

## FRED AND GRACE

My father's business continued to expand. He first handled grain, seeds, cattle supplies, hardware, etc. Gradually, he expanded until it became a General Merchandise store covering all household needs such as groceries, medicines, clothing, shoes, meats, electrical appliances, furniture, etc. He moved with the times, never letting the big city stores out-do him.

Mother Grace found the honeymoon to be over at an early date. From 1900 to 1902, they enjoyed marital bliss in their first little home.

Early in 1902, (February 11), their first child, Frances Louise was born. At birth, she was a delicate, brown-eyed blond baby, weighing only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  pounds. She was so small, her mother's wedding ring could slip over her hand and up the arm to the elbow. It is hard to believe that a child so small could survive.

Frances was a quiet child, seldom crying. She would sit for an hour or so in the corner of the kitchen counter, never soiling or wrinkling her clothes. Her first step was taken at the age of two years. The entire town was rejoicing when the news was announced county-wide by Fannie McKern, the telephone operator.

Between 1902 and 1905, the family moved to their new re-built home on the crest of the hill.

On November 27, 1905, their second daughter, Mary Elizabeth was born. Mother was busy helping her Aunt Em prepare Thanksgiving dinner when she felt the pains of contraction. Soon after, I, Elizabeth, was born into this world, a normal healthy child, weighing nine pounds, plus.

Son, John Daniel arrived on January 11, 1908. John was a strong, robust baby with a fine set of lungs and demanding nature. How proud his parents were to welcome a son and to assure the continuance of the family name.

On October 5, 1912, Frederick Chester, their fourth and

last child joined the family circle. Frederick was a small, sensitive child with blond curly hair and big eyes. He readily won the hearts of all.

OUR FIRST HOME -  
MY FATHER'S VERSION -

"Our first home was a small house; three bedrooms, dining room, kitchen and living room, which I bought for \$375, giving a mortgage for \$200, which, by the way, cost my credit standing a lot in my business.

Here's an example of the cost: I owed the International Harvester Co. about \$1,800, which was due October 31st. Tim Goodrich, the owner of the house I bought, demanded the mortgage for \$200. This appeared to be on the record and everyone I owed money to got scared right away. I must be really poor if I had to give a mortgage for \$200.

The man from International Harvester was out early the morning of October 1, to get their money. I was very surprised that they would come on the first day the account was due. He explained that he had to start someplace and I was as good as any to start with.

The Collector figured out what I owed him. I gave him a check for the amount and he was on his way, a very happy man. He stopped off in Hillsboro to collect from "Schulmericks" and told them that he had just made a collection in North Yamhill that he thought would give them a lot of trouble. They asked him who it was and when he told them it was Trullinger, they gave him a great laugh. The next time I saw the Schulmericks, they told me what the Collector had said. The next spring, I was to see the Manager of International Harvester for the coming years' business. I twitted him about the statement he had made to the Schulmericks and wasn't his face red?

We lived in our little house four or five years when Frank Hansworth came to me and wanted to trade his house and a block of land on the hill for our smaller home. Grace and I were delighted. After some dickering, he let us have his house and the block of land. I would deed him our home and pay him an additional \$1500.

I moved the old house back from the street and did a complete remodeling job. It became one of the best homes in North Yamhill. We lived there, happily, for the next twelve years."

(Mr. Hansworth had two dogs, which he named, "Jesus and Mary.")

## CHILDHOOD DAYS

The first ten years of marriage were busy and often difficult for our lovely mother. Aside from the daily chores of cleaning, cooking, sewing and caring for her family, she also had two hired men to board and room.

Mother Grace was not a strong, robust woman, but she faced each day with grit and determination. Four adults and four children to care for was indeed a heavy burden. According to my father, "the children were the best dressed kids in town and by far the smartest."

Looking back to our childhood, we children were happy and content. Our dad was the head man in town, he owned the store which provided all needs for the entire county. We lived in one of the nicest homes in town and always had nice clothes and plenty to eat. We were "big ducks in a small pond."

When we left this small pond for the big world, we were quickly awakened to the real facts of life-- but first, let me relate some of my early experiences-- I remember them well:

Visiting our grandparents at the flour mill was much fun. We were allowed to play in the "mill-run" where the water was shallow, swift and slippery. We'd jump in at the top of the run and slide to the bottom where the water was quiet and cool. We always looked forward to this summer treat, but the nights were frightening. The mice were numerous and all night long they ran up and down the inside walls. I could almost feel them in my bed, but, of course this was only fantasy.

As children, we were required to attend Sunday School. If we were on a trip in our E.M.F., our parents always allowed time for Sunday School in a near-by town. A note was then given us by the minister in order to credit our visitation. We all wore church pins indicating the number of years we had faithfully attended without a miss. I had eleven years of perfect attendance.

I do not know whether or not my parents ever joined a

church. I do know, however, that my father contributed to all the three churches in Yamhill. If the Catholic Church needed a new roof, it was my father who put the roof on. The same was true for the Methodist Church or the Christian Church.

Winter was a fun time, in spite of the head colds, long underwear and chill-blanes. With the first snow, preparations were made for a snow slide down our back hill. Dad would build a log fire at the top of the hill so that we might warm ourselves between slides.

One very cold winter night, some youngster poured water down the hill. The temperatures dropped to zero and long before morning, the slide was slick with ice. The first boy to arrive for the day of fun, had the slide of his life. The sled started down the hill gaining in speed every few feet. Instead of stopping at the door of the neighbor's barn, he crashed through the door and landed in the hay. Yes, he survived, but had several lacerations.

One very cold Christmas Day stands out in my memory. As we hovered around the Christmas Tree, we heard soft music coming from a distance. Running to the window, we saw our father driving a real sleigh. The horse was bedecked with sleigh bells and what a sight it was. We hurriedly dressed in our warm hats and coats and were off for a jolly time on Christmas Day.

It's interesting how certain discomforts were tolerated in those early days. The yearly dosage of vermafuge(?) taken for worms, was horrible. In the spring, we never missed the turpentine head treatment for lice. I don't think we ever needed such torture-- but who can tell-- we all drank from the same cup on the school ground and we all used the same three-holer back of the school.

Returning to Christmas Season, let me recall the big Christmas Party my father gave for the entire community. There was the biggest tree they could find, nicely decorated with candy canes and paper runners. Under the tree were many sacks of candy-- one for every child in the place. There was music and refreshments-- happy talk and some

dancing. As the evening wore on, the children slept by the warm stove in the corner while their parents enjoyed the festivities.

Mother's father, John Fox and her brother, Chester Fox, often came down from Portland for the Holidays. We could hardly wait for their arrival as they came loaded with wonderful gifts. They were always so jolly and spent endless hours entertaining us four children.

The 4th of July was another exciting time. Yamhill always had a parade with a big float to carry Uncle Sam and all the local children. How important we felt as we waved our small American flags to the residents along the street. What a blow it was when I was told that Uncle Sam represented our Country-- I thought he was our real Uncle. It had the same effect as discovering that Santa Claus was really only your father dressed in a costume for the occasion.

In the early years of 1900 there were few store-purchased games so we children made our own fun. Consequently, we often got into trouble with our elders.

The use of bad language was treated by a mouth-wash. Mother would line us up by the bath-tub and vigorously wash our mouths with soap. Horrible, but effective.

I can truthfully say, we never got away with a thing. When one of us side-stepped the rules, we were all punished. Mother often waited for Dad to come home to wield the strap. He always contended that it took two to fight, so we were all equally to blame.

Sister Frances and I really got into trouble one spring day. We decided to play hookie (slang for running away) from school and visit the grade school in Carlton.

We were dressed in white cotton blouses with red sailor ties. The weather was beautiful, so we went skipping along, laughing with the joy of freedom.

We enjoyed visiting the school and left early enough to reach Yamhill about the time school was out. But-- the weather changed and the spring rains soaked us to the skin. The red ties faded and ran down our blouses. Our four-mile hike home was a nightmare. Sad to say, our absence had been

noted at school and reported to Mother and Dad. They were waiting for our return. After a verbal scolding, we were put to bed without our supper. Long before we had fallen asleep, Mother quietly came to our room with a tray of bread and milk.

Oh yes, I must tell you about the time I danced around the May Pole wearing a white islet dress and black bloomers. The night before the big May event, I was allowed to spend the night with my friend next door. Lucille had straight hair so, her mother put it up in "rags" to create nice bouncy curls. I had natural curls but they did not bounce like Lucille's so her mother put mine up in "rags."

All the country kids wore black bloomers to school, but I had only white ones. Wishing to be like my friends, I borrowed a pair of black ones for this event. Alass, the country kids wore white for this event.

When the townspeople gathered for the May-Pole dance, they were shocked to see one queer little girl among all the lovely ones. My hair looked like an assortment of cork screws and when I kicked up my feet to dance the black bloomers under my white islet dress looked hideous. Poor Mother, she was so embarrassed.

Brother John's prize stunt looms bright in my memory.

A great deal of brass was used in the manufacturing of the early cars, especially true on our car, the E.M.F. To keep the brass clean and bright was John's responsibility. It became an "Albatross" around his neck, so he decided to do something about it. He painted all the brass a dull green. It took him all summer to remove it.

Sister Frances had a dreadful experience which left life-long scars on her face. Mother and Dad had left on a buying trip for Portland. We children had been instructed to run down to the store for our lunch. Frances must have been in a big hurry as she ran as fast as her feet would go, down the hill into the plate glass door of the store. She broke through the plate glass and lay among the broken pieces on the inside. Her body, especially her face and neck, were



badly cut. When our parents arrived home, they found Frances bandaged from head-to-toe-- but alive.

The summers were busy times for our family. Business increased at the store and at home. Mother had the additional job of preserving foods for winter use. We children were left much to ourselves to find entertainment. We were able to earn a little spending money by picking prunes and hops. Aside from that, we lived a very normal, quiet life, in a very normal, quiet American town.

This ends the story of our first few years in Yamhill, Oregon. A wonderful beginning for the more complex life which was to follow. Many of my father's original papers have been copied in order to complete my recording. He would have been pleased, I'm certain...

Now, on we go-- to the big city and to big happenings.