Conversation with Kathryn Coe Wall (1913-2003) and Jack Rieke, his wife Jacquelyn, and Ned Coe and his wife, Francis on September 7, 1992.

I'll be talking now about your Dad, Uncle Sandy (Rieke), to me. When I was a little bitty kid he was living with us on the house on Lincoln Ave. My parents were there and Coesy's (Louise Coe) parents, Earnest and Alydia (Rieke), were there and great-grandmother Golden, also lived in the very same house.

I was six when she died. Now, Uncle Sandy had one of the rooms upstairs that was always known as Sandy's room. He was in and out of there an awful lot, so I got to know him pretty well and particularly, I got to know his old dog named Old Pooch. I really loved Old Pooch. He allowed me to play with him like little kids do by grabbing on to him or holding on to his fur or whatever. It was just great until he got the mange and they finally had to put him away because the mange was so bad that he could no longer live. I think Sandy was terribly affected by that as he did not want to lose that old dog.

Sandy, was working at the time. I can't remember a time when he would not have been working. He worked for the Northwestern Railroad for a while. I don't think he and Uncle Bob worked side by side but they worked at the R. R. at the same time. That was Bob, Robert Nelson Golden, great- grandmother's youngest son. He worked as a tour guide for people who took the train to Yellowstone Park. I don't know what Uncle Sandy did but he was not working on a train like a breakman or something like that. He was not a conductor or ticket taker. After that he was working as a carpenter or before that he was working as a carpenter. The house or, Lincoln Ave. was built in 1908 and Herr Snort, who was considered the best builder of that day, I think employed both Uncle Victor and Uncle Sandy. They would work all day for Herr Snort and then work some more at night for the family or maybe weekends or whatever because I know they did a lot of work on that house and finished it.

This was before Minnie came into the picture. The first that I knew about Aunt Minnie was when we started going to Woodstock. We went to see Uncle Victor and Aunt Jenny in their home for Thanksgiving Day. That was right next to the Home Oil Company which the two boys ran together. Uncle Vic and Aunt Jenny lived on Washington Street at the corner of the little street that went down to the Home Oil Co. I know you have a picture of that truck. There was at least one truck and maybe more that went down to the railroad track. There was a big tank thing set up there and they would get this oil or gasoline into their tank truck from this oil drum down by the R. R. track and go out on their route and both boys worked on that.

I didn't get to know things like who people were dating or anything like that. The first I really heard about Aunt Minnie was when I started getting a whole lot of flack when I came down with scarlet fever. I was in second grade. It was Christmas morning and I was eager to see what Santa Claus had brought for me and Coesy spotted that I had broken out in a rash. She called the Doctor and found out that I had scarlet fever and instantly I started hearing about wedding plans that were supposed to happen at our house and there was no way they could have a wedding there because in those days when you quarantine a house it was totally quarantined. This was in 1921, I believe, or perhaps Christmas of

1920. because I would have been in second grade starting at age 7 and then my birthday in January 25 would have been 8 since I was born in 1918.

By this time Jasper had been born and he was born when I was in first grade in the same month I turned 7. During my stay with scarlet fever, Mother had to dress herself in a gown that was like a nurse's uniform. She had to cover her hair and we had a sheet across my bedroom that was constantly kept damp with a solution of lysol and water because Mother was nursing this baby downstairs and Sandy was living at home until the day of his wedding. He couldn't live there anymore. He was instantly thrown out as was my Dad, Mason, so Sandy and my dad went over to live in the Main Street house, which was semi-constructed but didn't have heat in it and all that kind of stuff. Your Dad was building the house before they were married. It was almost finished and ready to move into and they had one bedroom set up for these two guys and my Dad used to come over to the kitchen door to find out how we were getting along after dark so no one would think he was breaking the quarantine. He would tell about his sleeping mate the night before and that might have been a hammer or a pliers or something as Uncle Sandy had dashed off to Woodstock instead of sleeping with him in the cold house!

The house on, Lincoln Avenue was built for and owned by Earnest and Alydia Rieke. I don't know what Grandpa Rieke did during those years. He played concertina at dances. He used to go off to the dances even though his Mom didn't care for this a bit. The family had been in farming. Great Grandpa and Grandma Rieke had left Germany and traveled to Australia. He made a lot of money there but he was also the kind of friend that if you asked him for some money he would give to you. He would give it away almost as fast as he would earn it. It finally came to the point where Great Grandma was going to handle the money from then core and they were going to leave Australia or else! She wasn't going to put up with this any longer. So then they moved to the United States and landed in Barrington.

Great Grandfather was Earnest Rieke Senior just like our grandfather was Earnest Rieke Junior and great grandmother was Sophia Rieke. They lived up on Grove Avenue. I don't know the exact number of their home. It was on the East side quite close to Hillside Ave. I have no idea how they happened to come to Barrington and I don't know if they had any intermediate stops at all, like Grandfather Golden who did make others stops before he got to Barrington. The whole family was all there. All the children were in the near suburbs, if not right there. I would imagine that he was retired by that time. He did have horses at the end of Grove Avenue where there is a little jog in Grove at Hillside. The jog is there because Grandpa's barn was at the end of the street so you couldn't go straight through the barn, of course.

At the Lincoln Avenue house you could always tell when there was a fire because you could hear the siren and Uncle Sandy would run out of the house pell mell. There was this fire alarm, and what have you, and mother heard that it was great-grandfather's barn burning. We ran upstairs and out onto the sleeping porch which was on the back of the house where we could look out and see the fire. Mother stood there and just wrung her hands and sobbed and sobbed over this fire. I was too little to realize that a fire was anything to be upset about, so it didn't bother me. She was very concerned about the horses and she was naming all of them, and wondering if old so-and-so was all right or if they had gotten this one out. Oh, his buggy would be in there and the wagons because it was a huge barn. He must have had at least four horses if not six and later we found out that he had lost everything. It was a total loss.

When your folks got married they moved into the Main Street house, 337 West Main Street. I think your Dad was employed by Harrison Ort and I don't know whether that was union or not, but I don't call that free lance. He was really employed by this man and he was a fine contractor. He did the nicest homes in Barrington at that time. Somewhere around the time you were born (1929) he was employed by Bowman Dairy Co.

The story is that he was coming home from Bowman Dairy late one night and, of course, very anxious to get home to Aunt Min, who was pregnant with you. He was zipping past a certain railroad crossing that we all knew, I can't tell you now where it was or which highway it was on. It was just a little two-lane highway. As he went across that railroad track he felt the vibration of the train going behind him. He said that he was so close to the engine that the headlight of that engine didn't even strike his car! He was going about 60 and just kept right on going. He said he was so shocked that he pulled off the road.

The family, that is Grandma and Grandpa Rieke, lived on a farm. They then moved from the first farm to Cuba Road, which was their second farm so far as I know. It was on the North side of Cuba Road and about the second farm from Hough Street corner or Barrington Road corner. I know that my mother was born on that farm property. This would have been their first child, so they would have been there at that time. Then they moved to town and I don't know that they moved to more then one home. The first home I know about was on the corner of Grove Avenue and Station Street. It would have been just up the street from Geiske's Laundry. Starting at the comer of Cook they used to have the old, old Post Office where you went down town end got your mail out of the postal box. Right behind the Post Office was Mat Peacock, the tailor, and then carne Geiske's Laundry. This is all on Station Street from Cook moving over toward Grove. Then came the livery stable and then on the corner, the last house, was the home of one of the prominent doctors of the time. Grandmother kept house for him.

By this time Grandfather was not doing any physical labor. He was doing teamster work, driving his team with a wagon or with whatever kind of vehicle you might need. He did sometimes take things all the way to Chicago and he would drive from sunup in the morning until it was dark by the time he got to Chicago. Then he would stay overnight and do the same kind of trip coming home. It would be before daylight as it would take the team that long to walk from Barrington to Chicago. Then, of course, his horses and things would be at the livery stable next door. He also worked there part of the time.

Someone, somehow, managed to come through and rob the house Years later they were cleaning out the livery stable and they found scissors and shears and other things that had been robbed from the house end dumped into the manure at the bottom of the livery stable. I still have a pair of scissors that was one of those that was dropped that way that no longer has any shine. It's black metal rather then shiny.

The two ladies, that is Grandmother and my mother, Louise, went a little further down the street to Geiske's laundry. Mother folded shirts after they were ironed. Grandmother ironed because she was a whiz ding at ironing and Mom was little, that is she was still a very young person, so she folded the shirts around the shirt boards and packed them. She met a couple of ladies there called the Klinge sisters and these two gals dressed really fabulously. They would take a piece of fabric and put it up against the front of themselves. One would hold and cut around the shape of the person while the person stood there. Then they'd sew these things together - their own creations with no patterns or anything. I don't see how they could do it. They were always dressed fabulously. The laundry was a big part of their lives. Somewhere there were pictures of them in front of the laundry right next door.

At one time they also moved to a home up Grove Avenue near where Walter Sears lived during our lifetime. I know that at least their last child was born there. This would have been little Charlie, a child after Uncle Sandy. He was just an infant and never made it past that. He is buried in White Cemetery. They had up there wooden sidewalks and in the middle of the night, Grandfather had to run for the doctor because there were no telephones or at least they didn't have one yet. The doctor came in a buggy to deliver the baby. In 1908 they moved into the Lincoln Avenue house and Uncle Victor graduated from High School in 1909. He was the only one that got to graduate from High School. My mother had osteomylitis and had to quit when she was only a freshman. I believe that Uncle Sandy simply went to his sixteenth birthday and said "I've had it and I'm not going back!"

Great Grandfather died and, of course, Ernie at the time was a very little kid and still nursing. It wasn't too fashionable to have your kids taken care of by a baby sitter, so mother stayed at home with me and Ernie. The funeral procession went right pass the Lincoln Avenue house and mother is now sitting in front of the window and looking out and saying, "Oh, there they go and there's this one and that one" and counting the carriages. She was talking about great grandmother was in this one and so and so was in another and I said, "Where's Great Grandpa?" and she said, "Well, he was in the hearse." This was this old, old fashioned horse-drawn hearse with the glass sides and she said, "His body is in that box, but his head went to heaven." And., of course, I was just a tiny little kid and had no idea what she was talking about, but I could see very, very vividly up in the sky right over that hearse the top of one of those old fashioned school houses with the little belfry, but instead of the belfry there was grandpa's head up there in that little belfry that belonged to the school house! I want you to know that it took me one long, long term of years to get past the idea that the head went to heaven and that's what the whole thing looked like. My whole childhood was that way. And so when you're telling any little kid about death or anything associated with it, you really have to be careful.

I remember when I was six Great Grandmother was ill and I think maybe for a long time although I didn't realize it she didn't come out of her room. She was in the room over the parlor, the one that had the beautiful bay window upstairs. It was the largest bedroom in the house and evidentially her meals were all taken up to her because she wasn't well enough to come downstairs. Of course, Grandmother Alydia, her oldest daughter, was doing all this caring for her. On this occasion I had no idea what was going on but they had a cot and they had Great Grandmother on the cot and they carried her downstairs on this cot. Now she was completely dressed including her coat and her hat and I'm sure she was wearing her shoes cause you could see there bulging under the covers at the bottom.

She was all tucked in, her head was on a pillow - it looked a little strange under the hat. Uncle Sandy had one end of that cot and I think Ollie Hollister had the other end. I'd give anything to realize now how they made it around the corner from the stairs to the dining room. She was still or, the cot- she hadn't fallen off. They got her lined up with the front door and put her down or, the cot on the floor and everyone was saying good-bye to Grandmother and I was told to say "Goodbye" to Great Grandmother. I, of course, wanted to know where she was going. Well, she was going to the hospital and I found out later that she had cancer of the bowel and every one of the adults knew she would not be returning home. Uncle Sandy and Ollie had gone down to Harden's, which was down next to the old Hough St. School on Lake Street and had borrowed Mr. Harden's white horse and his open wagon - just a flat wagon. They took Grandmother and put her on that wagon and took her down to the Northwestern Railroad station in that open wagon. No wonder she had to wear her coat and hat on the way. Then they were to put her on a train in the baggage car and they were to take her to Chicago. Grandmother Alydia was standing there saying. "Oh, I'm afraid mother is going to be too cold in the baggage car" and Sandy was saying in his most positive manner, "Now, don't you worry about her. She's going to be warm enough. I'm going to be right there with her. No way are they going to make me sit somewhere else." And these two fellows promised that they would stay right there with her on that cot all the way to Chicago. And I'm telling you I would give anything to know what they did with her after they got her to Chicago. I doubt very much they had a horse and wagon in there, but I can't imagine that they would have the kind of ambulance service that we have today. Somehow they had to get her over to the Wesley Hospital.

When we were talking about Great Grandfather's funeral, I didn't happen to mention that the street which we all know as Dundee was called Cemetery Street in those days. After all it went directly up to the cemetery on the hill. All of the parades and all of the funerals went up to that street, so you might say we had a box seat for everything that went on. The street in front of our house, which we all know now as Lincoln Avenue, was called South Hawley Street. There was also a North Hawley Street and there were a lot of times people would come to our door looking for someone and as we found out the name of the person they were looking for, we would say, "Oh, they're over on North Hawley Street." And this got to be such a mixed up mess that finally they decided they had to give one of these streets a new name and they chose to keep North Hawley as Hawley. They gave South Hawley where we lived the name of Lincoln Avenue.

The parades many times came up Lincoln Avenue, but sometimes they would come up others streets like Main to what we now know as Dundee and then they would go past our house. There were always hords of people that were walking past our front door like on Memorial Day and so on. Mother almost always sat out on the front porch and waved to all her friends and say "Stop in on your way back from the parade." They would stop at our house for lemonade. We had huge pitchers of lemonade and lots more lemons in the kitchen and she was really very busy because by the time people had climbed all the way up that hill to the cemetery and then back down they were really ready for a glass of lemonade.

Then came one Fourth of July when people went by and Mother was not sitting on the front porch, but Ernie and I were playing out in the street. We were big enough that they knew who we were and they would talk to us. They were saying, "Where's your Mother? Isn't she going to make some lemonade today?" We said, "Oh, no, Mother's got a new baby. He's just like a firecracker as he was born on the day before and Grandmother said, "He's just like a firecracker!" And, of course, this was Ned!

Both of the streets by our house were gravel. Out in front of the one that used to be South Hawley and is now Lincoln we had a sidewalk that went from the front door out to the public sidewalk and was continued as a huge deep slab of cement, maybe had a step at the end so that you could step into a carriage when it pulled up. Every morning and every evening Hank Lageschulte moved his cows up and down the street because across Dundee was his pasture. I can't remember the name of the young man' we all called him Laggie, the old man was Hank. They lived at the corner of Lill Street and Lincoln Avenue and diagonally across from Lipofsky's. Lill went right into what would be called their barnyard. They had a big old fashioned house and a huge barn. Eventually, they got around to the idea of paving Lincoln Avenue.

By this time we had two very beautiful young ladies rooming at our house who were from either Wisconsin or Minnesota, anyway from some rural atmosphere. They didn't even understand the pilot light on the gas stove, which was quite a new thing in those days. They wanted to light the stove with a match and were scared to death of the pilot light. You had to heat water if you wanted a bath. Grandmother had a huge kettle. They'd fill the kettle, put it on the stove and then come running for me and I would have to operate the pilot light because they were afraid of it. They could handle it from there on out, but somebody had to do that pilot light.

Grandmother also had trouble with that stove when it was brand new. My Dad at that time was in the business of selling electrical appliances of that kind. The railroad had had a strike so he quit that job. This stove also had the first oven temperature control on it. It was a dial on the top corner of the oven and it had words like moderate, hot, and very hot instead of what Grandmother was used to. She had been used to a little cook stove where when she wanted to find out if it was hot enough to bake the bread or the angel food cake or whatever, she would open the door very fast, stick her hand in, pull it out very quickly, and close the door. She could tell by sticking her hand in like that whether it was hot enough or not. But now she didn't understand this dial thing at all, so l had to learn to set the dial. She and I would talk this over and we would decide that this thing needed moderately hot on the dial. We would set it up for that temperature and. of course, it would preheat the oven. She would wait until the signals were right that the oven was now ready and then she would use her old trick of opening the door and putting her hand in to see if it was hot enough. Now, if it was not hot enough, then we would again have a consultation and we'd adjust the little dial until the dial was a little hotter or cooler and then she would put the cake in. After some experimentation we made some notes so that she could set the dial and she could learn for this particular cake she needed at this word whether than whatever she was used to so she didn't always have to do that.

(At this point Ned Coe made the following comments)
The two things that I remember best about Uncle Sandy - in the first case a tree had blown across a farm driveway on East Main Street that was just East of Northwest Highway. There was a cemetery there, a little church and then Menecke's house, a little

road and just beyond that. At any rate, a tree had blown across the driveway and the owner of the farm had trimmed it so that it could be moved and Uncle Victor and the owner had tried desperately to move it. Uncle Sandy came out and while they were conferring about how to do it, he picked it up and moved it by himself and became my hero for ever and a day.

The other story was one that I kinda overheard. Uncle Sandy was involved somehow with a machine gun in World War I in France and the Germans put on a push - an attack of somekind. A machine gun of this caliber was a three-man job to carry. The tripod was one, the water cooler was another, and the barrel and the firing mechanism was the third man's carry. They split the job of carrying the ammunition. Each one of them carried a little with them in the containers. At the point of the attack the two people who were helping him with the gun were either injured, killed or ran away and I think it was the later, Uncle Sandy simply picked the gun up and moved it back out of the way by himself so that the Germans couldn't get it and use it against the Americans. It's my understanding from the way I heard it, the next day two other people tried to pick it up by itself and couldn't. So, I'm sure there was a little extra adrenaline involved. That also made him a hero to me.
(At this point Kathryn took over again)

Grandpa and I used to go out for little walks. They owned two lots, the one where the house was and the one on the corner was used for gardening and we used to walk to the corner and down the side of that lot - just the two of us every now and then. I guess I had some tendency toward feminism even in those days. I remember on this morning saying to Grandpa that I thought it was really a dirty trick that girls didn't get to smoke. All the fellows did and when they grew up it seemed a very manly thing for them to learn how to smoke cigars and pipes and all that kind of stuff. Grandpa was a pipe smoker and had several pipes including a perfectly beautiful Meerschaum. I was complaining to him about girls not getting to smoke and in his wisdom he said to me "Maybe when you grow up, girls will be able to smoke. Now there's old Lady Houlihan and she smokes a corncob pipe." Well, I didn't know who she was so he pointed up toward the railroad track and he said " She lives up there in a boxcar that's empty by the railroad tracks and sometimes when she goes to town, I'll let you see her.

"Now," he said, " I'd let you smoke my pipe, but you know it's been in my mouth and you know that you're not suppose to put things in your mouth that have been in someone else's mouth, so I can't let you smoke my pipe. Maybe you'd like to chew." " Well," I said, "How do you chew ?" And he drags his tobacco pouch out of his pocket and takes a handful of pipe tobacco out of it. He said, "Well, you just take a little pinch, put it in your mouth and chew it like gum." And, of course, I did believe him totally so I took it and stuck it in my mouth. Well, you can imagine how God awful it tasted! It was just the most horrific thing I can remember ever happening to me, so, of course, I started spitting and choking on this stuff. I spit it out on the grass and I also started to cry pretty bad. Grandfather is standing there laughing at me. He's laughing his head off! And I was real mad at him to think he would laugh at me and so I'm telling him how mad I am and he says, "Ah, quite your crying and go in and see your Grandma and tell her you need a ginger cookie." So, I raced for the kitchen door and went in and said in my tears, "I'm supposed to have a ginger cookie. Grandpa said I could have a ginger cookie." And

Grandmother said, "What's the matter with you? What do you need a ginger cookie for?" And so I told her he had given me some tobacco to chew. I never did find out what happened to Grandpa, but I'm very confident that she was mad enough that she let her feelings be known very, very much because he really caught it for giving me tobacco. I honestly think that maybe why I never smoked because it was so awful.

Later on the family went to Wisconsin to see Uncle Ed and Uncle Frank who lived in Adams/Friendship. Now by the family I mean my Dad - he owned an old Dodge truck at the time - the kind I've always called a fruit truck. It had a wire netting kind of thing on the two sides and it had curtains to put down when it rained. He took Mother and whatever kids happened to be in our family and he had Aunt Anna and all the kids of her family. In the back end of the truck we had old chairs, stools, and cushions. We all piled in and we went to Wisconsin. Grandmother did not go because Grandfather was not feeling very well, so she stayed home with him. We came home, I believe it was the 4th of July weekend, on Sunday night and Ernie and I had to get ready to go to Bible School the next morning. Mom and Dad went off to work and Ernie and I are now in Grandma and Grandpa's bedroom. Grandmother is brushing by hair and tying it up as I was wearing long braids so I couldn't do this myself and Ernie is getting his inspection to see that his hair is combed properly and all. Grandfather is sitting up in bed having his breakfast. Grandmother used to always have old rocking chairs that she would put upside down behind him and cushioned it with pillows. He had a tray that he was finishing his breakfast. He spoke to her and said "Ma, I really feel funny", and she turned around and took one look at him and snatched the chair and the breakfast tray and said to me "Call the doctor right now, tell the Doctor he's dying". In the mean time she's working on him, taking out the pillows and lying him flat on the bed and I'm calling the doctor. I said, "My grandma said I should call you and tell you that Grandpa is dying" and he said "I'11 come right away". I hung up the phone, went into the bedroom and she said "Call your mother". Mother was at Skinner's Factory, way over across town. "You tell your mother that her dad is not feeling well and she should come home." I called the factory, and of course I couldn't talk to mother, I told whoever was on the phone to ask my mother to come home because her dad wasn't feeling well. Mother told me later that the very second she got that message, she knew that Grandpa had died, that that was the only reason that she would be called home. And she ran all the way from Skinner's Factory. (Someone asked where was Skinner's Factory) Skinner's Factory was on the North Side of town. You have to go on Hough Street and then it's over all the way almost to the EJ&E Tracks- there's a street there on the side that you go down. And we'd go from the factory across from what used to be the ballpark up to the Northwestern tracks, and climb up over the tracks and take a street all the way, Harrison, I think it was, all the way back home to Lincoln Avenue. So mother said she had done that, but she had run. So as soon as I got that telephone call taken care of, Grandma said to call Aunt Minnie, and tell her Grandpa's bad. She too ran all the way from their house on Main street, and she didn't realize until Lake Street that she didn't even stop long enough to take off her apron. And if you know Aunt Minnie, that was a real big deal, and she could hardly believe that she would be out on the street wearing her apron and running down the street - so she rolled it all up in a little ball at her waistline and continued to run without pausing at all. But she got there first cause she was closer than Coesy was. The doctor was Dr. Wycoff and he was just down at the corner of Hough and Lake Street. He had his office in the basement of his home there. Because he didn't have to came too far, so of course, he was there before anyone else. He gave Grandpa nitroglycerin under his tongue but by that time Grandpa was too far gone. He was totally dead. By that time Aunt Minnie and Coesy were there so they all had a little conference and called Aunt Anna. Now Aunt Anna had just taken the train the night before and just arrived-wasn't even settled back in her house yet. She lived in Chicago at 1919 Touhy Avenue with the kids. She stayed there long enough to pack up her widow's hat and her widow's vail and anything else she could think of black to loan to her sister- because she had been widowed some years before. She came out on the very next train and we went down and meet her at the railroad station and walked up with her- because it was only walking in those days. That's the story of Grandfather's death.

Grandmother had a stroke when she was 70. It was rather a severe stroke. That was kind of interesting- I was not at home so I can't give you an eyewitness account, but it was in the Lincoln Avenue house. Grandmother was the one that was the first one up and who cooked breakfast for each person as they got up to go to work. Ernie was the first one, so as soon as she got him going she would fix his breakfast. When Ernie came downstairs, Grandmother was standing at the corner of the kitchen ready to walk to the dining room. He said "Good Morning Gram," and dashed into the bathroom to shave and get ready. When he came out of the bathroom, Grandma was standing exactly in the same position, still holding the same bowl of cereal in her hands and had evidently not moved at all. He walked up to her and said, "Gram, are you alright?" but she was not able to speak to him. This is grandmother Alydia Rieke (Mrs. Earnest Rieke) - Sandy and Louisa's mother. He realized she was sick, so he took the cereal and stuff from her and scooped her up in his arms and brought her across the kitchen to her bedroom and laid her out on the bed. Then he called my mother who was upstairs getting dressed ready to come down for her breakfast. The doctor at the time was Dr. Alan Welch. I remember getting instruction from him, because Grandma didn't go to the hospital or anything like that. Her entire right side was paralyzed. She was the kind of person that wasn't going to lie there. So, it wasn't to long before she was able to get up and hobble around on her legs. Her right arm and hand were just not usable. Dr. Welch told me that she was to do hand exercises with a rubber ball. And every though she wasn't able to do these herself, I was to put the ball in her hand and squeeze her hand around that ball. I was also told to exercise her arm and move it around and over her head, because he -said any normal person who put their arm in a sling for a couple of days would find in hard to use and if they just left it there for a couple weeks, they would probably find it paralyzed like she does. I was 24 years old at the time. Grandmother got along pretty well because she was so very determined. We all had to take over the household duties that she usually did. We would be washing the dishes and, of course, she'd come out and say "You guys get out of the kitchen, I'm going to dry". We couldn't figure out how she was going to do this. She took a dish towel and tied it around her right hand and then she would take the dish in her left hand and rub it on her right hand. Instead of rubbing the towel over the dish -she rubbed the dish over the towel. She was very slow but very good at drying all the dishes. By this time I had moved out of the house during the school year. I wasn't living there all the time, but I would come home for vacations and things. She would have a store list. Now, she couldn't write very well with her left hand so she would write only one letter for what she needed. The list would say "B" and we were supposed to figure out if it was bread or butter. If we would say, "What do you mean by this letter?" She would say "Oh, you dummy" or something like that, but she really couldn't talk much at that point, mostly just grunts and it was very garbled. She did finally learn to talk somewhat, but it was never again good clear speech. For a while I was teaching in Taylorville, and I used to like to call up every once in a while just to see how the family was getting along. When grandmother would answer the phone she'd say "How", and of course, you knew you had grandmother. And I would start saying, "Grandma, don't hang up. It's me, Kathryn and I know it's hard for you to talk, so, I'11 ask questions and you can just say yes or no." She'd let me talk to her for maybe a minute, but for grandmother a long distance call was far an emergency and nobody was supposed to call up and use the telephone like that just to be chatting.

It was during this period that we moved out of the Lincoln Avenue house and rented a house on Station Street. By this time my mom and dad had purchased the house from Grandma and Grandpa and had a mortgage at the bank. So, Grandma and Grandpa had their money and Mom & Dad were supposed to be paying for it still. Dad had gone into business and decided he needed more money so he went to take out a second mortgage on the house without bothering to tell mother anything about it. The bank came over and said they were going to foreclose if we didn't pay the second mortgage. My mother said she didn't know anything about it and the banker said, "We have your signature right here and she said, "Let me see it" and realized it was not her signature at all. Mother wrote her name for the bankers to see and they said that it was obviously not her signature so they couldn't do anything about it. I don't know if they went after my dad or not, but it wasn't foreclosed. Then the state bank in Barrington was closed during the Roosevelt years when all the banks were closed and it was not allowed to reopen. Our mortgage was with them so had to foreclose the mortgage unless we were able to pay the entire balance (which we couldn't).

So, we rented a little house on Station Street. There weren't enough rooms for everybody but there was a good sized hall upstairs and when I visited I had a cot in that hall. Ned had more fun than anybody in that particular house. By this time he was playing the trombone fairly well and very loudly. He would go into the bathroom which had are outdoor window, open it, stick the trombone out and play loudly for the neighbor, because the neighbor didn't like it very well. The more he found out the neighbor didn't like it, the more he played. We also had a very funny thing happen with Grandmother in that house. Earlier when we were living in the Lincoln Avenue House, we didn't have any radio and mother was working for the J. C. Plagge family after JC had died. She saw this beautiful radio, the kind in the gorgeous wood cabinet, and she knew they were going to sell it for fifteen dollars. She talked it over with me and said, "You know, I really can't afford fifteen dollars for it but I wonder if you would have any money to help me out." I said that if we were going to buy it for the whole family than everyone should chip in.

I said I'd pay half and we'd try to get everyone to chip in what ever they could. Ernie had some money and Ned said he'd give his nickel or dime allowance for the week and Mary didn't have very much, maybe two or three pennies to chip in. Then we asked Grandma and she just went "Humph", because she couldn't see any need for having a radio anyway. However, the bank had foreclosed and by now they were handing out dividend checks. Grandmother got a dividend check from the state bank every month for nine cents. Arid she said, "I'll give you my check," and she did. So, nine cents was her contribution to the radio. We all enjoyed the radio very much. It was in the dining roam and one day we all went back to school after lurch and we left that radio on. Grandmother was stuck and didn't know how to turn it off. She had listened to the darn radio all afternoon and we all caught hell when we got home from school because we didn't turn the radio off. We tried to teach her how to do it, but she didn't want t o learn. We insisted and finally she learned how to turn it both on and off. We would find her in tears, glued to the radio, sympathizing with whatever program was on and crying with old Ma so and so. She really loved that radio.

And above other things, she learned all about Lum and Abner. By now we had moved over to the Station Street house and Lum and Abner had made a movie and we wanted to take Grandmother just down the street to the theater. She kept saying "No, I don't want to go." Her feet hurt her very badly and she couldn't wear regular shoes. I used to go into Sears to the men's shoe department to buy her bedroom slippers that would come all the way up in the front and back, way up above the ankles. They were called Romeos with elastic on the side. I would outline her foot on a piece of paper and cut it out and bring it in to one of the shoe salesmen and we'd fit it into the bottom of the slippers to find the ones to bring home. We finally decided we were going to take her to the movies and Mom and I shoved her coat on her, almost nasty hard, and then we tried to put her hat on her head and the minute I'd let go, she took it off and pitched it as far as she could throw. She was not going to go because she didn't want anybody to see those slippers on her feet. In the middle of this Ernie walked in and we told him what the problem was. He very calmly said "Gram, You'll just love it." He did his usual thing and just went over and picked her up in his arms. He said "Put her hat on", which we did, and she didn't knock it off. Ernie carried her out the door and on down Station Street while mom and I scurried to get our hat and coats. We caught up with them going down the hill and met up with some people coming our way. Among them was Aunt Addie and grandmother starting wiggling saying "Put me down, Put me down, I don't went them to see this, Put me down". Ernie said, "Will you promise to me good Gram?". She promised to be good so he put her down and she walked on her own to the theatre where we all enjoyed the show. It was really crazy because grandmother talked about that show for the rest of her life. It was Lum and Abner like she'd been listening to on the radio, and she said that everytime she heard them on the radio she would tell us about how she knew just what they looked like.

Grandma was able to walk pretty good after her stroke. She never walked with the same spriness, but she did pretty good. When I was a little kid, I had to run to keep up with her. A1l my life I tried to learn to walk as fast as she did. Finally, one day I realized that I could walk as fast as she did and I almost cried because I realized it was only because she'd had the stroke and it had slowed her down.

Grandmother and mother both felt like it was a waste to be renting and not having anything to show for your money. I don't know how mother managed to find the house on Division Street because I was away at school, but she was able to purchase the house. They all moved up there while I was away at school. Mason, my dad, had left much earlier than that when we were still in the Lincoln Avenue house when I was in high school. Mary was only about six or seven months old and he left on the day after my sixteenth birthday, on the twenty-sixth day of January. Anyway, getting back to the Division Street house. Ned was away at war and it was during the summer. I think Coesy was the only one home with Alydia when grandmother had a second stroke. Coesy (Louisa) got her nickname because her list name was Coe and she was staying with children, among them the Bateman children. Those children nicknamed her Coesy instead of Mrs. Coe and Mom liked it. Everyone starting calling her Coesy, her grandchildren, Linda, everybody called her Coesy. All this time she took the responsibility of taking care of Grandmother. Vic and Sandy were always available in an emergency. You could call them and they'd help out when they could but they felt that they were in the kind of shape that the only help they really could give would be to take her into their home to take care of her. And I really don't know much about the financial arrangement to know if they ever paid any bills or anything. I'm sure that your mother did things for her, purchased her clothes, remodeled clothes because nobody fit into regular sizes in those days. Aunt Minnie was a wonderful seamstress. I remember when grandmother needed a new winter coat, she kept saying she didn't need one, but finally we had to brow beat her and I, or mother and I, went and got her a coat and brought it home to her and put it on her. She lived for many years after that and almost wore out the new one we'd purchased for her, but she didn't think she'd live long enough to wear out a new coat and she didn't want us to spend the money.

Now she's about 77 and mother and she were there at the Division Street house, I believe. Maybe Mary was there, I'm not sure. But she had another stroke. She was sitting down this time in a chair and she was not able to get up and move herself around at all, but Mother got help and got her into bed and by the time I arrived on the scene, I believe I was in summer school at the University of Iowa that summer, so I came home when Mother called to say Grandmother had had a stroke. Ned came home on a furlough, which was a regularly scheduled one, not one that was an emergency furlough. In this stroke Grandmother was in much worse shape and she slipped into a coma. We had Dr. Welch and he again was giving us lots of instruction on how to take care of her. He got the family together and announced to us that we must be very, very careful not to say anything in her presence that we did not want her to hear and understand. He felt that according to the best knowledge at that time a person could sometimes hear what you were saying and he didn't want us to be standing at her bedside and say, "Oh, poor Mother, she's dying." He wanted us to be out of earshot entirely. She was obviously in very bad shape and Dr. Welch then said to us, "I think I know this patient well enough to know that she would not want me to take her to the hospital and do the things I would be able to do to prolong her life. I could take her to the hospital and prolong her life almost indefinitely. I don't know now long she will live like this, but I don't think she will ever regain consciousness." Ned came in during this time that she had already slipped into the coma and all of us felt that she recognized his voice and opened her eyes to look at him. She didn't talk but struggled as though she wanted to put her arms around Ned. We felt that she understood that he was there. She lived like this for 10 days. Vic and Sandy were there to visit from time to time.

The ties with the Methodist Church in town were quite strong. In the earliest days before my time the family went to what we know as the Evangelical Salem Church, but the services were in German. Grandpa Earnest and Grandma Alydia realized the children didn't know what was being said because they didn't understand German. They realized that the kids went and sat through the services, but they weren't getting the religion that they wanted them to get. They felt they needed to do something else and so they moved around the block to the Methodist Church because the Methodist Church was on Cook Street. The Salem Church is the same building, but much changed, which is now is the

Salem United Methodist Church of Barrington. The church that they moved to was around the corner on Cook Street facing East. I believe now it is the Masonic Hall. It was in those days a thriving church, but not so big that it needed a new one. Mother has told me about her early days with the Salem Church. She had to learn the catechism in German. Of course, she did not know one word of German, but she learned that question one -- the answer was blah, blah, blah. and question two - the answer was la dee dah and question... and so. Now, if the minister that was giving the questions kept them in order, she could give him the answer, but if he mixed them up, she didn't have the foggiest notion where he was and she was totally out it.

There was just no question about whether you went to church on Sunday. You got up and you went. Victor, Sandy, and Louisa were strong parts of the church - each in his own way. Mother and Victor sang in the choir and Sandy was often an usher and later was on the Board. The Methodist Church on Cook Street has always interested me also because that building didn't even have water piped into it. If they were going to have a Church dinner or something, they had a little well in the little kitchen that was back in the corner. Out in the back they had a shed to put your horse in when you brought your horse and buggy to church. You could park your horse under the shed so it wouldn't be full of snow or get rained on. That was more important than having heat in the building. The choir used to meet at Mother's house when I was a kid because they wouldn't heat the building during the week and they couldn't go down during the winter.

Now, for a few years, not very many, my Mother and Dad owned the little house in the middle of the block on Lincoln between Lill and Dundee. It was a tiny little house and the family referred to it as "The Little House." They would live there during the summer months and then when it was time to turn on the heat they would close up that house and move in with Grandma and Grandpa's. Grandma and Grandpa didn't have enough cash flow, as we would call it now, that they could handle the winter heating season. With having Mom and Dad move in the group of them would have enough money. There was a big coal bin in the basement and they'd get a supply of coal, but they couldn't have swung it alone. In that little house in the middle of the block, they had just little coal stoves. They also had coal stoves at the big Lincoln Avenue house too. In the Fall, they would turn on the little stove until it really got cold and then they would turn on the furnace.

One of my first recollections is Uncle Victor and Aunt Jenny's wedding. The Homuth family lived in the house that we have known as Aunt Emma Hollister's right next to Aunt Min and Uncle Sandy's house just West of 337 West Main Street. (House has since been taken down.) I went and sat with Mother and later I told her I thought I remembered that and she didn't think I was old enough to remember that and so I asked her about it and I said that we sat on the foot of an old fashioned couch that had a big roll at the foot where you could put your head down and stretch your feet out at the other end. We were down at the foot, not in the main room where the ceremony was held, but we could hear it because we were right next to the door way. They served up ice cream and mother said that that was accurate.

Next they moved to Woodstock and they had a tiny little house on Washington Street. When I was in first grade I was allowed to take the train all by myself to Woodstock to visit them in that house. Upstairs there were two bedrooms and you had to climb very crooked stairs. The last four or five steps were pie shaped stairs in order to turn a corner and I had never seen a pie-shaped step before in my life because in Grandpa's house where I knew steps, they were all straight all the way up. Arid when you went up to the top of the stairs you were in the front bedroom and then you had to walk clear around the steps to the door to the other bedroom. Uncle Vic and Aunt Jenny had that other bedroom at the back, and I was in the one where they had to walk to go up and down the steps. Uncle Victor had come drown to the train to meet me and I got to meet Grandpa Kirchman at the Washington Street Crossing. At the end of the time Uncle Vic took me down to the train, made sure I had my ticket and again insulted me by telling the man on the train that I was suppose to get off at Barrington and that fellow also wanted to know how did I know when I got to Barrington and I said, "You watch for the Bowman Dairy and then you get off." And he said that the Bowman Dairy was also in Cary and I said, "Yes, I know, but it's on the other side of the track." It was on the North side of the track in Cary and the South side in Barrington.

My early recollections are of going up to Uncle Victor and Aunt Jen's for Thanksgiving. Then they moved into another beautiful larger Victorian house still in Woodstock for a while. I remember one Thanksgiving dinner when I met peas for the first time. Peas, the little green round things! I was sitting next to my Father. He said, "Would you like some peas?" And I said, "No, I don't like them." Well, I had never seen them before and I wasn't about to try those dumb things I'd never seen before. Why should I do that? So, he said, "I think you would like a few of them." He gave me a very small spoonful of peas on my plate and of course I'd been brought up to eat what was on my plate, right? So, I ate the peas and you know they were good! They were darn goad and I enjoyed them very much. So, my Dad said, "Would you like a few more peas?" And I said, "No, I don't like 'em!" I would give in and I would not say I liked those peas. But, the next time I was served peas I, at least, knew what they were and I enjoyed them.

We almost always had a duck for Thanksgiving because Uncle Victor adored duck. He really liked it very much. And maybe a goose, but always a duck or a goose. Aunt Jenny was a very good cook.

So, when Uncle Sandy and Aunt Min were married they moved into the Main Street house. It was, of course, a few years after Uncle Victor and Aunt Jenny got married. Then Aunt Minnie immediately started a Christmas tradition of inviting us all there for Christmas and she choose turkey. There was never any problem because Uncle Victor liked goose or duck better. And I'm sure that Ned and I both remember kidney bean salad at Aunt Minnie' s. It was so great! Ned still makes it with her recipe. I also remember something that was called Billy Sunday pudding that was a tapioca concoction that was absolutely delicious. We used to eat 'til the food came right out of our ears at both these houses because they were both wonderful cooks.

Vic and Jenny did not move to Barrington until Wayne and Carol had been born. There was a baby before Wayne named Norma Jean buried in Evergreen Cemetery in Barrington at the same sight as Vic and Jenny and Sandy and Min. I was too young to understand anything about that, but I heard Mother and Grandmother talking one day and they said something about it was stillborn. That was all I heard, but little old me - what does that mean and they explained to me that the baby was born dead and they were being very sympathetic about it, but they weren't telling me much. Later Wayne was born and was a very healthy character, as we know. They had Carol and Wayne and moved into a little house on Harrison Street. It was, I think, the first house North of Main Street on the West side. I believe they stayed there until they were able to build the house on Coolidge.

That was about the time our family was moving out of Lincoln Avenue and going over to Station Street. Great-Grandmother Golden had willed me her Haviland china and when Mother moved to the little house on Lincoln Avenue she took the Haviland. She had a built-in china cabinet that was gorgeous that went from the floor all the way to the ceiling. She put that Haviland on the bottom shelf and every time she caught me looking at it, she would tell me that is yours but you must never play with it. It's not a plaything and when you're grown up you can have it.

Now, we were going to be moving out of the Lincoln Avenue house and going into this little rental place and she didn't know what to do with the Haviland so I took Grandmother Golden's old, old trunk, the kind with the curved lid on the top, and Mother and I put big old fashioned cushions in the bottom of it and then we packed the china in that trunk. Aunt Jenny allowed us to put that trunk in one of the attics at the Coolidge Avenue house. They had little corner attics that tucked under the eaves and she gave Mother one of those little corner tuck away places for the Haviland and some other things that Mother didn't know what to do with because the house was much smaller that we were moving into. When the china came out of there, I already had a home, a little apartment, so I took it there.

Note: The Lincoln Avenue House used to sit on the southeast corner of Lincoln and Dundee Avenue, but then the corner lot was sold and a house built, so it became the second house from the corner. Kathryn was always called KC by her family.