

Mary Edith Rice Goeden History

My great grandfather was Levi Rice born 1817...He was of English decent. He had 3 brothers and 1 sister. He married Maryetta Bacon also English, born in N.Y. in 1817. They had 4 children

Levi Hulbert

George Henry born Jul, 12, 1849 died Jan 19, 1929 (my great grandfather)

Mary Rebecca

Almedia

My grand-mothers grand-father on her mother's side was John Penny born Oct 12, 1818 died Feb 28, 1889. He was of Irish decent.

My great-grandmother was Catherine Westfall born Jan 17, 1830 in Ohio and of Pennsylvania Dutch decent. She died Jun 12, 1902.

They were married in Feb of 1845. Great Grandmother was only 15 years old when she married and they had 9 children. They lived in Streeter, Illinois. Mary Jane Penny one of the children born Nov 26, 1851 and died Nov 12, 1912 was my grandmother. She met George Henry Rice born Jul 12, 1849 and died Jan 18, 1929 in Illinois. They went by covered wagon to Down's Kansas where they married in Dec of 1874. They had 8 children as follows:

Louretta Winifred Rice Clark born Nov 16, 1875 died Nov 25, 1972

Charles Henry Dec 18, 1878

Mary Edith Rice Goeden Apr 7, 1887 died Nov 25, 1972

George Levi Rice June 11, 1885 - Aug 15, 1967 married Agnes Inez Jangard Apr 1, 1901

Eva Cleora Catherine Rice Birdsell Jan 4 1890 Jun 14, 1970 married Arthur White Birdsell Mar 23, 1873 - Oct 7, 1963

Anna May Rice Mar 24, 1877 - 1880

Minnie (Mamie) Isabella Rice 1884-1891

Benjamin F. Nov 18, 1892 - Jul 26, 1959

My grandfather was a mean man named Clark who was a widower. A few months after their marriage he was shot as he opened the door of their cabin. Louretta was in the habit of throwing dish water out after the evening meal and possible the shot was meant for her. Her husband's people were very angry he had married again. Her own father was a very strict Methodist who also didn't believe in a second marriage and it was thought that he was the person who killed him. The sheriff could find no evidence and the murder was never solved.

One of the children drowned when very young.

Mother was born in a "sod-shanty". Her father would plow a furlough then cut blocks with a shovel, haul and stack in double thickness to make the walls. Poles were laid above for roof foundation of more dirt blocks and sod. She said it was warm in winter and cool in summer. Oiled paper was used for windows the oil to let rain run off, but still allow light thru. The floor was dirt - wet and tramped down to hard surface making it able to sweep out.

Mother said she remembers helping build sheds like this for chickens and cows. They raised corn and sorghum for food. Her mother baked a lot of cord bread called "Johnny cake". Corn meal mush was

eaten for breakfast, sweetened with molasses made from the sorghum. Water was gotten from a hand dug well, or the creek near by.

Her father would take the children in a wagon out on a prairie to gather cow chips these were used for fuel along with corn cobs to make a hot fire for baking. Times were very hard with little money. In summer they went barefoot and mom said as she got older she had to wear her mother's shoes which were too big. They made all their clothes by hand. One day when she was very young her Uncle Levi came on horseback and talked her father into hunting buffalo for their hides out west and into Mexico. They were gone a long time and her mother had to manage alone. They killed large numbers of buffalo. After cutting the hide at legs and stomach they used the horses to pull off the hide. The meat was wasted.

The family moved to Wyoming and mom missed a lot of school, mainly due to working at home. She did get good grades and graduated from 8th grade with a scholarship to college. She didn't have to go to high school if she passed the entrance exam to college. Her father said no to her going on to school, but the principle and county superintendent urged him to let her go. He agreed, but would not finance her expenses. The superintendent of schools arranged for her to go to college and work for her room, board and books at a boarding house.

She got her degree and got her first teaching job in a small country school. She taught all subjects to grades 1- 8. She said some of the boys were older than she was, had never been in school before, so couldn't read or write. They were eager to learn and any trouble she had with children were dealt with through the parents who were very strict and children were taught to be polite and never talk back to their elders.

After sometime mother took a job at a girls industrial school. It was really a reform school for girls who wouldn't mind at home. They also had mental patients and at times had to be restrained in straight jackets. She taught reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography and sewing. All girls had to make their own clothes by hand.

In 1909 while mother was at a school teaching her father heard of a gold strike in Canada. He sent his wife who was sick to stay with relative in Illinois. He took 3 wagons, some of the grown children and a few animals and set out to mine gold. They reached Wyoming, and decided to settle there after talking to people about striking claims for homesteading. Each adult was allowed 160 acres and after building a house, putting up fences and living in it for a certain length of time, they were able to file another claim. Eventually they had 3600 acres. Grandmother joined the family after they were settled. Mother missed family so quit her job teaching and joined them in Wyoming.

Mary Jane (Penny) Rice Nov 26, 1851 – Oct 21, 1912

Married

George Henry Rice July 12, 1849 – Jan 19, 1929

Loretta (Rice) Clark Nov 16, 1875 – Feb 21, 1946

No children

Mary Edith (Rice) Goeden April 7, 1887 – Nov 25, 1972

Married

August Goeden April 14, 1883 – May 5, 1948

Children:

Alvin August Sept 16, 1912

Sylvia Edith May 13, 1915

Vernon Elmer Jan 16, 1917

Orville Otto May 14, 1918

Viola Angeline Marcy 19, 1920

Virginia May Feb 22, 1923 – April 15, 1925

Ervin Harvey December 27, 1926

Kenneth Marvin December 18, 1926

Armand Melvin December 19, 1928

Eva Cleora (Rice) Birdsell Jan 4, 1890 – June 14, 1970

Married

Arthur White Birdsell Mar 23, 1873 – Oct 7, 1963

Children: Charles Alfred Nov 14, 1920

Hazel Gwendine Jan 16, 1919

Merle Ellis – Dec 26, 1915 – April 26, 1928

Anna May Rice Mar 24, 1877 – 1880

Mamie Isabelle Rice 1884 – 1891

George Levi Rice June 11, 1885 – Aug

Married

Agnes Inez Jangard April 1, 1901

Benjamin Franklin Rice Nov 18, 1892 - July 26, 1959

Married

Ethelda Lea Nora Nicholson 1897

Charles H. Rice Dec 18, 1878

John Penny Oct 12, 1818 – Feb 18, 1889
Married Feb 1845 to
Catherine Westfall born in Ohio – Jan 17, 1830 – June 12, 1902
Died in Cornell, ILL, Phillips Cemetary

George Milo Penny Sept 26, 1846
Married
Margaret Fitzgerald

Sylvester Joel Penny March 14, 1849

Mary Jane (Penny Rice Nov 26, 1851 – Oct 21, 1912
Married
George Henry Rice July 12, 1849 - Jan 18, 1929

James Prikett Penny May 22, 1854 - June 1949

John William Penny Nov 10, 1856 June 14, 1925

Anna Marria Penny Nov 3, 1861
Married
Lewis Washington Jackson May 27, 1856

Rhoda Isabell Penny Dec 23, 1864 June 21, 1939

Cynthia Ann Penny March 27, 1867 - Jan 1950

Barbara May Penny Dec 10, 1873 - March 29, 1961
Married
Frank McGee March 6, 1873 – July 7, 1959

Viola Angeline Goeden- Kohler Family

Written by Viola 1991

I am Viola Angeline Goeden Kohler, born March 19, 1920. The name Angeline was taken from my dad's oldest sister, and before that it belonged to my grandfather Michael's youngest sister. The Goeden's came from three villages near Trier on the Moselle River, which separates Germany from Luxembourg. They were all farmers in that area. Four generations of Goeden's were names Peter. The oldest know Goeden to date was Peter Goeden, my great, great, great grandfather, who was probably born around 1732 near Kell. My father explained to me that the name Goeden was spelled "GODEN" with 2 dots above the "O" which in German is pronounced "A". In the English alphabet, being as there is no letter "O" with 2 dots above it, it is written OE and the German pronounce that as an "A".

Peter Goeden, my great grandfather, and his wife Margareth Schoemer Goeden, residents of Lorscheid, immigrated to the United States in June 1846. With them were their children; Michael, who was to become my grandfather and his 5 brothers and sister. Michael was 14 and the oldest. James Polk was President, and Wisconsin had not yet become a State of the Union. At the time Wisconsin had fewer than 6 people per square mile and the trip took 4 weeks from New York, by rail.

The family arrived in Milwaukee, then proceeded by ox cart 40 miles north to where they settled in the town of Kewaskum. They spent the first winter with friends who had preceded them from Germany. The land, on which they constructed a log cabin the next spring, might have been contracted for in Germany. They constructed a log church, which later was replaced with a fieldstone church, which still stands.

Several years later, when the boys were grown, Peter acquired four parcels of wooded land along the Milwaukee River near Myra. The land was cleared and divided among his sons. The present farm, about 5 miles S.W. of West Bend, on the river, was the homestead. Margareth Schoemer Goeden is buried at St. Peter's church near West Bend. Her husband, Peter and their children and some of the grandchildren are buried in the Catholic cemetery in Newberg, WI

My grandfather, Michael, grew up and married a woman by the name of Ermina. They settled on a far south of Newberg. They had 18 children, of which my dad was the 16th. My dad's name was August, and he was born April 14, 1883.

He went to a country school when he was little. They only taught German in the school at that time, as all the settlers were German in that area. His parents later acquired another farm across the street, but his father died when he was pretty young, and his mother couldn't manage the two farms. His mother used to walk all the way to

Port Washington for some groceries like flour and sugar. She also walked all the way to Milwaukee to buy things like cloth and things she couldn't purchase out there. It would take her several days, and she would have to sleep in fields on the way, and carry her purchases home on her back. There were suspected robbers, who lived along the way, which is Hwy 57 now. My dad said that they would dress as women and ask for rides on the wagons, so they could rob the people. People were sure who they were, but couldn't prove it.

His mother sold the famers, and moved to Port Washington where my dad attended a Catholic school. He ran away from home when he was about 13 or 14 because he accidentally hit a nun in the face with a snowball, and he was afraid of getting beaten by the Priest, whom he said was very mean. He went to Michigan and worked for either a harness shop or a blacksmith for a while, then left there and went bumming around the United States by riding in box cars and riding the rails of freight trains. He never told me too much, but I know once he said he shot wolves for bounty, and once he said he was hired by some big oil company who was trying to grab land. They put men in small shacks on the claims, and they were supposed to shoot anyone who tried to burn them out or kill them. He said the pay was good, but it wasn't for him. He didn't care to shoot any claim-jumpers. He was working at a big ranch called the C.R. when he met my mother who lived with her folks on their claim nearby at Hat Creek, WY.

My mother's grandfather on her dad's side was Levi Rice, who was born in 1817 in New York. He was of English descent. Levi Rice had three brothers and one sister. Levi Rice married Maryetta Bacon, also English, born about 1817 in New York. They had 2 boys, Levi and George Henry, born July 12, 1849, who was to be my grandfather. They also had two daughters.

My mothers' grandfather on her mother's side was John Penny, born October 12, 1818 in Kentucky. He was Irish. He grandmother was Catherine Westfall; she was Pennsylvania Dutch and born January 17, 1830 in Ohio. They ran away and got married in February 1845. She was only 15 at the time and they had 9 children. He died February 8, 1889. She died June 12, 1902. They lived in Streator, Illinois.

Mary Jane Penny was one of their children, burn November 26, 1851 and she was my grandmother. Mary Jane met George Henry Rice in Illinois, They went by covered wagon to Down's Kansas where they were married in December 1874. They took a homestead and their first child was Loretta, born November 16, 1875. They had 7 more children, including Mary Edith my mother was born April 7 , 1887.

George Henry Rice, my grandfather, was a pretty rough character when he was younger. My mother said he used to beat her older brother Charlie a lot and Charlie ran

away from home when he was about 14, never to return. Mom's sister Louretta grew up and married a man by the name of Clark. A few months later he was shot one night as he opened the door of their cabin. Louretta was in the habit of throwing the dish water out at night after supper, so it could have been meant for her. Her husband's people were very angry at him for marrying again as his wife had died. My mother's father was also mad because they didn't believe their daughter should marry a man who had been married before. They were strict Methodist and didn't believe in this. My mother seemed to think it possible that it was her dad who did the killing, but the sheriff was called and could find no evidence, so it was never proved who did the killing. My mother said her dad never talked about his past, except that he had been a spelling champion at one time in four states, including Illinois and Indianan. One of my mother's other sisters drowned when she was small.

My mother was born in Kansas in a "sod shanty", as it was called. Her dad plowed a furlough, then took a shovel and cut the sod into blocks. These were hauled and stacked double thickness to make a wall. On top he laid poles for a roof and laid more blocks of sod, grass side up on the poles. It made it pretty tight, though in hard rains it leaked if it rained too long, and they would have to patch it with mud and grass. It was warm in winter and cool in summer. They didn't have glass for windows, she remembers, but had oiled paper, oiled to let the rain runoff, but let in a little light. The floor was dirt, and my mother said they poured a little water on it, and trampled it down with their bare feet, to make it hard and shiny, so it could be swept. She remembered helping build sheds for the chickens and cow of sod also. They had a stove as her mother baked corn bread, called Johnny Cake. They raised their corn and sorghum for molasses, so had that to live on a lot. They had molasses candy, and used it in cakes and used it for anything that required sweetening, as they had no sugar. They ate corn meal mush for breakfast, and had no white flour. She said one time a mean rich kid threw a piece of white bread in the dirt at school, just because he knew the poor kids wanted it so bad. It would have been like cake to them. The next year her Dad planted peanuts, so they had peanuts to bring to school, and the rich kid didn't have any. This made them feel a little better.

They either had a hand dug well, or got their water from a creek. Her father would take the wagon with the kids on it, and they would go out on the prairies and pick up cow c hips (dried cow manure), which they would bring home for fuel. She said her mother like to burn corn cobs, to make a hot fire for baking. My Grandfather raised vegetables and the kids helped sell them when he loaded up the wagon to take them to town. They raised a lot of watermelons too. They were so poor, all summer long the kids had to go barefoot, and then it was hard to get enough money to buy shoes for them to go to school. She said when she was older, she sometimes, had to wear her mother's shoes, but didn't like to, because they were too big. They made all of their

clothes by hand, they had not sewing machine. Later they moved to another house, it burned down and they lost everything they had, and they had to live in the basement.

She remembered when she was pretty small her Uncle Levi came to their house on his horse. He talked to her father and talked him into going off to hunt buffalo for hides, out West and down into Mexico. They left and were gone a long, long time. Her mother had to manage as best she could while they were gone. They killed large numbers of buffalo, using horses to jerk the hide from the buffalo after splitting them around the legs and stomach. The rest of the meat went to waste.

They didn't hear from Levi after he came back for a long time, but after the family had moved to Wyoming years later, they found out he was in a mental institution. My grandfather sent him presents, and some money, and went to see him... He said he never got the presents and they wouldn't even give him any of his Civil War pension. He said he had been a private detective and had found out too much about some very influential people, and "they" had him put away to keep his mouth shut. He said it wouldn't do any good for his brother to try to get him out, because "they" would take care of him, so he was resigned to spending the rest of his life there, but he said he really didn't mind. They treated him pretty good and he was a carpenter, so could keep busy.

My mother missed quite a bit of school when she was little. She had no shoes to wear to school in cold weather many times, and the work she had to do at home come first. School was not mandatory as it is now. But she did manage to get good grades and graduated from 8th grade at the age of 15 with a scholarship to a college. She didn't have to go to high school because she had the highest grades in the county on her 8th grade exam, so high school was waived and she could go right to college. She could get a teaching degree after two years of college, if she could pass the tests. She asked her dad if she could go and he said "No", but the principal and county superintendent urged him to let her go, and he finally gave in, but said he wouldn't pay one penny toward it, as money was scarce. So the superintendent of schools arranged for her to go to a college and work for her board and room and books, at a boarding house. She went, got her degree and they found her a job teaching.

Her first jobs were in a little country schools, where she taught all the subjects from first grade through eighth. I think she had kindergarten in some of the schools too. She said some of the boys were older than her. Some were eighteen or twenty and had never been to school before and couldn't read or write. They were usually glad to learn, as they had little time for school and were expected to work at home on the ranches. When she did have trouble, she talked to the parents, and they straightened their kids out fast. She said in those days, parents were very strict, and kids were taught to be very polite and never talk back. And usually not to speak until spoken to around their

elders. After some time she got a job in a girl's industrial school. It was really a reform school, as the girls that were placed there were girls that wouldn't mind at home, or had got into some kids of trouble. There were also mental patients, which weren't supposed to be there. She had trouble with some of them, and some had to be restrained at times in straight-jackets. She taught reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and sewing. The girls all had to make all their own clothes by hand, with no machines. My mother was pretty much of an expert on sewing and mending. She always liked to sew.

In the meantime, while she was teaching, her father heard of a gold strike in Canada, and decided to get in on it. He sent his wife, who was sickly, back to stay with her relatives in Illinois. She went on the train, and stayed until he sent for her. He took 3 wagons and some of the grown up children, and a few animals. The year was 1909. When they reached Wyoming, they met some people who were taking out claims there. They talked to my grandfather and he decided to stay there and take claims too, as the government had just opened land for homesteading. Each adult was allowed to take 160 acres; and after building a house, putting up fences, and living on it for a certain length of time, called "proving up", the land was theirs. Then they could file on another 160 acres. Eventually my grandfather's family had acquired 3600 acres. Grandmother joined them after they got settled, and later my mother missed her family and quit her teaching job to joining them in Wyoming.

She met my dad, who was a foreman on the neighboring C & R Ranch and they were married on October 18, 1911. They lived with her parents for a while. One day she said he mother was feeling pretty bad, so my mother was going to take her to see the Doctor. Mom hitched up the buggy, and on the way the horse got scared of something and bolted. The buggy tipped over when the horses ran away, and her mother was hurt internally. She died a few weeks later, but no one knows whether it was from the accident or because she was so sick already. She possible had cancer or something. In those days, they called everything "consumption" if they didn't know what it was. She died of consumption. She died on November 12, 1912. My grandfather died years later on January 18, 1929. They are both buried on what was the family ranch at Hat Creek, Wyoming. "(We found their graves on a trip to Wyoming in 1976, on what is now the C & R Ranch).

My mother and father got jobs at Moorecroft, Wyoming for a big rancher for a while. He broke horses and did ranch work, and she was the cook for the ranch hands. Then Dad took out a claim on land near my mother's folks and built a one room log cabin. He also built the furniture (except for the stove) but they had no well and had to get their water from a nearby creek.

They had it plenty rough, with no electric or water. They bought some cattle and had a few horses, a cow and chickens, and Dad worked wherever he could find

employment, which wasn't much. They lived about a mile from my grandparents, and about 2 miles from the store and post office. Lusk, the nearest town was about 18 or 20 miles away. When they got married, they saddled up their horses and rode to Cheyenne, about 75 miles away to the Cheyenne Rodeo for their honeymoon. It was one of the first Cheyenne Rodeo's. It took them several days to go there and back, and they slept in fields along the way.

Dad got a job for a big sheep rancher, but had to be gone for several months at a time. He only got about \$15 or \$20 per month and food. He lived in a shepherd's wagon on the range and did his own cooking and baking. He had to train sheep dogs to help him. He would train them to circle the herd and if there was danger, like wolves, they would run across the backs of the sheep to get to the other side of the herd. He used his horse to keep the sheep within the herd too. These were his only companions for months at a time. The ranch hands would bring supplies to him about once a month... He took the sheep to summer pasture, thousands of them, and had to guard them against wolves and coyotes. He passed the time by shuttling, collecting Indian beads and arrowheads from old Indian camps, and killing rattlesnakes for the rattles. He also found petrified shells and even a large turtle shell. Wyoming had been covered by the ocean in ancient times.

Later, as the family grew, my dad built another room on the log cabin and put a wooden floor in it. At that time it was one of the only two room log cabins around. He cut all the wood by hand, and even made all of the furniture. Springs in the beds were made from suspended ropes. Augie, Sylvia, Vernon, Orville, and myself were born there. It must have been a very hard life for Mom, with carrying water, taking care of the stock, and taking care of all the kids. She had a rifle to protect herself from coyotes and wolves, but it had to be very lonesome. She had a garden and canned everything she could. In the winter, they had to break the ice on the creek, and melt snow for their water. One day she said she saw something shiny in the bank by the creek, and she dug it out. There were soldier's buttons and an old uniform which had rotted. She figures it must have been a soldier buried there from an Indian battle or something. There used to be a stage station near the ranch. It was the Hat Creek Stage Station and ran from Cheyenne to Deadwood, South Dakota. It had been discontinued for a few years before they moved there.

My mom's family talked of going to Oregon or Washington, because there was good land and a better climate and the land was cheap. Aunt Louretta disguised herself as a man and rode in box cars with the bums to go out and find out about it, as they didn't have the money to spare for train fare. Aunt Louretta was quite outgoing, compared to most of the ladies at this time. Dad and Mom were going to move with them but Dad wanted to come back to Wisconsin to visit with his family first. They sold their ranch in 1920 to what is now the C & R Ranch. They had the creek running

through their ranch and whichever ranch bought the land could control the water rights to some extent. They had about 100 acres at this time. They bought a 1918 Dort, which was a big touring car, got a tent for camping along the way and headed for Wisconsin. Dad said they went across country a lot, because there weren't many roads, and at times he had to cut fences and mend them after they passed through. When they got to Nebraska, the radiator went, and they had to stay there 3 weeks while they sent to Detroit for a new one. They went to Kansas, then, to visit my mother's sister, and they said the first good gravel roads they hit were in Illinois. I was only 3 months old, so it must have been a rough trip. There were five kids, the oldest 8 years old

We made it to Wisconsin and my parents rented a house in Grafton. It didn't have electric, but it did have a pump for water. I don't remember too much while we lived there. We lived there until I was 6 years old. Erv and Virginia were born there. Augie and I had Diphtheria and at the same time Vernon and Sylvia had scarlet fever. In those days the doctor quarantined the house for diseases like we had, so they would keep from spreading and having epidemics. A "quarantine" sign was placed on the door and nobody could come inside or leave the house. Dad had to work so he was isolated in the front room, and couldn't see or talk to us, or have anything to do with us for fear he would spread the diseases. I was 4 years old when Virginia died from pneumonia. She had just turned 2 years old.

Once while we lived in the old farm house, Vernon and Augie were replaying in the attic and they found Dad's gun in the closet. Vernon was about 8 years old and Augie was about 12 or 13 at the time. The gun was a .22 rifle loaded with bird shot and my dad used it for chasing stray dogs away. They didn't know it was loaded and Augie shot Vernon square in the face. I remember them running and screaming down the stairs, Vernon was blood from head to foot. Dad was working and Mom sent the older kids to get him and the doctor, she tried to calm Vernon and Augie down and stop the bleeding. The doctor came and put Vernon on the davenport and bandaged his face. Every day he came and put boric acid packs on it to draw out the BB's. He said it was a miracle Vernon wasn't blinded, but he must have squinted when the trigger was pulled. His face healed alright, but all his life BB's kept coming out of the corners of his eyes and sometimes his mouth. But he always had a lot more in him that looked like blue freckles under his skin. Vernon also got pneumonia there and almost died. We had a second round of scarlet fever there and were quarantined again.

We moved to Cedarburg when I was 6, into an old stone farm house. The canning factory owned the land and farmed it. They kept their horses on this farm, to use as work teams. The house had been used for storing grain, and had upstairs windows broken out, there were rat holes in the floors. It was full of bed bugs from pigeons that flew in the windows and nested. It took a lot of cleaning and patching up,

but the rent was only \$5 a month. We had a garden, an orchard, and barn for a cow and chickens, ducks, turkey, and geese. We had not electricity or water in the house, but had a pump outside. Mom canned thousands of jars of jams, jellies, fruits and vegetables, and we put away carrots, potatoes, apples etc. in the basement for winter. We kept milk, butter that we made ourselves, and cheese, in a box on the dirt floor in the basement to keep it cool. We had no ice box. Mom got an old wooden washing machine which we operated by hand, so it was a little easier than scrubbing everything on the wash board, but she still had to scrub and boil most things. My Dad eventually would take a tire off of a wheel on the Motel T and rigged up a pulley on the side of the washing machine so the car could furnish the power to run it. Dad worked where he could. He was a carpenter, and we managed pretty well, but the depression came in 1929 and work got pretty scarce. My folks were very worried, and got some relief money from the government. We had pillows mom made from our own ducks and geese down, and she sewed pillow ticking for our mattresses, too, and dad took them out to the straw stack and stuffed them with straw. I still remember how they crackled when we laid on the, and they eventually got kids of hard and lumpy, but they weren't too bad.

Dad had no electric tools and had to do all his awing and drilling by hand. We had no furnace for heating the house. All we had were wood stoves for cooking and heating. The government gave us stamps to buy clothes and shoes from some of the stores, but the stores would put out only the old stuff they couldn't sel, for us to choose from. But Mom said "better than nothing". She also used to say "Use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without" She said that Mom used that expression a lot. I had to more brothers born here, Kenny and Armie. At that time women gave birth at home.

Later, my dad got a job working on the W.P.A which was started by the government for needy people. He got small wages and worked on the roads. When Orville and Vernon were old enough, they went to the C.C.C.'s . That was also a government program for young men. They went to camp and were furnished food and clothes, and worked building roads and parks. They helped build Grant Park in South Milwaukee... They got \$30 a month, \$5 for themselves, and \$25 to be sent home to help support the family. The five dollars they got was more than they would have gotten at home.

We would pick the peas and beans and grain that was left in the fields after the canning factory got done picking. My Dad worked in the canning factory in the summer usually. I didn't like the house too well, because it always seemed spooky to me, especially at night when I had to carry my map upstairs. It was my job to clean and fill all the lamps with kerosene every day because I had the smallest hands. There was a family that lived nearby and had retarded kids. (They were probably in their early 20's) They used to jump out from behind bushes or wait for us in the trees to scare us, just

before we got to our long driveway. They always seemed to know when we were outside, coming toward home at night, and I was afraid of them.

We moved from there when I was 14 years old, to another farm farther west this house had electricity, and my younger brothers would play with the light switches. Not knowing how electricity worked, I worried that they would use it up and we wouldn't have it anymore. Again we had no furnace for heat and we had to use woodstoves. There was a woodstove upstairs in the boy's big bedroom, and really cold winter nights, my dad would fire it up for heat. I didn't have a woodstove in my room, and I closed my door when I went to bed, so it really got cold. My breath would condense and frost would form on the inside walls of my room. By spring there would be a thick coat of ice on the walls, glistening like diamonds. I used to think it was the prettiest room in the world because of the ice sparkling on the walls. It was really pretty, but cold. The nail heads in the boards on the floor would get a coat of frost too, and when I walked across the floor in my bare feet, I would have to watch out that I didn't step on them. The frost stuck up above the hardwood floor like little snowballs. My dad had his old sheepherder's coat, which went all the way to the ground, and I used to cover up with that. It was made of sheepskins, with the fleece on the inside, and it was very heavy. I would put it on top of the quilts that Mom had made, and then crawl into bed. Once I got into bed, under all those quilts and the coat, I was pinned down and could hardly move, like a caterpillar in a cocoon, but at least I was warm.

I quit school after 8th grade, as we had no money for clothes and books for high school, and high school was not required at this time. Armie, Ken and Erv went to a little one room country school near there and later to high school. I got a job and worked on the fox farm a short time weeding beets, carrots and other vegetables which they would then mix with horsemeat and fish to feed the foxes. They would bring in wild horses, mustangs from out west and butcher them to feed the foxes. (Both farms were owned by John Neiman. These horses were kept on another farm and butchered near where Peter and Sylvia lived in Thiensville. On the other farm where we lived, the draft teams of horses were kept. Neiman owned the fox farms and the canning factory.) I told them I was 16 in order to get this job, and worked there for the summer. This job was 10 hours a day, 6 days a week. Mother and Dad needed the money to help support the family, so I gave the money I made home. (I made \$10 or \$12 a week) I lived with Sylvia during this time. Between paying for my board and room by Sylvia, and sending the rest of the money home, I didn't have anything left. I was lucky to get a jacket and a pair of shoes, but I felt fortunate that I was able to leave home for a while.

Then I worked for a farmer when I was 16 and got \$6 a week, but really earned my money doing housework, taking care of their 4 kids, and working in the fields. The hours were long and hard. I gave that money home too. The hired men only got \$15 a month. I worked there a year, and then stayed home for a while.

Since we had electric in that house, we later had our first electric washing machine and refrigerator. Later, when I got a job in Milwaukie, I bought my mom her first washing machine just in time for Christmas. It cost \$80, and I was only making \$6 a week. I paid it off a few dollars a week at a time. When it was delivered just before Christmas, my dad thought the delivery truck made a mistake and insisted it wasn't theirs then they found out I bought it for them. It seemed nice to have electric lights especially at Christmas, and to have electric lights on the tree. Until this time we had to put candles on the tree and be very careful that the tree didn't burn down, along with the house. We didn't have water in this house though, and had to pump it and carry it quite a distance.

Later I went to Milwaukie to work, but the only jobs available were housework. My first job paid only \$3 a week, but after that, I got a \$6 a week job. I met Frank at a filling station, while putting air into my bicycle tire. Later we decided to get married. We went to Dayton to get married, couldn't find jobs, and hitch-hiked back to Milwaukee with \$7.25 to our name. We had 2 hamburgers at noon that day and shared a 5 cent soda, got into Milwaukee late that night and rented a room for \$1. The next day we rented a light housekeeping room for \$3 a week that left us \$3 that week for food. I immediately got a job doing housework for \$6 a week, so we lived that way for a few weeks until Frank got a job. He got lucky and got a job at Cutler & Hammer, where he made about \$30 a week. We really felt rich and soon bought a car.

Jean Ann was born on April 21, 1952. Nine months later Frank was drafted. The World War II had begun. My parents had moved to Saukville, so I went to stay with them until the war was over. Sharon Marie was born on August 7, 1943. We named her Marie for Frank's mother. Then my parents moved to Oak Creek, on Pennsylvania Ave. Now there's a road going through where the house used to be and a subdivision in its place. There was a little house, a work shed for my dad's carpenter tools and little shed for a cow. They had 3 acres and planned to make a living at having a roadside vegetable stand. I and the girls moved with them. I got a job at Ladish in Cudahy, as all the factories needed to hire women to take the place of the men in the war. I made pretty good money and managed to save a down payment for a house. The war ended in 1945 and Frank came home. He called from Milwaukee and said he would be coming home in a cab, so I hurried up and tried to dress and look real nice for him. I was putting on lipstick, earrings, and a necklace and looked down at Jeannie and she was doing the same thing. There she was with lipstick on and several necklaces, all ready for her daddy. Frank said when he got out of the cab, all he could see were two little heads peeking out over the top of the window sill in the house, looking out at him.

We bought a house on Monroe Ave in South Milwaukee, for \$6,000. While there, James Frank was born at South Milwaukee Hospital on February 5, 1948. My father died of a heart attack 3 months later on May 5th. We lived there until 1952, when we

moved to our present house at 7249 Pennsylvania Ave, in Oak Creek. We paid \$9,000 for this house. I got a job at Cudahy Packing Plant, working long hours and doing hard work. I worked there for about years, from 1955 until 1961. In 1948 Frank opened his first radiator shop, and I helped him as much as I could. I picked up and delivered radiators and straightened fins on the radiators. All these years, even when I worked at Patrick Cudahy, and Frank worked at Midland, he still fixed radiators part time and I helped him. We bought the 80 acre farm in Palmyra for \$12,000 in 1960 and by 1961 or so it was too much doing all these jobs. Midland was sold and the company that bought them out offered Frank a job in Illinois. We decided to go into the radiator shop full-time for our livelihood instead. I quit the packing plant, and we made our living in the radiator shop, along with the campground much later. When we finished in the radiator shop at night, we gathered up what we needed to take to the farm in Palmyra, and drove the 40 miles to the farm. There we worked until late, drove back to Oak Creek, and started again in the radiator shop the next day. We were building the farm into a camp ground ourselves, and it took a lot of time, effort and hard work. Our weekend were spent in Palmyra, almost every weekend for the whole time we owned the farm working to make it a camp ground. We worked hard, had a lot of good time, and had a place where our kids and grandkids could come to, and leave with fond memories.

About 1976 or so I trained Jeannie's son Vince, still in high school, to fix radiators to help Frank. On November 24, 1972 my mother died at the age of 85. She had a stroke and while recovering in the hospital, a nurse dropped her and she broke her ribs. The hospital covered it up; they didn't tell us. She couldn't talk because of the stroke and the hospital demanded we move her out. By the time we found out she was bleeding internally it was too late. She died without our knowing what had happened; and after we found out, records mysteriously disappeared.

From ox carts and covered wagons, to modern day cars and big jets. From sod shanties with dirt floors and oiled-paper windows, to air conditioned homes and microwave ovens. There have been many changes in the last century, and my parents and myself have seem many of them, and I'm sure there will be many more. It would be nice if you could record your lives for your future generations.

Feb. 19, 1983

Hi! Sylvia

Just getting around to answer your xmas card. You and your family are always welcome here. Have extra beds etc.

I wrote a small part of our family history for the Cowley County Historical Society. They may put it in a book. I had a copy typed and am sending you a copy. A few mistakes were made. It was to be less than 500 words. I have found every member of every family has a different story of their history, very much alike, but still different. You may copy or rewrite it and send it to your families. My mothers side of family may not be of as much interest to them.

Levi Rice and Maryetta "Bacon" Rice would be our great grand parents. George Henry Rice and Mary Jane "Penny" Rice our grand parents.

John Penny B. in 1818 and Catharine "Westfall" Penny B. 1830 died June 12, 1902 our Great Grand parents.

Two of our cousins and their husbands

stopped in last fall as I was dressing for a funeral, was on their way to Seattle to see their brother Richard Rice. Said they would stop on way back. Didn't see them again. Evelyn + Mildred. Uncle George Rice girls, one lives in Neb. other in Calif. They didn't know their mother's brother had married my mother's sister left me one cousin James with their mother's maiden name. My Aunt Daisy kept James and remarried Bill Cline and had one daughter. My Aunt Daisy lives in Neb. is 83 or 85 yrs old, just looked at papers I am sending you, Daisy born Nov 30. 1899. My mother passed away May 15, 1982

I like to keep old papers, books, pictures etc, I have a memo! showing all children in school with Edith Rice as the teacher 1907 sent to my dad. Verses etc in it too. Pictures and letter from Edith before she taught school. You would be welcome to look at any of these papers, deeds etc. But I wouldn't want to part with them. Be nice to make copies of any you don't have. your cousin

Penny Rice

Feb 19, 1983

Hi Sylvia,

Just getting around to answer your xmas card. You and your family are always welcome here. Have extra beds etc.

I wrote a small part of our family history for the Cowlitz County Historical Society, Washington. They may put it in a book. I had a copy typed and am sending you a copy. A few mistakes were made. It was to be less than 500 words. I have found every member of every family has a different story of their history. Very much alike, but still different. You may copy or rewrite it and send it to your families. My mother's side of the family may not be of as much interest to them. Levi Rice and Maryetta Bacon Rice would be our greatgrandparents. George Henry Rice and Mary Jane Penny Rice our grand parents. John Penny born in 1818 dies Jun 12, 1902 our great grand parents

Two of our cousins and their husbands stopped in last fall as I was dressing for a funeral, was on their way to Seattle to see their brother Richard Rice. Said they would stop on way back. Didn't see them again. Evelyn and Mildred, Uncle George Rice girls, one lives in Nebraska and the other in California. They didn't know their mother's brother had married my mother's sister. Left me one cousin, James with their mother's maiden name. My Aunt Daisy kept James and remarried Bill Cline and had one daughter. My Aunt Daisy lives in Nebraska is 82 or 83 y/o. Just looked at papers I am sending you, Daisy born Nov 0, 1899. My mother passed away May 15, 1982.

I like to keep old papers, books, pictures etc. I have a memo showing all children in school with Edith Rice as the teacher 1907 went to my dad verses, etc. in it too. Pictures and letter from Edith before she taught school. You would be informed to look at any of these papers, deeds etc. But I wouldn't want to part with them. Be nice to make copies of any you don't have..

Your cousin

Henry Rice.