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## Jean Busey Yntema Memoir

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Interview and memoir

6 tapes, 325 mins., 79 pp.

Yntema, teacher, discusses early 20th century life in Champaign County, Illinois: upper-class family and home life, childhood, family vacations, women's suffrage, the towns of Urbana and Champaign, Depression, and banking business of the Busey family. She also talks about teaching in Crossnore, South Carolina, trips to Europe, living in Waukegan, Illinois, her husband's family, and her impressions of African Americans. She also briefly mentions the University of Illinois at Urbana, an American Indian reservation, and a Mississippi plantation.

Interview by Colleen R. Ogg, 1984

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Jean Busey Yntema Memoir

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## Preface

This manuscript is the product of a tape-recorded interview conducted by Colleen R. Ogg for the Oral History Office, Sangamon State University in September 1984. Colleen Ogg also transcribed the tapes and edited the transcript. Jean Yntema reviewed the transcript.

Mrs. Yntema was born in Urbana, Illinois in 1898. She was graduated from the University of Illinois in 1920, and taught school at Crossnore, South Carolina. After returning to Urbana, she married Leonard Yntema in 1923, and they have three children. In this memoir she discusses her family's history, the banking business, the history of Champaign County, family life at the turn of the century, two memorable trips to Europe (1908 and 1920), the Depression, and her interest in conversation.

Colleen Ogg has always lived in the Springfield area. She is married and has two adult children. After being away from school for thirty years, she returned to Sangamon State as a part-time student and received a B.A. in Literature in 1983. From 1983 to 1985 she was the Graduate Assistant in the History Program, and was graduated with a M.A. in Public History in 1985.

Readers of this oral history memoir should bear in mind that it is a transcript of the spoken word, and that the interviewer, narrator and editor sought to preserve the informal, conversational style that is inherent in such historical sources. Sangamon State University is not responsible for the factual accuracy of the memoir, nor for the views expressed therein; these are for the reader to judge.

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Jean Yntema, September 25, 1984, Springfield, Illinois.

Colleen Ogg, Interviewer.

Q. Mrs. Yntema, I am going to start out with asking you about your family background. You are from Champaign, so can you tell me something about your family?

A. Well, first of all I am definitely from Urbana.

Q. Sorry. (laughter)

A. And you should know there has always been a rivalry there. So many times--several times anyhow, people have tried to get the two towns together. Generally these are people who have come from far away to the University and they think it would be much more efficient if the government of the two towns were the same. Always those attempts have been voted down, neither town liking the idea.

Q. All right, I'll start over and ask about your family background in Urbana. Can you tell me how long your family has been there?

A. I believe you just told me that in looking up the records, my great-grandfather came in 1829 and as I remember the family tales, he came from Indiana and--or through Indiana at any rate--and the family had lived for a while in Kentucky. And I believe in Kentucky there is a cemetery with a number of Busey graves in it and the family had come from Maryland before that. And according to the genealogy that one cousin looked up, he traced the family back to a Busey who came from England to America and I can't tell you the date, fairly early. I believe it was a Paul Busey and he also found that there was a Paul Busey that had left England about the same time, and he could trace that person's ancestry back to France. But he never was able to prove that the Paul Busey who left England was the same Paul Busey that he found in the United States.

Q. Now, the Busey that came in 1829 was your great-grandfather?

A. Matthew Wales Busey.

Q. And your father's name?

A. George Busey. George W. Busey, and the "W" doesn't stand for anything. You'd think it might be George Washington but it wasn't. But he was named for somebody that he didn't like when he grew up, and so he put a different initial in there because his brothers had "W's" for middle initials.  
(laughs)

Q. That's like Harry S. Truman. The "S" stood for nothing.

A. The "S" stood for nothing? I didn't know that.

Q. Your family was in banking? The Buseys were in banking?

A. Well yes, of course originally in farming. They were fortunate enough to have gotten in on the days when they could take up a farm and were wise enough to retain their acreage for quite a while. But, just what their interests were other than farming at first I don't know. They settled along the Boneyard which is a little stream that flows through Champaign and Urbana, and that was the natural thing for many of the settlers because there was water and there was wood and these prairies looked pretty desolate. And I think many of the pioneers felt that since they didn't have any trees on them they wouldn't be very fertile. My grandfather, Matthew Wales Busey, had a cabin--a log cabin--and I think I barely remember that that same building used to stand in Crystal Lake Park, Urbana when I was a child. But it was eventually vandalized and is gone, which is a little too bad, along with other pioneer cabins that would have been interesting.

The story is and I think there are different versions of it so how true it is I don't know, that when the commission that decides such things was surveying and deciding where the courthouse for the county should be, that their first choice was somewhat farther north than Urbana. But my grandfather persuaded them to come down for overnight at his cabin and he was said to have made better whiskey than the other fellow and they decided to put the courthouse not far from his cabin in Urbana.

Q. Now what date would that be?

A. I haven't the slightest idea, and how true the story is I don't know. (laughs)

Q. Okay.

A. The town was named, and I don't know why, for Urbana, Champaign County, Ohio.

Q. Oh, that's interesting. I didn't know there was one.

In reading the History of Champaign County, there was a Simon H. Busey and a Samuel T. Busey.

A. Simeon H. Busey.

Q. Right, Simeon. They were connected with the First National Bank and started the Busey Bank in 1867. You're all related?

A. Yes, Simeon H. Busey, Simeon Harrison Busey--which I suppose must date him somewhat because President Harrison probably had some connection with that--Simeon H. Busey was my grandfather, one of the sons of Matthew Wales Busey. And one of his brothers was Samuel Busey, Samuel T. Busey. I didn't know about the connection with the First National Bank.

Q. Simeon was one of the organizers of the First National Bank. And then he and his brother broke away and started the Busey Bank in 1867. This was several years later, so I don't know when the first one was . . .

A. I didn't know that. They started the Busey Bank in Urbana and that was in the building which is now a movie theatre on Main Street in Urbana. And I can remember when there were big heavy rocking chairs, wooden rocking chairs, that sat out on the sidewalk in front of that building where the old men, pioneers of the town, could sit and watch the horses and buggies go down Main Street.

Q. In front of the bank?

A. In front of the bank on the sidewalk. In good weather I suppose.

Q. Courtesy of the bank?

A. Why, I should hope so.

Q. Now, Simeon H. Busey was also a representative in the 30th General Assembly. Right?

A. Right.

Q. And he was instrumental in locating the U of I at Champaign--or Urbana?

A. Yes.

Q. And also instrumental in building the Peoria and Eastern Railroad.

A. That I didn't know. The Peoria-Eastern Railroad went through . . . Rantoul? No. Oh, dear, I can't think of the town, another town. A town east of Rantoul, because I was just told by a Champaign man recently--who was very interested in the history of the town--that this town--that it was on that railroad that Simeon Busey had farm land. And there's a story about the railroad going through his land. I suppose it was open range--I don't know how much fencing there was in those days--but anyhow he complained that the freight cars coming through there were not careful enough--I believe there were no cowcatchers and apparently cowcatcher really meant something, that name--and his cattle had been hit. And after several complaints there was nothing done about it, so he told his boys to go and build a barrier across that railroad and just let them know that they were going to hit something there. And ordinarily the boys would have put up a few rails of some sort and finish the job as quickly as possible and go on about something else, but that was just the time they decided to do it well. They built it quite sturdily so that the train was derailed. There was a lawsuit about it and I don't know what the outcome was (laughs) but there was no more trouble with the lack of cowcatchers or whatever it was.

Q. I'll bet not. Now the cowcatcher is the metal frame on the front of the engine--but what did it do, it really didn't catch cows?



A. I wouldn't think so. You'll have to ask somebody else what the real derivation of that name cowcatcher is.

Q. I honestly don't know. Now what year were you born? What's your birthdate?

A. July 16, 1898.

Q. And I would be interested in knowing what downtown Champaign or downtown Urbana looked like then. Can you remember as a child what . . .

A. Yes, a great deal of the main street as I remember it was quite a lot of it as it is now. As I say, there was that movie house there which was the first Busey Bank Building.

Q. Do you know what the name of the movie theatre is?

A. I think it was at one time the Princess Theatre, whether or not it's that still or not I don't know. And along that block on the north side of the street, there was Sol Ryman's Confectionery which was beloved by us youngsters. And the old fashioned sort of ice cream parlor with the chairs, with the curved metal back . . .

Q. Ice cream chairs.

A. Yes. Yes, I remember that there. I don't know what was on the-- well, let's begin over at one end of that block. At the east end of it was the courthouse, the courthouse square. At the west end of it was the intersection of Main Street and Race Street. And later, the bank that I really remember well was built on the southwest corner of that intersection and was the same bank building that was there until a very short time ago when a new building . . .

Q. That's the lovely new building that you saw not long ago.

A. And at the corner of--I don't know how to explain it--the entrance to the bank building was at the corner itself, so that the door set back a little ways from the sidewalk, leaving a little space in there where one could set up some camp chairs. And those chairs were spread out onto the sidewalk and we would go down every other Saturday night to hear the local band concert. The musicians were local people who played out at that intersection and I believe the alternate Saturday nights they'd play down at the other end of the block, at the courthouse grounds.

Q. When you went down to the town you walked?

A. Of course, our home was only about three blocks from it, three blocks west of it on Elm Street. One of my uncles who was at that time the president of Busey Bank--that would be a son, one of the sons of the founder--lived halfway between on Elm Street. I remember Mr. Jake's house which was quite near the street. It had a very high curb which we youngsters used to like walking, of course. And now at the corner of Race and Elm Streets is the Urbana Library and the library has I believe recently bought the lot just west of it including a nice old brick house which I think they plan to keep . . .

Q. Oh, good.

A. And they have put in there or somebody has put--I think the Garden Club of Urbana probably--has put in a most interesting, excellent herb garden.

Q. I'm so glad to hear you say keep. I thought you were going to say which they're going to tear down.

A. No, I think they appreciate it.

Q. Did you live in the Isaac Busey house?

A. No.

Q. Because that is the oldest house in the county.

A. I didn't know that. Do you have an address?

Q. No, but I'll go back to the library and find one. It was in that history that I read.

A. I'd like to know where that is.

Q. It was on Elm. I remember that. There was a picture of it and it was on Elm Street.

A. Wonder if it could be this house the library bought? I don't know. I knew it by another name which I now have forgotten but it could have been Isaac Busey's first, I don't know.

Q. 503 West Elm.

A. No, no, no. That was my home.

Q. Okay, well the Isaac Busey home was a different address. I'll go back and look that up. The George Busey house is at 503 West Elm and was built about 1860 or 1865? And George Busey bought it in 1893.

A. It was bought in 1893. I don't know when it was built. Somebody at the University made quite a survey of old houses in Urbana and I remember seeing a newspaper article about that in which he said that my mother remembered seeing that house when she was a girl visiting in Urbana. But I can't tell you what the date was.

Q. Well, this history that I got this information from you'll remember was 1878 so . . .

A. It says the house was--oh, the history was--oh from Cunningham's history?

Q. Yes. And he says it was the oldest house in. . .

A. Cunningham said that? Judge Cunningham?

Q. Yes.

A. Well, I expect he knew. I can remember Judge Cunningham, he lived on Green Street. Now, my father's house at 503 West Elm Street was the east half of a block of ground so that it had an entrance both on Elm Street and on the parallel street south of it, on Green Street, it would be 506 West Green Street. And Judge Cunningham lived on Green Street--oh, a couple of blocks, two or three blocks west of there. I can remember being impressed as a child by the fact that he had built on the back of his house a fireproof room for his Lincoln library--books about Lincoln. He was quite a Lincoln scholar. Judge Cunningham and his wife had lived east of town in a very attractive old farmhouse, doubtless is torn down now, which they gave to probably the Methodist Church--The Methodist Children's Deaconess Home. It eventually became a tuberculosis sanitarium. I don't know what it is now.

Q. That was the Cunningham home.

A. Yes.

Q. But the George Busey house at 503 West Elm was later the Baha'i . . .

A. Baha'i.

Q. Center.

A. Yes. My sister, Garreta Busey, was a Baha'i and my daughter is a Baha'i, and when my sister died in 1976 she willed the house to the Baha'i.

Q. Is it still being used?

A. Yes.

Q. That's wonderful. When you were a child how did you dress? What did you wear? For Sunday and also for play?

A. Can't remember too well except I do remember that playing around the neighborhood and going walking downtown we youngsters of the neighborhood went barefoot most of the time in the summertime. And walking down the sidewalks to the downtown of Urbana--which were brick sidewalks--we enjoyed turning our feet out to match the brick pattern.

Q. (laughs) Some things never change.

A. Some things never change. And that I remember in the wintertime rushing from the bedroom which we usually kept cold--probably with a window open also--into the next room to lean up against the radiator and pull the long black stockings up over the long underwear legs. That was something of a chore.

Q. And try not to get lumps in them.

A. (laughter) That's right. I don't seem to remember much else about clothes.

Q. How many were in your immediate family?

A. My sister, Garreta. G-A-R-R-E-T-A was five years older than I. We were the only two surviving siblings. We had had an older brother, born 1891, who died a day or two short of his first birthday with diptheria as so many children did in those days. The diptheria epidemics must have been very hard. In fact I remember hearing my father say--just after my first child was born--outside the door, "Now, Kit," addressing my mother known as Kit, "you see that that child gets diptheria serum." Now that was a sore point all those years.

My mother's good friend, as close as a sister, was Mrs. Henry Dunlap who lived at Savoy. Henry Dunlap was a state senator. Savoy is about five miles south of us, south of Champaign. And when my brother was almost one year old my mother took him down to stay overnight with her friend, Nora Dunlap--show off the baby--and it was a fairly long buggy ride, the five miles, in those days. That afternoon a friend came in with a child, an older child, who had a cold. And in whatever was the appropriate time after that, my mother's son was dead of diptheria and two, I believe, of the Dunlaps' children. The child who had come in had diptheria without anyone knowing it. He survived I believe. That was the sort of thing that happened apparently with diptheria in those days.

Q. Did you have any bad childhood diseases?

A. Yes, I had them all. (laughter) I had them all and I had them hard. My sister would come home from school with a rash of some sort and be confined to home for two or three days. I would get scarlet fever or measles or whatever it was and be in bed for a month.

Q. But neither you nor your sister had diptheria?

A. No.

Q. Now was there a vaccine . . .

A. No, the diptheria vaccine was much later than that I'm sure.

Q. Well, you just happened to not be exposed to it I guess.

A. I suppose so and when I was in bed with measles or scarlet fever--those two I seem to remember--the house was quarantined in those days. There would be a sign on the house in red letters or a red sign saying, "Quarantine," and nobody came in except doctors or excepted people and my father stayed at home.

Q. Did not go to work?

A. No. If he had gone to work he would have gone to live someplace else.

Q. Oh.

A. That was the common thing in those days.

Q. So you had groceries brought to the door or something . . .

A. Oh, groceries were brought to the door in those days although we lived only a few blocks from downtown. Of course the grocer and the meat market man--and meat markets were separate from groceries in those days--would deliver. You'd telephone if you wanted ten cents worth of meat and it would be delivered.

Q. Things were different.

A. Oh, things are different. Things are supposed to be so much simpler now but really it takes the housewife more time than it did then. (laughs)

Q. When you were small did your mother have help with the house--it sounds like a large house?

A. Yes, and she had particularly good help. Apparently--it must have been for some months before I was born--she had had difficulty with whatever help it was and a young girl, probably wasn't more than 16 or 17 years old, from a German farm family in Iowa, came asking for a job--Minnie Elsmiller. And Minnie, till the last day I knew her, still spoke with a little German accent. And my mother said, "Well, if you'll stay till this child is born and till she is ten years old, I'll try you out." And she did.

Q. Quite a trial period, wasn't it?

A. And Minnie was much beloved and I was brought up to call her Minnie Mama and was very fond of Minnie. Minnie was very good to me.

I was born in a downstairs bedroom which is now what you're talking about for kindergarten and my mother's nurse was Myra Burt who lived at that time with the aunt who brought her up across the street--across Green Street. And Aunt Myra as she later became took the baby across the little enclosed back porch to the kitchen and told Minnie, this young girl, to watch her and put her on the door of the open oven to keep her warm while she went back to look after my mother. And I guess Minnie took care of me ever after.

Q. Yes. Now this nurse was not a midwife?

A. No, no she was a trained nurse, trained in Chicago.

Q. But there was also a doctor?

A. Yes, there was a doctor--and perhaps I could remember the doctor's name--but it doesn't matter anyhow. I guess he was a nice enough old chap but I can remember both Minnie and me being concerned if he--I

believe he moved to another town later--if he were back in town, he always came to visit. From the kitchen window you could see anybody coming up the front walk from Elm Street and we would sigh if we saw Dr. So and So coming up because that meant he was certainly going to stay for dinner--dinner was in the middle of the day by the way--and he was to us a great bore. (laughter)

Q. Dinner was in the middle of the day--your father would come home?

A. My father would come home in the middle of the day for dinner.

Q. He was at the bank. Did he take more than the regular lunch hour then?

A. Probably not. Banking hours are pretty much as they are now.

Q. But you all sat down at the dining room table for dinner.

A. Oh yes, oh, definitely yes.

Q. Well then, what did you do in the evening?

A. We had supper in the evening--a light meal--also at the dining room table.

Q. I think that is a good idea. Instead of a heavy meal in the evening.

A. There are many people who still prefer that. I would be very sleepy after a long midday meal though.

End of Side One, Tape One

Q. Did you and your sister and your parents travel when you were a child?

A. Well, I had a habit of getting bronchitis every winter and eventually the doctor would say, "You can't raise that child in this climate." Or maybe my mother egged him on a bit, I don't know, but anyhow that was the excuse to take me down to Florida to visit her sister. So I don't remember going to school for a whole year at a time for many years. I was usually taken out of school and down to visit Aunt Dell down in South Jacksonville, Florida.

Q. How did you get there?

A. By train.

Q. By train.

A. I can remember--my one real memory of a doll--apparently I didn't play with dolls a great deal--but I remember what a comfort the doll was and my doll's name was Artemisia which was my grandmother's name. And

the train came of course from Champaign, stopped for some little time--I mean came from Chicago, stopped for some little time in Champaign because that's where the section was, where water and coal were taken on. Of course sleeper reservations would have been made for the two of us, my mother and me, and I can remember being carried in my nightclothes and wrapped up in blankets, over to the station by Ivory--I'll explain Ivory later. Ivory carried me from the horse and carriage across the tracks to the station in front of the engine, which was safe enough; it wouldn't be leaving for some time. But just as we went across, the engine let out a great burst of steam which frightened me terribly. Then Ivory took me on into the state room and put me down in the bunk there with my doll which I remember finding comforting because I was a little bit frightened then, while my mother and father were out checking the trunks of course--because you traveled with trunks in those days.

Q. Now how old do you think you were?

A. I don't know but it must have made a great impression upon me because for years afterwards I would occasionally have a nightmare about that engine and it always would end up when I'd gotten the covers over my head and I somehow felt being smothered, I suppose.

Q. Well, the engine in itself would be ominous, big and black, much less the burst of steam would be frightening. Now your sister, Garreta, stayed with your father in Champaign or did she go to Florida?

A. In Urbana.

Q. Urbana, oh, that's terrible isn't it? (laughter) I should learn.

A. Back again to Urbana and the importance of its being Urbana. I can remember one time when my father was traveling to Florida with us, this would be somewhat later. He was talking to a fellow traveler--a woman--who said, oh yes, she had a son at the university at Champaign, which immediately brought the response from my father that the university was in Urbana. But she was sure it was in Champaign because that was her son's address. He said, "Well, that's very likely--it may be a fraternity or a boarding house in Champaign--but the only university campus in Champaign was the pig farm." At that time it was.

Q. Well, maybe she learned easier than I have, I'm not doing very well with Urbana-Champaign. Other than your trips to Florida with your mother, did you take vacations?

A. Yes, I had a memorable trip--oh, that would be another trip with my mother. No, vacations were--you didn't go off on vacations in the summertime. I was a bit envious sometime later, I think--not when I was a very small child--but sometime later of my friends who were children of professors because they went to Michigan or some other place to get away from the hot summers. No, not such a thing as vacations of that sort.

I had a memorable trip to California with my mother when I was probably in the second grade. I can remember very well it was second grade, maybe I was sick for a while and then there was this trip. My mother went to visit her aunt, my great-aunt, Hanna Keziah Clapp.

Q. Now that's a name. We'll have to get that spelling a little bit later.

A. I'll have to think about it too, but she was known as Aunt Kiz. And she was a remarkable personality. I would judge that she was quite a bit older than her sister who was my mother's mother. She had had a school for girls someplace--Michigan perhaps--because my mother's people did come from the east through Michigan instead of that southern route of my father's. And she was--forty-niner fever of the people going west--she got it too and she wrote the parents of her children to come and get them and she went to St. Louis and joined a group in caravan going to California. She always said she walked to California. I suppose she walked along with the wagons of the group.

Q. But she was alone, she was not married?

A. No, she was never married. And in San Francisco she met a girl about her age who had come around the Horn with her uncle on sailing business and the two of them taught school--the friend particularly interested in kindergartens, I think. Eventually they went to Reno, Nevada. There she and somebody else started the University of Nevada. Now all that is down in something that somebody else from the college interviewed me about once--started the University of Nevada, and he was the president and she was the professor.

There is one tale that my son turned up about her when he was in Reno and had a chance to visit an old gentleman who had known her. He said that a tale about her was that in passing a saloon, there was a drunken man out on the sidewalk in front of it and she had opened the door and gone into the saloon and said, "Sam, you'd better come out and pick up your advertisement out here," and the Sam was Sam Clemmons. Now that's two or three hands, not first hand information.

Q. When you went to visit Aunt Kiz how long did you stay?

A. Oh, possibly a month.

Q. And what part of California was this?

A. Palo Alto. Aunt Kiz by that time--she had lived with this other friend until that friend died and after she retired--I have to back up. She went from Reno to Carson City, Nevada, and I have a tale about her there. They were building an iron fence around the courthouse block and she felt that the contract submitted for it was much too high, so she submitted one and she got the contract and she built the fence.

When she retired from teaching she went to Palo Alto because that should be an interesting place because the new University was being built there--Stanford University. I can remember going to visit Stanford University with her and my mother in a buggy and driving up this long avenue of trees--which if you've been there you'd remember it, too--to a strange, interesting church with mosaics on the outside. That was a very interesting thing to a child.



But first, when I first went into Aunt Kiz's house, she had said almost immediately, "Well, there isn't any proper furniture for a little child here. It's all too high, we ought to have something. Let's go downstairs to my workshop," and she whopped up a stool for me from her workshop.

Q. I think you were lucky to have someone like Aunt Kiz. She sounds like a wonderful person . . .

A. Yes, my memories of Aunt Kiz are quite wonderful. Oh, also my memory was that she had curly short hair, and it wasn't fashionable to have short hair in those days. Aunt Kiz was a determined individualist.

Q. When you mentioned kindergarten earlier. That was your mother that had the kindergaten?

A. No, it was my mother who had the idea of the kindergarten. The house at home had one room which must have been an addition to the original house, but an addition put on before my father bought it, which was a one-story room with an outside entrance of its own. And my mother had the idea of using that room for a kindergarten, and she and other people perhaps, I don't know whom, found an excellent kindergarten teacher who was a Champaign girl and I don't know how many years--this was before I was born. My sister went to the kindergarten; I never knew the kindergarten. There is still one woman, a friend in Urbana, who was a member of that kindergarten.

Q. There was no public kindergarten?

A. No, no.

Q. Everyone started in first grade.

A. I suppose they all chipped in and paid the teacher.

Q. Do you have any idea of the size of the class?

A. No, I haven't. The floor I think at that time was a softwood floor, not a hardwood floor, and there was a painted circle on it where they all put their little chairs around in a circle in good kindergarten fashion.

Q. Yes. Well, the Historic Sites in Champaign County which was done by the Bicentennial Commission said that was a billiard room.

A. Well, much later. After the kindergarten it became a downstairs bedroom. At some time in its existence it was rented. That must have been when my parents first bought the place. You see my sister was five years old--no . . .

Q. They bought it in 1893.

A. No, that was the year she was born. That was the year she was born. Well, anyhow at some time or another they rented it to a new professor and his wife from the east who had come to this young university and

having its outside entrance, it worked out very nicely. That was Professor and Mrs. McDaniels, and Professor McDaniels later became a president of the university. And friends of theirs who used to come see them when they lived there were Mr. and Mrs. McKinley, and McKinley was president of the university eventually. These were young people coming to the new university.

That was before the kindergarten, I guess. The kindergarten would have come at the time that my sister was ready for kindergarten, of course, and after that the kindergarten dissolved--I don't know why. I never heard. I do know that the kindergarten teacher got married, maybe that was the reason.

Q. That was probably the reason. Did you attend kindergarten at the public schools then?

A. No, there was no kindergarten.

Q. So you just started in the first grade.

A. Yes, there was no kindergarten. Then, that room became a downstairs bedroom. That was the room I was born in. And later it was just a useful room--my mother had a sewing machine there by the window where she could watch the children in the sand pile outside under the apple tree, and then eventually it became a billiard room and eventually a library.

Q. Tell me about your house that you grew up in.

A. Well, it was an old Victorian white clapboard house . . . I'll get you a picture of it . . .

End of Side Two, Tape One

A. It was remodeled, and then it was remodeled again--twice, on account of fires.

Q. Did it burn while you were living there?

A. Yes, I was about two years old the first time. I am told that originally off the porch, in between these two windows on the east side of the house . . .

Q. In the middle of those two windows downstairs?

A. Yes. That is where the front door was with a stairway that went up immediately from the front door. And the house was built a little peculiarly--instead of a two-by-four and then sheathing of some sort on the outside of the two-by-fours and then the clapboard on that--the sheathing was on the inside of the two-by-fours which left a nice drafty place all the way up. Do you see what I mean?

Q. Yes.

A. When I was about two years old a painter was burning off blistered paint on the house and a spark got in there, and of course the fire went right up through that space up to the attic, and there was a considerable fire. And a story was that they had just put in a downstairs bathroom. And the plumber, hearing the fire bell--in those days the bell told people by code what ward the fire was in--thought it might be that house. In the middle of the night he dashed out because he was so proud of this new plumbing he had put in, and pulled it out. (laughter)

Q. And then he came back and put it back in.

A. And then came back and put it back. At that time the house was considerably remodeled inside, and that stairway was out and on the other side--on the Elm Street side--the front door was put with a stairway going from that door. It was a very different sort of stairway. When I was at the university--I graduated in 1920--I think it was during the First World War--the house was being painted again and my mother had gone off to the Red Cross to wrap bandages and she said to the painter, "Don't burn off any paint here." And he did. I was at home then and he came dashing in, "Call the Fire Department." And exactly the same thing happened.

Q. You were never told why it was constructed this way?

A. No.

Q. That sounds strange.

A. It is strange. The house was built by--I'm not sure who built it--but it was lived in by the man who was superintendent of the railroad, the Big Four, that went through Urbana at that time. Whether he built it or not I don't know. Some woman from North Carolina, and whether or not it was his wife or not I don't know, had owned it at one time and a number of the trees and shrubs were North Carolina trees. The varieties that she planted were not native.

Q. Upstairs you must have had four or five bedrooms. Did you and your sister share a room? What about Minnie?

A. Yes, there was a room over the kitchen for Minnie, and back stairs. And my parents bedroom, and my sister's bedroom, and mine, and the spare room for guests were upstairs. Then later, after that second fire, no, it was before that, that downstairs room that had been a kindergarten was built up two stories. And that made a nice large bedroom which was my sister's and mine together. And the small room that had been mine, which had become a passageway to that new room, became a sewing room.

Q. When you were growing up, were your grandparents alive and living in Urbana?

A. My grandmother was. I can barely remember being taken to see my grandfather on what must have been his death bed, and presenting him with my big ragdoll for comfort or something of the sort. I can just barely remember that. So I must have been very young. My grandmother lived to be about 83 or 84, and was very much a part of the family.

Q. This was the Busey grandmother?

A. Yes, the Busey grandmother.

Q. Your mother was from Urbana also?

A. From Cobden, Illinois.

Q. So those grandparents, if they were living, you did not see that much?

A. Her mother died before she could remember and her father, shortly before I was born. Her father's name was Garret, and my sister is named for him. It eventually came to be pronounced Garreta instead of Garreta. I brought along a picture of the Busey house, my grandmother's house, and this is my grandmother and probably the Aunt who lived with her. That would have been built when my father was very young--he was next to the youngest of the eight children--and remembered living in the house out on the farm near where that round barn is. He remembered going to school and getting his feet frozen, chillblains--is there such a term . . .

Q. Yes, like frostbite.

A. Yes, frostbite. When he was a child going across the fields to the schoolhouse. But he was still a small child when his father built this house in town in Urbana.

Q. That's a gorgeous home, with that big porch and cupola. What street was it on?

A. Yes. I am sorry they tore it down. That was given when my grandmother died--her children gave that to the town for a hospital. That is the hospital where my older son was born. Eventually it became--the hospital had a history of changes--Carle Sanitarium. The Carle Sanitarium's first wing was built out from that and then wings all around it, and not so many years ago they tore it down completely.

Q. Is the Carle Clinic located there?

A. Yes.

Q. That is too bad they tore it down.

A. Yes. It was the block that is the Carle Clinic, and the one side of it was the orchard. In back of that was my grandmother's pasture and barn. The entrance was from University Avenue. My widowed aunt, Aunt Augusta, and her little girl, Grace, who was in the picture, lived with my grandmother. The cupola became Grace's playhouse.

Q. Oh, she was a lucky little girl. You said your grandmother was very much a part of the family. Does that mean at Christmas you were all together?

A. Yes. Let's see. There were Uncle Matt, Uncle John, Uncle Jim, Aunt Alice, Aunt Augusta, Aunt Frank (Frances), and my father makes seven of her children that were all living close enough--most of them in town, Urbana or Champaign, or close enough to get back--and the youngest one who didn't live so close. But most of the families lived close enough that we met at Grandmother's house on Sunday afternoons. Somebody from each of the families went to Grandma's house on Sundays, and sometimes a number of them. I was next to the youngest of the twenty-one cousins who lived close enough, so we met there. Of course there was a gap in the ages, so the cousins weren't there all the time. But the cousins did play there. They played in the cupola; they played in the barn; they played in the pasture; they played in the swings in the orchard; and then there were the various family dinners and so on. I can remember some family dinners where the old folks ate at first table and the children ate at second table. (laughs)

Q. But these family dinners were always at Grandmother's house?

A. No, not always, no. They were very apt to be at my mother's. I think she had more family sense than most of them. She'd be apt to have New Year's dinner. I can remember many a time getting out the various kinds of covers for the various tables she used. You could not put them all at the dining table.

Q. So you feel your mother enjoyed entertaining?

A. Yes. She enjoyed that kind of family entertaining. Entertaining meant getting out some kind of a fancy cover for all those tables--embroidered linen or something which always had to be ironed. (laughs)

Q. Now, you said Minnie took care of you, but did she also do the laundry and ironing?

A. Minnie was a maid of all work. I don't know how Minnie got it all done. Minnie was up early, early on Monday morning and when I got up, Minnie had the clothes out on the line. (laughter)

Q. Everything had to be ironed.

A. Everything had to be ironed with irons most of which are used for doorstops around here . . .

Q. Flatirons.

A. They had to be heated on the coal stove, winter or summer.

Q. But your mother did the cooking?

A. Minnie did the cooking.

Q. Minnie was busy.

A. Minnie was wonderful. And at our house we would say, "Yes, this is the way Minnie used to make it."

Q. So, you were in and out of school through the lower grades because of your bronchitis. When did you get this under control and start attending school regularly?

A. Oh, I think about fourth grade.

Q. And then you went to high school in Urbana and then to the university.

A. I was gone--in 1908 I would have been ten years old, wouldn't I--in 1908 our family had this wonderful adventure which was a big influence in my life. My mother's sister, much older than she, had married a man who became the American Consul in Germany, in Frieberg and she died there. Her husband then later married again, married Aunt Bessie. He became Consul in Cologne. He came back here for a while, married, and then returned to Germany.

We went over in 1908, leaving on Decoration Day, to visit these people in Cologne. Then we spent time traveling about Germany and had a wonderful walking trip in the Eifel Mountains, I remember, and then some time in the Netherlands, and England, and Belgium. Then we spent a month in Florence, a month in Rome, and then sailed back from Naples supposedly in time to get home for Christmas at Grandma's. So that was a good part of that school year killed. That was a wonderful experience for a ten-year-old. I can remember my little fear of not being able to go along on that trip because of older folks saying, "You're not going to drag that child around all the art galleries of Europe, are you?" So I was afraid I might get left at home. But I didn't, and I think people underestimate how much a child of ten does see and remember. For years afterward, they said, "Jean remembers things we have forgotten." And I loved the art galleries.

Q. How long a voyage was it?

A. About eight or ten days.

Q. Did you get seasick?

A. No. Coming back was really quite a memorable voyage. It was 1908, and I think at the time there were many eruptions and earthquakes, and I believe Mt. Aetna erupted about that time. There was really quite stormy weather so that the boat was delayed. It was supposed to land in New York in time that we could get back home by Christmas, but we had Christmas on the boat. We were delayed by high waves and storms, and I remember standing with my father up on some deck or other looking down to the deck below and being very much amused at the very proper German ship's officer suddenly being swept across the deck on his back over to the next rail, by a wave that came up. He looked very much chagrined.

All the people on the boat of course rallied around to make Christmas something special on the boat. That Christmas Eve memory is very vivid in my mind because they had built a false fireplace and had a Christmas tree by it and somebody had worked out a little skit that was performed there. I led in the two little youngsters to hang up their stockings and that sort of thing. Everybody cooperated to make Christmas Eve especially

nice. After dinner up on the balcony all around the dining salon the crew that could be spared all gathered there, and being German, they sang beautifully "Silent Night."

Q. "Silent Night" is so beautiful in German. Did you have a way of notifying Grandmother that you were delayed?

A. I don't remember. Did we have Marconi by then?

Q. I don't know. Well, that was quite a trip. When you were staying in Rome for a month and in Florence, did you stay in hotels all that time?

A. Yes. Or in pensions. We stayed in a pension in Florence, on the River Arno, that was run by a very remarkable English woman who was proud of her cooking which she had learned at the cooking school that had been inaugurated by Queen Victoria. (laughs)

Q. That's impressive.

A. I guess it was part of Queen Victoria's good works. But anyhow she had gone to cooking school there, and she was proud of her brother who was editor of a journal or paper in the United States. Miss Godkind-- funny I can remember her name.

Q. Yes. When I asked if you stayed in a hotel, I meant you did not know families in these cities.

A. No, only in Cologne.

Q. Did your mother attend a university?

A. No.

Q. But your father had.

A. No. I doubt that he finished eighth grade. He was tall, a big boy for his age. He hated school--he thought he was bigger than the other boys and I don't think school was compulsory in those days.

Q. Did he start working in the bank right away?

A. Yes. Well, he talked about spending time with an older brother who was working on a farm in Fisher, Illinois, which either belonged to him or to his father, I don't know which. And he went up and lived with Uncle John--"kept batch" as they called it. That is the only thing I can remember his talking about doing until he went out to Arizona to become the superintendent of an Indian reservation at twenty-one.

Q. How did he get out there? By train? And why? (laughter)

A. And why, yes? As you found out, his father had been for at least a term a member of the General Assembly, and I suppose he must have known some politicians. He was in the newspaper office in Champaign one time

when somebody who came in said, "Say, Busey, do you know anybody who would like a job on an Indian reservation?" A patronage job, no doubt, and I am ashamed to say that is the way our Indian reservations were run--by someone who was no more qualified than that. He said, "Well, maybe my son George would be interested." So, twenty-one, yes, he went by train to The Needles on the Colorado River, and there he changed to a rowboat rowed by a couple of Indians down the river to what is now Parker, Arizona. Parker now is a town. It was at Parker or near Parker that those poor Japanese were sequestered . . .

Q. During World War II. . .

A. Yes, during the Second World War. And the reservation was for three different tribes who were as I understand it stranded there and not looked after on any other reservations. Some were Mohave, some were Yuma Indians, and some were Chemehuevi. I will have to check that spelling. Then he wrote back letters to the newspaper--this is, you know, a home town, small town--interesting news about the Indians. And fortunately I have those letters. One time he wrote back that he needed a teacher or a matron to look after the little Indian boys in the school they had. At that time my mother and a friend of hers were working in the Gazette office and they thought that might be a lark. My mother did know who the Busey family was, she didn't know them, but at least she knew that it was a respectable family. But that is where they met each other.

Q. Out on the Indian reservation. That's quite a story. Did they come back to Urbana then to be married?

A. Yes. I don't know how long he stayed after that. He did come back then after they became engaged in order to make enough money to get married. She stayed on for a year, I believe, to finish her contract with them. Then she came back and they were married.

Q. Since neither of them had gone to school, how did they feel about your going to the university?

A. Well, I think it was just an accepted thing in those days you went to high school. There was a time when many people didn't go to high school. When did we get a law saying you have to go to school until a certain age? It was certainly an accepted thing that you went to high school, and being right there in a town with a university, it was an accepted thing.

Q. I think it is unusual for a woman to have graduated from the University of Illinois in 1920. Neither of my grandmothers did, but as you say they did not live in a town with a university.

A. Yes, well it was not unusual in Urbana.

Q. Was there any rivalry between university students and local people, like there is in some university towns now?

A. There was "town and gown." I was definitely "town." Though the difference wasn't too great. I had friends who were "gown."



Q. You lived at home then, not on campus?

A. I lived at home. My sister went to Wellesley. She was a bit more of a bookish person than I, but I don't know how she happened to become particularly interested in Wellesley, but she did.

Q. What was your major at the University?

A. Chemistry.

Q. Oh . . . you really took courses in chemistry by choice? (laughs)

A. I have a B.S. in Chemistry.

Q. You told me you taught out east somewhere.

A. Well, it was almost play-teaching in a remote part of the Blue Ridge Mountains in North Carolina.

Q. How did you find out about that opening?

A. Well, I had a classmate at the University . . . I had graduated in the spring of 1920 and along about Christmas, I was at the university for a movie--appropriately enough "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" with lots of mountain scenery, and so on--and I sat beside a classmate of mine there whom I hadn't seen since graduation. She had with her a young man and the two of them kept saying, "That looks just like Crossnore." She was from a rather remarkable little community in North Carolina, and he was a Presbyterian minister on a tour to get funds for the school. She had been there because her father, a geologist, had been doing work for the Geological Survey there and she had spent the summer there and consequently had known this school and had become interested and taught there that fall. Mrs. Sloop was the founder of the school at Crossnore, North Carolina. My friend had been teaching there, but Mrs. Sloop wanted her to travel about the women's colleges of the south to talk about the school and develop interest in it and ask them to send old clothes for their rather famous "Old Clothes Sale." She was looking for someone to take her place for the rest of the school year, and it sounded interesting to me and so I did.

I loved North Carolina, still love North Carolina. The man attending the movie with my friend was an interesting chap. He was a native of this remote--at that time--part of the hills. His father could neither read nor write, but was a very intelligent person. He, the father, had been orphaned when he was very young and was head of the family of his mother and younger children by the time he was fourteen or so. He had gone down to the lowlands to get the two things that they needed--one was cotton warp and the other was salt, I believe. He had built a sawmill, and another thing he needed from the lowlands was the saw blades. He sawed down the timber with his new saw blade--making two-by-fours--and put one on top of the other, spiking them down every so often with long spikes, and built a two-story house in that way. He had also built a tanning pit there. He did all this with no education at all. But this boy, his son, who was one of his thirteen children, had come under the influence of

Mrs. Sloop and wanted to get an education. His father was against it, but his mother had helped him pack his little leather trunk and he put it on his shoulder and walked off to the railroad, sixteen miles away, and got himself to Berea, Kentucky. Berea is the mecca for Appalachian people. There they gave him an entrance examination to pick out the noun and the verb in this sentence, and he couldn't do it. They asked him to add, subtract, multiply, and divide, and he didn't know how to do that very well either. So they put him in the first or second grade, and in eight years he had completed elementary school, high school, college, and theological seminary. That shows what a good mature brain can do. An awful lot of time is wasted when the kids might better be out in the woods learning to imitate the birds' calls the way he did.

Q. When you were teaching at this school, what age students did you have?

A. I had a sixth grade class in reading and a first year high school class in French, and that is all I remember . . . oh, yes, a high school class in history. Mrs. Sloop was eager to get accreditation for this school, and so to be able to list teachers who had the proper training in these various things, and my training was in chemistry. But you did what had to be done--if something had to be done, you did it. So, she had a little difficulty getting much listed for me.

Q. So you never got to use your chemical degree?

A. Not there, no. I kept ahead of the class in history (laughter) but I heard later that one of my students there thought that I was such a wonderful teacher that he got his doctorate in history someplace.

Q. Well, that says a lot for your teaching.

A. These were wonderful people. This one chap was not an exception. They were good brains. They were either Johnsons or Franklins, usually. All the Johnsons were related and all the Franklins were related, and the Johnsons were related to the Franklins, and they were inbred, but the good characteristics were the ones that were visible.

Q. From how large a radius, mile-wise, did your students come?

A. As far as you could walk. You had to walk--it was too hard to raise food for both man and beast--there were very few horses. You walked across the mountain.

End of Side One, Tape Two

Q. Where did you live while teaching there?

A. At the "teacherage." Isn't that a wonderful name?

Q. Yes. (laughter) Very descriptive.

A. That was a little house that had been built up and remodeled enough to have four rooms for teachers upstairs and downstairs there was a little living room, dining room, and a kitchen. There was also place for a former student who had gotten some education outside of the mountains and his young wife, and they cooked the meals and took care of things for the teachers.

Q. How many teachers were there?

A. The two rooms and sleeping porch were occupied by myself and two good friends who have remained very good friends . . . and I remember two other teachers, older women, in the house. Then there was the principal of the school who lived outside the "teacherage," and one other, a man, both of whom had been away from there and gotten some education, possibly at Berea.

Q. Well, it sounds like a nice setup, because you didn't want for companionship.

A. It was delightful, really. There was a new schoolhouse, a two-story schoolhouse which housed first grade up through four classes of high school. And that spring the first high school class was graduated--two pupils, and I have a letter upstairs from one of them.

Q. That is wonderful that you keep letters.

A. But this is a recent letter.

Q. Oh, a recent letter. You've kept in touch all these years?

A. Yes, with a number of them. They were wonderful people, and we are the best of friends.

Q. Going back to the time you were at the University of Illinois, the influenza epidemic . . . was that bad in Champaign-Urbana?

A. Yes, it was.

Q. Did anyone in your immediate family have it?

A. No. I can remember it very plainly though. Oh, well, yes, I remember one particular, pathetic case. I had a cousin about my age who lived across the street who was engaged to a young man, Dudley by name, and he was in the Army and was driving an army truck in a convoy of trucks to someplace in the east, Philadelphia, I believe. It doesn't matter, except that it was some distance from home, and he could hardly keep going. He got there and was hospitalized with the flu, and was out of his head and calling for Helen, his fiance. The nun [nurse] knew that he wouldn't survive, and I think they had said what oxygen was available should be used for somebody else. But she insisted that they keep on with his until she could get word to Helen. Of course, she didn't have Helen's last name. I suppose she did know where he was from from his tag, so she sent a telegram to "Miss Helen" that so and so was dying. So Helen and her mother got on the train and got there just in time to see him. That is another little story.

Q. Oh. That is a sad story, but it is interesting that it could be addressed like that and she would get it.

A. Yes. It was a small town, you know. And of course his name was known in a small town.

Q. But just for them to get there would have taken several days.

A. Yes. You didn't go flying off like now.

Q. Did you know many young men, a few years older than you, who were called up for the First World War?

A. Yes. They were my own age, for that matter.

Q. Lots of them? You know in the Second World War everybody went. Was this the case in the First World War? Could they be deferred easily?

A. I don't remember about deferments with particular people.

Q. Were there at that time just mostly girls at the university? Or, if men were in school, could they stay?

A. There were a good many men still there. I really don't know.

Q. When you came back from your marvelous time in North Carolina, when did you meet your husband?

A. Well, he had been in Pittsburgh and Akron doing chemical research for aviation and came back to the university to get his doctor's degree. And one of the . . . oh, there must have been a number of young men who just didn't go to war, but frankly, I can't remember how, or why, or who, at least of the chemists I knew. One of the chemists that I knew wanted to get him a date for a dance, and asked me if I would go. And so I went.

Q. And then, when were you married?

A. In 1923.

Q. In Urbana?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you have a big wedding?

A. Yes, rather big wedding.

Q. Tell me about it.

A. Well, it was in the morning so that we could drive to catch a train down to North Carolina.

Q. Oh. (laughter)

A. It was in August and I was afraid it would be terribly hot weather, but it happened to be decent weather--very nice summer weather. I hate this terribly hot August kind. So, the wedding was at home and my husband's mother and sister, unmarried, and a brother who was married and his wife and little girl, and two other brothers all drove down from Michigan. This was quite a drive in those days. You didn't zip up back and forth in one day as you do now. A brother of my husband had been married eight months before up in Michigan, and I had been up there for that wedding.

Q. So you had met his family.

A. We had a wedding breakfast on the porch, a large screened porch, and out in the yard. It was a beautiful day for it with tables set up out in the yard. It worked out very nicely.

Q. Did you have just a pretty party dress or did you have what now is called a bride's dress?

A. Not what is now called a bride's dress. It was a very nice dress, and I have very little sense about clothes. I can't even tell you what the material was except that it had quite a lot of nice trimming around the collar and cuffs of real lace which my mother was very fond of. That year in Europe she had bought quite a lot of real lace. I recently said something to some clerk, wanting a bit of lace for some trimming, and she brought out something very odd, saying it was real lace. I thought, "Hah." (laughs) She had no idea what I meant by real lace, handmade lace. That part of it was very nice, I remember.

Q. What color was it?

A. It was white, and it was a very bad year in styles, with a long, long waist, which I didn't like very much. It was very beautifully made by a woman in Champaign who did a lot of that sort of thing. And she came over that day to help me dress--Mrs. Joe Cannon, who was really quite remarkable. And when I moved down here and was trying to get rid of things, I sent it to the County Museum in Champaign.

Q. Oh. Well, it must have been linen to have lasted . . .

A. No, but I can't tell you what it was. (laughs) It was a little finer than linen.

Q. Silk pongee, maybe?

A. I don't know. I really have very little sense about clothes.

Q. Your sister was in the wedding?

A. My sister was a bridesmaid, and my sister-in-law was a bridesmaid.

Q. Then you left to get to the train?

A. My brother-in-law who had just been married the month before and his wife drove us to Homer. Homer, Illinois? Would a train have stopped at Homer, Illinois?

Q. I don't know. (laughter) It might have then. Did your husband like North Carolina as much as you did?

A. Yes, he liked it very much. He had been down there before. The year after I taught there, my parents and my sister and I drove a Model T Ford down and spent the summer in Crossnore. Leonard, at that time, was doing research at Yale University and he came down to see us.

Q. What is Crossnore near?

A. Nothing. It was three miles from Plumbtree. (laughs)

Q. That's a big help. (laughter) When you went there on the train, where did you go?

A. To Knoxville, and from there you took a narrow gauge road to . . . forgotten the name of it . . . it was nothing but a station. The narrow gauge had been built by a mining company. But it was now used only for passenger travel, and then somebody met you or you walked the three miles to Crossnore. Crossnore was a crossroads--had a general store, and a Baptist church, and the new school building. That is a whole story in itself. Somebody did a delightful biography of Mrs. Sloop which gives you the story of Crossnore. Maybe a mile from the school was the home of Dr. and Mrs. Sloop--both of them were doctors, by the way--and a mile and a half away was a home I particularly liked, where there were seven children, I think. The granddaughter of that household I met when I was living up at Lake County. She was stationed at Great Lakes and was the most stunning looking Lieutenant Commander you ever saw. These people had profited by the school in their learning.

Mrs. Sloop and Dr. Sloop had gone there about ten years before. She had gone to Philadelphia to medical school. She was from the Piedmont of North Carolina and was going to be a missionary in China. By the time she finished her medical schooling, her parents were not very well and she had to look after them. By that time the missionary board felt she was a little old for going to China--you had to learn the language and so forth--and she met Dr. Sloop who said they should go be missionaries on their own up in the mountains, not in any formal missionary society. But they just went up into the mountains, in one of the most backwoods places, and started living and he was the only doctor for many miles around. One of his first cases was a boy with appendicitis, and when he told the father the boy would have to be operated on, the father said, "Well, you operate, but he better live."

Q. Oh.

A. They operated out of doors because it was the cleanest place. And he did live. After a while Mrs. Sloop became particularly interested in education there. She felt that was what was really needed. Dr. Sloop was kept busy going out on horseback to his calls. She got people interested in moving the little schoolhouse which was down on the banks of the branch. You know the word branch? A stream is a branch. Literally and figuratively they moved it up--it was flooded there in the spring. The school year was very short anyhow because the youngsters were needed to work on the farm in the spring and the fall.

She got some dedicated teachers, not somebody like me who was interested. One particularly fine woman was from Oklahoma who was also a Presbyterian as the Sloops were. The Sloops were very dedicated in their religion. She got these dedicated people to work in the school, and it was not difficult to get folks interested. They had memories of education and had a tradition of education. One man, particularly, wanted Latin taught because Latin was for educated people. (laughter). Of course it wasn't right away until they built up the school. She (Mrs. Sloop) was interested in two little girls who were orphaned, I believe. She wanted to send them away to school; she felt that wherever they had to live was not adequate. She wanted to send them possibly to some church school down in the Piedmont. But they couldn't go without decent clothes. So she wrote to some of her relatives and asked if they had some old clothes they could send up so she could make them over for the children. The trunk arrived and she opened it with great expectation, and all the clothes were black. She had forgotten that these people were in mourning. She couldn't send them off all dressed in black.

About that time a couple of mountain women came by on their way someplace, stopped to talk, and oh, they were enamored of these beautiful black dresses. They were so nice, and they wished they could have them, and wanted to know how much it would cost to buy one. She sold them for very little, but that gave her an idea. She sold everything and then she wrote to all of her friends to send their old clothes. By the time I was there it had gotten to be a \$10,000 sale. One of the local men and his wife were taking charge of this little sale room once a week, and people would come on horseback or afoot from yon side of the mountain to the sale of all sorts of things by that time. And I think it goes on to this day. But meanwhile, the DAR became interested after a while in the school and helped to build buildings, so there are a number of buildings there now.

Q. Now, what is the name of the school?

A. Crossnore.

Q. How do you spell it?

A. C-R-O-S-S-N-O-R-E. It was a public school then, and I think there is still a public school but there is now a boarding school, too, and many of the people are orphans from outside the mountains. It has changed and grown a great deal, and the Sloops have long been dead.

Q. But the concept is still the same that someone who has been orphaned does have a chance to get an education.

A. The Sloops were remarkable people--both of them.

Q. Well, I think it has been a long day . . .

A. Oh, what about that cup of coffee?

End of Side Two, Tape Two

Q. Mrs. Yntema, your husband's name is Y-N-T-E-M-A. Can you tell me something about that name?

A. I understand it is a Frisian name, and I have been told that the Frisian names were the old tribal names, unlike the Dutch names--surnames--because the Dutch had no surnames until Napoleon made them take them. The Frisian names are unlike the Dutch ones anyhow because Frisian language is distinct from Dutch, not a dialect but as distinct as Dutch and English.

Q. Where is Frisia?

A. Friesland is the northernmost province of the Netherlands, and islands above the former Zuider Zee, and there is also a German Friesland of islands. I suppose they were all together at one time. The eastern most chain of those islands is German Friesland.

Q. Since they are islands, there is probably not enough land for farming, so what is their livelihood?

A. I don't know enough about this. The part which was around the former Zuider Zee, I judge was not an island. I don't know, to tell you the truth. The name is not too uncommon, I understand, in Friesland. Someone traveling there said they saw an Yntema Garage and the Frisian first names are certainly not uncommon there but they sound very odd to us.

Q. Such as . . .

A. My husband's father's name was Douwe Bauke Yntema.

Q. That's strange.

A. It is unusual. His father's name, and his father was the immigrant to Holland, Michigan, was Hessel. And one of Douwe Bauke's brothers was Sjoerd--don't ask me how to spell it.

Q. So a lot of Frisians are in the Holland, Michigan area.

A. Yes. I think probably most of the immigrants to Holland were from Friesland, and there are certainly a number of other Frisian names there--those that end in "ga" and "ma" or "stra" and others that I don't remember are Frisian rather than Dutch. The group came led by their pastor, a Van Raalte. Van Raalte sounds Dutch, doesn't it?

Q. Yes, it does.

A. Reverend Van Raalte had come first I believe and spied out a place for them to buy land which was on the shores of Lake Michigan, west of Grand Rapids. They came by boat and by Erie Canal and the Great Lakes and landed for awhile in what is now Lincoln Park, I believe, in Chicago. And there some of the children were buried, and I think including two of the Yntema children. There must have been an epidemic on the ship, probably some contagious disease. And then the ship went across and landed at what is now Holland, Michigan. My husband's forebearers, Hessel Yntema and his wife Klaaska Yntema and their several children,



went up the Black River a ways with a boat to a place which became known as Vriesland, and there is still a small place known as Vriesland near Holland, Michigan. Other small towns around Holland are named for other provinces of the Netherlands--Drent, Overisel, New Gronigan, and Zeeland. Whether or not the people who spread out from Holland had come from those provinces or whether they just wanted to name them for different places, I don't know. Perhaps you can find that in my mother-in-law's little booklet.

Q. All right. Maybe it gave them a sense of security to have familiar names around.

A. The country was virgin, practically--lots of forest which had to be cleared for agriculture--and these people found that difficult. They were sea people rather than foresters, but they did clear their land and that first winter they suffered much as the early pilgrims with little food and with their cattle having to feed upon tree branches. I wonder if they brought cattle with them, I don't know. So, it was a very difficult winter for them. Then the next year they had to get better housing than they were able to put up at first. And then one of the first things they did after just getting themselves properly housed, was to found a college--Hope College--with the understanding that instruction would be in English although most of them did not know English. But they were going to become Americans right away.

Q. Is that college in existence?

A. It is in existence, and do you know Dennis Camp?

Q. Yes.

A. He is a graduate of it. You can ask him about that.

Q. You mentioned Reverend Van Raalte. What was the church? Was this the Dutch Reformed Church?

A. Yes, Dutch Reformed.

Q. You met your husband at the University of Illinois?

A. Right.

Q. He was working on his Ph.D.?

A. Right. When I was a senior in chemistry at the university.

Q. And his field was chemistry?

A. Yes.

Q. The other day when you said chemistry, you got quite a reaction from me. (laughter) Why did you chose chemistry . . . had you always been interested in it?

A. Oh, I think I have always kind of wanted to know what makes things work. I can remember as a child watching a house being built across the street, and in those days there were still some vacant lots in the town. I must have been quite a small child but was fascinated with how you got those pieces of wood made into the shape of a house. And how could people get pieces of cloth made into dresses, and I still wonder how they got them made into dresses in those days because there were ruffles and gussets . . .

Q. And no patterns?

A. No, I think there were probably patterns then.

Q. But don't you think they were probably basic patterns, and you just kind of did your own thing for design?

A. I don't know . . . I doubt that, and I will tell you why. Because when I was a little girl, this maternal cousin who lived with us for a while was married and I can remember his wife sitting at the sewing machine in our house making doll clothes for me with patterns--with tissue paper patterns. And I thought that was remarkable because they were like grown-ups' clothes.

Q. That's interesting. I didn't realize they had paper patterns then. When you were seeing Mr. Yntema, what did you do when you were out on dates? Did you go to the movies? There were movies?

A. Oh, yes, there were silent movies.

Q. Were you usually with a group?

A. We were very apt to be with a group. I had two friends--there were three of us--who were chemistry majors, the only ones that I remember of that class. There were other girls in chemistry classes that were for domestic sciences but not chem majors. And the three of us and our friends were often together. He belonged to a chemical fraternity there and there were dances and that. There was even canoeing on the big Crystal Lake. (laughter)

Q. Well, I think I have such a romantic picture of that time and earlier. I see the women on the bicycles--built-for-two with the picnic hamper and such . . .

A. I think that was a little before my time.

Q. Yes, certainly, but that just always looked so romantic. Last time we did talk about your wedding and your going on your honeymoon back to Crossnore, and we spoke of the school. Then you came back to Urbana, or where did you go to live after your honeymoon?

A. Back to Urbana, and we rented a house across Elm Street from friends of my parents--a house that they had built long ago, of course--who were going to live that year in Florida. We took over that rented house, and the next year we built a small house on Washington Street in Urbana.

Q. Mr. Yntema was out of school, and had his Ph.D. by this time.

A. Yes, he was teaching at the university.

Q. He taught at the university.

A. Yes, at the University of Illinois.

Q. For how long did he do that?

A. Until 1930. We were married in 1923, and in 1930 he became head of the Chemistry Department at St. Louis University. We lived in Webster Groves, which I loved.

Q. It is a pretty suburb of St. Louis. Besides Mary Kate, what children do you have?

A. George is the middle one, and Douwe . . .

Q. Oh, named for his grandfather . . .

A. Yes, he is the older one, and that is according to the good Frisian custom of naming. You name the oldest son for the paternal grandfather. My husband's father . . . well, no, because several children died before he was born, that did not apply but anyhow Douwe, my son Douwe, is named for his paternal grandfather Douwe. And then you named the second son for the maternal grandfather.

Q. Oh . . . George Busey.

A. My husband was the second son so he was named for his mother's father, Leonard. His mother was not Dutch or Frisian. His older brother was named Hessel for his paternal grandfather. Then you named the first daughter for the paternal grandmother and the second daughter for the maternal grandmother. And after that, you could have some choice.

Q. So, you have two boys and two girls?

A. Two boys and one girl, but Mary Kate is named for both grandmothers.

Q. Oh, all right. Because you said something about your mother was called Kit.

A. My mother's name was Kate, but was called Kit or Kitty.

Q. And Mary Kate has always gone by the double name?

A. Yes.

Q. It's a pretty name. So you lived in St. Louis, or Webster Groves for how long?

A. Until 1943, and that was a war move. We moved to Waukegan where Leonard was with Fansteel Metallurgical Corporation. Fansteel was oddly

enough founded by a man whose father was one of the early Holland settlers, and the name was Pfanstiehl. Carl Pfanstiehl was the name of the father. Later he dissociated himself from the metallurgical part and Pfanstiehl made rare sugars and various other things, and the metallurgical part anglicized the name to Fansteel.

Q. You said this was a wartime move. Was the Fansteel Company involved in war production?

A. Yes.

Q. And your husband stayed with them until he retired?

A. Yes.

Q. He didn't go back to teaching?

A. No. Retired as a Vice President. He went as Director of Research for Fansteel Metallurgical Corporation.

Q. And you lived in Waukegan then all that time?

A. Pleasantly enough and strangely enough I had an aunt in Waukegan of whom I was very fond. And she had found a house for us to rent, which was difficult in wartime. We lived in that house for two years until the owner of it decided she wanted to come back. And with wartime restrictions, it was very easy for her to take over very quickly. We wondered where we were going to be for a while and it was time for a much needed vacation which we had planned to spend in Door County, Wisconsin, but there was no place for us to go. We had visions of sitting out on the sidewalk but this good aunt said, "Well, why don't you go ahead anyhow and maybe I can keep an ear open for a place to stay." Then she wrote us that she had found another place for us.

Q. While you were up in Door County?

A. While we were on vacation which was very worthwhile. We were there until 1956 when we bought thirty acres of land and built a house about ten miles from Waukegan near the village of Wadsworth.

Q. The factory was in Waukegan?

A. The factory was in North Chicago which adjoins Waukegan on the south and is a long ways from Chicago. Waukegan is forty miles from Chicago and about forty miles from Milwaukee.

Q. When your children were small . . . what were there ages, how many years apart were they?

A. From January until the next March I had three children under three years of age.

Q. Oh. (laughs) You were busy. Did you travel back to Urbana frequently to see your family?

A. Yes. Occasionally by bus, occasionally by train, but more apt to drive. The drive then was a much longer undertaking with three youngsters to keep happy and with roads that were not like the highways now. Occasionally we would go through Springfield. I can remember our being very interested going one way or the other through Springfield seeing the lake for the first time, which seemed remarkable out on the prairie. And occasionally we would go through Hillsboro or sometimes Edwardsville, Vandalia, varying the route back and forth. The roads were equally bad.

Q. No matter which route you took. When you were small you took several trips to Florida and a trip to California and that wonderful trip to Europe. Did you do extensive traveling on vacations like that with your own children?

A. We were apt to spend the summer or a good part of the summer near Holland, Michigan, at a cottage rented on the lake. We spent quite a bit of time with Mother Yntema at the old home which was then still outside the city limits of Holland, but which is now well within the city limits of Holland. I remember one other trip with the children which we particularly enjoyed--driving to Creed, Colorado, and spending some time in a cottage on a good trout stream. My husband enjoyed that very much and it is the only kind of fishing I much enjoy. It is lots of fun putting on hip boots and walking up a beautiful trout stream--much more interesting than sitting in a boat and waiting for something to happen. Did you happen to read Mike Royko this morning?

Q. Yes. (laughter) Yes. I don't miss Mike Royko any morning.

A. Yes, I am so glad Royko is now in the paper.

Q. When you went to Colorado, your husband went with you. But when you went up to spend a summer in the cabin, did he go back and forth?

A. He was more apt to be staying and teaching summer school. There would be some time between summer school and the end of the regular term, and we would all drive up together and get settled there. Then occasionally on weekends he might drive up, but that was really quite a little drive in those days. There were occasional--I can remember at least one summer when he didn't teach at all in summer school which was grand--and that was probably the time we went out to Colorado. I remember coming back from Colorado there were not the motels that there are now. There were apt to be tourist homes where you could rent a room or small hotels. I remember renting rooms at least twice on that trip with two double beds in them and putting the three children crosswise on one of the double beds.

Q. That was probably a big adventure. I am sure they thought that was great.

A. Yes, great fun.

Q. Did your sister live in the Urbana area or--you said she went out east to school--did she come back to this area?

A. Yes. She graduated in 1915 from Wellesley. She worked a while for Catherine Wall McCullough who was one of Illinois' equal suffrage workers, going out into small towns organizing suffrage meetings. She used to say that that was a very arduous thing. Train connections were very odd, and you perhaps got your business done there and then perhaps there was hours to wait around until you could leave or perhaps had to stay all night. She remembered even for something to do, going to a funeral one day in some small town.

Q. And didn't know the person?

A. No. (laughter)

Q. Well, that is being desperate for entertainment. She was in the area then, and your children knew their aunt.

A. Oh, very much indeed. That was long before I was married, however. And then after that she went to Chicago and lived with a college friend who was from Springfield, by the way, and her family who were then living in Chicago. She studied stenography there, and then went with the Red Cross as a secretary to France.

You asked earlier about the flu epidemic. I remember her saying that on the boat on the way to England the flu struck most of the boat and she herself had it badly. She could remember a nurse on the boat asking her please to hurry whatever she was doing to take care of her because, she could hardly stand up herself. She then, too, collapsed with the flu. She was taken off the boat, as were many others, on a stretcher and for quite sometime was in a hospital or nursing home or whatever they called it in England. Finally when recuperated, she went to France. She got to Paris the day before the Armistice. That was a marvelous thing--that Armistice. When she was out celebrating in the streets in Paris because of the Armistice, she met up with Dr. Beasley, the husband of this Aunt I speak of in Waukegan, and one of his most brilliant doctors under him. Dr. Beasley had formed a medical unit to go to France and had been there for a couple of years. The two of them were in Paris at the time of the celebration . . .

Q. And met on the street. That is unbelievable.

A. Yes. She was always very close to Dr. Beasley who was the second husband of the Aunt. The Aunt's first husband was my uncle and he died after about six years of marriage. When Aunt Myra married Dr. Beasley, Dockie took over her nieces as though he were their own. We called him Dockie or Doctor.

Q. You called him Dockie? My grandfather was Dockie to me, and I hadn't heard that for a while. That brings back good memories. I think I will change the tape before we run out.

End of Side One, Tape Three

Q. The other day when I interviewed you, we over-ran one of the tapes, and you had told me the story of Sophie, the dressmaker, and that was not on there. Would you tell me again about her coming here?

A. Yes, I think it is a little bit interesting--an example of what we now call the American dream which was quite possible for many people in those days. As to when Sophie came, I don't know, but I can just remember her arriving with a baby. I was told afterward that she had grown up in Switzerland in a class which at least sent her to boarding school. She wanted adventure and she and some friend at the boarding school were eager to come to America and somehow eventually they did. I don't know that she actually ran away but I think it was against the wishes of the family at any rate. The two of them did come to America and somehow she got to the Middle West and supported herself by sewing as people often did in those days. A seamstress would come to the house for a week or so and would do all the sewing. Then she went back to Switzerland--the French part of Switzerland--to marry Carl who was from the German part of Switzerland and who worked for a barber. Then after her child was born she came back again to America, I guess to help save money to bring Carl, too. She and the baby had been recommended by some friend to my mother, no doubt, and arrived at our house where she did the sewing. I believe my father sent money to Carl for him to come over then.

At that time we had a block from the house a lot with a small house on it and a barn where the carriage horse and riding horse were kept. Carl and Sophie went to live in that house and Carl took care of the horses. He came up morning and night to tend the coal furnace at the house. He also mowed the lawn and waxed the floors and did the heavy cleaning and so on and so forth. As I grew up the sewing would be done at Sophie's house and Carl eventually found work of some other sort which probably paid him more, and his two sons sold Saturday Evening Post magazines. The Saturday Evening Post offered to pay their way to college as was often done, I believe.

Q. I did not know that.

A. Yes, they did that often with their particularly good salesboys. But they turned down the offer. They said living in a town with a university they could finance it themselves--they were very hard workers. One became an accountant, a certified accountant I am sure, and one a lawyer. Carl, the father, eventually became the superintendent of the boiler and the cleaning and so on at Carle Hospital. I think this is just one other instance of how things did work out for an immigrant in those days.

Q. That is a lovely story, but I think it is unusual that the wife and baby came over. Didn't the husband usually come over first?

A. But Sophie by that time, you see, had friends here and had the ability to earn a living.

Q. Well, that was not on the tape and I did want to get it down. Also, when you were mentioning your grandfather's home, you said that you remembered going there when he was ill and you gave him your ragdoll. That was Simeon?

A. Yes.

Q. He died in 1901.

A. You certainly did your homework well!

Q. But you were three years old. I think that is wonderful that you remembered giving him that ragdoll.

A. Well, I can just barely remember that. I have another memory that is . . .

Q. There's the teakettle.

A. Ah, good for you. (tape stopped)

Q. I have a question for you. Last time you were talking about being bundled up in a blanket and carried by Ivory. And you said I'll tell you about Ivory, and we never did get back to Ivory. So tell me about Ivory.

A. Well, Ivory preceded Carl in taking care of the horses.

Q. Oh.

A. Ivory, I am told, appeared in town--he was a tramp, a Negro. And his name really was Ivory. He was tramping and he stopped off in Urbana. Evidently he got work someplace and somehow or other got to my father, and Father hired him to take care of the horses at this same barn. There was a tiny cubicle in the barn where he slept. I believe at that time my mother's nephew Gary Baker, of whom I spoke before, and his bride were living in that house out by the barn.

Ivory became a fixture and very much a part of my childhood. I was very fond of him. It was Ivory then who did the cleaning and took care of the horses. One of the things I remember my cousin's wife saying--she complained about hearing Ivory come home at night to the barn. He was bringing somebody else with him [and] she did not approve of that. They were whistling--[she thought] there were two of them whistling. But it seemed that Ivory could whistle out of two holes in his lips at the same time so it sounded like two people.

Q. He could do a duet?

A. (laughs) Well, not exactly a duet, but it sounded like two people. That was one of the talents that Ivory had. After a while Ivory did work for other people. Eventually he had his own little business of pants pressing--pressing men's clothes. By that time Carl had come to live in that house and the cousin had moved onto a house that he built.

Ivory was always very much available for any kind of work you wanted done. When my mother would be entertaining with a number of people, it was Ivory who would be the doorman. There was a little seat under which you could put rubbers and on the back of which you could hang coats in the vestibule of the house. Ivory would sit on that seat waiting to open



the door, and I would sit on his lap. (laughter) I was known as Babe. Always until Ivory died, I was known as Babe. I was very fond of him.

Q. How old do you think Ivory was when he came to work?

A. I have no idea. He always looked to me the same age. I don't know.

Q. Were there many negroes in Urbana at the time?

A. Not many in Urbana. In Champaign there were a number, and one of them I got to know later and was fond of said that her parents, I believe both parents--could they have both been slaves? Possibly. Anyhow, at least they still worked for the people on whose plantations they had grown up in the south. When they came with their children to live in Champaign in not a very good house, a very drafty house, and not being used to the cold winters, that life was quite difficult. Particularly in the matter of the cold and somebody said to them, "Now if you will take newspapers and put between the sheets and what comforters you have many layers of newspapers, you will be much warmer." And that is what they did, and kept the children warm enough. I thought that was very clever indeed. And they were amongst the old settler Negro people of Champaign.

Q. Where was Ivory's home? Did you know?

A. I don't think he ever had any.

Q. But he had come up from the south you think?

A. He had just been a roustabout and a tramp. There were tramps in those days. We don't have tramps any more, do we?

Q. There were tramps during the Depression. I remember those.

A. But between the Depression and quite a ways back, there were no tramps, were there? But I can remember tramps coming to the door and asking for a handout at the backdoor.

Q. But did they want to work or did they just want a handout?

A. I think they just wanted a handout. It varied, I believe.

Q. I know during the Depression when they came to our house, they would ask to work for food.

A. Yes, very definitely.

Q. So Ivory, as far as you know, never had any connection with a family.

A. No, no.

Q. You were his family.

A. Yes, very much. In fact it must have been after I was pretty nearly grown, Ivory thought he had gotten into some kind of a scrape. He had

been with somebody and there had been a fight and somebody came off the worst of it, I guess, and Ivory had nothing to do about it but he was scared to death. He ran and hid in my grandmother's coal cellar for a while. Eventually anyhow, he was brought up before a judge and they asked some question to which his response was, "I'll have to ask my pa." The judge said, "Who is your pa?" He said, "Mr. George Busey." (laughter)

Q. Oh, I love it. Well, that is quite a compliment that he felt that close to your family.

A. It was quite a joke around the courthouse.

Q. I'll bet.

A. When my father died . . .

Q. Now, when was that?

A. 1944. Ivory was there right away. And he said, "Babe, what do you want me to do?" I said, "Well, I don't know, Ivory, maybe you had better just watch the door." He said, "That's what I hoped you would say."

Q. Oh, that is wonderful. That really is a wonderful story. You had said that you wanted to tell me about Ivory later, and we missed it, so I am glad we caught up on Ivory. He stayed in Urbana until he died?

A. Oh, yes. There for a while--at the time he "was going to ask his Pa"--he had this pants pressing business. But for a long time he was a drayman. If you were going on the train, you called somebody like that to take your trunks to the depot. And Ivory did that sort of thing. And I can remember, long after I was married, Ivory would sometimes call me and say, "Babe, what is so and so's telephone number? Look it up for me." Because he could not read or write.

Q. Did he live in a room or did he have some sort of house?

A. By that time he had a house and he had married.

Q. Oh. Well, we got Ivory cleared up. You mentioned at one point that your sister had worked for someone involved in the suffrage movement.

A. Yes, that was that one year.

Q. Were you or your mother involved in suffrage?

A. My mother always was. She was very happy to be able to take me down for both of us to cast our first presidential vote--what year was that? Well, anyhow, here was I . . . 1920, I believe . . . I was probably 22 years old, but it was also her first vote. And she was very happy. She had always worked for suffrage and probably her mother would have and her older sister very much did so out in Washington state. From the letters she wrote, I sort of attribute the fact that the state of Washington got women's suffrage before the rest of us did to Aunt Lizzie. She worked so hard at it.

Q. Was Aunt Kiz your mother's sister?

A. No, her aunt. My great-aunt.

Q. Aunt Lizzie was your mother's sister.

A. Yes.

Q. I wish I had known Aunt Kiz.

A. Oh, yes, I am glad I knew Aunt Kiz. Of course, I was little, and did not know her as I would have if I had been older. One of the things I remember about her after she went down and somehow or other got together a stool for me was that she said there were no children around and nothing for me to play with. So she bought me a deck of cards, and knowing I was fond of cats, with cats on the backs of them. Then she taught me to play Canfield Solitaire because you lay out the cards and see the backs of them. To this day it is the only solitaire I can remember.

I was thinking of sounds of those days and silence. It seems to me you can never get silence anymore.

Q. Right.

A. But they did ring the bell at the fire house with a code that told which ward of the town the fire was in. That makes me remember that down in the next block was the Presbyterian Church which had a very nice bell, and they rang church bells in those days, too. On Sunday morning you would hear the church bells. Do you ever hear a church bell anymore?

Q. Yes, they have a church bell that is electronically reproduced at Westminster and at First Methodist.

A. They do? Well, I just don't remember hearing church bells anymore. In fact I don't remember hearing them in Urbana later. And I can remember being out in the yard and things were quiet. You might hear somebody's back screendoor slam or after a while you would hear a clop-clop-clop of horses coming down the brick pavement, but there was quiet in between. Now you can just never find . . . there is almost always an engine of some sort.

Q. Or piped-in music.

A. Or piped-in music. Right you are. (laughs) Twice since then I have really heard silence which was delightful. Once my husband and I were driving in Death Valley and the places where you can stay are far apart from one end to the other. We were half-way between at night and we just stopped the car, turned off the lights, turned off the engine, and all those beautiful stars were so close you could almost touch them. There wasn't a light . . . you can scarcely get away from lights anymore, in the country even. Every farm has a big light. You don't see the stars as well. And then there was this perfect quiet.

Another time was when George, Mary Kate, and my husband and I were on the Colorado River, Glen Canyon. A beautiful place that those darned engineers have ruined. We were floating in rowboats down the Glen Canyon and sleeping on the sandbanks at night, and again you could see the stars and there was nothing. But once in a while there would be a little sound when a bit of the sandbank had crumbled back into the water. And then just about midnight once, way up high there was an airliner that went over. And that was all. The rest was quiet.

Q. When you were crossing on the Death Valley trip, when was that?

A. Well, that was 1958, about. Oh, no, Death Valley, oh, it was about then, too.

Q. There were no other cars? No one came by or passed you?

A. No, no. You had some idea of what the pioneers . . . of course when they crossed Death Valley, it wasn't too . . .

Q. They weren't looking at the stars, I'm, sure . . .

A. Probably not. (laughs)

Q. But I am wondering if, now, if you were out there--things have changed so--I wonder if you would feel safe pulling your car over and stopping like that.

A. I don't know, I wonder how much it has changed.

Q. But it was a happy memory for you.

A. Yes, delightful. Unfortunately, Glen Canyon is very much changed. At that time we walked--was it six miles--from the river up to the famous Rainbow Bridge in August, in hot weather. As my husband said, "It was twelve miles back." (laughter) But it was worth it. It was a marvelous natural bridge. There was a little place at the bottom of one buttress of the bridge where there was a spring of water and somebody had left some paper cups there. And we certainly enjoyed drinking that water. Now, they roar right up to the bridge in motorboats. No more quiet!

Q. Very true. You were speaking about driving. When did you learn to drive? What is the first car in the family that you remember?

A. My father bought his first car when we got back from that famous trip to Europe.

Q. That would be 1908?

A. That would be 1909, and it was a Marmon.

Q. I have never heard of that.

A. Well, it isn't made any more. I can remember his first car and his second cars were Marmons, and his being pleased that the Marmon won the

race down on the Daytona Beach flats in Florida. Do they still have that race?

Q. Yes. They had it then?

A. I think it won it at 70 or 80 miles an hour, or something like that.

Q. This was a touring car?

A. Yes. And I can't remember if there was a hood that went back and that you could bring up . . . I just don't know. I think it was an open car. However, there were doors at the back seat on each side, but not on the front seat. And then the second Marmon he bought had doors on the front seat. I remember my sister objecting bitterly because she felt so closed in. (laughter)

Q. Then you just kind of grew up with a car? So then you just automatically drove it when you were fifteen or sixteen?

A. Yes.

Q. I remember my dad said he drove a car into Springfield when he was about twelve years old because his dad needed a part for the tractor, and there was no such thing as a driver's license.

A. Right. When did I get a driver's license? I think not until I went to Waukegan, and we went there in 1943. Did I tell you about someone saying, "Why do you want"--what I had was an Opel with a stick shift--and trying to get it repaired for something or other in Waukegan, the man said he didn't work on stick shifts. And he said, "Well, what does an old lady like you want a stick shift for anyhow?" (laughter) I thought, "Oh, I was driving a stick shift before you were born, young man."

Q. The kids love them now.

A. Oh, yes. It is supposed to be sporty now.

Q. I learned on one, too, but the stick shifts now don't have the gears in the same place as when I learned.

A. No? Mine was the same, except for the reverse.

Q. Right. It's somewhere way over in the corner where it shouldn't be. Then, you and your sister were allowed to use the car?

A. Oh, yes. My mother never drove.

Q. Oh, she did not. I'm surprised.

A. Yes, I am, too. Now that I think of it I am surprised, too.

Q. I asked you before we started taping and you said you lost your husband in 1976. And you maintained your home in Waukegan then for several years before you came down here.

A. Until 1982.

Q. Did you sell it at that time?

A. No, it is rented. Very happily rented to a man who is a naturalist and his wife who teaches school, and who appreciate the same sort of things that I did there.

Q. You still have the acreage? New homes haven't encroached upon your land?

A. No, I still have the acreage.

Q. Well, that is delightful that someone is using it the way that you did. You should feel good about that.

A. The last time he wrote . . . maybe that has been a year now . . . and he probably has increased his bird list since then, but then it was ninety varieties of birds that he had seen on the place. I wouldn't know ninety varieties of birds if I saw them.

Q. I wouldn't either. But that is quite a number.

A. And also, three kinds of salamanders. (laughs)

Q. Salamanders? I don't think I knew there were three kinds.

A. I thought there was only one kind of salamander.

End of Side Two, Tape Three

Q. When we first started working on this, I came out to talk with you and we were in the library, and I commented on the beautifully carved desk. Now tell me about that desk.

A. Well, it was carved by my mother. My mother grew up in Cobden, Illinois. She did not remember her mother at all. She was born in 1855, in Ripon, Wisconsin, where my grandfather and my grandmother and her three older sisters and her older brother lived after the Ceresco Colony was disbanded. In 1859 my grandfather who had then married Maria Mitchell bought land from the Illinois Central Railroad which was selling off its lands given by the government at South Pass, Illinois, which became Cobden. My mother had no memory of Ripon. I do not know just when my grandfather and Maria Mitchell were married, but anyhow they moved then to South Pass.

My mother's first memory of her stepmother was of her giving her a small gold ring, and on her deathbed she wanted that ring to be given to Mary Kate. Which she still has, and I guess can get on her little finger. She was very fond indeed of her stepmother, and then she was brought up on this hilltop at Cobden. She went to school down in the village and the schoolteacher was a Miss White--Miss Helen White. She was her first

school teacher anyhow. And I judge it must have been quite a good school. It was a rather unusual colony down there, many of the people having come from that Ceresco Colony. They were individualists and freethinkers and abolitionists in a border state where a marshall appearing at the door could be shot.

Schooling must have been pretty good in those days. I am sure Miss White kept a good school because I knew her. At least until I was married, she used to come sometimes and spend the whole summer at our house. And we were all very fond of "Whitey" White, who was the last person I knew who wore long dresses, down almost to the ground, and a little bonnet . . . an old lady's bonnet. I think she must have been the last person to wear such a bonnet.

Q. You mean she looked like an Amish woman?

A. No, no.

Q. She didn't always wear black or dark blue?

A. Oh, no, they weren't like a sunbonnet type of thing. Dear me, how can I describe the old ladies' bonnets?

Q. More like a hat?

A. Yes, more like a hat. I will have to find a Godey's Ladies Book, I suppose. (laughter)

Q. Okay, I know what you mean . . . like a hat.

A. Miss White was a very well-educated person. I was wondering about education of people in my father's day in Urbana. I still wonder just what the education was. Anyhow, even though I don't think he graduated from the eighth grade, he had excellent handwriting, and could write and spell beautifully as I cannot. So, somehow they got schooling, I don't know how. My mother then taught school when she was very young in Cobden and then went to live with an older sister who was art director at St. Louis schools. I suppose maybe that meant going around from school to school.

Q. A visiting art teacher?

A. She lived with Aunt Lizzie there and later went to Cincinnati to a carving school run by a man that taught carving and was interested in teaching carving to women which was a little unusual. Then she got a job teaching carving at Hampton Institute.

Q. Where is that?

A. Hampton Institute is at Hampton, Virginia, and was founded by a General Armstrong. General Armstrong had a troop of Negro soldiers during the Civil War, and he himself was raised, I believe, in Hawaii of missionary parents. After the war he realized that these Negroes should have some training, so he founded a school for Negroes and Indians in

Hampton . . . a college. I got out some pictures of it I could show you that are rather remarkable but that won't go on your tape.

Q. I would like to see them.

A. Mary Kate and I in 1980 went to Hampton Institute when we were in Virginia for my granddaughter's graduation at the University of Virginia, because I had always heard so much about it. I was very interested in the church there which has inside all around under the balcony and in other places, which I don't know how to explain because I don't know the architectural terms, rows and rows of heads . . . alternate heads of a Negro, an Indian, a Negro, an Indian. My mother must have been there at the time the church was being built because the architect or the builder gave her two of those heads, and I was very interested in seeing them there. I'll get them and show them to you. (tape stopped)

Q. It is carved out of stone?

A. I think it is probably cast concrete.

Q. That is probably nine or ten inches tall and four inches wide, and those were all the way around the inside of . . .

A. All the way around under the balcony. But so high that you could scarcely tell what they were.

Q. Those are lovely.

A. The man who was the librarian there was very gracious and took us to see the church and got out from his archives some of the old journals of the school with some articles of my mother's and about the drawings, the importance of it, and so on. She had friends who taught there, and through all her life she kept in touch with at least a couple of the teachers . . . all, so far as I know, white teachers. One was from New England. Then after that she went to Champaign and worked for her brother-in-law who was editor of The Gazette in Champaign. And it was there . . .

Q. Where she heard about the need for a teacher.

A. Yes, for the teacher on the Indian reservation.

Q. You just have the one sister and had the one brother who died when he was very young? But your mother . . . I have that she was 38 when you were born, does that sound right?

A. Yes.

Q. You said you didn't know about your father's education, and I think the fact that he was out on that Indian reservation and wrote back the interesting articles . . .

A. That certainly does say he did get an education, like dozens of other businessmen of that era. But one just wonders what the schools were



like. Because it seems to me that they were better educated than many of our high school people are now.

Q. I am sure that is true. I think it was just a good basic education, and now there are so many tangents brought in. Well, that desk is just lovely. And I think it is interesting that a woman was a wood carving instructor. That is a delightful story.

A. Well now, I had a friend who . . .

Q. There's the doorbell. (tape stopped)

A. That was my neighbor's daughter. I keep a key in case they need it.

Q. We had just finished talking about your mother. You have that one desk and then the . . .

A. That is an easel. There was a time when that was the chic thing to have in your house. You generally draped some fancy shawl or something over it.

Q. Or a work of art?

A. Yes, or a work of art. The easel was one of the fad things to have. It is now a little difficult to find a place for it, but it is some of her nicest carving. I like the thing up there, too. There are several things in this room and the table in there.

Q. That is so nice to have all those things of your mother's.

A. I have been told that one of those many times when I was in bed quarantined with measles or something, my mother taught my father woodcarving, and I believe the screen in front of the fireplace in the other room was one they carved together. He couldn't leave the house. (laughs).

Q. Did you or your sister learn it?

A. No, and I never saw her doing it except much later my father was showing a couple of young friends that we had how to do it, and she helped a little bit then.

Q. How old was your mother when she died?

A. She died in 1934.

Q. Oh, she died a long time before your father did.

A. She died of pneumonia which is now pretty well wiped out. A number of things have been pretty well wiped out now . . . polio, for instance.

Q. Oh, yes. That was such a scare when I was growing up. During the Depression, since your family had been in banking, were there any bank closures in Champaign or Urbana?

A. Yes, there were. Practically all of them during the Crash. Bankers in those days, as you probably know, were liable for not only the stock they had in the bank but the same amount of money.

Q. No, I didn't know that.

A. No? Oh, that made banking very different in those days. My mother-in-law's inheritance, because her husband had died before the Depression . . . she lost not only the bank stock but an equal amount of money. You didn't know that bankers . . .

Q. No, I thought just the depositors lost their money because there was no Federal Deposit Insurance.

A. No, that is just since the Depression days. I remember an interesting conversation one time with my father sitting on the porch when he was an old man, and another old man came dropping in. I was interested in their conversation about banks. This was a man from Homer, Illinois, who had a bank there and he was talking about the days he had heard about from his parents. About how his mother used to sit at the south window of the little house at a certain time of year, whenever she could, to watch for a cloud of dust coming from the south. Her husband would have been down south and driving up cattle, and he would be gone a long time of course, and she was watching for that return. Then he said that his father probably drove the cattle on to Chicago to market. But neighbors who had a few head would ask him to take theirs, too, and then bring back the money for it and do other financial errands for them sometimes in Chicago. And according to him that was really the beginning of banking in the early days in the midwest. Somebody who was trusted did the financial errands for others of the community, and finally set up a bank. I thought that was a very interesting bit of banking history.

Now about the matter of double jeopardy as it were for the banker in those days. I can remember my father writing, by that time we were living in Webster Groves, about being about able to reopen the bank in Champaign which he was principal stockholder of. By that time he was almost ready to retire, and had an excellent cashier under him who became president of the bank. He had already had to sell his farm and he said, "I've got an estimate on the value of the house. So and so says it would be worth \$25,000. (This was a house and six city lots.) I can borrow so much from a cousin and I think your mother has \$1,000 in building and loan. I think if I can get these things together, in a couple of weeks I can open the bank." And then he wrote that he could not get the money from the cousin because she had to use it for something else . . . she was in the same predicament. That was the sort of thing that went on with the closing and reopening of the bank.

The municipal bonds down in Lawrenceville or someplace that I have are no good. They had to renege on those. That sort of thing went on with small town bankers all over.

Q. From the time it closed until it reopened, how long was that? Do you have any idea?

A. No.

Q. Weeks, months, years?

A. Oh, within the same year.

Q. So, it was a matter of months until everybody could regroup.

A. About selling the house for \$25,000 which would have made him unhappy, I am sure, because he had lived there for so long and loved his trees and gardens. The fact that he didn't have to include that was due to foresight on the part of my mother, I think. Because when we were children we had allowances, and as soon as the allowance got to be \$5.00 when we were quite a bit older--we weren't tiny little ones--perhaps it was less than that, I trotted down to the building and loan and took out one share every month with my dollar. (laughter) Because in those days you could put in a dollar and in six and a half years you got back \$100. Six per cent interest that was, compounded. Buildings and loans were quite different in those days from what they are now. Now they have become banking institutions.

Q. Yes, they have.

A. Now there is practically no difference between them and banks. But they were very different, they were really a building and loan and people took out shares and then they had established credit and they could borrow money to build a house. Anyway as the allowance increased as we got older, my mother one time said to my father, "Why do you give those girls so much money a month? Why don't you give the investments that generate that much money, and let them look after them?" And he did. I think they were Lawrenceville bonds. . . that is the reason I happen to remember Lawrenceville. Because I remember they disappeared. And so he did and perhaps it taught us a little bit of business sense anyhow. I can't remember how this went it was all so long ago. But my sister and I had taken out a mortgage on the house, so we had that much money that could go into the bank.

Q. Your mother died during all this? Or a little later, 1934?

A. No, the Depression was in 1929, wasn't it?

Q. Yes, the Crash. After your mother died, your father stayed there in the house?

A. Yes, and my sister. My sister had . . .

Q. Your sister never married?

A. No. After the . . . how far did we get with my sister?

Q. We got her to Paris on Armistice Day. (laughter) And we left her there.

A. After the Armistice she went to Geneva as secretary for the head of the Red Cross for a year or so. In 1920 I graduated from the university, and I met her in Paris. We went back to Geneva and she finished up her stint there. Then the two of us had a wonderful and remarkable trip down to Yugoslavia. After that when she came back home, she started graduate work at the University of Illinois and got her doctor's degree there and then she taught at the university until shortly before she died. She retired not so long before that, but she still did correspondence courses . . . university correspondence courses. I would always see her grading papers.

Q. What was her field?

A. Literature.

Q. Oh. And she had studied Lit at Wellesley as an undergrad?

A. I don't know what her major was there. I really don't know.

Q. Well, she had an interesting career. When she came back to go to school and also to work, she lived there in the house with your father?

A. Yes. There was a time before she began teaching at the university that she worked for the book supplement of the New York Herald Tribune, a paper that I think is no longer with us. When Stuart Pratt Sherman, who was a Literature professor at the University of Illinois, went to be editor for that book supplement, she went to New York, too. She worked on the paper under Rita Van Doren, the wife of Carl Van Doren, who was somehow or other working under Stuart Pratt Sherman.

Then, I think about the time when one of my children was born, she was in southern France doing some research there. I really have forgotten what. Then she came back and taught at the university--poetry being her particular field.

Q. Tell me about your trip to Yugoslavia with her.

A. She had given up her job with the Red Cross and we were about to come back home when at the Red Cross office, it was said that somebody or other there was going to Yugoslavia--a Red Cross courier and someone else who was to work at a hospital or orphanage in Montenegro. The person in the office said, "Well, why don't you go along? You still have Red Cross credentials so you can get a visa. You have to go on an Italian boat, but with your Red Cross credentials you can do that." So the two of us did.

The boat stopped at Trieste. That was just at the time there was a great deal of controversy between Italy and Yugoslavia over Fiume. President Wilson had rather sided with the Yugoslavians in this dispute, so that though our boat stopped at ports all along the coast of Yugoslavia and tied up at night because there were still possibly mines there--so we didn't want to travel at night--we could get off the boat. And we generally did get off the boat at those stops and have dinner on shore and were welcomed . . . just her Red Cross button was enough. We were Americans.

We were siding with the right side. So we stopped at such places as Spalato where part of the American fleet was in the harbor. I can see yet this great ruin of Diocletian's Palace in Spalato with wide, wide steps down to a plaza, and a very drunk American sailor reeling down the steps. As I said, we were welcome any place there. My sister had an ear for languages and although there was a Cyrillic alphabet, it wasn't very long before she was picking up enough ability to order in Serbian. Another stop was at Paoli, and eventually down to Ragusa. Ragusa by that time had had its name changed to its old name of Dubrovnik. So there we got off the boat along with the Red Cross courier.

End of Side One, Tape Four

A: A doctor from the hospital at Montenegro met us at Dubrovnik--and remember Dubrovnik was a perfectly fascinating, picturesque place in those days--and I remember having dinner on an outdoor terrace with the doctor and a friend of his who was returning to Montenegro after having been in exile for a while. He and Mazaryk of Czechoslovakia had been in exile together somewhere for their political activities. But with the war over, he was able to return. He invited me to come and teach English down there at Cetinje. To this day I wonder what it would have been like had I gone to Cetinje as I was sorely tempted to do. But anyhow it was a very romantic city out on a terrace at night with the skyline of the old castle of Dubrovnik as a backdrop.

The next day we met a Standard Oil man--what he had to do with Standard Oil I don't remember--who was eager to do a little sightseeing there, too. And he and Garreta and I took a little boat over to the island, swimming part of the way along with the boat in this beautiful clear water. Dear me, I can't think of the name of the island now, which is too bad. Anyhow it was the place where the future emperor of Mexico had a summer home--Maximilian. And they told us there . . . Lacrema was the name of the island . . . that when he had received the news that he had been selected to become emperor of Mexico that he had jumped out of bed, and the bed had overturned he did it with such vigor. And they still showed you the overturned bed. I think I read someplace else that that was not where he received the news, but it makes for a good story.

Then one day we were waiting around at Dubrovnik . . . well, before we had this trip we thought it would be nice to swim in that water, but didn't have any bathing suits. We went to a little shop to buy some and had great difficulty explaining just what we wanted, but we did finally find something. Then the two of us went out on the road along the coast to the little village of Dubrovnik onto the rocks where we could peel off our outer clothes, having our bathing suits under them, and swim amongst the rocks there. The peasants who came by in peasant costume were not quite so modest as we were. They just slipped behind a rock somewhere and then would dive into the water. There were two little girls who were enamored of these strange American girls and came up wanting to learn English words from us. They learned the word "dive" and every time they said it, we had to dive. That was the English lesson that we gave to

them. This was a perfectly beautiful spot with a lovely rocky coast. Many, many years later Garreta and Mary Kate went back to Dubrovnik and it was full of German tourists.

Q. And condominiums?

A. Probably. (laughs) But we saw it at a very beautiful time, indeed. Meanwhile our boat was about to go on, and we would have gone as a matter of fact a day or two before. But the man from Montenegro had said, when we said that we wished we could stay over, "Well, why don't you? With your American visas you would have no trouble at all. The only thing that they could do if you overstayed your time would be to send you to your American Consul at Belgrade. And you might as well go there anyhow." So, we did stay and let the boat go on. It eventually would go up the coast of Italy back to Trieste.

We took the train to Sarajevo, the place where the war began. It was a narrow gauge road . . . the seats were of the sort, on one side at least of the car, that you could have pulled out and made a sleeping berth of. But the cushions had all been taken out of them during the war so it wasn't very comfortable. The people in the car were most hospitable and tried their best to talk to us. My sister spoke German fairly well, but they didn't want to speak German. They could all speak German . . . after all much of it had been Austrian territory. They didn't want to speak German, they didn't like the Germans. But we did manage some sort of conversation. They were very interested in having an American cigarette and were offended that we did not smoke their cigarettes. (laughter)

The train stopped--as they used to sometimes in America--for lunch at a station. Many of the people were in native costume. We went on to Sarajevo, found rooms at a hotel . . . Sarajevo was a most picturesque town said to have more mosques than Constantinople, which must be a slight exaggeration. But it had been at one time Turkish. Many of the people were Muslim and you saw women on the streets in the long, black clothes. While they didn't actually cover their faces, they would pull their shawls together over their noses as they passed you by. Which was all very different for us. The streets were like a bazaar with little shops where there was the brass or pottery or the embroidery or what not. So we found it all very fascinating.

When we left to get the train on to Belgrade, for some reason there was perhaps a change in schedule. We had to hurry for the train, and the laundry that we had had done, we had to go and fetch off the line which was behind a mosque somewhere. (laughs) It was not quite dry yet . . . in order to catch the train.

On the train to Belgrade we met a young man much interested in exercising his bit of English, who was being met by his parents and they urged us very much to go on with them to the Iron Gates of the Danube. We didn't feel that we could do that, but we did spend a little time in Belgrade. Then we were going to take a train to Budapest. We had no . . . oh, yes, we went to the American Consul and asked if we could through him get visas to go through Hungary and Austria. But, he couldn't do that for us, because U.S. had at that time no diplomatic relations, but he intimated

that a little money used along the way might get us there. We didn't know how to bribe people but anyhow we started out hopefully.

We bought our tickets to Budapest--so we thought, but to our surprise before we got on the train they insisted that we be taken into the station and searched by a woman for money . . . our hair taken down--we both had very long hair wound around our heads in braids--our hair taken down to see if we could have money concealed there. I thought that very odd indeed, but we went on. When the conductor came to get our tickets, he informed us that they were not for Budapest but they were made out for Bucharest. (laughs) However, we continued on the train. The train stopped in a cornfield, actually American Indian corn which surprised us, and the people on the train were taken off the train, us included, and held for awhile. Everybody's passport was taken up for a bit and examined. It wasn't until then that we learned that this was a convoy of people who had spent the war in Serbia and were just going back home somehow to Hungary. And we had been mixed up in this convoy of people.

Q. Oh, my word. What an experience. When they were examining you for money, you were carrying money. Was it American money or did you trade it in for whatever country's you were in?

A. Both.

Q. But they didn't take that?

A. No. I don't know what they wanted.

Q. That is very strange. And this was in 1920?

A. Yes. The next place the train stopped was at Suboticia. There we got off along with the convoy and everybody's papers were looked at again, and all the rest of them were waved on to the train to go on to Budapest. Everybody except us. We were kept waiting in the station, and they searched our handbags, no, our baggage, and then we were asked about all those letters we were carrying. The young Standard Oil man in Dubrovnik had given us letters to mail outside the country to his fiance in America, so he said. We had taken them along with a lot of unanswered mail of mine I had just never gotten around to answering. And the officer at the desk had all these letters spread out before him and was saying, "Alles französich, alles französich." Well, they weren't at all. They were English. But they took out the Standard Oil man's letters and kept them. But the rest of them were given back to us. Maybe the Standard Oil man was trying to get out something, I don't know. (laughter)

Then, we said, "Well, how about our train?" The train had gone on. Well, we would have to spend the night in Suboticia. The little station was oh, a mile or more outside the town of Suboticia. Well, by this time two nice young officers, gendames sort of people . . . I don't know what their rank was--policemen, I suppose . . . took us into the station restaurant and sat us down and suggested we might get something to eat there, and we did. And then they helped us buy tickets for a kind of streetcar into Suboticia. The tickets were little home-made pasteboard things . . . the country was devastated . . . seats taken out of all the

railroad cars, and so on. And they went along with us and got us set up in a hotel in Suboticia . . . got us checked into a hotel, took our bags up to our room, indicated that we should wash up and come down to the police station. Evidently we looked pretty forlorn by that time. They indicated that there was a washbowl, and that we should meet them at the police station to be checked in. We went dutifully to the police station and papers were all looked at again, and then we were told that there would be a train the next morning, early the next morning. So, that was supposedly the end of our contact with the two policemen. But they were waiting for us outside the office (laughter) and, "Would the damen help them a little with their English?" Well, "Yes, we would." So they took us to a little patisserie and ordered some coffee for us. There another one of the policemen met us. Of course this had all been arranged by them ahead of time.

Q. I'm sure.

A. We conjugated the verbs for them, and "Wouldn't we like to see the cinema?" Well, "All right. We would see the cinema." And the movie was an American movie with subtitles in Hungarian. It was "Pearl White and the Iron Claw."

Q. (laughter) True Americana.

A. (laughter) Oh, yes. So, we saw the movie, and by this time it was still nice evening light so after the movie we promenaded with the policemen on the plaza along the banks of the river. Where everybody else was promenading and looking at these men with American girls, which they were very conscious of. (laughs) Then they said that we must have something to eat. Then they took us to a little courtyard and ordered stuffed peppers and they were the most delicious Hungarian peppers that you can imagine.

Q. Oh, I'm sure.

A. We waited for the food to be served, and perhaps there were four other tables there. At one of them was a group of Army officers, and there was a real Gypsy orchestra playing, perhaps four people, real Gypsies. The leader of the little orchestra would keep his eye on the Army officers. One of them would look at him, nod his head toward him, and he would be right over there, and would be offered a sip of wine. Then he would go back and play vigorously. It was a delightful evening.

We finally found out what these people really wanted . . . or think we did. We have never been really sure. They had a friend who had gone to America, and they wanted to write to him. Well, they wanted us to write the letter in English. To this day we don't know whether or not (laughs) we wrote what they asked. But what we wrote was, "Dear Tightrope Walker." (laughter) This was in a mixture of German, French, and Serbian.

Q. Where was the tightrope walker?

A. In America.



Q. But in the states, where did you send it?

A. I don't remember.

Q. That's wonderful . . . maybe he was with Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey.

A. I don't know. They were laughing amongst themselves. Maybe it was a nickname, and maybe it wasn't tightrope walker at all . . . I don't know. But by gestures and what we could get of the language that is what we put down for them. Then they very respectfully took us back to the hotel and indicated that we would be called in time, as we were, very early in the morning. They said there would be a fiacre waiting for us outside the hotel to drive us back to the railroad station, and we got on and went to Budapest.

Q. Oh, what an experience.

A. At Budapest we took a fiacre . . .

Q. Is that a cab or something?

A. Yes, a horse-drawn cab. At the hotel there was no room . . . we went to what we thought was the best hotel. We decided this would be a good idea considering the state these people were in . . . they had had a hard time getting food. But there was no room at the best hotel, so the driver took us to the next best and there was none there. We then went on to several hotels, and finally we found one which was certainly not very good, but we were assured that there were some clean beds there. Well, I guess the sheets were clean because they were still damp. (laughter) Then the next day we were able to see Buda . . . the town across the river, and then we got the boat to Vienna.

The boat . . . we had berths on the boat . . . no, wait a minute, we did not. It was to be an all day trip. Well, they went for a ways and they tied up . . . they just stopped. Why, we didn't know. But we spent the night on the boat, and after some supper on the boat we spent time either sitting around the edge of the dining salon, leaning against each other and trying to sleep, or going up and walking the deck for a while and then coming back to where it was warm. It was kind of cool on the river. We didn't have very much sleep any way. There we had an interesting conversation with a woman who at the beginning of the war had been visiting in Budapest, and had never been able to get back to her family in Vienna until then. She was on her way back.

There was a good deal of conversation about the Russians coming in . . . the Bela Kun Russian incident in Budapest. They went through several regimes. Eventually we did get to Vienna and there we could get rooms in a good hotel. But meals were very scarce indeed. And we decided that the waiters were people who had dinner clothes that they could use.

Q. Instead of experience?

A. Yes, they had never been waiters before. But they were of a class that possessed these clothes. I think we ordered bread or asked for bread, and we found that was really very hard to get. But the next day we were each brought a slice of white bread . . . something very special. We realized it meant a tip was very much in order. He probably had difficulty in getting the bread. Still, the Viennese were delightful. At some little outdoor restaurant there was still music, there was still gaiety.

Q. How long were you gone all together?

A. This was so long ago . . . maybe we spent two weeks on the Yugoslavia part of that trip and then back to Paris. The interesting thing to me is that you have these things and they are so important. We talked about it so much for a long time afterwards, and then you get interested in other things and you don't talk about them. And it wasn't until during the Second World War . . . I think it might have been even after--when my older son and my sister were on the train from Waukegan going down to Urbana that my sister happened to mention something about Yugoslavia. And he said, "Well, when were you ever in Yugoslavia?" And she told him about it.

Q. He had never heard it?

A. No. You just forget that you were ever there.

Q. That sounds, in spots, like a real hairy experience. Were you ever really scared when they were searching you and such?

A. No.

Q. No?

A. They were respectful enough.

Q. But stopping in the middle of a cornfield and being told to get out?

A. (laughs) We were very puzzled.

Q. Yes, I would think so. You mentioned after the Second World War. Was either of your sons in service?

A. Douwe was a Marine pilot and was stationed in California and about ready to take off for Japan when--thank the Lord--the bomb was used. George was in the Army Air Corps and was in Texas . . . Oklahoma for basic training. We heard from him, a letter written on the train, that he felt miserable and thought he must be getting the flu and they were on their way to Denver or whatever the air base is near Denver. Next we heard from him he had the measles. (laughs) Was in the hospital there and then he was about to get out of the hospital when he came down with scarlet fever. And then he was about to be released again when the doctor said the scarlet fever had made a heart involvement and he would have to stay a while longer. Eventually he did get home on sick leave and back again and then was soon discharged. Apparently the heart business

didn't ever bother him afterwards. In fact the first leave he got, he went skiing. (laughter)

Q. No, that doesn't sound too serious. One other question about your Yugoslavian experience. You say you're not too good at describing clothes, but can you tell me what you and your sister ended up with for bathing suits?

A. I don't remember. What were bathing suits by that time? I can remember bathing suits before that that had long skirts.

Q. I just wondered if maybe over there the styles were enough different that there was a completely different idea about bathing suits.

A. I really don't remember what they were like. I know they were not those long dress things that we used to wear when I went up to the lake in Michigan. The next door neighbors in Urbana were practically a second family for me, and they went every year to a cottage on a little lake in the center of Michigan. . . not a well known lake. It was named Crystal Lake and there is a Crystal Lake that is quite popular, but this was a smaller place and had a little village named Crystal. I used to spend a great deal of time with friends up there. There were four children in that family that were near my age, and I probably spent as much time with them as I did at home. I can remember snapshots of our bathing suits then. . . the first were dresses. You would feel you were overdressed on the street today with one of them on. (pause) I do remember something about the bathing suits we wore in Yugoslavia. They would have made an American man's suit look very conservative indeed.

End of Side Two, Tape Four

Q. Now you were telling me about your friends.

A. They owned this cottage for years and they used to keep some of the old bathing suits in a closet under the stairs, and some qualified as antiques--there were big changes over the years. In later years they didn't get up to Michigan so much but they still owned the cottage and they rented it to someone, and those people threw away all the old bathing suits. Which they were very unhappy to lose.

Q. Certainly. That is too bad.

A. Crystal was a delightful place to be for me. It was a small place. There were not many cottages and there was a neighbor in Urbana who had a cottage nearby, too, so they were neighbors both places. And I sometimes think when I go into an Eisner grocery store how amazed these young clerks would be to know that I once square danced with Mr. Eisner who started the Eisner stores, up in Crystal, Michigan. I don't mean he started the stores there but he was visiting the friends, the Urbana neighbors who had another cottage there. This was really real "barn dances." Over the livery stable at Crystal there was a dance hall, and on Saturday nights the young blades from the country round about would

drive in in their two-seater buggies, often with nice red wheels, with their best girls. They would put up their horses at the livery stable and then go to the square dance up above it. We would go down to the square dance where they had a fiddler--actually sometimes with a straw sticking out of his shoe--and I can remember one time when Mr. Eisner was visiting his friends. Mr. Eisner was an old gentleman by that time. He was having a very good time, as all of us did at these square dances. Mr. Eisner had come from Budapest, I believe. He was Hungarian. He lived in Champaign and I never knew his wife who had died before that, I guess, but my mother was a friend of hers.

Q. So, the Eisner stores really started in Champaign?

A. They had a grocery store in Champaign long ago and the boys, I guess, expanded it. They put one in Urbana then, and they have constantly expanded. Whether or not it still belongs to an Eisner or not, I don't know. One of Mr. Eisner's sons was an excellent pianist, very much in demand as accompanist for top-notch soloists.

Q. You mentioned the family next door. You have kept in touch? Do they still live in the Urbana area?

A. Very much, indeed. There was George who was about my age, and I remember the day that George and I started to school together. I remember that Minnie about whom I told you before, backed me up to the ironing board to press out my hair ribbons, that didn't look quite right to her, at the end of my two long braids before we started off to school. And I remember sitting with George that first day . . . it seems to me we had double seats in those days.

Q. Two students at one desk?

A. At least I remember sitting with George at one of those seats. Both of us were sort of looking to each other for comfort. Then I remember, also, George being such a whiz at arithmetic, and it was always such a puzzle to me . . . arithmetic was. And the first day in school you'd get your new arithmetic book, and I would go over to the Burts next door and there would be George sitting in the corner of the kitchen working all the problems in the arithmetic book--way ahead of time. (laughs)

George and his younger brother Fred and I had a treehouse in the cherry tree in their backyard. Our backyards came together. George was kind of the boss of that project and he would send Fred and me barefooted downtown to buy so many eight-penny nails for the tree house. Then the oldest one--about two years older than I--she and I have been life-long friends. The youngest one was quite a bit younger so in those days she seemed very much younger. Of course, after a while everybody got to be the same age, but she was kind of left out in those days because she was younger. She still lives in Champaign. Last year I drove up to have lunch with her and the older one, Josephine, who lived in Indiana had driven over with her daughter. My daughter drove me up, and we had a delightful lunch together. The next month Josephine died. I was so happy to have had that day with her.

Q. Oh, weren't you lucky to have that day?

A. Yes, she was like a sister. I am so glad we got together that day.

Q. That is a good story . . . that you got to see her. From things you have said about your childhood, you said you didn't really like dolls too much . . . you remembered the doll you gave your grandfather and the doll you carried when you were going to Florida, but were you what we would call a "tomboy?"

A. Perhaps so, because in those early days I played with George in the tree house. I can remember sitting in the crotch of the big apple tree in our yard--which I now realize probably wasn't very far off the ground (laughter) but it seemed to me a big tree in those days--and talking about our Indian ponies down below. Well, there weren't any Indian ponies but I can see them just as plainly as though there were. I think in those early days I played more with George and Fred than with Josephine, until we all got to be the same age.

Q. On a previous tape some information was lost. Mrs. Yntema, would you tell me again about celebrating holidays at your grandmother's house.

A. It wasn't so much holidays though I do remember Christmases there with a big Christmas tree and many of the twenty-one cousins who lived nearby coming in for Christmas. But I remember more particularly Sunday afternoons. Someone of each of the families of Grandma's sons and daughters would get to Grandma's house on Sunday afternoon, almost every Sunday. I don't mean we all got there at once, but there was a representative of almost every family there on Sunday.

After a while the sacred parlor got turned over to the grandchildren, and there we had the old phonograph with the "Master's Voice" horn on it and a player piano. Then across the hall in the sitting room the old folks would gather with Grandma around a coal fire in the fireplace in the winter time. And as Grandma got older, she wanted more heat and that room got hotter and hotter--so the grandchildren preferred the room on the other side. But I can remember many times sitting on some grownup's lap in that room as they all talked about the things that they remembered. And I wish now I had written down the things they did talk about.

There was one story about the "bound" boy. It seems that some time my grandfather had brought home a boy--I'm guessing at the age, maybe seven or eight--whose father had bound him over to him. The boy's mother had died, and the father wanted to be free to go out west and make his fortune. So this boy was bound over with an agreement . . . whether it was written or just a handshake, I don't know . . . that he would help with the work, and when he was twenty-one years old he would be given twenty acres of land, a horse, and a bridle. And Grandma used to say that that was when they were still living in a cabin which was what is now near the corner of Mount Hope Cemetery and Florida Avenue in Urbana. And that the cracks in the floor of the cabin were so big that she--no doubt exaggerating--was afraid she might lose the young'uns down the cracks.

The bound boy was not a great deal of help except that he could entertain the children. He would build log houses for them out of corncocks. Well, this was talked about because at Grandma's eightieth birthday, Bruce came to see Grandma. What happened to him after he left with his horse and bridle, I don't know, except that he eventually got into trouble and was for a while in the penitentiary where he learned to be a baker. Afterwards he plied the baker's trade in Chicago and, however, Grandma always had a motherly feeling for him and must have kept in touch somehow. On the eightieth birthday--which was the only time I ever saw him--he came down from Chicago with a birthday cake beautifully decorated. I noticed in one of these books about Champaign County . . . I'll have to find it for you later . . . that there was a time when there was somebody responsible for orphans. And that orphans were farmed out to the lowest bidder. You better look that up.

Q. Okay. I will.

A. It's in this book someplace, this League of Women's Voters book about Champaign County. Which sounds pretty horrible. I was telling some sociologist about the bound boy, and she said, "Oh, yes, like the New York orphans." Which I had never heard of.

Q. You mean when they were shipped to the Midwest?

A. Yes, they were shipped to the Midwest.

Q. Trainloads of them.

A. And I suppose they took their chances on what kind of a family they landed with. I can remember a cousin of my father telling me that her parents had had more than one of these orphans who were raised with the family. One of them had been an interesting, imaginative boy who used to entertain the children of the family, when the grownups of the family were away, with fantastic stories about ghosts until they were almost afraid to go to bed. Which makes me think of . . . "the goblins will get you if you don't watch out," Riley's rhyme, and also made me realize that probably Riley's "Little Orphan Annie Came to Our House to Stay" was based on just such a person.

Q. Very likely.

A. "Clear the cups and saucers up and brush the crumbs away." She said that one of the girls, after she had grown up to whatever age she was no longer, I suppose, bound for, had become ill and died and that she was buried in the family plot along with other family members. One hears a lot now about abuse of children, but that seems like a terrible thing. Think of these youngsters maybe ten years old being sent off to a strange land and strange people.

Q. But maybe it was better than growing up on the streets of New York with no supervision. But the bound boy stayed then until he was twenty or twenty-one. Did he have a place in the barn to stay?

A. I think he stayed with the family.

Q. Oh, he stayed with the family. And the family was responsible for feeding and clothing him, but he got no pay until he had served his time.

A. He probably had to work pretty hard, too, because my father said his father was quite a task-master. Probably he seemed like a worse task-master to the youngster. But he spoke of the time that he had brought a load of flax seed down from Fisher, Illinois, which is twenty miles and the roads were bad and muddy. He would have to get out and help turn the wheels and get the wagon started again some times, and he was worn out at the end of that twenty miles. He did think that his father might go out and take care of the horses or have one of the other boys do it, but no, you took care of your horses first, and then you could drop. Those people all worked. His father had probably worked awfully hard, too. His father broke prairie soil, and while he probably asked a great deal of his children, he knew what it was himself to work.

Q. Yes.

A. One of them--getting back to Grandma's house again--the youngest one of the family, my father's youngest brother, and this must have been after the family had moved back to town, rebelled. He must have been at least a teen ager, perhaps grown up. He came in from milking one night and I believe the cow had kicked over the bucket. He threw the rest of the milk down on the porch and said, "I'll never milk another cow." And his father put him out in Kansas on land that he owned there, looking after cattle on the range. He did not have to milk. And he lived there alone, got terribly lonesome with only his cat for company. Occasionally when he went into town or the village and came back at night with a buggy or on horseback, the cat would meet him at the little stream he had to ford--on the far side of the stream. And he was always glad to see the cat.

Q. The cat was probably lonesome, too.

A. Cat was lonesome, too, and came to meet him. But one time the circus came through the country, and Uncle Will sent word to his father to tell one of the other boys to come out and look after these cattle because he had taken his best team of horses and joined the circus as a hostler. He stayed with the circus for two years, and he loved it and he knew everybody in the circus . . . all the performers, the freaks, and even the pickpockets, who traveled as a regular part of the crew.

When my mother and father were married, they went to St. Louis on their honeymoon. The circus was playing there and Uncle Will met them at the train with two tickets for the circus. (laughter) Of course, Uncle Will was an uncle that we enjoyed. When the circus came to town, he took us. He would hitch up the pony cart and take us out to see this or that. Uncle Will later went to work in a bank in New York, and it was he who married my Aunt Myra when I was six months old.

Q. I think that is interesting that he came in and threw the milk. That was the last of the milking for him. He was lucky that his father had some place to put him to make him happy.

You and Mr. Yntema had three children, two boys and a girl. How did your family life with your own children differ from your family life with your sister and parents? Did you do more together or less?

A. I have to stop and think about that. I hadn't thought that there was any particular difference. No. We did a great deal together. There was no TV for people to look at. (laughter) And we did work around the house and yard together.

Q. And you took the trips up north?

A. We took the trips up to Holland, Michigan, where we generally had rented a cottage out on the shore not very far from Mother Yntema's house. It was close enough that Mother Yntema could come out with jars and jars of applesauce for us. I think we lived on applesauce and milk pretty much. (laughter) One place, lovely little lake just off Lake Michigan--as many of the little streams that come into Lake Michigan widen out into little lakes just before they pour into Lake Michigan itself--and on this little lake there was a little grocery store for the benefit of summer people. When we would take the canoe and go down to the grocery store, on arriving there the store keeper would say, "Here come the Yntemas. We better get in more milk." (laughs) We would carry it back to have with Mother Yntema's applesauce.

Q. That sounds wonderful. Your three children all went away to school?

A. Yes. They all went to Swarthmore.

Q. One is out in Cambridge, teaching at Harvard. Mary Kate is here. Where is your other son?

A. George is at Bolton, Connecticut, which is almost a suburb of Hartford.

Q. How many grandchildren do you have?

A. Two grandchildren . . . two granddaughters.

Q. I would like to find out about your life in Waukegan after your husband retired.

A. Well, we bought the acreage maybe five years before he retired, but didn't get around to building on it until a couple of years before he retired. After that we were in the house for a year and a half before he retired and went to Stanford Research Institute at Menlo Park, California for a couple of years. After Menlo Park we went to Madison, Wisconsin, where he was doing research for the Bjorksten Chemical Company. Then he really retired and we went back to the place we had built which we called and still call "Pohickory."

Q. What is the meaning of that?

A. That is the Indian name from which we get the name hickory. We were honoring both the Indians who lived around there until about the 1830s, when they were sent off west some place, and the hickory trees on the place.



Q. Mr. Yntema just kept busy, then, on the grounds, and you did, too, after that?

A. Yes. We were particularly interested in setting out a little orchard because we remembered with pleasure the apple trees of the home orchard at Holland, Michigan. We wanted the kind of apples we remembered instead of the ones you can buy in the store. So we did quite a lot of hunting at that time to find a place to buy the old-fashioned apple trees. Now it has become the thing to do and most nursery catalogs feature a few of what they call antique or old-fashioned apples. But we didn't find what we wanted for two or three years. In fact I only found the last one year before last. I found where I could get the last kind that my husband wanted.

Q. How are they different? In taste or appearance?

A. Well, all varieties of apples are different.

Q. But what are they like . . . a delicious, or a jonathon?

A. Well, one is an early green apple which makes excellent first applesauce in the summer, when a nice cold bowl of fresh applesauce is particularly enticing on a hot summer day. One comes a little bit later and is particularly good, too, for applesauce. The kind of applesauce you buy in a can is very ordinary. A couple of others come along a little bit later in the season, and then we have something that is an especially good eating apple to carry around in your pocket. What we particularly wanted to plant first was a Northern Spy. Because as my husband said, "There was no pie like Spy pie." Did I tell you about the first apple pie--Spy pie--I made?

Q. No.

A. Well, Northern Spy is northern apparently, and I had never known it down in central Illinois. But he talked so much about this apple. After we went to Waukegan I saw on the window of a neighborhood grocery store written in chalk, "We have Northern Spy apples." So I bought some and made a pie and said to myself, "Well, he won't know the difference." He took one bite and said, "Where did you get the Northern Spys?" So, they do have a different taste. They are particularly good cooked under crust.

Q. You had regular size trees? Or did you have dwarf ones?

A. At first we planted standard size trees, but the later ones we got were semi-dwarf ones. Before Leonard died we had ordered some dwarfing stock so that we could graft onto it the kind of trees that we wanted and had planted the stock and I guess, shortly before he died, some of the trees were transplanted from the little nursery out into the orchard. The last kind that we got . . . as I said there was one kind that he had talked about that we had not been able to find for sale. It was after coming down here that I found an orchard in Indiana which had that tree. I wrote to them and they grafted some onto dwarf stock for me which we had planted up there this spring. So that finished the kinds that we

were looking for. The Doud Nursery had just one old tree of Winter Rambo that had been planted by Mr. Doud's grandfather.

Q. Then the rest of the acreage was just wild?

A. We dug a little pond because Leonard was interesting in stocking that with bass and bluegills. It was about a half-acre pond, I guess. And the rest was old field that some poor farmer had tried to clear of rocks. It must have been almost a morain or glacier that dropped a lot of rocks there.

Q. Boulders?

A. Four or five feet across. Somebody had tired to clear a field and push these rocks off to the side. In New England they would have made a good stone fence. But that was just left to grow up as it would . . . excellent wild strawberries. There were two patches of woods: one had white oak, red oak, and hickory mixed; the other was completely white oak. We had a neighbor who had given us a hive of bees.

Q. You could really go in and work with them and get the honey?

A. I did. My husband was allergic to bee stings.

Q. You wore the netting?

A. The veil. And got stung sometimes.

Q. I am sure you did.

A. I took care of the bees. I had two hives eventually. I am particularly fond of bee honey in the comb.

End of Side One, Tape Five

A. On a little acreage just the other side of Wadsworth--our place was about a mile and a half from the village of Wadsworth--were very good friends and there, too, the man had nothing to do with bees but the woman and I were good friends and she had hives. So we exchanged interests and work on the hives, and she had an extractor. And we tried to do some extracting of honey from the combs.

Q. Were you and your husband always interested in leaving things to nature and conservation?

A. Well, Leonard was always interested in having a garden. We had a garden in the back yard in Webster Groves, so I learned a bit of gardening from him. I guess I have always been interested in nature. My father and my mother were interested in the trees and the yard. My mother's father was a nurseryman. I never knew him but maybe the genes came down. (laughs) I used to beg my father to move out to a farm, but he, too, said he would never milk another cow. (laughter)

Q. I like the story you told me in the car about your father planting the trees. Will you tell me that for the tape?

A. Yes. Papa planted a pin oak in 1908 and said it was mine, and not far from it an American linden which he said was Garreta's. And we were particularly fond of them when they grew up into beautiful trees. The oak is now quite large and quite handsome. The linden unfortunately, shortly after my sister died, was taken down by a freak wind storm and almost destroyed. But once when Papa was old and it was a little hard to find presents for him that he might like, I thought of having little metal plaques made with "Pin oak or American linden (as the case might be) planted by George Busey, 1908." Then I had them put on the trees. When the linden was broken, I retrieved the plaque. I thought it would make a nice paper weight for one of the children because we all spent a good deal of time in the summer at my parents' home. And these were the trees they had climbed and liked. Shall I tell you the quotation, if I can remember it?

Q. Yes, please.

A. I want to paste on the back of the plaque somehow the quotation from "John Brown's Body". Now I told you the author and I have forgotten.

Q. Millay?

A. That's not right, is it?

Q. Stephen Vincent Benet.

A. Yes, Benet. It is about the trees of Richmond, Virginia. "The trees on the streets are old trees that remember your grandfather's name."

Q. I think that is lovely.

A. My sister who was a poet always said that I had no poetical sense, no sense of rhyme. That I would just as soon as not say, "Ding dong dell, pussy is in the cistern." (laughter)

Q. Oh, that is not too kind.

A. No, but quite true.

Q. When did your husband retire? How many years did you live there before he passed away?

A. We had lived there a year and a half when we went out to California.

Q. But when you came back to Wadsworth, how long were you there together?

A. We came back in about 1960 and he died in 1976.

Q. So you had many years together there.

A. Oh, yes.

Q. After your husband died, you stayed there for several years?

A. Until 1982.

Q. Did you have help to come in and take care of all this?

A. I had an excellent woman to come in to clean who had first come when Leonard was ill. He was ill from 1972 to 1976 . . . more or less housebound. At that time I got in touch with an excellent girl to come and clean and we were very fond of her. And she continued to do so--two mornings a week.

Q. I was asking more about the outside. Didn't you have to have someone help?

A. There were boys in the neighborhood whom I hired to mow the part that we kept mowed around the house, and a couple of times a year, the orchard. The orchard was not producing awfully well until not long before Leonard died. And we were not having really good apples. A young man took over a commercial orchard not far from us and I asked him if I could hire him to come to spray the apples. This unfortunately seems to be necessary for apple trees, though many of us would like to have them raised without these sprays. He . . . bless his heart . . . after he had sprayed his own large orchard that he was leasing, then wheeled his tank around to our place and sprayed there. So, those last years which fortunately were before Leonard died, we had perfect apples.

Q. So he had more Northern Spys?

A. But one reason commercial orchards don't care to plant Northern Spys is because it takes so long for them to bloom in the first place. Those that we planted, which were really the first trees we planted for the orchard, took twenty-two years!

Q. You are very patient.

A. There was nothing else you could do about it. (laughs) Yes, the young man who took care of the orchard was not only very good about the spraying--of course I paid him for the spray but he did the work for nothing--but he also would come with some kind of machinery and get some of the rocks out of the way.

Q. But then when the apples started producing, you had to have help picking them?

A. The help with picking was the friends from Waukegan and the countryside who knew about them, and they would often pick, too, for this young man to sell at his orchard. But that was just friendly picking and carrying.

Q. We spoke earlier of the man who is leasing your house and land now, and he is a bird watcher. Were you?

A. Not particularly. Only as most people are who have a bird feeder.

Q. But you didn't go out looking for different varieties like he has done.

A. No. I wouldn't know them or where to look.

Q. You said you had awakened the other day and realized you had given me a wrong name. Did you have something else that you had jotted down?

A. I have forgotten how the subject of bicycles came up . . .

Q. Yes, I said something about the bicycles built for two.

A. That reminded me that the maternal cousin who lived with us for some years and who was like a big brother to me, that I can just remember his having a bicycle with a big front wheel. That is a very vague memory.

Q. He could really ride it?

A. Yes. I can just remember that. I think we were talking about . . . he was the one who came and worked in the bank. He was my mother's nephew raised in Colorado. He left home as a young man and went to Chicago to work for, I believe, the now famous Continental Bank. Wasn't that in existence then?

Q. I don't know.

A. Illinois Continental Bank. And I heard him say that he lived a couple of blocks or so from the bank at a boarding house, and went to the theatre at night a few blocks away. Chicago was smaller, although I do not know when it was. Later he came down to work in the Busey Bank and lived with us . . . his Aunt Kit of whom he was quite fond. Eventually, when he died, he was president of the bank. What else can I tell you about Gary? Nothing else occurs to me just now. But it did make me think about how often Gary and my father would come home and perhaps would be in a hurry to get back to the bank in the afternoon because the books didn't quite balance. They might work for a long time finding the few cents off of balance, which they did without adding machines. Bankers in those days could run their sharp pencils up a line of figures and add them. I would never be able to do that. But they had practice.

Q. So the bankers' hours really weren't over at two o'clock.

A. Oh, by no means. They had to balance the books as I am sure you have to do now, too, but you have . . .

Q. Machines.

A. Yes, all kinds of machinery to do it with.

Q. But neither of your sons is in banking?

A. No.

Q. That is interesting that banking has been such a part of your family for so long. Are there any Buseys still connected with the bank in Urbana?

A. No, so far as I know, there is now no more Busey money in any Champaign County bank.

Q. The Busey name certainly was banking in the early days.

A. Well, as I told you about the man from Homer who was telling my father about how banks were started, it was just a part of that building up of a town or community. Somebody happened to start out doing that sort of thing. Just before the famous bank closing of Roosevelt's time-- I believe I remember this correctly--one of the Urbana banks was closed because of an embezzling by authorities. The poor man went to the penitentiary. I am sure it was not a deliberate thing, but he just got in a little too deep in his loans and didn't know how to get out again, I suppose. Anyway, he certainly was not a premeditated criminal. That brought on a run of the other banks in town.

I can remember going down and watching the great line of people going up to the teller's window to take their money out of the bank. It is kind of nice to remember the loyalty of a lot of the people in the small town. Mr. Oldham who had the drugstore on the other corner of the block would take in a little money and as soon as he did, he would come up to the bank and hold the money up where it could be seen and say, "I want to deposit money." He would then go back and if he got any more in, would come up again to deposit money.

Q. Trying to dissuade the people from withdrawing their funds?

A. Yes. I am sure there were anxious calls to that Illinois Continental Bank in Chicago depository for the small bank to get money back down there. Eventually it was weathered somehow.

Q. You were speaking of the bank the first day before we started taping. You were telling me about going to the bank when you were little and sitting on your father's desk.

A. Yes. I was waiting for him to come home.

Q. But do you remember what you told me that he did?

A. That he sharpened pencils by hand. And I haven't seen anybody do that for a long time. I don't think there were any pencil sharpeners, and they made those nice neat little slices on each side of the cedar wood pencil, and then would put the pencil point down on the paper and sharpened it with their penknives. Bankers always carried penknives. I suppose those were pen knives originally for the quill pens. Long, long ago. Isn't that the reason they are called penknives?

Q. The bankers worked with pencils, but when they were actually posting, didn't they use . . .

A. Oh, that would most certainly be in ink.

Q. A pen and ink that they dipped it in?

A. Yes.

Q. I wonder if you would reflect just a little bit on your interesting life . . .

A. Wait, I did put something else down here that night I woke up thinking. You had said when I told you about Minnie being such a valuable person, did my mother not do any of the cooking? And I said, "No," but that isn't quite right either. She was an excellent cook, and often helped with cooking or in making special dishes, but with the regular routine cooking she was glad enough to get rid of it. I don't mean it was a household with many servants.

Q. Oh, no, I didn't understand it that way.

A. I don't mean she was just a lady of leisure . . .

Q. But for the party cooking, she was very much into it . . .

A. Or the times when, once in a while, oysters would be available. And they weren't all the time. We were a long ways, you know, from the seashore and refrigerated cars and airplanes were not with us. But occasionally the butcher would get in oysters, and in the evening when we had oysters she would take care of the superintending of the making of the oyster soup. And we had the little oyster crackers . . . do you remember those? But I think she, like her own mother, was happy to get away from the timetaking routine of that sort of thing as much as possible. When her own mother's family had become a member of this communal colony--Ceresco--she said that was great because there the work was divided up and some days of the week some women did the cooking, and some days others did. But you didn't every day have to do the cooking--you had time for something else.

Q. That sounds nice.

A. And I have heard my mother say that she thought the time would come when you might be able to buy things already cooked.

Q. Oh.

A. (laughs) Also, she was very imaginative about the household. Perhaps I told you of the division of the kitchen into laundry and kitchen?

Q. No.

A. Well, when the house had been bought, the kitchen was a great, long room. Obviously it had been added on to the original house. At the far end of the kitchen, the opposite end from the dining room, was a chimney

where the stove was. So there was that long walk from the stove and through the china cupboard to the dining room. Well, she had the stove moved up to the middle of the room which divided it--you could get around each end of that stove--but made a kind of division of the room which meant a very long, horizontal stove pipe. I think once a year it had to be cleaned out and probably was a nuisance. But then back to the kitchen. She put in laundry tubs and the washing machine . . . none of this business of going down to the basement to do the laundry.

Q. She was very far-sighted.

A. Mary Kate and I are amused when we go to the Dana House at the pride with which you are told that Frank Lloyd Wright made a place to have the ice put in the icebox from the outside. Well, she thought of it long before that, and had the icebox moved into the kitchen and a place cut in the wall in back of it where the ice was put in from the porch. And you didn't have to lift it up way high the way you have to do at the Dana house.

Q. Well, it sounds like your mother was an efficiency expert.

A. Also, Minnie became an excellent cook. Shortly after she came, Mrs. Rorer--who must have been the Julia Child of the day--came to town for demonstrations at the University of Illinois, and Minnie was sent to her cooking classes. I still have, and I know other people have, Mrs. Rorer's cook book.

Q. So that helped Minnie's cooking ability considerably.

A. Minnie learned how to do things properly. Also, my mother was very interested in nutrition. Candy was taboo most of the time. Vegetables were very important. She shocked her more conservative sisters-in-law by serving raw carrots and cauliflower, and not cooking the beans to death. That was somewhat because of her close association with Mrs. Dunlap who was very interested in nutrition and made many talks around the state at farmers' institutes about nutrition for their children. She thought they should pay as much attention to that as to nutrition for their animals.

Q. If candy was taboo, did you get it for special occasions?

A. Oh, yes, but it certainly was not encouraged. Bread was always whole wheat bread and homemade.

Q. Do you bake bread?

A. Yes. It is one of the few cooking things that I do. Not all the time though. Bread was always homemade then. We couldn't stand baker's bread. It is only in the last comparatively few years that we really have had decent baker's bread . . . not until the Pepperidge Farm people started it and the people up in Wisconsin.

Q. Brownberry?



A. Brownberry, yes. Which to my mind is good bread. I did learn to bake pies after I was married because my husband was fond of them-- particularly apple pie. And I am afraid there were many times when the piecrust was almost inedible. But I finally learned to make piecrust, which I am sure is an art not a science . . . it is the sort of thing you have to watch done.

Q. That's right.

A. Anyhow my mother considered pies and heavy desserts . . . she referred to them as "pizen things."

Q. So, did you have fruit or something light for dessert?

A. Fruit, custards, and other things. This wasn't a complete taboo, but . . .

Q. Well, it certainly makes sense.

A. However, I would go over to the house next door and eat pie with great glee. (laughter) After Minnie left--when we went to Europe that year, Minnie by that time was only about twenty-six years old. It was time for her to know a little something else, and since we were going to be gone for so long, she and a friend went to a household in Cincinnati. It was no doubt happier for her because there were a number of servants. After the wonderful Minnie was no longer there, there was a succession of those who were good and those who were not so good. So there were many times that Garreta and I had to wash the dishes. We were very happy on Thursday night, though, because you could go to the country club. (laughs) And then we got out of dishes to wash. I don't know why dishwashing was so terrible because I could go next door to the Burts and help them wash dishes . . . and that was fun.

Q. Yes, I know. I have been in that same situation. Do you recall at all, were there other houses around you that had girls that Minnie could see? On her day off?

A. Yes. I remember one particular friend of hers. In the evenings their, I guess you would call them boyfriends now, would come and sit around the dining room table and play "Flinch."

Q. A card game?

A. A card game. It was played as you would have played, say "500" with ordinary playing cards. But the cards looked different, consequently they were not taboo to my Southern Presbyterian friends to whom regular card games were taboo. Are you a Northern Presbyterian?

Q. Yes.

A. Well, I think the Northern and Southern churches have finally come together.

Q. Yes.

A. I think the Southern Presbyterian was a little more conservative.

Q. Southern Baptists, I know, do not allow card playing.

A. Not even now? But my Southern Presbyterian friends could play "Flinch."

Q. Because the cards looked different?

A. Yes.

Q. Well, did you get to play "Flinch" with them?

A. Oh, Yes.

Q. Then you didn't just watch.

A. No. I suppose I watched when I was very small. I had fun with them anyhow. And that makes me think of another thing about Minnie. She saved her money and the wages would have been very little. Of course money was worth more in those days. But anyhow Minnie would walk to Champaign on her day off--the two miles--in order to save the five cent streetcar fare. And a certain amount of her money was automatically put into a building and loan. And that makes me think very much of My Antonia--the chapter in that on the hired girls . . . Willa Cather. My Antonia. Have you read that?

Q. No.

A. Well, do read it. Read the chapter on the hired girls. Thinking of the kitchen, I do think of the telephone. With the telephone service being in flux now, it might be a little interesting. For years there were two telephone companies in Urbana-Champaign. We had the Home phone and the Burts had the Bell phone. There was no connection between the Home phone and the Bell phone. So if we wanted to call somebody who had the Bell phone, we had to go over to the Burts to do so. And if somebody wanted to call the Burts who had the Home phone, they called us and we ran over and fetched the Burts. (laughter)

Q. Oh, maybe that will make us appreciate what we have now.

A. Right.

Q. And when you put in a long distance telephone call, that was kind of special. You called the Operator and gave all the information, and then you hung up and you waited a long time until she called you back. You didn't just call up somebody in Cambridge and talk to them as easily as you talk to some body in Springfield.

End of Side Two, Tape Five

Q. You wanted to tell me something about your mother and manners.

A. One of our neighbors was an old lady--at least she seemed old to me in those days--who had asthma badly. And when she had a bad attack of asthma, she was supposed to smoke some kind of a medicinal cigarette . . . it seems to me it was called a "kabob"--would such a thing be possible?

Q. I have no idea.

A. Anyhow, she was self conscious about it and went off by herself where nobody could see her smoking a cigarette, even though it was a medicinal thing.

Q. I have never heard of that. That's interesting.

A. As a woman she was not supposed to be seen smoking a cigarette. Then, when you were about to put on the tape, something was said which reminded me of my mother and something else . . .

Q. First names.

A. Oh, yes, first names. About names in general. Perhaps I told you that my newly married granddaughter is keeping her own name.

Q. Yes.

A. And I am sure my mother would approve, because Lucy Stone was one of the early feminists whom she admired. She was what we would now call a feminist. Mother was always interested in women's suffrage and belonged to the suffrage organizations. When women were given suffrage, that group then reorganized and became the local League of Women Voters. And my mother was eager to take me to that first meeting of the League of Women Voters. Her own mother, doubtless, would have been a so-called feminist, because she felt she had not been treated properly because she could not get her medical degree. She had gone to medical school with her brother, done all the work with him, helped dissect a cadaver, and passed the examinations with higher grades than her brother. He became a doctor and went out to California. But she, as a woman, could not be given a degree.

Q. What year was this?

A. Are there any dates on this?

Q. By the turn of the century that was not the case.

A. Well, my grandfather was born in 1812, and it was his wife, Elmina. And so how old she was, or when she was born, I don't know.

Q. So it would have been before 1850?

A. Yes, my mother was born in 1855.

Q. No, I mean when she was going to school.

A. But my mother was the youngest of Elmina's children, so before that.

Q. 1835 or 1840, probably. That was early. But she took all the coursework and did all the lab work, but couldn't get that piece of paper. You were speaking of Lucy Stone and suffrage.

A. Lucy Stone was one of the early feminists who advocated women's keeping their own names when they married.

Q. Oh, like your granddaughter.

A. Yes.

Q. So, your mother was active in the League of Women Voters?

A. Yes, and before that in suffrage, all the suffrage things. Back again to nutrition, I can remember her ringing doorbells to get petitions signed to get domestic science put into the schools--the high schools. I wasn't too happy to have to take it. (laughter) I'm sure it didn't do me any harm. I learned to make what Julia Child now calls a roux.

Q. Oh, yes.

A. And perhaps I mentioned before that this Mrs. Dunlap, a great friend of hers, was responsible for having Home Economics at the University of Illinois.

Q. Yes, you did tell me that. I was just going to ask you to reflect a little bit. Do you have anything else in your notes that you wanted to tell me?

A. No, we have covered all the things I thought of in the night.

Q. Do you consider any particular time as your happiest time of life?

A. No.

Q. You have just been happy with all of it, haven't you? I think you have had such an interesting life so far. You are lucky. Is there anything major that you would do differently?

A. Yes. I would have found time to study more of the humanities along with the science, if there were enough time in this world. One should have more than one life. (laughs)

Q. Well, you do so much reading. I am impressed.

A. I do think of another little era of life. This Aunt Myra of whom I speak and of whom I was fond, when she married Uncle Will, lived for awhile in New York City when he was connected with some bank there. At the time that my grandfather died, he said to his sons, possibly around his deathbed, "Now, I leave my money to you, and you keep it at home." And they didn't. There was an opportunity to buy land down in the Delta

of Mississippi so cheaply that they bought 7,000 acres of woodland in the Delta of Mississippi. Uncle Will and Aunt Myra went down to superintend clearing of the land--beautiful timber which had it been left would have made their fortune--and getting that ground into King Cotton right away. They had a little spur line built from the railroad out to the plantation so the cotton could be hauled in. And I was not yet in school when my parents took me down to visit Uncle Will and Aunt Myra. I loved it. It was a great challenge which Uncle Will loved. Much more fun than looking after those cattle out on the ranch . . .

Q. Or being in the circus?

A. Or being in the circus. (laughs) They made a cotton gin. Uncle Will would come in and say, "Get your hats, get your hats, we're going to ride out on such-and-such a part of the plantation." We would ride off onto a trail through the woods over to another part of the plantation that had been cleared. Maybe we would jump over a little log in the path with the horse. And I was given a horse to ride--which in my mind is a most beautiful horse, the most beautiful saddle horse. Of course it was an old nag. (laughs) But when he stepped over those logs, I thought I was jumping. And the horses swam across the little bogue. I saw pictures of the old nag later. Its name was Dinosaurus. It was the worst old nag you could ever imagine. The next year when we were down there, I had Rock Daniel who was a riding mule.

Q. A riding mule?

A. Yes. A riding mule is very good. One other time in my life I had a chance to ride a mule, which was considered a riding mule, and it was an excellent, smooth ride. But I don't know that there was anything special about old Rock Daniel, but he was mine. Those are very happy memories.

There was a man who ran the plantation store--commissary--who I took a shine to, and he to me. He took me out on various expeditions. Later when we came home, he wrote that he captured a black squirrel. Since I had liked the squirrels so much, maybe he would send it up to me. And he did. For a while in the plant room of the house, which could be shut off from the rest of the house, the squirrel had that for its abode. It was nice and tame.

Q. It was tame?

A. Oh, yes. Father would go in and it would dive down into his pockets immediately for nuts. And then when summer came, we figured it was tame enough so we could let it outdoors. But it disappeared right away. (laughs) I do remember that black squirrel.

Q. He was just very, very dark brown, or was he really black?

A. Black. There were many black squirrels in that part of Mississippi at that time. Much, much later black squirrels began to appear in other places . . . in Holland, Michigan there were a few, and now most of them are black.

Q. I have never seen one.

A. And then they have the white ones down at Olney.

Q. Yes. Your mother was so . . .

A. I should tell you the end of the Mississippi thing.

Q. Of the cotton? Okay.

A. It was fine for a few years and then the boll weevil came along. While they owned this land for a good many years after Uncle Will died from malaria contracted there, there had to be overseers and they were far away--the people who owned it were definitely absentee owners. Timber was stolen off by one of the overseers, others were incompetent, and they ended up almost losing their shirts on the Mississippi land. They should have obeyed their father.

Q. You wanted to tell me about Aunt Myra and the aunt that raised her?

A. The aunt that raised her came from Coshocton, Ohio, as a young bride of sixteen years old or so. She came by wagon, I guess, or at least a horse conveyance, and in crossing the Wabash River the bag of gold that had been given her by her father to buy a farm in Illinois . . . which she had been carrying on her lap . . . fell into the river as the wagon gave a lurch coming up the embankment on the far side. So of course, they had to get out and retrieve it and they did. That money bought a farm which is now a part of Urbana. And what was her pasture is a park in Urbana across from the schoolhouse. Aunt Myra, when she was a little girl in Coshocton and orphaned, was sent to live with her Aunt Margaret Carle on the farm in Urbana. Aunt Myra used to tell me as I would have lunch with her in Waukegan about what an excellent cook and gardener her aunt had been, famous for her cooking. So that on the several trips that she took back to Ohio by stagecoach or some kind of horse conveyance, she was particularly welcome because of the basket of food that she took along. It was always especially good. (laughter) Her husband was a drover who drove cattle and turkeys, of all things, back East. I hardly could believe that, but I did read afterwards that they did drive turkeys.

Q. Did they clip their wings?

A. I don't know.

Q. Why wouldn't they fly away?

A. (laughter) I don't know. Anyhow, her gardening also was particularly nice. While she was still living on the farm there, Abraham Lincoln and the other lawyers were coming to Urbana on the circuit. And Abraham Lincoln often ate at her house. Now whether this was meals that were paid for or whether he was a guest, I don't know. But anyhow, that rocker over there, which by the antique dealers is designated a Lincoln rocker because it is like rockers in his house, is one that he must have sat in because it was Aunt Myra's Aunt Margaret's rocker. So it is appropriate that it comes back to Springfield.

Later she moved to town and across the street from my house on Green Street. Aunt Myra, by that time, was grown up and became a nurse in Chicago. And later came down and was my mother's nurse when I was born. Then when I was six months old, she married Uncle Will. This is to refresh you as to what the relationship is.

Q. Yes.

A. I think I told you Uncle Will eventually went to Mississippi and he died when they had been married about six years, and later Aunt Myra married Dr. Beasley and lived in Waukegan.

Q. Oh, all right.

A. And that is how we ended up in the same place. Mrs. Carle--by the time I knew her, her husband had been dead many years--later married a Mr. Morris, so I knew her as Mrs. Morris. I remember admiring her flower garden which was between the house and the driveway across the street from us. She used to give us flowers and give us plants. I sometimes wonder now where that garden could be because those lots were so small. Why these retired farmers who came to town, both in Urbana and in Springfield, built on such small lots when they had been used to so much room, I can't understand.

Anyhow, when she died, which was during the First World War, Aunt Myra came down from Waukegan and cared for her and then cleared out her house. She took up to Waukegan two peony plants--white, single peony plants--that her aunt had brought from Coshocton, Ohio. Aunt Myra lived for a while on the south side of Chicago and they had been planted there, and then when she moved to Waukegan she took them with her and had them planted there. And in her last days she used to say to me, "Jean, if anything happens to me, I want you to take care of my white peony plants." And they are out there by the front door.

Q. So, how old are those peony plants?

A. Isn't that interesting that a plant can be that old? Of course, the roots have been divided, but it is from the original plant. I was writing that tale to a retired fiction editor of The New Yorker, and he wrote back, "As to the peony plants, I know a short story when I see it."

Q. Right.

A. If you are still taking The New Yorker, you may find a short story about peony plants.

Q. Was there something else you wanted to tell me?

A. Well, speaking of The New Yorker reminds me that after the bank business, after the time that fortunately the money which our my father had given me and my sister long before, could come back as a mortgage on his house and he didn't have to sell it . . . after a while things did look up again and the mortgage was paid off. But still, money was a little tight, and they were trying to find ways to cut down on expenses.

By that time I was married, and Garreta said, "Why not rent a room?" I was horrified at the idea of renting a room to somebody. You could have guests all you wanted, but to rent horrified me. But she did, and apparently it was a very good idea.

She rented to students, and many became very good friends. One of them is this retired editor of The New Yorker. And there were two boys from Bolivia, one of whom was Jewish and French and just how he and his parents got to Bolivia, I don't know. The other one was his great pal who was not Jewish but Viennese. His father had been in the publishing business in Vienna and saw the writing on the wall. He got his two boys out of Vienna before the anschluss. Why and how this one got to Bolivia, I don't know, but anyhow they were pals and went to an American school in Bolivia. One of their teachers was a friend of my sister, and she asked Garreta to give them rooms. So they lived with them for at least four years, and then for graduate work. One has gone back to South America, and the other is a professor in the technical college in Israel, and I had a note from him just the other day.

Q. Well, renting the rooms wasn't that bad after all.

A. No, it was very nice. (laughter)

Q. Now at that time, your sister was there alone? Your father had died?

A. No, that was before my father died. Another one is a retired professor and still living in Urbana, and he and his wife are good friends, indeed.

Q. One time we were speaking of the linden tree that was blown over, when did your sister die?

A. Two days after my husband did.

Q. Oh, what a bad time for you. That must have been very difficult for you.

A. It was 1976.

Q. Had she been ill, too?

A. No, she had been ill the year before. She had had an operation for lung cancer. And it had metastasized and was liver cancer by the time she died.

Q. That must have been an awful time for you.

A. It wasn't too good.

Q. Can you reflect a little on the changing role of women, and your attitude toward the women's movement today?

A. My attitude towards it? I am gratified that the role of women has changed.



Q. You feel women coming up will have a better and easier time of it?

A. I don't know if it will be easier, but more satisfactory. And I don't by any means feel that every woman now can be a doctor or a lawyer, or a stenographer or a clerk . . . but I just feel that the general attitude toward her should be one of equality. And you can put this on tape if you like. That I will not vote for a man who does not feel that I am his equal under the law. (laughter) And that means President Reagan.

Q. Oh, yes. He lost the debate last night and today, too. (laughter)

A. He lost it with me long ago on that.

Q. Well, I think that I am out of questions, Mrs. Yntema. I have enjoyed this so much . . .

A. Well, I have enjoyed it. It has been lots of fun.

Q. I have enjoyed meeting you, and I do thank you for your cooperation.

A. You are welcome. You are most welcome.

End of Side One, Tape Six