

CHERRY BOX  
NOV  
23  
A.M.  
1908  
MO.

Miss Jona. Phelps.

Manrol. City

Mo.

1  
Miss Jana Phelps

Marion City

Dear friend

I will take pleasure and  
write you a short letter

this pleasant day

in answer to your kind  
and most welcome letter  
read last Tuesday.

No I haven't got my skates  
sharp, yet I will skate on  
till the ice is thick enough  
to skate.

I hope it will be cold  
christmas week so we  
can skate, until our  
hearts are content.

well I was a little bit

dissapoint to hear that  
you would not Be at  
home the 28 But I will  
wait and come down  
Christmas. and maybe  
we can get to skate then  
I want to go down to  
Mr Bobb the 14. and  
stay a few days and  
go from there to Tom  
Whites then from there  
to Plina and I will  
Be in town the 19  
and I hope I will get  
to see you there that  
day you will Be  
up town that after  
noon want you

what do you want for  
 Christmas I want some  
 candy and ~~and~~ a little  
 tin horn and I can't  
 tell all.

well if you promise to  
 be good I will let  
 my mother to come with  
 me and stay as long  
 as I do.

yes I know I would  
 laugh at Fairy Merdigan  
 I can imagine how  
 they talked  
 well as news as school  
 I will be here for  
 this time  
 Hoping to hear

from you real soon

Yours truly

I remain your friend

Healey Gardner

to Henry B. O. M.

Mar 22 1908



Mr Harvey Gander.  
Cherry Box.  
Missouri.

Mr Harvey Gander,

Cerry Box. Mo.

Dear friend:

To night finds me trying to  
ans' your kind letter rec'd  
last monday. How did you  
spend Thanksgiving? I worked  
all morning but I had the  
afternoon off. Fairy came by  
and we went down to Mr  
Ryans and spent the after-  
noon and we all went to  
the "Catholic Bazar" last night.

The boys blacked their faces  
and gave a home talent play.  
The K.C. Band furnished the  
music. I enjoyed it but  
there was so many people  
there I couldn't get a seat.  
It was lots of fun to have  
someone pushing me first  
one way and then the other.  
So you want a little tin horn  
do you? well, if you'll <sup>be</sup> a nice  
little fellow I will tell Santa  
to save you one and some  
peanut candy. Is that enough?



# 3

or do you want a drum too.  
I want anything Santa chooses  
to bring me. I am not hard  
to please. I didnt say I  
would promise to be good if  
you brought your mother with  
you when you came down. I  
said I would try to be good  
if you came with her when  
she comes down. Are you  
going to stay down till  
after christmas I guess I will  
be down town on Sat. after-  
noon Dec. 19. th. if nothing hap-  
pens.

34

Fairy is going out home to-morrow  
I wish I was going too But  
Mr Longmires have company and  
I cant get away Myrtie doesnt  
want me to go home Christmas  
But I am going if I have  
to take my trunk with me  
I never did stay away from  
home on Christmas.

well I guess I had better  
close as news is scarce and  
it is getting late I am  
afraid I wont wake early  
tomorrow morning hoping to hear

from you soon I remain as

ever Iona Phelps

Monroe City Mo

Nov. 27. 08.

When the golden sun is sitting  
and your mind from cares is  
free.

When of others you are thinking  
will you kindly think of  
me.

ERRY BO  
DEC  
7  
ROR

Miss Jana Phelps -

Manuel County

Mo

Miss J and Phelps

Mannual Leity mo

Pilar friend

to day find me trying  
to answer for your kind letter  
recieved last m ansloy  
you ask me how I spent  
I thank you I spent it  
just fine a anson load  
of us went down to  
avill Gander and we  
went a hunting I killed  
32. A abbit.

so you now know I enjoyed  
that.

But if you woud of B in  
there I shoudly woud of enjoyed  
it much Peter. then I did.  
well this day look like  
we will have I to

I hate an. 6 Christmas  
 week. I hope so any way  
 yess I will stay untill  
 after 6 Christmas  
 if weather hapen more then  
 I know of now:  
 yess I want a drink and  
 I gess that will Bee a  
 enough for this time.  
 you said that Perry was gain  
 have and <sup>of</sup> wood like to  
 go your self. I feel sarow  
 for you But that dont  
 help much does it.  
 well I hope you well is how  
 then who is Pass 6 Christmas.  
 I are over to Mr Ball Perry  
 to day.  
 and my mother is with me  
 we stayed all night.

well I want to start down  
there the last of this  
week.

so if you answer my letter  
you will have to answer it by  
the middle of the week or I  
won't get it. Be fare I  
leave.

well as news is scarce I  
will have to be late so  
write soon or later.

I remain your friend

Harvey Lander  
6 Henry Box Mo  
Dec 6 1908

B. G. B. G.

I guess I will see you in  
town the 19

MO  
JAN  
11  
43JP  
1909  
MO

Mr Hearvey Gander  
Cherry Box,  
Missouri.



1  
Mr Harvey Gander  
Cherry Box Mo.

Dear Harve:

I know you will excuse  
this scribbling when I tell  
you that I have just written  
you one letter, and tore it  
all to pieces in a scuffle  
with Sam he and Will  
has been trying to read  
what I wrote Will got tired  
and went to bed but Sam  
was more determined than  
ever he said he was going  
to read it and I said he  
wasnt so we nearly tore  
the house down. I tore it  
up getting it away from  
him and burned the pieces

to keep him from getting ahead of me. he thinks I have gone to bed or he would be down here now. I have been wondering how you enjoyed this pleasant Sunday of course you enjoyed it more than you did last Sunday. I passed away the day reading talking, and thinking of some one up about Cherry Box can you guess who? I hope you got home all O.K. I saw you pass here but you didn't see me. you didn't want to did you? at least I didn't see you look towards the house. I knew

you would soon get tired of looking at such an ugly creature as me.

Did your Mother and Plina go up there Tuesday if they did I know they had a cool ride about like the ride I will have tomorrow.

Sam let the colt get away from him Monday and tear up his buggy so we will have to ride home in the spring wagon my what a nice ride we will have. I am looking for a letter from you tomorrow and if I dont get one I will know what has happened. Write and let

one know for shure whether  
you will be down on the 23  
or not. If I go out home  
the 23rd I will have to do  
some extra cooking.

Dont. I talk bossy? if you  
havent found out that I  
am bossy it is time  
you was' findeing it out.

I have had a fine time  
trying to sew this week.  
our neighbors all tryed to  
come to see us so I didnt  
get quite through. They are  
wondering if I am really  
going back to town or some  
where else. I told them  
back to town but I didnt  
say for how long.

if that pretty girl is in  
the post office when you  
get this letter be careful  
and dont let her see the  
writing if she does she  
will laugh at you for  
writing to such a poor  
scribe as me.

If I get a letter from you  
tomorrow I will write so you  
will get one from me But  
I guess I had better close  
as the lamp is about to  
go out and news is scarce.  
Hoping to hear from you  
soon I remain yours with <sup>Love</sup>

Iona Hope Phelps  
Monroe City Mo.  
Dec 10. 1909

CHESTER  
JAN  
14  
A.M.  
1909  
M

Miss. J. ana. Phelps

Marion City

Mo

1  
Miss Anna Phelps

Marion City Mo

May 24 1860

I will answer your letter  
which I just read it is  
9:30. Now But there is  
Plenty of time to write  
to you Rob got my make  
to night. so you know  
that pretty girl didnt  
get to see the letter. I went  
up to the Box last night  
and was B is a P ainted and  
so I didnt go to night  
I just sent B of Rob for my  
make.

you wanted to know how  
I enjoyed Sunday I didnt

Note: Rob is Harvey's brother

enjoy it a little But I  
stayed at home all day  
and thanking of the woman  
that I left on the  
Sunday Bee fare. can you  
guess who it was.

yess I got home all quite  
my mother and Plina  
came up the next day  
the little children liked to  
fo froze. they had to  
sit and warm them.

na I didnt see you when  
I Pass you kept out of  
site. I saw will or saw  
out at the Barn

I guess you was looking  
throw the window at



m.e. well I am is aware that  
 I am sat his Buggy tore up  
 But that wont do any good  
 None will it.

did you get that letter you  
 was looking for mandoy  
 what did you think  
 would happen.

I went to be leave to  
 day to <sup>take</sup> see an Plina out  
 so you know I had a nice  
 ride and enjoyed it  
 yes I will be down the  
 23 if weather happen that  
 I cant get there  
 I cant hardly mate tell

Then to see you it seem  
like a month now since  
I saw you  
yes I have found out that  
you was Bassy But I am  
a little bit that away  
my self so who will Bee  
Bass I guess I will want I  
will Hancey I will be lose  
to write you and I will  
write a game Bee fore I  
be done down.  
it is lots of pleasure to  
hear from you But more  
to see you and talk

with. did you get that  
 quilt finished that you  
 was making  
 well kid I guess the people  
 will find out before  
 very long where you are  
 going about that I hope so  
 any way.

well Sweetheart I will be  
 so ~~visit~~ soon and please  
 excuse this letter and scribbling  
 so I will be love with <sup>the</sup> Best  
 of love. He open to hear from you  
 soon I remain as ever yours

True lover He orney J ander  
 Le herry Bot  
 Jan 12 1909

Mr Harvey Gander

Cherry Box.

Missouri.



1  
Mr Harvey Gardner.

Cherry Box Mo.

Dear Harvey:

I am afraid you will be dissapointed again if you go to the box tomorrow evening. I would have written yesterday evening. but I had the headache and sore throat besides, I was so tired I could hardly sit up.

I recd your letter this afternoon and you know I was glad to hear from you you I dont believe I ever got a letter, that I prized half so highly as I do the ones you write me.

I am glad you got home safe and sound I suppose you though I would think you

had had an accident if you didnt write. I was thinking of you being glad to get back home where there are so many pretty girls and forgetting about me.

I believe I know who you was thinking of last Sun. if it was the girl you took to church. I hope nothing will ~~h~~ happen so you can come down next saturday. I will be up town by 3 or half past and the first place I will go is to the post office.

I dont know whether you will be boss or not I am so stubborn I guess will have to pull hair a little before we can settle that question. My quilt is finished all but hem-  
ing but I didnt do the work I did some ~~to~~

sewing for Mamma and Fairy and they quilted for me.

I am sorry Plinas children got so cold I hope it didnt make them sick.

I dont believe Sams buggy is broken as bad as you think. but if you could have seen it lodged on top of the pailing fence and and the way the horse was lying you would have thought so. she broke the bridle the # shaft and two spokes in one of the wheels and something else I dont remember

I guess I had better close as the clock is strikeing eleven in less than a week from the time you get this we will see each other face to face a week cant pass away any

4

too soon for me. I dont do much else  
but think of you its you last at night  
and first in the morning and you all day  
long. If I could find words eloquent en-  
ough I would try to tell you a few of  
my thoughts but in my poor simple way  
it would be almost useless. I expect you  
could guess them about as well as I can  
tell them. Well dear I will have to bid  
you good night as I want to get up early  
to-morrow morning. Hoping to hear from  
you about ~~next~~ Thursday and see you Sat.

I remain your true loving Iona. P.  
Monroe City Mo  
Jan. 14. 1909





Miss Jana Phelps  
Manrol City  
Mo

Miss Anna Phelps  
Manrol City

Dear Sweetheart

Yes I was dissapointed to or  
three times I didnt get your  
leter on till last night I ~~but~~  
asked for my mail every night  
but they said that was not  
any for me I thought it was  
funny that there wasent any  
so last night I got what I  
I was lookins for and it  
was in the office every

2

Monday Night so you will  
Be dissapointed to day when  
you go to the Post Office  
and there isnt any mail for  
you. But I ant help it as I didnt  
set your letter sooner I wrote  
you a letter Tuesday and was  
going to mail it last night  
if I didnt get away from you  
But I was glad to set yours  
I didnt know what had  
happen that you didnt write  
I thought Maby that you  
didnt set my letter But

it was the the other way this  
 time that was good if you  
 had not of gotten My letter of  
 wood of got Mad then My  
 name wood of Pine Jo enest  
 with you  
 well Dear I will Be out  
 in town saturday and see your  
 Pleasant which would more  
 kind if I only see you every day  
 I would feel Better saturday  
 But it is soon as all of the time  
 You are fine in the morning  
 and till eleven at night  
 and no more sleep with me But  
 of you and my Mother

4

you said that your bill was finished  
But you didn't do the work I didn't  
thank that I did any thing any  
way. well you will half to  
work when I get to B. so your  
boss. it will B. so old lady  
get a mouse on you and get  
wiper or pinner. then you will  
fly at me with the broom as a  
Bread Pan.  
well I fear I will half to close  
hope that I can see you Saturday  
I remain yours with love and kisses  
for you so good. B. G. H. S. Gardner

over

Cherry Bap Mo  
Jan. 21. 09

To Louisa May wither  
Friends may die  
and ~~at~~ none may for sake  
You but never will I

X X X X X



Mr Harvey Gander  
Cherry Box.  
Missouri.

1  
Mr Harvey Gander,  
Cherry Box Mo.,

My Dear Affinity:

I recd your letter this  
after-noon and am truly  
glad to hear from you.  
I hardly know how to thank  
you for the five you sent  
me. I appreciate it. But  
at the same time you <sup>make</sup>  
me feel as cheap as two  
little copper heads. The  
idea of you furnishing me  
money to get ready or doesn't  
just suit my fancy.  
Still under the circum-  
stances I guess it is all  
right. Say kiddo why



did you wish for one the day you washed for and why did you send me the five. if it is a mistake about you going to get married? Every body down here says I had just as well acknowledge that I am going to get married but I guess I'm not if you're not. Do you think so?

No I havent ~~bought~~<sup>got</sup> my dress yet. I have been making my shirt waist I have been working on it every night for nearly two weeks doesn't that sound lazy. The reason why is I didnt buy any trimming so I made my

own trimming to economise  
I dont know how you will  
like it I mad it in  
shadow embroidery The  
wild rose design.

Well dear I dont see why  
you should be in such  
a hurry about moving if  
you wait till I come up there  
I can help too. I expect to  
go right to work <sup>little</sup> any how.

Fairy is going out home  
tomorrow my obut I wish  
I was going too.

I am writing this in  
a hurry as I want to  
mail it this afternoon I  
know I wont get time to  
mail it tomorrow morning.

4

and I am afraid if I gave it to any one here they might forget to mail it or lose it. and that wouldnt be ~~so~~ very funny. How is your Mother? I hope her shoulder is well by now. Well sweet heart I guess I had better close as it is nearly supper time and I want to mail this yet so you will get it to-morrow. I know how nice it is to be dissapointed. and I will look for a letter from you Monday so be shure and write old man. how do you like that? Ah closing with best

5

wishes and love for you  
I remain your true Iona.  
Monroe City Mo.  
Jan. 5. 09.

May your life be as bright  
as the sunshine.  
And your sorrows as light  
as the foam on the sea  
As the wish of your loving  
Iona.

OHIO FEB 1 A.M. 1909 MO.

Miss Jana Phelps  
Marion City  
Mo

Miss Jona Phelps

Manuel City Mo

My Dear loving wife

This Present day I will answer  
your most welcome letter

which I received last night  
was so glad to hear

from you as it seems

like a month since I

saw you or heard from you.

well dear I guess you will be

disappointed to day when you

ask for your mail and dont

get any

But I want be there to

hear of or from. I only wish

That was. yes I had some more  
 bad luck be fare I got out  
 of town the other side of  
 the ~~house~~ town came down.  
 well sweetheart of a still more  
 that you are going to be  
 working for some more eld  
 by the 22. of feb  
 well dear if you dont please  
 your self and me who will  
 you please  
 well kind you can get that  
 hat but when I see you  
 you will be sorry for it  
 when I give a whiper  
 well dear you art to of  
 bine bear yestard and see  
 me I made a bad tick and  
 a gilt licker.

and day be four yestard I  
spilit wood a while and  
the rest of the day I spent it in  
making Butcher knives I  
made to use for you and  
use for my selfe I made  
them out of a old saw.  
that is the kind of things  
that you will have to do  
with old home made things.  
well dear I will send you  
that money the next I write  
I wood sent it now but I  
haver got the write to change  
to write down as I t seanes so  
long be ten letters I could  
read more from you every  
day. if I could get it.



well dear I will see you the  
 19 of Feb and I will see you if  
 I can get there I will half  
 to go to Palmyra on Satord  
 I will let you know the next  
 time I write what I am <sup>ish</sup>  
 going to do he is going to find  
 out to Moron and he is  
 going to come up next week or  
 write to me

well dear the People all  
 thought that I would be  
 married when I came home  
 but they got fool didnt  
 they.

They said that they would  
 make me wait I told

them to wait until I get  
 married they said it would  
 be for

long I told the 4 of July  
 well dear I will half to bore  
 so write soon and tell me  
 all of the news  
 and excuse this silly  
 letter and witters and all  
 mistakes: and call them  
 Kisses.

So good By By X X X X X  
 I remain your true loving  
 Harney Gardner  
 Cherry Pop  
 Jan 30 1909

after 4 wks days  
Return to Honey  
Lyander Cherry

Box Mo



Miss. I ana. Phelps

Manrol City  
Mo

Miss Iona Phelps

Marion City Mo

My Dear Friend

I received your kind and  
welcome letter to night  
and will answer it as I  
want to go to a sail  
to Marow I will Mail  
this letter so you can  
get it Friday and I  
will look for you on Saturday  
Night from you.

if you write you will  
have to Mail it in  
the morning and I will  
get it that night  
we will have to write  
after for the next week

2

for you will be at home the  
next week and we can't hear  
from each other then  
if I get a letter sat I will  
write Sunday so you can  
get word Monday

well dear have you got that  
new dress yet or not  
if you haven't you had Peter  
hang up for two weeks or  
long. But I wash it was  
Sunday in P. L. of the 21  
well sweet heart I had  
to wash today and I  
washed for you a 16 yard  
that's at least

you said you didn't know what  
I wanted with a wife I  
have several reasons for it

well Kid I will send you  
Fine polaris mill that Bill  
a Nough if not say so.  
I want to move next  
week if I can I want to  
set things fixed up a  
little Before I come down  
if I can as you will  
half to come in the hall  
all up side down  
and you will half to  
go quite at work. the  
first thing want that  
Bill say.

well Kid I saw Jewel  
to night and she said  
that she heard that I  
was going to get married

4

I told her it was a miss  
stak. was that write

or not:

well sweet heart I had a  
leter from John Tully  
and he said that his  
girl balden set ready By  
the 21 first and they  
set the day for April  
the 4. well Honey you  
will have to excuse this  
leter as I am so tard I was  
this morning and this after  
noon I gather some more  
that I bought in the  
field so I will look  
for a leter sat. over

from you and the day  
you go home Be sure  
and Mail me word  
I need sweet heart I  
will half to be love  
with love and Kisses  
for you from your

True lover Harry

to and

Henry Bak  
Mo

Jan 30 9

xxxxx

M. A. T. K. when open



M<sup>o</sup> FEB 5  
P. M.  
1899  
MO.



Mr. Harvey Gander  
Cherry Box.  
Missouri.

1  
Mr Harvey Gander  
Cherry Box Mo.,

My Dear Affinity:

I recd your letter this  
after-noon and am truly  
glad to hear from you.  
I hardly know how to thank  
you for the five you sent  
me. I appreciate it. But  
at the same time you <sup>make</sup>  
me feel as cheap as two  
little copper heads. The  
idea of you furnishing me  
money to get ready or doesn't  
just suit my fancy.  
Still under the circum-  
stances I guess it is all  
right. Say kiddo why

did you wish for one the  
day you washed for and  
why did you send me  
the five. if it is a mistake  
about you going to ~~get~~  
married? Every body down  
here says I had just as  
well acknowledge that I  
am going to get married  
but I guess I'm not if you're  
not. Do you think so?  
No I havent ~~bought~~<sup>got</sup> my dress  
yet. I have been making  
my shirt waist I have been  
working on it every night  
for nearly two weeks doesnt  
that sound lazy. The reason  
why is I didnt buy any  
trimming so I made my

own trimming to economise  
I dont know how you will  
like it I mad it in  
shadow embroidery The  
wild rose design.

Well dear I dont see why  
you should be in such  
a hurry about moving if  
you wait till I come up there  
I can help too. I expect to  
go right to work a <sup>little</sup> any how.

Fairy is going out home  
tomorrow my obut I wish  
I was going too.

I am writing this in  
a hurry as I want to  
mail it this afternoon I  
know I wont get time to  
mail it tomorrow morning.

7

and I am afraid if I gave it to any one here they might forget to mail it or lose it. and that wouldnt be ~~so~~ very funny. How is your Mother? I hope her shoulder is well by now. Well sweet heart I guess I had better close as it is nearly supper time and I want to mail this yet so you will get it to morrow. I know how nice it is to be dissapointed. and I will look for a letter from you monday so be shure and write old man. how do you like that? ~~oh~~ closing with best

5

wishes and love for you  
I remain your true Iona.  
Monroe City Mo.  
Jan. 5. 09.

May your life be as bright  
as the sunshine.  
And your sorrows as light  
as the foam on the sea  
As the wish of your loving  
Iona.



*There was no letter in this envelope*

CHEERY BOY  
FEB 8  
A.M.  
1909  
MO

Miss. J ana Phelps  
M anrosl lity  
m a



Miss Dana Phelps

Marion City Mo

My dear Sweet Heart

I will answer your letter which I  
unread last night was glad  
to hear from you and that  
you was well.

well dear I thank you but  
is just fine But if you  
will do me a favor you  
ask son for the spring wagon  
for the 2<sup>d</sup> and we wont  
have any trouble that day  
you can ride in the  
back seat and I will  
drive H a H a

yes I thank you are a little  
 But lazy or slow across well  
 bid I thank it will suit  
 me all write it will look  
 Peter then then I will I  
 expect.

you wanted to know what  
 I was in a hurry to move  
 the reason I wanted to move  
 is because it will be too  
 late by the time I get  
 home.

I will wait until you come  
 up to pick up only just  
 so we can live and you  
 can do it to suit your  
 self then  
 you will have plenty to  
 do

well bid I want to go over  
to Mrs Perry to day they  
want me to beane every  
day I will make them tard  
of me soon day.

well dear if I was anley  
talking to you in the  
place of witer it wood  
isot me much Beter I beald  
say much mare and fell  
much beter.

every body up hear thinks I  
are gain to get married  
wite a way I told them  
the 4 of July but they  
said bee fare them and I  
gess they are wite a bout  
it. only a little sooner then  
they thank. for I gess

My mother is well as ever  
 but she is a fraud she cant  
 get things fixed up By the  
 time you come up. I told her  
 that you could do it when  
 you get here but you know  
 how mother is they cant  
 do aught for there  
 children.

well sweet heart I will  
 be here for this time so I  
 will look for a letter from  
 you mensday night  
 so be shore and writ . . . .  
 yes and you must be  
 shore and be ready By the  
 21 I will writ next week  
 a gain but if the mail  
 is lost I will see you the

8

19 and we can talk it  
over of an unit and mail me  
a letter the day you.

so home

well dear I will be lost  
hoping to hear from you  
real soon and <sup>you</sup> be fare long  
so good Bye Bye

I remain as ever yours  
True and Best lover Harry

Harry Box ma  
Jan 6 09

seal with a kiss for you  
+X+



Mr Harvey Gander.  
Cherry Box  
Missouri.

Mr Harvey Stander.

Cherry Box Mo.

Dearest Harvey:

I recd both your little story and letter this afternoon and you know I was glad to get them both. I have just finished the story and must say that I havent much patience with any-body that would be ashamed of their Mother. Of course Philip repented of his selfishness but that didnt give his mother any pleasure <sup>while</sup> she lived. I like her she was such a noble little woman even though she was

common looking and talked plain. It isn't the looks or the speech that counts most. It is what one really is. to my mind.

Say kiddo I dont think I will be quite so accomodating as to ask Sam for the use of his spring wagon my but wouldnt we look funny.

I wish you could have been up town this afternoon and heard two or three people teasing me about what I'm going to do in the near future. Ha'Ha' Mr Kistner tried to tease me about my new dress



I had it and several other things in a large box he said he knew it was a wedding suit but I denied it I told him several people was going to get badly fooled. he said he was willing to bet me anything in town that they wouldn't. Now what do you think of that? I told him I didn't believe in betting. Tell your mother not to worry about me I am used to finding things torn up side down. Dearest I want her to think of me the same as she does Plina

and I know she wouldn't  
bother if she was coming  
up there she could help  
too. I shall expect your  
mother to be my Mother &  
chum when I come up  
there the same as my own  
dear Mother. Do you think  
she will?

Fairy came back to town  
today. She had a fine  
time Sam rifled off his  
graphophone Sat night.  
Clarence Frederick won it  
wasnt he lucky he only  
had three numbers on  
it. I was so lonesome  
Sunday I hardly knew  
what to do I thot of you

and wished to see you all day. I tried to pass away the time writing letters. I wrote four ~~but~~ but they were not interesting at all. I couldn't get my mind on them at all. I will have to get my mind on my work this week and next or I won't be ready. I have my suit and some sheets and pillow cases to make yet and several other odd jobs to do. I am going to begin my skirt to-morrow night. I can't do much here in town. Well sweet heart I guess I had better close. It is half

past ten and I will have  
to get up early tomorrow  
morning as Myrtie is  
going away to a house  
party. Write again as soon  
as you can and I will be  
prompt in answering <sup>try to</sup>

As ever I remain your

affectionate little girl.

Iona. P

Monroe City Mo

Feb. 8. 09.

P.S. Say Happy if you'll  
excuse this writing I  
will try to do better when  
I come up there. x x x

WAGERS GROVE  
FEB  
12  
A.M.  
1879



Miss Jana Phelps  
Manuel Leity  
Mo



**YOU'VE ONLY ONE MAN ON A STRING AND HE'S A FOOL.**

You're nearly crazy with delight because you've caught a man,  
He's the last chance you will ever get, so hold him if you can;  
But do not make too big a fuss, or maybe he'll get free,  
In which case it is likely that no more of him you'll see.

1  
Miss Jona Phelps

Monroe City Mo

I read your letter this afternoon and  
was glad to hear that you was well  
this leaves me well all but a  
little tired I have Pine mowing  
this week and it keep me on the  
run I have it all to do by my  
self you see I dont want to  
have any woman to help me I can  
do it my self and save that  
money for other wants

2

well sweet heart if nother hapen  
in a week I will see you and I  
hope not.

well Kid I see you will go home  
next Monday and take your trunk  
if not you had Peter for I will be  
down soon and you must be

ready to come home with me  
dont that sound funny to say  
that you are going home with  
me well Kid I wish it was  
next Sunday in stead of a week  
from Sunday. dont you or not  
I cant hardly work for thinking



of you. well Kid we have bonfire  
to night Kathleen an Margaret Perry  
is hear thay are my little friends  
thay thankn all I can it  
well sweet heart I will half  
to be hold so dont thank hard  
of me for not writen any more  
I am to tard to write I will  
see you soon and I can tell you  
all of the news.

I will have a loats to talk  
a bout it will take a long time to  
tell all I want to

4

I will look for a letter Monday  
night from you so that will  
be the last time we will get  
to hear from each other till  
we see each other face to face  
well write and let me know  
for shore whether you will  
be ready or not

I remain yours Harry

Henry B. O'Connell

Feb 11 09



MCJUNCTION CITY  
FEB 15  
6 PM  
1909  
MO.



CHERRY BOX  
FEB 15  
7 AM  
1909  
MO.

Mr Harvey Gander  
Cherry Box  
Missouri

Mr Harvey Gander.

Cherry Box Mo,

My dear Harve:

It is half past ~~ten~~ o'clock  
but I think I will take  
time to scratch you a few  
lines anyhow.

I dont believe I would ~~e~~  
ever get so sleepy or tired  
to forget you even for a  
half hour I have been won-  
dering if you will be on  
my mind as much after  
we're married as you are  
now I am afraid so, arent  
you? I hope you are through  
moving by now I only if  
wish that I could have  
helped you.

You said for ~~me~~ me to let  
you know for shure whether  
I would be ready by the 21  
or not. I am afraid not  
The valentine you sent me  
put quite a new Idea  
into my head I believe  
I will remain single and  
fish next summers and  
see how many fellows  
I can add to my string  
I know you dont want to  
be the only one you might  
get lonesome. How would  
you like such a plan?  
Well sweet heart I will  
look for you down the 19  
and we will talk the matter  
over and If you cant agree

with me on the plan I've just mentioned then I'll be ready to be your valentine I will only be a week late I guess I will finish my skirt to-morrow evening I finished basting the hem in it a few minutes ago I went down to Mr Procters and had Fairy to take my length you see I will have an excuse to come down home often next summer to get Fairy to take the length of my new dresses (nit  
It does seem funny that in <sup>less</sup> ~~less~~ than two weeks I'll be going home with you

to be your companion for  
life and yet it is nothing  
strange as we care so  
much for each other. judge-  
ing you by my self I  
know we can be happy if  
we seek to make each other  
happy, and that will be  
one of my highest ambi-  
tions. how about yourself  
My but I'll be glad when  
the 19 comes for Tio stout  
beloved to have thee sigh;  
In pleasant converse thus with  
me. For while those social  
moments fly;  
I feel my heart still clings  
to thee. Yes. Clings to thee,  
with stronger ties than ere

I felt or knew before.  
As day by day some charm  
supplies, which makes me  
bless thee more and more.  
but I suppose you know ~~it~~  
and are tired of hearing me  
say so. I am afraid I will  
have to give you a whipp-  
ing when I come up there  
for working so hard you  
know I told you not to  
work so hard when you  
was down here and I  
know from what you say  
you are not listening to  
me You'd better quit it  
now while times are  
good If you look bad  
like you did when you



was down before I will  
know for shure that you  
havent minded so I will  
use my little ~~or~~ whip  
for ~~use~~ once. you didnt  
think of that when you  
to bought it did you?  
Well dear I guess I had  
better close and finish  
the night dreaming of  
you. Fairy has had two  
dreams about you and I  
lately. I will tell you what  
they were when you come  
down if we get time to  
talk about such nonsense  
So this ends our correspon-  
dence for a while and may-  
be for good. Hoping to

7  
5  
see you in a week from  
to day I remain your  
loving Iona.

Monroe City Mo  
Feb. 12. 89.

Please excuse nonsense  
and bad writing?



*Mr. And Mrs. Harvey S. Gander  
February 21, 1909*



# *Jackie's Story*

*The following pages are from Jackie's notebook found in the drawer of her table by her bed. They were written in pencil and sent to me by her daughter Robin Coon. I feel it is appropriate to include them for all to enjoy.*



## *Jackie's Story*

### *The Early Years in Happy Hollow These Things I Remember*

*(In her own words)*

*Iona Phelps and Harvey Gander were married in the Methodist Church in Monroe City on February 26, 1909. The minister told Dad that he was marrying the nicest and the prettiest girl in Monroe City. Mother said she had baked a hickory nut cake for their wedding dinner.*

*They took the train from Monroe to Shelby County, Missouri where they began their new life on a 40 acre farm, owned by a free slave, Amanda Henderson, Aunt Mandy, as she was known to all. There were two houses, connected by a short board walk. Aunt Mandy's house had two rooms—a little kitchen and a bed sitting room. I can remember Uncle George's portrait hanging in a frame above the bed. He had snow white hair. The other house had three rooms downstairs and two upstairs plus a summer kitchen connected to the back by an open porch.*

*Their first born Elise Maude (Jackie) came squalling into the world during a big snow storm, January 3, 1910. Dad had walked to Cherry Box to get Dr. Gerard, or was his name Jered? Dad always pronounced it as though it were "Jeered". Aunt Mandy was on hand to help mother through her ordeal.*

*Sometime probably in early 1911 they moved to the Perry place a couple of miles from Leonard. Here there was a wonderful big barn and a historic old brick house. The bricks had been fired on the place by slaves. There were two big rooms downstairs separated by a wide hall and a beautiful stairway and two rooms upstairs. Each of these four rooms had fireplaces. The kitchen-dining area to the north gave the house a "T" shape. This house had a basement and a furnace!*

*Mother loved this house with its big wide window sills, mantles, floor and window facings all of solid walnut. There were big pine and locust trees in the yard, which was surrounded by an iron fence topped with iron maple leaves! What a show place it must have been in its early years. I still retain some memories of living there.*

*At the turn of the century land in north Missouri was being cleared by big lumber companies. Dad's half brother, Tom White, was living on a 120 acre farm in Marion County, mostly hills but some good bottom land. Tom needed a bigger place to accommodate his big family. Mother and Dad wanted a place of their own. They borrowed "county" money for their purchase. In November of 1912 they began moving, though Dad had made some earlier trips to move machinery, etc. My one very vivid memory of that moving day was this: Mother had some 500 plus jars of canned fruit and vegetables.*

*Dad used one wagon just to haul the canned goods. He packed the jars in sawdust in the wagon bed with sideboards. I climbed upon the wagon, fell over the sideboard into the sawdust and got a mouthful! Mother said there were at least five or six wagons in the caravan. Mother followed in the buggy driving Pearl with Herbert, now about ten years old and myself. My only memory of the trip is that it was dark the morning we left and dark when we arrived. Aunt Pearl had a lamp lit and a warm fire in the old flat top cook stove and supper! Uncle Tom and Aunt Pearl were moving to a place over on the Palmyra-Warren gravel road— they weren't all moved out. That little house must have been really crowded!*

*Mother had brought a lot of chickens hoping that the egg money would keep food on the table during the winter months ahead. Alas! The hens did not respond to their new surroundings in an old hen house across the creek about where the old shop last stood. Money was scarce to nonexistent but rabbits were plentiful. Dad hunted rabbits with the little rifle— one bullet to a rabbit! Once a week he took his rabbits to J.L. O'Brian's store in Warren. I think they may have brought a dime apiece. The rabbits went from Warren to Monroe City, Missouri where they were shipped by train to New York. Someone once said that the poor people in New York thought all rabbits had green meat. Dad first replenished his ammunition supply and used the little left to buy needs such as flour, sugar and maybe Peabody Coffee. One of my earliest memories of that winter is waking up to the sound of coffee being ground in the old coffee mill. Thus they made it through the winter.*

*Many years later, so Mother told me, she and Dad were discussing those early years and especially that first winter. Dad said, "Onie, weren't you scared that first winter down here?" Mother replied, "No, I wasn't scared, I had hens that I knew would start laying in the spring, I had 500 jars of fruit and vegetables in the cellar and I had You. I had nothing to be scared of".*

*Spring did come. The hens started laying, peach and damson trees bloomed, a garden was planted and a crop went into the ground. Herb was now big enough to "make a hand". I remember the big field out front, across the old slough. There were huge old stumps and tall partially burned out snags that Uncle Tom had farmed around. Dad blasted and burned to eradicate them. Little Harvey Joe was born August 1, 1913. Dr. Hamlin came down the bottom road via Egypt Hill. Whenever he got a call to come to our house he told his wife he was going to "Happy Hollow". That is how the name began.*

*The next year, 1914, Dad started renting the bottom fields to the west then called the Phillips 90, now, I believe, owned by Wagners. During these and the following year until her death, Dad's mother, Grandma Gander, lived with us. She had palsy which got steadily worse as the years went by. She would stay with some of the other of her sons or daughters but the greater part of the time her care fell on mother's shoulders. Her last years were in a wheel chair. Mother was very good to her. In those first years in the old house I slept with her in the old folding bed. She was at Aunt Pliny's when she died in the summer of 1921.*

*Herbert attended Pea Ridge school, I started there the fall I was four. At that time there*



were families living on almost every 40 acre patch of ground. Lots of children in each! It was the usual thing to have 30 or more children of all ages in school. Juliet Tipton was my first teacher. We did not then have free text books. If a family could not scrape together money for books the children took whatever books they might have at home! I had a linen ABC book that Herb had used when he started school. That school year, on the long walk to school, Herb taught me the ABC's and to spell. Thus reading came very quickly and easily.

In 1914 Dad bought the Pafford 40 to round out his 160 acres. The old barn was made of poles set in the ground. It set just a little way south of the present red barn. I remember little about it except it was a ram-shackle affair with no room for hay. A new barn was a far greater need than a new house. That winter of 1914, Dad started cutting timber and with the old broad axe, hewing beams for his new barn. He started building in 1915. All those timbers which had been cut to fit in the woods were hauled in and pegged together. They fit! The entire framework, including the rafters were put up. Herb said it looked like a giant tinker toy construction. They then bought siding, roofing, paint etc. we were proud of our grand new barn!

In 1916 our valentine named Clifford came into the world. We had no transportation except the farm wagon, a very elderly rattletrap spring wagon and the buggy. I guess Dad thought we were doing well, for he bought a surrey from Mr. McKee who was moving to Macomb. He paid \$40.00 for it. What a beautiful thing it was! Shiny navy blue with navy plush seats, red striping, front undercut for turning ease, shiny lanterns on the sides, even side curtains for winter.

After the corn was laid by we went to Shelby County for a week's visit. The trip took all day. I can still see little black eyed Harvey Joe on the front seat with Dad dressed in a blue and white striped "rah-rah" suit. Mother, baby Cliff and I were in the back. We had dusters made of some tan cloth to keep our dresses clean.

Herbert had graduated from Pea Ridge that spring. He was now 14. He had been left at home to take care of things while we were gone that week. The hogs began dying with cholera. As they died Herb had to burn them. It was a great loss. My loss was that he had burned up my stable of stick horses.

By 1917 there came the rumbling of war. Boys of draft age were called up and sent away to camps. Uncle Alfred went to Waco, Texas and our neighbor, Harold Paugh, to camp Funston in Kansas. Mother baked and mailed cakes and even such things as fried C (sic.).

In later years Herb always spoke of the old house as an "old shack". In my young eyes it was beautiful. When we moved there the walls were papered with a dingy brown "oatmeal" paper. As soon as she was able to do so, mother repapered. The kitchen and little bedroom paper had a light cream background with trellis design with purple grapes. The two main rooms were papered in a light green with a sort of oriental stripe design in darker green and cream. The white lace curtains and bright colors in the rag carpets which grandma Branch

*wove made the rooms look so cheery! There was always a pretty quilt on the bed. At spring cleaning time mother put newspapers under the carpets. For the winter, straw was spread on the floor and the carpets tacked down over it.*

*In spite of everything mother could do to make our home livable the rats still had holes in the kitchen floor. Often we would find our stockings or other items of clothing pulled down a rat hole in the morning. When mother found a copperhead snake in the kitchen she was truly distraught and kept asking, "when are you going to build us a house"? Dad did not say anything, but I well remember that fall—Dad sitting at the old kitchen table, the lamp close by, drawing plans in an old school tablet—plans for a new house with an upstairs and a basement. He figured and made lists. Dad had never gone beyond third grade in school but he was a whiz at figures. He could visualize exactly what was needed. He and Herb started cutting timber up on Pike Gupton's place (now Sandifer's)—great trees, each cut with an eye to it's particular final use. A big sawmill moved in, just west of Gupton's house. The lumber was sawed there. One day in spring after the crop was in, measurements were taken, lines drawn, stakes driven and with team and scraper the basement digging began. The peach tree in the front of the house had to go. I felt sad when Dad cut it down.*

*While the basement was being dug Herb was busy hauling gravel from the river—wagon load after wagon load. Herb hauled 75 loads in all. It was scooped out into a great pile east of the house. When the digging was finished Dad built the foundation forms, plus a board ramp all around the outside. A big cement mixer came out from town. There were men with wheelbarrows and men to scoop gravel. I watched the procession of men with their loaded wheelbarrows go along the ramp to dump their loads of cement into the foundation forms. Dad and at least one other man followed tamping down each load as it was dumped. The foundation was paved in one day. The concrete was curing Dad and Herb hauled more of our lumber and sawn timbers from the sawmill site. Kegs and Kegs of nails had been bought. Dad had hired Claude Terril, a carpenter who had a crippled arm to help. It was a wonderful thing to see our house taking form! In later years I have often thought of this: there were no power tools, only a good square, T square, a couple of saws, 2 hammers, level, augers, a plane or two—the simplest of basic tools handled by a man who knew how to use them and who knew exactly what he wanted to accomplish.*

*Mother had put off 500 baby chicks that spring. Some hatched under hens and were put out in various little coops and part hatched in a small incubator that Dad had bought at a sale the fall before. These were housed in a makeshift brooder house heated with a little stove which had some sort of canopy of old rugs rigged up around it to keep chicks warm.*

*On an unbearable hot and windy day in July Dr. Hamlin again made the trip to Happy Hollow and Edith was born. Aunt Fairy was there and stayed with us that summer. I do not remember Grandma Gander being there. She must have been with Aunt Pliny. It was a busy summer. There were peaches to be canned, grapes and damsons, a garden to be tended, corn to be laid by. Everyone, big or little, had work to do.*

*Dad had brought a load of used bricks from an old building in Philadelphia. They may have come from the "college" that was once there years before. Herb had to hack the old mortar off the bricks before they could be reused. The stair case had not been built but Dad had made wooden step ladders and some temporary platforms. It was my job to carry the cleaned bricks from Herb to the first platform, the second, etc. so that when Dad was ready to start building the chimney bricks were in place, ready to be used. It must have been very heavy work for an 8 year old. My remembrance is only of feeling very proud to be helping build our new house! Besides, my regular menial task of keeping the wood box full of "cook" wood fell on 5 year old Harvey Joe!*

*Dad worked from daylight to dark. Herb had the responsibility of field work, the chores, plus many day long trips into town to bring back supplies from Robey Robinson, such as lath, furnace, windows, etc. Even Aunt Fairy nailed up lath. Meanwhile World War One raged across Europe and the flu epidemic raged through the military camps of America. Uncle Alfred was very ill with flu. We got a weekly newspaper, "The Republic" (later, "Globe Democrat". When it came, in the evening Mother would read the weekly war report. When she would read "Our boys went over the top again", I could not imagine the meaning— The top of what? Anyway I hoped it was good.*

*When the lath were all on downstairs and in the southeast bedroom upstairs, a Mr. Smith came out from Monroe to do the plastering. This must have been late fall for the furnace was in. A fire was being kept to dry the plaster. I loved to sit there in our wonderful new house and read my favorite book, "King Arthur and His Knights". On November 11, 1918, Dad had gone to Monroe to buy inside finishing materials. In the late afternoon as Mother sat by the east window nursing Edith, she saw Dad coming down the east lane standing up in the wagon running the team. This was so out of character that she thought he was drunk! He pulled the team to a stop, tossed the lines aside, jumped down, ran into the house shouting "The War's over"! That evening we stood on the little back porch listening to the celebrations, church bells and dynamite charges in Warren, whistles and bells from Monroe—neighbors firing their guns. Herb shot off the old muzzle loading rifle once as a part of our celebration.*

*Even though the house was not finished, on Thanksgiving Day Mother and Herb decided to move in. That night we ate our first meal in our new house. I went to bed in a room of my own—an 8 year old princess in her castle. Dad got Herbert's room plastered that winter but it was several years before the room for Harvey and Cliff got plastered!*

*Many years later while talking about the early years, Mother told me that on their 10th anniversary in 1919, she and dad talked about their accomplishments during the first ten years of their marriage. They certainly had a right to be proud. In 1919 Dad planted sorghum cane for the first time, the first grown in the community. He bought, or maybe he made, that first molasses pan, built a makeshift furnace of rocks and bought a used mill which was horse drawn and made our first sorghum that fall. That was an event! The cane crop had been good, we had molasses to sell. And so "Gander's Best" came to be known. That business grew and was carried on through the years until sometime during the late 1950's or early 60's when dad finally gave it up.*

*Dad also used to raise broom corn. When the heads were harvested in the fall, Harvey and I had to strip the seeds from the heads. Dad took the heads to Warren. A man there made brooms. Dad would keep enough brooms for ourselves and sell the rest.*

*In the fall of 1919 Dad went to Palmyra to buy a new car. Instead he bought a used touring car that had belonged to Mr. Vanoy. He drove it home—no driving lessons then. When Mother saw this car coming down the lane from the east, wobbling all over the road, she thought, “He has wrecked it already”! Some extra shells of tires had been wired over the regular tires supposedly to help prevent punctures. They evidently flopped around and made the car wobble over the road.*

*In the winter of 1920 Herb went away to for the “short course” (two months) which the University of Missouri designed for farm boys—no high school required—to teach better farming methods.*

*That winter Dad, who had never been anywhere outside of four or five counties in N.E. Missouri, decided that in 1920 we would get a real new car and make a “tourist trip” to Virginia. Uncle Sam and Aunt Della also wanted to go. Mother wrote to Standard Oil for road maps of the states we would be going through. There were no paved highways, mostly dirt roads, some gravel, and no highway signs except for various symbols or colors painted at some distances apart on fence or telephone poles—the “Red Ball”, the yellow, black and yellow, etc. They mapped out the routes we would take. Mother started sewing. She ordered Khaki tan shirts and pants for dad and made travel clothes for all of us, herself included, of some tan or khaki colored material. She made some pretty things too. I had a “dream dress” of blue voile with pink beads. Aunt fairy came over and stayed a while to help with all that sewing. Our trip took ten days. The weather was rainy and the roads muddy. What an adventure it was. We pioneered tourist travel in a very real sense. The new car was a Ford touring model T. Dad used some boards and built a full length box-like affair on the left running board that held our bedding, suitcases, cooking equipment and foodstuffs. A canvas was rigged up some way to keep things dry. Herb remained at home to run the farm.*

*In January and February of 1921 Herb again went to Columbia for the “short course”. After his first session there in January and February of 1921, he had persuaded Mother and Dad to plant an orchard. Mother wrote to Stark’s nursery in Louisiana, Missouri for their catalogue and an order was sent. Our orchard was planted that spring—Stark’s Delicious Apples, Grimes Golden, summer apples, winter apples, peaches, pears, plums. When Herb came home that spring he talked “plant alfalfa—get a dairy heard started—sell cream”. No one in that area had ever grown alfalfa but a patch was put in down on the Gordon 40. Dad went to sales and bought young cattle. At first they were put in the horse barn lot and ran on the hills. During that winter timber was cut to be sawed into lumber and during that summer the cattle barn came into being. The cream separator and cans were bought. We had a dairy heard and I learned to milk and to drive the spring tooth rake to windrow the alfalfa. Herb brought home a testing centrifuge apparatus to test the butterfat content of the milk of each cow. Those that tested low were sold.*

*As time went on we gradually acquired a herd of nice Jersey.*

*1921 was Missouri's centennial year. In two cars with Uncle Al, we went to the State Fair in Sedalia. The trip took almost two days as it had rained and the roads were muddy. We spent the first night in a hotel in Booneville. We took in everything—all the exhibits, the shows, a great pageant depicting 100 years of Missouri history. It was a great adventure!*

*That summer Dad also built an addition to the old henhouse. With Herb's knowledge leaned from the short course at Missouri University, Mother began to expand her flock and learned how to cull out the non laying hens. Sometime during that winter Dad built another brooder house and a bigger incubator was bought and put into the basement along with the one we had.*

*One bright spot of the winter of 1921, a salesman came through selling Aladdin Mantle Lamps. Dad bought one. Now we had a really bright light sitting on our oak library table. Mother borrowed books from wherever she could find them. The evenings round the furnace register with Mother reading to us began. "The Virginian", the dime novel paperbacks, "Deadwood Dick" series, the exciting, totally impossible stories about "Macon Moore", the great southern detective, "Black Beauty", "Beautiful Joe", the "Tarzan of the Apes" series, are some of the titles that remain in my memory.*

*It was that winter that Grandma Paugh, May's grandmother, came to live and board with us. She brought what she had left of her own furniture and was given my room. I slept in the unfinished back room. She was a tall, thin, aristocratic looking old lady. Mother treated her with great respect and did the best she could to make her comfortable. I have a number of memories of her stay with us but will relate only a few. We did not often have fresh meat. 1921 was a depressed year. The economy was bad. Mother had boiled a venerable old red rooster, made noodles and served him up for dinner. Harvey, in his childish way, being aware that times were hard, said, "I'm glad we have old roosters to eat"! Mother hoped that Grandma Paugh didn't hear him! Another time, dad had gotten a coon on one of his night hunting expeditions with Bruno. Mother was rather skillful at cooking wild game. Feeling sure that this lady, who was a descendent of John Quincy Adams, might have objections to wild game, mother pulled the meat from the bones and arranged it with sweet potato ...Passing the platter to Grandma Paugh, she said "Would you like some roast meat and sweet potatoes"? We kids kept our mouths shut. Later, when Mother said, "Grandma, would you like more meat"? Grandma said, "yes, just a little if you please". The third funny incident also occurred at the dinner table while Grandma Paugh was with us. It was during the time Mother had been reading "The Virginian" every evening. At supper Grandma Paugh was talking when unexpectedly little Edith, from her high chair, suddenly shouted "Stand up on your legs, you polecat, and tell him you're a liar". Mother was mortified but it seemed Grandma Paugh did not quite understand. It was a great tribute to the quality of reading Mother did during those many evenings around the register.*

*We had become very attached to Grandma Paugh and we all missed her when she left to go to Palmyra to live with her son, Horace.*

*Dad always pronounced it, "Harsh". She left the ancient walnut corner cabinet which Dad had in the shop for many years and which Sue now has. She also gave Dad the muzzle loading gun, which her husband, Fayette, had carried during the Civil War. Her great grandson, George Phelps was later given this gun which he had restored and proudly displays. The rest of her furniture, including several boxes of old papers and photographs, the cane rocker and marble top dresser Dad hauled to Paugh's in Palmyra for her. We missed her when she left in the spring of 1922.*

*If memory serves me correctly, 1922 was the year that Dad started renting the land on the Crosthwaite Place. He took teams and machinery up the bottom to the west, then up over the hill past the old "holler" house and out at the corner near where Bruce's house now stands. Mother would pack lunches for Dad and Herb, sometimes also Uncle Al, in one of the milk pails. I recall some times when she would not be able to get it packed before Dad left, she would walk up over the hill behind the barn to carry their dinner in a milk pail while I had to "mind things" at home. By this time I was 12 years old. In that era, a 12 year old girl was expected to know how to cook and get a meal on the table, to iron, sew and clean. Ironing was done with some old flat irons heated on the kitchen stove. We did not own an ironing board. Sheets and flat linens were folded on the old kitchen cook table that belonged to Grandma Gander, a dish towel or something similar was placed over these and that was the surface we ironed on. It was quite a knack to iron a ruffled little dress for little Edith or Dad's Sunday church shirt on this surface. We ironed this way for many years. I believe the first ironing board in Happy Hollow was one that Edith bought after she left home and went to work.*

*On December 23, 1922 Bruce Eldon was born. We put up the Christmas tree in the east bedroom where Mother "lay in". The first few days, a neighbor, Mrs. Burton, who lived across the river where Uncle Ed once lived, came in to bathe him. I had the job of washing his clothes, including diapers as well as doing the cooking. Dad had butchered and there was some fresh meat. I cooked liver and more liver and I fried it hard. I can remember poor Mother saying, "I'll be so glad when that old liver is gone"! I felt so bad. I cannot remember what I fixed but I know the next tray I took to her had something different.*

*Herb had finished his short course and had been working around, Concordia, Higginsville—in that area testing dairy herds for butterfat content. He came home for Christmas. His comment was, "I got two big surprises. I had a baby brother and my girl, May Paugh, had bobbed her hair". He had been "keeping company" with May for two or three years.*

*Little buddy Bruce became a sort of special charge of mine. I lugged him around, rocked him to sleep and sewed for him. Besides being Bruce's second mother I remember little of the early months of 1923 except Harvey and Cliff had taken my place on the milk stools. They had a trap line, following in their father's footsteps, and would get up very early, before chore time, to run their trap line. How proud they would be when they were lucky enough to catch a possum or muskrat!*

*In April of 1923 I graduated from Pea Ridge School. Of the many who had been in my class from the beginning, four graduated—myself, Elmer Noll, Mary Hatton and Estes Chatfield. I knew I wanted to go to high school, but high school was 6 miles away, and tuition was \$4.00 a month. Worse, my father could not see any reason for a girl to go on to school. Girls go married. They needed to learn to cook, sew, garden, raise chickens, can, etc. Mother interceded for me, agreeing to pay the \$4.00 a month from the egg money. Dad agreed, though reluctantly. That summer he bought a bay horse, part morgan, named Trim. I was to drive her in the old buggy. The buggy top was gone Mother ordered some sort of waterproof material from Sears and made a new top. That summer she also made me a brown checked gingham dress, embroidered in red (a piece of that dress is in a quilt I have). She dyed a dress I had to a pretty blue color and made me a white “middy” blouse and navy serge skirt from some things left from Grandmother Branch. That was my school wardrobe. I started to Philadelphia High school in September. I knew no one, but tried hard to make friends. That was when I first learned the meaning of the word “prejudice”. I was a “Pea Ridger” and Pea Ridgers were considered some sort of trash! No one wanted to be my friend! We had rented a stall in Mrs. Mallory’s barn (50 cents per month). In the beginning I would take my lunch and go to the barn and eat lunch with my horse. I did poorly in school that year—failed algebra— but I did stick it out, I had to. It seemed the only way I might ever get away from the slur, “Pea Ridger”.*

*1924, by this time Mother had a big flock of laying hens. She was now into white leghorns. By this time I had given up driving the buggy to Philadelphia and rode horseback instead. Trim had the most gosh awful slow gait but a nice canter. Even so, about twice a week I would have to take the buggy and four 39 dozen cases of eggs to Fagan’s. Two would be roped on the back of the buggy and two in the front by me. This also meant that I would not only have to bring the empty cases home but also certain feed supplements which, under Herb’s direction, Mother was now using. And so my first year in high school went by.*

*The summer of 1924 brought to us a great event. Cousins Cleve and Leola Carrier*

*Robin’s Note:*

*This is where Jackie’s notebook stops. When, why I do not know. I found the notebook, written in pencil in the drawer of the table by her bed.*