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ZELMA COY MALLON



MEMORIES



ZELMA'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

WRITTEN 1985-1987

EARLY LIFE

I'm writing this autobiography to show younger people what it was like living in the first part of the twentieth Century. Hopefully it shows how technology, family life, and lifestyles have changed.

On July 16, 1916 I was born the third child and only girl, to Chauncey and Ada Coy. I had two brothers, Lavern 12 and Ashley 9 at the time. My dad, brothers and I were all born and raised in the same house. Joan, Lavern's oldest child was also born there. I was born in the added on portion of the farmhouse. When it was time for my arrival our regular doctor was on vacation so Mama had to call another. He was cruel, so it was a difficult time for her. Mama had a nurse named Zelma, after whom I was named. Zelma was settled on because the family did not like other names Mama picked out. I weighed 10 lbs. and grew to 5'8 1/2", 150 to 160 lbs. The room I was born in was to be my room after the age of 12. Until then I shared my parents room, except when we were living in Dexter. They babied me, I guess. Until I was four I had long brunette curls. When Mama cut them off she said my brother Lavern cried.

We were never poor. The farm I was born on was 80 acres and is located two miles south of Dexter, in Lima Township, Michigan. We also owned another 65 acres across the road. My father worked hard. We had all the necessities of life and more. I thank God for giving me such great, loving parents.

I don't remember all the childhood diseases I had. I only know what my mother has told me. According to her I had them all. The worst however, was when I was three. I had a combination of Scarlet Fever, Pneumonia and Whooping Cough. The whole family had the flu and Mama had Strep Throat. She had all of us in one room. For two weeks she sat in a chair to care for all of us. It was winter, the snow was so deep, a doctor couldn't get through on the road. That was before the County took charge of scraping and removing the snow. Each farmer had to take care of his own road. Mama talked to the Doctor on the phone for advice. Lavern went to Dexter on horseback to get medicine. It was rumored in Dexter that the "Coy Baby" was dead. Guess what, I am still here at 81. Mama said I had to learn to walk all over again. When I was four I got my left forefinger caught in the cogwheels of a fanning mill which was used to separate the chaff from the grain. That fanning mill was painted red and operated by hand. Some of the family was working in the barn. I was told to stay away from it but of course I did not obey. You know, I do not remember that time at all, only what I have been told and I have a scared finger to prove it. That machine was always in the barn as long as I remember. Probably got sold in later years at an auction for an antique.

My earliest memory is that of a doll my mother bought me on a trip to visit our Tindall relatives in Toronto or Tilbury, Canada. I was about four. One of my favorite childhood activities was playing with dolls. They were real children in my imagination. Later, when Mama, Papa and I went on our frequent Sunday drives; my four dolls would also be passengers. Sometimes the chimney on the house

would "burn out" and could burn down the house. I would run and get my dolls and put them in the car for safety. One time when I was staying with my mother's parents, Grandma and Grandpa French. Who lived in Dexter on Baker St. I dropped my doll down the toilet hole. You see the toilet was outside! Grandma washed and scrubbed it but the head was never the same. The soap and water sort of melted the kind of material dolls were made of in those days. I didn't know my father's parents, the Coy's, because they died about the time I was born. I did see a lot of my mother's parents, Thomas and Ellen French, and often stayed with Grandma overnight after Grandpa died. She would not stay alone anymore. She spent most nights with her other daughter, Aunt Hannah (Anntana) down the street.



Once when I was four, my mother had to have surgery on her back so I stayed at my grandparents. We went out to help around the farm. While they were occupied I got into my mother's jewelry. I always had a fascination for it but knew I must not touch. This was a great opportunity to play with it because Grandma didn't realize it was not a plaything. When we left to return to my grandparents I knew I was guilty and so put most of the rings in a corner of the front porch. Don't ask me why the front porch! However, I kept the pretty one, an emerald, on my finger. Of course it was too big and I lost it, but knew just where. We hunted for it for years on the slope at the back of my grandparent's house. Mama was so sad to lose that special ring and couldn't understand Grandma not realizing it was valuable. Papa's Aunt Deam, A favorite of my parents, had given it to her.

RELATIVES

I do not remember a lot about my brothers as I was growing up. They were nine and twelve years older. I remember our places at the table for meals and I remember Lavern's wedding real well. I remember Ashley in Dexter, and the trouble he seemed to get himself into sometimes. When he was 19 I used to hide his comb and brush when he was in a hurry to leave for his date with Jo, now my sister-in-law. He chased me round and round the rooms until he caught me and forced me to get his comb and brush by giving me an "Indian rub".

When Papa retired in 1943 my oldest brother, Lavern took over the farm. He dredged out that pond and the natural spring made it a lake about the size of an acre. What a fun place that has been ever since.

When I was ten, my oldest brother, Lavern was married to Merl. My parents, brother Ashley, Aunt Sue on my mother's side, and I moved into Dexter on Baker St. to give Lavern the run of the farm for a couple of years. Aunt Sue, "Sueshannah" was 83 when she came to live with us. No one else would take her in. After three years she went to live with a grandson and his family in Flint, Michigan. When she left I had my own room for the first time. She lived to be 100 years old. I didn't know her husband but they had both been hair dressers in England and the United States.

While Aunt Sue lived with us I was pretty mean to her. When she took her nap I sometimes set an alarm clock under her bed to go off right in the middle of her nap. When Mamma went to choir practice she left me with her. We played dominoes. I guess she couldn't see too well because I could cheat and she never seemed to know. I think I resented having to stay home so I took it out on Aunt

Sue. Yes! I was not very nice to her. Before Aunt Sue lived with us I would stay those evenings with my Grandparents French. When I became sleepy Grandma would put two of her dining chairs together and on top of them she put several of her nice large bed pillows and I went to sleep. I can still hear that big clock on the wall, tick tock, tick tock.

My Grandmother French had three sisters. One of them emigrated from England and ended up raising her family near Tilbury, Canada. My brothers, parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins used to go to visit them every summer. Mamma was born in Toronto, Canada where we sometimes stayed for a visit for a week or so. Before I was around Ashley, my brother went with her; later on she took me.

We had great Christmases on the farm, which included our entire family. There was Mama, Papa, Grandma, Grandpa, Aunt Hannah, Uncle Johnie, who was crippled from Polio, Aunt Ruth, Uncle Ernie, and Cousin Shirley. In later years Grandpa couldn't go because he was unable to ride the distance from Dexter. Lavern, his wife Merl and four children, Ashley, his wife Jo and their four children rounded out the group. I was a good baby-sitter for my nieces and nephews. I kept them busy playing in the snow. I loved the little ones. My cousin Shirley and I eventually brought our own husbands to the festivities.

Everyone contributed to the Christmas meal. Mama made outstanding Roast Beef. The trimmings included Yorkshire Pudding, Pumpkin Pie, Plum Pudding, etc.

A tree was cut from the woods, not too elaborate. All of us exchanged gifts. The gifts were meager by today's standards but we were always pleased and it was exciting to sit there and watch everyone open theirs. We looked forward to the Church program each year. The country school had a program in which all the students had a part in a play, choral reading, poem or song. When I had a poem, Mama would coach and coach me to read it properly. Because of this, to this day I feel confident when I read poetry that I read it with meaning. After the programs Santa would appear and hand out small gifts, mostly net stockings filled with candy. I tell you, Christmas was a great time for me. After I became a wife and mother my own tree was very special and I looked forward to the church programs each year.

Thanksgiving was rotated between Grandma's, Aunt Ruth's, and Aunt Marshall's. Marshall was the last name of my Grandma's sister Lucy. The English use the last name in place of the first.

Easter was also a special time of the year. In church we had programs for the children. My greatest prayer was that Easter would come late and be warm enough for me to remove my much hated long legged underwear and high button shoes for light summer clothes, new slippers and a new dress. This would only happen if Mamma thought I wouldn't catch a cold. However, she could be persuaded.

My Papa had many cousins. We visited them and they came to see us but not on holidays. Papa had only one brother, Ed. He was an engineer on the Michigan Central Railroad. His route was from Kalamazoo Michigan to Chicago, Illinois. He lived in Niles Michigan. He had no children so he doted on my brothers and me. He was about fourteen years older than Papa. When I was five he was killed in a train wreck near Gary, Indiana. On this particular trip he

was taking a mail (blind baggage) train to Chicago when he hit rails which had been spread apart by some radical. The train had been late coming to Uncle Ed so he was trying to make up for lost time. The train plowed into the sand dunes near Gary. The only other person on the train was the fireman. They were both buried in the sand and it took several days to find them. Uncle Ed had just visited us and was planning to retire in three months. Papa took the loss of his brother very hard. Ed's wife was Jean.

All of the Coy's grew up on the three neighboring farms in Lima. They went to the same one room school that I attended. Uncle Charley and Uncle Johnie Coy were my dad's father's brothers. When I was about 6 or 7 years old Uncle Johnies' wife, Mary still came to visit after Uncle Johnie died. Aunt Mary still lived in Mason where Uncle Johnie owned a farm.

Uncle Charley, Aunt Deam's husband was blind in his last years. I don't remember Aunt Deam but Uncle Charley came to the farm every summer for a week or two. He and I took the cows down the lane to pasture on the 65-acre farm across the road from us. As we passed by the house he built in his early years. He would put his arms around the pine trees that grew in the yard to see how much they had grown. Yes he planted them and they are still there. I used to test his blindness, scalawag that I was. I would run up behind him and try to startle him. He played along with me. However, one time on our way back home, a rabbit dashed out of the brush and ran up behind him. He said, "I know you are there. I can hear you." I thought that was so funny. He never believed me when I told him. Usually I couldn't fool him. When going for the cows, I was never alone. I rode my bicycle and following me would be my pet lamb, several cats, and my brother's dog named Teddy. Teddy would round up the cows and bring them to the gate. He was so proud of the job he did. Sometimes the cows were still at the creek, which was quite far. Usually they were anxious to go home and be milked to relieve those heavy udders. In the morning we would take them back out to pasture after milking.

I had another Uncle, Johnie Barley who was married to my mother's sister Hannah. He was a dear. Uncle Johnie was crippled by polio when he was nine years old. He sold insurance and made a good income. He purchased the second car ever owned in Dexter. His next car was an Overlan, Touring car. I remember that old antique. He drove it many years. He finally got a Chevrolet, which was more modern. He and Aunt Anna were married when they were in their 40's. She was an old maid as they used to say. It made for a good marriage. He liked my mother and called her "Adie".

My mother's sister, Ellen and her husband Will lived in California. They had a son named Horton. Mama also had a brother George whom I never knew. George had one son, Lloyd. They lived in Indiana. Their story is in my genealogy.

The summer I was eleven and living in Dexter. Lloyd came to visit and stayed at our grandparent's down the street in Dexter. I had this habit of lifting up my nose, frequently. Lloyd teased me about it, calling it a "rabbit nose". Well you know I wanted to impress him so I actually stopped the habit. I followed him everywhere. He was 18. I bet I was a nuisance to him. Lloyd later died in WWII.

Aunt Ruth was also my mother's sister. She was married to Ernie. They had one girl, Shirley, the only one of my three cousins still living as of this writing.

They lived in Ann Arbor, MI. Shirley and I grew up together; she was four years younger. How I loved to go and stay a few days with them in Ann Arbor. It was so different from the farm. She had different toys and sidewalks to ride on. The five-cent movie on Saturday morning was great. Shirley still lives in Ann Arbor and I always see her whenever I go "home".

I have third cousins in England with whom I have visited on three occasions. Rene, about five years younger than I is the mother of five. All of them are so hospitable to me when I visit there. They are from the Tindall line, my mother's maternal side. Rene's oldest daughter, Shirley and her husband Tim have visited here in California. They are a barrel of fun, and good friends as well.

I was almost 11 when Joan was born. I was tickled to be an aunt. Every two years there was another niece or nephew. Lavern and Merl had four; Ashley and Jo eventually had four. Joan and Dean were special to me. They were my real live dolls. I played with them a lot. I suggested the name of Audrey to my brother and sister. Audrey was the one with musical talent. Mama and I used to play and sing with her and realized she had a talent for music. Her parents gave her music training beginning at age six. I was away from home when the rest of them were growing up so I didn't get in on a lot of it. After Audrey came Eddie. He was named after Papa's brother who was an engineer on the Michigan Railroad. Ed and his wife Fran are still on part of the farm where I stay when I visit Michigan. A year after Eddie was born Ashley had his first son Thomas, then Mary Jo, Richard and Chuck. At Christmas time we would all get together at the farm. All of my nieces and nephews treat me very well when I go to visit. After Ashley's kids arrived I had my three. In December 1945 we had Charley. In July 1948 we had Timothy and in October 1951 our ten pound four ounce girl arrived. It was all we could ask for and it meant the last of our children.

HOME ON THE FARM

Our house first belonged to my father's parents. It had three rooms downstairs and one bedroom upstairs. It was built sometime in the 19th Century. Our mail was delivered RFD (Rural Free Delivery). Across the road we had a "mail box." It was on a post sunk into the ground. A postman drove up and left the mail inside. It is still delivered the same way. After my parents were married and Papa took charge of the farm, they added on to the house. Papa's parents were now too old to farm. The addition made it a three bedroom and later a four bedroom house. After I was 12, I had one of the three bedrooms upstairs. In the winter a "drum" heated it. This "drum" fitted over the pipe that came up through the floor from the stove below. Somehow this apparatus expanded the heat from the pipe and kept this room warm. The other upstairs room had just the pipe to heat it. The first upstairs room had a big round grate that was built in the floor. It had many holes so heat from downstairs floated up and through those holes to warm that room. The house sat on a large yard fenced from the out buildings. In the back yard was a large black walnut tree on which Papa hung a swing for me. The tree is still standing.

Every spring and fall was a time to do the deep house cleaning. Everything was scrubbed, walls, stairs, and windows. Curtains and blankets were washed. Stoves were taken down and stored away in the spring and

returned in the fall. Rugs in every room were pulled outside on the lawn and beaten or hung on the clothesline and beaten. I had a few good turns at that. There were no vacuums for many years. Just a sweeper and brooms with manual power.

The kitchen saw a lot of activity. The water from the sink drained into a septic tank buried in the back yard. There was a tall cabinet with shelves behind glass doors. There was room on top for salt and brown sugar. Below was Mama's workspace for rolling out dough for pies and food preparation. Below this were two cabinets. One side had a wooden sort of barrel in which she kept flour. The other side held sugar. Another tall cupboard held all our everyday dishes and cooking pans. A third cupboard with a glass front or door was for Mama's good dishes. The cupboards were self-standing

In winter, my mother cooked on a stove fed by split wood. The wood was corded in the orchard behind the backyard. It was my chore to bring the wood to the back porch. Some of it was in chunks for the "round oak" heating stoves. In the winter I pulled the wood on a small "bob-sled" Papa built. I had to bring each load to the back porch where I lined the split wood on one side and the chunks on the other side. This made it convenient for the next 24 hours instead of running out to the orchard each time more wood was needed. The back room of the house was sometimes used as the laundry and all-purpose room. During the winter Papa used this room to oil and repair the harnesses for the horses.

The kitchen stove had a hot water tank on one side. This held the water for our baths, dishes and clothes. We had a gasoline pump to pump the drinking water from an excellent driven well; some wells were just dug. There was a cistern at the back of the house. Inside the kitchen was a pump to draw up that rainwater. Saturday night was the time for baths. In the winter, we took them in the kitchen, where it was nice and warm. In the summer we took our baths in a small room we called the bathroom and later as improvements were made, it was. This small room was my father's bedroom when he was a child. On several occasions, two of the girls from our neighborhood, Dorothy and Louise Bates would stay overnight so we could go to Sunday school together the next morning. They also took their baths there, all in turn. Before we went to bed we would have a songfest. Papa, who was tone deaf, would sit as our audience and enjoy every moment. This scene often occurred with other friends during my teen years. These were depression years so we made our own entertainment and fun times. We played cards, board games, and listened to the radio. In those days a radio was a sizable cabinet that stood on the floor. It was a nice looking piece of furniture. They were about 3 to 4 feet tall and 2 to 3 feet wide. Before this the radios were what we called clock radios. They were shaped like a large clock, one to two feet high and set on a table. There was a lot of laughter, which I notice missing today, even in happy homes. I think this is due to the television and lifestyle of the Twentieth Century.

In summer Mama cooked on a four-burner kerosene stove. It was much cooler then using the wood stove. When washing clothes by hand there were three tubs. One for washing, two for rinsing. A different type of tank, a boiler was on the stove for boiling white clothes or hard to clean ones. Mamma washed on a scrub board until I was ten when Papa got her a gasoline powered "Maytag" washer with a ringer attached. We did not have electricity or running water yet.



About two years later we got electricity and running water and then the washing machine was converted to electricity.

There were no clothes dryers. How did we dry the clothes? On the clothes line of course. Two poles with a cross bar sunk in the ground several yards apart. Several wires were strung between the crossbars. Wooden peg clothespins were used to hold clothes on the wire. In the winter the clothes froze on the line. If it rained we just postponed the washing.

Mama ironed with a flat iron heated on the kitchen stove. She had two. In order to pick up the flat iron from the stove she had a clamp-on top piece to attach to the hot irons on the stove. With this she could iron our clothes on an ironing board padded and rested between two kitchen chairs.

Our house was lit with kerosene lamps. When I went to bed I carried one upstairs with me. Papa used a gas lantern in the barn when he did his chores. Before electricity we toasted our bread in the oven. The electric toaster had two sides, which opened. The bread was put on each side and then you would have to judge when it was toasted.

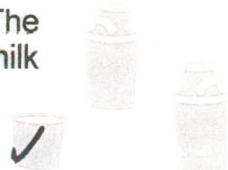
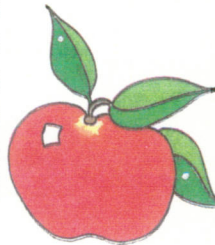
Our shoes were made of leather. Leather soles wear out fast, especially on kids walking to school on graveled roads. Papa resoled our shoes when they were worn through. He had a large tree trunk with a rod driven into it about waist high. On top of the rod he could put different sized iron foot shapes which fit inside shoes. He had left and right shapes. He butted the shoe over this shape then cut a piece of leather to fit the sole and nailed it to the shoe with a special nail and hammer. Ah! a new pair of shoes.

We had the best toilet in the neighborhood. It was one of those outside kind. An old Sears catalog did the clean up job. It was built up three steps on a foundation over a pit several feet deep. Other people's toilets filled up to the top of the holes, yuck! Ours never did. This also was my job to hose down, clean the little house and throw lime down the hole every Saturday.

We had a "general farm". We grew apples, potatoes, cherries and peaches. The fruits and vegetables were canned and saved for winter. We got our berries from the woods which were one field south of the barn. In those days women wore long cotton stockings. Mama would take an old pair and cut holes in the foot for our fingers then pin them to our sleeves. This was to protect us from the mosquitoes. We carried small pails and when full poured them into this huge blue kettle. The black capped raspberries were canned for winter but fresh pies, my favorite of all time were baked within the next few days. From these same woods we could pick arms full of trilliums, violets, Jack-in-the-pulpit and many other flowers.

Papa had five fine Belgian horses. He drove four of the horses at a time, tandem, to do the farm work. He took good care of them and they had Sundays and one other day off. The fifth horse relieved the others in their turn. He took good care of all the animals. He loved them and was very compassionate toward them. At butchering time papa had a man come over to do the killing. It was even hard for him to ship the hogs to market. Because of the butchering and preserving we always had two or three kinds of meat and many fruits and vegetables stored in the cellar.

We had a small building. Inside was a tank of water for cooling milk. The milk had to be stirred and stirred until it was cool. The next morning the milk



would be picked up on a truck and taken to some dairy to be pasteurized and bottled. We had a "separator" in the back room of the house which separated some of the cream from the milk for home use. When I was still small and after I was in bed but not asleep, Papa brought me this huge mug filled with warm milk to drink. It was right from the cow. I can still see Papa squirt milk from the cow's teat to the cat, right into its mouth.

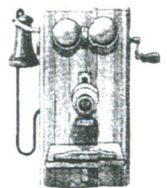
Many memories occur to me from the 1920's. When my brothers were small, nine to twelve or so. They would go into the woods and along the creek "trap" beaver or other small animals. The next day they had to make a second trip to see if they had anything. When they brought home the animal they would skin it and stretch it on these boards to dry. When the process was finished they could sell the pelts for a price. It sounds so cruel now.

Refrigerators came into being in the 1920's before that we had an icebox. It held a fifty-pound block of ice. In the winter Papa helped a neighbor cut the ice from the millpond. It was then carried and stored in sawdust in the neighbor's ice barn. Because my father had helped the neighbor with the work of harvesting the ice we could use all we needed throughout the year. When the ice melted in the icebox there was a basin to catch the water. That was poured out. Then we drove one half mile to get some more from the ice barn. That ice also became important in making homemade ice cream. Until the 1920's Mama churned to make her butter. Cream was put in a barrel like container with a handle going from one side to another. When the barrel was sealed we would use this handle to rock the barrel back and forth until the cream was butter and the remains was the best tasting buttermilk ever.

Each spring my father had the orchard sprayed for worms before the trees blossomed. We had a variety of apples there. The spray wagon was a huge greenish thing drawn by horses. I wish I could describe it more, but it is vague in my mind now.

Our telephone hung on the wall. The receiver hung on one side and in front of the phone was a black cone like microphone you spoke into. The receiver was lifted and the operator would say "number please"? you would give the number, and she would ring the number for you. The operator and all the neighbors on your line could listen in. You never had a private conversation and that's how gossip traveled. The phones changed around 1940. They became dial phones and no operator could listen in. The wall phones came down and the new phones sat on a table. The phones still had the receiver on the left. The dial was in the front towards the bottom. They were all black, not very attractive to look at. If one chose, they could hold the phone in the right hand while holding the receiver in the left hand. The designs changed around the 1970's to the digit style.

In the spring sheep had to be sheered. The fleece was laid all in one-piece inside out on a board, which had four hinged sides that could be brought up to make a box. Binder twine was threaded through slots in the box so as to tie the fleece into a square bundle. Then the four sides were let down and there would be a nice white bale of wool. Spring was also the season for newborn lambs. Sometimes there were twins and the mother would reject one. This one had to be mothered by humans. We got a big nipple and fastened it onto a bottle filled with milk so the lamb could nurse. Boy how her tail would wag as she



drank. Later the tails were docked to prevent maggots. Such lambs became great pets and would follow us everywhere. I remember having one of these until she was very old.

TRANSPORTATION

During 1917-1918 we had a pick-up truck and a touring car, that is a car with a roof but no windows. If it rained we put on curtains made of isinglass. I do not remember the horse, buggy and cutter days. Back on the farm I remember Ashley had a model T Ford which seemed to get him in a bit of trouble from time to time. I believe he built it himself. He drove it to high school. During his first year of high school Lavern drove a horse and buggy. Ashley would not ride with Lavern because he smelled of horse if he did. Lavern made him help unharness the horse and put it in the barn at school. Ashley felt the odor lingered on him and it probably did. So he walked until he had a car.

When I was in High School Papa converted one of our 1918 Buicks into another pick-up with an open cab. We had a Studebaker for the family car and this one had the latest inventions of four-wheel drive and roll up windows. I got to drive this car to school. Sometimes my mother would need the family car and Papa would take me in the pick-up. I was so ashamed to be seen in that truck. I made him drop me off a couple of blocks before the school so none of the kids would see me in it. Then another time I was being cute. Two of the girls, Dorothy Savery and Gertrude O'Brien were going to stay over the weekend with me, not an unusual thing. As we were leaving school to go home, we met my dad downtown in the truck. For fun we traded cars. What courage when there is someone to share the shame, or embarrassment with. We called it the "open air taxi" after a radio show of the time, "Amos and Andy". At that time the county was working on the roads and there were temporary culverts which made a hump every so often across the road. Well, we three were laughing and driving along at a much too fast pace and over the culverts we went without slowing down. Over about the second one the battery fell out of the car, of course I wasn't aware of it. The truck kept going until we were home. Well, along comes my dad behind us in the Studebaker. He picked up the battery. Were we ever surprised? We all had a good laugh over that for years to come. What fun it was!!

CYCLONE

In 1921, when I was five, a cyclone hit **only** our farm. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. My mother and I could see it coming from the west. I can still visualize that funnel in my mind's eye. Mama was waiting for me to return from school in the west. As soon as I got home we made for the cellar and just in time! The cyclone lifted the roof from the barn, took the pigpen, chicken coop, tool-shed, chimney from the house and blew down the windmill. Soon after that Papa built new outer buildings, a barn and a roof for the old barn. He replaced the windmill with a gasoline motor for pumping the water from the well.

I remember another cyclone, much worse, that ripped a path of destruction for miles along "the pavement" then called M17, now Interstate 91. It lifted houses, people, and even huge elm trees right out of the ground. One young girl

was carried through the air and when she landed was crippled. I met her years later. She was still in a wheelchair.

EARLY ENTERTAINMENT

Around 1920, when my brother Ashley was about 14 he made a radio. It was a crystal set. He kept it in his room upstairs. This was in the old part of the house so the floor was somewhat unsteady. We had to be careful when we walked so we wouldn't upset the crystal set. At first we listened to the radio with earphones. Later he improved it so two ear-sets could be used at once. There was just one station from Detroit, WWJ, "The Golden Tower of the Fischer Building." It broadcast just once a day; it was a music program. We were the first family in the area to have a radio. Family and friends came to listen to this new thing. In later years we had a battery set with a big "morning glory" horn. The batteries would run down after awhile but could be recharged. We often saved the battery for the big evening program "Amos and Andy".

My folks liked to go a lot. Sunday was the only time they could. Chris, our hired man would do the chores every other Sunday. How I hated those 6 o'clock chores, we would always have to leave early for home wherever we were to "do the chores." While we were away Chris who loved the hard cider would even creep into the cellar after the folks locked it up. He would be so drunk I don't know how he did those chores unless he got drunk afterwards. Other times when we arrived home the hogs would be rooting all over the place. They found a way to get through the fence. All of us would have to round them up and pen them in. Then the fence would have to be repaired. It seemed those pigs knew we were not home.

The folks had several couples to go places with. The Sherwin's, Kellogg's, and Speaglbergs to name a few. When they went with the Sherwin's, their four kids and I would stay home and play. Usually I went with them when they went with the other people. What else were they going to do with me? Never heard of baby sitters then. My dad liked fun things like rides etc. so I had a pretty good time with them. I usually had my four dolls in the back seat when it was just my parents and me. I got to see a lot of places most kids didn't see in those days.

My parents enjoyed the movies and stage shows so I got to go with them. The ones I liked and remembered most were "The Little Rascals" and "Ben Hur" on stage. Before the movies there was always a good stage show. One time there were Siamese twins attached at the hips. They performed and danced with a pair of normal twins. When I was twelve I saw my first "talkie", "Sonny Boy", with Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler. The first color picture I saw was "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" with Sylvia Sydney. I was excited to see the movies then and today they are still a major source of my entertainment.

CHILDHOOD ENTERTAINMENT

Before there were video games and television there was "nothing" for children to do, especially an "only child". It was a wonderful world of "nothing to do". I played with my dolls and sewed clothes for them. I sat under a pare tree in summer and read a lot. There were good stories in the Ladies Home Journal. I played Mumblety-peg. I took a small knife or jack knife and flipped it over one

hand. There were several tricks to it. I climbed trees, searched for four leaf clovers, made chains and necklaces from dandelions, made dolls from hollyhock flowers. I tried to catch butterflies from the lilac bush, and fireflies at night. I played in the haymow. I picked flowers and raspberries in the woods. Many evenings when neighbors and my brothers got together we played "hide and go seek" in the yard. In the fall we would rake the fallen leaves into piles and then run and jump in them. I played ball games by myself pretending there were kids with me. I was often on my bicycle. In the winter I ice skated and slid down hills with my sled. Sometimes my brother would pull me behind his "Tin Lizzy". There were few cars on the roads so it was not dangerous. In the summer some of us would swim in a creek or lake. I roller-skated at Grandma's because she had sidewalks. One February twenty first, I must have been quite small, my mother put me on my sled all bundled up to keep me warm, along with a box full of food to take to my grandparent's to celebrate my mother's and her father's birthday. We trudged through the snow for two miles. My dad picked us up in the car later for the ride home.

There was bible school in the summer. When I was in high school I rode my bike each day for two weeks to the church in Dexter to help the teachers.

BIRTHDAY PARTIES

I had many birthday parties. I especially remember the one when I turned six. Mama invited all the country kids my age and my Sunday school class, there were lots of kids. Since my birthday is in July she could have us outdoors under the walnut tree. One of the games she had us play was to find as many peanuts in the grass as we could. She would throw them up and let them scatter and drop. There would be a prize for the winner of each game.

I remember two gifts in particular. In those days it was the style to wear huge ribbons in the hair. One neighbor gave me a lovely pin for such a ribbon. The other was a cup and saucer Fern and her brother Doug gave me. Fern was one of my best friends for many years. Perhaps this cup and saucer was the start of my collection today.



HORSES

I always wanted to ride a horse. There was an apple tree near the driveway of our farmhouse. There was one huge branch that grew out parallel to the ground and then upward. I used to climb up on that and pretend I was riding a horse. I tied binder twine over the limb and put loops at each end for my feet like stirrups. The only problem was, the horse didn't move! When I was older, my father, on several occasions put me on one of the Belgian horses. Well, my legs were straight out like I was doing the splits. The horse was so wide. It was not very successful as that big old thing frightened me, even though he was very gentle.

When I went to live in Ann Arbor after high school I took riding lessons at a stable. As a teenager I read a lot of the Zane Gray books and thought it would be so romantic to ride in the west. In the west they use the western or working saddle, quite different from the English saddle I learned on. You don't "post" on the western saddle.



During the 1940's the horses began to disappear around the farms. On several occasions I had the privilege of driving the horses that pulled the hay loader which took the hay from the ground and loaded it onto the wagon bed. This was more fun for me than necessity. There were men to do this job but I wanted it. There were three layers of hay, with a sling placed between each layer. The front of the wagon had a ladder and as the hay got higher and higher one would climb to the top while holding the reins of the horses. When the load was finished we drove up the lane, up the barn bridge and into the barn. We unhitched the horses then hitched them behind the wagon by some apparatus connected to the slings. The horses were hitched to the wagon by a Whipple tree. As we drove them down the barn bridge it would pick up a sling and slide it across the top of the barn inside, on a track where someone in the haymow would trip a rope and down would come the hay. This was done three times. After each trip of the sling the hay was spread around the haymow.

ACCIDENT

When I was four I got my left forefinger caught in the cogwheels of a fanning mill which was used to separate the chaff from the grain. That fanning mill was painted red and operated by hand. Some of the family was working in the barn. I was told to stay away from it but of course I did not obey. You know, I do not remember that time at all, only what I have been told and I have a scared finger to prove it. That machine was always in the barn as long as I can remember. Probably got sold for an antique.

PROGRESS

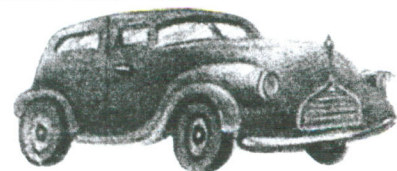
As in other things in my lifetime, prices have changed. I remember one Easter in 1928 that Papa paid seven dollars for a new dress for me. That was extravagant. Seldom did a child's dress cost more than three dollars. There were stores, called "Dime Stores". Most everything was ten cents, later the "Dollar Stores". All things were one dollar never more than that. These stores carried almost everything one needed. Stamps for letters were 3 cents. Bread was ten cents a loaf, milk ten cents a quart. My mother got ten cents a dozen for her eggs, which were gathered from the flock of chickens, she raised from chicks.

My brother, Ashley bought a new Chevrolet car for six hundred dollars. My other brother, Laverne on another farm, paid his hired men the going price of two or three dollars a week, plus room and board.

I saw the combine take the place of the thrasher. Once a year the neighbors would come help thrash the wheat and oats. We had a huge meal or two for everyone. My father and brothers would help the neighbors in turn.

Cameras became vogue in the 1920's. First the box camera then the folding ones with bellows called Kodak. Next the Instamatic with zoom lenses and various options as technology advanced. Film started in black and white then color, which became better and better. Mama was an avid picture taker.

In my lifetime both the radio and the television were invented. After the battery radio came a table model that looked like a huge clock. Then they progressed into large floor models. Televisions came in about 1949. The first television was a cabinet with a screen that was about six inches square and had





only black and white pictures. In the early 1960's color was introduced and the screens began to get larger. We got our first television in 1951. It had a 19-inch screen. The programs were English movies, sitcoms, and the children's favorite "Cecil and Beanie". Next came the videocassette recorder.

I lived during the development of cars, from touring to closed cars. From Papa's 1918 Buick to my brothers Model T. Larry and I had a Willies. After WW II it was hard to find a car because none were manufactured at that time. We had a Chevrolet, Rambler, Station wagon, Oldsmobile Delta 88, Omega, Cutless Supreme, and a Lincoln Sable. After the Delta 88 they all had power everything.

Until around 1950 everyone, going anywhere, traveled by train. The steam trains became diesel and much faster and streamlined in appearance. We heard about the new diesel train arriving in Dexter. My, the crowd that was at the station to see it whiz by!

In the middle of the nineteenth century the sewing machine came into homes, first driven by a hand wheel then by foot pedals. You worked the pedal with your foot and that drove the wheel, which moved the needle. It seems to me that when hooked up to electricity sewing machines today operate by the same basic principle they did eighty years ago without the manual application.

In the winter there was wood to be cut in the forest after which it was hauled to the orchard in back of the house. There the logs were sawed up into small pieces by a sawmill. Neighbors would help with that. One time Papa had three fingers nearly cut off and bore the scars the rest of his life.

A new device called the calculator was invented which replaced the adding machine. Since then there are a lot of electronic "thing-a-majigs" I have not caught up with or find necessary to use as yet, such as computers, e-mail, the web and internet. The charge cards entered our lives. Now we can buy now and pay later, we do not need to carry a lot of money anymore. However many people have got into trouble by over charging, it is so easy to spend.

As in other things in my lifetime, prices have changed. I remember one Easter in 1928 that Papa paid seven dollars for a new dress for me. That was extravagant. Seldom did a child's dress cost more than three dollars. Stamps for letters were three cents. Bread was ten cents a loaf, milk ten cents a quart. My mother got ten cents a dozen for her eggs she gathered from the flock of chickens she raised from chicks. My brother bought a new Chevrolet car for six hundred dollars. Another brother on another farm paid his farm help (hired men) the going price of two or three dollars a week, plus room and board. There were stores, called "Dime Stores". Most everything was ten cents, later the "Dollar Stores". All things were one dollar, never more. These stores carried almost everything one needed.

LIVING IN TOWN 1926

In the 1930's Dexter had a population of about 800. It is 8 miles from Ann Arbor MI. Dexter is where many of the surrounding farmers come to shop. As you enter the town from the South you cross a bridge over Mill Creek. As you enter from the North you cross a bridge over the Huron River. The center main street is about two blocks long. The stores are located on either side. At one end of town the street divides into two. In between is a small park on which once stood a monument to the Civil War Veterans of Dexter. A Civil War cannon was

mounted at the point of that park. Both have since been removed to the American Legion. While we were in Dexter Papa worked for the Washtenaw County Roads. They were good years for my parents because the work was lighter then on the farm and they had more time to enjoy things.

One of the years when we were living in Dexter Papa had a vacation. The three of us drove up north to the "Soo", Sault Saint Marie where the Locks are. They connect Lake Superior to Lake Huron. We were invited to go on a boat and ride through the Locks on the Sault Saint Marie River. We thought that was a special treat. Mama was afraid. She stayed behind. She was always timed around water. Afterwards we crossed the straits on a Ferry to St. Ignace. I was impressed to see Indian Teepees there. In the 1960's the Mackinaw Bridge was built across the Straits where Lakes Michigan and Huron meet. This connected the upper and lower peninsulas. On our return we decided to go to Indiana and visit Musseta. She was the widow of my mother's brother George. None of us had met her before. Lloyd, their son was our cousin. He had been to Dexter to visit his relatives. Uncle George had been killed some years before. Lloyd was killed in Saipan in WW II. On this trip we were driving our Studebaker. We took a tent and cooking and camping gear that we used each night. One night we stayed in, I suppose you'd say, one of the first of its kind, a motel. It was small with cooking facilities. The stove was questionable. There were no rugs and only cots to sleep on. Not much comfort as I remember.

While we were in Dexter I attended the Dexter school; I did not like it very much. I can't remember just why, I guess too many kids. This brings me up to the age of eleven or twelve. I was good on my roller skates and scooter. I frightened many of the pedestrians. I would surprise them by coming up from behind, real close and then skirting around and missing them. I was a real thriller. I think people were pretty disgusted with me.

In Winter I could do a "belly smasher" on my sled at the school on top of the hill and ride all the way down right into our driveway. We were just two houses from the corner at the foot of the hill: the same hill where my mom and dad first met while they were sledding.

I was taking music lessons before we moved to Dexter, from the time I was eight. One night on our way to Dexter from the farm, Mama and I got stuck in the mud right in the middle of the road. The roads were not then cared for by the county as they were later. Mama got out and pushed and shoved while she had me sit in the driver's seat to put on the gas but to no avail. Finally she got a brown shawl from the car (I can remember that shawl and I have pictures of her with it on) and put it under one of the rear wheels. She got in the car, stepped on the gas, and off we went. I don't know how we returned because there was only one rut for the wheels to drive in and the rut certainly did not go away. Mamma was always very resourceful.

RETURNING TO THE FARM

After two years we moved back to the farm. I was so glad to be back at the country school. There were only ten of us in the whole school.

Good friends of my folks, the Sherwin's moved on the farm just west of ours. Margaret is one of the friends I always kept in touch with. She has visited

me in California several times. She died from cancer in 1987. The four Sherwin kids knew how to swim because they had lived near the Huron River before. Now I was allowed to go to the creek or the BBBB (Bare Butt Bathing Beach). I learned to swim in the creek in short order right along with the bloodsuckers and cows. The BBBB was better than the creek. There were no cows although there were bloodsuckers in the shallow water near the edge. Those of us brave enough to use the diving board Ashley made, could avoid the bloodsuckers. They got between our toes mostly. They were black slippery things. We had to pull them off one by one. They did not hurt.

This part of the creek was wider and up to ten feet deep. It was deep enough to dive from a springboard. I don't clearly remember, but there was a dam, which made it a great place to swim and play. The dam may have been built by Ashley, some older boys or by beavers. I wonder if anyone ever swims there anymore?

We had other friends besides the Sherwin's. They were Dorothy Savery, the Bates girls, and Dorothy and Louise from a couple of farms north on Parker Road. They would come over and we would walk to the creek across the plowed field, difficult and dirty to walk on, Ashley got a small boat. He upturned it so we could play King of the Mountain on it. That was the greatest fun. Sometimes Mama would drive us. She would stay and watch us. She laughed a lot at us. Sometimes she'd worry we would never come up from under the water. As always, Mama was fearful of water.

I would go early and stay late at school. I would play "tip" a forerunner of softball. I never got enough of these sports. I had a bicycle and my mother said, "if I didn't know where you were I could look down the road and there you would be, on your bicycle."

SCHOOL

When I was five (1921) I started in first grade. I started with three other neighbors. One, Dorothy Savery-Murphy is still my friend. I had a good teacher for the first three years, named Miss Beach who later married the brother of Merl Bradbury-Coy, my sister-in-law.

It was a one-room schoolhouse named Easton School after some early settlers. I had a mile and a quarter to walk, no matter what the weather, snow, rain or sunshine. In the spring there were big ruts because of the rain.

The school had a woodshed at the back. It had a round, tall stove to keep us warm in the winter. There were two "out-houses", one for girls and one for boys. We entered the building into a hall. At the end of the hall was an open room with shelves for dinner pales, gloves, paper etc. The dinner pales were aluminum colored and round, maybe seven inches in diameter and eight inches from cover to bottom with a wire handle from side to side. On the walls were hooks to hang clothing on. The boys on one side and girls on the other. Inside there were blackboards, charts, and maps to pull down. On the walls were pictures of Washington, a general from WWI and other patriots. Our library consisted of a cupboard with shelves. There was a foot pedal organ that the teacher played songs such as as "Michigan My Michigan", "My Country Tis' of Thee", The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and many others. Afterwards we pledged allegiance to our flag. Our desks were fastened to the floor and had



inkwells. We kept our books and paper inside the desks. They were like benches with a back. They had room for 2 students. Our teacher had a desk in front along with a long bench where she would call each grade up for their lesson. There were eight grades and about 18 pupils.

We had one "round oak" stove to heat the whole room. It was fed by chunks of wood from the woodshed in back of the room. There were benches set around the stove to sit on. We would put our scarves, gloves and overshoes there to dry, after we played in the snow.

Two boys rode bicycles to school. I learned to ride on one of those bikes and later had my own. Outside there was a pump for drinking water. In the warm weather we played outside during recess. One of my favorite games was Tip. This was played with a sponge ball, a lot like baseball except the bat was your hand and the ball was thrown at a player to get them out. Other things we played were Andy-I-over, Red Light, and Swings.

In the winter I could skate to school if it was icy, with my clamp on skates. There was a huge hill near school. We used to ride our sleds down during the noon hour. I had a good sled that I could steer. Most sleds couldn't be steered. It was a Flexible Flyer. We wore long underwear; leggings made of wool fastened to our garters, which were attached to a garment from shoulders to waist. I don't know how the boys fastened theirs. We wore scarves around our necks and faces so only our eyes were free. We wore gloves and mittens over them, a warm hat pulled over our ears, and overshoes called "four buckled articks". It took a lot of energy to dress and undress.

It was fun making angels in the snow. We would lie on our backs without disrupting the fresh snow then swing our arms and legs across the snow. When we got up the snow looked like it was an angel. We played Fox and Geese. We made a huge circle with our feet, crossed it twice like cutting a pie in quarters, and had a small round base in the center, which was "safe", and you couldn't get tagged. Only one person could be on the base at a time. One person would be it and if they caught someone that new person was it. If we couldn't go outside we played inside games. These included checkers, dominoes, pick up sticks and cards.

One cold winter day on my way home from school I foolishly decided to walk "cross lot". I wanted to walk across a frozen pond. All was fine until I noticed a clear spot shaped like a chair. Of course I had to try walking on it. Well, it wasn't solid so down I went waist high in cold, cold water. Some how I managed to crawl out. I had to go about 50 yards to the orchard, climb the fence and cross the backyard and finally reach the house. By now I was a huge icicle from the waist down and moving my legs was getting harder and harder. In the kitchen my mother got a wash tub ready. I stepped in it with all my clothes on. She poured a pale of cold water all over me. It thawed the ice. Then I took off the clothes and she got another tub and put warm water in it to warm me up. If there had been more water in that pond the results would have been quite different. I probably wouldn't have been able to pull myself out.

HIGH SCHOOL

In the 1950's the country schools were consolidated to the Dexter School System. I was 14 when I entered High School. I went to the Dexter School two

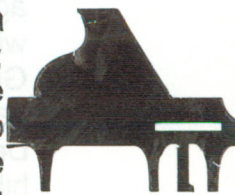


miles away, which had grades 1-12. One Sunday, Mama, Papa and I were out joy riding. Suddenly Papa stopped in the middle of the road, you could then, not much traffic, and said, "If you are going to High School in September you'd better learn to drive". He had me sit behind the wheel and away we went. I knew every maneuver of driving the car because Papa adjusted the breaks on the car himself while I sat inside and operated the brakes. He taught me all about driving the car while sitting there waiting for his "now step on the brake". I would go through all the driving motions so when I really drove I knew what to do. It was all familiar. I drove our Studebaker to school that September. I was to leave it at my grandparents and walk up the hill to school. That was all right for a time, but eventually I began to sneak it all the way to school and down to the softball field. The folks didn't fuss much when I was found out so it was all right from then on. I even sneaked it into Ann Arbor with several of my friends one time. I was the only person with a car in our class. I couldn't let the girls know I wasn't allowed to drive to Ann Arbor, now could I? Well a sinner always gets caught. Who should I meet on the way but Aunt Ruth and Uncle Ernie. They tattled on me before I got home. It seemed they always delighted in getting me in trouble. Again the folks weren't too upset and so from then on I drove everywhere. Just had to break the ice. I did not have a license until I was 17. It just wasn't required yet.

High school years hold fond memories for me. Of course there was a certain amount of rebellion too. Our class of 1934 had twenty-four members when we started. Four years later only fifteen graduated. We had many parties at our house. Mostly they were sleigh ride parties. When the weather permitted we would get my dad to drive us with his horses and sleigh from Dexter to our house, two miles. One time a bad snowstorm came up unexpectedly, during the evening. Some of the kids had to stay all night because they couldn't get through until the snow was cleared from the roads in the morning. There were only a couple of cars to take a few at a time. Those that left earlier made it home to Dexter. We always had lots of hot chocolate and sandwiches prepared by Mama. I used to put her to a lot of trouble, like a last minute call from school. "Could we come out tonight and could Papa bring the sleigh and horses"? There was not a lot of time to prepare. Something kids just expected of their parents. The sudden decision to have a sleigh ride party depended on the snowfall. Papa had to fill the bobsled full of hay and get the horses ready. I had great parents; they never complained and probably enjoyed it all. At these parties we played the piano and sang to the popular songs of the 30's. Someone was always able to play the piano. Some of our favorite songs during the 1930's and 40's were "Empty Saddles", "Love In Bloom", "White Christmas", sung by "Der Bingo", Bing Crosby. Others we liked were "Shuffle Off To Buffalo", "Wagon Wheels", "The Valley Of The Moon", "Play To Me Gypsy", "Broadway Melody", and "The Waltz You Saved For Me", which was the same tune as our class song.

We had a lot of events at school. We had card parties; we invited the public to come. It was to make money for our class graduation trip. I supervised the ingredients for the five gallons of ice cream, the boys cranked it, and some of the girls would bring cake to go with it.

I was very "Coy" in high school; I was so tall, five feet eight and a half inches. No kids in Dexter School were that tall and it affected my personality for some time to come.



I had a number of good girl friends. Namely, Fern Van Aken, Dorothy Savery, Dorothy and Louise Bates, Jerry Gause, Gertrude O'Brien and Margaret Sherwin. These were buddies, others were casual friends. I dated several of the boys and a couple were just good friends, but never a steady.

During and after the High School years ice-skating was a favorite sport with many of us. We skated on the Mill Pond by the bridge as you enter Dexter from the west. Also it was adjacent to the home of the Steinbach's. They had a son our age, Chuck. They put up a floodlight so we could skate at night and have parties. We would build a huge bon-fire on the bank so we could warm up now and again. Burrrr, it could be cold.

One Christmas during the depression, Ashley gave me a snowsuit. It was all wool. The next Christmas he gave me my first shoe skates. Once after skating a long time I let my toes get too cold. It caused me to get chill blades. That is very painful!

Our Dexter High School did not have a gym. The girls had a softball team sponsored by the school. I was the pitcher. How I did enjoy that game. Later when I was living and working in Ann Arbor, I also played on a city softball team. I played a lot of tennis both in Dexter and in Ann Arbor. In my later years I played and loved, volley ball. I was pretty good in sports but not exceptional, I just loved to play the games.

After graduation in 1934 we went on a train to the Chicago Fair. Fern and I went up in an amphibious plane, my first flight. After much persuasion, I could usually persuade Fern to do these daring things with me. We giggled a lot about many things. We also went on the roller coaster that was a thrill. As you came down on one of the high parts, it seemed we would go right into Lake Michigan.

I was so disappointed that the class didn't have enough money to go to Washington DC. or have a prom as most of the classes before us. The next year I did go to Washington DC. With the 1935 class in which I had several friends. Since the bus wasn't full they took extra people. It cost \$25.00 for the entire trip for one week. I was able to use the money I had worked for the year before. We stopped at Youngstown, Ohio to see the hanger for the dirigibles. This is where I had my second airplane ride and I talked Fern into going up that time too, much against her better judgment. The plane was small with an open cockpit. The wind whipped our hair and really tangled it. We weren't ready for that. I saw the Graf Zeppelin twice. One time at night as it flew over our farm. The lights of each window made it look like a train in the air. A day or so later it flew over Dexter in the daytime. The Dexter School allowed all of us to go to the top of the hill and watch it. A couple of years later it burned and many died.

CHURCH

Our family first attended the St. James Episcopal Church in Dexter. This was the church where all the Coy's were christened including my father, brothers and I. My parents were married there. When my brothers needed to be confirmed there were no classes for them because the church was small. We began going to the Methodist Church that my mother's family had belonged to. We continued to attend the Episcopal Church in the evening but we really ended up being raised in the Methodist Church.

One Saturday night in 1925 the old Church steeple was struck by lightning during a thunderstorm. It burned down completely. There was no fire department but a great effort to save it was made by the townspeople. All they had was a bucket brigade.

All of us took part in activities. My mother sang in the choir for over fifty years. She was first alto. In 1936 she had the honor of singing in a quartet for the memorial service for Senator Copeland of New York. He was born, raised, attended school, and the Methodist Church in Dexter. He was the author of the first Pure Food and Drug Act for the United States. He had a medical degree from the University of Michigan. His sister still lived in Dexter. Every summer he came home to visit. In 1936 he attended church and burned up the mortgage on the new Church. He died of a heart attack the following Friday.

Papa was a member of the official board as well as many other committees. I had a nursery class; those three years olds were so cute. I played piano in Sunday school and for Epworth League, which was a young people's group. This was a great time in my life.

I belonged to the young peoples group called Epworth League. We also had parties at our house. One such party got a bit rough with a certain game we were playing. Delwin Sherwin went through a big window in our living room. It was winter and cold. My dad hung a blanket over the window until he could get to town the next day and replace it.

Our Methodist Church in Dexter combined with the one at North Lake. I made several good friends there. Ruth and Ellis Boyce, Mildred Noah and Holten Kinsley were some of my best friends from there. Mildred and Holten later married. I see them each time I go to MI.

After Epworth League some of us would drive to the Dexter Park, two or three miles along the Huron River. Several cars would just drive around and around. Sometimes we stopped and just visited. Several were girl and boy friends. I was usually with Ellis. We seemed to like each other. This was our entertainment. We needed to be together and just laugh and have fun. None of us had much money. We pooled for gasoline and for ice cream cones. One would have a dime, another a quarter or five cents. It seemed to just make it for each of us. Gasoline was 15 cents a gallon. A huge double cone was five cents.

DEPRESSION YEARS

During the depression years life was tough for Papa and a lot of people. Prices for farmers were low. One year my dad could not raise the second cutting of hay for the animals, so he had to buy hay in Ohio. Papa worried those years but he made it through without having to go in debt. Banks closed for three months. No one could get his or her money out. Papa sold a calf for seven dollars just to buy me a class ring. I can't even guess how much that same calf would bring today. Hundreds more probably. We always had plenty to eat and the necessities of life but few luxuries. Papa helped a neighbor with food when they were down and out. We made our own entertainment and had lots of laughter.

In 1934 I worked in the pathology department at the University of Michigan. I was a file clerk and typist. I saw several autopsies. Most of our typing was recording the autopsies. One of my jobs was to check out the brains of the

current cadaver. The brain was dropped into a white pail with a top on it. I would open the top and see the brain and make a note that the brain was in the pail and was on its way to Simpson Memorial where research was done. I found out secretarial work was not for me. Too much sitting. During high school I had done a lot of finger waving for my friends. I found I had a talent for it. Mrs. Rattii, a technician in Pathology gave me the idea to go to Cosmetology School. My parents gave me the \$100 to go to Alexandria's School of Cosmetology for 9 months in Ann Arbor. There I met Faye Kingsten and began to stay with her and her mother to save the 9-mile drive every day. We took our exams together in Detroit. We both passed. We still keep in touch. I started working in Ann Arbor, going from one shop to another searching for a better job until I started working for Ruth on Liberty St. I worked there six years. After graduation I lived in a small apartment on Division St. in Ann Arbor with a girlfriend from Dexter, Jerry Gause. She died in 1985. The apartment had two rooms with a bath down the hall. It cost thirty dollars a month. I enrolled at the U. of M. but went only one semester for basic requirements. I also had swimming and diving instruction in the interest of becoming a Physical Education Teacher. I decided it would take too many years going part time before I could teach. I had a hard time finding an interest in subjects not related to PE. It was boring and I had much more going for me at the time. Cosmetology paid much better. I did this for ten years until I married Larry.

While I was in Cosmetology School I met Raymond Wenk. One of my classmates, Lucile Kuhl introduced us. In 1937 we were married. We were divorced three years later. I was 24 then. Those were hard times while we were married. Ray and I barely made enough to live on and at one time had to move in with my folks for awhile.

One summer, Ray, Faye, her husband and I rented a cottage at Portage Lake near Dexter. Ray and I stayed on for the winter. The oil stove quit on us in the middle of a very cold night. We tried everything to keep warm, Finally about 2 AM we got in the car and drove to my folks. We did have a good time that summer and winter at the cottage. We had lots of company swimming and ice skating parties.

In 1940 Ray found someone he liked better than me and left but that someone ditched him a few weeks later. I always stayed friends with his parents and his half sister, Amanda. They thought I was OK, and I liked them. Later after I met and married Larry, I used to say, "Ray did me a favor when he left".

WWII YEARS 1941-1945

In 1941 when WWII broke out I was ill with the flu. I had a date to go skiing that day but had to stay home in the apartment. Soon after the news hit the radio my date came bursting in. "Have you heard the news? Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, we are at war with Japan", he shouted. Lois and I did not have the radio on. We were speechless. I thought, How dare a little country like that attack our great United States? With eagerness we now turned on the radio to hear any and all developments. What will happen now? This will change a lot of lives.

Many women went to work in the factories for the first time and were able to have more material things then ever before. This released the men to go and



fight. As a result, my work was booming and I was making a very good income. I was free and could afford to do some of the many things I always wanted to do.

I moved to Hollywood California. I worked for Vegas, an airplane factory. I was a spot welder. I welded wings and toilets. I did this for 7 months. This was my small contribution to the war effort. Next I moved to San Diego and experienced my first earthquake. It was morning. I was alone and having my coffee. It was a good one but there was not a lot of damage. It probably lasted less than a minute but a minute during a quake is like forever, it is really scary.

On the street in San Diego you never saw a man out of uniform. Most of them were in the Navy. I dated a Navy guy for a few months.

I returned to Hollywood where my Army friend and I visited many radio shows, "Breakfast At Tiffany's", and "The Brown Derby" which were the places to "be". We went to the Palladium and danced to the big bands. We went to the beach in Santa Monica on the trolley called "The Red Car" which is no longer there. We went swimming in the world famous Biminey Hot pools, maybe four or five pools all with different temperatures. Since then they have been drained and The Racing Form building was erected on the site.

I sometimes rode a horse in Griffith Park. I knew a stable hand at Griffith Park who didn't have time to exercise his horse. He asked me if I could ride the horse for him. The horse was a better horse than I was a rider. If he heard hooves coming up behind us he would take off and it caused quite a problem. I rode him a lot. Only fell off one time!

During my two weeks vacation I set out to see the southwest part of the USA. I had a burning desire to travel, to see the scenarios and people and how they lived in all parts of the United States and hoped eventually to travel abroad. My first trip had been in 1935 to Washington DC. Raymond and I had honeymooned as far south as Chattanooga Tennessee.

There were other things I aspired to, including sports. I had a routine each day or evening after work depending on the time of year. I swam, played softball on a city team, played tennis, ice-skated and rode a bicycle along the Huron River in the spring. It was so beautiful then. I usually rode horses on Sundays with a group. While still in Ann Arbor I lived with one of several girlfriends. During this time I would often go to the farm to see my parents. I would actually be lonesome for the farm. That was a contrast from how I thought when I was growing up. I also visited my brother and his family. Their farm was west of Ann Arbor and South of Dexter. I loved to be around his babies. His home was my second home. Many times I took my girlfriends home for my visits. Now I look back and realize what a wholesome good life I had growing up on the farm.

In 1942 I decided I wanted to do something different and adventurous. I went with two girlfriends for a two-week vacation out west. One of the girls had a car which we used. One week we stayed on a Dude Ranch in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. The next spring I took off for California by bus, via New Orleans and Texas. I went alone because none of my friends had the nerve to leave home and security.

I stayed a while on the Island of Galveston near Houston, Texas. While there I was treated for Impetigo on my face. The Doctor thought I might have caught it on the bus seats where you head rests.

After I healed and had a few swims in the Gulf of Mexico I moved on to New Orleans. I traveled with Mary whom I had met on the bus from Chicago. Neither one of us had made reservations in New Orleans. I had planned to stay in the YWCA. I was inexperienced and didn't realize I needed reservations, especially during wartime. So many people moving about following their military husbands or whatever. When Mary and I arrived at the New Orleans bus terminal it was late at night. We hailed a taxi for a ride to the YWCA. The driver warned us "you might not find an empty bed". In fact there were no vacancies in any hotel in the city. "No room at the Inn." Well!! The Taxi driver was right, so we had him take us back to the terminal. What shall we do? Mary and I were standing and talking about what to do when a young man just through with his shift, must have overheard us and felt sorry for us. He came to us and introduced himself and said, "I have a car and I can take you to a hotel where I have a friend who manages it. It is not a very good one but just might accommodate you for the night." Mary and I, being a bit leery discussed whether this was a good idea. The young man appeared honest and there were two of us so we decided to go. What choice did we have? As I reflect upon that evening I marvel at what a kind hearted person that young man was. He went way out of his way; he was an angel of mercy.

The hotel was, to say the least, a dive. We did get a room, only large enough for a double bed but we were thankful to be inside for the night. In the morning, Mary and I went our separate ways. She had relatives to look up and I to find a more desirable and permanent place. I did find a room I could rent in a home of a woman who had a couple more roomers. A few days later my landlady asked me, "Do you mind if I spray your closet and room?" "Why" I said rather indignantly. She countered with "I found bed bugs in your bed this morning when I made it". I couldn't believe my ears. How embarrassing! I thought, I am not a dirty person, how could this be? Upon some discussion we both came to the conclusion that I had brought them with me from that horrible hotel. Of course I was delighted for the landlady to spray the ugly little beasts.

I had a job typing for two weeks. Then I decided to move on to California. I moved by bus. I ended up in the bus station in Los Angeles. After asking around for directions I got on a trolley car (later the T cars were discontinued, a big mistake) and found my way to Aunt Ellen's. She was pretty disoriented by now. I got in touch with her son, Horton my cousin who lived in Burbank. Horton and Alma were glad to see me. It had been many years. He went to the bus station and retrieved my luggage.

Horton installed electric elevators in public buildings. He was an electrician. His job took him all over California and other states including Alaska. One of the elevators he installed is at Hoover Dam in Nevada.

I got a job as a spot welder at an airplane plant in Burbank called Vegas. It later consolidated with Lockheed. I also rented a room in Hollywood on Franklin Ave. with a woman and her two girls. I took a bus to work. While working at Vegas I became good friends with Salley, a friendship that lasted until she died in 1995.

Horton and Alma were in Alaska when Aunt Ellen became ill. I called Horton and he asked me if I would stay and take care of her. I did for three weeks. I found a convalescent home for her and returned home to Michigan in

Dec. 1943. I knew my parents were retiring from the farm and Lavern was taking over so I wanted to be there for our last Christmas on the farm. I took a train to Ann Arbor and a taxi to the farm. I had not told them that I was returning. When they saw me you could have blown them over with a feather, they were that surprised.

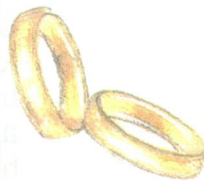
In route to Michigan I visited a cousin of Alma's in Victoria, British Columbia for two weeks. I met an interesting young man on the ship crossing over Puget Sound from Washington. He was stationed in Victoria at Pat Bay. He was a British subject. He lived in British Honduras now Belize. We had several dates during that two weeks. We corresponded for awhile. When I married Larry I wrote him a "Dear John" letter. When I arrived in Ann Arbor, I went back to work at my old job in Ruth's Beauty Shop until the following Jan. of 1945.

MARRIAGE

After my successful wandering about the country seeing the sights I had so longed to see, I felt secure about traveling alone. Next I took off with two girlfriends to Miami Florida. After a couple of weeks of enjoying the beaches I met Larry Mallon. The next day he brought me a conch shell, which he had picked up, in South America. He had spent three and a half years there during W.W.II. Today that shell is one of my most precious possessions. We went to an old quarry swimming pool, which I had known about. It was a lovely place. Our courtship was short. We both wanted to settle down and have a family. We were both married before and older, 28 and 31. So guess what! Seven days after we met we were married. We were in Miami until April when Larry was moved to Morrison Field in West Palm Beach. I got a job in an office on the base where Larry was. He dropped by my desk often and would bring me an ice cream cone. It was one of my cravings since I was pregnant with our first son. We called him the "Little Rebel". Get it!! He was conceived in the South. Larry and I had a lot of fun those months until October.

Many things were rationed during the War, gasoline, tires, shoes, sugar, paper goods, and liquor. We hitchhiked to the field every morning. It was no trouble hitching a ride. Gas and tires were rationed so anyone with a car was asked to pick up people that worked or were stationed at the airfield. We were usually picked up at the bus stop. There were busses but as we were at the end of their trip the busses would be full. We were often passed up until the next one. There was no fear about hitchhiking then. Today no one would dare do this because you could get robbed or killed.

VE day (end of the War with Europe) was in August of 1945. All kinds of rumors were circulating among the men in the Forces as to when they would be mustered out of service. It was finally decided to let them out by time served overseas and action seen. Larry was in the third "wave". He had been in service overseas three and a half years. In the meantime until the mustering out could begin to function, many of the men were allowed a furlough or leave but had to return after thirty days. When I was seven months pregnant Larry decided to have me go home to Michigan. He would meet me there in a week or so. This would be a good opportunity to meet my family. We were there a couple of weeks when he decided to take me to California before I was any further along in



my pregnancy. He had a job to report to when he got out of the service. We would need that as soon as possible. He was a pressman for the "Daily Racing Form" where his father was Foreman. Eventually Larry became the Foreman and worked there until 1981, 50 years.

We drove a car to California for some people in Ann Arbor who were moving there. It was their second car. Larry took me to his parent's home in Hollywood. It was impossible to find an apartment, especially with a baby. We ended up staying with them for a year.

Charley Coy was born nearly a month early on December 26th at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood. The doctor was Leon Shulman. It was a long and painful labor. Charley was turned upside down.

Things were not going well between the Mallon's and me. After a year, Charley and I returned to Michigan. After we were gone three months Larry found a place in San Fernando Valley. It was a converted group of barracks set up for returned veterans who weren't able to find anywhere else to live. It was in a town called Romulous and our place was called Basilone Homes after a war hero. There was a shortage of homes for returning veterans. California had a lot of jobs but no building had gone on since the war.

The Apartment had three rooms. We made friends there and were happy for two years. I am still friends with the Anson family. Francie is a traveling companion. They moved to Van Nuys and we moved to Monterey Park. While living in Basilone Homes I became pregnant with our second son, Timothy. Six weeks after Timothy Lawrence was born we bought a triplex at 500 Riggin St., Monterey Park. We found it through a co-worker of Larry's, Stan Heabert who bought one down the street. We lived there until 1953.

In 1948 cars were like houses, not available since they were not manufactured during the war. We managed to find a Willies. Later Larry's folks and we each bought a new Chevrolet. It was among the first batches to come off the assembly line after the war. It cost us \$1,800. A few years later Larry's mother gave us her car. That was the beginning of our having two cars. In November 1948 my folks visited us until April. I was so thrilled and happy to have them come out to visit.

CALIFORNIA

My parents came to California to see their new grandsons. I know they were anxious to see them. My parents were around 70 years old at that time and could still walk a lot. They got around Los Angeles by themselves when we couldn't go with them. Everyone around us was amazed at how Papa drove around the streets. There were no freeways at the time.

It cost them \$75.00 to drive out here in their model A Ford. Now it costs over \$300.00 to fly. They carried food provisions with them. Most of the motels were complete with kitchens. The large chain motels had not started up yet. My parents were so good with the boys. Papa read the children's books over and over to Charley. Charley, then three, followed him everywhere and mimicked his every move. They visited my cousin Horton and many friends they knew that had moved out here.

We sold the triplex and built a new home at 2360 Ferdinand Ave. I didn't move out of that house until 1995. I am still good friends with our neighbors in Monterey Park, the Gantz's, Chevalier's, Benitez's and the Lundsford's.

Larry's folks were fond of the children. They would have each one stay with them one day of the week. Larry worked near their house so he could drop them off and pick them up on the way home.

In 1950 Isabell's brother Albert and wife Tina came from Kansas to visit. We took a trip to see the Grand, Brice, and Zion Canyons. Charley had just started kindergarten so he stayed behind with our tenants. Albert made a lot over Timothy who was two. Albert made up a lot of stories about a little boy named Timothy. Timothy was quite interested and stayed happy during the long drive. We enjoyed taking day and weekend outings throughout the Southwest. Usually we found a place to swim and picnic. We saw a lot of the country.

In 1951 I became pregnant with our daughter, Jennifer. However this did not hold me back when we decided we could afford a trip to Michigan. I had not been back for six years and I tell you I was fit to be tied with the thrill of seeing my family and Michigan again.

VISITING FAMILY

We made the grand tour of Larry's family in Kansas including Albert and Tina. Indeed, Larry saw some of his cousins for the first time. We went from home to home. One night Aunt Rachel, Isabell's sister had a whole bunch of relatives to her house for a ham dinner. I really became aquatinted with the Mallon clan. In Michigan we visited all my friends. Also some came to see us at my parent's. Of course everyone thought we had two of the most beautiful and charming sons ever. We were proud of them. Joan, my eldest niece had just had her second girl, Sue Ann. She and Jennifer have always been close friends since they were only 7 months apart in age.

FERDINAND YEARS

After we moved to our new house on Ferdinand our Christmases in California were pretty quiet for a few years. There was only Larry's parents with us. Larry had no brothers and sisters. In 1955 my niece Audrey, husband Allyn and baby Cameron came to live in California. At Christmas we all got together for dinner and small gifts. A few years later, my grandniece, Cheryl moved out here, married and had two girls. They joined us for Christmas. Our kids grew up and we all started to go our own ways for Christmas. In 1971 Charley and Karen were married. They were with us for only one Christmas. They moved all over the states so we couldn't always be together. Timothy was living in Seattle and could not always be home. Jennifer lives with her family in San Diego and we usually have Christmas with them. Sometimes the boys make it home.

The next years were filled with Larry going to work and I doing the things a mother does in raising her children. I sewed for all of us, making suits for the boys and clothes for Jennifer and me. I was active in PTA until 1970 and was awarded a life membership. I was also a leader in Cub Scouts, Boy Scouts, and Blue Birds. At the Methodist Church I taught Sunday School and Vacation Bible School. I was a taxi driver with our station wagon. I took the kids, others and

mine to the beach and just everywhere they needed to go. I did volunteer work in the hospital near us. In 1974 I joined a Women's Club in Montebello and visited convalescent homes to help cheer up the patients.

I took family movies of our trips. Larry took most of the slides. Larry had his hobbies. He made the lens for a backyard telescope but got too busy building our new house to finish it. He did some photography and developed some of his work. He had roses all over the yard and tried to breed a blue one, which he almost succeeded with. He built a greenhouse to breed and raise orchids. He raised homing pigeons for ten years. For his entire life he had dogs. He trained, showed, and bred them. Our dog's names were Heddy, Gidget, Henry Clay, Sake, Boomer and Taro.

In 1974 I became unhappy with the Methodist Church and began to go to a Baptist Church. It was much more fulfilling. I learned about the scriptures. I had been hungry for that knowledge and became "born again". In 1982 Larry and I took a trip to Greece, Turkey, Jordan and Israel. I was baptized in the River Jordan. I had been sprinkled or dedicated when I was a baby at St. James Episcopal Church in Dexter. Now I was Immersed according to the scriptures, declaring Jesus my Lord and Savior.

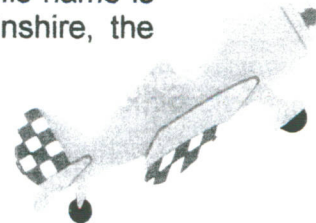
THE EMPTY NEST

After the children finished collage and left home I began to take up crafts. There was decoupage, gold leafing, paper tolling, gold and silver-smithing for jewelry, mostly rings.

Genealogy was another of my hobbies. I started asking questions about the Coy family when I was 17. There wasn't a lot of information anymore about where the family had come from in England. My Mother said, "I can tell you who would be able to tell you a lot more, Uncle Charley". We went to Mason to see him so I asked him about the early Coy's. He let me see the Bible with information about when the family first arrived in America. That was the beginning of my genealogy search. I really didn't go any further until the 1970's I attended a class which taught me how to gather information and set it up. I began to write letters to everyone I knew that could help. I also started to look at two other sides of my family. I found contacts in England and wrote to them. All of them wrote back but they didn't have a lot of information. I gained most of my information by actually going to England and searching from the places where they came from. What a fascinating work it has been. I experienced many situations and met so many different people. It took me to places I never would have been.

TRAVELS

In 1974 I went with Larry and Tim to England. This was the first time. I went to the county where the Coy family came from. I got more information there. It was a thrilling trip for me. Finally after 58 years of hoping to see England, I was there. We called on a third cousin on the Tindall side in Yorkshire. His name is Sidney Elkins and his wife is Francie. They took us around Lincolnshire, the northeastern midlands where the Tindall's and French's were from.



With the help of Robert Garvin, Larry's cousin, I have done the Mallon side for the interested future family members. I have been to Northern Ireland and found the area where they came from.

I have been so very fortunate to travel so much. Besides the trip to Israel and two more trips to England, Ireland and Ulster with my good friend Evelyn. She and I traveled well together. Larry and I have been to all 50 states. We went by ship, plane and bus to Alaska. We stopped in Hawaii on our way back from the Orient, Jakarta, Thailand, Australia, New Zealand and American Samoa. We traveled to Argentina, Paraguay and Brazil. We saw the fabulous Iguazu Falls. We went to South Africa and eight European countries. In 1997 I went with a missionary group to India. I did pretty well for 81 years old. In 2000 I will go to see the Passion Play in Bavaria. That will be the 43rd country I have visited.

WIDOWHOOD

Larry passed away December 3, 1990. My home was open to several families who were going over seas as missionaries. We keep in touch wherever they go. They are an extended family to me; the little ones know me as Grandma Zelma. I have visited Betsy in China. She is a dear. When she was in Montebello she thought of me as her mother away from home. Her home is Australia. The Nugent family lived with me for four months. I visited them in Taiwan. I visited Eddie and Linda Marshall in Japan. Each of these families showed me such a great welcome. When on furlough they try to visit me in San Diego.

Other guests came from all over for mission classes at the church in Montebello. They came from Texas and Korea. The four girls from Korea didn't speak much English. Somehow we communicated and had a fun time together. Staying with me helped with their expenses and I enjoyed their company. One night after I was in bed, the girls came home. I guess they were hungry. In the morning I found they had raided my refrigerator. They made eggs, spam and toast. They seemed to know how to use an American kitchen. I was pleased that they felt at home with me.

After Larry died I usually had a young woman live with me. The rent was low which was help for them while they got their career started. There were six girls from Wyoming one summer. Two stayed with me for a week. I gave them breakfast each morning. The others stayed at other homes and had a car. Each morning they stopped to pick up my two girls. The first morning they were early and we were eating breakfast. I guess you know every morning after that they made sure they were early. One of these girls was Beverly. She asked to stay with me and did for the next year.

Before I moved to San Diego, a Chinese man named Ben, lived at my house for about four months. He had escaped from China because of his involvement in the 1988 Teen-men-square Chinese uprising. He had fled China because he had led 300 students from his hometown against the government. The officials had been watching him and were ready to pick him up any time. One of the missionaries from Brady had been in China as an ESL teacher and Ben attended her class. She talked to him about Brady and gave him the address.

It takes as long as five years to leave China. Ben watched his chances. He had to be very secretive. In February 1993 he joined a tour to America. When they arrived in Pasadena he managed to sneak away from the hotel and find a phone. He called the church. The office arranged for a Chinese member of the church to pick him up. The secretary of the church soon called me to ask if I could have him live in my house. Well, after a minute's thought and a couple of questions I said I would. Jeff Chuang helped Ben get a passport and green card. Ben borrowed a bicycle and soon learned the streets. He worked on his English with me and was trying to become self-supporting.

Ben left a good job (\$30.00 per month, top wages in China). He left an apartment with all his belongings, a mother, stepfather and brother. He didn't dare tell them he was leaving. The authorities boarded up his apartment. They harassed his parents for information of his whereabouts. Of course none of them knew for a while. Ben felt he would never again see his mother unless the politics changed. He could not go back. After two years Ben was in partnership with an American in the import, export business. He lives in Alhambra. He is a fine, honest, kind and thoughtful person.

1998

Now my Son Charley is 53. He graduated from college, spent two years in Venezuela in the Peace Corps, and had a career in Sales. He worked for Scott Paper Co. then Fort Howard. He was division manager for the central US. He has lived in a number of states. He flies a lot so we see him several times a year. Charley now lives in Colorado. He is divorced and has two lovely children, Kerry and Timothy. Timothy graduated from the University Of MA, Amherst. He served two years in Bolivia in the Peace Corps. Kerry graduated from Worcester MA and is working as a Biotech Engineer in MA.

Timothy is 50. He graduated from Washington State, Pullman. He worked as a flight attendant with United Airlines. He has dabbled in the Real Estate and the restaurant businesses. He lives in WA. Now he is a CPA. I believe this is truly where he will be content. He is divorced and has a daughter, Alecksandria (Sasha) She has lived most of her life in New Jersey with her mother and grandparents who are from Russia. Russian is her first language, English her second.

Jennifer is 47. She graduated from San Diego State with a Masters Degree. She is a Language Arts Specialist and teaches grades K-6 in Chula Vista, CA. She has a great husband, Don and two wonderful children, Trey and Molly. When she was seventeen she was diagnosed with Hodgkin's Disease. We found out on a Friday. She was told she had about two years to live. On Monday we went to a specialists, Dr. Braun. We had read a bunch of outdated literature and it was all very depressing. Dr. Braun had great news. He told us he could cure her. It was a five-month ordeal for Jennifer. Her treatments included bone marrow storage, lymphangeogram, Cobalt treatments and an exploratory spleen laparotomy. The disease was localized in her neck so it was destroyed by the three weeks of cobalt. The cobalt made her hair fall out, burned her armpits, and made her lose 30 Lbs. She is completely cured.

I moved from Monterey Park to San Diego in Nov. of 1993. I live in a little condominium near Del Mar. I moved here to unload a four-bedroom house with a

big lot. I left a lot of good friends and neighbors. I also left a great Church where I became interested in Missions. It was the right thing to do. I left a lot of good friends and neighbors. I am near Jennifer's family. I can "baby-sit" and one day she may need to "momasit".

I had a great life. I credit God with all I am and have. My parents, my heredity, my children and my husband were all God's gifts to me.

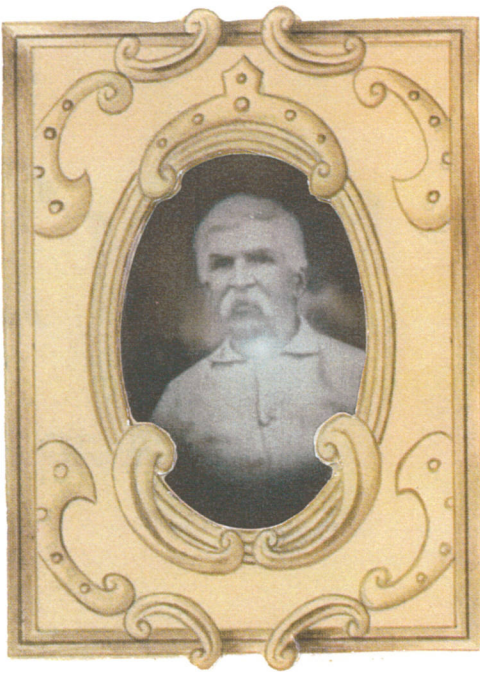




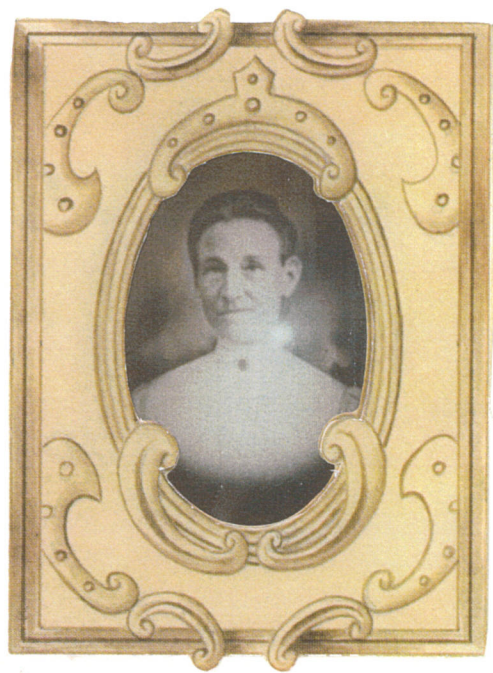
Zelma



Zelma, Parents, and Brothers



Thomas



Sarah

Coy Grandparents



French Grandparents

Thomas and Ellen



Parents
Ada and Chauncey



Farm House



RFD Mail



Raising Slings of Hay
Into the Mow



Papa's Tandem of Horses



Bringing Hay To The Barn



Sawing Wood



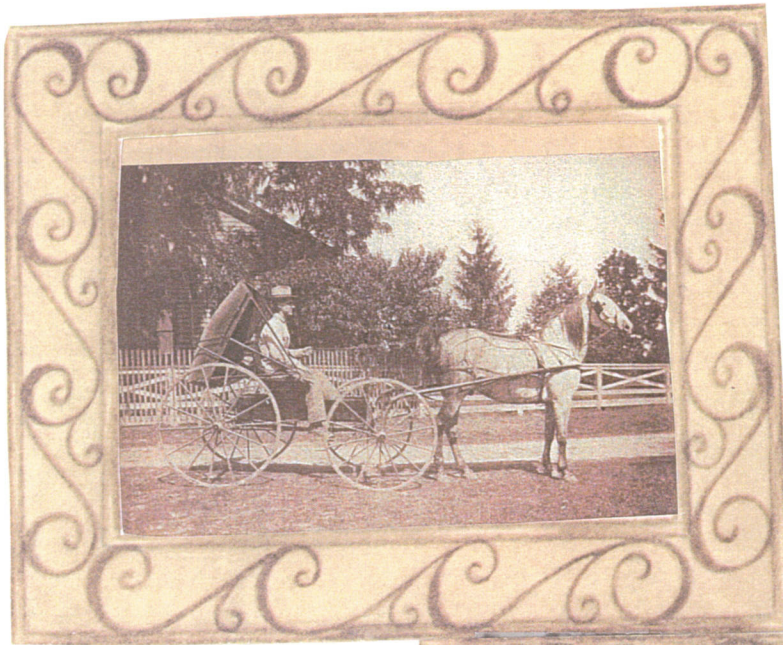
Spring Lambs



Bob Sled With Wood for Stoves



Butchering



First Transportation



Uncle Johnie's
Early Car



Touring Car



Aunt Sue



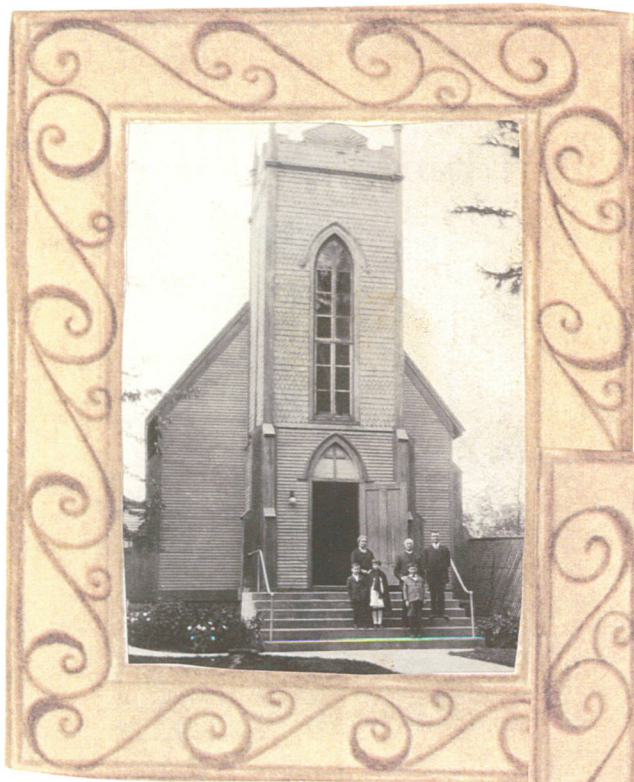
Tree Horse



The Real Thing



BBBB Bathing Beach



Dexter Episcopal Church



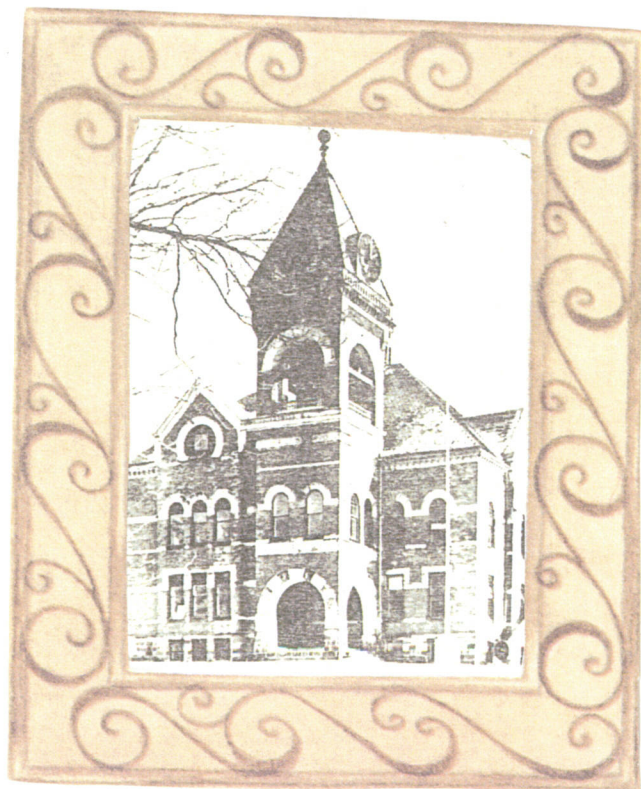
Dexter Methodist Church



Dexter Village



First Grade, Easton School
Zelma Covering Her Face



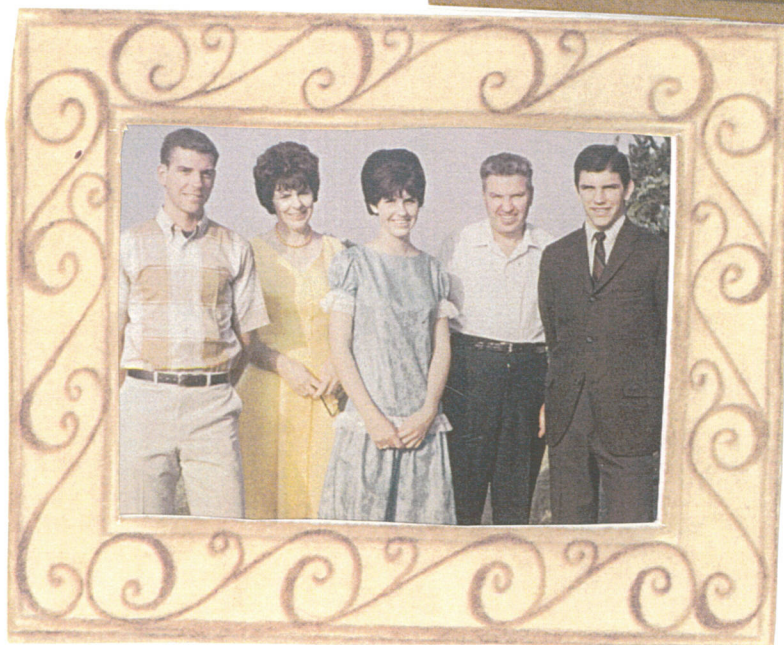
Dexter High School



Larry and Zelma



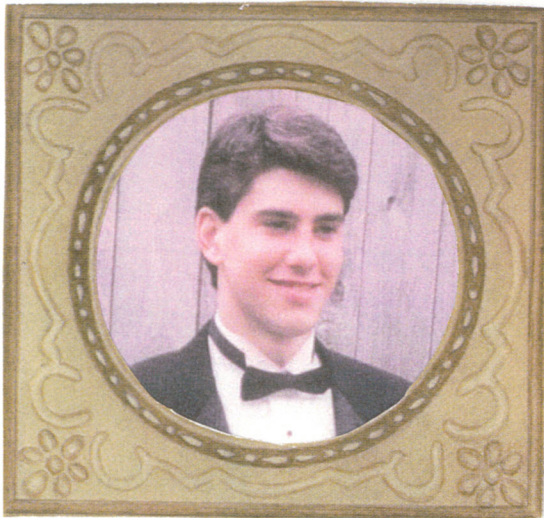
Johnie Taro
Last Dog



Mallon Family



Granddaughters
Molly, Sasha, Kerry



Grandson Timothy



Grandson Trey