

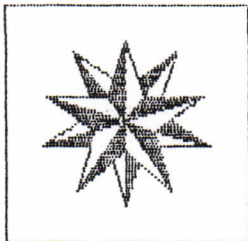
Esther Louise Logan Henderson

1895 - 1996



Chronicles of her life - 33 pages

ESTHER LOGAN HENDERSON
HER "TALKING" AUTOBIOGRAPHY
Recorded 1991



To begin with, I am now 95 years old. I was born on December 10, 1895 in Parsons Kansas. I was named Esther Louise Logan. I don't know why Esther was chosen, but the "Louise" was from the name of my mother's younger sister, Louise Catherine Hahn, who was always called "Lulu". My father's name was James Asbury Logan. My mother, whose real name was Wilamena Evalena Hahn, went by the name of Minnie Eva Hahn. My parents were born in Sedalia, Missouri and grew up there.

At nine months of age, our family moved to St. Louis, Missouri where my father worked for the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad. When I was 4-5 years old, he was transferred to Denison, Texas, where we rented a small house for awhile. Soon my parents found a lot in a good residential section of town and built their home: seven rooms. We had a parlor, living room, dining room, kitchen, large pantry and back porch, with three bedrooms and a bath upstairs. There was no basement as all houses were built on "Bodark" posts for ventilation. We had a wood shed in the back yard. There was no furnace. We had a cook stove in the kitchen and a big base burner in the living room and a round wood heating stove upstairs. We heated water to take a bath from a cylinder-like heater, which was hung up in the corner above the tub. We also had a flush box with a long string above the toilet to pull to flush the toilet. All the electric lights were operated by a pull cord. We had the newest and latest type of conveniences in 1902-1903.

This house had a big entrance hall - I can still see it as plain as can be - and on one side of the stairs, in a corner, we had a fish net draped up. In this fish net my mother hung all kinds of memorabilia. (I have some pictures of this corner with all those decorations - I think Phyllis has it.) It was nothing but a dust catcher but it was attractive: Indian baskets, Indian bows and arrows, and down below we had a melodeon. Do you know what a melodeon is? Well, it is a little piano and you had to pump something. It was never opened. It was just used as a table and part of the ornaments in this room.

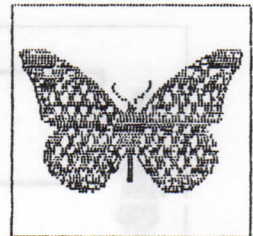
Our parlor was off to the right and nobody ever went there except for funerals. Then, straight back was the living room and off of the living room there was a door to a porch. We used that side door mostly to go in and out. The dining room was off of the living room and I remember my mother had a woven rag rug that she wove herself, out of wool scraps. Every year that rug had to be taken outside and hung over the clothesline and beaten to get it

dusted. Under the rug were old newspapers, which were then picked up - the floor cleaned and new newspapers put down - and then that rug put down again. They didn't have padding so they put layers of newspapers. I don't remember about any other floor covering in the house.

We had 3 bedrooms upstairs. My parents bedroom, my bedroom, and the third bedroom was my Mother's sewing room. The sewing room had her sewing machine and a table for pressing and cutting. That was her workshop and she loved to sew. She was quite an artist in sewing. She made all our clothes - coats, hats, and everything.

I really do not remember much about my mother. She was very vivacious and very, very pretty with dark brown curly hair and brown eyes. She was an extremely talented lady. She could use her hands to do anything: sewing, embroidery, painting - even carpentry. She was quite artistic and she was interested in Indian lore.

As a child I had several pets. Every child should have pets. I guess that I was an exception in that way, too. I did have two pets that I vaguely remember. I am telling this story mostly by hearsay but I must have been about 9-10 years old. We were living in Denison and the Express Wagon drove up in front of the house and brought in a little box containing a dog. Well, my mother evidently wasn't a person who cared about animals or pets very much. This little dog was just a puppy and on the carton was printed "Please feed and water Wiggles". Of course, Wiggles was the dog's name.



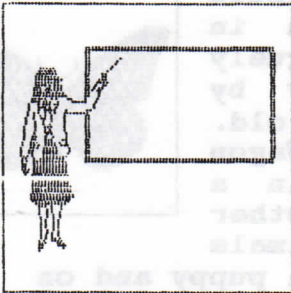
My mother made a house or bed for him out on the back screened porch. He was not allowed in the house and never, never, never did he ever get to sleep with me in bed. That was just horrible; she never would stand for that. I played with Wiggles and he grew to be a bigger dog and, as he grew, he started to make friends and hunt food in further pastures. My mother, evidently, left the outside screen door to the porch open so that Wiggles could get out and in as he wished in the nighttime.

Wiggles, whom I don't think was pedigreed, was a nice little fox terrier and, as I remember, he was all white except that one eye and his tail were black. As he grew older and started fending around in the neighborhood for friends and food, he came home during the night and when my mother got up in the morning to let him out, she found a freshly-laid hen's egg right beside the dog's bed. Well, that was a mystery and my mother wondered about that. The following days, more eggs appeared: perfectly whole, no cracks, and in good condition. I don't know whether she ever found out where the eggs came from or when they stopped appearing.

I don't even know what happened to Wiggles. He may have been poisoned, which was a rather common practice at that time. If someone in the neighborhood didn't like an animal, they put poison in food and left it out.

The other pets that I had was a pair of Bantam chickens. Beautiful, beautiful little colored chickens, small and colorful, and the little rooster could stretch himself up and crow. And he was a gorgeous thing. They lived in the woodshed. I got acquainted with them and I remember sitting on a stump in the woodshed and having them come and eat out of my hand. Now how long they lasted or what became of them, I do not know.

The most important part of this story is that the pets were bought and sent to me by an admirer of my mother's sister. He was pursuing my Aunt Lulu very ardently at the time. He was an Alaskan gold miner and would come down to California to court my Aunt Lulu. But it never materialized or amounted to anything. I think he was trying to make time with the family in order to get some compliments told about him to my Aunt.



My school life was not memorable. I was not an A student but I had an awfully good time through my school years. To start out with, we didn't start to school til age 7. We lived close to a Catholic convent - a couple blocks, perhaps - and a girl who went there came probably to babysit for me occasionally - my mother knew her. So she arranged for this girl to take me to the convent everyday - maybe it was three times a week. But I went to the convent with this girl. What we did in the convent, I have no idea.

The highlight of my encounter with the convent was that we got a slice of white homemade, fresh warm bread at the end of the day. As I recall, the bread was about 8 inches square and perhaps a 1/2 inch thick, spread with sorghum molasses. I think that's the best bread I ever ate in all my life. I have forgotten it in better than ninety years, but as I recall my life and my schooldays, that bread stands out very plainly in my life.

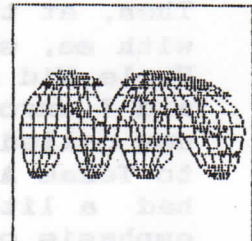
At age 7, I suppose it was the fall before I was 7 in December, I started in the first grade. We all lived within walking distance of the school and I would walk alone. I can't remember anything about the room. The only thing I can remember is Miss Jennie Jackson and Miss Jennie Jackson was - well, everybody's mother had gone to school to her and we were all going and if we lived long enough to have children, our children would have gone to her. Well, of course, eventually, that didn't happen. She was really the "town character" - she knew everybody and everybody knew her. She was a real character in the life and community of Denison, Texas.

I remember my mother dressed me for school. She was a very particular person and in the winter time, when it got cold, they put long underwear on us. I could never wear white long underwear. I had to wear black because she knew my skirts would be flying and she didn't like white pants to show under my skirt.

I went through the first grade and the other grades and went into high school. I evidently passed from year to year. I do recall that occasionally my father had to help me with my arithmetic, and we got into rather stormy sessions at times. I cried because I didn't understand it. But for the most part, it went well.

The teachers I remember from high school were the English teacher - a Miss Johnson - I have no idea what her given name was. She was a thoroughly old maid school teacher; very precise and proper. She wore shirt waists and skirts. Shirt waists had high collars and as I recall, she was a blond. She wore her hair pulled up tight in a bun on the top of her head. I remember the German teacher because she was quite German and in our senior year, she was the teacher sponsor. Her name, I do not know. The other person was a Mr. Tyson. He taught physics and chemistry and he coached the boy's football team and we all loved him. His classroom was down in the basement of the high school. I remember that room and that man. He was an easy going person. I can't remember anything very distinguished about him except that we all liked Mr. Tyson.

The one thing I remember about my high school life, was the study of Texas history. Texas history was very important. All the schools in Texas had to teach a year of Texas history. What I remember of Texas history was the book was written by a Mrs. Percible V. Tennabacker, who was quite a personage in Texas politics and evidently an author because she wrote the Texas history that we all had to study. There again, what I remember about Texas history is that General Sam Houston led the Army. His fort was in the Alamo in San Antonio. Texas declared her independence from Mexico on the 2nd of March and then on the 21st of April that same year, Texas won her independence from Mexico. That was drilled into us and it's all I remember of Texas history. So you can see I wasn't a real student of history. And I have forgotten a great deal over the span of the last 85 years. However, I have always claimed Texas as my home state.



My mother passed away at the end of my junior year of high school, on June 4, 1912. I was only 16 when she passed away. She developed asthma a couple of years before she died so she spent a lot of time down in southwest Texas for the air for her breathing. We thought the asthma came from cleaning some goose feather pillows and medical science was not capable of coping with the problem.

She died of a choking spell at age 42 and was buried in Denison, Texas. When you're a kid 14 - she was just your mother. You didn't know her as a person. I never really knew my mother and father.

My father sold our house and he moved into a new job down in Houston, Texas. He left the Kansas & Pacific RR and went with the Texas & Brazos Valley Railroad (TEXAS) as superintendent of transportation and was stationed in Houston, Texas. My father remarried a woman named Hazel, but I never lived with her or my father thereafter; his new wife was not to my liking. When I was growing up, my father was very strict in his demands for my good behavior. I called him "Papa" and all good things came from him. He liked jewelry and gave me some very pretty things. (He died in 1941 and is buried in Houston, Texas.)

That summer, I think, I went to California and spent the summer with my Aunt Lulu. I came back in the fall and moved in with my best friend, Norinne Sullivan, and went my senior year in high school living with her and her family. There was a strained relationship between the mother and father. The mother and three girls lived in Denison and the father came occasionally. I never knew anything about why he didn't live there permanently or why they didn't go and live with him. I was quite a chunky little kid and Norinne was very thin and stringy. We were best friends and I lived with them during my senior year in high school.

Then, at the end of that time, my father, not knowing what to do with me, sent me to spend the summer with his brother and wife, Uncle Wid and Aunt Kate, in Topeka, KA. I came back in the fall and I enrolled in the College of Industrial Arts in Denton, Tx., now called Texas Women's University. It was the sister college to Texas A & M. It was a Home Economics school. I think they had a literary department but Home Economics was the primary emphasis of study in the college. So I stayed there and went back and forth to Denison occasionally on railroad passes from my father.

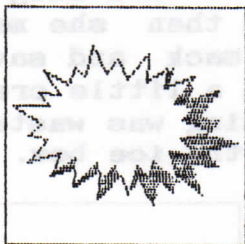
It seems to me that my friends, the Sullivans, must have left Denison at that time, so I made my visits mostly with another good friend of schooldays - Silva Eisenhauer. She was the oldest. She had a younger sister named Wilma and a still younger sister named Lila. John Eisenhauer was married to a full blood Cherokee Indian woman. She was a strange person - she was a good mother. She was an Indian so you never saw a lot of her. When I was around, she got the meals, saw that we were washed and dressed, but I never saw much of her. The father, John Eisenhauer, owned the Cattle & Hide Company. He bought and sold cattle and dressed down hides. Hides were his main specialty. He, of course, was a first cousin of Ike Eisenhauer. Ike Eisenhauer had been gone long since and this was the beginning of the turmoil of the first World War.

John Eisenhower, for some reason or other, was declared or looked upon as a German sympathizer and was given a very hard time. I don't remember details or anything particular about it except he was considered pro-German, which was very, very bad. My friend, Silva, when high school was over, was sent East to a finishing school for a year. She was a lovely pianist and she majored in music. I heard later on in the years that she had married an Englishman and moved to England.

Another friend that I had was a Florence Glover whose mother was a widow and had two children: an older son, and Florence. The mother ran the best boarding house in town. Florence was a great big rangy Irish girl and she had to help her mother in the boarding house. It was important that Mrs. Glover have plenty of help - I don't know how many boarders Mrs. Glover had - but she always had a full house.

Then there was a girl named Helen Knaur, whose father owned the mill and she was a good friend and I visited with her. She had an older brother named George, who was a great big fat overgrown kid. He went to the University of Texas in Austin and played on the football team. Well, I think if I had really been interested, I could have pursued that relationship into something rather tangible. But I didn't like him though he gave me a beautiful memory book. It must be 12" or 14" by 18" or 20". I recently gave that book to Phyllis for safe keeping.

I was probably in the 5th, 6th, or maybe 9th grade, before I went to the movie on Saturday afternoon to witness the "Perils of Pauline". We wouldn't have missed the serial on that for anything. The train came down the tracks a thousand miles an hour and we all screamed and got down under the seats and we had a wonderful time. Just a wonderful time. When the movie let out, around 3:30 - 4 P.M., my friends and I went over to the ice cream parlor and had an ice cream soda which cost a nickel. And we went home delighted.



As we grew into our junior and senior years of high school we started dating. There again, our diversion was going to the movies on Saturday night and to the ice cream parlor afterwards.

Well, now how did the boys get the money to take a girl out on Saturday night? This is a story that my friend Charlene Smith likes: The boys earned their spending money by riding the back of the ice wagon. Now none of you know what an ice wagon is. It was a covered wagon that held several thousand pounds of ice blocks and was pulled by a mule that went up and down the streets everyday and delivered ice. Well, Saturday, was the day that the boys rode on the back of the ice wagon. The ice wagon was quite a social event.

The girls gathered along the curb and waited for the boys to give them chips of ice off the ice wagon. I don't remember a lot about using the ice. As I recall, it was not purified water. It was ice cut out of the rivers and stored in an ice house until it was used in the summer. After the ice was brought into the house, it was put into the ice box.

Well, the ice box was something else. According to your affluence, you had an ice box that held ten pounds of ice or 50 pounds of ice. Now 50 pounds of ice was a good big chunk and that always was put in the upper part of the ice box. Some of the fancier boxes, as I recall, had their ice chamber on one side - as ice boxes do now - and the other side, a door with the shelves for food. The ice in our family was put in the top of the refrigerator and then packed very carefully with newspapers and an old blanket of some kind to keep it from melting too quickly. Then, in the back of this container, was a pipe that led down through the back of the ice box to a drip pan. The ice dripped and as I recall, every morning, we had to empty the ice pan. Sometimes, we didn't get to it quickly enough and we found a stream of water coming from under the ice box across the kitchen floor. Well, all that had to be cleaned up, and I recall my mother attached a funnel to the tube of the ice drain so that the water wouldn't splatter as it came down. Sometimes that wasn't cleaned as often as it should have been, and every once in awhile, it would be clogged up with dust and dirt, whatever, and a horrible mess. When it got clogged up, then of course, the water didn't go down into the drain so that caused problems.

Another thing, the ice box didn't hold a great deal: milk, butter, and perhaps leftover food from one meal to another. The thing I remember about that particularly was that we always had "blinky" milk. When we had thunder and lightning, the milk turned "blinky" which was a synonym for "sour" and we always had sour milk and my mother would call it "blinky". She would heat it first and then pour it into a sugar sack (we got our sugar in cloth sacks - five pounds). She would pour that in and hang it over the faucet in the sink, let it drain, and then she made cottage cheese. We left the whey drip out of the sack and saved the curds and then it was seasoned with salt and a little cream or milk and we used that as cottage cheese. Nothing was wasted. So, that tells the story about the milk wagon and the ice box.

Now I'd like to talk about the circus: Getting ready for the circus was as much fun as the circus. The parade started in the morning, the tents were put up and the animals were gotten ready. The calliope came along playing and behind that, as I recall, were the elephants. There were as many elephants as the circus had, I suppose, but the lead elephant was always the biggest one.



On the elephant's head stood or sat, one of the beautifully dressed circus ladies. She was always a very prominent character in the parade. The elephants joined trunk to tail in the parade. Occasionally, there was a mother elephant with her "child" (I don't know what an elephant cub is called) but that was always quite an attraction. The little baby elephants were just darling and we always loved to see them.

Then, behind that came the wagons with the tigers, lions, monkeys, and whatever was in the parade. Of course, there were clowns working each side of the street and darting into the crowd and throwing peanuts around to attract attention. I can't remember if there was a calliope at the end of the parade or not, but the parade ended about an hour after it started. It was a long parade.

Then we all dispersed and had lunch. After lunch - 1:30 or so - we had to go down to the midway to see the side shows. Well, my mother evidently didn't approve of the side shows too much - they were very expensive of course - a nickel or dime a piece - but, as I recall, there was always the fat lady or the fat man who was sitting in an oversized chair with the barker extolling his virtues. Then, there was a big picture poster out front with the barker telling about the snakes they had to show - and other things I can't recall, but there were a number of them. That was to draw your attention and your money. Oh yes, we always had the fortune tellers and the weight lifters. At the end of the midway, was the ferris wheel which we all rode once or twice with our stomachs in our mouth. When we got up to the top, it always seemed to stop.

The most fun was the Flying Ginny: It is now called, very sedately, the Merry-go-Round. We got on the Flying Ginny, with beautifully painted horses and animals, and you had quite a decision to make as to which one you would ride. I remember as a small child, my father nearly always went with me to see that I stayed on the thing and didn't fall off. The animal, such as it was, pumped up and down, up and down, when the Flying Ginny started to go round and round. It was quite a thrill to ride the Flying Ginny. We nearly always had two rides on it: one early and maybe one just before we left for home after the circus was over.

Then you went into the circus and, as I remember, we later spoke of things that were interesting or unusual as a "three ring circus". Well, there were three rings at the circus and I can't remember just what they were. One was probably the acrobats, the tight-rope walkers, the people who performed on the trapeze - that type of thing. Another would be the horses - beautiful, beautiful horses with men and women riding bareback and doing lots of stunts, all beautifully dressed, of course. The third ring would probably be the clowns. They had lots of clowns.

The clowns, as the circus was opening and getting ready, would work the crowds. They would go up and down, dart in and out, kiss an old lady, tickle a baby under the chin, and sell peanuts and popcorn to the people. The three rings would perform at the same time. Then, the circus was over and we all went home.

As I recall, there was only one other exciting thing that happened - and that wasn't too often: probably two or three years. We lived just five miles from the Oklahoma border and the Red River divided the two states of Oklahoma and Texas. The Red River was not a commercial river but every once in awhile, a show boat would come down the river and stop and everybody - not everybody - but a lot of the people went out to the show boat. The one I remember, particularly, was called the "Annie Pureni". It didn't take the boys too long to say, "We're going out to see Annie P. in the river tonight", which was very, very risqué at that time. The boys would roar with laughter and the girls would be very shocked. I remember that incident.

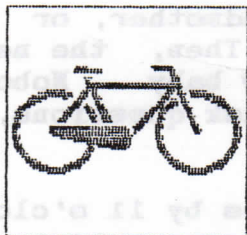
As I say, we were just five miles from the Oklahoma line. In my very early years, I remember that Oklahoma was two territories: the Indian territory and the Territory of Oklahoma. Along about 1910 or 1912, the two territories were joined together and it was called the State of Oklahoma. That isn't world shaking, but it is an incident that I recall.

As for other social life, when I was perhaps 8 or 10 years old, my mother sent me to dancing school. The woman teacher came every spring or fall and we were all dressed up and sent to dancing school. After we learned to dance and as we got older, we had dances - not every week, but rather frequently, I remember. The dancing parties were entirely different than what they are now. We danced and we had dates and, of course, we walked. There weren't any cars and you certainly wouldn't take a horse and buggy to the dancing party. There weren't many horse and buggies available either.

We went to the Women's Clubhouse, as I remember, which was a very large nice building that was used by the women of Denison for our meeting house and other social activities: for flowers, fairs, and things of that kind. Our dances were usually held there. We had our dates, we got to the clubhouse, and, of course, we first had to go to the girl's room and powder our nose, etc. Then we came back and the boys met us with our programs. They were probably cardboard slips, maybe 4 x 6 inches. On this program, was written the kind of a dance it was: a high school dance, a public dance, somebody's party, or whatever. Then there was a list of the dances and we usually started out with a waltz. I think there were probably six dances and then the intermission, and after that, four dances and the finale. The boys took your program and rushed around and exchanged dances while you sat there and prayed that your dance program would be filled and you wouldn't have to sit out too many dances.

Before we started, we had the "Grand March". The "Grand March" was very, very important and necessary. There was usually a couple who were very good and knew a lot of intricate steps. You got in line two by two - you and your partner. There were probably 25-30 couples and you all got in line and then, of course, the lead couple made all these different moves - across the room and around a circle - they were very official. We had the "Grand March" before the dances.

As that ended, the orchestra broke into the customary first waltz. The boy you came with took the first dance, the dance before intermission, the dance after intermission, and then, the last dance. The rest of them had to be filled in by friends. We got to intermission and that was when refreshments were served. I can't recall but maybe punch and cookies. After the fourth dance after intermission, they played "Goodnight Ladies" and we all danced with the partner who brought us to the party. "Goodnight Ladies" was played and then we all got our things and went home. The "Grand March" started the dance and "Goodnight Ladies" ended the dance.



We went out to Wood Lake for parties occasionally. Wood Lake was between Denison and Sherman about five miles. We went on the Interurban. There were mostly celebrations of the community, the 4th of July, and probably something on New Year's if the weather permitted. It is a bit vague. That was our social life and, of course, there was nothing of TV or radio or anything of that kind. We had an organ grinder that used to appear on weekends down in a shopping area. Also, a Mexican man would come along with a hot box on a roller or wheel of some kind selling hot tamales. So if you were hungry or you could afford it, you'd go out and buy a hot tamale for an evening snack. And they were good. A good Mexican hot tamale is very, very good.

Another thing I remember, on occasion, my father made me what I think was called a "peep" box. It was made from a shoe box that had holes cut in the side and the inside was pasted with colored tissue paper. Inside these "peep" boxes, were big, fat candles and they were cut so they probably were only an inch high and the top of the shoe box had a hole for ventilation. Why those things didn't burn up in 5 minutes, nobody knows. But we used to drag those things up and down the street and vie with other kids in the neighborhood to see who had the prettiest "peep" box.

Other forms of entertainment were dolls. We played dolls and I remember having several beautiful white dolls, made with French kid leather bodies with real china heads and arms and legs. They had real hair and they went to sleep, thank you. You could lay them down and their eyes closed with real eyelashes. I wish that I had saved them. They were lovely.

We also played, as we got a little older, "paper dolls". I remember having magazines with cutout paper dolls and we had all kinds of "affairs" where we pretended they went to school, went shopping, got married and did all things that humans did. We kept them in a magazine - we were always cutting out paper dolls. There again it's something I wish I could have kept but at the time it wasn't important. It was just something we did, and played, and grew up.

We were quite young and naive, I guess, when I was growing up. As I recall, there were no pregnancies in the school. I think back now and I was in college before I knew where babies came from. That seems almost impossible but it's the truth. The women, when they became pregnant and started to show, didn't appear in public. Those that did, wore garments that would look like an old flowered nightgown to us nowadays. A garment with a narrow yoke at the top and a gathered skirt from the armpits on down. Even they didn't appear. A baby came and was very unexpected by the family. Of course, I had no sisters or brothers. But in one or two families, as I recall, when they got a new child in the family, it was quite a surprise to them. Their mother sent them to visit with their grandmother, or an aunt, or a good neighbor to stay overnight. Then, the next morning when they came back home, there was a new baby. Nobody knew where it came from. Maybe they didn't even ask questions, I don't know. Anyway, we were very naive.

As I recall, we always had to be in from the dances by 11 o'clock and we didn't have any mode of transportation so we couldn't go out in lanes, etc. I'm talking about the early 1900's, which is several years ago. When we went any place, we walked. There was a street car that ran from the depot out through the city to the end of the city in a straight line. When it got from one end to the other, the conductor got out and pulled a trolley switch off of the trolley - swung it around - and started it the other way. I don't think it ran at night. There was also an "Interurban", about the time I got into high school, that went between the small towns there (between Denison and Sherman - about ten miles). But we walked when we went to parties, dances, or anything of that kind.

Then, a little later on, I remember the Higginson's who lived next door to us on Morton St. They lived on the corner and the father was gone all week but he had a very spirited and beautiful horse. When he came home on the weekend, he would hitch it up to a little two wheeled phaeton and drive around. Occasionally his wife, a timid soul, would hitch it up and one time the horse ran away with her and she was hurt quite severely. There were two boys in that family: Bill, who was my age and in my class, and a younger son, John. I think along in my senior year, Bill Higginson took me for a ride one Sunday afternoon. I thought that was elegant that I could have a ride.

Around 1902 or 1903 perhaps, when I was 8 or 9 years old, the banker in the town bought a car. It was very wonderful and grand. It looked like an overgrown, heavy, bunglesome carriage. It was built on the same style of a carriage: there was a big heavy seat in the front and in the back, with a top on, held by framework. Then there was the steering wheel in the front, and the dashboard. The wheels were solid rubber and later on they got to the point where they had a casing type of tire. There was no inner tube. My father never had a car so this was all by observation of the banker's car. It had rubber wheels, which made steering very hard. It had to be cranked by a crank in the front of the car. Several years later the crank was affixed so that it was slung on a holder in the front. But the first one, you cranked and then you took the crank and put it on the floor of the front seat.

The headlights were little lanterns that had to be taken care of. That being a problem, there was not much night driving. Also in the front was the radiator, where you put the water, so everytime you stopped at a gas station, you had to have the attendant look and check to see if your water level was up. All that in the front. Then, just behind that was the hood and that lifted up on hinges across the top and front of the car and, there again, you had to have the oil checked and the batteries checked and two or three other things that were necessary for each stop. The sides of the hood were put down and fastened with clamps. Alongside was a fender and the front fender extended across the body of the car to make the running board. All cars had a running board going from the front fender, with an extension across the body, to the back fender.

Then we had the doors and as I remember, in the inside front, there were a couple of rods that came up from the floor. One was the "clutch"; you had to let the clutch in in order to shift gears. Then, there was an emergency brake on the other side of the driver's knee and then, in the middle on the floor, was a sort of square container that held the gears. The gears were fearful and wonderful. It was an H-shaped arrangement. The gearshift stood up from the center. You released the clutch from the gearshift and brought it to the left and back and that started the car - that was in low gear. Then you went a little ways and you released the clutch through the shift up to center and then up and over to the right - forward. Then you went a little ways and then shifted down to high gear.

Now a bit about my family: My mother had an older sister, Annie, who had two children: Marie and Philip Hahn Waller. Philip was a younger boy; just a few months younger than I. My Aunt Annie married a man by the name of Frank Waller from Illinois. They homesteaded out in Colorado and lived there all their lives. I don't think I ever saw my Uncle Frank, but the family didn't seem to think very much of him. I think they thought he was sort of a no-gooder because he homesteaded.