

Anyway, their daughter, Marie, went to college and was a first grade early elementary school teacher all of her life. In later years, she probably was 40 or so, she married Horace Taylor, who was from Kentucky. There were no children in that marriage.

Then, Philip Waller came along and he was a real no-gooder. He was spoiled and he was a favorite of Aunt Lulu's; she did a lot for him. And he turned on her and did something, I don't know, but she never forgave him. There was quite a rift in the family with him. He finally died and he left three daughters; I don't know anything about them or where they are.

My father's side of the family: My father had a brother William, called "Wid", and he had one son, Glen. Glen was a journalist and he ended up as editor of the Joliet, Ill. newspaper though I don't know the name of that paper. Our family was scattered; we never got to know each other so I really don't have too many stories of family gatherings because we just didn't do it. We were a very small family and very widely separated.

I'm going to tell a story of my ancestry. I don't know a great deal about it but a few things stand out in my memory that, perhaps, are worth telling and recording, just for laughs. I remember visiting my grandparents; both of them in Sedalia, Missouri, as a very small child.

My mother's people, Philip and Marie (Erne) Hahn, lived in Sedalia and my Grandfather Hahn had a harness shop; he having learned the trade in Germany. We visited Grandfather Hahn - I don't remember that it was too often - but I do recall having heard the family talk about my falling against the stove while playing with the dog. From that I got a very severe burn on my forehead and the side of my face and the end of my tongue, which caused great distress. My mother had to change the bandages every two hours and I screamed and everybody left the house while that was going on. She evidently did a very good job as I have no scars as a result of that incident.

I also remember them telling about a time when they had a meeting of the Ladies Aid Society. Probably because my mother was visiting and wanting to show me off, I was told to go in and announce that the refreshments were being served. So I sailed in and very grandly said "Come on, get up, the party is about to begin". This story was told with great glee.

Another incident was sending me to Sunday School and I came back and lined up all my dolls and played Sunday School. At one juncture, I went sailing around holding a container of some kind, and singing "Robin's in the ice box; Robin's in the ice box". Well that kind of threw them until I finally decided that it should have been "Dropping in the mite box". The family talked about that. That is about all I can remember about my Grandparent's Hahn.

My Grandmother Hahn passed away on February 10, 1897 and is buried in Sedalia, Missouri. Following her death, Grandfather Hahn and Aunt Lulu moved to Los Angeles, California. There, he established another harness and saddlery shop and made beautiful harnesses for "show" horses.

Each summer, thereafter, the family would meet to vacation together in tent cottages on Avalon Bay, Catalina Island, some 27 miles offshore from Los Angeles. We would meet my Aunt Annie Waller and her children, Marie and Philip, who traveled from Colorado. Because my father was a railroad man, my mother and I got passes anywhere we wanted to go and that's how we traveled back and forth to California to see my Grandfather and Aunt Lulu.

When my Grandfather Hahn retired from the saddlery business, he and Aunt Lulu bought property in Venice, California at 3303 Ocean Front Drive. They lived there the rest of their lives. When Grandpa Hahn died, my Aunt Lulu took him back to Sedalia, Missouri and he is buried in the family plot. A large granite stone stands on the plot. My Grandmother Hahn and Uncle George, who died at age 19, are also buried there. Although my mother and her oldest sister, Annie, were buried elsewhere, their names are on that stone.

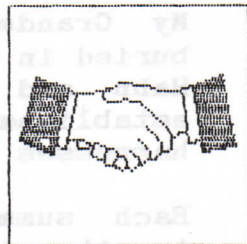
When Aunt Lula Hahn died in 1944, her body was cremated and her ashes were spread in the Pacific Ocean by airplane, which she had requested in her will, though she is also named on the Hahn tombstone in Sedalia.

My Grandmother and Grandfather Logan lived in the same area of Sedalia as the Hahn's - probably a block or so distant. I remember a bit more about them and probably saw them for a little longer time.

I have the genealogy somewhere that tells that my Grandfather Logan was the son of Benjamin Logan, who was a brother of Margaret Harrison Logan. Margaret Harrison was a sister, I think, of William Henry Harrison, who became President of the United States. I'm not sure of this, but there is some connection.

My Grandfather Logan was what he termed "a cabinet maker"; I would say a "carpenter". He was a very tall, dangling man of Scotch Irish descent and the thing I remember most about him was that he got up every morning and went out to the barn and hitched up his horse to a surrey. He then brought the surrey around to the front of the house and hitched the surrey up to a post in the front of the house and the horse with the surrey stood there all day, ready for any needed transportation. My grandfather Logan always had to unhitch the horse and get in the surrey to go to town to get the mail or get groceries or do odd jobs that had to be done. That's about all I remember.

My Grandfather Logan was also a politician of a sort; I can't remember just what his politics were. (There is a small book and someone in the family has that book - I would say Martha, but I'm not sure. The book is about the politics of Sedalia, Missouri.) Anyway, an anecdote that I have heard is that some relative came to my Grandfather and said "Now, Uncle Jackson, you know I'm running for dog catcher and I hope you'll give me your vote." My grandfather drew himself up very stately and looked him in the eye and said "Are you on my ticket?" So politics was very strong at that time.



In my Grandfather's barn they must have had a cow - I don't remember the cow - but on the back porch was a wooden tray (a table-like affair) that held big bowls of milk. Who took care of those bowls, I don't know, but I suppose Aunt Kate. The milk was poured in these bowls and the cream rose; it was skimmed and then we had clabber. I learned to eat clabber there.

There is also a story about my cousin Glen, whose father was Wid Logan, and his wife, named Kate, who lived with my Grandfather and Grandmother Logan. He was in stocks and bonds - I don't know just exactly what - but they lived with Grandparent's Logan. Glen knew the area very well and I was a stranger, so he was showing me around. Well, we got to the barn, which was a very interesting place, and he evidently knew that there was going to be a multiple birth around about that time. He found a mother cat with several kittens. Also, my grandfather was very meticulous and he kept a big can or container of white wash to keep the walls white washed and keep the place sanitary. Of course, we found the white wash and I, even at that early age didn't like cats, so what do I do? I grab a kitten and dip it in the white wash. Glen shrieked and ran out toward the house, screaming "Esther's white washed all the cats!" I don't know what happened after that.

The thing I remember about the inside of my Grandparent's Logan's house was that my Grandmother ruled like a queen; she was a little short Irish girl and her name was Mary Jane Taylor. She was of the Taylor family that made Taylor whiskey in Kentucky. I think there were eight brothers in her family and I also have a picture somewhere - there were eight that are in that picture. They were the ones that owned a still and manufactured Taylor whiskey. Where the money went from that, I don't know but I didn't get any of it. That's the story of that.

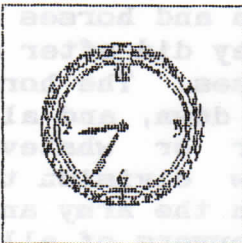
My grandmother, getting to be 50 or so, and tottering in her old age, was wont to wet her pants. It was up to this Aunt Kate to take care of her. If you can imagine two heavy ruffled, gathered and starched petticoats which had to be hand-ironed all the time, it had to be quite a problem. Evidently it was quite a problem

because I got the story somehow, so it must have been talked about between my father and mother or Aunt Kate. Anyway, my grandmother wet her pants.

The thing I do remember most was the dining room table. It was always set - always! It had a red and white checked tablecloth and the plates were at each place with the silverware and the napkins. The plates were turned upside down and in the middle of the table was a caster; a very ornate piece of "furniture". It was about 8 inches in diameter on a stand with a rim, about 6 inches up off the table, and then from the center was a handle. It was very ornate and very lovely. That held vinegar and sugar and salt and pepper and maybe catsup and I think there was a mustard pot. Anyway, there were six or seven holes for holding the condiments that were used on the table. Then, over all of that, was spread another tablecloth. That was to keep the dust and dirt off the table and it was removed as they got ready to serve the next meal. That I can remember and I can see it.

In later years, I thought about this caster and I thought "Oh that's the one thing I wish I could have had", but I didn't think about it at the time. Later on I was visiting Phyllis and Wilton when they lived in Grosse Pointe Woods and we went to an auction one time and I saw a caster. So I bought it and put it up on the shelf and I never used it. I think I eventually gave it to Martha and Jim. However, the caster stands out in my mind.

At the time we lived in Denison, Texas, we didn't get to Sedalia very often. My grandmother Logan passed away and they had a Joe Logan, who was the oldest, and my father, James Logan, and then a William Logan, who was Glen's father. William was called "Wid" all his life. Then the youngest was a girl named Mary Jane Logan. She was a school teacher and I don't remember knowing her at all. I don't know if she had died at the time we visited there or not. I have no recollection of knowing her. My Uncle Wid, Aunt Kate, and Glen lived and took care of Grandpa and Grandma Logan. So that's your ancestry as far back as I can go or tell you.



I think it's about time that I was saying something about Earl, my husband, and the grandfather of all our family. Earl Wilton Henderson was born on May 29, 1894 on a farm in a little community in Southern Illinois. The name of the town was Huey, Ill. His mother and father lived with her people on this farm. The father, Justin Mortimer Henderson, was a photographer by trade.

His mother, Emma Wilton Henderson, was a school teacher. I'm sure that she started teaching school at about age 17, as soon as she could earn a teaching certificate from the State Normal.

She was a born teacher. She taught first grade for 40 years - maybe more - but school teaching was her love. She was not a housekeeper. She hated cooking. She loved school teaching. Earl got a lot of his incentive and desire from her. She instilled in her children the love of books and reading.

Earl went to school in the little town of Morissa, Ill. I believe he may have gone, in his very early years, to a school in York, Neb. I've heard him speak of his family moving out to York, Neb. where his father ran a photographic studio. I'm sure the mother didn't like Nebraska. She spoke of the horrible winds and storms and she didn't like it. So they didn't stay there very long. They came back to Illinois (either Morissa or Centralia) and eventually, before Earl finished high school, they moved to East St. Louis, Ill. where Justin set up another photographic studio and she still kept her school teaching job. She taught school there until she retired. She was at retirement age before she ever gave up.

Earl went to school at Morissa, Ill. but he didn't graduate from high school at that time. I don't know the circumstances - I'm sure he's told me, but I don't recall why he quit. Whether it was the move to East St. Louis or what. Anyway, when he got to East St. Louis, he went to night school. He was old enough I guess to get a job, so he got a job at Sticks, Bear, and Fuller - a big department store in St. Louis and went to night school. He saved enough money and got together some help from a man who worked in the YMCA in St. Louis. Earl worked there as a swimming coach. This man, who then helped him get into the University of Missouri, was named James Clayton. Earl enrolled at the University of Missouri and went for 2 years until 1916 (end of '16) when the war broke out and they were calling for volunteers.

He, with a million other young men all over the country, joined and went to camp: ROTC camp. Earl was sent to Ft. Riley, Kansas and there he took his basic training and got his commission as a Second Lt. in the U.S. Cavalry. He loved horses. At that time, there was no motorized equipment. You rode a horse or you hitched a horse to a caisson and hauled all of your heavy artillery by caisson. So, it was an army of men and horses and I've often heard him say that the first thing they did after any maneuver of any kind, was to take care of the horses. The horses were taken care of first - fed, cleaned, bedded down, and all - before any of the men could have their supper or whatever. Earl's division, the 7th Army Division, was a new division that was formed. Formerly, there were six divisions in the Army and a 7th division was added. I have a book on the maneuvers of all of the 7th division.

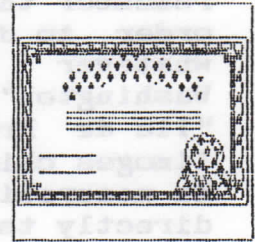
This then was in the spring and summer of 1917, after I had graduated from college and was visiting Uncle Wid and Aunt Kate in Topeka, KA. Through some girls I met, I decided to enroll at

Kansas Agricultural College, located in Manhattan, KA, to work on a Masters Degree. It was here I was pledged to Tri Delta Sorority. Many servicemen from Ft. Riley came to the sorority houses to meet girls. This is when I met Earl. I only attended the Ag School from September until Christmas vacation.

When it started getting cold in Kansas, Earl's group was sent to Camp Logan in Houston, Tx. where they continued their training. They didn't need to have as heavy clothing as they would have had if they had stayed in Kansas. He continued his training there.

It was during that period that we had our courtship, which developed eventually in our marriage. We knew each other about three months before our marriage. We planned our wedding by mail, and I did not return to college in Manhattan, KA.

We were married on the 2nd of February, 1918 at the First Presbyterian Church in Houston, Texas. The minister was Rev. William States Jacobs. I had a lovely trousseau. I remember buying a dress for my trousseau and paying \$60 for it: it was the most gorgeous thing there ever was. It was a purplish panne velvet and crepe de chine, heavily beaded. I felt so dressed up when I wore it. I also had a hat to go with it and a pair of black high button shoes. I think the bottom part of the shoes were patent leather and the uppers were a lovely soft kid. I was married in a suit - aqua colored tweed suit - with a small hat and high button shoes and gloves. I had a nice trousseau, but not elaborate. Earl wore his Army uniform. We honeymooned in Galveston, Texas on a weekend pass from the Army.

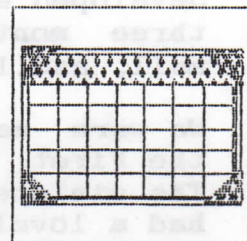


We lived in Houston - first, it was a second story, one room affair, but we didn't like that. I soon found a one room efficiency apartment. We stayed there for several months. They were beginning to finish their training and moving out and going to Europe. So, along in the fall, his group was transferred to Camp McClellan in Anniston, Alabama. All the girls swarmed down to Alabama. I don't remember much about it. We weren't there too long - perhaps two months.

The men were transferred to New York state to a camp and I can't recall the name of that, either. So we all trooped up to New York City and were there, I can't remember, but probably not more than a week or so. In great secrecy the boys were in camp and they were not allowed to tell anything about their movements: where they were going to be shipped or on what ship they would be going. I do recall that we got close enough to see the boats going up and down the Hudson River. Lo and behold, one morning about mid-morning, here came their ship floating down the Hudson River in broad daylight. So we saw them off! Then, all the girls scrambled back to their home base.

I went back to stay with Earl's people for awhile and while I was there, I got a job - out from East St. Louis. Earl's younger sister, Nelda, was still at home. The older sister, Iverne, was away at the time. I got this job running a little tea room out on the edge of St. Louis. I remember we had to take the Interurban to get there. I got a job as manager and I took Earl's sister, Nelda, as the cashier. Everyday we took the Interurban out to this little community and we had the lunch hour and cleaned up. I had a nice cook, who was a middle-age woman, 55 perhaps, and she was a good cook. I was there for several months and I really can't remember whether or not I stayed with his family full-time.

Anyway, Earl came back - the war was over - he was overseas about 14 months. I met him in New York. He came back on the "George Washington", I remember that, and he had to stay an extra day in order to discharge the members of his troop or whatever it was. Actually, the "George Washington" was the new name of the French ship "Ile de France". Earl brought from this ship, a limoges china potty and this remains in the family as memorabilia. We came back on a train and I think we went directly to Columbia. If not, it was a very short overstay to see his folks in East St. Louis.



As he came back, it was just about time for the Univ. of Missouri to open their fall term, and he was determined to go back to school. We got back to Columbia and he enrolled in the Univ. of Missouri, where I think he got some money from the government to go to school. I'm not really clear on that. Fortunately, I was able to get a job teaching in the Columbia High School. I taught Home Economics and was in charge of the cafeteria, which served noon meals to students. It seems to me that when I taught at Columbia I got \$90 a month. It may have been \$85.

Earl also earned money singing in church choirs, which I think was \$10 a month though I'm not sure of that but it wasn't much more than that. Earl had a lovely tenor voice but he was not formally trained. He sang tenor in the quartet of the University of Missouri Glee Club for three years and in the church choirs of the Christian Church and the Methodist Church. He never pursued singing and gave it up in later life.

He also played football for the fall term. He had played on the football team before he went into the service but he was too busy, had too much studying to do, and a wife to take care of, that the football didn't last too long. But he picked up odds and ends of work - he worked part time in the bookstore for awhile - and he did most anything he could do to earn a little extra money. So with what I earned teaching school, we were able to get along very nicely.

We had a duplex apartment and as I remember it had a living room, dining room and kitchen downstairs and two bedrooms and a bath upstairs. We didn't need two bedrooms so we rented out one bedroom to another couple who were in the same circumstances as we. If I recall, their name was Bitter - first names, I do not recall, but I think he was in architectural school. We probably stayed there most of a year until we found a house that we could afford.

One day, he met me - we had a car by this time - and he met me at school and we started home and he didn't go the right way. I said "Where are you going?" "Why aren't we going home?" "Well" he said "we are going home". With that he turned the corner and drove up into the side of this little house. I was overcome because he hadn't said a word about moving and he had done it all in that day while I was at school and he had gotten it so that we could at least live there that night.

I can't remember how long we lived there - but we later moved to another place. There again, it was a big old house. We lived in the downstairs and rented the upstairs to a family who had two small children, and they got pretty noisy at times.

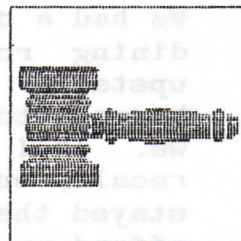
Then, about that time, we got enough money together to buy a beautiful lot out on the end of College Avenue in Columbia Missouri. College Ave. ran from the Main Street of Columbia - straight north and south - to the very end of the community. The lot was about 75' front and 250' deep with any number of black walnut trees on it. We built a little cabin (cottage) on the back of this lot, thinking that in time we could convert it into a garage or chicken house or something else - which never happened.

On the corner of College Ave. and Main St., right down in town, was Stephens College. Columbia was quite an intellectual community: It had two girl's schools (Stephens College, which was a finishing school for young ladies - I think it was a two year curriculum - and then down on the other end of town, across from the high school, was Christian College.) Stephens was a Baptist School and Christian College was a Christian Church School.

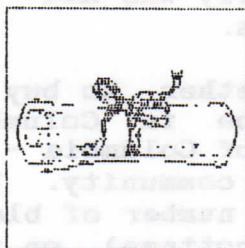
We used to have several of the girls - pre-college kids attending Christian College, who would come over and visit with the girls in high school. They would have lunch in the cafeteria with us occasionally, so we had contact that way with Christian College.

There was also a military Prep School down in the business section of Columbia - I didn't know too much about that - but young men came there to prepare for military school. So Columbia was quite an intellectual community.

I taught at Columbia High School 3-4 years and during that time, I got acquainted with the Dean of Women at University of Missouri. She was a Tri Delt - her name was Betsy Leach Priddy - and she took a liking to me. She was the one who got permission from the National Chapter to initiate me into Tri Delta Sorority, since I had been a pledge at Kansas Agricultural College in 1917 but had never stayed on to be initiated.



On September 9, 1923, I had a baby but the baby was stillborn; I lost it about two days before it was born. I knew something was wrong and called the doctor. In those days, the doctor came to see you; you didn't go to see him. So he came and parked his horse and buggy out in front and he said "You have to go to the hospital". So I went to the hospital. That baby was strangled by the umbilical cord within just a couple of days of birth. The doctor induced birth. We buried him in Columbia, Missouri (I don't know the name of the cemetery). We gave him the name of James Logan.



I think about that time, Earl got his Bachelor's Degree from the University of Missouri in Columbia. But getting his Bachelor's Degree was something else. He had to give up 40 hours of college credits to meet his graduation requirements from Morissa High School for the University of Missouri. When he was in the middle of the year or so and he started figuring up how many credits he needed to graduate, he found he was short 40 college credits from his Morissa high school days. Well, somehow or other, he made it up, and he graduated and he got his Bachelor's Degree in 1921. There again, I have no recollection of the ceremony or anything about it but I guess we took it all in stride.

Then he got a fellowship and stayed on and worked and got his Masters Degree from the University of Missouri in 1924. He earned money by teaching in the Poultry Department. He was an instructor in Poultry Husbandry at the University of Missouri in 1921 and became an Assistant Professor in 1922.

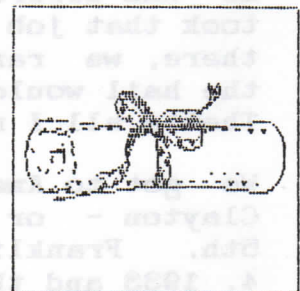
In 1925, I had another baby: Philip Hahn Henderson. Philip was born on the 9th of January in 1925 in Boone County Hospital in Columbia. He was my pride and joy because I wanted a baby and I had lost my first one. My Aunt Lulu, my Mother's younger sister, who had been very good to us - was very good to me all my life; she was always doing lovely things for me - came to be with me during his birth. She wasn't much help at that. Hahn is a German name for "rooster", so we had a little fun about that. He got along beautifully and grew and became a lovely little boy and then a young man and then a grown man and husband and father and grandfather.

We rocked along, I don't know how but anyway we got along. In the meantime, we built this little cabin or cottage on the back of this beautiful lot we had bought, intending to put up a house on the front. Philip was just a toddler when we lived in this little house, which had a long cinder drive. We didn't want to put in a new drive and we couldn't afford it anyway. Philip was probably 2 - 2 & 1/2 and he was toddling and he was down more than he was up. We had a dog who played with him and ran and all. One day the dog came home and acted kind of queer so Earl started watching her. Something happened when they were running along the center drive and the dog got hold of Philip's pants leg and pulled him down and he got some scratches on his knee. By that time, Earl had decided that there definitely was something wrong with the dog so he took her to the Veterinary Department and they immediately said the dog had rabies!

They put the dog in an isolation cage in the Veterinary hospital, where she eventually died. But the Veterinarian said "get this child to a doctor". So Earl took Philip to a doctor and the doctor said "We don't dare take a chance". So for ten days Earl took Philip to the doctor every day and he was inoculated for rabies. He got along very well as I remember but it was a terrible situation for me and for his dad, too, I'm sure. But that was the most serious situation I can recall with any of our pets. Earl loved dogs and because he had grown up on a farm where there were lot of dogs, we had dogs with our children and we named most all of them "Patty". I thoroughly believe in having pets for children.

Then in 1927, February 25th, Wilton Logan Henderson was born. He was born at the University of Missouri Hospital and he was "made over" quite a little bit by the nurses there. I remember that very distinctly; that the nurses made an awful lot of him. I don't know whether he was the only boy in a lot of girls, but anyway, he was made a lot of. I was sure, before he was born, that he was going to arrive on the 22nd of February and I would name him George, but that didn't happen. Wilton was named for Earl's mother's maiden name (She was Emma Wilton) and Logan was my maiden name - so Wilton was given his name from two families. So we had two babies then; one two years of age. We stayed there for several years.

Then, Earl put in for a sabbatical leave and we went to Urbana, Illinois so Earl could attend the Graduate School of the University of Illinois. We were there a year, during which time he had a fellowship and he got his Doctorate under Dr. Leslie Card in May, 1930. There was a Dr. Leslie Card at the University of Illinois and there was a Dr. Carl Card here in East Lansing at Michigan State, so there were two "Card's" in the poultry department - different colleges.



In Urbana, we found a place to live with the help of a former schoolmate of mine from Texas. Her husband, Professor Lehmann, was a graduate of Texas A&M and he had charge of the Mechanical Engineering Dept. at the Univ. of Illinois. They lived out at the edge of town and she took me under her wing and helped me greatly while I was there.

I think Earl had to go back another summer - the next summer - and she wanted to go back to Texas to visit her family. So she made arrangements that we could live in her house and go to summer school while she went back to Texas with her family of five children for the summer. Well that was an experience because they had a cow and a dog and several cats, etc. We were to take care of the house, of course, and Earl volunteered to do the milking. He had learned to milk as a kid but he hadn't milked for 15 years. His hands, of course, were swollen and it got to the point where he could hardly move them. He would come in after milking and I would make him soak his hands in hot water, then cold water, and hot water. After a couple of weeks, that settled down.

What a time I had: the milk! The Lehmann's were a family of five children with a Jersey cow and they were all milk drinkers so they used up all the milk. Neither Earl nor I drank milk and poor little Philip wasn't old enough to drink 5 gallons of milk a day, so here I was with all this milk. I don't know what I did with the milk but I do remember that I skimmed the cream. She had a big churn, which I couldn't handle. So I got a small churn and I churned the milk and made butter and buttermilk. We drank as much buttermilk as we could. I had butter all over the place. We bought liver, which was the cheapest meat we could find (5 cents a pound, probably) and fried it in butter. I gave butter to all the friends I could and sent it in to Earl's Department to give to anybody he could. We had butter all over the place and I think we fed the milk back to the cow and chickens, and so on. That was quite a summer. I don't remember too much about it except for the profuse amount of milk that I had to cope with.

We came back from Urbana and he taught and we stayed a couple of years in Columbia. In the meantime, probably around 1930, I had another miscarriage: probably, 8 weeks, something early. Then he was offered a job at Ames, Iowa (Iowa State College) so we took that job and moved there. I remember that when we drove there, we ran into a hail storm and I was scared to death that the hail would come through the roof of the car and kill us all. That's all I remember about that move.

We got to Ames and we stayed there until 1939. In 1933, James Clayton - or Jamie, as we always called him, was born on March 5th. Franklin D. Roosevelt was inaugurated on a Saturday, March 4, 1933 and that day he closed all the banks in the country.

On Sunday, March 5th, I went to the hospital in the evening. The head nurse met us at the door, with her hand out, saying "Do you have any money; we don't have a bit!" Fortunately, we had a little, but Earl said "If I can get to the bank tomorrow (Monday morning), I've got some money in my safety deposit box and I'll get that." We had seen the depression coming and feared the banks closing and Earl had put away gold. Gold was not real popular or fluent but you could get it if you asked for it at the bank and that's what he had done. He put in maybe \$100, which was adequate to take care of all our needs.

What to name this new baby? Because Earl had had this very, very good friend in St. Louis, James Clayton (Jimmie) who had helped him along, and encouraged Earl to get an education and to go to the University of Missouri, we named our third little boy James Clayton Henderson.

I guess from the very first we decided that he was "Scotch" enough to be called Jamie. There were several James in the family. So he started out in life as Jamie and to this day I still call him Jamie when I don't stop and think. I try on occasions, when we are with strangers, to call him Jim, but Jamie comes much more naturally to me.

As I said before, I think every child should have a pet and as I grew up and got married and had children, we had all kinds of pets. Because my husband was a poultry man, we always had a few chickens around. He also liked to hunt so we had some hunting dogs. He liked to go over into the poultry farm at night and go up into the chicken roost and hunt rats. He would take our dog Patty and he would say "Come on Patty, let's go hunt rats" and she'd just jump all over the place. She would come back covered in blood and I had to clean her up.

We stayed in Ames until 1939, when we moved to East Lansing. Earl went to school at the University of Missouri, got his Master's Degree at the University of Missouri, got his PhD at the University of Illinois. He went to Ames as head of the Poultry Department. But he didn't like it and he didn't get along with the Dean. He also didn't like that kind of work; he liked activity; he wanted research. His idea of doing college work was research. That's the reason that he liked poultry, because their development was so quick: Six months to hatch a new generation of material and that's what he liked.

We worried along there for about ten years, and I guess it was a mutual agreement that they didn't like him and he didn't like them so we were able to get a research teaching job at Michigan State University in East Lansing and that is what he enjoyed.

We moved to East Lansing in 1939. Philip started the 10th grade, Wilton the 8th grade, and Jamie started 2nd grade in East

Lansing. We rented a house right across the street from the Bailey Elementary School. At that time, the older boys joined the Boy Scouts and Jamie belonged to the Cub Scouts and then the Boy Scouts. Earl took an interest in that and he helped with the paper drives and the overnight camping. Wilton was the only one of the three who earned his Eagle Scout and I was very, very proud of him and still am. The other boys - I don't know what stopped them - they got too old, or lost interest or a girl came along about the time they were ready for that and they didn't get it. Anyway, Earl was quite active in their school.

Also the second World War came along and Earl was given a job, with a great many other instructors, of teaching Math to the trainees in the ASTP program at Michigan State. He did a lot of that, but his work was research.

We were getting along financially then, so we bought a lot at 351 Orchard Street in East Lansing and we paid \$450 for it. (That's when I started keeping books.) Earl built our house. He contracted out the putting in of the foundation, the wiring, the plumbing, etc. but he was the general contractor. I remember we spent quite a summer where the boys were big enough to help a little bit on building this house. Finally we got it finished and I remember we were all over there working one Sunday afternoon and the radio was on. It came over that Japan had attacked the Hawaiian Islands. Everybody was thrown into a panic of course and that was the talk for the rest of the time. It didn't affect us, personally, but it threw everybody into a panic.

Jamie went all the way through school in the East Lansing public school system. Both Philip and Wilton finished high school there. All three boys played football on the school team and we got into the school functions and the social functions of the church activities. East Lansing was a lovely place to live. It was almost like sending your children to private school. The schools were small - I'm talking about the 1940's - that's a good many years ago.

We had a car but we did a lot of walking. We always walked over to the football games. There wasn't a great deal of parking space, so we walked. We never thought about locking up the house. We went out the door and closed it, that's all. As we came home, we'd open the door and come on in. In later years, as everything else, things changed. One would never go out and leave your house unlocked now.

With four men to feed and all with good hearty appetites, I did a lot of quantity cooking. I baked our own bread, coffee cakes, and cinnamon rolls. Wilton liked twice baked potatoes. Orange rolls were always a Christmas treat and I hope that tradition will be carried on in the grandchildren's families.

I enjoyed preparing foods and did a lot of canning and preserving. During the second World War, we had a "Victory" garden and I canned as much as 700 quarts of fruits and vegetables and we used them all.

We went along. As Philip graduated from high school, he went a half a year or a year to Michigan State. Then Philip enlisted and went into service. He was sent to Canada for his training. After the service, he decided for some reason to go to the University of Michigan. He went there and got his Bachelor's Degree and stayed on a year and got his Master's Degree. So he has his Master's Degree from the University of Michigan.

Wilton was two years later and by that time we were well into the war. I remember that all of the men teachers in the schools had enlisted. They were of the age to enlist; so they were all gone. There were just a bunch of women in the high school that were trying to keep the place together. Wilton had a bunch of cronies: 4 or 5 of the boys that decided that they would have a good time. So I'm sure they gave the study hall teacher a run for her money. She was young widow with a baby and this first hour of study hall in the high school was quite a thing. Well, we put up with that for about a half a year and at Christmas time, we switched Wilton from high school over to the college. He took his work and he finished up the last half of his senior year at Michigan State but he came back and graduated with his high school class in 1944.

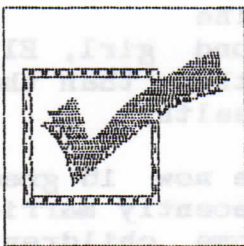


Figure 15

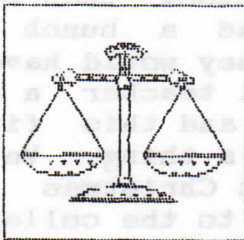
Of course they had all registered for the draft and Wilton, who volunteered for the Navy, was immediately sent to a training camp and ended up out in Nebraska. He was in the NROTC Program at the University of Nebraska. We laughed about it later on because he enlisted in the Navy and was sent out to Nebraska and took his college work (some of it) out there. He came back and graduated from Michigan State. But we laughed about it and said that "Wilton sailed the Nebraska Navy". He was never sent abroad.

Philip was sent across and was there for perhaps a year; I think he was sent to Manila or the Philippines - I'm not sure. When Philip came back, he and Helen were married and lived in Ann Arbor for awhile. Helen finished her work in Ann Arbor, too. Philip went to work for DuPont.

Wilton went on to get his degree in Business Administration and got a job immediately with Aetna Life Insurance Co. I can't tell you about his romance with Phyllis, where he met her, but they were married and sent out to Oregon and were there a year or so. Then, he came back to Detroit where they lived in Grosse Pointe Woods for 25 years, followed by a five year stint in Hartford, Connecticut.

Jamie was six years younger than Wilton. The war was over by the time he came along but for some reason or another, they were having another war. He enrolled in the Air Force ROTC and was sent out to the University of Utah and was trained as a pilot and was sent to Germany, eventually. In the meantime, he had a heavy romance with Martha Landon and they were married and lived out in Utah. He got his degree from the University of Utah. I think it took five years - something about his flying. When he finished, he got a job with DuPont, too.

Philip and Wilton have both retired and Jamie is about to retire. However, Jamie is now interested in local politics. He has gotten on the council of his local community and is enjoying that very much. So I'm hoping that if he retires, he will be able to continue in that type of work, because they like that community.



To continue about Earl: He was a good, honest, true person. He always played the game fair, and we lived a very happy life. We had our ups and downs but they were resolved and we lived together for 61 years, which is somewhat of a record. Earl passed away January 4, 1979. We had three boys, all of whom grew up, had college educations, married lovely girls, and had lovely families.

Philip, the oldest one, had three children: A boy and two girls. Wilton, the middle one, had two boys. Jim, or Jamie as we called him, had three girls and then a boy. So we had nine grandchildren. Jamie and Martha lost their second girl, Ellen Esther, when she was about 25 with diabetes. Other than that, our family has been extremely blessed with good health.

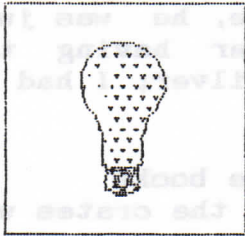
Those children, in turn, married and there are now 15 great-grandchildren in the family with the hopes that recently married, James Clayton, my youngest grandson, may have some children in the future. He is now an Ensign in the Navy training for nuclear submarines. Hopefully, when he gets through, he will have a family too. I have been blessed with many progeny and I hope that as time goes on that they in turn will have children and will make them as good and prosperous citizens as the ones that are here now.

Because we followed tradition in naming our children, I feel as though this is a legacy that should be followed by the family. It keeps your family together. My sons, in their way, have done the same thing. Philip had a boy, Mark Gower: the Gower was Helen's maiden name, and he had a daughter, Anne Logan. Wilton named his first boy, Craig Wilton, which of course carries his first name. Then, when Jay came along, he was Jay Logan, so that was another tie into the family ancestry. When Jamie (or Jim) had his boy, they named him James Clayton Henderson II. All the names have been kept in the family and I am very grateful to all of the family for that.

When Jay was married and started his family, he had a little girl and her name is Kathleen Elizabeth. Then, a boy came along and he was named Justin Logan Henderson and the Justin came from Earl's father's name: Justin Mortimer Henderson. However, I never heard Grandma Henderson call her husband anything but "Gus".

Then I got to thinking that the name of Logan came down seven generations. My grandfather's father was Benjamin Logan. My grandfather was Jackson Monroe Logan; then my father was James Asbury Logan. Then, I broke the string but I was Esther Logan; Wilton came along and he was Wilton Logan. Then, Jay Logan and then Jay's boy, Justin Logan. I hope that string can continue. It's one of the nice things about family; it keeps them together. Maybe we will have some more Logan's; I hope so.

I would like to mention that the middle name of my father, Asbury, was named for a well-known Episcopalian Bishop.



Thinking about my past, I have thought a lot lately about all the things I have kept and carried all these years. Mystery: everyone must have a mystery in their life and I have one that I cannot solve. When my mother died in 1912, our house was sold. I don't know to whom and I don't know anything about the proceedings. The only thing that I can remember about that was that our piano was given to the Higginson's, who lived next door. The house was sold; it was emptied.

The things that I wanted to keep were packed up. They were put into two big heavy wooden crates: My china, all of my mother's lovely paintings, her lovely heavy lap robes from my grandfather's harness shop, books; anything, evidently, that I wanted to keep. I saved all this stuff and how I ever carried it all those years, to be able to have them to pass on - I'll never know. I don't know where they were stored and I don't know how I moved them from one place to another. I was in school for four years and where they were at that time, I have no idea. But I had all this lovely china and many lovely paintings - things that are priceless to me - and how they got here with me and weren't lost or stolen or destroyed, nobody knows. I just think how in the world, because I have no recollection of moving them but evidently it was something in me that kept track of that stuff. At the time, I took care of it. Where those crates were stored, I have no idea. That is the mystery.

Anyway, from 1912 until 1920, when Earl came back from the service and enrolled again for work in the University of Missouri, those crates were stored. I don't know where. I don't know how I got them from where they were stored to Columbia. I have no recollection whatsoever of seeing them.

I do remember that in Columbia, I must have opened the crates because I remember having some of the oil paintings hanging on my parlor walls. That is all; I can't remember the china - where it was, or that I ever used it.

Also in those crates was a great deal of lovely heavy cut glass; amongst it was a lovely water pitcher, which must have weighed 25 pounds (it was a beautiful thing), and had six goblets with it. One of the goblets was broken so we only had five. Then there was a beautiful 22 inch reflector for them to be placed on. I think that Helen and Philip have that set along with some of the other cut glass that my mother had. She had a beautiful collection of cut glass.

The crates were somewhere because, as I recall, I did have the pictures in Columbia but where they were between 1912 and 1920 I haven't the faintest idea. I talked to Philip the other day if he could remember having seen these crates and he couldn't remember them. Of course, as he said, he didn't remember very much about Columbia because when we left there, he was just eight. When we went up to Ames, I do remember having the pictures hanging on the wall; I had my china and silver; I had my lap robes; I had my cut glass and books.

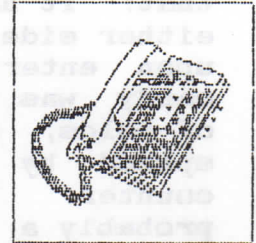
It turns out just two days ago here - in 1991 - the books reappeared. The last time I remember unpacking the crates was when we moved from Ames to East Lansing and they were put in the garage and I emptied them. Where they were on that first move to other moves and then to our home that we built on Orchard Street, I cannot remember. I vaguely remember having one crate left when we moved from Orchard St. to Ann St. but my friend, Sylvia, says she doesn't remember seeing it. What eventually happened to the crates I don't know. This is certainly a mystery and I have not been able to solve it.

The upshot of that was that when we moved from Ann St. to Burcham Hills in 1974, my friend, Sylvia Krueger, was helping me move. We were in the garage where my trunks were stored and I came across my childhood books that I had lugged all these years. I didn't want them; they didn't mean anything to me. Sylvia was a librarian and she said she would love to have them so I said "take them", which she did. She lived just across the street from me. She put them in her basement and they stayed there for 18 years.

Last week, she came into see me as she quite frequently does. She had three of the childhood books I had given her. She laughed and said she had finally unpacked the boxes that she had stored in her new condominium and she unearthed these books. She was delighted. One book had the date of 1898; another, the date of 1901, and the third was 1900. Well, they are in beautiful condition. The pages and paper is very good.

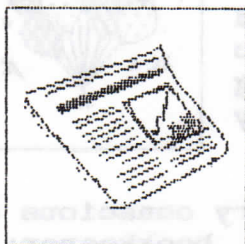
I was delighted because now I have great-grandchildren 18 years later than when I gave her the books. Why or how she saved the books is another mystery. So I said, "Oh, this is lovely; do you have anymore?" She said "yes". So last Friday, on the 21st of June 1991, she comes in with five more of these books. I couldn't believe it. They again are dated around 1900 - 1902 and in perfect condition. I talked to Philip on the weekend and asked if he had any recollection of them at all and he said "no". So I have a mystery.

Communication is something that has made great strides in the last hundred years. I was perhaps 7-8 years old, before we had a telephone. The telephone was a big long box arrangement and you had to ring Central, who was stationed in a little room in a home, and she knew all the people by name. There were very few numbers because there weren't too many telephones. Every time the phone rang, everybody knew it, and they all listened in on the party line. Long distance was just never heard of.



The main method of communication of any distance was Western Union. If you saw the Western Union boy wheel up on his bicycle, something terrible had happened in the family, because nobody sent messages by Western Union unless it was of dire necessity.

We also had a newspaper and I can't remember if we had a paper boy. When anything happened in Washington that was of any great phenomenon or even in our capital at Austin in Texas, the newspapers always got out an "Extra". That would probably be maybe 12, 24, or 36 hours after it happened because it took a long while to get the news together, assembled, and sent by Western Union.



So if there was anything exciting, like a President that died or a President who was elected or a battleship that went down, or something of great importance, the newsboys would come along with their bags of papers, shouting "Extra - Extra - Read all about it". We all rushed out with our two or three pennies and bought an "Extra". That was communication.

We were beyond the pony express; I don't recall anyone getting any communication or mail by pony express. However, we were in the elementary stages of communication and I often wonder what my parents and their generation would think if they could come back now and see what has happened in the development of communications.

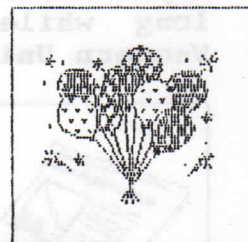
Money seems to be a very important article, a possession of our lives, and today it starts out very early. When I was young,

around 1900, money didn't mean a great deal. I had my penny bank and when anyone gave me some money it was usually 2-3 pennies. When I went to Sunday School, I took pennies. When I went shopping, I took pennies. That was my idea of money. Not today!

I remember the store that was a very popular place for all the 4, 5, 6, or 7 year old children. It was called "The Variety Store". It finally, years later, developed into the "5 & 10 Cent Store" and Kresges and some of the other names of merchandise sold under the guise of the "5 & 10 Cent Store". The Variety Store was just that: it had two counters down the length of the store, one on either side. The thing that interested me was that immediately upon entering the store was a counter that held the candy. The candy was the main attraction. I'm sure that all the epidemics of colds, whooping cough, chicken pox, measles, and etc. were spread by the noses rubbed against the glass of the candy counter. I can't remember all that was in the candy counter - probably a variety - but they were all good candies. The main thing that I recall was that we could take our pennies in there, rub out noses against the glass, and make great decisions on whether we would get all-day suckers (better known as jaw breakers) or ropes of licorice. The licorice came in twelve inch lengths and were sort of twisted. There was either black or red licorice and that choice was a big decision to make. I don't remember the flavors of the jaw breakers. We spent a great deal of time deciding what we wanted.

That was where I spent most of my money as a child. We didn't have a lot of places to go. I don't remember going to a movie in 1900 - though that came later.

For birthdays, which were always a celebration, we had a birthday cake and ice cream and usually some family relatives, if there were any around. Nearly always we had a little party with hats and whistles, and we played games. Of course you always had to take a present to the person having the birthday. There again, there was never any money given for birthdays.



My family all accuse me of being very tight and very conscious of my money, which I am. I think I am a pretty good bookkeeper; I know where my money goes. When you were young, there was no need to have any money. If you needed anything, your mother bought it for you or your father brought you a new toy when he went away on a trip.

I don't remember money, as such, until after my mother died in 1912. Then, I stayed with friends in Denison through my senior year in high school. If my father paid my friend's mother for my keep, which I'm sure he did, I never knew anything about it. He evidently gave me an allowance.

I went to college and I do remember my allowance. The first two years I was in college, my father sent me a check for \$25 a month. I went to the business office, deposited the check. \$16 of it was for my room and board. \$4 was for laundry, which was done by the college, and I had \$5 a month for expenses. Very seldom did I spend that \$5. We were on campus. We couldn't get off of campus except with special permission. We wore uniforms, so we didn't buy clothes. Our books were all bought or furnished when we enrolled in school. Outside of buying a new pencil or tablet, we didn't have any occasion to spend money. There again, I don't remember money as a vital part of my living.

My last two years at college, I think my father increased my allowance to maybe \$30 - \$35. After I graduated and went to Topeka, KA to spend the summer, I have no recollection of what my father sent me. Money didn't seem to be a problem I worried with very much.

After that, my husband brought his paycheck home every month and we decided how we were going to spend it. I think we paid \$25 a month for rent for a small apartment and that was a lot of money. He was getting \$140 a month as a 2nd Lt. We weren't rich but we got along very well. When he went overseas, his money was sent to me. I can't remember how much it was but it was adequate to take care of my needs. All along, money was not an important part of my life. I had enough to buy what I needed. I never was an extravagant person. I never felt that I was denied anything I wanted. Anything I wanted, I could always have.

After that we just lived a perfectly normal college professor's life: A family with 3 little babies and trying to get along on what little we could. From 1929 on, we had the good old depression and we had to struggle. But we were thankful that we had a paycheck every month. There again, I don't remember money as being too important. I never had to worry.

Early on, Earl held onto his government insurance that he had and we had to pay \$6.90 a month to carry that insurance. Sometimes that was a little hard to come by. \$6.90 a month for insurance, that you didn't know anything about or couldn't eat, was a lot of money. As I recall, we had to plan, which we did. During the depression, I turned sheets and patched overalls and we did a lot of things to conserve. We lived through it. I learned a lot of lessons. I think it was during the depression that I began to realize that it wasn't always a bright and sunny day and you better save for a rainy day. From then on, I began to watch my pennies a little more carefully.

So when my family laughs and makes fun of me now about not being able to do this and that, that they think is everyday life and spending, I think that what you need is a good old 1929 depression and that would teach you how to really save.

Of course, salaries nowadays are up. Why, one month's salary now would be a year's salary then. My husband never earned more than \$6600 a year. College professors were not the highest paid people in the world. We had a retirement plan and later on we got health insurance when that came into being - which was a godsend, and I am appreciating that now. But before that, we lived for our paycheck and we were always ready for it on the first of the month but it was no life and death matter, as I remember. We bought a car, we had a family, we bought a house, and we paid mortgages so money, while it was earned and spent in a very methodical and planned way, was not as vital then as it is today.

I do remember my father coming home, when I was 14 or so, and handing my mother a \$200 check. He had been made Supt. of Transportation for the Missouri, Kansas, & Texas R.R. - a very high position - and he got a check for \$200. And with it, the company decided that the men didn't have to work on Saturday afternoon or Sunday. What a joy that was! Before, they had had to work 8 hours a day, six days a week. To have a half day off on Saturday, was just heaven.

This little incident happened six months ago: I was brushing my teeth one morning. I had a loose jaw tooth that I knew was ready to come out and it did come out with the brushing that day. It hit the sink and disappeared. The next day or so, I got to the dentist's office and I rather facetiously said "Well, it's too bad. You lost \$50 by not getting to pull this tooth and I lost ten cents from the tooth fairy." He looked at me with the strangest expression and he said "Well, the tooth fairy leaves \$5 now". Well, I just howled, and we had a good laugh over it. That, too, shows the difference in money from my day to today. A couple of days later, I wanted to do a little laundry in my sink and tried to pull the stopper and it didn't work. Much to my surprise, I found the tooth caught in the drain so I could look at it, before throwing it away.

This is trivia but may be worth saving for posterity: Today, as I am recording this, is June 21, 1991 - Equinox day - a rather gloomy day in Michigan. It was reported on TV that in Alaska they had 22 hours of bright sunshine. Of course, Alaska is close to the North Pole and the sun is up there. 22 hours of sunshine is quite a long day.

I think that that ends the story of my life. It is not unusual or exciting or any great heights and, certainly, not many lows. We had good health; we never got into any difficulties with the law; and we were, I think, what one would call good, solid, normal American citizens. Now, as I approach the tunnel of life, which we all must go to, I want to say that I've had a wonderful life and I have been very happy and very, very fortunate. Goodbye, and God Bless you all.