Corning a short time later, and found two sides of the shop building blown out and one end of the building sitting on the three-legged hoist that we used to change boxes. The new black spare truck was sitting under the hoist. George Delaney and his



Here I am standing outside of the south door on the new 14-foot section of my garage.

son Jesse were in the wrecked building looking things over. I said, "Get out of there." It looked to me like the rest of the building could come down at any time. I did go into what was left of the building and hooked a chain onto the black truck and pulled it out of there. Not a scratch on it. Elaine didn't know what was happening



My truck garage in Tenville.

until the TV antenna crashed right by the window where she was sitting. John Dugan said he was standing in the big door of his place across the highway, and it looked like our building just exploded. One of the neighbor's lawn chairs was sitting on the floor of our building; their other chair was in their driveway. It took the dish off their wheelbarrow and they never did find it. Bruce was in Missouri at the time. He came home, salvaged what material he could, and rebuilt, making the new building 14 feet shorter than the original. I think he collected 100% of the amount of the insurance.

In about 1964 Bruce came back from the Forsythe, Missouri, area. He had been down there building houses, and could see there were more houses to be built. He loved to build things. He wanted to sell out to me: two trucks, a 36x80 building and his interest in the routes. We got together on price. Bruce sold the house he had been living in to Jerry Cooper and moved off to Missouri.

When I went into the chicken business I replaced the 14 feet that Bruce had shortened the building. At about the same time I bought Bill Cunningham's routes and truck. Dean Archer of Corn- ing was running the routes on a per- centage of the hauling check. Over the years I bought out several of the haul- ers and would add their patrons to my two trucks. At that time the cream and egg supplies were getting a little short. Also milk trucks were taking some of the cream stops. I kept



There was always lots of paper work at the end of the work day.



The trucks of the Farmers Co-Op Creamery in Corning, Iowa, in its heyday—the early '50s.

ahead of the game and was still hauling good loads. Eventually the Corning Creamery got in financial trouble and closed. I hauled cream into the creamery at Kimballton for about a year, then it closed, and the only creamery available was at West Point, Nebraska. It was a long trip, but I had the cooler so I could get by going to West Point once a week with a big load. I plugged along for a couple more years and then turned the routes over to Jerry Smith. I think he lasted about two years and then quit. End of my cream hauling days.



In an earlier writing I mentioned that I had had four Mercury cars. I know the first one came from Opitz Motor Company, Clarinda, Iowa, an '86 Model, Charles Johnson, salesman. I had known Charles since he was a little tyke. His father was Elmo Johnson, better known as Buck. They farmed one of the Anderson farms. Buck bought a farm owned by Albert Herzberg; there were twenty children in the Herzberg family. The oldest, I think, was Rufus. He died two or three years ago. The '92 I bought at Missouri Valley, Iowa and the 2000 Mercury I bought in Omaha. Charles Johnson married Elaine Huseman, a daughter of Ralph and Louise. Charles died several years ago. I hauled a lot of cream and eggs from both families. Elaine looked quite healthy the last time I saw her. Nice people. I guess I had only owned three new Mercurys.



There were several children in my Grandfather's family. His brothers were Mark, Taylor and Chauncey; Grandad's name was Reuben. This story is basically about Mark's family. In 1894 Mark acquired a

89 Years of Memories



The buildings of the Exira Creamery (at left) and the Crystal Springs Creamery at Kimballton in 2012.



The Farmers Cooperative Creamery at Corning IA before the office addition.



The West Point NE Creamery as it looked when I hauled into there.

piece of land in Lincoln County, Nebraska, and built a sod house on it. In 1897 he came back to Elliott, Iowa, and in 1904, moved to Decatur, Nebraska. In 1920 he was running a pool hall in Chap-pell, Nebraska. He lived in Denver at some point, and then died in 1946 in Anaheim, California. Mark had seven children. I was told that he either married an Indian woman, or just lived with one.



Gladys Montgomery was one of Mark's daughters. Elaine corresponded with her for a time. Once when we were going from Houston to Phoenix we called on her at Las Cruces. She was living in a retirement home and was thrilled that we stopped. She took us out to La Posta at Mesilla for a great dinner. At one time Mesilla had been a Post stop on the Butterfield Overland Express, and this restaurant had been built in the stables connected with the stage stop.

We had a good visit. Gladys told us stories of her life. One tale was about catching rattlesnakes out on the desert. She said it was a great sport. We decided to let her hunt the snakes; we wanted no part of it. Quite a lady.

What I am about to write is hearsay, but I have no doubt that it is true. One time we were in California and Elaine got a list of all the Artlips in the phone book. She called a number listed to a Bruce Artlip. The woman who answered said that Bruce had died in '64, and she had been his wife. She had remarried, to Ernest Rhodes, but was still living in the same house, and had never changed the phone listing. She said that Bruce was the youngest son of Alva Artlip and his first wife.

Mrs. Rhodes continued the colorful history of the Mark Artlip family. It seems that son Alva, leaving his wife and children, took up with a neighbor's wife. They headed for California with the neighbor's team and wagon. The neighbor caught up with them out in central Nebraska; he said he didn't want his wife back, just his team and wagon. So the runaways made it on to California, where Alva changed his name to Art Brogan and got a job in a lumber yard. Horace Mark Artlip, Alva's oldest son, had come to California some time before, and had looked up his father. Old Dad told the kid that he would get him a job at the lumber yard, but only if he changed his name to Brogan. He did.

When Bruce arrived in California, his father made the same offer. Bruce said "No way!" His father arranged for a job, anyway, but had no more contact with Bruce. Years later, the father appeared unannounced at Bruce's door; he continued to come at times until his death in 1954. Stranger than fiction.



I remember the first thing I ever bought at an auction sale. At a community sale in Elliott there was a heavy out-of-tune piano. I think the auctioneer started it at a dollar. I bid a dollar and a half, and got it. Dad growled all the way as we were hauling it home, but Mom and the kids got a lot of good out of it. When antiques got to be more popular, I bought an oak two-story telephone from Harley Davis down by New Market. My daughter Linda has latched onto that. I bought a walnut two-story phone at the Vernon Vanderholm sale over by Stanton. It is Jim's, but he hasn't moved it to Texas yet. We still have a candlestick phone and the ringer box that goes with it. It came from

Gale Kinser's sale at Griswold. We had a couple of one-story oak phones, but must have sold them at the Tenville sale.

I had several old license plates, and bought more at the Vanderholm sale. One was a 1909 plate. To register your car you sent the money (probably a dollar) in to the state, and they sent a small disk with a number on it. This was to be displayed on the dash of your car. In addition, you had to show the number on the outside of the car, in large enough figures that it could be read at a distance. You could paint the number right onto the car, or metal numbers could be attached to a flat surface, and then mounted on the car. You could pay to have numbers fastened to a leather strip. It was cheaper if you bought numbers and put them on a piece of wood. That is the kind I have. The state started to issue metal plates in 1911.



Linda's oak wall phone.

At one time I had several copper boilers that I had bought at sales. I gave most of them away, but still have one – the Cadillac of boilers, a Revere. Mary and Calvin were back while I had boilers, and they selected one. It happened to be an extra large one and none of my lids fitted it. We went to an



One of the copper boilers from auctions.

antique store in Stanton and they had one the right size. So when the Sasses went to the airport to fly home they checked the boiler just as they did suitcases.

Elaine's sister Fran collected toothpick holders. Since I attended a lot of sales, she asked me to watch for those for her. I had bought a few for her, and then at Pearl Sierp's sale there was one that I liked, so I bought it and started a collection for myself. We have about 200 of them; they came from all over southwest Iowa and northwest Missouri. Most of them were considered antiques 50 years ago. I said to Linda, "What

are you going to do with all those toothpick holders?" She said, "That is Jim's job." We had a big sale when we left Tenville, but when we pass on the kids may have a bigger one. We sold some of our antique crocks, churns and dishes at the Tenville sale. A Red Wing churn brought \$320.



The pump organ at Sciola.

I bought a pump organ at a sale over north of Nodaway. It is walnut, with lots of gingerbread. Later I bought another one north of Bedford. We just leave it at the Sciola Church. I suppose it will go with the church if it is ever moved to the County Museum at Red Oak. They would like to have the building, but don't have the money.



Usually some of the Tenville neighbors got some fireworks, and had a little show on the Fourth. There were two special displays. One year Marvin Shipley had quite a lot of fireworks. They invited the neighbors, and John was in charge of ignition. Perhaps the next year Larry and Shelley Marsh hired a professional group to come in. A great show.



Linda had her class reunion here on the Fourth of July weekend last summer. As part of a school history project she and a classmate are working on, they are collecting *Volcanos*, the school paper. She borrowed a '72 pickup from Bob Brown and made a float for the parade, advertising *Save the Volcano*. She asked former editors of the paper to ride in the back of the pickup. I made two sideboards for the pickup box, so the ladies would feel safer. They boarded from the dock at the post office. No casualties.



I think Elaine was joking when she suggested that I might write about the ugly duckling pickup. But maybe not. I never cared for the colors myself. It was two toned – brown and tan. The reason I bought it was that I could get \$1,000 knocked off the price. The colors were likely the reason for the lower price; most people didn't like it. It had sat on the dealer's lot in Corning for over a year. I finally traded it off. One of the Carlson boys, LaDonna Raney's brother, may have ended up with it. He drove one like it for several years.



Another vehicle I thought was ugly was a Buick owned by Walter Hyink. It, too, was brown and tan. I thought it might just be me, but one time the car was in a local parade. I was sitting behind ten-year old Jason Poston, and he said, "I think that is the ugliest car I have ever seen." Good judgment, Jason.



Linda and Elaine planned a trip to South Dakota in August 2000. Pat and Susan Corbin had bought property on top a hill about 30 miles out of Rapid City. They had a shop built and moved into it while a log house was built. Linda and Elaine wanted to see the log house. I had just sold my '92 Mercury to

Dick Mains, but hadn't gotten around to buying a new car. Dick said to go ahead and drive the '92, and if it came back in one piece he would still take it. We picked up Linda at the Omaha airport and headed out. We stayed in a motel a couple hundred miles short of Rapid City, arriving there in good time the next day. Linda's husband Jim was on a business trip to Phoenix, but he flew to Rapid City that evening.



The Corbins' log home in the Black Hills.

The next day Pat took us on a tour of the local sights. We observed the unfinished Crazy Horse monument. We saw a couple herds of buffalo, and a prairie dog city; I think that is the first time I ever saw a prairie dog. Then of course we visited the Mt. Rushmore National Monument. The rest of the crew were still wandering around, but I went and sat on a low wall by the entry and talked to people. A group of young people came through the gate and looked up at the faces. One of them said, "I recognize Washington and his wife but I don't know who the other couple is." Maybe they were Canadians. Anyway, my crew had a good laugh about it when I told them.

On the way home we found a nice motel in farm country. Had a very good meal at the café. Linda was fascinated by the farmers baling hay. Their equipment made bales of about one ton in size. She remembered people using the small balers, or making "chunks of hay" as Calvin called them. We saw a lot of the South Dakota Bad Lands on the way home. We stopped at a new Cabella's at Mitchell. Jim disappeared as soon as we went through the door. When next seen he had a shopping cart piled high. We visited the Corn Palace. Interesting. It took a lot of orange slices to get us across South Dakota.



Jim, Linda and Elaine at Mt. Rushmore.

Since then Pat and Susan have sold their log house and moved into Rapid City. They hadn't expected to get so involved, both of them, in local things, and were tired of making several trips a day between home and town.





Grandma Walker, Mom, Jim and me in Omaha.



Christmas 1961 at Tenville.



Elaine's wagon is good for hauling great grandkids around. This is grandson Dave with his older son, Patrick, and Melissa's son, Emmett.

I'm going to write what I can remember about Christmas at the Artlip house. My parents weren't much on going to church after they were married, so none of us kids really knew the true meaning of Christmas. I went to Sunday School for two years, so I got some of the religious meaning. Sometimes we had a tree, but it was likely just a branch from an evergreen. We strung popcorn to decorate it. Times were hard and we didn't get many presents, but we always got something. One time I got a pocket knife, and I was delighted. I probably got a new pair of overalls, too. I think we had oranges, and always plenty to eat. My grandmother Walker in Omaha was good on the sewing machine, and we always got clothing from her. When I was about 7 or 8 she sent me a shirt. I wrote a letter, thanking her for the "shirit." Sounded OK to me; my spelling wasn't too good then. I don't remember that our Artlip grandparents ever gave us presents, but they gave us meat, apples, and milk when our cow was dry.

Now to more modern times. Christmas was rather sparse while I was in the Army. Then Elaine and I were maybe a little too generous at times. Jim got the usual bicycle, an expensive one. One year he got a pogo stick. We bought extra tips for it, but Christmas Day was warm, and with the help of the neighbor kids all the tips were worn out before night. Of course the kids always had sleds and new clothes.

Linda had the usual trike when she was small. She got a bigger one when she was 3 or 4. I bought it from Wayne Davison. Wayne's son Scott was getting a bicycle for Christmas, but of course he didn't know that. Years later he told me that he cried all day because the cream man took his trike away in the cream truck. Linda was probably five when she got a small bike with training wheels. No doubt she started campaigning for a big bike as soon as she graduated from the training wheels. Linda was older when she got the five foot sled now hanging in our garage. By that time she was into books. She says one of the best Christmases she ever had was when she got 13 books.

A gift for Elaine was always a problem. One year I saw a coaster wagon in the window of a hardware store in Red

Oak and it reminded me that she said she had always wanted a coaster wagon with side boards. I kept it hidden down at the shop. When it came time for presents I told her that she would have to go to the garage for hers. I thought she might think I was crazy, but she was delighted. There isn't a week goes by that she doesn't use that wagon.

My Mother liked to have us come to her house for Christmas. One time for some reason we didn't go until after supper. Other people had eaten, but Mom, knowing Jim, asked if he wanted pie, cake, or fruit jello. He said, "Yes", and that's what he ate. We went to Elaine's parents in Dubuque sometimes. That meant that I had to make up work, sometimes in bad weather. After the kids had homes of their own, we went there sometimes. I retired soon after that, and then we were free to come and go as we pleased.

One year we planned to go to Linda's for Christmas. There was always a problem of size and weight for those long distance trips. Elaine thought of a different kind of present for me. She asked Cleon to get her a Krugerrand. It was probably the next day that he appeared with two of the coins. Elaine said, "I just wanted one." (I think they were \$320 then) Cleon said, "I'm giving Buzz one for Christmas, too." I had a great Christmas. Good old Cleon.



My mom loved to cook for her kids, like this Christmas feast in 1961.



Christmas 1985 in New Jersey.



Back to Elliott meat markets and Reuben Artlip's walk-in cooler. Reuben opened his shop the first of March 1909, in the Charles Knapp building. In 1902 Knapp bought Lot 9, Block 6, Original Elliott. So that must be where the Palace Meat Market was. In February 1910 Charley Carson bought the Artlip Meat Market; his brother Everett joined him. The 1979 Elliott history, giving no dates, lists those two running the business, followed by Everett Carson and Hal Ploghoft. Harry Carson was the last one named before the building burned. The cooler was likely there all those years, but if so, how was it saved when the building burned? Harry ran a meat market a few doors west in the same block in the '30s. The '79 History says Harry operated the Carson Grocery behind (south) of the gas station on Lot 23, Block 10. It isn't known when Harry moved his business to Lot 10, Block 12, but he was closing down his store there when I bought the cooler about 1965. As far as I know, it is still in the northeast corner of the shop I had in Tenville.





This is one of the field cook tents at Camp Bowie. The guy holding up the pole was my friend Jim Harsh.

When we were moved from Camp Robinson it was quite a change from the hill country of Arkansas to the flat land of Camp Bowie, near Brownwood, Texas. At first we had to live in our tents out in the field. I was cooking at that time so I could sleep on a big wooden ice box. The box was insulated so actually the heat was worse than the cold. When the other cooks came in at

5:00 am I would have to find different sleeping quarters. Some of the guys would tell about armadillos sleeping right next to their tent.



The Harshes, Jim and Evelyn with baby Tom and Jim Junior.

We, the Jarboes, and the Jim Harshes, more Iowans, had moved together across the country from Virginia to Arkansas to Texas. We ended up together in the upstairs of 1419 Avenue J, in Brownwood. There were four light housekeeping rooms; Dan and Pearl Pruitt from Oklahoma lived in the fourth one. That made eight adults and a few kids with one bathroom. One time our Jim had a sore on his nose. Some officers lived next door to us; one was a female doctor. Elaine took Jim to her. She said it was ringworm, and prescribed ammoniated mercury. That took care of the ringworm.

One evening we and the Jarboes were playing cards. Gerald decided it was time for a drink. He poured himself a shot glass of something, and went to the bathroom for a glass of water. Thelma immediately substituted a glass of bacon grease. Gerald picked up the glass and poured the grease into his mouth. He headed for the bathroom, but Evelyn had heard the commotion. She came to the door and was leaning in, with a hand on each side of the door. Gerald couldn't say anything, but gestured violently for her to move. When she did he ran to the bathroom and spit out the grease, then took a drink of water. That was the worst thing he could have done. That wasn't the worst trick Thelma had pulled on him. She is still a character at 87 years of age.



Four generations of Artlips: Reuben, Dad, me and Jim.



Two more generations of Artlips: Jim's son, Mark, and Mark's son, Michael. The older boy is granddaughter Jil Artlip's son, Tristan.

Evelyn Harsh died quite young. The last we knew Jim was running an egg breaking plant in central Iowa. The Pruitts went back to Lawton, Oklahoma and we tried to look them up once but couldn't find them. Gerald was given an early discharge and the Jarboes went back to Iowa.

Back to Brownwood: Things were slowing down, and the two rooms stood vacant. The landlady agreed that we and the Harshes could each have two rooms at the same rent if we did the work. We had to cut a couple of doors. We painted some worn-out linoleum blue and sponged white spots on it. We found out wall paper looks better the next day after the wrinkles dried out. Tricks to all trades.



When Reuben Artlip was 20, he bought a Hamilton watch, which is still in the family. My Dad had inherited it, and kept it hanging on the wall in his home. I was visiting with Dad one time, and I said, "Dad, I think Jim (our son) should end up with that watch. He is the only grandson to carry the Artlip name." Dad didn't comment then, but the next time I was there, as I was leaving, Dad said, "You had better take the watch. That way, there won't be any problem when I am gone." So I took it. Jim has the watch now, and it will eventually go to his son Mark. Mark is a lawyer in the Houston area. He and his wife Kathy, also a lawyer, are now in the process of building a new home. They have three children, Michael and twins John and Allison.



Our landlady, Mrs. Searcy, ran the "Helpey Selfey Laundry." Hired help would do your laundry, or you could do it yourself. The equipment was square tub Maytags. You filled the tub with cold water, then turned a live steam hose into it, to reach the right temperature. There was about half an acre of clothes lines in the back yard. Mrs. Searcy weighted about 200 pounds; her husband wouldn't make much more than half that. But they were making money. God bless the capitalist system.



The price of gold and silver kept going up. In 2010 I decided it was a good time to sell. Linda had to go to the airport to pick up her husband, so she took me to Omaha and I sold out. I probably had 50 pounds of silver; the dealer offered me \$20,000. I had figured I might get \$17,500. The two Krugerrands brought \$1300 each. I gave Elaine half the money for her account. She uses her money for house expenses. Right now we are still recovering from a severe hail storm. The new roof was put on last fall; the insurance company didn't pay much for that. The shingles had been put on in 1983. The paint job is supposed to be done this summer. Good use of the money. A couple of weeks ago we had to have an attic fan replaced. \$200 plus. Always something.



I don't know when the Elliott reunion became an annual event at Mesa, Arizona. It was so popular that it became more a Montgomery County reunion. We scheduled our trips to Arizona so that we would be there for that weekend. This one year we were going to Houston when we left there. Jarboes were at Mesa, too. Their daughter Marlene lived in the Dallas-Ft. Worth area. Thelma wanted to go on to visit her. Gerald said no, he wanted to go home. So Thelma asked if she could ride to Houston with us. Of course we said yes. When Gerald heard about the plans he gave in, (women are always the winner) and said he would go if Thelma promised to not stay longer than a certain time.

So we all headed east. Gerald was having some trouble with the motor home. He had a new filter put in the gas line, but it didn't seem to help. Sometimes we thought we might have to get out and push. Finally, he found someone who knew that that model motor home had two gas line filters. No more trouble. I remember that we stayed at a park just north of San Antonio, and the next morning there were a million robins there. Must have been time for the birds to migrate north.

We headed on east and north. I was leading the way. A big truck cut off my view and I missed the turnoff. Gerald made it. We had to go five miles on east before we could go back and go north. We caught up with the Jarboes and the rest of the trip was uneventful. Jim was worried about us since we were so much behind schedule because of the motor trouble.

The Ken Thompsons, Army friends, lived just north of Houston. We planned to visit them; Thelma wanted to surprise them. We had visited them before, so Elaine called them and made a date to take them out for supper. Elaine and I showed up at the Thompsons, and were admitted. Jarboes waited for a while, and then Thelma knocked on the door and pretended to be selling magazines. Finally

Thelma said that if Kack wasn't going to let her in, guess she would just have to go back to Henderson, Nevada. Ken said, "Jarboe!" We went out to eat and a good time was had by all. Thompsons moved to Austin, and we lost track of them.



One time we were headed home, going east on Interstate 40. We stayed all night a ways west of Amarillo. Wilma Branan Thomas lived in Amarillo, so when we got up the next morning I called her. She said, "Where are you?" and I told her. She said, "Have you had breakfast?" I said no, and she said, "Don't; come on into town and I will fix breakfast for you." So we did and spent several pleasant hours with them. Wilma's daughter Linda lives in Amarillo, but we didn't see her then. Have seen her in Villisca since then. I sent Wilma a copy of the 1942 tape made and sent to Company "F" in Ireland during WW II. Linda loved it. I see Jim Branan once in a while. He is a retired Army officer, and served as a County Magistrate since coming back to Villisca. He is now retired from that.



We were in Henderson, Nevada, visiting the Jarboes when Jim called. He had been in a car accident and was having trouble getting a settlement out of his insurance company. We had decided to get a new car when we got home, so we told him if he would meet us at Cunninghams in Oklahoma City, and go on home with us, he could have the '77 LTD we were driving. We had a great visit all the way to Iowa. I guess that is when I bought the '86 Merc.



Elaine was kind of a fanatic when there was Church rummage to pick up. One Christmas we were at Linda's with our pickup. David was working for the Red Oak *Express* at that time. He was home for Christmas, and he was driving a pickup, too. He headed for Iowa before we did, and Elaine and Linda loaded his pickup with rummage to take back to Iowa. When we came home a few days later we also had a full pickup of rummage. Just across the river into Iowa I hit some black ice. We slid across two lanes of Interstate 80 traffic without getting hit and went over the grade. We just coasted down into a snowbank; no damage except to my feelings and a \$90 wrecker fee. A patrolman was soon there; he was talking to another cop, who said that there were just too many off the road, that no more would be pulled out until the ice melted. We were happy to see our wrecker pulling in behind us while the cops were talking. Praise God!



I have written before about the '28 Sports Model Chevy with the rumble seat. It was quite a car. One time Elaine's class was putting on a play at the Grant school. I wanted to go to it, so about sundown I headed for Grant in the Blue Goose. The sun had been shining most of the day and the gravel road

was quite sloppy. I went to the play and enjoyed it very much. When I came out of the school it was frozen up again. The car started but it wouldn't move. The brakes on the back axle were frozen solid. Elaine's brother Van was there so he hooked their Studebaker on and pulled. The back wheels would slide but they wouldn't turn. The '28 Chevy still had the brakes on the outside of the drum. The '29 Chevys came out with the brakes on the inside of the drum, protected from the weather. Van took me home and I came back the next day to get the famous Blue Goose.

About the last year I had the Blue Goose the oil pressure gauge didn't register any pressure. Nolan Howell said he couldn't put a new oil pump in it. There were a lot of Chevys like that around. They were designed to run on the dip system. Just keep the oil level a quart overfull; that would take care of the problem. I guess he was right. I don't know how the next guy made out.

One Sunday afternoon we were riding around the country side with our usual load of girls in the rumble seat. I decided to go the other way, and pulled over to turn. The ditch weeds had been mowed the same height as the road, and my right side wheels fell over the grade. Of course the rumbleseat riders thought that was great fun. A carload of boys that had been following us helped get the car back on the road. We took off on a country road with the boys still behind us. It was very dry, and we were followed by a cloud of dust. We came to a corn crib with a drive through opening from the road. I pulled into the crib, and our followers continued on up the road enveloped in our dust. I don't know how far they went before they realized they had lost us.



We were driving the Auburn, and were parked on the west side of the park in Red Oak, listening to the radio when we heard the announcement of the bombing of Pearl Harbor. I realized that meant that I would be drafted before too long.



When it came time for Elaine's 45th class reunion, one of the members, Dewey Parke, suggested that it be held at his home in La Habra, California. The others decided against that, afraid that it might prevent someone from attending. Dewey said, "OK, I'll come to Iowa this year, but next year you have to come out here." Elaine said, "Why not? Doesn't everyone celebrate their 46th anniversary?" So in 1987, Elaine and I drove to La Habra. Sam and Helen McConoughey flew from Gaithersburg, Maryland, and Dennis and Joyce Porter drove down from Sunnyvale, California. We all stayed with Dewey and Florine Parke in their beautiful home; it looked like they had a full time gardener.

The Parkes fed us well, and led a tour of the Los Angeles area. We went to Long Beach to see the Queen Mary. Next to it was the huge building holding millionaire Howard Hughes' "Spruce Goose", an amazing sight. Actually it's made of birch. It is now in a museum in Oregon. As we were walking along the water-



The Blue Goose and me in front of Mom's house in Elliott.



Elaine and I during her class's reunion in California.

front, looking at the ships docked there, I saw a '41 Cord automobile, one of the last Cords made by the company that made the Auburns. As I was looking it over a guy came off a Scandinavian cargo ship and said, "Do you like my Cord?" I said, "I love it." He asked if we would like to visit his ship, and we all said, "Yes.. He gave us the full tour; the interior was very crude and not too clean, but we all enjoyed the experience – all because we admired his Cord.

We visited Disney Land and that evening took in an outdoor dance floor. They had a different name band each week, and when we were there it was Tex Beneke. The girl who was singing sounded like the singers from back in the '40s and '50s. Tex was a fair singer himself. Florine and several of our group got to talk to Tex and enjoyed it very much.

Dennis wanted us to go home with them, so we followed them up the road to Sunnyvale. We liked their place; it was rough country, and we took a walk that was a lot of up and down. Great exercise. Dennis had a huge collection of records. He and I stayed up until midnight or later, copying my favorites onto tapes. I just remembered that I still have those tapes; I wonder if they still work. Dennis' wife Joyce passed away not too many years after that, and he has since remarried. Dewey Parke has died since then, and we don't know about Sam McConoughey. Elaine hasn't heard from them for a couple of years.

We were looking forward to our trip to San Francisco. We had been through there before, but hadn't taken time to see the city. First we took a boat trip around the harbor, and viewed Alcatraz from a distance. We got on a very crowded cable car, and sat on an outside bench. As we were going through China Town, we stopped for a teen-age Chinese girl, and two small Chinese children. There was no place for them, so the girl handed the children up to passengers; Elaine took one of them. The girl found a finger and toe hold somewhere, and off we went. We rode to the downtown turntable, and had to get off while the car was turned manually. Then we got back on. The gripman was quite a character. He was probably about 30, and very muscular. He also had red hair and a disposition to match. He spent most of the time yelling at the top of his voice at anyone who came near us.

We rode back out to Fisherman's Wharf and by then it was lunch time. We decided to try out some of those fresh salmon steaks that San Francisco is famous for. We found a place that looked like our caliber and went in. We were seated and placed our orders. About that time four or five Japanese business men-types came in. The waiters' eyes lit up. Those customers looked like much better tips than we did; they got the best of ser-

vice. They all ordered oysters on the half-shell. The waiters tied bibs around their necks. A waiter did bring us a loaf of sour dough bread and a plate of butter. I'm sure the salmon would have tasted even better if we hadn't had the bread first. I think our meal cost us in the \$2 to \$3 bracket, really cheap by today's standards.

On across the Golden Gate bridge, and up the road to Petaluma. Elaine's Uncle Bill Lary and wife Wanda lived there. Didn't do much there except visit. We did attend Wednesday night church with them; Wanda was the church organist. We went on up the coast and then to Spokane. Mary and Calvin Sasse had moved there since the last time we were in Washington. Had a good visit there, and then headed for Iowa. God bless Iowa!



In the summer of 1985 Jim's kids, Mark and Jilian, were visiting us. Mark had just turned 16, and got a driver's license. I was shingling our house that summer, and Mark helped tear off the old shingles and put them into the box of the old '62 Ford pickup. As soon as we filled the box, Mark was to take it to the county landfill near Red Oak. The only problem was that the kid didn't know how to drive a gear shift vehicle, so I had to teach him. He learned fast after clashing a few gears. So he took off, and I went back to shingling. When Mark came back I put him to tearing off more shingles. I went back to laying black paper and then a layer of shingles on top. The weather was hot, so during the heat of the afternoon we would quit for two or three hours, and then back to the shingle business. One thing about it being so hot, the shingles really stuck down; they are still there, more than 25 years later. Mark also helped me reset some cemetery stones that summer. Thanks, Mark.

One summer we were visiting in New Jersey and Linda decided that her house should be reshingled. First, I went up on the roof to check things out. I could see that there were some limbs getting quite close to the roof, so I got a chain saw and proceeded to cut the lower limbs off. I cut into one limb and decided it needed a little more off. Then the sparks flew and people screamed. There was a six wire cable and I got three of them. We called Light and Power. They checked it out and said that sometime when they were in the area they would replace the cable. We sure had fireworks for a while.

I think we put 34 squares of shingles on that roof. I didn't learn until later that Linda wanted to sell her house, and move to another part of town. Linda and Elaine carried new shingles up the ladder to the roof. Jim's sister-in-law Kate showed up dressed in overalls and boots and carrying a hammer. She laid shingles out ahead of me and I nailed them on. She was good help. We found out that the garbage truck would take only a certain number of containers full of old shingles each trip and 34 squares of loose shingles makes a lot of trash cans full. The girls talked to some of the neighbors, and almost everyone on the block had cans of old shingles out front when the garbage truck came. We got rid of the old shingles. There was one problem: There would be a heavy dew each night and I would be sliding around on my rear in a new pair of overalls. I wore out the seat of the overalls as well as having a sore, chapped butt. I had to get the job done so we could go home; time was growing short. Well, we made the deadline. I guess we did a good job; a few passersby stopped and tried to hire me to shingle for them. Not long after that Linda sold the house to some Vietnamese refugees.



I mentioned earlier about going to Texas and finishing Jim's shingling job on his house. I was delayed on that job because I had fallen off a ladder while I was trimming trees at Elnora Roberts' at Sciola. That was where my pants caught on a stub of a limb and tore my pants clear off. I hurt my shoulder and it was about a month before the shoulder improved enough that I could go to Jim's. The reason Jim didn't finish his job was his work load got heavy and he had no time. Also, Mark got into more studying, and he was short of time. Jim's step-son was supposed to help, but he was just out and out lazy. I thought it would take about three days. I think it was the first day that the weather forecast said no possibility of rain. I opened up a new area of the roof and guess what – it poured. On those coastal areas you just can't predict the weather. We had pans and crocks sitting everywhere. Two hours later the sun was shining and I went back to shingling. I think it was the second day that I was shingling on the south roof and Jim stopped by to see how things were coming along. The roof was a little damp and as he stood up he realized he was slipping and how he turned around I don't know but he went off the roof on the run. I think he lit on the run about ten feet from the house. I figured he would be crippled for life, but he was still on his feet and didn't seem to have any injuries. Praise the Lord. I finished the job and caught a plane for home. I hope it was a good shingling job.



I worked quite a bit for Dale Carlson. He lived about a mile and a half east of Tenville, a half north then half east. Dale was a good carpenter and knew how to do about anything in that line. The big job I remember helping him with was on his brother's house about three miles north of Red Oak. The house needed to be resheeted and reshingled. I hesitated when he asked me to help because it was considered a three story house. I didn't like to work on even a 24 foot tall house. He said "You won't have to work on the roof. You can stay on the ground and cut the sheeting for us". Helping Dale was John Baker and Mike Peterson. All went well the first day. Then the second day – no John or Mike, so I agreed to go up on the roof. They weren't using ladders but had a farmer's 50 foot grain elevator with metal strips like little shelves that we could use for foot holds, something like rungs on a ladder. I would take a sheet of plywood and slide it up the elevator ahead of me while hanging on as well as I could. Not Dale – he would grab a sheet of board and hold it above his head while he walked up the elevator with it. Dale probably weighed 275 pounds at that time. I haven't seen him for a couple of years; he may not be as heavy now. I think Dale is 73 years old now. We got the job finished and I'm sure I worked several jobs with him since then. Dale, his son and a grandson put new metal siding on the south side of the Sciola Church for us a few years ago. We put new metal siding on the church several years ago. The contractor guaranteed it for 50 years. The paint has all come off now. Couldn't get a dime out of the contractor – Stephens from Emerson.

Dale had quite an accident a few years ago. He fell off one of those big houses in Red Oak. He had several broken bones but the accident saved his life: while he was in the hospital it was discovered that he had a dead kidney. God works in many strange ways – it saved Dale's life.



Elaine and I were sitting in our family room. We had just put 18 ears of sweet corn in the freezer. I just found out a couple days ago where I could buy home grown sweet corn. Got a dozen ears yesterday and it was delicious. So I went back this morning and got another dozen ears. I cleaned it, Elaine blanched it, put it in plastic bags and into the freezer. Good eating later on.



I started out to tell about setting our house on fire. It all started out because our house in Tenville wouldn't hold paint; it peeled off. The guy at the paint store said the house was too tight, and what we should do was take a blow torch and remove all the paint. Then we should put ventilator plugs through the boxing so it could breathe and get air between the walls. Sounded good to me so I went to burning and peeling paint. Everything was fine until I hit a dry rotten board up under the eaves and the blow torch set the board on fire. We caught it in time. I was doing this work in the evenings, hot weather and no air moving. I was breathing the burned paint residue. Normally I weighed 175 to 180 pounds and I got down to 150 pounds, so I finally went to the doctor. He said, "You have residual pneumonia. You will have to go to the hospital." I said "I can't; I have to work." He finally said, "OK, but don't do a thing after you get off the route except sit in your lawn chair and drink malts." He gave me a prescription and I lived. My daughter Linda, a teenager at the time volunteered to help on the routes and that helped me beat the pneumonia. Thank you, Linda. You probably saved my life. After all that, I guess we don't know if the paint remedy worked or not. A few years later we covered the house with steel siding. The house hasn't fallen down yet.



When WW II was over I was stationed at Camp Hood, Texas. There was quite a lot of shuffling of troops around the country (and world). Since I still had several months to go before I was eligible for discharge I was sent to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri where I was listed as a cook. I hadn't been there very long, working on a concrete kitchen floor, when my gouty knee swelled up. I went to the Mess Sergeant, and he put me in charge of a dining room where there was a wooden floor; that worked out well. I made the coffee and supervised the German prisoners who were the servers. There were four 30 gallon coffee pots. Most of the prisoners were easy to get along with. This complex had four dining rooms, each of which could feed 1,500. To liven things up the officer in charge decided to hold a contest to see which dining room had the best coffee. The winning coffee maker was to get a one notch promotion. The day they judged the coffee I was off duty, and the big Norwegian who filled in for me had cleaned the pots thoroughly. He got the nod from the Mess Sergeant but not the credit. When the officer found out that I was already a sergeant, he backed off the promotion, but I did get an extra week end pass; I took it. The Norwegian just laughed; he was getting out the next week anyway.

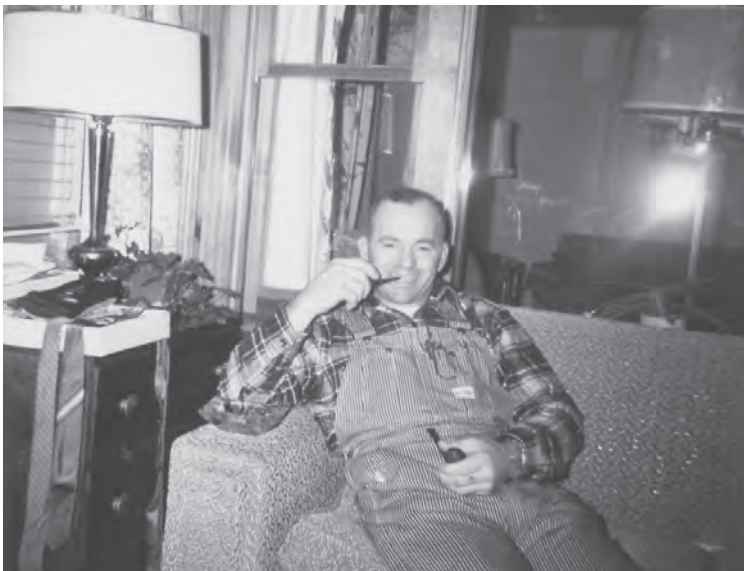


Elaine and I were talking about me wearing overalls for most of my life. We checked some old school pictures. The only time I wasn't wearing overalls was when I was in the first grade. Most of the other boys were wearing overalls. Jack Weaver was not; he was the boy who died of polio when we were in the tenth grade. Overalls were very reasonable at that time, compared

to today's prices. What I liked about them was that they had lots of pockets. I usually carried enough tools in my pockets to overhaul my truck. A number of years ago my granddaughter Melissa drew a picture of Grandpa in his striped overalls. It is included in this episode in my remembrances. I'm better looking than that! There was one time I had only one pair of overalls. I had to go to bed while Mom washed my pants. I usually got a new pair of overalls for Christmas. There were no rummage sales then and everyone wore their clothes until they were rags. Times were rough. Overalls in my size were from 69 cents to 99 cents a pair. Now they are from \$18 to \$25 a pair. I am wearing jeans since my surgery; I don't carry tools now.



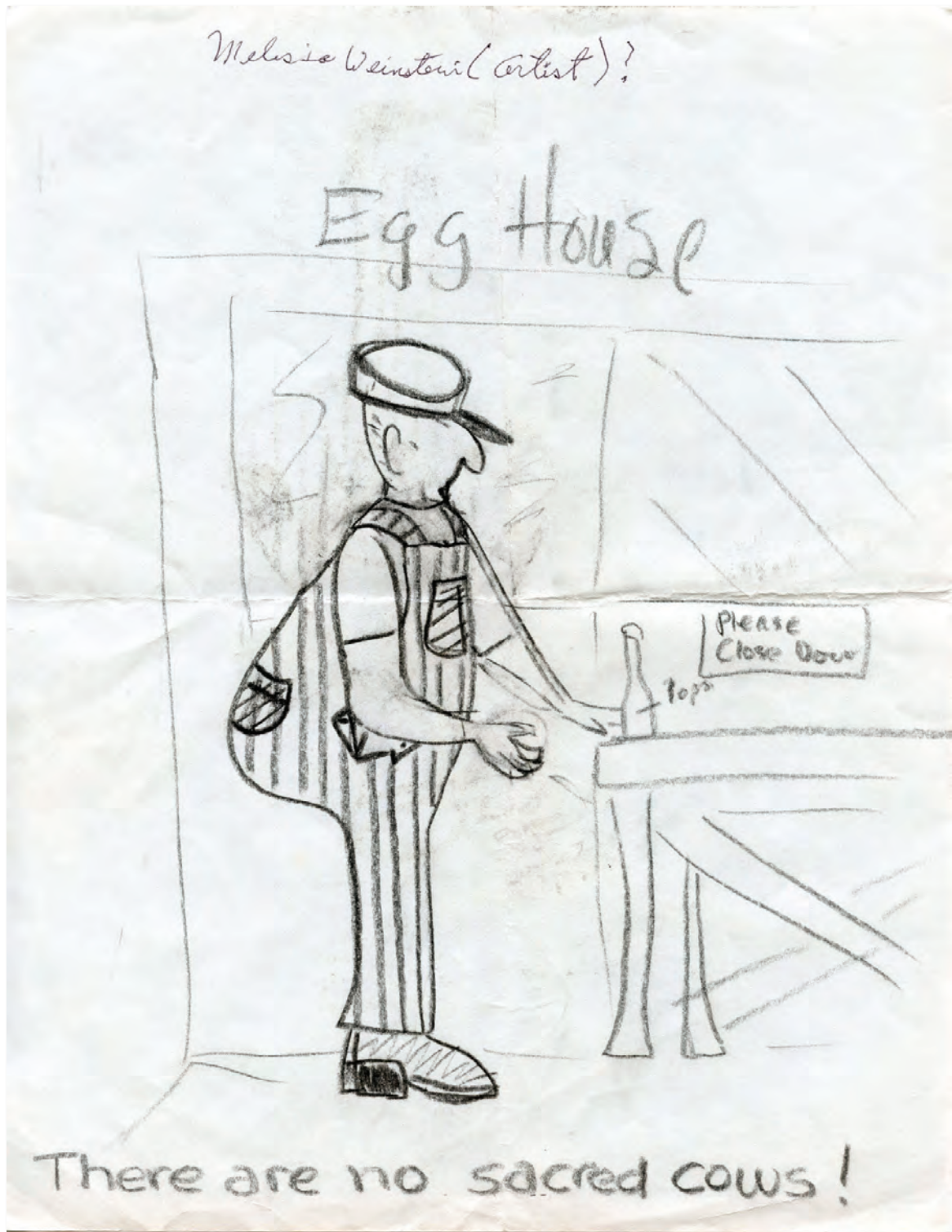
There I am, at the left in the front row, in my overalls. In all my school pictures, I wore overalls, except in first grade.



Me and my overalls at Christmas in 1961.



Me and my overalls as a teenager.



This was drawn by then-teen-aged granddaughter Melissa Weinstein who is now 38.



My daughter Linda sent an email suggesting that I should write about food; one thing she mentioned was my love of chocolate. She is very good about sending dark cherry chocolates for special occasions. Jim sends dark chocolate from the Russell Stover distribution center in Butler, Missouri. I think they are better than Mrs. See's candy. They melt in your mouth. Yum. Good old Hersheys are hard to beat; I have written about them before.

I have cut way down on my eating. I don't eat lunch very often. Just a good breakfast and a good supper. Not much in between. I weigh around 172 now and before my operation I weighed about 240 – from a 46 waist down to a 40. Beef and noodles is one of my favorites. I like oyster soup. Not much meat anymore, but some: good dark meat chicken, eggs once in a while for breakfast, turkey sausage every morning. When I was in the hospital after surgery ice cream was about all I wanted to eat, and they let me have all I wanted. After I came home Elaine fed me more ice cream to get me to eat. I love soft ice cream. We eat quite a few strawberries on ice cream when in season. Sliced peaches are good, on ice cream or just by themselves. When I was a mere child if I could have an ice cream cone from a drug store or café I thought that was great. Usually we had home made ice cream if we had company. I thought store bought ice cream was great but now I would take the home made. I still like both; I prefer chocolate.

Linda said I should write about bologna sandwiches. Elaine always has to stock up on baloney when family is coming. Linda's husband Jim hits the baloney as soon as he gets to our house. Linda usually does, too. If there is any left when people leave, Elaine eats it. She also has to lay in a supply of pork tenderloin. People can't seem to get it where they live, and expect to have it here. Sometimes we go to the local café when we have company. The tenderloin sandwiches there are about the size of a dinner plate. Elaine and I usually bring half of our sandwiches home and eat them the next day.

We both like tomatoes and sweet corn in season. It has been hot and dry here this summer, and the tomatoes are not doing well. We are eating sweet corn now. I had two ears of Peaches and Cream for supper; it was very good. We put 18 ears in the freezer today; we'll eat them when the regular season ends.

Thelma Jarboe and her daughter Marlene were here some time back. Marlene laughed when I demanded ice cubes for my milk. I like it cold; I like my water iced, too. I like my coffee hot. When I was running cream and egg routes I would start out with two bottles of frozen Pepsi, then open one about 10:00 in the morning; it was usually still half frozen. I would open the second one the middle of the afternoon; cold drinks all day. One time when I was in the fifth grade, the Coca Cola Company was promoting their product. If you had an "A" on your report card, you could take it to Harry Carson's butcher shop and get a bottle of Coke. I had two "A"s so I got two bottles. My Dad was running a barber shop and shoe repair shop a block west of Harry's store so I took one of my Cokes to Dad. I remember that the first gulp of Coke I took came back through my nose. Whew.



When I was about 12 or 13 years old a few of the people around Elliott decided we needed a Boy Scout troop. Howard Burgess was asked if he would take charge of the group. He was always willing to promote any project for the young boys in Elliott. He was probably 21 years old, involved in such projects as teaching boys how to make their own radios. Howard ended up working for the US Government; he was involved in the very early days of the atomic energy program and continued there throughout his career.



Back to the Boy Scouts – We decided to spend a night camping at the ruins of the six sided stone house north of Stennett. We built a bonfire and roasted some wieners and marshmallows and had a good time. Then we bedded down on the limestone slab that lies in front of the house and tried to sleep. I didn't sleep much if any. About 4:30 I and one of my cohorts decided scouting wasn't for us, so we headed back to town. I don't remember of ever attending another meeting.



When I was 13 or 14 years old it was known around town that if anyone wanted some work done that he didn't want to do himself Buzz Artlip was the man. Glen Sievers was our high school coach. He married Margie McKibben and they moved into an apartment over the doctor's office. The windows badly needed washing, so he contacted me to see if I would do it, inside and out. I located a ladder and went at it. I guess my work was satisfactory; anyway he paid me and thanked me very much. I wasn't much of a football player but I could wash windows. Coach Sievers was a whizz when he played for Red Oak 75 or 80 years ago. I think Glen was here for three years. The next coach was Crook Nuckols; the Crook came from a crooked nose.



Years ago when I was in the seventh grade the WCTU ladies came out with a contest for school kids to write an essay on the evils of alcohol and tobacco. I was very surprised that my essay was picked as number one in the first eight grades. My prize was 75 cents, a good amount of spending money for a 12 year old. I was a smoker, first of cigarettes, and then a pipe up until I was 40 years old. Then I saw the light that it was bad for my health: a sore tongue and a cough. I never had an alcohol problem. I didn't like beer; I drank Pepsi. Now I'm going to write an essay on the effects of too much sunshine.

I have always been an outdoor person, so now I'm paying the price. I was a truck driver, with my left arm hanging out the window with sleeves rolled up or short sleeved shirts. Several years ago I had a skin cancer on my left wrist and one on my nose. It took surgery to heal those. I have had many precancerous spots that go away with treatment. At the present time I have a bump behind my left ear; a biopsy shows cancer and I'm scheduled to go to a skin specialist the 28th of August to have that removed.



Still on my lawnmower in 2012.

I was in the lawn service business from about age 70 to 80. I spent a lot of 12 hour days out in the sun. I had 36 yards and three cemeteries to keep mowed. So limit your kids on the amount of time they can spend at the swimming pool and be sure to use plenty of sun screen on them. I wouldn't be surprised if this cancer hasn't taken as many lives as tobacco over the years.



I was always looking for a job to make a couple dollars or even a couple quarters. One morning I had just finished delivering papers. I didn't have a steady route but my neighbor had a route. He had asked me if I would take his route for a couple of weeks. It paid 25 cents a day and he had a chance to detassle corn that could make him a couple dollars a day, so that was why I was out fairly early. A neat '29 Chevy car pulled up beside me on the street and the driver wondered if I would like to deliver some samples of breakfast food to the houses around. He wanted two guys and I soon found a friend that was going down the street; yes, he would help. We rode on the running board and could get both sides of the street. After about an hour he ran out of samples. He stopped at the post office and bought some stamped envelopes and addressed them. He got our names and addresses and filled out some papers.

This was the starting time of Social Security and you weren't supposed to hire anyone without a number. The man put a three cent stamp in each envelope and mailed them. He paid us each a quarter. That is how I got my Social Security number and made my first payment to it – 3 cents. I have the same number now.



I have mentioned before about the Auburn and the '35 Pontiac but not much about the '37 Chevy. The Auburn I had the fall before we were married. As Elaine said the hood was long-long-long and it looked like you were going 60 before you moved. After we were married Arlen Wollenhaupt came around with the '35 Pontiac with the suicide doors; they opened from the front. Arlen was going to the Army right away, and needed money to leave for his wife until he got his first army pay check. I had a '29 Chevy four door and was always looking for a better or later car. So, for \$50 and my '29 Chevy we bought a '35 Pontiac. That was the car that quit on us at the Stanton corner as we went to meet the train in Red Oak.



My Dad and a mechanic went down and got it. The points needed adjusting. Elaine went to live with her parents over west of Grant. Sometime later her folk's car went on the blink and she sold them the Pontiac. We didn't think we needed a car and they did. \$135.00.



Two years later we were in Texas and I was having trouble with one leg. I was in the hospital for two or three months. They put my leg in a cast. After a couple of days the knee had swollen; it was throbbing and really hurt. They removed the cast and gave me a pair of crutches but they still had no idea what was wrong with me. I didn't find out until after I was out of the Army and went to a specialist. He took one look and said that I had gout. He said that the reason the Army doctors didn't catch it was that normally you don't develop gout until you are at least 30 – unless you inherit it from your father. The kid doctors in the Army didn't know that. There is no cure for gout; you only hope for control. The remedy at that time was to take one colchicine tablet an hour until you developed vomiting and diarrhea. That would relieve the pain for several days. In 1953 a pill was developed that was quite a lot better. At first I took three pills a day. That was too much; it made me weak. I cut down to two a day, and finally just one. I am still taking Benemid pills. I still have a twinge once in a while. Diet makes a big difference: cut down on the meat.



Back to the Army: I was on crutches so I needed a car to go to town to see Elaine and Jim. We looked around and found a '37 Chevy Deluxe with front end knee action. The knee action needed some repairs, so I replaced it with new knees. And then it needed some work on the brakes. Elaine asked around and found a mechanic to do the work but she had to take the car several miles to him with no brakes except the hand brake. She made it and he repaired the brakes. Shortly after that I found out that we were being transferred to Camp Hood. There were no provisions there for dependent families, so Elaine and Evelyn Harsh made plans for driving to Iowa.

Elaine had to talk the ration board out of enough gas coupons to get to Iowa. She had been getting one new tire a month, so she had new tires for the trip. But she had a flat, and it broke a few rayon cords in the carcass of the tire. The repair man put a new liner in the tire and that got them to Iowa. When they reached southern Missouri the news broke: Japan had surrendered; the war was over. Celebrations broke out. The streets and roads were so full of honking vehicles that it took hours to get through there.



Our '37 Chevy.

Elaine and Evelyn went to the home of Gerald and Thelma Jarboe in Elliott. Evelyn called her parents in New Virginia and they came after her and her little Jimmy. The next day Elaine visited briefly with my family and then went to her parents' home in Omaha.

That fall I hitchhiked to Omaha to drive Elaine and Jim to St. Louis. That was quite a trip. I took a street car as far as it went and then stuck my thumb out. A big truck picked me up. About 20 miles west of St. Louis the traffic was stopped and I could see several cars in the line. I went along the line asking if there was a chance of a ride. One car had two well dressed guys in it and they said sure, they would drop me off at the Kansas City bypass. We whizzed across Missouri at 65 or 70 miles per hour. 35 was actually the speed limit, but one of the guys was a US Federal Marshall.

It was getting dark and I started walking. I had several short rides but the last one put me out in the middle of nowhere. After about an hour a big truck stopped and the driver said he was going up the road several miles but when he hit a certain highway he was going east. He said that a couple of miles east there was a truck stop and he would try to get me a ride with someone there. He did and that trucker took me over to US 71. After I stood there a while a truck going north stopped. The driver turned out to be a cousin of my Dad's. His name was West and he hauled cattle from the Red Oak area to Kansas City. He took me to the top of Chautauqua hill in Red Oak. I got out of the truck and the first car stopped. The driver was going to the cattle market in Omaha; he would go just two blocks from where the Corbins lived. The guy's name was Ernest Eitzen, a cousin of Walter Eitzen who lives just south of Villisca. I ended up hauling a lot of cream and eggs from Ernest Eitzen in later years. God works in mysterious ways.



I was sitting here in my easy chair this morning waiting for time to go to church, and I started whistling. I hadn't done that for a long time. I used to whistle. I remember when I was 10 or 11 years old I liked to work with my Dad. About that time I learned to whistle. I didn't do a very good job carrying a tune; Dad said he appreciated me helping him but that my whistling was driving him crazy. So I tried not to whistle around him; he could be grouchy.



I used to like to sing but don't do that much any more. I have pretty well lost my voice; I squeak when I sometimes try. I join right in at church anyway; I sing best in a big crowd. When I was Sunday School Superintendent I led the kids in singing. No windpower since the surgery; I'm glad I feel good enough to try. I think I had a fair voice then, but that was 50 years ago. My lung power is improving.



I always helped my Dad in his used auto parts and junk business. If it was summer vacation or days off at school, we usually started about 9:00 a.m. if there was nothing pushing. We would quit about 4:00 or 4:30. Dad would give me a quarter if he had one; times were hard. I would head for the café; that quarter wasn't



The Artlip Shop by dad and mom's house. The shop later was moved across the street.

going to stay in my pocket long enough to burn a hole in it. I would have half a pint box of ice cream for 20 cents, and just blow the other nickel. Then I would head home for supper. After supper Dad would give me another quarter for evening spending money and I was happy – what more could you ask for?

I got pretty good at swinging a sledge hammer. We, or usually I, would knock the fenders off the car; then if Mom wanted the cloth lining out of the car, we would carefully save that. It was good cloth and Mom used it to make warm quilts for our family. Older Chevys had the best lining. Model "A"s weren't as good. We would take those bodies off in one piece. There was always someone wanting a Model "A" body. When we got the bodies off we would save the front ends, rear ends and transmissions. We cut up the frames and sold the side racks for braces for corner fence posts. The bodies that we knocked to pieces were of no value in the '30s and they were piled up. A trucker would haul them away to a ditch to keep the ditch from washing more.

Now the smelter dealers want the whole car, tires and all. It is dropped in the boiling pot. All the waste comes to the top and is strained off. Now you can sell an old car for \$150 or \$200 to the smelter for this purpose. Henry Ford was using this system back in the '20s. Trade in your worn-out Model "T" for a new one; drop the old one into a smelter and recycle the metal. Henry Ford was way ahead of his competitors. I think he still is; I'm a Ford fan.

They tell me that even the Model "T" Fords had all the essential equipment to convert it to an automatic transmission, if you had a good vacuum system. Of course at that time the system would have cost several hundred dollars, the cost of the whole car to begin with. Good old Henry: we need someone like him as President; as sharp as he was, anyway.



Mom's sewing machine is now in New Jersey.

I remember one time that Dad and I were over at Macedonia. Dad was looking at an old car or a pile of iron to buy. He didn't get it but a young guy came up to us and wanted to sell the remains of two road maintainers. They had been stripped of all the lighter material; just the heavy beams were left. Dad asked at the cafe if this kid of 21 or 22 had the right sell the machines. They said they hoped so, they were sick of seeing them. So Dad paid the kid \$10 or \$15 and we removed enough bolts to get the pieces to four feet or shorter. We loaded up a load; we worked our butts off. That iron was heavy. We took it to a junk dealer in Red Oak and went back the next day and got the rest of it. Dad made a good profit on it. We found out later that Jess Lewis, Garland's father, a dealer in junk, really owned the machines. He wasn't happy about it, but gave up on trying to get any money from Dad.



My brother-in-law Pat long after the railroad well incident.

Elaine's parents lived at Tenville for a time when her brother Pat was about seven years old. Bruce and someone had the cover off the well pit, which was about seven feet deep. It was a sand point well, so there was no water in the pit, but there was an electric pump and pressure tank with some pipes. Pat was around, being the usual small boy nuisance, and he fell into the well. The men fished him out with no injuries, but he was probably one scared boy.

That was the old railroad well, put down to furnish water for the stock yards, and the locomotive if it needed it. Ray Dunn used the well for his café and Bruce used it for his house. After we came to Tenville I hooked on to Bruce's pipe. When Selbys moved into the house south of us, they hooked on to our supply line. That was just too much for one sand point; no one had any pressure. I gave up and had a dug well put down on my lot. It turned out to be a good one. The well people tested it after it was dug and it was pumping nine gallons a minute. I think the guy who bought my house is still using it. The rest of Tenville is on Rural Water. Good old Tenville. Once a Tenviller, always a Tenviller.



Pat has three kids. Sometimes when they were young they would spend a few days with us. They were good kids, but normal: trouble could follow them around. One time, when they were perhaps from 9 to 12 years old, the neighbor kids, a few houses north of us, had a small motorcycle. They used our driveway for a race track. Of course Michael was excited over all this. For some reason, Karen was sitting on the machine, which was running. Mike said, "This is how you make it go," pulled the lever and it went – down across the lot and up over the highway. Elaine had been keeping an eye on the kids, and looked up just as Karen crossed US 71. Thank God there was no traffic. No injuries more than a few scrapes and bruises and a darned good chewing out from Aunt Elaine.



Another time I was in my shop working on one of the trucks. The kids showed up and went into the egg grading room, which was air conditioned. I didn't pay any attention to them. After a while Elaine showed up, checking on the kids. When she went into the egg room things got quite noisy; the kids had been having an egg fight. There probably wasn't more than a dozen eggs involved, but eggs can be quite messy. The kids found out that it wasn't nearly as much fun cleaning up their mess, with Elaine standing over them making sure they did a good job. Several years later Elaine asked Mike why they had done that, and he said it seemed like a good idea at the time.



I have written before about the trouble I got into by following Bob Askey's lead. We were in the second grade and a new girl had just moved in from the country. She was very shy and Bob decided to have some fun with her. We didn't actually do anything to hurt her but Bob would kind of chase her, and she would run. He chased her as far as Main Street, and of course I was with Bob. I wasn't too surprised the next morning to see Mrs. Braden and Nettie sitting in their car waiting for the teacher to arrive. I think Bob and I had to stay after school for a week. The girl was Nettie Belle Braden who became my sister-in-law when she married my brother Dean.



Nettie, in 3rd and 8th grades.



I had an e-mail from daughter Linda. She and Elaine are always thinking of something for me to write about. The subject Linda suggested was witching for graves in cemeteries. Yes, I can do it and be quite accurate. Linda can do it, too, but Elaine draws a blank. My conclusion is that you can't tell if anyone was buried there, but only that the ground has been disturbed. I have had people tell me that they knew someone who could tell if it was a man or a woman buried there. My reply to that statement was, "Bull." I think they were looking at the name on the stone. I have had only two failures; one, I couldn't get a response to my wires at a site where I knew there were two burials, and the second was a good response where I knew there was not a burial. We finally figured out that the second spot had been a corner of the first fence around the cemetery, and that there had been a gate there. Several ancient post holes were still giving a signal.

After I retired, a family came from away to set a stone. They asked me to come and supervise. They became interested in my wires and all wanted to try them. It didn't work for most of them, but there was one woman who was very good at it. I directed her to the lot where I had failed, and she was able to locate those graves.

Elaine was the Washington Township Clerk for 26 years, so it was handy for her to have me to witch for her. I could usually go right around the edge of the grave to mark it out for her. I mowed the Arlington Cem-

etery for over 25 years. People still call Elaine when they have questions about the cemetery. We will always have a warm place in our hearts for the old cemetery, although we will be buried in the cemetery on the hill west of Grant. Our stone has been there for many years. Elaine has parents, grandparents and great-grandparents buried there. Also two sisters, a brother and two brothers-in-law.

Elaine also has great-great-grandparents and other relatives buried in the old cemetery at the northeast edge of Grant. That cemetery was vandalized and pretty well wrecked. I talked to Jack Taylor and told him that



The old Grant Cemetery.

we were going to restore it. He said to present a bill to the board when we were through. I took my tractor and cement mixer up there, and a work crew. Bill Cunningham and Jeff Petersen were helping me. We reset the stones that had been knocked off the foundations, poured new foundations where needed and repaired broken stones. We tore out the fence and replaced it with a nice fence and good gates. We cleaned out the brush in the fence line and cleaned up the whole cemetery. Elaine and I walked the cemetery and marked every grave with a cement block; some names we knew and some we didn't. Had a nice looking cemetery. Presented Jack with a bill for \$1,500 and the board sent me a check. The cemetery still looks fair, but it isn't kept up like the big one west of town.

Most everyone who saw me witching would want to try it. For this procedure you hold two wires straight out in front of you and keep them level. If this works for you the wires will cross, forming an "X". If you get a strong signal you would have to fight the wires to keep them from crossing. When Bob (Co-op) Brown tried it the wires immediately turned straight out, like this: - -. That seemed to work fine for him, but was the only time I have seen this. I told him he was wired backwards.



Things work out in chance meetings sometimes. One time we were heading west on one of our trips. We had just crossed over into Arizona when we saw a nice truck stop and pulled into it. I was headed for the rest room when I about ran into a woman coming out of the café. I looked at her and said, "Aren't you Hope Howard from Elliott, Iowa?" She said, "Yes. And you are one of the Artlip boys." She said she was traveling east with her son Leon's wife, who was Lucille Lary. Lucille and Elaine's mother were cousins. I called to Elaine, and we all had a good visit.

Leon Howard and his brother Donald had both joined the Navy right out of high school. During that period Mrs. Howard had married Dave Sandquist. After Donald retired from the Navy he came back to Elliott and was the telephone lineman for quite a few years.

When Elliott celebrated its Centennial in 1979 displays included a picture gallery. People brought in many pictures of the early days. I was looking at them, and saw a picture of a Knights of Pythias picnic. There was my Grandfather Walker; and then I picked out my Grandmother Walker from the group. Among the children were my mother and

her sisters. I showed the picture to Elaine and she immediately spotted her Lary Grandparents, her mother and siblings. Hope Howard was in the picture, and probably her husband, Bill Howard. The picture belonged to Donald Howard, and he let me borrow it to have it copied. God bless the Howards.



Another time we were touring the southern mansions on the River Road in Louisiana. As we drove into the parking lot I noticed a car with a 73 Iowa license. I kept looking for someone from Page County. A group ahead of us came out from their tour and there he was, my banker from Clarinda. He spotted me right away. It was nice to see someone from home. He was a nice guy.



It is surprising what things you run into when you are out gathering chickens. When people had chickens for market I usually could tell them ahead of time what night I would be there. Most of them would say, "Go ahead and take them even if we aren't home." One night we stopped at a place and got the coops ready. I went into the chicken house and something ran up my pants leg. Cleon was helping me and he said, "They not only have chickens, they have rats." I quickly got out of there. Cleon had on five buckle overshoes and leather gloves. He said he would catch the chickens and hand them out to me, and I could put them in the coops. I thought that was a very good idea. I think there were as many rats as there were chickens. We got them loaded up and went on to the next place on the list. Sometimes we would have 20 coops with 20 or 25 chickens in each coop. We burned a lot of midnight oil at times.

Another time I was supposed to pick up some chickens at a place just north of Red Oak. I had misunderstood the directions, and thought the place was on the west side of the road. It was quite late when we drove in, and I went to the door and knocked. A kid screamed and a man's voice said, "What's going on down there?" I quickly explained that I was supposed to pick up some chickens, but I guess I was on the wrong side of the road. The kid must have been sleeping on the lower level of the house. Anyway, we didn't get shot. There was always that danger going into a strange place.

Sometimes we would pick up a couple hundred yearlings and drop them off before we picked up a load of market chickens. Sometimes the exchange would be made at the same place. Quite a life. I was young and Cleon liked the tenderloin sandwiches Elaine sent with us. I ran into a rat at another place. I was pulling market hens off the nest, and got ahold of a rat. I used a flashlight after that.



Another story comes to mind. I suppose I was about five, and we were living at the west end of Main Street in Elliott. Dad was in the field getting the ground ready to plant corn. Mom said, "Would you like to take Dad some cold water to drink?" I was willing, so I took the water to him. When I got back Mom said, "You found him OK?" I said, "Yes, but Dad called those horses sonsofbitches." I

never knew Dad to cuss other than a daggone it or darn it. I guess I had never been around him when he was working horses before. Maybe that was the names of those horses. Mom got quite a kick out of it.



I'm not sure just when I started putting the number of Tenville residents on the garage doors. I installed those large doors to use to load and unload chicken coops, so it must have been after I went out of the chicken business. Ed Weiner sold his grocery store to Littlejohn, and Littlejohn took all the shelving out of the store. I got a lot of it and that is where the lumber came from to build those famous doors. Then, first, I had to cut out and paint the letters



The garage with the 14 foot addition I put on it. At first I used the doors on the west end to get chicken coops in and out. When I got out of that business, those doors turned into a billboard.



Here's one of the signs I put up. Now the sign is the focus of the Facebook group, Honk for Tenville.

for Lena Devine's 95th birthday, which was 17 July 1980. Lena died in January 1981. Lena had helped Elaine with much of the local history; a very nice lady. I put up a birthday notice for Hilda Larson's 99th birthday, which would have been 23rd March 1982, but she died a few days before that and the family asked us to take down the sign. The sign covered community events: birthdays, anniversaries; congratulations; any item of

and numbers. The first report must have said "Pop 25". A neighbor told me that his son said, "Let's stop and get a bottle of pop. That's cheaper than anyone else." So dad had to explain to son about the abbreviation for "population." Of course those doors probably haven't been opened since they became the Tenville signboard.

Chuck Offenburger was from Shenandoah, but he worked for the Des Moines *Register*. As he came and went he noticed the population sign and started reporting changes in the numbers in his *Iowa Boy* column. Occasionally he would stop and visit with me. A few times he filled a whole column with Tenville. I don't know just when he started this, but was doing it in 1978. It lasted at least three years.

Probably the first birthday greetings I put on the signboard was

interest. When I heard that the Don Cases were expecting Daniel I added a + sign to the population number. Offenburger reported that “Someone in Tenville is expecting!” I put up a plus sign for Jacob. For the third one, Jill really wanted a girl, so I painted the + sign pink: Kelli arrived on schedule. When we were finishing up the restoration of the Sciola Church we were running short of money. I put up a notice that we would welcome donations. A stranger driving through saw the sign; when he stopped at the Junction Oil, he asked about it. When told the story, he left a \$20 bill for us.

A man from the east coast stopped in the *Register* office one day. He said he wrote for a magazine, and needed a very small town, but that it had to have its name on a large sign. Of course Offenburger sent him to Tenville. I parked a cream truck on the west side of the highway, and the guy worked off the top of the box. He took dozens of pictures, ending up after a full moon rose over the Hacklebarney hills. After he finished we fed him black raspberries and ice cream. He said he would send us some of the pictures, but we never heard from him again.

When I sold my shop to the Garlands, I left them the box of letters and numbers; no doubt they have had to cut more. They have continued the Tenville signboard. As a result of the message on the board for Alicia Wagner’s 16th birthday, the Facebook *Honk for Tenville* was born. It grew rapidly, and has remained at about 400 members.

In April 2012 our family celebrated my 89th birthday and our 70th anniversary. We all went to Tenville and had our picture taken in front of the signboard announcing those events. There were 24 of us, counting Elaine’s brother and wife.



One time Paige said, “My sister doesn’t like me.” I asked why she thought that, and she said, “She called me a brat.” I said, “Well, were you?” She had no answer to that. Good kids, both of them. I haven’t seen Paige lately. I used to sit out in the swing and talk to the kids. I tried to answer their questions and they came up with some good ones. One time Paige came into our house without knocking and Elaine gave her the dickens for that. She said, “I just wanted Buzz to come out to the swing and talk to me.” When the time came for us to move, all three of the girls came to me at different times, and said, “We don’t want you to move.” Christine Shipley was the third one – they lived south of us. I didn’t want to move either but it was time. One morning the kids were gathered around the swing when Elaine came out of the house. The kids asked where Buzz was and Elaine said she thought I was over at the cemetery. Paige was probably about two; about that time I came across the bridge and Paige said, “Buff! Buff!” as she pointed to the bridge. One day Alicia asked me if there really is a God. I answered her the best I could. I said, “Of course there is a God. I don’t know how he got the job done, or when, but he performed miracles: the universe, the atom, oxygen so that we can breathe, human birth and life so that we could populate the world. I’m sure there is a God.” I hope that helped answer the question. I loved those kids. Still do.



Over the years I have reset quite a few stones in cemeteries in southwest Iowa. One day Bill Cunningham and I reset two stones in the Grant Cemetery for Max Miller. The next day Bill and I tackled the job of resetting a stone for my Great-great-grandparents. Elaine and I had known for some time where they are buried, and had visited the cemetery several times. The Burch Cemetery is three miles east of Braddyville; the south edge of the cemetery is the Missouri line. A few other relatives are buried there,



Elaine and I at the Burch Cemetery, looking at the final stone I reset before I retired from that business.

too. Ever since I started resetting stones I had said that I was going to reset that one.

It is a nice stone but the foundation had crumbled. Thomas Jefferson Cussins died in 1878, and his wife, Elizabeth Wheeling Cussins, died in 1905 at 100 years of age. So, when I was about to quit the resetting business, Bill and I loaded up all the sand I had left, several sacks of Portland Cement, the cement mixer, and several cream cans of water and headed for the Missouri line. We got the old foundation dug out, the forms ready, and ran the cement. The stone was in two pieces. It was no problem setting the bottom piece onto the new base, but the

top piece had to be raised about three feet to the top of the first piece. By that time we were worn out so we got it as close as we could, and started blocking it up with 2X4s. Two or four inches at a time, first one side and then the other. It was a good thing we had plenty of short pieces of 2X4s. We finally got it high enough and very carefully slid it over onto the first block. We still had to get rid of the old foundation; we drug it up the road and slid it into a ditch. Several years later I was at the cemetery and our work looked great. That was the last stone I reset.

Some of my Artlip relatives are buried at the Shearer Cemetery, which is about three miles from Burch. One is Uncle Chauncey, the yodeling artist. His brother Taylor Artlip, is also there.



Linda has been suggesting topics for me to write about, and one was our heating systems. We really had to go back in time for this one. We discussed the subject all day, and then got it wrong. I think we have it right now. For our first winter in Tenville we had a wood-coal heating stove. I think we bought it from Bruce; it was probably used in the garage which was torn down to build our house. Bruce may have brought it from Elliott. The chimney was in the middle room, so that was our living room. The stove disappeared while I was in the Army. Bruce said something about it falling apart when they moved it. After I got out of the Army, we came back to Tenville in April 1946. It was a

cold, wet month. We bought an electric heater, and used the small south hall for a living room. As soon as it warmed up, we switched rooms, and the west room became the living room, and the middle room was the kitchen-dining room. We were able to get an oil-burner heating stove before winter, but there was no chimney in the new living room. I made one of sheet iron and attached it to the north side of the room. It worked well most of the time. We went to Dubuque for a few days. When we came back the stove was working well but the whole house was covered with oily smoke. What a mess. Probably that was why we put in a floor furnace in 1949 or '50. That must have been when a transite chimney was put up through the wall and attic. The furnace had a manual thermostat and Elaine ran up and down the basement steps to change the setting, but it worked when the electricity was off. It was wonderful to stand on that furnace in cold weather, and it was a great place to dry mittens.

In 1951 we added two rooms to the south end of the house. The floor furnace just wasn't going to handle that. We got a Coleman forced-air furnace from the Farmers Merc in Red Oak.

It was put in the basement and served well for several years. I guess we decided that we really needed air conditioning. So in 1963 or '64 we had an air conditioning unit added to the furnace. The Coleman really wasn't big enough for that but we used it for many years and paid the big electric bills. In September 1988 we replaced the Coleman; I sold it for \$100.

We bought a Lenox from McCunn Construction in Red Oak, total cost \$4072. It was a larger BTU. It cooled the house much better for less money. When the Lenox was installed the flue and a fresh air pipe came out through the east side of the house. If the furnace stopped running from some problem it wouldn't go back on until the problem was fixed. After seven years Lenox announced that that model was defective. An inspector came around (for \$20) and announced that our furnace was defective and that Lenox would put in a new one free. McCunn had gone out of the furnace business. I found a Lenox dealer in Clarinda who was willing to install a new furnace, but since I hadn't bought the original one from him, I would have to pay the cost of installation - \$250. As far as I know it is still being used.

When we were married in 1942, the important word was "cheap". So we set up housekeeping with a kerosene cook stove. We took it with us when we moved to Tenville. Not too long after that I bought a gasoline cook stove for \$15 from Raymond Bowman, one of my cream patrons. It burned white gasoline; you had to pump up pressure on it. It burned with a clean blue flame, and worked well. After I went to the Army Elaine's parents moved to Omaha, and used the gasoline stove. I don't remem-



You can see the chimney I made in this photo, which is what led Linda to ask about furnaces to begin with.

ber how long they used the stove. After I got out of the Army we were able to get a bottled gas stove. When we remodeled the kitchen we put in a drop top stove, still gas. Elaine has been using an electric stove for seven years and still complains that it isn't gas.



About 1914 the Atlantic Southern Railroad put in a sand point well for the Tenville Siding stockyards. That corner was vacant for many years after the railroad died. Ray Dunn opened a service station in 1938, and used the old well. When Bruce moved to Tenville in 1941 he hooked into the well for his projects. When Bruce built our house we didn't have water. We carried it in buckets from Orton's basement. Elaine used Vera's equipment for laundry. Ortons went to California that summer and while they were gone, I ran a water pipe to our house. It was a real dumb thing to do, but there was no way to shut off the water and when I went to the Army we just went off in February and left the house with no heat. I guess with all the excitement of me going to the Army, Elaine moving to her parent's home, and a new baby to care for we didn't even think of it. When the pipe thawed out it made a real mess that Bruce and Vera had to clean up. It was fixed when we came back but then Selbys moved in south of us and hooked into our line. Then there was a real pressure problem. I think that by that time Bruce had moved up on the hill. He dug a well west of Selby's house. It was never satisfactory. He didn't go deep enough to insure a good supply, but when we had a heavy rain the pit flooded and the unit wouldn't work. Marvin Shipley bought Selby's place and when Rural Water came through he hooked on it. Said it was the best present he could have asked for. Probably in the '50s I had a well dug down on the garage lot. It cost \$2,500 and was very successful. It produced more water than we would ever need. I think that the guy who bought my house is still using it. The old well is still there but I don't think it is being used.



Working in Linda's poison ivy patch.

One time we were at Linda's to spend a couple of weeks and she asked if I could take out a tree that was near a ditch in her back yard. I had my chain saw with me so I got it out and sawed down the tree. I cut it up and carried the pieces out to the curb so the city crew could haul it away. The area around the tree hadn't been mowed that season, so I cleaned that up. Then I decided it was nap time. I went in to the sofa, kicked off my shoes, and took a nap. I evidently had poison ivy from the weed patch on my socks. My legs started to itch and I started to scratch. By the next day I knew what was wrong. Linda called a doctor

friend, and he phoned in a prescription to a drug store. I took ten pills the first day, nine the second day, and so on down to none. By the time we went home I was fairly well over it, but oh how it did itch. Earlier that summer granddaughter Melissa went to a Finger Lakes college for a summer session, and broke out there with a severe case of poison ivy. She didn't know where she got it until Linda and David got it cleaning a flower bed in their yard.

One time I was working for Clayton Gay at Delmar Haley's place. I got too close to poison ivy or poison oak, and had to have a shot to get over it. Another time there was a vine that wanted to climb a big tree at the Findley Cemetery. I cut it off at the ground; later a couple of shoots came up. I pulled them up by hand and got a poison something. I had to have a shot to clear that up. Itch, itch, itch. After that I used 2-4-D on the roots.



Cleon Orton was probably the best friend I ever had. I went to him for advice quite a few times after he moved to Tenville. He wasn't always right but he was most of the time. I knew Cleon for a long time before he moved to Tenville; he was Bruce's brother. He had a radio repair shop in Griswold; I think it was before WW II started. I remember seeing his shop in Griswold, but I don't remember the years. Cleon was drafted into the army but I don't have dates for that, either, but it was quite early in the war. He was in for quite a while. He was stationed at a small air field in Kansas, and was able to keep their radios repaired and working.

Cleon came to Tenville in 1952, when he was 42. He bought one of the houses that Bruce built from the lumber from the Ray Dunn café. It wasn't finished yet and he never really did finish it, but he lived there until he died at almost 92. We all depended on Cleon if we needed some new wiring or a little repair work on our houses. Cleon was very good at wiring, but he had the poorest wiring in his house of anyone in Tenville.

Phil and Norma Garland bought Cleon's house after he died, plus all his tools and stuff the family didn't take; there was quite a collection. The Garlands sorted it out and kept what they wanted; they added some of their stuff to it and had an auction sale. Some of the old radios brought a good price. Cleon's nephew Dale from Omaha bought the pickup, said it was better than the one he drove to work. I think Dale said one of his kids took his old pickup.

Phil cemented the floor of Cleon's garage, and made a nice workshop of it. He put the flat porch roof up to a peak and resingled the house.

Cleon had a '49 GMC pickup when he came to Tenville. Then he had a '62 Ford pickup. In 1981 he bought the '81 Ford that Dale bought after Cleon's death.



Cleon is on the right. He helped me build the 14-foot extension to the truck garage.

Cleon's doctor told me that Cleon was not the typical old bachelor; he was one of the cleanest persons he saw. He wore clean overalls and was clean shaven. They usually discussed the stock market when Cleon was in for a checkup. Doc said his advice was always good.

Cleon rode around with Lou Raney and his dog a lot. They even made one trip to Wyoming to see a sister of Lou's. Lou had an old Buick; I remember that he had to stop and adjust the points every once in a while.

Cleon worked for Rick Anderson some when Rick moved to near Tenville. Rick was a carpenter; he retired after a year or so. For a while Cleon went daily to a farm over by Lenox to help his brother farm. At one time Cleon owned two farms in the Corning area. He sold them; said he could do better on the Board of Trade. He had a membership on the Board. Cleon would climb silos and repair the motors but he got to thinking, "Forty feet up"; then his heart would skip a beat. He never climbed a silo after that.

About 1962 we had a tornado come through Tenville. It took down the garage. Bruce was in Missouri building houses. He came home, salvaged the good lumber and built a new shop. It was 14 feet shorter than the old one. After I bought the shop I had Cleon put the 14 feet back on. We put new metal on the old part of the roof, too.

In all the time I knew Cleon I never knew him to use profanity. We would usually invite him over if we had a birthday dinner or some such. He never refused to come and all the family liked him. One time he was going from the shop and the neighbor's dogs were out – you know, the kind that wouldn't bite. They did, and

Cleon got bit. He went home and strapped on a revolver and went back looking for the dogs. They had disappeared. I don't think she let them run out after that. He would have fixed them.

Cleon wasn't tight; he was just conservative. He bought a lot of equipment for the Senior Citizen Center and spent a lot of time there, keeping records of attendance, setting tables, and so on. At home he ate a lot of his food cold. He liked hot food but didn't like to cook, didn't even have a cook stove. Cleon had a Laco oil burner for heat. It never did burn right and the house smelled of oil. I was after him

for years to get a gas heater. He finally gave in and got one. I'm sure he felt better and didn't have colds after that. In later years he told me that he should have gotten married when he was young, but guess he was too busy making money, and then it was too late.

Cleon would help me gather up and haul chickens. I always paid him but I'm sure he bought tools and stuff for the shop. Of course the tools were available whenever he wanted to use them but he was very generous.

I'm sure his family didn't know the extent of his wealth; I guess he didn't want them to know. In about the year 2000, I had a Certificate of Deposit coming due and I had that saved to buy a new car. It was still about two months until it was due, but I was discussing my plan with Cleon. He said, "Go ahead and make the deal; I'll loan you what you need." I had sold my old '92 Merc to Dick Mains, so I borrowed the money I needed from Cleon and bought a new 2000 Merc. I didn't ask, he offered. And two months later I paid him off. We still have the car, about 13 years later, original battery, car has 71,000 miles and runs like a new one.

After Cleon had a heart attack he started telling me where some of his money was: 150 pounds of silver in a chest in his metal garage; \$2,000 in a cupboard in the kitchen; some suitcases of money in the attic; plus 11,800 silver quarters under some clothes in the bedroom.. There were also 20 new guns and a large amount of ammunition and powder. We got all of that out of the house, which hadn't been locked when Cleon left it for the last time. There were three lockboxes full of silver dollars between two banks to which I had the



Here's a picture of Cleon (at rear) and me that was in the Des Moines Register with an article about the population sign and highway work.

keys, and two big checking accounts. What I have written here about what he told me was the small part of his wealth. His stock was the large part. I made out his will a short time before his death – I turned it over to a lawyer, Dana Neal. The executors gave us \$1,000. We gave \$500 to the Montgomery County Museum, \$100 to the Villisca Senior Citizens, \$100 to the EMTs, \$100 to the Villisca Library, \$100 to Albert Baker for his ministry, and \$100 to Evelyn Williams; she had been good to him.



It has been a long time since I played cards. As a kid it was a cheap way to put in your time. Mom used to say we had to tie Edie to a chair to make



In later years, we no longer had to tie Edie to the chair to get her to play cards with us.



We played cards with Cal and Mary when they visited too.

to say we had to tie Edie to a chair to make a foursome. We all liked to play cards and learned to play cutthroat pitch. After we got a little older we would play for five cents a set or ten cents a game. It was more fun if you were playing for a little money. In later years we would gather in at Mom's about every other Saturday night and play. Some of the players were poor losers. That made it more fun. When I first went to Tenville I played with some of the local yokels at Junior Wheeler's garage. We would play until midnight sometimes. Junior thought he was a whiz at cards, but he was the one who usually lost. When there was a neighborhood social event, a deck of cards likely came out. We usually didn't get much playing done as Kay Wheeler was probably there and he would keep everyone laughing with his stories. We belonged to a pinochle group for a while: the Clyde Selbys, the Jim Petermans, the Elwin Guffeys and us. We met once a month and took turns hosting the meeting. It was a lot of fun but nothing lasts forever. All these people are gone now except Florence Peter-

man and the Artlips. Never played cards much in the Army; mostly gambled with dice.



My Grandfather Walker liked to gamble, but it was usually on horse racing. Aunt Edna and her husband liked horse racing, too. One time all of them and the Heeney's daughter Mary Frances, just a kid, went to the Kentucky Derby. Grandad managed to have his pocket picked. He was embarrassed about it, and didn't say anything – the Heeneys would have money. Well, the Heeneys lost all their money betting on the wrong horses, and they, too, were too embarrassed to say anything – Grandad would have money. So, when it came time to go home, it was learned that the only money in the group was the few dollars Mary Frances had in her purse. Good thing gas was only about 20 cents a gallon. They managed to make it home, but were likely all pretty hungry by then.



My experience with gout goes back a long way, about 75 years to be exact. At the age of 14 I had trouble with my right knee swelling at times and it was sore as all get out. To go out for football you had to be able to run around the track. I usually made it but I wasn't running all the time unless the coach was watching. I had trouble with the knee and big toe joint but I kept limping and working. I really didn't think the army would take me but at that time they were taking anybody who could stand up, so I kept going.

I was assigned to the motor pool as a truck driver and the knee seemed to get better but was usually sore, and the big toe and heel gave me a lot of pain. Then I was assigned to the kitchen as a cook – the worst thing that could happen to me. I could eat whatever I wanted, and I did. A lot of meat, potatoes fried in butter and all the goodies. My knee got so sore that I went on sick call and was sent to the hospital. They didn't know what was wrong; the head doctor came around with his group of 2nd Lieutenants. He didn't ask what they thought. What he said was the law; no one argued with him. First a large amount of fluid was drawn from the knee and then the leg was put into a cast. By the next day the knee had swelled again, and was very painful. So they split the cast and spread it apart. That relieved the pressure and the pain. After about two and a half months they sent me back to my outfit. Hadn't gained a thing.

The war was winding down, and I was sent to the separation center at St. Louis. Was assigned to run a dining room with German POWs as helpers. It had a wooden floor and my ailments didn't bother like on the cement floors in kitchens. Six months to go and I was discharged from the Army the first of March 1946. My knee and big toe were still giving me fits but I went back to hauling cream and limping along.

I went to a local doctor and he started giving me some high powered pills. He called my problem inflammatory rheumatism. Finally, I got an appointment with a specialist, and in ten minutes he had named the ailment – Gout. He said probably the reason the Army doctors missed it was that normally you didn't get gout until you were 30 years old, and I was just 23. You could inherit the weakness from your father. At that time the treatment for gout was a medicine called Colchicine. You

took one pill each hour for up to ten hours. Then you got sick, with vomiting and diarrhea. After a few miserable hours you would be free from the pain for a while. When I was 53, they came out with a pill called Benemid. It isn't an instant cure, but it relieves the pain some. It cuts down on the uric acid in your system. Uric acid repairs the wear and tear on your bones, but when it collects in your joints, it causes irritation in that site. I started out taking three Benemid a day but that was too much. I got weak so I cut down to two a day, and then eventually cut back to one a day. Since I lost so much weight, I'm trying it on a half a pill a day. I can't seem to get my strength back since I had aortic valve surgery. I read an article in the paper that said nowadays they are going back to old medicine (Colchicine) but some people take one tablet a day, some two a day, and in extreme cases, three. The reason I would be afraid of it is that it kills red blood cells. Another thing against it is the price has risen to \$5 a pill. It used to be ten cents a pill – another case of price gouging. We have a lot of that since Medicare. I thought 65 cents a pill for Benemid was bad.

The article in the paper said that there are about three million people in the US with gout. I'm sure the reason is soft living: too much meat, too much greasy food and overweight people. We don't want to give that up, but we should. It's just like smoking. Most people who smoke use that as a crutch, and enjoy it. We saw a neighbor smoking up a storm, and she is a nurse who should know better. And there are three children in the family. I gave up smoking fifty years ago. My older brother and younger brother were heavy smokers; one died at 70 and one at 72. Elaine's brother said, "I won't quit if it kills me." So he didn't and it did, at 57. You can tell them but they won't listen.



Our kids and me and a redwood.

We feel fortunate that we have been able to see so much of this big country. Elaine suggested that I list some of the places that we have visited briefly as "tourists." We have seen the Atlantic coast from Virginia to Maine. We have visited much of the Pacific shore from San Diego to Canada. We have seen a lot of the Gulf coast from Brownsville, Texas to the Florida panhandle. The following places are listed as we thought of them, and are not in any kind of order.

Redwood National Park; Eureka, California. Highway No. 101 becomes the Avenue of the Giants. It twists and turns through the groves of the tallest trees in the world. It takes them 400 years to mature to 350 feet. They may live for 2,000 years. The Park is a part of a World Heritage site. A bonus is the great views of the Pacific coast.

Yosemite National Park; California. It was over 100 degrees in the California desert that day. What a relief it was to get to Mariposa Grove where it was much cooler. In 1881 a tunnel was cut through a tree and the road went through it. We have a picture of our car in the middle of the tree. Tunnel Tree fell in 1969 under a heavy load of snow. The tree was estimated to have been 2,300 years old. It was actually chilly in Yosemite. The Park is beautiful: EL Capitan, Half Dome and other rock formations, streams, waterfalls and forests. I ruined a tire and had to pay a premium price for a new one in the park.

Rocky Mountain National Park; Colorado. From Estes Park going west, US No. 34 becomes Trail Ridge Road through the Park. It climbs to over 12,000 feet. One time daughter Linda and her husband Jim, a New Jersey native, were driving across No. 34 and stopped at one of the many pull-outs. As Jim looked at the spectacular scenery he said to Linda, "You have just ruined Appalachia for me forever."

Jackson Hole, Wyoming and the Grand Teton Mountains; Wyoming. Jackson Hole is a valley. The Teton Mountains are off to the west. The road up out of there is switchback on switchback. Our radiator was boiling when we got to the top, but there was water there. The road leads to the south gate of Yellowstone Park.

Carlsbad Caverns; New Mexico. The cave is on US No. 62-180. We were late arriving, and the last tour of the day had started. The staff took us down in an elevator, and we joined the tour group. The cave is huge and awesome. The average annual temperature in the cave is 56 degrees. An outdoor program is presented early in the evening and then at dusk the bats come out of an opening. Millions of them. It is just like a dark cloud.

Mammoth Cave; Kentucky. I have claustrophobia, so I sat on the porch of the lodge and wrote postcards while my family went down into the cave. They reported that it was a fabulous tour. It was supposed to include a boat ride on an underground river, but there had been lots of rain, and the river was too high for safety.

Petrified Forest; Arizona. The site lies off Interstate 40 with a drive through from either direction. Fallen trees have become petrified and are now stone.

Devil's Tower National Monument; Wyoming. In northeast Wyoming, off Us No. 14. It is a stone monolith 5,112 feet high in the midst of flat prairie. Hundreds of parallel cracks give it a ribbed look, and make it a popular crack climbers challenge.

Death Valley National Park; California. This is the hottest and driest spot in the United States. Badwater Basin is 282 feet below sea level, the lowest spot in North America. From the early days borax was mined in the valley. It was transported in wagons of ten ton capacity, pulled by teams of 20 mules. One report says that it was 18 mules and two horses. Don't know why. Some of the old wagons are still to be seen, probably where they were abandoned. A large ranch home was built on Death Valley Ranch. In the '30s it was used as a hotel. A colorful character who became known as Death Valley Scotty pretended that he had built the large house, and was the owner of it. It became known as Scotty's Castle. The real owner encouraged the myth, telling inquiring reporters that he was Scotty's banker.

Joshua Trees; Nevada. There is a national park, but the trees are common over much of the semi-arid southwest. One day we were driving up Mt. Charleston and saw some of the tree trunks lying beside the road. We stopped to examine them, and found that they are not really trees. They are formed of bundles of little fibers. We went on up to the end of No. 157 and watched the skiers for a time. We then went into Charleston Lodge and found it an inviting place. There was an open fireplace in the center of the room and that afternoon a German “oompah” band was entertaining.

Glacier National Park; Montana. We had planned to stay longer, but it had rained most of the day and was chilly. We couldn't do the walking trail because there were bears on or near it. We saw some of the scenery but the viewing was not good.

Crater Lake National Park; Oregon. About 7,700 years ago the volcano Mt. Mazama collapsed, leaving a hole over 2,000 feet deep. That hole has partially filled with water, making a beautiful blue lake. There is no outlet to the lake, but evaporation equals rain and snowfall and the water level stays constant.

Liberty Bell; Philadelphia. The bell was cast in England in 1753. The 40 pound clapper cracked the bell the first time it was used. It was recast and hung in the tower of the State House. It is thought that the present big crack occurred in the early 1800s. When the bell was removed from the tower it was placed in an open display structure. It could be touched, and some people even broke off pieces of it for souvenirs. It is now in a secure new home, with security screening. **Independence Hall;** Philadelphia. It was first known as the State House. It was begun in 1732 but wasn't finished until 1753. It has undergone many restorations. It has been called the birthplace of the United States. At one time the city dog pound was in the basement. It has been said that Ben Franklin tripped other delegates from his aisle seat.

Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument; Arizona. This is on the border of the Mexican state of Sonora and is part of the Sonoran Desert. The border was marked with a couple of strands of barbed wire. We put our feet across the line just because we could. It is the only place in the US where this cactus grows wild. There is Bingo each evening at the Visitors Center. Elaine and Thelma played.

Casa Grande Ruins National Monument; Arizona. It isn't known when or why this huge adobe structure was built. It is thought that it was abandoned about 1450 AD; the reason for that is also unknown. After the Federal Government took charge, a steel roof was erected over the ruins to protect them.

Great Salt Lake and Salt Lake City; Utah. When we arrived in the city Elaine gave me a choice: I could drop her off and she would come home when she got ready, or I could stay while she spent two days at the Mormon Library, and we would come home together. I stayed. Then we left the city at 4:00 am the next morning. I decided that we could make it home in one day. Elaine complained that she couldn't go to the bathroom unless the car needed gas. If we were hungry she grabbed something from the cafe while I tended to the car. But everything went well and we pulled into Tenville at 11:00 that night.

The River Road; Louisiana. Before the Civil War, monumental plantation houses were built along a corridor paralleling the Mississippi River between Baton Rouge and New Orleans. Some of those have been restored, and are now open to visitors.

Atlantic City; New Jersey. Linda was working for the New Jersey Lottery Commission when we visited. She had a meeting in Atlantic City so we went with her. We walked the board walk and visited a few Casinos while she was busy. Then there was a drawing for some Lottery winners which we attended. One big winner didn't show up. After it was all over, he came racing in; he had had tire trouble, and just about decided to not come. Then he found that he was a million dollar winner.

Washington Crossing State Park; New Jersey. When George Washington crossed the Delaware that Christmas night in 1776, one of Elaine's ancestors was with him. There is a reenactment of the crossing each December.

Mexico; One of our trips took us to El Paso. Our auto insurance was good for 50 miles, so we crossed the river into Juarez. It was mid-morning of a work day, but the town square was full of young men, who presumably didn't have jobs. We did some sightseeing, which included a mission church, the oldest building in Juarez and the old city hall. We drove out into the countryside, being careful to stay within our 50 mile limit. We were glad to get back on our side of the river.

Lake of the Woods; Ontario, Manitoba and Minnesota. This very large lake is a paradise for boaters and fishermen. It is a mecca for bald eagles and those weird loons. There are over a thousand islands in it.

Boston Commons; Massachusetts. First we got lost, and took an unexpected tour of Chinatown. Then the next morning we waded through six inches of snow across the Commons to the State House. But I guess that was better than the welcome given one of Elaine's ancestors. In 1651 he was publicly flogged on the Commons for being a Baptist.

Valley of Fire State Park and Mouse's Tank; Nevada. The walls of the canyons are all of red rock; hence the name. Mouse was an Indian, a very bad boy. He would rob a bank or commit some other outrage, and then disappear into the canyons. The law couldn't find him, and since everyone knew there was no water in the valley, after a time they would consider Mouse dead – until the next crime wave. Finally it was found that there was a natural stone basin that collected the scant rainfall and the runoff. It was enough for Mouse. It is still known as Mouse's Tank.

Laredo; Texas. I guess we wanted to go to Laredo just because it was there. We saw a girl attired in a very fancy gown, standing up in the back of a moving van. We learned that a Latin American custom celebrates the 15th birthday of daughters with an elaborate ceremony. It marks the transition from childhood to young womanhood. Some of these dresses are designed and ordered soon after the child is born and are a real financial burden to the family. The girls stand up while being conveyed to their party and dance so they won't wrinkle their dress. They wear tiaras and are princesses for the occasion.

New York City; New York. We were probably lucky that it was Saturday afternoon when we went through the city. As far as I know we ran only one red light; they had no system for the location of their lights. We made it.

Big League game; We were visiting daughter Linda in New Jersey. Linda was subcontracting to a public relations firm which represented Jim Henson, Inc., the creator of the Philly Phanatic, the Phillies mascot. The Phanatic's birthday was being celebrated at a Phillies game. Linda had free tickets, so we all went. Linda's kids, Melissa and David, held the Phillies banner for photographers.

Grand Canyon; Arizona. We did the usual tourist thing on the south rim. I looked down into that big hole and remarked that it would make a great landfill.

Grand Coulee Dam; Washington. A gravity dam built on the Columbia River between 1933 and 1942. It is 550 feet high. When we visited there were only two power plants operating; the third one wasn't added until 1974.

Hoover Dam; Arizona, Nevada. The Colorado River is the dividing line between Arizona and Nevada. From 1931 to 1936 Boulder Dam was built there. It is 726 feet high. The name was later changed to Hoover Dam. For many years the highway ran across the top of the dam, but now a bridge has been constructed downriver from the dam.

Roy Rogers Museum; California. The museum was in Apple Valley at that time. Trigger was there; that must have been quite a challenge for the taxidermist. The museum was moved a couple of times and finally closed in Branson, Missouri.

National Cowboy and Western History Museum; Oklahoma City. There is a large collection of classic and contemporary art, including pictures by Frederick Remington and Charles M. Russell. James Earle Fraser's famous sculpture, "The End of the Trail" is there. The museum also holds the Rodeo Hall of Fame.

Las Vegas; Nevada. We have been there a few times but haven't left much money; we are not gamblers. We aren't impressed with the glitz either, but the Casinos serve excellent food at very reasonable prices.

San Antonio River Walk; Texas. This is a public park, a network of walk ways along the banks of the San Antonio River. There are shops and restaurants. It is about one story below downtown San Antonio.

The Alamo; San Antonio, Texas. Originally known as Mission San Antonio de Valero, it was built in 1718 as a Catholic Mission. It was also used as a fort; in 1836 189 soldiers defended it for 13 days against superior Mexican forces. Davy Crockett died there.

Bonneville Dam, Fish Ladder and Cascade Locks; Washington and Oregon. Bonneville Dam is on the Columbia River, not too far upstream from Portland. There is a fish ladder. This is a series of shallow steps which the fish are able to leap up so they can swim on upstream. The Cascade Locks permit navigation up and down the river. There is also a fish hatchery there.

Yellowstone National Park; Wyoming. There was heavy traffic on the road into Yellowstone and we were crawling along. Bears were panhandling along the roadside, and we fed them marshmallows. We were in the car, but it's hard to believe now that we did such a thing. Yellowstone Park was formed in 1872, the first National Park. It is built over an active volcano, which is responsible for the geothermal features of the park. Old Faithful is the best known one but there are many.

Washington, D.C.; We did the usual tourist things there: Washington and Lincoln Memorials; White House; Capitol Building; Smithsonian buildings; Arlington National Cemetery.

Blue Ridge Parkway. We were in New Jersey and had occasion to detour home by the way of Texas. That seemed an opportunity to see some of the Parkway. So we drove up on it in Virginia, and were immediately enveloped in pea soup fog. We felt our way to the next exit, and left it. We saw very little of the scenery we have heard so much about.

Niagara Falls; New York. The Niagara River is the boundary line between New York and Ontario. It also connects Lake Ontario and Lake Erie. Lake Ontario is 326 feet higher than Lake Erie. The solution to that problem is Niagara Falls. It is actually a collection of three falls. It has been a traditional honeymoon destination. We were different; we took our kids there in 1955.

San Diego Zoo; California. The zoo opened in 1915 in Balboa Park. It has expanded and covers a large area. A jitney bus transports visitors between areas. The Koalas are one of the most popular exhibits. They look like Teddy bears.

St. Louis Zoological Park; Missouri. The city purchased its first exhibit, The Flight Cage, from the Smithsonian Institute following the closing of the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904. Today a small passenger train carries visitors to the various sections of the large zoo grounds.

Plymouth Rock; Massachusetts. Elaine says that her family has been missing the boat for going on 400 years. An ancestor was a Pilgrim. He was in Holland with the other Pilgrims, but for some reason he wasn't on the *Mayflower*. He came on the *Fortune* in 1621.

Mission San Juan Capistrano; California. A series of Catholic Missions were built along the Pacific coast, a day's journey apart. This one was built in 1776. It is famous as the place where the swallows return each 19th of March. The town has an annual celebration on that day.



Linda fed the pigeons at Mission San Juan Capistrano.

Knott's Berry Farm; A Theme Park in Buena Park, California. In the '20s the Knott family grew berries on their farm; they sold the berries and berry products. They opened the "Chicken House" restaurant. It was so popular that the Knotts built a Ghost Town, so their customers would have something to do while waiting to get into the restaurant. The place was sold and the Theme Park opened in 1940. Among attractions added have been a water slide and roller coasters. When we were in California in 1950 my Aunt Edna's husband Frank took us to Knott's Berry Farm. One of the structures in the Park was an outhouse. The cracks in the door appeared to reveal a figure seated inside. Elaine's sister Frances was with us, and as we approached the privy, a voice from within said, "Hello, Frances. How are you today?" or some such. Fran was in a state of shock. Blame it on Uncle Frank; of course he arranged it.

Jamestown; Virginia. In 1607 Captain John Smith and company arrived on the James River, and established the first permanent English settlement in the New World. Many of the settlers were "gentlemen" and didn't believe in working. Many starved to death in the early years. There hadn't been a great lot done there when we visited; no doubt the recreation is much more extensive now.

Williamsburg; Virginia. Williamsburg was the first capital of Colonial Virginia. There had been extensive restoration before we were there. It is an ongoing project and presents a good picture of life in pre-Revolutionary Virginia.

Lake Okoboji, IA. We spent a few days at the lakes with the Selby family. Linda and Mike were the only kids who went. It was a relaxed, fun time. There was some boating and fishing, but mostly just sitting around, enjoying doing nothing.



We had found the ideal house for an old couple and my balance problem was getting worse, so we moved to Villisca seven years ago. I fall once in a while but so far no broken bones; a few skinned places. In December 2010 I had an aortic valve replacement, a calf valve. The surgeon prefers those over pig valves as they can be trimmed to fit. I also had to have a pacemaker. Hugh Shields was here recently; he said that at the age of 62, he had a metal aortic valve installed. Those are used on younger people as they last about 15 years, while the tissue ones are good for about ten years.

My physical condition is good and I am fairly active. I mow our large yard and putter in the shop. I enjoy visiting with the "boys" at the local café. I seldom go out of town; usually it's for doctor appointments.

All in all it's been a good life; we saved our money and now live on 3% interest and Social Security. We are holding our own on finances and have a good house to live in, all on one floor. God bless America.

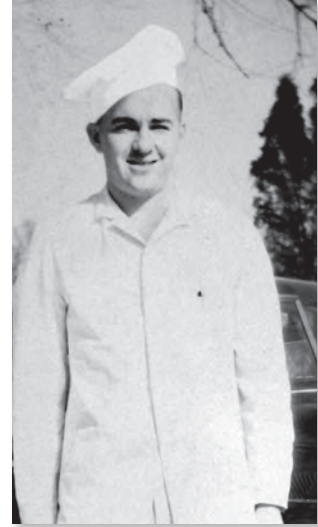


Buzz's Story

89 Years of Memories

BY CHARLES (BUZZ) ARTLIP

2012



BUZZ AND HIS HATS OVER THE YEARS