

Obtain details as to origin of Farm  
Picturs - before and after

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\* this word ok?

Few people are as lucky as I to have lived at Childerley, even for those few short years, was a privilege and something to remember. My first impression of the "Farm" (as we called Childerley) was one of despair. Adapted to city life, I had little desire for the quiet of the country and the day we drove into the grounds I was sick with despondency. I asked my Mother how much time we would have to spend there. "Just about four years, Sis," she answered. This was just to quiet me, I knew, but her prediction proved correct for that is the amount of time we did stay. But enough of unpleasantness. I want my book to be light and gay, inspiring a few chuckles perhaps but mostly creating in your minds an admiration for the woman whose brain-child this place was, a woman who had so much goodness in her heart that it knew no bounds. Not only did she shower her love and protection on her own family and friends, but also to all others, she knew. Broadminded to the fullest extent, knowing no conventions \* when it came to religion, listening, actually listening, and enjoying a Protestant Minister as well as her own Priest. She was truly a "great" woman. In deepest humility I dedicate my work to her.

I feel that I must dedicate at least a small portion of my book to my Mother.

I have heard it said that all Mothers are Saints. Now to me this is purely a simple express<sup>ion</sup> and I do not agree with it at all. The mere fact that a woman has borne a child does not make her special, but it is rather the way she rears her charges that count. So many women fall down on the job of raising their children for some reason or another, that to glorify Motherhood to any great extent would be folly until things change.

I know it, you are beginning to wonder how I got on to this subject --well, I'll tell you. I feel it only right to dedicate one small portion of my book to my Mom who (if I do say so myself) is a wonderful Mother. She has had ten children of her own, of which one died in infancy and three step-children, one of whom also died. Although none of us are famous and I'm sure none of us ever will be, I still do not feel compelled to hesitate, for a second, in saying that she did a wonderful job in rearing us. For a few hectic months, just after my Father died, she was left alone with her nine children, the oldest; 12, the youngest; 6 weeks, with my two older half-sisters old enough to work and help themselves. She never gave up hoping that something would turn up in our favor, and refused all offers of adoption. She was determined to keep us together as a family and today we all love her for it. I know that many women would have given up hope, and would have let at least a few of their children be adopted and no one could possibly have blamed <sup>her</sup> them for this either, for that <sup>is</sup> might seem to most people the easiest and best solution but Mom held on, and it wasn't long before she got her offer to move to the Farm. Even after that it was not all smooth sailing for she was just a little reluctant to agree to their terms - it all seemed too wonderful. She felt there must be something they hadn't told her. But after they explained everything to her - that she was to have full charge in rearing her children, that their education would be seen to, that

food and clothes, a home and fuel would all be furnished, she accepted and luckily for us!

From time to time during this story I have mentioned or will mention names of ~~various~~ of my brothers and sisters. I would like to introduce them all to you if I may, in order - First there is Margaret, who has the happiest sounding laugh, but also can be very glum. Mary is second. She is the only red head and the only one who can save money. Maurice, formerly US Navy, next, the proud Papa who presented us with our first niece, Sandra Lee. Robert, USAAF, who can fix anything from a leaky faucet to a Television set. I appear next; enough said. Jim, USN, next; proud, sensitive, amazing knowledge of American History. Harry, at present a member of the U.S. Army, and Casanova of the family. Patricia, the domestic type, will make some (?) lucky boy a wonderful wife. Jacqueline, the vivacious, friendly one. Gerald, the dreamer, one day practicing at the Bar as a lawyer, the next day performing major surgery as an MD, but one boy who will probably go far and last, our baby, Barbara, who is everything wrapped into one, friendly, proud, vivacious, and sensitive -- my pet.

This concludes my drawn-out introduction of my family. I hope that in listing them as I did it might make things just a little clearer for you during the reading of this book and also might make you feel a little closer to us, both my family and the others on the Farm - and might even make you feel that you would have like<sup>d</sup> to join us in a few of our experiences. We would have enjoyed having you.

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Little publicity has been given Childerley. This is probably because its founder, Mrs. Frances Crane Lillie never desired any. At no time, did she ever try to get any credit for the wonderful things she did for so many.

Some new our home as Childerely. (which, I was told, meant "Children's Playground", & some knew it as Crane Farm, but to most of the children living there, it was just "The Farm".

"The Farm" was a large estate of some \_\_\_\_\_ acres situated just two miles outside of the town of Wheeling, Illinois. It was a home for widows and children, but not the usual type. Instead of dormitories, each family had their own bungalow. Each family had their own little patch of garden outside the kitchen door. We were taken to school in our own bus, picked up at such time and again in the evening. There were workmen living on the grounds, men who took care of the fields and the lawns and shrubbery, etc. There were playgrounds, a roller-skating rink, an ice skating rink, a nearby creek, a swimming pool, and a large schoolhouse where we spent many a rainy day. There was shuffleboard in the auditorium, "high flyers", basket-badminton, etc. There was a stage on which many an amateur performance was given, with the help of instructors who were hired to help us. Mrs. Wiles lived there in her own little cottage with her son, Tom and did much to help us in our handicraft classes, and with our "theatrical Performances". She also taught the younger children who were not yet in school, but went to her nursery school.

In 1934 my mother was left a widow with nine children to care for. The oldest was twelve and the youngest was just six weeks. With only a little insurance, she was desperate until one of the members of our church, Olivet Methodist, told her of Childerely. He spoke to one of the trustees, and someone came out to visit with my mother, probably to find if she really was deserving. After finding out the predicament she was in, it was not too long before we were on our way to the Farm. Our move meant a new life for us. It meant a move from the West-crowded west side of Chicago to a beautiful country place.

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Xmas time was perhaps the busiest time of all for the fifty-five children living there. For weeks ahead we would be practicing for our annual Xmas play. The characters in the play, (which was the same every year) were chosen, the costumes were fitted, the lighting was worked out and rehearsals would begin. Also, the children were given their places for the march through the auditorium, the shortest and youngest in the front and the older and taller following. Marching in pairs, one would carry a poinsetta and the other, one marching on the outside would carry a lit lantern. We would walk slowly around the auditorium singing "Adestes Fideles" and afterwards would sing many of the usual Xmas carols. Our audience would consist of the former residents of the Farm, Mrs. Little and many of the Trustees, and the relatives and friends of some of the families living there. We were always very proud of these productions and tried very hard to please.

The huge pine tree near the gateway would be hung with hundreds of colored lights for the holiday. On clear nights the tree could be seen for long distances. It was so beautiful. Also, on the Saturday before Xmas, we would have a party in the auditorium replete with presents and a Santa Claus.

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## THE BAND

A number of the children on the Farm belonged to the band, and one night a week during the school month we practiced. Mr. Sears, our bandleader, was an outstanding character. Standing well over six feet, as I recall, he knew when to be stern but always kept a twinkle in his eye and his sense of humor never left him. I'm afraid our band never did do justice to him or his teaching ability but <sup>he</sup> never despaired and always would have a word of praise for us, especially after a very poor performance, for I guess he thought that was when we needed it most.

Our specialty, I remember was a selection featuring our trumpets, and did we do that one up proud. I'll bet we resounded (?) for ten miles! I was given a cornet. Hardly knowing enough about music or musical instruments to know which end was up, I struck out as bravely as I knew how, and dug in. I believe I and another girl were assigned the 2nd cornet positions and I am afraid I never did amount to much as a cornet player. I was always a few notes behind or ahead of the others, resting when I should be playing or playing when I should be resting. It seemed each time we acquired a new cornetist(?), he would be placed ahead of me and I would still remain \_\_\_\_\_.

It didn't occur to me for quite a while that they were getting automatic promotions before they even started. I realize now that this was under the assumption that they would probably be better than I.

I had fun, anyway, and while Izzy remained in the band it was even better, for we were the best of friends and I ~~xxx~~ liked to be with her always.

We never could go without food for any great period of time so we had to supply one another during band. We sat directly facing one another, the baritones, tubas and altos between us. It was no easy job rolling the candy along the floor. Many times the candy got intercepted on the way.

Whenever, I think about Mr. Sears, I think of the time I danced with him at one of our parties. With men and boys forming one line and the women and girls another, each chose a cooky from <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ tray and started in search for her unknown

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partner, this to be the party with the corresponding cooky. Being quite a greedy person I chose the largest cooky on the tray which happened to be one characterizing a well known comic strip glutton. To make a long story short, Mr. Sears turned out to be my partner and were we a riot! He was so tall and I was so short, it must have been comical to witness. Even though I was embarrassed and bashful, I had a terribly good time.

I'm afraid I am getting off my subject -- I'd better wander back onto the path and my tale about the Crane Farm Band.

During my brief and unsuccessful career as a baseball catcher, there occurred an accident, very unfortunate to me, but, it seems very amusing to others. Backed up against a pine tree, I was in the midst of performing my position duties, when I discovered a dire mistake -- the batter was much too close to me. I cried to the pitcher to hold the ball till she got out of my box, and settled back to await results. Leaning up against the tree chewing my nails, my mind in deep thought about nothing, I was caught unprepared for the hard crack across the mouth. I was jarred senseless, my head resounding against the tree, my thumb (which I was busy stripping a nail, a vile habit I'm still attempting to stop) being my salvation for it seemed to save the teeth on one side from being loosened. But, oh, the others! I seemed to hear them rattling as I walked. I was sick at heart, my mouth ached and the crowd was in stitches. What makes people laugh at such things? I once heard a noted psychologist say that humans are all obsessed with inferiority complexes and when they are laughing at the misfortunes of others, they are doing so because they like to see people hurt. This seems to take their minds off themselves and the attention of others are centered on the victim, and not on them. This always seemed a logical solution of the incident to me, but I ~~xxx~~ never forgot it.

I keep straying, I know, but if ~~ix~~ you'll remain patient a little longer you will finally come to the relieving words, "THE END".

After my accident, I was unable to continue with my cornet. I can imagine that in doing this I probably deprived the world of a great cornetist, but alas, I couldn't use such a tiny piece on my injured mouth. So we tried to remedy this - we tried,

so that was out. The baritone, too, didn't seem right, so can you guess what I wound up with? You guessed it - a tuba! Really, though for a person with absolutely no talent for music (or any aspirations as far as that goes), I enjoyed myself immensely. Even though I complained almost constantly and was repeatedly asking for five minutes rest periods because my mouth hurt, I did have a good time and felt quite important at the concerts we gave carrying around the tuba. Oh, yes, I neglected to mention that they dug up another tuba player somewhere to back me up at one of our concerts. Could it be they thought my playing was not -- ah -- forceful enough? I must ponder that theory.

On one occasion, each member of the Crane Farm Band was presented with a harp shaped pin with the inscription "Crane Band" and the year presented. There were two holes on either sides - places on which bars could be attached for each year served in the band. No bars were ever attached, for that was the last year of the Frams existence, but I still have the pin and each time I look at it I remember the happy hours I spent griping-a member of the Crane Farm Band.

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Hello, dear Reader:

Would you like to spend a year with me at Childerly? We always called it "The Farm" and I sincerely hope that before you leave us you will refer to it in the same way.

It was a lovely place and I spent my happiest years there. This is a true story of my adventures on the Farm and any names I may mention are of real people.

Mrs. Frances Crane Lillie, the lady behind the idea of this \_\_\_\_\_ is my reason for writing this work and by doing so I am only trying to honor her somewhat for all her charitable work.

HUMBLY,

Edna Maria Regusin

Edna WILKINS - MEMOIRS

*The  
first  
book  
very rough  
draft*

*Faint, illegible handwritten notes or bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.*

JANUARY

We had a lovely house to live in while we stayed at Childerly - large friendly kitchen, spacious bedrooms, marvelous sunroom with a beautiful view and large living room with a fire place. New Years Eve was the one night during the year we were allowed to light the fireplace and sit by it. Almost fainting if we sat too close because of the heat and feeling uncomfortably cool if we backed our chairs too far away. We nevertheless enjoyed ourselves to the fullest. We sat in front of it munching on apples and making a terrific racket cracking nuts till very late. Being a lover of popcorn, a holiday just wasn't a holiday unless we got to pop some.

But sooner or later, so the sages have said, all good things must come to an end. The evening would come to a close and we would go off to bed and dream about another holiday.

It was always hard to go back to school after the Christmas and New Years Holidays, and even though I liked it to some extent, it wasn't any too easy for one to give up my short-lived freedom from the school-room. But back we went, back to books and blackboards, back to "prison" as we then referred to the place. How many of you readers haven't used the same word regarding your school days? I'll bet many of you wish you were back in "prison", don't you?

I'll have to admit I even looked forward to going back in one way, I just couldn't wait to tell my classmates what I had received for Christmas, brag a little and exaggerate a lot.

Winter days are so short, and by the time we returned from school it was nearly dark. We might have enough time to get in a little ice-skating, if we hurried, so nearly every evening this was our recreation during the winter months.

We had a roller-skating rink by the school-house that was flooded in winter to give us our ice-skating rink. What fun we had. Sliding down the low hill onto the rink, racing, playing crack-the-whip -- memories that are fun to

remember - memories I enjoy. One evening that stands out in my memory concerns an incident that proves how much I enjoyed this sport. Arguing with a girl friend, I received a sharp kick from her, the blades of her skate cutting into me deeply. Although the blood was streaming from me and my ski pants were becoming soaked with it, I wouldn't stop till the races began. Finally my brother, Maurice, made me go to the nurse for treatment and by the time I returned the fun was over. Instead of realizing I had helped myself more by having my leg treated, I bemoaned the fact that I had missed the races. Oh, the folly of youth.

February was a gay time at Childerley. There was certain to be snow enough to please the hearts of the children (although the Mothers had more work, that being their lot) and then there was the Valentine Dance to look forward to. It was one of the big events of our Social Year and something to be excited about. It was held Valentine week and only the children in the 7th grades and up could attend. The children of the same ages in Wheeling were also invited, along with the "oldsters" \_\_\_\_\_ parents and friends. I remember the year when one of the girls and I were chosen to take part in the entertainment. Dressed in Colonial dresses with white curled wigs, we were to descend on our audience via a huge tissue paper heart. Awaiting our cue, we listened to the roll of the drum, broke through the heart - and off came my wig. Hurriedly and trying hard to be nonchalant, I replaced it and went down the stairs to help pass out the favors. I was mortified to think I should have this accident at such a time. >

Being young and sensitive, I couldn't help but feel all eyes were upon me condemning me.

Another amusing incident occurring at one of these dances was the one concerning my girl friend Doris and I who tried to "cop" the prize in a couples dance. After choosing partners the couples would dance around the floor, which was chalked off into numbered squares and each time the music would stop, the dances would, too. Then a number we picked called, and the dances in the box with the same number would retire. Doris and I kept close to the person who was calling out the numbers and as she picked one up we would spot the number and quickly move to another box before she could call it. People were getting quite disgusted with us after the field tapered down to about five couples, and we knew we were not suppose to be dancing since we were not a couple, so after catching on to our system the finished \_\_\_\_\_ off without further ado and we had to drop out.

Oh, I recall many happy incidents that heppened at the Valentine Dances; but the happiest of all were those times. Isabel and I went to the library and had a great time all by ourselves beating each other with pillows. We would race down the stairs, burst into the library and have a swell time.

7th  
cont

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One evening, after boistrously entering the room, we were taken aback by a little old lady sitting in a large wing chair knitting. We couldn't very well go into our act, so we had to sit and act like ladies which was hard for us. After sitting for a short while, we left, very much down and out, for each had been in the mood for a conquest.

It was also sad when the evening drew to a close. Good Night Ladies would be played. We said our goodbyes and went home to await next February's Valentines Dance.

"The March Wind Shall Blow and we shall have snow and what will poor robin do then, poor thing?"

This simple little verse has often popped into my mind. It is amusing how some of our childhood memories are aroused by the sight or sound of familiar rhymes or verses, just as my thoughts are joggled into remembrance by this one. "Old ones" talk of the winters that were really winters. "Why, I remember," they'll say, "when the thermometer dropped to \_\_\_\_". But I'm not listening - I'm recalling winters I remember - winters when I enjoyed ice-skating on the frozen creek, sliding down the toboggan on an old door along with a dozen pals, chasing hapless rabbits until they tired of running and then trying to get enough courage to kill them as they lay crouched up against a naked corn stalk. (it is of interest to note that I never did kill one of my victims.) Winters were fun on the farm, in fact, winters are fun anywhere. But there, they were really exciting. If we got out early enough in the morning before school, Mr. Elwood might let us "hitch" a ride on the back of the bus as far as the gate. This usually turned out to be a contest to see which of the toboggans could stay on the longest. From the garage where we 'boarded' the bus would make a sharp turn around the swimming pool and if we had enough time, once around the toboggan slide, before heading down the road - half of us tumbled off long before we made the second turn. The heroes of the ride would be the ones who managed to hang on especially if you were unlucky enough to get the place behind the exhaust pipe - it was really a feat to withstand the choking aroma of the exhaust.

They say winters are for children. Children are unaffected, have no conventions to worry about, so they can do anything that pleases them. Sliding down the hill in an old pail is a privilege afforded to children almost exclusively. As are belly flopping and other means of winter entertainment. An impulsive adult may try it, but is it worth it? Side glances and whispers always follow such a display. If I could only make a few rules myself -- how different a place our world would be! What's the difference if you're going on sixty, Grandpa, take junior's sled, the ~~xxx~~

in  
toboggan is a wonderful shape today." What, just because you're the dignified head of  
the Ladies Cultural Society doesn't mean you have to stop living, come on, the packing  
is fine, let's ~~xxxxxx~~ build a snow fort and battle it out."

Why can't people follow the old proverb, "live and let live?" Maybe someday people will  
be able to act just the way they please, without a fear of what other people will think of  
them. Until then, I guess we will have to let the children rule our world of winter, and  
and I really hope they will all enjoy themselves as much as your author ~~did~~ did.

MARCH  
②

April

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Each year at Easter time we would have an Easter Egg hunt, in fact three Easter Egg Hunts - one for the younger children, one for the intermediates and one for the older ones. If the weather was mild, we would be able to have it outdoors, but, as happened many years, the weather was otherwise and we had to have it indoors. It was fun, though, wherever it was held and each of us eagerly awaited it. Each one of us were suppose to search until he or she found one bag of candy eggs and then drop out to allow the others to find theirs, but it was a known fact that many were ~~pouring~~<sup>putting</sup> 2 or 3 bags into one before they called it quits. When the signal "GO" was sounded, I would get so excited I wouldn't know where to run and before I woke up everybody was practically through. But there was always some benevolent one in the crowd who took pity on me and would give me one of the bags they had found. In addition to the candy eggs, each group would have a chance to look for the prizewinning eggs - hard boiled ones, colored white, silver and gold. The white egg was worth 25c to the lucky one who found it, the silver; 50c and the gold; \$1.00. I never was lucky enough to find any of these 'winners'.

One year, someone thought they could outsmart the judge by giving him a white egg "lifted" from a henhouse and pawn it off as the 25c winners, but the ruse was discovered and the sneak went off discouraged, his \_\_\_\_\_ attempts foiled. One year, after a particularly long and tedious search everyone was getting a little tired and discouraged because no one was able to find the golden egg. Miss Swenson, who was the Judge, gave us one hint. She stated that I had been closest to the egg, in fact she went so far as to say I had held it. I felt very important, with everyone clammering around me, questioning me, asking me to try and remember and retrace my steps. As I mentioned before, I usually got so rattled I didn't know what I was doing and couldn't for the life of me remember a thing. A short while later, Boby Rietz found the egg embedded in a can of mud that was lying on the ground. Then I remembered -- I had pulled that can out of a hollow tree trunk, had noticed the mud with fresh fingerprints in it, shook it a little to try and loosen it, but when it didn't immediately

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pop out, ~~and~~ threw it down and flitted away. I think that's about the closest I ever go to winning anything.

April

## MAY

May was always an exciting month on the Farm. It was time for the May Festival. Each year all the children participated in a festival centering around a chosen theme. For months we would read on the subject, practice dances and songs pertaining to it, have costumes fitted, and the place would always be in an uproar. The day of the Festival found all of the invited guests seated on chairs arranged on the lawns. Everyone who had lived on the Farm previously, firends of these families, friends of different trustees, acquaintances of the different Farm workers, etc., were usually spilling all over the place. There was an air of excitement that is always thrilling.

Feeling very important, we would parade around in our costumes, each one thinking how grand he must appear. To give the reader an idea of the way we went about putting on one of our "shows", I would like to relate the procedure gone through for the year we gave the Indian Festival.

As I have stated before, we began long months ahead to plan our work. Mrs. Larkin, our superintendent, Mrs. Gemmill, Mrs. Wiles, the nurse; Miss Swenson, Mr. Elwood - all the \_\_\_\_\_ all the \_\_\_\_\_ people assisted and guided us. We were taught the art of making beaded headbands and bracelets like the Indianas actually wore. This was done on a loom, and we often used authentic Indiana designs as patterns. After the headband was completed it would be put away for the day it would be used. I was very excited and pleased when I discovered that one of mine was to be worn by little Helmut Zweig, who was to play ~~Hi~~tiawatha, as a young child.

We worked with a rough appearing material, somewhat like leather, I recall and made costumes from it. Tunic and trousers were made for the boys and dresses for the girls. All these were adorned with beads and spangles to make them look like the "real thing" and they really did!

I did not realize at the time, but looking back, it is really

MAY -2-

marvelous, the thorough way the supervisors went about teaching us all these things. Few people have the opportunities in life that we from the farm enjoyed and each time I find myself grumbling about how unlucky I am, or complaining of any misfortune, I have only to stop and remember the fact that I had a chance in life few people are blessed to find, a chance to spend four wonderful years on the Farm.

# try and find new word

DECEMBER

There was a great deal of excitement in the air tonight. It was the Sunday evening just before Christmas and we were getting ready for our annual Christmas Play. This performance had to be good - not only because it was to be a serious reenactment of the Nativity, - but it was really important because we all wanted it to please Mrs. Lillie. It wasn't very often that Mrs. Lillie got to come out to the Farm, and when she did, it was quite an occasion, although most of the children were too bashful to even talk to her. Each year she came out to see this play and for weeks in advance we prepared for the occasion. With the excitement that prevailed before the posting of the list of chosen characters and the preparations that began immediately, the Farm was in an uproar for almost a month or more prior to Christmas. It was always an exciting day; the day we discovered who were the lucky ones were who were to do the acting and who were chosen for the choir.

My first year at Childerly - and I found myself chosen as an angel. Not a very important part, true, but nevertheless one that made me extremely happy. It was to be even happier a few years later when I found myself chosen to be Mary, but that is another story. The angels were nothing but the background and I found myself the last one on the left. The night of the big event found me with a cough and one that persisted during the entire play. I imagine there were many in our audience who thought that there was a certain angel that could stand a little cough syrup.

The lighting and scenery were taken care of in the most minute detail. During most of the time the play was in progress the stage was flooded with blue lights. At a given signal a huge white light was switched on directly over the head of the main angel. It was really a moving spectacle to witness even though the actors and actresses were not given with any special acting ability.

DECEMBER - CONTINUED

Then, too, we always had our Christmas party in the afternoon. It was usually on the Saturday just before the happy holiday and there was always candy, entertainment and a gift for each of us. One year a magician entertained us with his slight of hands tricks. I was an eager subject when he asked for volunteers to help him perform one of his \_\_\_\_\_, but much to my disappointment, I was unable to discover the secret of the game and I had visions of outsmarting him and becoming a great heroine \_\_\_\_\_ he was too fast for me.

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It is really amusing to think back and recall little things that were (or seemed) important to you when you were young. Some children will hold a certain toy before all else, still others will consider their pet all-important, but to me the thing that was always uppermost in my mind was food, especially sweets. Today I can go for weeks without eating or even missing them, but I can remember the time I would crave candy to such a degree it would actually worry me. It was not because I didn't get enough, for I certainly did. In fact I got more than was good for me. I'll tell you how I managed this.

Wheeling Station?

Izzy and I, she being like me when it came to sweets, would pick a bag of the biggest and most delicious fruit of the season and bring it down to the Stand for a trade-in. Fruit which would have cost a dollar or more was given to the Stand Manager for a dimes worth of candy (if he was in a good mood) or a nickel bag of popcorn. On one occasion we picked a large bag of the biggest and ripest currants and gave them to him for a candy bar. What a shrewd bargainer he was. He always seemed to have fruit during the summer for practically nothing.

Then, too, we had to have pop to drink when it was hot, so money had to be earned to keep us supplied with this "nectar of the Gods". There was a place down by the railroad tracks where they sold a large bottle for a nickel and we usually traded there, since it was the " \_\_\_\_\_ for us \_\_\_\_\_

We would give "parties" from time to time to raise money. Admission would ~~be~~ usually be about five cents, but there were not very many who would consider them worth it. But, we could always depend on the Mc Neils. Mrs. McNeil was a swell person, and we always made a special point of informing her when we were having a party so she would send her kids and help swell our till. And sure enough, little Estelle, Lorraine, Johny, Marion and even the two older ones, Jane and Dorothy, would arrive with their nickel. I have often thought that many of our get-togethers of this sort would have fallen through had it not been for our next door neighbors, the McNeils. We would always serve popcorn at these times, at least we served whatever popcorn was left after we got through eating it. Also, some \_\_\_\_\_ made with a packaged powder and candy. There would be entertainment, usually provided by the guests themselves or maybe Izzy would decide to honor us with a song. On rare occasions even I would condescend to do a specialty number, but I said on rare occasions, for I had to be on the look-out that our "guests" didn't overdo themselves while eating and also I had to act as bouncer and take care of "gate crashers."

We once held one of our soire's in our "Lair". This was merely a section of ground in a little wooded spot by the road where we had laid an old piece of linoleium and had stood large pieces of cardboard upright to form walls. That one was our most successful venture in our entertainment history.

It was really quite cozy in our little club, even though the linoleum got so hot you couldn't sit down. We had placed it right where the sun shown birghtest it seemed, and it beat down, blistering the linoleum. One day we awoke to find our "Lair" demolished - it had rained during the night and our house came tumbling down. Cardboard walls are really not very endurable.

On numerous occasions we would give impromptu performances of our terpsichorean skill by dancing for the public as they went speeding down the highway. Oblivious to the fact that we were acting terribly we would stand on the

bridge and dance and \_\_\_\_\_ would have earned any money, anyone would care to throw our way should anyone stop. But nobody ever did, they would just grin and go on their way. We would be furious. But one day, a big black beautiful auto did stop and we ran up to it eagerly. We soon slowed down when we saw who was sitting in the car - it was one of the Trustees who had been visiting the Farm for the day. But he was a ~~good~~ sport about the matter and promised to keep the incident under his hat if we would promise to stop this display. We kept our side of the bargain, he kept his promise and thus ended two glorious dancing careers.

Well, as you can see, I managed to secure my sweets and satisfy my ever-present craving for them, by hook or by crook, as the old saying goes but I will have to mention that I don't think they did me any good - I could have saved myself money in dentists bills I'm paying today had I been a little less greedy then.

I am a person who enjoys solitude. I like to be by myself once in a while and just sit and do nothing but think. When I was younger, I disliked asking certain questions, feeling that the said questions would seem a little stupid. For a long time I wondered what the RX on prescriptions and drug store windows meant, and for a long time I didn't know because I never wanted to ask such a silly question. Today, I can ask one adult after another, and many of them don't know, so now I realize I shouldn't have hesitated to ask. How many of you readers know the meaning of this symbol? Many of you, especially if you're in any field of medicine, do know, but if perhaps you don't, why not look it up. The explanation of its origin & meaning is very interesting.

I used to get an extreme pleasure out of getting up very early in the morning and going out into the fields to pick currants. This is something that is best done in the early hours, anyway, for this the sun is not too hot. I would often arrive home with a large basket of currants before the others had even turned over in bed. I like the times when I would sit in the kitchen with my mother after the picking was completed and before all the confusion that always prevailed at home in the morning. Looking back to these heart warming occasions mean more to me now than they did then and I enjoy recalling them. I can still remember I liked them than.

Sometimes though my berry-picking was not done in such a legitimate way. Since there was not an excess of strawberries, each family had their section marked out and each was honor-bound, not to go over into the next section. This, too was done with the raspberries, and the plan worked out to everybody's satisfaction, but Izzy's and mine. More than once I remember, we crawled down the rows of strawberries eating the biggest and juiciest of them. I mentioned we crawled for this is what we had to do in order to prevent being discovered. The strawberry patch was visible from the most widely traveled road on the farm.

Once we laid eating strawberries and talking about the affairs of the world, when I felt something moving beneath me. I didn't pay much attention to it, but after noticing excessive movement, I decided to investigate. I discovered I had been laying on a snake. Isn't it funny how somethings just seem to kill your appetite.

Although I did enjoy picking the currants, as I just told you, I did not like to pick cherries at all. It seemed that you could never get enough to fill your basket. Such slow and laborious work was not for me. I decided and I usually managed to get out of it. But picking this delicious fruit for my own consumption was an entirely different matter, for then I did get up enough energy to pick them.

continued...'

We would go from tree to tree and eat till we could not eat another one - then just lie till we got over the effects of overeating. We discovered a cherry tree over by Izzy's house one day that produced big, dark cherries instead of the usual small bright red ones. We were accustomed too. Risking my neck, I climbed out on the rickety limbs and secured all the cherries that were within my reach. We had a feast eating them, I wondered why the tree had borne so little fruit, I would have enjoyed more. After Izzy's mother cut the few we had brought home to her, we find out that the tree must have some disease for all the cherries were wormy. Oh well we enjoyed them anyway.

On the rare occasions my mother would take a few days off to visit her relatives in Indiana, it was usually up to either Marge or Mary to leave their jobs in the city and come out to the Farm to stay in order to keep a watchful eye on us. They really got a workout too for anybody who has ever raised a child knows what a great deal of trouble this child can be, but when there are nine, as in our clan, the work and worry is nine times greater.

During the times mother was not present, we found it easy to escape from any excessive labor my inexperienced sisters were really quite sympathetic as we unfolded sad tales and woeful reasons why we were unable to wash the dishes, make the beds, or do any other chores laid out to us. They believed us more readily than good old mom, who was all too wise to all our tricks.

Both Marge and Mary were excellent cooks, and spent much time in trying to satisfy our appetites. On one occasion Marge made a delicious pot of chicken and noodles, a particular favorite of mine. But ?????? (page 6)

myself with a terrific headache and stomach upset. Even feeling as badly as I did, I still did not want to pass up this delicious dinner, so I decided to go to the nurse and see if she would be able to cure me so I could enjoy it. Little did I suspect what she was up to as she prepared her "nursie kit special" as she called it. To Miss Swenson a "nursie pie special" was what I now call an ordinary enema. Enough said about this matter. P.S. I did get to eat and enjoy my chicken dinner. What miracles modern medicine have wrought.

continued.....

I have never been a person to strictly adhere to the English language or to the proper grammatical use of the words in this language. I have always used the word "aint" and I really think that this word should be included in our language. Grammar teachers loudly exclaims the fact that the word "arent" should be used instead of "aint" but "aren't" doesn't seem just right to me in certain instances, so why not use another word like an't (of mysterious origin, I know a true contraction) in places where aren't doesn't quite fit? After all, we have other words in the English language that are used in the same way we would use this one. I would rather hear someone ?????? Page 8

instead of "Aren't I getting technical? We all know aren't is nothing but the words are not, and I don't think "are not I getting technical" sounds any too good do you?

I know that most of you disagree with me, but I am quite confident when I say that I am convinced this little word will work itself into everyday use and be accepted as proper in years to come. I do wish we could all be around 50 years from now so I could prove my point.

Now how did I get onto this subject? Oh, I know. I wanted to tell you about a comical incident in my life about an expression I once used.

Being an avid reader of English history, I couldn't help but pick up some of the words and expressions that were used by these people. If I were reading modern English history at a certain time, I might call everyone I met Governor until the novelty wore off. At another time who irritated me by screaming "A Pox On You" or a Pleague on You. One of the longer lived lived was "Couldest Be". Someone would ask me if I was well and I would answer "Couldest be". The weather was cold? Couldest be as you know the old English always used the words "couldst" or Wouldst -. Well after driving everyone to distraction with my "couldest be" I got Izzy started, but she didn't like the style of Nerrie Olde England, so she changed it to Could Be. Imagine our surprise one evening when I was listening to two well known comedians we heard them use this pet expression. We had a lawsuit all planned--after all, they couldn't get away with stealing our material. I wonder how that deal every fell through--something terribly important must have come up to make us forget--HMMMM.

I really don't think there are very many things that I didn't attempt when I was growing up. Among my more ludicrous (?) escapades I include my experience in house-breaking.

Across the road in the apple orchard there stood an adorable little two story cottage that we referred to as the "cheese box" At one time Mrs. Curtis had resided there but there was something ??????????????(Page 11) bottom line???????

the winter. I recall, although later an elderly couple the Costellos moved in and lived there the year around.

The place was always awe-in spring to me - something about it gave me an erie feeling. Set in a corner of the orchard, it seemed so secluded. It was kept locked during the times it was unoccupied, and this alone teased my imagination enough to make me want to find why it was kept this way. One day a few of us girls got into a huddle and decided to break in and investigate. Unaware that the boys knew what we were planning, we went over and began casing the place, trying to discover an easy way of entry. I really don't remember just how we did get in, but we did and began to look around. It was such a cozy little cottage, rustic, with a fireplace. Over the doorway of the main entrance there was a painted Latin phrase about what I don't know. I didn't read Latin and don't remember what I was told about its meaning. There was a stairway leading to the upstairs and I just couldn't resist seeing what was up there. As I was looking ar ound, I heard a terrific bang which petrified me with fear. Imagining all sorts of ghostly things, I was too <sup>in a</sup>fr~~e~~ighted to turn around and stayed/bent over position my hands still in a chest until the others came running up the stairs. I never lived that incident down, they all laughed themselves weak over it- it was just an ironing board that had fell over, probably shaken by all the racket I was making. Now all of us were upstairs. The others had not gotten over my experience when I heard something to hushed them. It was the clinking of chains, and this noise brought to mind all the blood cudling stories I had ever heard about spirits and ghosts & there ever present chains. None of us moved - we couldn't. The footsteps went from one room to another, the chains clanked... why did we ever come??? weren't we told this place was "haunted"

Standing motionless, we were relieved to hear the noise cease, and began whispering our plans of a mad dash to safety. When the clanking again commenced only this time on the stairway. The ghost was coming closer..... The suspense was terrific. We were all close to tears, but too scared to utter a sound. The noise, came closer and closer--oh. Then a head appeared, it was only one of the boys dragging a chain with his pals crouching silently at the foot of stairs watching. What a relief, but what a razzing we took. We never would give in and stubbornly averred the fact that we were not in the least frightened--not much.....

*Start w/ p. 6*

It was really a lovely place, an ideal for meditation if every anyone was in the mood. On warm summer evenings, Izzy and I would often go there to sit not on the benches but on the wall.

Each time I see a lily of the valley, I think of this garden, for it contained a patch of these flowers, and they were so beautiful.

When you were inside the cabin it was easy to imagine you were living in the past. Except for the fact that it lacked a fireplace, which I am sure no cabin of by-gone days was without, it was kept very much like it was originally. The furniture was painted a pale gray, the curtains at the sun windows ~~filled~~ were yellow as were the chair pads and there were two homey looking chairs. The floor was kept polished it was the duty of the older girls to periodically clean it and keep it looking presentable.

Many pleasant afternoons were spent in the cabin "playing house". We often had parties there, too, and I remember the time we gave Mr. Larkin a birthday party in the cabin. Each one brought a planned dish, the table was decorated and there was a big birthday cake. A good time was had by all, thanks to the careful supervision of Alice, "Fruzy" Smith, one of the girls.

Izzy and I always kept our salt shakers tucked away in different spots and at various intervals, so that if we ever lacked salt for our green apples, we would not have to go too far to obtain it. We always kept some in the cabin, I remember for that was one of our favorite spots for talking and we spent so much time there in the log cabin.

continued.....

Across the street from the farm, nestled in a clearing in the apple orchard, stood a small log cabin. It was over a hundred years old, and we were extremely proud of it. It had been renovated many times to keep it in good shape, but it still kept its original look. Just outside the front door there was an old rusted bell--probably used to call some early pioneer home to dinner. I have many exciting tales this cabin could have told had it only the power to speak. I have always admired old things. No matter what the quality of the article, the mere fact that it is old gives it a charm. My mother possesses a few pieces of china and glassware that I have always enjoyed looking at. P. 5

To get back to the log cabin, I don't want to forget to describe the lovely garden situated just next to it. As you stepped outside the side door of the cabin, you enter this garden. A beautiful stone wall surrounded it, and two stone benches were placed on each side. There was a pool for goldfish, but it was usually empty, for it didn't seem like fish thrived any too well in it. Flowers of various kinds grew in abundance and an apple tree adjoining the wall spread its branches to form shade and lend its blossoms as an umbrella above us.

End.....??????????????