

This is Violet Maria Strickland Warnick's story written for her children. It was completed in 1994.

I was born on April 28, 1911. As a little girl I was a great disappointment to my parents who thought that I should have been a boy. My parents named me after the hired girl, Violet Busby. She was a very pretty girl. Two weeks later a daughter was born to my father's brother, Sam Strickland and she was also named Violet. They seemed to think that Papa should change my name though I'd already worn the name for two weeks. Finally, they changed her name to Nina (Nina Strickland Killorn). When I was 18 months old on October 1, 1913, my mother gave birth to a boy and he was named Vernon after the hired man. At the time of my birth they lived on Mill Creek Flat near Pray. Vernon was born near Belgrade at his maternal grandmother's, Amelia Florence Reynolds, house. When I was four years old, Mother got a divorce. She got us kids and a settlement of money. She got \$2000, which was a lot of money in those days. My Father sold his cattle to get it.

As in all partings of the ways a great deal of ground work had to be done. My mother was a beautiful woman, though she was a victim of birth injuries, she had been taught to do as well as most other people. However, she had an erratic temperament. She had to have people around her and loved the little social amenities of life. She and Papa had a June 1905 church wedding and he took her to his ranch. He then lived at Dailey's Lake, where there was nothing but cows and solitude. Papa had been raised to this kind of life and that was all that he needed. He was always laying down all sorts of impossible rules for her to follow. When she couldn't, he would beat her. Once his dog followed her when she went for a walk and he got hold of some strychnine bait and it died of it. Baits were put out for the coyotes but dogs were always eating them and dying.

Papa was a cripple. When he was nineteen, he was cutting cedar posts alone and a tree fell on him. He was knocked into a small depression and his leg was crushed to the hip. His horse Hazel was very good and came when he called her. He pulled himself up her leg and into the saddle. She swam the Yellowstone River which was running full of blocks of ice and took him to his Uncle Sam's place where he was put to bed. Because he could wriggle his toes he thought his leg wasn't broken. Finally gangrene developed. The stench was so bad that Aunt Katie sent someone to Livingston for the doctor. There was little the doctor could do, but he did get

the gangrene stopped. He poured whiskey on the hip and set it on fire. Then he scraped off the dead tissue, scorched some flour on the stove and put that on the hip. Papa said that the flesh was dead and he couldn't feel anything. It took many months for him to get well. From then on he had a beastly temperament. He found fault with everyone for the rest of his life. He lived to be 87 years old. His hurt leg was 2 1/2 inches shorter than the other one.

Papa bought a ranch on Mill Creek Flat and after several years he had finished a nice house. He employed a carpenter by the name of William Johonan to help him. Whether Mr. Johonan was a very good carpenter or not I don't know, but I do know that between the two of them they managed to have a window with a room wall coming up to the middle of it. Mr. Johonan disappeared one night and no one ever heard or seen tell of him again. It does seem strange that he didn't take any of his clothes or tools with him. Papa used the tools and finally gave them to Vernon years later. I think that Mr. Johonan was really a cabinet maker. He took the cedar tree that had broken Pap's hip and made a lovely corner curio cabinet out of it. It was burned in a fire many years later.

The next spring on April 28, 1911 after they moved into the new house I was born. My mother was 32 years old and I came near to costing her her life. I was an instrument baby and didn't breathe so they thought me dead. Grandmother Reynolds took me into the kitchen and was trying to press my head into some shape so I could look nice when they buried me. I gasped and she called the doctor and he got me breathing. Grandmother Reynolds always thought I should be very grateful to her for saving my life. But believe me it has not been all that good. My mother breast fed me as most women did then, but I developed carbuncles, one on each side of my neck, almost as large as my head. When they thought that I would die, they took me to a doctor. He said that Mother's milk was poisoning me and they put me on Eagle brand milk. I got well and turned all pink and white and was also much easier to live around. Even so I spent many hours of suffering with my stomach and still do.

Then Papa discovered that there was land on the Flathead Indian Reservation over near Missoula that could be homesteaded. So away he went. He and Mother stayed in Missoula for a while until he found what he wanted. The land agent took him out and showed him

beautiful black soil and said that one could raise anything on it. So Papa got it, but alas it was black, alkali and gumbo. Papa built a four room house, two bedrooms, a living room and a kitchen. The spring was a ways from the house and the water had to be carried in buckets. By this time Vernon had been born and was about 18 months old, so he and I would go with Papa when he carried the water. Us kids would race each other home. One day Papa built a barbed wire fence around the trail. We went with Papa to get the water and on the way home we raced as usual. Being the older I ran the fastest and hit the fence cutting my face below the left eye to the bone. I never could see well, but even then my people were not convinced that I had bad eye sight. This accident brought on a big row as my mother had used up all of the turpentine in the painting and since the river was so high, I could not be taken to Dixon to the doctor. One of the Indians who ran the ferry had drowned and the other man would not try to get across it as he might also drown. Meantime, my face healed up all by itself, all jagged and red. Papa didn't put in a gate, but draped the barbed wire fence with burlap. There was no more racing.

Papa and Mother had been married over 6 years when I was born. One summer after they moved to the Mill Creek Flats, my father had gotten a well-driller and he took it and was gone all summer drilling wells. The loneliness and the fact that she had no way of going any place unless she walked almost alone for my mother's sanity. When they got to the reservation, the Indian women didn't seem to like her. I didn't know it then but now I know that Indians try to avoid people who are not sane. Papa and Mother got along with increased fury, punctuated with beatings to her. They threw everything but the kitchen stove at one another. Most of the dishes were either broken or cracked. Us kids learned to dodge flying objects and lived in terror.

I remember that I learned that birds made nests and sang pretty songs. We found a Meadowlark's nest in a cow track. We would check on the eggs and then on the young birds. My brother and I found this all very fascinating. Papa changed the irrigation water and the little birds were drowned, so we learned about death. It was hard to believe that the little birds would chirp no more. My mother said that the Meadowlark's song said "drink cold water". It does sound that way.

When I was about a year old, Mother and Papa were making a garden so they took me and put me in a wooden apple box so I would not be in the way or in the dirt. When they were through planting and came to the end of the garden pot I was draped over the end of the box and I had eaten several handfuls of dirt and juicy angle worms. I had simply leaned over the end and starting digging and eating.

Once Papa got very angry at my mother because she had not kept us kids from digging in the dirt near the foundation of the house. When it rained, the water came in and filled the little cellar under the house. One entered this little cellar by a trap door in the kitchen floor. Papa went down to secure some vegetables stored down there. Vernon leaned over to see and fell in and almost drown. My mother was supposed to watch us, but hadn't so Papa flew into a furry again. Vernon was dried out and was quite proud of his lumps. Vernon would not get potty trained and that caused a lot of extra work for my mother. Mother had been behaving in such an erratic manner that her mother said she must be going insane. It was decided that a trip to the coast would do her a lot of good. Aunt Grace took her to Oregon City and they spent the summer. Mother did perk up a little, seemed more rational. Grandmother Reynolds undertook to keep us kids, but Vernon would not get potty trained. My grandmother was a widow woman and had to make a living, so she took Vernon up to Aunt Kitty's.

Aunt Kitty had one child, Nellie and no patience. She tanned Vernon several times a day and by the time summer was over he was potty trained. My father was very angry at both Aunt Kitty and Grandmother Reynolds because of their treatment to us kids. They were farm women and had more then they could do without us kids. I remember that every night Grandmother would peel an apple and give it to me before bed, but then I had to eat the peeling. Sometimes we would go up to see Vernon. They had some baby kittens and puppies, us kids thought they were wonderful.

Mother and Aunt Grace came back from the coast, for a few days Mother was bright and gay and full of laughter. Then she reverted and was worse than she had ever been. We went back to the reservation and my father, soon she left him. She went to Bozeman, but he kept us kids. That is he kept us for a while, small children are a lot of work so he took us to Mother. After the divorce he sold his cattle and gave her \$2,000.00 which was a lot of money in those days.

At this time we lived on the Flathead Indian Reservation. There were indians living all around us, they were mostly mixed blood. There were rattlesnakes in that land, their vision short and would strike at anything. I had seen the indians work to save an animal of theirs who had been bitten on the head, but they would die in a few hours.

There was a German family whose son had been bitten and the method used to save his life caused him to become retarded and uncoordinated. The method was drenching the sores in alcohol. This lady was very good to my brother and me. She gave us little red cherry and yellow pear tomatoes. They were delicious.

Though they had been married for over twelve years at this time, my parents never had gotten along. Having children didn't help matters at all, just gave them more to fight about. After a big row, mother took Vernon and me and started over the hill to the neighbors to get them to take her to Dixon so she could leave my father. He followed on a horse, took us children and let her go. Then for two weeks he took care of us. I remember that we ate mostly cornflakes. We were a great hindrance to him and he found that he could get very little done. He took us to the mountains to get logs and Vernon got his foot between two logs and it came near to being crushed.

Papa took us up to the Kopes, an indian family about half a mile away, and we got in a fight with Peter, Kopes grandson, and I stuck my finger into his eye. It bled and he howled. His grandmother, who was part Seminole and descendant of Negro slaves, who ran to the swamps in Florida, was a large woman with kinky hair and could speak no English, but I knew she would like to have skinned me alive. Peter was the apple of her eye. He had black curly hair and was really a beautiful child. His sister Vivian had a light complexion and had brown hair.

Another time we were taken up to Kopes and Vernon stole a nickel. I told on him and Vernon threw the nickel away. We had to spend the afternoon looking for it in the tall rag weeds for it. When he was small, Vernon had a standard deal he pulled whenever he was caught stealing. He would yell "anything" and fling it away. Like the nickel, it was usually never found. That was a long hot afternoon we spent in the weed patch. I don't think that Vernon really understood why. Finally, Papa gave Vernon another nickel and we had to take it to the Kopes. They said they hadn't missed it. These antics and a few more convinced Papa that we were too

much for him. He took us to Bozeman and turned us over to our mother. They never lived together again. The Reynolds heard of land to be homesteaded over near Sumatera, which is located in Rosebud County. There had been a smallpox epidemic raging over near Bozeman. Uncle Louie had had it and just as he was getting well, they started to Sumatera. First on the train and then ninety miles by wagon. They drove all their cattle and horses, had pigs and chickens in the crates and all of their household furniture. Mother was to take a homestead that had been abandoned. Us kids grew very tired of traveling. We saw coyotes and antelopes and we called them envelopes, though he was getting sicker day by day. Uncle Louie thought that was cute. They put up tents at night and cooked over a campfire. We finally arrived and none too soon as Uncle Louie had a relapse on the smallpox. Aunt Grace and Grandmother and us kids all had it. Mother did not have it as she had been vaccinated when she had taken nursing training. They made us kids drink cream of tartar water as it was supposed to keep the disease light. We did break out lightly, but many years later in the Army Vernon was vaccinated and it took.

In time everyone was well. Mother went to the claim she was taking over. We were there over a month and no one came near us. There was a cabin, one room and a well. Finally one of Mother's people came by and we went to visit them. While we were gone someone jumped Mother's claim and were living there when we came back. So we went back to Grandmother's place. By this time Mother had homesteading out of her system and we went to Miles City and she bought a house site and built a one room cabin, really a tarpaper shack. She tried to raise a garden but the drought got it. The first winter we were there the temperature got to 50 degrees below zero and stayed that way for days. A friend of Mother's got a rupture appendix so we went to keep a fire going to save her plumbing. In other words we lived there while she was in the hospital. I think that it saved our lives. Our father came down there to see us and was horrified at the place we lived in. The next summer Mother had the house divided into two rooms and the two by fours were covered with some kind of sheeting or ceiling. Then it was painted, even the windows were painted shut.

One day Mother went off to the garden and left us kids asleep taking naps. We awoke coughing, the place was full of smoke. We tried the door, it was locked, so then we tried the window that we'd been going in and out all summer. It had been painted shut. I

took Vernon's shoe and broke the window out. Just as I was helping him to the ground Mother and some men came to put the fire out. She was very angry at me for breaking the window. While we lived there we had several fires, which she always managed to put out. Several years later while it was being rented it caught fire and burned to the ground.

Us kids were little demons. One day in a high wind we took a box of wooden matches out and set the sage brush on fire, it took the last match to do it. The neighbors went out to fight it. When it was out, they made Mother give us spankings or they would, she did.

Once in the dead of winter when it was below zero, Mother thought it was too cold to take us shopping with her, so she got a babysitter, Elizabeth Means, to stay with us. Mother paid the girl before she left. Elizabeth had many friends and they showed up and wanted her to go with them. Elizabeth got us to get into the outdoor privy and she locked us in it. Then she took off and was not seen around again that day. Neither Vernon nor I had on any wraps, we grew colder and we yelled. A neighbor came out of her house to get wood and we called to her to let us out, she did. She was a Russian woman and was very nice. She made popcorn and kept us at her house until Mother came home. My mother didn't say anything to Elizabeth but she never hired her again. Mother didn't look after us very well and we just ran wild.

When I was five years old we living in Miles City, I fell off a high platform and hurt my back and broke my arm. The arm was never set as my mother insisted that it was only sprained. Of course, both my arm and back will bother me as long as I live, it could be worse. She had heard about Christian Sciences and said if I just thought so, it would be all-right. She didn't know much about that sect.

One of our neighbor's children had the mumps. Thou exposed to them we didn't get them. Our house was on an island and we had to cross the Powder River on a swinging bridge only wide enough for people to walk on. The sway of it was very upsetting to my stomach. In the summer when the Powder River was low Vernon walked across it leaping from rock to rock. Since he was so small, he could have fallen into a pool between the rocks and drowned. Mother just watched him and said nothing. The little Russian neighbor woman's name was Mrs. Kransky. Her husband was an amateur photographer and he took many pictures of us kids, mother paid him. Once he took us

down to the river, someone had told us that there was an old pig in the bushes and it was going to get us, we were really terrified. After we left Miles City Mrs. Kransky took care of renting the house until it burned down. The last I heard of the Kranskys, she had eight children and had died.

The second winter in Miles City was not so cold as the first had been, the house was in better shape. Even so the wind howled down our chimney, like the lost soul wandering the earth. Even to this day a wind wailing in the chimney brings it all back.

While in Miles City Mother worked in the truck gardens and she took us along. A 16 year old girl had been in labor for over 18 hours when the baby was delivered by a doctor. All this time she was screaming. I was shown the baby, horrible red thing. I wanted to hit it. Everyone had a red face. To this day I hate babies. Mother also tried to start me in school, when the teacher found out I was only 5, she sent me home.

One of Mother's friends persuaded her to go to Oregon, so early in the year we got on the train and went to Roseburg. We had ridden on the train many times and thought trains were wonderful. Of course, Mother didn't watch us and we climbed on a seat and swung on a wire that ran through the car, there was a terrible screech and the train came to a halt with a jolt. It seems we had swung on an air brake wire, the conductor had a lot to say to Mother. Another day us kids opened a window and Vernon was hanging out the window as we rolled along. The conductor pulled him in and again the conductor had words with Mother. I'm sure the poor man was very glad when the Strickland family was out of his hair. We were with him until Portland. After that we didn't see him any more. That must have been the end of his run.

When we arrived at Roseburg, Oregon Mother bought us soup plates and the bare necessities to use until her freight arrived. She rented a two room apartment on the ground floor. It was very dirty and had to clean it up. Us kids played with a little girl in the next apartment. Mother had gotten a papier-mache rooster for us kids to play with that had real feathers, we called it Rusty. This girl took it and pulled the feathers, she tucked them in a ribbon around her head and made a bead band. Mother was disgusted with us for letting the girl ruin our rooster, since she must have been at least twelve years old, nothing we had to say did any good.

Mother got in touch with real estate agents and we went to see many places that were for sale. Finally she found a seven acre place only five miles round trip from town. They were an old couple who were retiring. There were forty apple trees, some woods and grazing land. A horse, a cow and over a dozen chickens went with the place. Also a small barn covered with old fashioned pink climbing roses. Also, there was a buggy with shafts and harness. The house had two rooms, one large and one small. The first year there were chickens and even some garden. On the Fourth of July we went to town. There had been something wrong with the shafts and Mother borrowed another pair. It had to be hooked up different than ours. Mother didn't do it right, the shafts poked the horse in the ribs and on the steepest part of the road she ran away. Mother took the reins and tried to make the horse stop but she ran faster. Mother yelled for us kids to jump, we looked over the steep bank on the road side and we held on for dear life and screamed for all we were worth. We went down the mountain at quite a clip and right through the part of town where a parade was going on, we went

screaming though it. We were headed for a high cut bank that would have thrown us into the river. A Umqua man leaped into the buggy, grabbed the reins and brought that horse to a stop right on the steep bank.

We were all somewhat shook. Every time she was hitched up after that, the horse would run away. Our neighbor, Mr. Larson, took her out to see if he could reform the horse. She ran away with him and broke the shafts all to pieces. Mr. Larson said that he didn't think that she was safe for my mother to drive. She never tried to drive her again, we walked the five miles round trip. It was very hard on all of us.

The First World War was on and the prices of everything were getting higher every day. Mother's money was running short so we moved to town and rented a house. She worked in a cannery and us kids ran wild. Mother always had lots of ideas that might of worked for someone else, for her they never did. The cannery job was seasonal and soon over with. Troop trains were going through Roseburg, Oregon and they would stop and the men were fed. Mother worked in one of those kitchens. She didn't make much money and finally we moved back to our little house on the hill.

Many charitable organization tried to help us. Mother would not

have none of it. The Boys Scouts brought food and clothing up the hill on poles carried on their shoulders. When Mother said she didn't want it, they just dumped the food and clothing on the ground and left. The Boy Scouts said they wouldn't carry that load another step. She used some of it finally.

Our teacher's name was Miss Elsie McKiver. She was a very good woman and helped as many of the poor people in the school as she could. I read where she had died in Oregon when I was about sixteen years old. Us kids were always in trouble. There was a war on and everything we did or didn't do seemed to prove that we were not patriotic. Miss McKiver had over 50 kids in the school, all eight grades. Us kids listened to the eight grade students in their geography class and learned about China being on the other side of the world and that the world moved. So next morning we waited for China to go by, got to school after the first recess. For this we had to stay in every recess for a week. Once our mother brought peanut butter sandwiches to school and told us to give them out to the kids who had given us sandwiches, some of them threw them away. We didn't get even one bite. When Mother asked how the kids liked the sandwiches, we told her and she said nothing.

The flu epidemic was raging and people died like flies. Mother got on the train and we started for California. Our first stop was Portland and there she went to see someone but couldn't find her. We went to a hotel and Vernon slammed the door to our room so hard that it locked and wouldn't unlock. Mother spanked him and yelled and raised so much Cain that they got the house detective. He called the police and we spent the day in jail.

They gave us toast and oatmeal for breakfast, we didn't eat much. There were several government workers who ate with us, all woman, one was a very beautiful black woman. That breakfast was the only meal that we got. That evening we were taken and put on the train for California. In the middle of the night we reached the border, because of the flu epidemic, we were taken off the train and on the next train back we went to Portland. From there she went to several small towns where she worked. We were in Canby, Oregon in the railroad station waiting for a train when the town celebrated the Armistice. They burned hundreds of gallons of waste oil, shot off fireworks and the band blared. Everyone yelled and screamed for joy, us kids didn't understand it, but it was lively. Vernon and I thought people had gone crazy but Mother said they were just happy.

Our landlady in Canby didn't like children, but she needed the money so she let Mother stay there. This lady was always telling Mother what she thought of the war and the way young people behaved in those days. There was a sixteen year old war bride whose soldier husband had been killed. She got his insurance and started to go with other men. Our landlady thought she should stay a **widow** the rest of her life.

Though we had led a very unsure and shaken sort of life, Mother was always trying to make it more so. In Miles City she used to hide from us kids and when we would start to scream in desperation thinking she had deserted us, she would come back. The neighbors told her she shouldn't do that to us as it was bad for us, she did it anyway. So in Canby when we awoke in the dark of the night and she was gone, we thought she had left us. We screamed and the landlady came and told us to shut up. We turned the light on and got dressed.

Then leaving the light on, we snuck down stairs, we managed to find our way to the restaurant where mother worked. She was there. The boss woman had her kids take us to their house and we stayed there most days after that. They raised cannery birds, dozens of them. I thought they were wonderful. When we went back to Rosebury, they gave me a bird. Mother named it "Dick". We took it on the train in a pasteboard box and it soon died from bad care.

Mother had an Elgin watch on a long gold chain and she pawned it to a man for \$5.00 in Canby. A long time later she wrote to the man to get her watch back, but he and his wife had sold it. When mother was in Oregon City, she tried to pawn her diamond ring to a jeweler, he said it wasn't a diamond and wouldn't give her anything for it. Years later, I took that same ring into the same jeweler and I asked him if it was a diamond, he said it was, so I told him about what happened years before. He said he told Mother it wasn't a diamond because she might have stolen it and he didn't want to get into trouble. Mr. Rose was a smart man, he was also Jewish. When we got back to Rosebury we had no money, no food and no fuel. Mother had raised some squash and left them at a little store to be sold, they didn't sell so we carried them home and ate them. We had so little I really do not know how we stayed alive except for the lunches at the school. The flu epidemic was still full tilt and it was nothing to see several hearses a day, we didn't get it. It seemed that mostly well fed fat type people seemed to die with the flu.

After Christmas we went back to school, the teacher and the big

girls hugged and kissed us. Vernon and I thought they had gone crazy, seems they thought we must have died with the flu. At least someone was glad to see us for once in our lives. The flu and the war together had a very bad effect on a great many people, sort of crazed them. Of course, people had to deal with high prices, also a lot of the men around there had been drafted. At that time in the history of our country women were just not geared to making the living and competing with men. The First World War was the thing that got women out of the house and working, they had to or starve. Mother worked in the truck gardens and also in the big fields where they raised vegetables to can, all three of us worked even though Vernon was only four years old. We picked beans and peas and it was a hot long job. We thought how nice it would be when the tomatoes got ripe, but when they did, we found out that the buckets we put them in took both of us to lift it, and the tomatoes had something on them that took the skin off our hands. There were a great many children working in the fields, but we were the smallest. About this time Mother got the notion that she would like to come back to Montana.

She wrote my father a letter and had me copy it, asking for money for us to go back to Montana. Then she packed two boxes and called a cab and while it was on its way, she piled all of our household goods on the front porch and went off and left them. Much later she wrote to the neighbors and asked them to send her things, but they wrote back saying that they had been stolen.

When we got to the train, she only had a ticket for herself and I should have had one. I don't think they quite knew what to do with her so they let both of us ride. It was still summer when we got to Bozeman and we got a room with a large family. We even ate there. One day a man with a limp called at the house and said that he was our father. I would have nothing to do with him, though Vernon went with him. Mother always said for us never to go with anyone we weren't sure we knew. It was my father, so Mother and Father were both angry at me. I hadn't seen him since I was five and was then eight years old. Father stayed there for several days and could see that we had nothing, not even many clothes. They had been left on the porch in Roseburg. So Father persuaded Mother to let him take Vernon with him when he went back to Livingston. Vernon was very happy to go with him. After that we got a different room and we ate our meals at the Chinese restaurant. I think that it was mostly on jawbone as we had no money. I met Mr. Sam Key once and his son who was a nice man. It was he who gave me a diamond ring when I was two weeks old. Mother let me wear it and

I lost in down a drain in a hotel. Sam Key and Mother had known each other when they worked at Hunters Hot Springs many years before. Finally, Mother got a house and furnished one room with second hand furniture. We also had a bed and when it grew colder we moved everything into the kitchen. Mother worked some in restaurants and also picked up potatoes. We had a very hard time of making a living and not much to eat.

As usual several charity organizations tried to help but she would have none of it. The school board furnished me dresses that I put on at school and took off before I went home. A gypsy girl had the same treatment. A coat was also furnished for me. Mother didn't make me take it back as I was going to school in a thin old sweater. I had a friend named Edna Brown. I went to see her one day and she was very red and breathless, so I didn't stay long. On Monday she didn't come back to school and they said she had scarlet fever. Since I had been exposed, I couldn't go to school either. Though I never came down with the fever, Edna's mother said that I had given it to her. Edna almost died. She was one of those overly fat children. This happened just in time for Christmas holidays. My father bought Vernon to see us. My father got me two dresses, one was green and the other one was blue serge. Mother had gotten a box from her sister, Grace, and in it among other things was a night gown with a lot of hand made lace, it also was perfumed. Mother dumped all of it into the stove and burned it. I told Grandmother Reynolds about this years later and she was horrified and didn't think that Annie would do such a thing. She did. Aunt Millie had sent homemade candy and some gifts. I remember that Grandmother Everett had sent me some knitting needles. Mother wouldn't let us eat this candy saying it was poison and would have burned it but my father intervened. That night she tasted it and didn't die so she let us eat it the next day. Mother tried to get Vernon to stay with us. When he wouldn't, she tried to get me to persuade him.

Since we had nothing to eat, I didn't even try. She said that we didn't need to eat if we were all together. I laughed and she really tanned me. Since I'd been worrying where every bite was coming from since I'd been knee high, food was always on my mind. Vernon went back with our father. Mother said it was all my fault, I doubted it. As the winter progressed things got harder for us and Mother had gotten more unstable. She had a little two burner oil stove, one morning while she was cooking breakfast one burner bursted into ceiling high flames and wouldn't shut off and fire

was getting around. She couldn't get it out so I grabbed up the pan of pancake batter and doused it with that. The fire went out, but the oilstove would not go again. She was very angry with me. I went to Sunday School at the little church where Mother and Father had been married. The teacher was very nice.

It must have been about the last of January when my mother brought me a Valentine. on it there was a little girl walking down a trail and it said "Roses are red and Violets are blue. They are sweet and so are you. Be my Valentine". She gave this to me though it was a little early for the day. The next day when I came home at noon, she was not there, the house was unlocked, there was no note or anything to show where she had gone. My school teacher had been good to me so I ran there. On my way a neighbor lady tried to stop me. I was so upset that I kept on going. The principal, a Mrs. Wright, had me stay to lunch with the teacher and she got in touch with the authorities.

Seems the neighbor lady who had tried to stop me was supposed to hold me for the authorities. When I wouldn't stop, they lost me. Seems Mother was down at the jail waiting a sanity hearing. She wouldn't answer any of their questions. They questioned me. All I knew was that I had a father named Frank Strickland and that he lived in or near Livingston. Of course, the Stricklands were well known so it didn't take long to get my father over to Bozeman. Two old maid teachers kept me with them all night. They had a nice dinner. They had floating island for desert. It was a pudding with uncooked egg whites on it in blobs. I'd never heard of it before or since. We had it because her pyrex measuring cup broke right into the ginger dough she was fixing. Going back in time one remembers the trifling things of a moment.

My father went down to the jail and talked to my mother and she didn't seem to know what she had done. He found out that she had been running out to the outhouse in her long underwear and a lot of other things that she shouldn't have done. At the sanity hearing she was judged insane and remanded to Warm Springs. She wanted to see me but I was so angry that she deserted me again that I wouldn't go and see her. My father had our few puny possessions boxed and sent to Livingston. He and I came over on the train the next day. I didn't see my mother again until I was almost sixteen years old. Vernon and I were afraid of her.

Our lives were very tremulous. I didn't adjust very well. We went up on the Park Branch to Brisbon, which was only a flag stop.

Uncle Ebb met us there in the Blue Jay (a little blue car) and we went to his house where Vernon was. I got to meet my Grandmother Evertte, Uncle Ebb, Bill Blome, a cousin Ruth and another cousin, Lois Carpenter who was staying there and going to school. My grandmother kept house for Uncle Ebb as his wife. Aunt Mary and a daughter Frances had died within a week of one another with the flu. Grandmother also took care of Ruth who must have been about three years old at that time. We walked to the brown house where my father lived. On the way we stopped at the cemetery and I saw the graves of my people. Uncle Ebb went that far with us. A school mate of Vernon's had died of pneumonia and was buried that day. Her name was Georgia Viola Smith, an only child of middle age parents. They never recovered. Mrs. Smith was a mail order bride from the South.

The brown house had five rooms, which we only used two and there was no heat except the kitchen stove. We all slept together in one bed because we had very few quilts and it was cold. Father did the cooking, very plain, but plenty of it. He also washed and saw that we went to school. The teacher's name was Laura K. Merritt and she was a red-haired demon. She had two of her own children in the school and used to beat them with a stick of stove wood. I was a dumb bunny and she had no patience with my kind so we didn't get along very well. She finally had to quit teaching in Montana since she refused to take a refresher course. She had had four years of teachers college and she said that was more education than most of the teachers had then. She was getting sadly out of date. When I was about sixteen years old, they moved to **Iowa**. They had a homestead up Strickland Creek. When they moved, they took their log house apart and numbered the logs so it could be rebuilt in **Iowa**. They said it would be a rare thing there.

When I was nine years old, Grandmother took me and Ruth with her when she went to visit her daughters, Kitty carpenter and Millie Foote, and a son, Sam Strickland, who live up the Shields River. We went up there with Aunt Millie and Uncle Henry Futter. They lived on Daisy Dean Creek. There were no curtains on the windows and not much furniture. Aunt Millie was a wonderful cook. She had a daughter named Frank Strickland Futter, named before she was born, very smart and large for her age. From there we went over to Aunt Kitty and Uncle Lewis on Cottonwood Creek. They had a lovely house with hardwood floors, four domain windows, a sleeping porch and clothes closets like small rooms. Also a large ice room that could be walked into. It took several 100 pounds of ice at a time. We had fun, but I heard afterwards that Ruth and I nearly tore

their house apart. I saw Kitty's house almost 60 years later.

From there we went to Uncle Sam and Aunt Effie's place. They had a five room house shaped just like the brown house we lived in. They also had three boys and a girl who just two weeks younger than me. Their Grandmother Compton was dying and Aunt Effie wanted to be with her mother, so Grandmother stayed and took care of all of us.

Some neighbor children came and all of them started to play and ate all of the cold meat that was to have been our dinner. Grandmother couldn't find anything to cook so when Uncle Sam arrived she had to cook a large pan of rice. Grandmother explained and Uncle Sam said that Aunt Effie just let the kids do anything they pleased. We were supposed to help Grandma when she called us to help with the dishes. One day Nina said "let's hide", so we did. I hid in the pantry. That was a dirty deal and I felt badly. I think that Mrs. Compton died that night.

We went to a little town where Dell and Luvie Compton, Aunt Effie's old main sisters, lived. I think that it was Wilsall and from there we took the train to Livingston. We got a room at the Old Cline Hotel on Park Street. Mrs. Cline served the best bacon and eggs for breakfast. We took the Park Branch to Brisbon and my father met us with the spring wagon.

Once when my grandmother was at Uncle Sam's, they showed her a postal savings book of pennies in Bennie's name. It had \$90.00 credited to him and nothing would do but she must take the book home with her and show it everyone in the family. She lost it and there was no replacing it, no records. Another time she saw a set of nature history books at Uncle Sam's and so she brought them home. She just put them away but Uncle Sam's children could have used them. The books were returned to Uncle Sam after Grandmother died. Grandmother had it in her mind that Bennie would be a minister when he grew up, but he wasn't. Bennie had a yen to take pictures in Canada, would work for a while and then take the money and use it for his hobby in Canada. His wife and family were often in want. She divorced him and married a more reliable man. It's nice to do as you please.

When spring came Father and Vernon would take the spring wagon and go to the Dabenny Place where father had a garden and built fences. I stayed at Uncle Ebb's and helped Grandmother pick vegetables and clean them and I also helped watch Ruth. I washed dishes and set the table and any other thing that she wanted me

to do. Father would pick me up on his way home at night. Grandmother taught me how to cut out bloomers that would fit me and how to sew them by hand.

A year or so later Uncle Ebb married our cousin Winifred Conlin Daily. I thought she was the pretties thing with auburn hair and a white skin with the cutest little gold freckles running across her nose. She had blue eyes and was very small. Uncle Andy, Aunt Aggie (Aunt Winnie's mother), Uncle Sam and Aunt Kattie all went on Ebb and Winnie's honeymoon through Oregon and down into California. While there, we saw several of our kin folks. When they came back the house, it was all freshened up and you wouldn't have known the old place. Grandma came down to the brown house and we all lived together. The brown house was Grandmother's.

Grandmother was very overweight, had asthma and a heart condition. She would go out and walk about the yard in her dress and without wraps in the rain or the snow. Said that I was being old maidish when I always wore wraps. About a year before this time I had had double pneumonia and pluracy. Aunt Millie came and nursed me or I surely would have died. Doctor Windsor said that for the rest of my life I must be very careful and not expose myself as I could get pneumonia very easily. I had it three times since that time.

Vernon and I had been trying to cook, in fact I started when I was eight years old. Grandmother told us how and we even made some apple jelly. It was very stiff and stood alone. We over cooked it as we were afraid it would be runny. Somehow the years went by, Grandmother grew older and us kids were growing up. Grandmother taught me how to make cakes and jelly that did not stand alone. We raised bum lambs to get spending money.

Aunt Millie had a cancer of the breast so she went to St. Jose, Mo. and had it burned off with caustic, very painful and it left a horrible scar. She and her husband just couldn't get along after that and she got a divorce and moved to Livingston to live. Aunt Kitty went and had a breast burned off, in fact she had it burned off twice. She lived to be 80 some years old and did not die of cancer.

After Grandmother Reynolds had been living with us for several years she took a trip to Iowa where she had live over 50 years before. On her way home to Oregon she stopped to see us and she made us promise to go and see our mother at Warm Springs using

the lamb money. We didn't want to do this as we were scared to death of her but we went. We didn't enjoy it a bit and since we had to be absent from school to do this. All of the kids knew about her and so we were open to ribbing about our crazy mother. We had to go through a lot of that in Oregon and every place that we had lived with her. Grandmother Reynolds preferred to call her unfortunate, she was that alright. After we came back from our visit with our mother life went on.

Grandmother always went to town for all of the holiday, so that left us with one day the same as the others. We got no gifts at Christmas or birthdays. We always raised burn lambs so we had a little money. One year we got Papa and Grandmother Christmas gifts since they hadn't gotten us anything they were embarrassed. One year Mrs. Depuy asked us to dinner, it was so nice. Roast chicken and pie and other goodies, none of which we were used to.

When I was twelve years old, I froze my feet in bed. We never had enough quilts and Papa would only have a fire in the kitchen. Though my feet were very painful I said nothing. When us kids got sick or anything happened Papa and Grandmother got mad. One night I couldn't sleep and went to the kitchen and was putting glycerine on my feet when Papa came to see what I was doing. Then the truth was out. The treatment prescribed over the phone by the doctor was to put borax acid poultices on my feet, of course he had not seen them. Mrs. Depuy came and put the poultices on my feet. One day I couldn't go to school, so when he went to the Dabenny field Papa took me up to Uncle Ebb and Aunt Winnie. After he went on his way they had to see my feet. They were horrified at the sight. Aunt Winnie got herself and the baby, Andy Ebb, ready and we all got into the car. on the way to Livingston we got stuck in the snow and a kind man came along and shoveled us out. Dr. Windsor looked at my feet and I had blood poisoning to above my right knee and one toe was rotting. I stayed at Aunt Millie's and the next day the doctor took off my toe and for several days I had to have some kind of heat treatments. Papa had to come to town to give his consent

and was very angry and said that if left alone my toes would have rotted off. He never said what the blood poisoning would have done to me. I had to have special shoes (Dr. Locke). The whole thing cost almost \$100. Papa and Grandmother didn't like it because I said I had frozen my feet in bed. I really did! After that I always limped.

Papa thought that if he only got me small shoes my feet would

stay small. My mother had small feet and hands though she was five feet, eight inches tall. My feet grew and I now wear 9 1/2 to 10 size shoes. I also have a bunion and corns from the shoes. Papa would bring home the shoes he thought I should wear and I'd have to wear them even when they didn't fit. One time Papa got me shoes, I said they hurt, and he said wear them. For two days I did. When I could stand it no longer, I took Grandmother's butcher knife and cut the toes out of the shoes. The shoes were over one to two inches too short. Papa was furious.

Grandmother Strickland had many bouts with the flu and pneumonia. Once when she had the flu and was thought to be dying, her second husband deserted her. The shock of finding that he loved her money more than her, was too much. She recovered. That was in 1918 when the big epidemic was on. Several years later she divorced him and took back the name Strickland. Grandmother was overly fat and had asthma and a bad heart. When she would get sick, she would go to Livingston and Aunt Millie would nurse her night and day until she was well. Aunt Millie couldn't understand how Grandmother could get pneumonia so often. So years later I told her how Grandmother would walk about the yard in any kind of weather with no wraps on. Once a person had had pneumonia it doesn't take much to get it again.

Papa was always in an evil mood and made life hard for everyone around him. Nothing we ever did seemed to please him. Also he was always in a row with the neighbors. One year we had a school teacher, one of the neighbors, who got \$100.00 a month for teaching. Papa was sweet on her. Uncle Ebb told us kids that Papa was fixing to marry her. I don't know if he was thinking of marriage or not. Us kids couldn't say enough bad things about her so he quit seeing her. She married a well to-do man from Bozeman by the name of Black. I remember that he had red hair and was related to Armstrongs.

The snow fell in October 1925 and laid an inch on every branch and weed, very pretty, so Grandmother went out without wraps and walked around the yard. She took pneumonia even though Aunt Millie nursed her as best she could. Grandmother died of asthmatic heart on October 10th. She would have been 75 years old on the 31st of October. She was buried in a copper vault in the Strickland Cemetery. Mrs. Calhan sang "Beautiful Isles of Somewhere" at her funeral. The Aunts gave me many things of Grandmother's, including her sewing machine, a silk quilt, a casserole in a holder and an oven to go on an oil stove. These last three things Aunt Millie

took back. Several years later when she ran a boarding and rooming house in Helena, they were all stolen.

We lived on at the brown house and everything was a little harder. I was fourteen at the time. Of course, **we** went to school and my father did as he always had, mostly he rode around and talked to the neighbors. He and Vernon also hunted and trapped. They hunted out of season. If a neighbor came and wanted to know where Frank and Vernon was, I would say that they were down to the river. In the summertime my father rode the ditch, that is to say that he saw to it that each one on the ditch got the water he should get.

He showed favoritism and that made for a lot of discord. My father was always laying down the law as to what we should do. I tried to do as he said. Vernon argued with him on almost everything. Vernon thought he was wonderful, I did not.

The winter that I was fifteen I went to the coast to visit Grandmother Reynolds. She was a religious fanatic and we went to a revival almost every week. She thought that I needed religion. She finally gave up, mostly because her neuritis couldn't take all that running around at night. There was five inches of snow and it was really cold. Her house, a three story building, had no central heat. She kept boarders and roomers. That was the winter when some man had gotten it into his head to murder landladies in Oregon City and other coastal cities. We could not lock our doors and it was so scary. In January I went back to Montana and though it was cold, it was a dry cold and I got warm for the first time that winter. Vernon and Father had been batching and house was a mess. I got busy and cleaned it up.

Grandmother Reynolds had gotten me started on the violin. So after I gotten home I took lessons. A musician I am not, I never did get any place with it.

Life went on. I kept house, canned vegetables, sewed, raised chickens and managed to keep quite busy all of the time. Vernon worked for the neighbors in the summertime and trapped with Papa in the winter. Usually the kitchen was quite stinky with the dead animals they had been skinning all winter. One spring Papa made dandelion wine and that was stinky too.

For my sixteen birthday my father gave me a ring that he had had for years. The ring is of Chico gold and Montana sapphires, two

red and one blue. Papa traded a straw color sapphire for it. It had been made before the turn of the century for David Black, a quarter indian. He was a kissing cousin of the family, that is to say that we had blood kin between our families. It is now over fifty years ago and I still have the ring.

When I was eighteen I went to work in town. I worked first for Mrs. Joseph Swindlehurst for about a week and then I worked for some Irish people. The Irish people had an aunt who had had a stroke. She was 86 years old. One day she was up and in good health and then a stroke reduced her to bedridden and senility. I worked there one week. Then I worked for some people on McLeod Island by the name of Stanley. He sold Singer sewing machines. They had two little boys under school age and also had a large dog. For supper we had creamed carrots and not another thing and by that I could see that they sure didn't need a maid. They wanted me to stay and at the end of the day I quit. I heard afterwards that he left her and the children and went to Texas.

She being a poor woman with two children and was a thing to be pitted and the merchants let her run up bills all over town. That fall her husband came in one night and took her and the children back to Texas. Tender hearted people learned to be good at holding the empty bag. I also worked for Flemmings (he sold Ford cars for many years) and they had just had a baby girl and also had a four year old girl named Mary Beth. Mary Beth was a little demon and tore up a hair net for me every morning as I dressed her. The whole family was a little odd. I worked there one month. I went down to Pearl McDonald's (a cousin) and she took me back out to the ranch and of course, Papa was glad to get his cook and housekeeper back. I was home about a month and a Mrs. Miles came one evening and wanted me to work for her. The next day her husband picked me up and took me to town. I worked for Miles' until I got married when I was 21 years old. That first summer I worked for the Miles' they had a house guest, Betty Miles. It was then that Jay Miles, Betty's father, came into town and his chauffeur took him straight to the hospital.

The first we knew that Jay was in town was when the chauffeur called and told us that Jay was dead. He died of the DT's. So then I met Mildred, Betty's mother, who was divorced from Jay. The chauffeur was sent to McLeod to the Paul Van Cleve dude ranch to tell Betty about her father and bring her to town. For a few days we had a full house and then the funeral. It was very sad as Jay Miles was still a young man.

After Christmas I went home and was there until just before Easter when I came back to town and worked for the Miles'. They spent the winter in Pasadena, California. Mrs. Miles would tell me about the wonderful Rosebowl Parade and how I must see it someday. I've seen it on TV, it is real fine.

One winter while I was home I met Lorraine Hershman. He was a brother to the Ashers who were renting the place where Uncle Ebb used to live. He was a very handsome man who was born in Indiana and later from Detroit. He took a liking for me. I had had other man friends, only one of which made any difference to me and he had died.

So now we had the depression and also a drought. Most of the West was a dust bowl and the earth was sear and brown. There was not much water as in the winter there was no snow and in the summer no rain. Water was rationed and the lawns were bright yellow as people watered each of their trees individually. We got a new president of the United States, Franklin D. Roosevelt and he instigated the NRA and the New Deal.

On the 19th of September in 1932 I married Lorraine Hershman and we went on a honeymoon to Indiana and Detroit to see his people. His sister Bertha Asher and her four year old daughter went along. Lorraine came from a large family, his mother died when he was seven years old and he had had two stepmothers. The one he had then was very nice. Ethel had been married twice before and had one son by her second marriage, Ellison. Elly had married Vada Gullbranson, a short time before we were married. She was a lovely, full of laughter and her sense of humor was the greatest. Elly took to drinking but she kept the family going.

We visited around to all of the brothers and sister. It was pretty in Indiana, but times were hard and there was little work to be had. We went up to Detroit and was there when Roosevelt was campaigning for the presidency. We saw hundreds of men all out of work and lined up for free bread. They also got some relief a few months later. A few months later when NRA was instigated. Roosevelt was installed as president March 4, 1933. He closed all of the banks all over the United State or soon after that day. By that time I was working for Mr. June McCrackens. I remember that June marched up and down the kitchen and ate crackers and wailed about the closing of the banks. Seems that he had money in eighteen of them and couldn't get a cent out of any of them. We

were having roast turkey for dinner and it did little good to tell him that it only cost fifty cents at the farm market.

When Lorraine went to Detroit to see his sisters who lived there he also was going to look for work. He found it hard to believe that there was not work to be had until he went to the factory where he had worked before going West. The factory was locked up and all of the windows were broken out. That was when I found out that he never intended to go back to Livingston, but aimed to get work in Detroit and live there. I don't think that his sister Bertha knew about this either as she had to get back to Livingston with us. Detroit was all right, we saw Gross Point where the millionaires lived, Father Koglin's radio church, a zoo on Bell Island and we could look across the river and see Toronto in Canada. On our way back to Indiana we stopped on Lake Michigan near Chicago. Bertha and her daughter Helen were along. There was a storm on the lakes and the waves came thundering in as tall as a house and would crash with a great roar on the shore. The sand on the shore sang when we stepped on it, it was gold in color. It was near the last part of October and the damp air made it cold.

Back in Indiana we rounded up our visit and a few days later we started back to Montana. We had a hard time making it back to Livingston because we had run so low on money, even spending one night in the car. Bertha kicked at that and I didn't like that either. The tires were thin and the car was feeling the miles put on it.

Now it was November and quite cold. We arrived on the 3rd of November 1932 and there was snow on the mountains. After the flat lands of Indiana those mountains were the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. Even then I was a poor traveler and that trip was a very painful thing. I look back on it with nothing but horror. There we were with little money, I had some bonds but that didn't last long. We rented a little house on the north side that was very cold. Since we were not getting along I decided to go back home, however, much to my surprise Lorraine came to live there also. Of course, he and Papa didn't get along at all. On the 14th day of February Papa went on the war path and was going to kill Lorraine. After quite a hassle, blood and broken dishes all over the kitchen we left. Packed all of our things and I went down to Pearl's. Though I was leaving him, Lorraine stayed on with me. He wanted to sue Papa for beating him up. I would not go into court and swear to anything that Papa had done so Lorraine said that I did not love him. He was right about that and I didn't love him. In

fact, I'd grown to hate him with a passion.

A few days later I went to Pearl's. I heard of a job at the McCracken's. I applied and was hired on the spot. Mrs. McCracken knew me from when I worked at Miles' place. So I moved into McCrackens and Lorraine went out to Ashers. A few days after I went to work there one night I heard a crackling and snapping out side my bedroom window and looked out and the garage was burning. In all of the fires that my mother had had I always froze not even being able to move, this was no exception. I just stood there and thought about what I should do to get unstuck. Finally I called the fire department and they came and put it out but it was a loss and had to be torn down. One of Lorraine's friends got the contract to tear it down and rebuild a garage. Lorraine tore it down and he and Ben Haggney poured the foundation. About that time the union took over and told June McCracken what was what and since he had stores in eighteen in different cities he had to let Haggney go and also Lorraine. He had been making a nuisance of himself. Mrs. McCracken's car was damaged in the fire. The fire was started by boys who had been stealing gas and had accidentally set it on fire.

Lorraine went back to Ashers and then he got us a job in the country as man and wife working for Tom Armsby. I didn't want to go but he told me that as his wife I had to do as he said. Now I know better. I went and Mrs. McCracken was quite disgusted with me as well and she should have been. We got there on Easter Sunday. It was a dairy farm and the work was very hard for me. Lorraine was always thinking of ways to get what little money that I had. He said that he owned everything that I had. It was then that I said "what is mine is mine and what is thine is thine and as far as I was concerned the twain should never meet". Of course, he was hopping mad and went into one of his silent fuzzy and wouldn't speak to me for several days. That was all right with me. After months of this silent treatment I had come to the conclusion that he had a mental abrasion just short of insanity. About a month after we took that job I became ill and landed in the hospital and we lost that job. When I got out of the hospital we lived at the Subway Hotel for a few days. Then I got a job for Mrs. Jack Hicks who had an operation and was recuperating. I'd been there a month when Lorraine got a job in the Yellowstone Park and I must quit my job and go with him. Mrs. Kicks was not happy and said that I would never need to have children as I'd taken on to raise, meaning Lorraine. Thou he was older than I, he looked and acted about sixteen and I never knew what to expect next. We had a tent

and he and one of his friends built me a shack of scrap lumber out of the dump. Washing and cooking were very hard. Lorraine wanted pies and cakes, the altitude was high and I had only a small camp stove, however, I managed. It snowed up there in August and I suffered a lot with the cold and was sick a lot. Finally, we went to Livingston and rented a small house. He went back to the Park and lived in the company quarters and ate at the cook house. He could have been doing that all of the time.

This house that we had rented had a large garden spot. So the next year it was decided that I should raise a garden and put it up for the winter while he worked in the Park. This was a good idea except that the garden was not spaded before he left for the Park and I had to do most of it. Now all of my life at intervals I break out with a bad skin disease. I'd been on very short rations for months as Lorraine got most of the food as he must be in shape to work when things opened up. So from all the hard work of spading the garden I broke out all over my body and face. I had no money to go to a doctor so it took two years before it healed up. The garden grew and as soon as it was canned he took me up to the Park to live in a tent and cook for him. It was very cold and I had pneumonia. Looking back I wonder why I didn't die. Probably lived because I didn't want to.

Bears were a great nuisance. Couldn't leave the tent with any bacon or other smelly food in it or the bears would make a wreck of it. Some of the workers had guns, which was prohibited and shot several bears. Of course, that brought the rangers down on the camp and they did some searching. I don't remember that they ever found anything. We lived on a trail that was called Indian Row as most of the people on it were part indian. One day Chris Gray laid off from work because he was not feeling well. He had a wonderful voice and was singing "Without a Song the Day Would Never End. His song vibrated all throughout the camp. The straw boss at the end of the row was laying off two on that day. So he took Chris Gray and they were poaching geese on the LaMar River when Chris had a heart attack and sunk beneath the water. It was supposed that Chris's body must have gone over the Yellowstone Falls so the straw boss Mr Hayes dived several times at the foot of the falls for the body with no results. Then someone remembered that the LaMar River is full of hot holes. Chris's body was found about two yards from where it went down in a pot hole. Mr. Hayes was fired out of the Park. It was sad as Chris was only 22 years old and his mother's only child. She was a widow. My brother and

his young wife also lived on the row. When it got so cold, Vernon moved Louise into Gardiner. They had a horrid little house poised over the Yellowstone River. I stayed with her for a few days. I was moved back to Livingston and Lorraine went back to work in the Park.

Louise came and stayed with me for a few days. Vernon came in one night and rushed her to the Robinson Maternity Hospital and their daughter was born. This was on the 16th of December 1933. Vernon built a trailer house and they moved out to Conlins. They had also lived in the Chico area for a while. Times were very hard and the depression was on. We worked hard and skimped all summer so we could skimp and get through the winter. In the spring I would dig dandelions for greens and also cut down all the wild spinach I could find. We were on relief but that was so very little that most of the time we were hungry. One time Lorraine went to the Park to work and he had to have most of our money for gas to get there. I only had a few dimes left to me. Eggs were twenty cents a dozen so I got six and they lasted a week with what green stuff I could get from the garden. Finally he got paid and sent me some money.

The third year he and Vernon went to the Park to work and they started agitating and causing trouble so they were kicked out of the Park and told not to come back. After that Lorraine had several jobs that the relief people got for him, but he always either got into trouble and got fired or he quit them. Then I would have to go and get us re-instated on the relief or starve. By then I knew a great many people and had a good reputation as a worker so I could have gotten a job. However, Lorraine had made such a nuisance of himself about the last jobs I'd had after we were married that I would not take a job. He was a very jealous man and seemed to think that he had to keep checking up on me every day just to be sure I was toeing the mark. I didn't like that and neither did the people I was working for.

In the year of 1935 Lorraine had written to his people in Indiana and gotten a job of corn husking for that fall. So I borrowed \$50 from Bill Blome, the old car was fixed-up and we went to Indiana. Arriving there almost broke and dead tired as my system never could take traveling. We stayed with some of his people for a few days and then we rented a small house. The corn husking started and Lorraine sprained his wrist the second day out and that slowed him up. So then he got me a left handed husking pin and I had to go to the field and worked until it was all in. I

also sprained my wrist and I would go out in the morning with the swollen wrist wrapped and in a while the swelling would go down and it would not hurt so bad.

We lived in Kersy and several other places in Indiana including Wheatfield, it was a starvation existence. We even tried share cropping and that was a flop so we left the Pinkertons, they were the oldest people I've ever seen. Then back to Wheatfield and more corn husking. But this time I couldn't go to the field to work as I had the misfortune to be pregnant and very sick. Early the next spring Lorraine went up to Garry, Indiana and got a job in a filling station. He had left me with his father, Ezra and stepmother Ethel and they were very good to me. So he rented a house on Grant Street and we moved in. Lorraine had been living with Virgil and Elsie in Gary. On the 20th of May in 1937 I gave birth to a baby girl in Mercy Hospital. She very nearly cost me my life and the doctor came to my room and said he had some bad news for me. He said "Mrs. Hersham, I hate to tell you this but you can never have any more children". I smiled and laughed.

That was the only good news I'd heard in years. He was shocked. Of course, the depression was still on and he was having a time getting his pay for delivering babies and said he guessed he would hold the babies until the parents paid. I laughed and told him he would soon have a house full of squalling brats that no one would claim. He was an old bachelor and thought all mothers must love their babies. I could hardly stand the sight of mine. I named her Jane Norah and her great aunt Emma thought she should have had Norah for a first name as it was Lorraine's dead mother's name. My grandmother's name was Jane. On the eleventh day I was wheeled down in a wheel chair being told to take it easy and Lorraine took me home. We went hurling down the freeway. I was still in such pain I thought I'd die before we got there. He got dinner by opening a can of stringbeans and one of peas and that was it. That night I tried to light the Coleman two burner stove that we used to cook on and it blew up. Kerosene sprayed around and flames shot up to the ceiling. I threw a rug on it to smother it and it blew that to the ceiling. I could hardly get around and having a little luck getting it out I toddled over to the neighbors to see if they would help me. Mrs. Shuhoskie and her young son came and I had to stop him from pouring water on the fire. Finally we got it down enough that we could carry the porcelain topped table out into the yard.

Lorraine came home to his dinner to see a smoldering stove in the yard. We never could make it go again. That was the Memorial day weekend so for several days I had to try to cook on the heater. Then Lorraine went up town and bought an oil range with an oven, so then he could have pies and cakes.

And though I'd had a very difficult delivery and was still full of stitches he insisted on what he called husbandly right the first night I was home. Well he had his way. I started a novena that went this way "O God deliver me" as I didn't care if I died, he died or the baby died. I never stopped until he did die. I was supposed to have a salt free diet and after a few days with no salt he insisted I salt everything. Though the doctors had said that I could never have another child I did get pregnant when the baby was about a year old. I never did get really well after the baby came and swelled up all over. Though Lorraine could see what a mess I was he said I was just putting it on. So just before the Fourth of July he got a vacation and must go to Detroit taking his father's car, his father and sister, Freda Burnett, Jane and me.

Ezra got a new car every year by paying just \$110 and turning in the old one in tip-top condition. Jane was being potty trained and when he had to go you better get to the pot. I had her potty chair on the floor in back. We were going 90 miles an hour and when I said Jane had to go and Lorraine would stop the car with a terrible jolt that really made me sick. Finally, we got there and found that Freda Hing, Lorraine's sister, was just getting ready to take the bus to Indiana so she stayed and rode back with us. Jane, Lorraine and I stayed at his older sister's, Florence Galister. Florence was crippled up with arthritis and could do nothing but sit. She had a daughter Christina who did the work and took care of her mother. Ezra and Freda Burnett stayed at Fred's. Earl and his wife, Ann and their baby girl were all staying with Freda. They were all on welfare as times were very hard.

Ann kept Jane and almost all us went to the zoo. I walked for miles in the blazing sun and was a wreck when we got back. In the afternoon they went to Bell Island but I stayed home and took care of Jane. I was so tired that my whole body throbbed. The next day Jake took us in the car on a tour of Detroit and then back to Freda's and Ann cooked a big dinner of square noodles (the only ones I've every seen) and they were very good. Ann was of Russian descent and had one girl and has had eight children as of now. Of course, she is now an old woman. We got up early and started out for Wheatfield on the third day. When we got to Gary, Lorraine got

some bread and cold cuts and we had a lunch. We were at home but they went on to Wheatfield.

The next day I was so ill I could hardly get around but of course I had to do the washing. I lost a baby and that was the first time I knew that I was pregnant. I was so sick that Lorraine sent for old Doctor Wiks. When I told him I'd lost a baby he said that couldn't be because I couldn't possibly get pregnant. For two days I drug around and took some medicine that he gave me. Then it being the 4th of July weekend most of doctors had left town and Dr. Wiks was among them. I woke up with a high temperature and we got a different doctor and he saved my life as I had blood poison and my heart was acting up. Elsie came and took care of me for several days. Then we got a girl to help, Vada's sister Nina, a very pretty girl, but Lorraine hated her with a passion. She had never been taught to be economical and threw out more food that you can imagine. So Lorraine let her go even though I was supposed to stay in bed for at least two weeks. It got up and drug around from that time on. Lorraine got me a second hand washing machine and that helped. Slowly I got better. I also had two wisdom teeth out and that made all four. I had had two of them out before we went to Detroit and had a black and blue face and neck to take visiting.

The summer went by and in November near Thanksgiving one night a hold-up man tried to rob the filling station. This black man held a small monkey wrench to look like a pistol. Lorraine was used to gun and saw what this was and wrestled the man so that he dropped the wrench and ran. The police came but they never did catch the man. A few nights later Lorraine woke up in the night running a temperature and I had to go to the Moinars and call a doctor. The doctor gave us some medicine and Lorraine got better, that is he seemed better for a few days. In December he just drug around and about the December 16th his doctor had him moved to the Methodist Hospital. They tried everything they could think of but still his bowels would not move and he was in terrible pain and all swelled up. Virgil and Elsie had their church praying for him and they believed in faith healing. When he had been in the hospital for about four days, the bowels moved a little and Virgil and Elsie said that he had been healed. Then Lorraine started to get worse than ever and the doctor operated on him. They had to use local anesthesia as his heart was too bad for the usual thing. He had adhesions around his bowels and because of the long wait to operate the bowels became paralyzed. When Lorraine was 19 years old he had had an operation for ruptured appendix and almost died on the

sixth day. These adhesions had grown from the stump of the appendix. He was operated on the December 20th and on the December 26th, the day after Christmas, he died. Relatives came from Detroit and they burried him in DeMonte next his mother's grave.

Then I found myself with no money and an eighteen month old child. About the time Lorraine died I had had an attach of sinus and my nose would not stop running. Also, because of the pressure behind the optic nerve, I could not see out of my right eye. Virgil wanted me to go and be prayed over so I could be healed. I told him that as soon as the pressure went down I'd be able to see. He said if the people prayed then we could give Jesus all the glory. After him saying that Lorraine was healed I'd had it on this healing thing. I did not go to his church. Their church was very loud and physical. In a few days I could see.

I was on welfare and they paid my rent and gave me \$16 a month to live on. Everette Harter took me to the union boss and he gave me back all the money Lorraine had paid into it and I signed a paper that I'd never come back to the union for more money. They gave me \$50 and Ezra and Virgil wanted it. Now I'd borrowed \$50 from Bill Blome when we went back East and Lorraine said that he never intended to pay it as Bill was my friend. Now I'd been saving every cent I could get my hands on to pay Bill as soon as I'd get a few dollars ahead and Lorraine would take and spend it. It is true that Ezra and all of Lorraine's brothers had put up the money to bury him. They buried him for \$75 so none of them put in very much. After I came back to this town I paid them back even though I made only \$30 a month.

Virgil and Lester Rasy bought the filling station (pure Oil). Virgil and Elsie had had Lester for a boarder but when they found out that he drank they decided that I should have him for a boarder and roomer. They didn't tell me that he drank. The welfare lady had been trying to think of all sorts of thing that I could do at home, so I took him. Lester was supposed to pay \$35 a month but some times he was very slow about it. He drank so much that it was awfully discouraging at times. The station was broken into several times and the robbers got nothing. Some of the people who owed Lorraine paid him and I saved all that I could.

The Hershmans were not to understanding. I got a small pension for Jane and Julia thought I should keep the money until Jane was 16 and then give it to her or buy her a big doll. I couldn't make

her understand that we needed the money to live on. Virgil and Elsie wanted me to move into the apartment next to the one they had and called me a nigger lover when I wouldn't move. It's true I was living in the negro district, but it cost a lot to move and I was planning to come back to Montana but I didn't tell them that. Vernon and Papa had sold their hides and sent me \$20. So when I knew that I was leaving, I got on the street car and rode to a place where they sold monuments and they sold me a little piece of marble and cut Lorraine's name and date of birth and death and father on it. So then the stone cutter took me and Jane to Demotte and he set it up. Poor young man he was dying of dust that he had inhaled while doing the stone cutting. I had Windy make me a big plywood box and placed as much of my things as I could in it. I had my bed packed and also the dress and I had an old chest. I sold some things and what I couldn't sell I gave away to Raskys. Mr. Odar took me to the railroad station and I was off. It was very hot when I left so I packed my coat in my suitcase and checked it. It was the last part of August and before we got to Livingston it grew quite cold. I covered myself with newspapers but I got laryngitis and could hardly croak when we arrived. Jane had a summer coat and her little blanket so she did alright.

Before I left Gary I'd written Vernon and Louise and asked them if they would take care of Jane while I worked and they said that they would. The welfare lady had made arrangements to have my mother's pension check come to Montana for nine months after I left Indiana. Vernon and Louise and their children came to town to get me and they seemed glad to see me. We stayed there a few days and I went down to Pearl's leaving Jane with Vernon and Louise. Jane had never been away from me and she was terribly upset and cried a lot.

Pearl and Clarence took me to the Yellowstone Park over Labor Day. Since they didn't get along too well, it wasn't too enjoyable. On the way home we stopped at Vernon's and I could see Jane was not getting on very well with them. There was nothing I could do about it, but I knew that I should not have left her there. [Vernon's family contracted a contagious fever during Jane's visit & were quarantined. Violet had to peer thru a window to see Jane. - Vernon's daughter Helen in 2017]

I got a job working for Jane Miles as she was now a cripple with arthritis and couldn't even feed herself. I hadn't worked for several years and then too she was not easy to do for. I didn't

know it at the time but I was suffering from arthritis too and before spring I was a mess. I kept checking to see if my box with my stuff in it were at the freight office. They kept saying that it had not. They sent a card up to Papa's and he hadn't told me. Finally it was getting so cold and my winter coat was in that box so went down to the freight depot and they found it and it had been there so long that they charged me storage on it. I just seemed to have the worst luck. I had the box taken across the street to the Mayflower storage and opened it and got out my coat. A week later Papa and Vernon came to town and took my box out to their place along with the bed, dresser and old chest.

I had my job at Miles and it only paid \$30 a month and board and room. Out of this I sent money every month to the Hershmans on Lorraine's funeral. The only one who ever thanked me was Ethel and she said that it came just at the time when they needed it worst. Freda Burnett had just had to have her appendix out. I had always sent the money to these people by registered mail so I know that they had gotten it.

At Christmas time I went out to Vernon's for a few days and saw Jane. She was getting along a little better by that time. We all went up to Conlin's for Christmas Day. They had a tree and Mrs. Conlin had a fine dinner. Vernon had a partner, a young man that he had picked up someplace. They did trapping. The man was eventually picked up for stealing traps and had to leave the country, but he went to Conlins with us, a very odd person. He told me that he and his father had rode the freights all over the USA and had a lot of fun. Then his father died and the guy was just lost. He left Vernon's and that Fall one of the neighbor girls got a letter from a sheriff in Minnesota saying that this young man had rented a big gun saying he was going to hunt. Hunters found his body in a clump of trees, he had shot himself in the head. A letter was found on the body with this girls address on it.

When we left Conlin's that Christmas night the lights on the car wouldn't work, there was a bright moon light and it was 30 degrees below zero and we met no other cars so we got home alright. I frosted my feet. The fire in their house had gone out and the house was freezing cold and all their eggs were frozen. The next day Vernon took me back to town and I was at work again. My frosted feet bothered me a lot and the toe nails turned black.

Jane Miles was very hard to work for and I got sicker and she insisted that I get my tonsils out. I did. It did not make me any

better and I quit working for her. She had always made nasty comments about my brother and his wife when they would bring Jane to see me. Finally, I asked them not to come. When they didn't come for several weeks she commended on the fact and I just told her why they didn't come and she was somewhat shocked.

I moved back to Pap's and recuperated. I got Jane and several days later she came down with infantile parllisis. Vernon took me and Jane to town to the doctor and he told me what she had. He said she only had a mild form of it or she would have died. He gave me some medicine and told us to go home and say nothing to anyone as everyone would get a scare and think that their child would be next. She did not lay still as he said the medicine would make her keep quiet. Papa had a log house and it wasn't even chinked so it was quite cold and the March wind just blew threw it. I tried to keep Jane on the hot water bottle. She recovered but one leg is a little shorter than the other one. Hers was the only case of infantile parlases in the county at the time. Vernon and Louise were getting ready to leave the country and go to Oregon. In a few days they had left and if I had not quit work I would have had to find someone to take care of Jane.

So now I was without a job and far from well. Papa wanted me to stay in the country and he would give me some land and build a house on it. I pointed out that all the money I was getting was \$20 from Mother's pension and that would stop the next month. About this time Pearl got sick and so I and Jane went to her place and took care of her until she had to go to the hospital and then I went back to Papa's. He kept trying to talk me into letting him give me some land. Papa really didn't relate very well. I thought over all he said and it made no sense to me. There was just no way that it would work for a woman alone nine miles from town. I had Tom Armsby take me back to Pearl's.

I advertised for work and in a few days I had several offers, some of which I had to turn down as I couldn't take Jane. One man had such a bad reputation that I couldn't consider working for him even though he really made everything sound just too good. Dick Kenny who ran a vegetable garden called up and Pearl took me out there. It was in the canyon with a three room house. He took us threw it and as it had only one bedroom I asked him where Jane and I would sleep and then he showed us how the couch in the living room made into a bed and we would use that. He said that he had a Maytag washing machine, so I took the job and it lasted two months. The washing machine was strictly woman power, me on the end of a stick, and the

irons were heated on the stove. The food was good and the vegetables were very fresh, anything one could ask for to cook.

While I was at the Kenny's I saw Jane playing with a five foot rattle snake. I grabbed up a cane knife and cut it all to pieces. Mr. Kinny told me that was the only snake he'd seen there in over 30 years.

Then I went back to town and I worked in a restaurant for a while. About this time I had taken instruction and joined the Catholic church. In the course of a conversation one day I told the priest that I didn't like working in a restaurant. Soon after that he told me about a job with one of the parishioners.

Al Decker had lost his wife a year before and was trying to raise his two sons. In a year's time he had had several housekeepers. The last one was still there and I met her. She said that Mr. Decker owed her some money and wanted me to loan some to her and then I could get Mr. Decker to pay me, I didn't lend her anything. She had been talking on the phone when I arrived and hung up in a hurry after I came. About a month later when the phone bill came we found out that she had talked up several dollars worth to her brother in California. I only got \$15 a month and board and room for Jane and me. The boys names were Tom and Jerry. They looked like angels and were little demons. Somehow we managed, of course Jane was no angel either. Jane had a habit of calling all dark men daddy. So the first day at noon she met Al at the door calling him Daddy, Daddy, so I had to explain and he took it well. Mr. Decker had a girlfriend in Bozeman. Helen Wagner was very pretty and full of life. A widow with one small son, she worked. She left him with us one week and he and the boys didn't get along very well. He spent all of his time tattling on the boys. Sure was glad when the week was over. Helen was over several times to see Al and after he got a car he took Jane and me over there. He had a friend in Bozeman who ran the Woolworth store and Al ran the Woolworth store in Livingston. His friend's name was Tasset who took to drinking and was demoted to a small store. So he quit. Last time I heard of him he was in Billings. I don't know what he was doing.

While I worked in the restaurant I met a man by the name of Roy Warnick who was a bachelor and a railroad fireman. At Christmas time I sent him a card. Just being friendly as he had taken me to several shows. One night he took three of us widows, Lillian, Margaret and me, to the show at the same time. Some time after the first of the year Roy came back from Missoula.

The first thing he did was call me up where I worked at Deckers. He came and Mr. Decker and the boys met him. The boys thought it was very funny Violet had a boy friend. When Helen's birthday came, we discovered that she was just two days older than me and even forty years later we send cards to one another. We celebrated together on the nearest Sunday. Al even had me invite Roy. In fact Al had me invite Roy on several occasions and said that the way to a man's heart was through his stomach. I sure hadn't thought of marrying Roy. Even Minni thought he would make a good husband. I said I didn't think he was a marrying man. Al had three sons and his mother was taking care of the youngest one. When summer came his folks came to visit. I got a paid vacation for two weeks. Went up and cleaned up Papa's house and stayed at Pearl's. Also Roy asked me to marry him and I said yes. He had a lady friend but she wouldn't marry him. She asked him for money on several occasions and even came and visited us. Roy took me to her house in Great Falls on our honeymoon. He wanted a woman in his house and I needed a roof over my head. We got married on the 17th of July in 1941.

When we knew that we were getting married, we started to look for an apartment but when people saw Jane they just said no children and acted like they thought she would crawl up the woodwork. Finally, we saw an apartment for rent on South "C" street. The lady asked if Jane screamed in the night and I said that she never had but with children you never knew what they would do next. That was good enough for her so we were shown the upstairs apartment. It had three rooms and a small room with a single bed that could be used for a child's room. So **we** said that we would take it. Then she asked our name and Roy said his was Roy Warnick and I said that mine was Violet Hershman. There was silence and the lady turned the most violet shade of red. Then I knew she thought we were going to shack up in her apartment. I hastened to tell her that we were getting married that night and would move in the next day.

Roy had asked that the marriage not be made public for a few days. So every night for several days Mrs. Fundus raced out to get the Enterprise to see if we really were married and four days later she was sure. That was the start of a long friendship enduring until her death. The apartment was hot in the summer and cold in the winter. It was furnished and heated. Also had a Bendix automatic washer in the basement. Mr. and Mrs. Fundus were both very nice to Jane. Jane took to Dan and followed him around and

thought he was wonderful. Dan got jobs out of town and Elizabeth (Mrs. Fundus) went with him. After we had lived there two years, I became pregnant and we had to start looking for a house as the stairs were too much for me. The Second World War was on and there were no houses to rent. We looked at houses all over town for months, either they were not right for us or we couldn't afford them. Then our baby was born, a boy. Jane had wanted a baby brother for years. The O'Niells told her that he was only her half brother. She came home and wanted to know where was the other half of him. So I said "you can see that he is all there. We named him James William and he had a bad rash and cried a lot.

There was a house next door to our apartment and it was so run down that we had not taken it the year before. After a year of looking and so in despair we bought it. There were some people in it by the name of Lundvalds, an old man and his invalid son who had been born without hip joints. It took them a while to move as they had to have a ground floor apartment. Finally they moved and there was a brass bed that went with the house and they took it. They left and Roy had made a towel rack out of it from the bathroom and it is still in use. When I found out that they had taken the bed I was really peeved. Roy was so glad to get rid of them he said "let them keep it and we would get another bed. I wailed that they did not make them any more. Over thirty years later they were in style again and I bought a new one.

The house was a worse mess than we had thought it to be. It took us about two weeks to get it so we could move into it. The whole thing had to be painted inside and out. The plumbing was bad, sink stopped up and the lavatory was not even connected to the sewer and water ran out on the ground under the house. That water had soured and made the whole place stink. I'd never done much painting but I learned. Judy Garland took care of James, she lived up the street. It was very convenient. Garland's house was nice and cool and our apartment was awfully hot. There was a woman that lived in the down stairs and she was always kicking about James' crying. Of course, we did what we could for him. We took him to the doctor and he gave us medicine for his rash and it did no good. When he was about seven years old James discovered that it was the soap that made him so miserable and here I'd been keeping him so clean. What with Mrs. Tilton kicking Roy couldn't get out of there fast enough, anyway the apartment was not very comfortable in the summer. In fact it wasn't good at any time.

We moved just carrying things next door and that was it. While we were fixing it up the neighborhood kids would break into the house and steal cigarettes. One night Roy went uptown after supper and most of the kids in the neighborhood were on the street all smoking until our cigarettes were gone. After that we never left any around there.

We had gotten a cook stove and a heating stove, both new the year before and also a washer and laundry tubs secondhand. We got a second hand couch. Herb, Roy's brother, had brought a load of furniture from Iowa the year before and we got a desk and two big rocker chairs and a little sewing rocker. After we moved into our house Mother Warnick sent six straight chairs, two dressers and a sewing machine. I had a bed and a dresser. We bought a nice twin bed for Jane made of maple. We also had a dinette set with four chairs. with a small table in the kitchen and a second hand refrigerator we got along. The yard was a mess. Roy had a lot of insulation pumped into the attic that cooled the house off a lot and made it warmer in the winter. Roy also had the foundation stuccoed.

When James was sixteen months old, John arrived. Though James had been weaned from the bottle he thought John should eat scrambled eggs and peas and not use his bottle. That Fall after we moved into the house Mother Warnick came to see us. She thought James was fine, he had blue eyes and yellow curls. She said that his eyes would turn hazel and his hair might turn black. It is brown. She also thought we should run a stairway up to the attic at the end of the living room and make bedrooms up there. Mother Warnick had been to Iowa and she stopped on her way home. She saw all of her brothers and sisters who lived there. While she was there her brother John had to have his appendix out. There was a shortage of nurses as the war was on and as no one was watching him Uncle John crawled out of bed and fell down a flight of stairs. John died the next day. Mother Warnick went to the funeral before she came home. Herb married a woman named Martha. He met her in a bar. They all lived together, well it was Herb's house. I don't know if they got on too well together or not. At any rate when they had been married about a year and on Herb's birthday Martha walked out on him and not a divorce. An odd thing is she had given the birthday party for him and went home with one of the women, must have been planning it as she had already taken all of her clothes. Mother Warnick raised rabbits and chickens and also goats for milk. She had customers who bought the chickens and rabbits dressed.

Herb's house was built just out of Kalispell and made so it set

right in the middle of the end of the street. Looked very odd I can tell you. I asked him why he built it that way and he said that one day they would have to extend the town and would buy his house for a good price just to get it out of the way. Several years after Martha had left Herb he went to California and met a woman named Rose. She had an epileptic daughter with her. She had had eight children but two of them drowned one day. They were at a picnic and the littlest one wanted to go out into the river where the other children were wading. A bigger sister picked him up and waded into a pot hole and they went down and both drowned. This woman was a cook. Herb married her and brought her home to his mother. They didn't get along. Mother Warnick didn't even want the girl to take her medicine for the epileptic seizures. Finally Rose left Herb and each of them filed for a divorce. They got it, the questions is who got it.

Before Rose left Mother Warnick and had come to visit us again we had five children. David was about a year old and his grandmother thought David was wonderful and just loved his red hair. She seemed to love all her grandchildren. Mary had never had children. She stayed a week and went home when Rose left. Roy said that Herb and Rose must have thought she had come to live with us.

By the time David arrived we started to dig a basement to put rooms down there. We called it our five-year plan. By the time it was dug we had David sleeping on the couch. Victor had taken over the baby bed. As each child outgrew the baby bed we had to get more beds. Before we were threw I was washing fourteen sheet every two week. We had five bedrooms with two in the basement.

Of course, there was a lot more to do. Vernon had helped to dig the basement and sewer line to alley and concrete the basement. The back porch had been enclosed and the wall insulated. The kitchen had the wainscoting torn out and holes plastered. Big windows were put in the place of the small one in the pantry part. The sink was put in what had been the pantry. There was new wiring and plastering. The whole thing had a new linoleum and a paint job. Even new cupboard door in place of that matched lumber stuff we did not like. That had also included changing the flue in the kitchen as the water heater was in the basement. All very nice. Of course all of this cost a lot and so we rested on the building for quite a while.

Roy was sick when I married him and he grew worse with the years. What with laying off because of ill health he only worked an average of nine months in a year. We had a hard time to make do.

People gave us a great many things and I did make over clothes and also quilts. I raised a garden and canned it. That is of what we didn't eat fresh. When they grew older the kids went hunting and I got a deep freeze and that helped with the meat.

We couldn't afford to waste anything. Meanwhile, Roy grew sicker and went over the Missoula where they found out that he had emphysema and had to take a pension. Since he was on oxygen all the time and it had to be paid for when delivered, it was very hard on us. Though he was told to quit smoking he would not. Even smoked when on oxygen. Really frightened the doctor who was checking on him. Roy also had stomach ulcers and I had to give him cream soup every two hours night and day. I was really getting worn out, what with the family and babysitting and taking care of him. Also, I was not very well. Then he started vomiting blood and had to go to the hospital. X-rays showed he had a large ulcer and it must come out. He thought he would keep it and I could give him soup night and day. I pointed out I was all worn out. He seemed surprised. He got his operation. A railroad doctor came from Missoula by name of Everette. Roy was in a great deal of pain. His incision was not healed when he came home. Smelled awfully bad. I had the same operation twenty years later and I was in no pain. Medicine has come a long way.

Somehow Roy had gotten the idea that the operation would make a new man of him. Well it didn't. He had a heart condition, arthritis and emphysema and was in great pain all the time. Got on the couch with a potty on the floor at his feet and coughed up the liquid that collected in his lungs. I did all I could to keep us going. Even had a boarder for a month and that was more trouble and he seemed to think I should do it for nothing. John finally got the pay out of him. Papa had a stroke and after some time in the hospital we finally got him into a nursing home. He was very rambunctious and hard to live with. Some people thought I should take care of him. No way! He didn't like my children and would hit them with his cane. He died on September 20, 1961 at the age of 87 and is buried in the Strickland Cemetery. Our car was in the courtyard of his funeral and Roy breathed in a lot of dust and he just went steadily down hill in health. He died on March 17, 1962. It was a great loss for all of us. When he had gone in for his operation a great many of his friends gave us a food shower. It was very nice of them, but the children were awfully embarrassed. I thought James would have a fit. He couldn't seem to understand that it took a lot of money and food to run this place.

Pearl Harbor was attacked by the Japanese on December 7, 1941 and that started the Second World War. Almost immediately all thing went up in price and a great many things were rationed. We bought the last new cookstove and heater in town. Also we were looking to buy a place and we did buy a house. There was a draft and young men were enlisting. Vernon was somewhat older than were being taken, but he must go. When they asked if there was insanity in the family he said "no". So they took him. Vernon was shot on Oknama, a .22 bullet in the shoulder. He was put on a hospital ship and it was bombed by a suicide diver and of course the pilot was killed. Vernon was suffering from what they called battle fatigue. He was sent to an asylum in Utah. When Papa found out where Vernon was, he got a lawyer to get him out. Should have left him there as he really was in a bad way. Back in Livingston he was helping someone get logs out of the mountains when the load came undone and some of it rolled on him and broke his pelvis. He was in the hospital for sometime and then he stayed at our place for about a month. He was very erotic and did the strangest things. Of course, I didn't know he had been in a asylum for several years after he had been married and had two sons. He became much worse and was in another asylum and when he got out his second wife divorced him.

Papa left me and Vernon some money. Most of Vernon's money was tied up by Ruby. She and the boys managed seek out miserable existence. Vernon had gone to Washington state and was soon back in an asylum. When they left him out, he came back to Livingston and worked for O'hairs one summer. He had asked John to help him get a job in a sawmill for the winter. Just before Labor Day John saw him talking to several men in at Ben Smith's. John did not bother to seek him out. That was in 1966 and no one has seen or heard of him since. Several veteran pension checks came and the post office had to send them back. The VA counts him as dead and have given a tomb stone for him. It's in the Stickland Cemetery. Vernon was suffering from arthritis and also was mentally disabled. Vernon got a purple heart and he burned it.

Life went on after Roy died. Everything was just a little harder. The children went to school and I worked hard to make ends meet. We got a tomb stone for Papa and also one for Roy. There is room on Roy's stone for my name.

Most of the children graduated from high school. David had dropped out. He ran with a bad gang. They robbed Glenn Blakslee's Second Hand Store. He was picked up and after a trial he and the Schullins boys were sent to Miles City Reform School. He was there

about eight months and they sent him home. David worked in the woods and also for some ranchers. He got a girl pregnant and they got married but never got along. The baby was a girl who was named Starla and when she was about 3 years old her mother got a divorce and lived in a third story apartment. She had a drinking party and leaped out of the third story **window**. Was wearing bobby socks and one caught on a nail and it helped to break her fall. She broke her pelvic and was bruised and was in the hospital a while. She married a man she had been laying up with for sometime. Sometime before this David caught her with his man and cut her up with a knife. Her girl friend got her to the hospital and if she hadn't, she would have bled to death. Eventually she had a baby boy from this man.

David came one time when he was drunk wanting \$20. When I couldn't give it to him, he was going to cut my throat. Milo came out of his room with a loaded gun. David left and I took David out of my will.

David was sent to prison for statutory rape on a minor. Meanwhile, he had gotten Mickey Longwell pregnant with Angle and the warden let him out to get married a few days before his second daughter was born. She was adopted out by Kenny and Suzzie Meigs. David just didn't make a living. Though he had been sober for some time he started to drink again. Mickey got a divorce and went down south with a man she was living with. They married but they couldn't get along so they got a divorce. David went off to Salt Lake with Gayleen. Several years later they were married and divorced in a month. Of course both of them were alcoholics and neither one would quit. Then David was caught after he robbed Chester Johnson at the Sterling Hotel. He and his girl friend said he didn't do it but I'm sure he did as I saw some of the money. He was sent to Deer Lodge. The judge pronounced them man and wife so she could get help from the county. David had been out of prison for several months and they had a third floor apartment when she had a heart attack and died several days later in the hospital. Milo got a stone and I had it worked on with her name and Electric Peak on it. She is buried in Stickland Cemetery. I kept her ashes in my room for over a year. David never would have gotten her a stone. David will not stay sober. His last girl is an indian and alcoholic. He hitches hair and make some very nice things. Will do well if he would stay sober.

Milo is also an alcoholic and was sent to prison after he shot at some policemen. He had a house and was living with his indian wife and her two children. He has since gotten out and has been sober for several years. He lived with another girl and they now have a

baby girl without matrimony named Cassandra. They did not get along. Milo is married to Mickie Morton and they live in Thermoplis, Wyoming. When he can he helps me do watering, painting and fixing anything that needs done. This place is old and is always needing repairs.

John is in Alaska and has his second wife, Patty and have three children with their names Collin, Cole and Kayla. He divorced his first wife. She has had four husband and John's first son has been adopted by his step-father.

James married Judy and their son Rodney hung himself when he was about 13 years old. They had been divorced for years. James has two sons, Shane and Travis, and a daughter, Kristina, by his second wife, Pam Leckner. He then married Lisa Alkire. She is very nice and his children seem to like her. The marriage seems to be going alright. They like the same things including fishing and hunting.

Laura lives in Gardiner with her husband Darryl. She was an honored student and attended Kinman Business School. Her husband had four children from a previous marriage. Their daughter, Paula, got married and had a nice July wedding and have a son named Bradley.

Victor married Frances Darwin and they have a lovely home near Emigrant. He is mechanically inclined and does beautiful woodwork. He has a daughter, Maria, that is very bright and nice to look at. Both Victor and Frances **work** in Livingston and Maria goes to school in Livingston.

Amelia (Mimi) graduated from college and became a C.P.A. She had been married to Lee Johnson (also a C.P.A.) about a year before becoming a C.P.A. They live in Dillon and had their own C.P.A. business. They have two daughters, Anna Lee and Laura Jane. They sold their business as the insurance was eating them alive. Currently living in Butte and working for the State of Montana.

I am living alone and my old trouble with stomach is worse than ever. X-Rays showed I had an ulcer blocking off the outlet from my stomach. I went to Billing and a picture was taken of it by taking a tube down my throat. They said the only thing for it was an operation. I had it and lost half of my stomach. That wasn't so bad. I went right to work and grew another ulcer. I still have it.

Hurrying home from church on a good Friday I tripped on an uneven sidewalk. I shattered my left shoulder and had to have arm bound to side for six weeks, so off came my long hair as I couldn't even comb it. It has grown as long as it was. I am using my arm bit, but it isn't as good as it used to be. I have osteoporosis (the bones are honey combed) so I broke my hip getting up from a chair. They had to put in an imitation hip joint. I can walk but I limp badly. Also, have four crushed vertebrates in my back. Very painful but I manage. With all of this I even raised a garden but had help.

My children are very good to me. Someone checks on me every day as I live alone. Jane takes me shopping every Friday. That is a big opposition on her and I'm sure she hurts worse than I do. Has arthritis in her hands and her chest causes her great pain.

Jane married Don Baker and lived in town in two different places before they moved to the country. After they had Marshall I babysat on him as Jane worked in a bank and Don worked for a tire company. She does needle point and knitting. Their daughter Elizabeth is married and has a boy, my first great grandchild and a girl. Marshall and his girl friend, Sandi, have built a beautiful log house out at Jane and Don's. Sandi is not well as had several operations. They don't seem to have done much good. Marshall hurt his back and is in constant pain. He does beautiful woodwork. They are very nice to me.

I am writing this story because I was asked to, life goes on and there has not been much in it to enjoy. I have a roof over my head and am better off than most people my age. It would be terribly said to be on the street.

This all of it.

"" The following is all of the children and their date of birth:

1. Jane Hershman Baker - May 20, 1937
2. James William Warnick - January 25, 1944
3. John Franklin Warnick - June 14, 1945
4. Laura Ella Warnick Bittner - April 15, 1947
5. David Rodney Warnick - October 16, 1948
6. Victor Roy Warnick - February 24, 1951
7. Amelia Florance Warnick Johnson - December 27, 1952
8. Charles Milo Warnick - June 25, 1955

All of the children were born in Livingston except Jane, who was born at Garry, Indiana.