

Pioneers

by Kathryn Morris

Grandpa Turnbull, John Graham, was 30 years old when he married 15 year old Helen Scott in Philadelphia in 1857. They took corn, grain, live stock and personal belongings in a Conestoga Covered Wagon and settled in Nebraska. They were sixty miles from the nearest settlement and had only Pawnee Indians around them.

John felled trees for the one room cabin and cleared the fields for crops.

Fair Helen only 16 years old had her first baby all alone and was in bed with the baby when John returned with the doctor.

When Indians came to the house, afraid, Helen fed them whatever she had. One day she was making pancakes when the Indians appeared. So she fed them lots of pancakes.

They had to make out a living on what they had, 'til the first crops came in.

After the baby died, John decided it was too wild there for his Fair Helen. He heard about a Scottish settlement in Illinois that was more civilized. They took the same old covered wagon back to Kewanee.

He bought a farm five miles east of Kewanee, 160 acres for \$1.25 and acre. The original deed that I still have today is made on sheep skin.

John built her a square house with a stone fireplace, made of cut planks with furring strips and two real glass windows. On the side toward the Orchard he put a ladder and loft for sleeping. Grandma Hellens¹ family were doctors and lawyers, all educated in Edinburgh, Scotland. Grandpa John was a Highlander, he always felt Grandma was about six pegs above him.

Later on he built a large white colonial house for her, with eight bedrooms on the second floor and a dormitory for the boys on the third floor. It had a large center hall and fan shaped doors, the window sills were twenty-four inches wide. Grandma had a large religious library and would read late at night. It was a cold night in February when she noticed shadows dancing on the snow and discovered the fire. She got Grandpa and Henry up. He slept with his dad because he was having asthma. John alerted the family. By the time the boys came down the stairs to the second floor, the top floor fell in. John called, "save the secretary in the dinning-room Boys, if you can!" They escaped with only their night clothes and the secretarial with the deeds and important papers.

They went into the old house and built a fire. John and Helen lived there until they built again on the same foundation. Our frame house still stands over that Colonial house that burnt.

The Turnbull Homestead Aunt Cal

When our grandfather came to this country from Scotland, he came first, John Graham Turnbull and later Helen Temple Scott. They were married and drove West by covered wagon to Nebraska. At that time it was wilderness and he felled the trees with which to build a one room log cabin, in which their first baby was born.

The nearest white settlement to them was sixty miles away but there were Indians near. This may have prompted them to journey to Illinois where Grandfather purchased the land where the homestead now stands. The purchase price was \$1.25 an acre as shown on the sheepskin deed that our Father kept in his desk, as he later inherited the place. The cabin this time was also built of trees felled on the land but planks were used instead of logs - supposed to be nicer. The cabin consisted of one room with a small hearth, for heating and cooking, and a loft for sleeping. This place was always referred to as the "Old House" and still stands behind the present structure. While we lived there the long handled iron ladle, in which Grandfather melted lead for bullets, hung just inside the door of the "Old House."

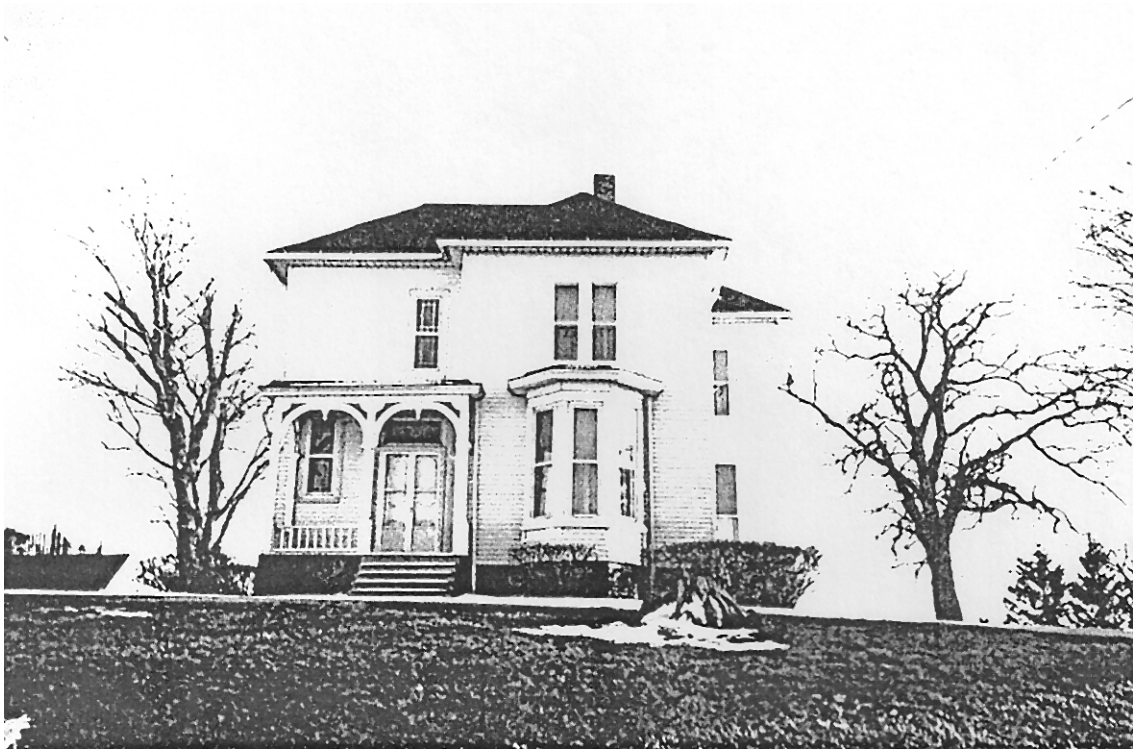
Sometime later they built a colonial house, where the present house stands, with fan light doorway and central hall extending from front door to back with rooms opening on either side. It was a large house having eight bedrooms and built with eighteen to twenty-four inch wide sills, as many houses were when wood was abundant.

This house burned to the ground with all escaping in nightclothes. The only thing they saved was the tall secretary with deeds and papers. It happened in February and there was a deep snow on the ground. It was a night bright with moonlight and Grandmother, as was her custom, was reading late and saw shadows of the flames of the fire on the roof. She roused the family and those sleeping on the second and third floors were on the stairways when the third floor crashed through to the second floor. This house was always spoken of as "the Big House."

The present structure was built on the same site and consisted of a reception hall, parlor, long-room (had been the library, till Grandmother bought the house in Kewanee and moved the books there) downstairs bedroom, kitchen and pantry. The washroom off the kitchen had a fully equipped bath in Grandfathers time. There were four bedrooms with continuous halls heading to back and front stairs. The attic about covered the third floor.

The three front rooms downstairs were painted a delicate blue and ivory with stenciled ceilings throughout and a dado on the front stairs. There were circles of wood in the ceilings from which the lamps hung.

Another feature of the Old Homestead was the floors of the dining room, kitchen, pantry and washroom in that they were done in narrow alternating strips of dark and light lumber.



The Turnbull Farm House Kewanee, Illinois



California Aunt Cal

Our old family Doctor Cole told my folks that Dean was going into consumption or T.B.. We decided to rent the farm and go to California. We moved to Cottage Street in town. The renter moved on the farm and put his crops in. We had to have a sale of stock and machinery and get ready to go. I can't remember how long we were there.

We took the train and Aunt Cora and Scott (named after Grandma Scott's modern name) went with us. At the train depot we had to cross the tracks to board the train on the other side from the depot. In all the excitement of telling Grandma, Grandpa and all the Aunts, Uncles and cousins good-bye, I left my doll. When we were all across the tracks and the train was in I discovered my doll was missing, I set up a terrible fuss. Uncle Sam was going to crawl under the train, they were afraid to throw it under. Grandma said "No!" She sat up all night after they went home; making a couple new outfits and put it in the mail the next morning. It had a beautiful blue dress with insertions of lace, a hat to match, brand new petti-skirt and pantaloons. I must have been about seven at the time.

When we came through a mining town in the mountains a drunk miner who'd turned his gold-dust into money got on the train. He was throwing his money away. Father said, "get all you can." So Scott, Dean and I scrambled and got as much as we could. We gave it to Daddy, he said, "Oh, I'm so glad you got so much, he'll need it." Our faces sure fell. He saved it and doled it out to him til he sobered up, and gave him the rest.

We had this good idea to lay a trail so we could find our way home. We tore up bits of paper and threw them out the train window. We used up everything, including a whole deck of cards. What a grand trail we laid!

We stopped in San Bernardino; we got a second floor apartment at Rolfes. Dean took full advantage of his illness and said he was too sick to go to school and because he didn't go, Scott didn't have to go either. But, Kathryn had to go. The only seat left in the room was with a girl who'd had scarlet fever. So, naturally I got it. I was so deathly sick, but no one would believe me. The boys would take me to school in a little wagon and pick me up afterwards. I was so sick the teacher let me lay on the resertation bench 'til lunch time. When they came pulling me back to school again she was just horrified. She put me back on the bench again, by that time I was delirious from the fever. When the boys came after me, she had to carry me out to the wagon. There was no one home when we got there, so they carried me in and put me on the couch. When the folks came back and found such a sick kid, they felt guilty.

I was quarantined in a room by myself and Dad took care of me. He told me all the stories he knew. I was in a folding bed and had my few things on the top headboard. He tried to get me to eat, I remember he was giving me soft boiled eggs; I was so weak I fell head first into the bowl. I had eggs in my long hair; he had a time cleaning up that mess. When I was better the boys would come to the porch that ran across the front of the house and put on a pantomime show. No one else got it, so my Dad must have been a good nurse.

There was a little girl there named Junie she was two and a half years old and played with Launce. She always had a little fox tail pinned under her little dress; it would hang out and look so cute when she'd walk. One day Launce came upstairs crying and sobbing, he said "Junie gona marry me!"

The mountains looked so close, we decided to go over to them and take a picnic lunch. We took our sandwiches and started walking. We walked 'til we were dead tired and they weren't any closer. So, we sat down and ate and went home again. We decided, the

mountains were a long long ways off.

We loved the monkey cage at the zoo. We could spend the day just watching them for amusement. It was a game to think of things to give them. One day we gave them a triple-folding mirror from the dime store. "The Boss" monkey took it and when he got it open, it was funny to watch him see himself, in first one, and then all three and watch his expressions. HE turned from rage to curiosity. One day we gave them a gunny-sack, the monkeys got "The Boss" in the sack and gave him quite a ride. They ran with him bumping here and there, finally they ran down into the hole, bumping him down the stairs. Soon they shot out of there like they'd been shot out of gun - with him on the loose!

When Launce was three years old Mother made him a baby-blue "Buster Brown" suit, with back leather slippers and a belt for his birthday. He had golden curls and big blue eyes and black eye lashes. In San Bernardino the Spanish, Mexican people were always raving over the blond baby. Mother and Dad took Launce to a photographer to get his picture made.

When they came back he came out side to play. He was all dressed up, but it was his birthday. I took him to this funny shop where they threw out scraps of leather. I sat him up on a stump and gave him my doll in the blue dress to hold. I was so interested in gathering up these lovely scraps and keeping an eye on him was too much. I could see blue out of the corner of my eye as I gathered up these perfectly wonderful pieces. When I turned around the doll was there but the baby was nowhere to be found. I got the two boys and we had to go home and tell them the baby was gone. They hit the roof and we didn't dare show our faces. Aunt Cora stayed there and Mother and Father went to the police. He was gone a long time, Mother stayed right with the police.

A little girl found him standing on a corner, doing a "we we", and crying. He told her he was "Wost", so she took him to the big wealthy family, who had a telephone. They took him in. It was just like a palace and they were just having dinner. They asked him his name and he said "Saucy Hine Tunney". They called the Police and told them how he was dressed and gave them their address. Mother shot out of the Police Station with Father in hot-pursuit, but he couldn't keep up with her. She ran all the way to the house. When she came in they had Launce at the end of a buffet laden with marvelous food, all sorts of delicious things, she and her husband were kneeling down by him, trying to get him to eat something. They had no children of their own and he offered to pay anything for the baby. My Dad said "My children are not for sale." Launce said "They never gave me no pie!" I was in the dog-house for quite awhile.

There was a park near the house that had boats for swings. You could climb in and swing. Scott put his hand under the boat as it swung down, and hurt his hand. He had a bad hand for quite a long time.

When we were wading in the surf a sting-ray stung Dean in the ankle. He was like a raving-maniac. We must have known all the doctors quite well.

When we were in Los Angeles we stayed in a hotel. They gave us a suite of rooms. The manager said "Well, I don't know about children!", my Father looked at us, and said, "Well, I kinda hate to shoot them." The manager sat the lamp on the dresser himself and when the mirror broke, he wanted Dad to pay for the mirror. Dad said, "I didn't put the lamp there.", and he refused to pay.

In San Diego we rented a cottage in back of a big house; it was buried in flowers and had a nice front porch.

Cutter Capers

Aunt Cal

On a day when "the dear old farm" was covered with a thick blanket of snow, my mother decided to drive into town. She had her horse Beauty hitched to the cutter. Mother, by the way, had never, in all her years on the farm, learned to harness and hitch her horse to the buggy. A person can spare themselves a lot of wear and tear that way.

Soon Mother, Aunt Kate and Meredith, not quite two, were seated. Blankets were piled high and well tucked in behind pedal extremities.

Without noticing that the rig was sitting at quite an angle, Mother slapped the reins smartly on Beauty's broad back - and they were over! Since the cutter could not right itself from such a cramped position, over they went, with Mother on top of the heap.

While they were trying to unscramble themselves, they could hear the muffled voice of Meredith complaining "something palled on me, and I fink it was Booty."

Our Neddy Aunt Cal

Neddy was a small burro but what he lacked in size he more than made up in determination. Truer words were never spoken "Stubborn as a mule."

During summer vacation I rode Neddy when I went to spend the day with some cousins. Their home was three miles or so from ours. To reach their farm one must cross the Spoon River bridge and beyond that the road lay through the timber, woods we called it now.

We were having such a wonderful day playing that I forgot how much sooner it gets dark in the woods. When I did get started home I was nervous about having to ride through the mile or more of woods that lay between us and home.

Just as we emerged from the darkening woods, and I breathed a sigh of relief, we came to the edge of the Spoon River bridge. It was there that pesky donkey took his stand. I coaxed, I tugged at the bridle, I got behind him and pushed and I applied a switch where I felt it would do the most good. But, all that moved were these long floppy ears.

Always the sight of water beneath a bridge had been frightening to me. Now here we were with this bridge we must cross to reach home. Behind us the woods were quite dark, so returning to my cousin's seemed the worst of two evils.

At last, just for what small comfort being mounted might bring, I tearfully clambered up on Neddy's back. Suddenly (everything was suddenly, or not at all with Neddy.) that donkey tested the bridge's edge gingerly with a small hoof, and then across and on home at a gentle jog. Just as though he had just taken a much needed rest and having rested moved on. Perhaps the thought of supper and his own snug bed moved him - just that he moved was sufficient.

Temper Kathryn Morris

I used to attend Sunday School in Elmina 'til I rebelled, because they were so formal. I started going to the Primitive Methodist Church in Kewanee that Mother used to attend.

One Easter morning Mother dolled me up in new hand-made finery, with a hat with velvet streamers. I was dressed to the hilt and I was so proud of myself. Dean was assigned to take me to church. He would just accidentally knock my hat off with the buggy whip and then he'd solicitously stop and let me get out in the dusty road to go get it. Every time I just get up with the buggy held drive on a few steps and leave me belling in the wake. By the time we did this over and over the five miles to church, I was reduced to shambles. When my grandmother saw me, she could have wrung Dean's neck, she had to take me down to the basement and wash me up. She thought it was terrible the way Dean was allowed to pick on me. But they thought my temper was cute.

Dean loved to tease me about my "pug-nose", that I inherited from my Mother's side of the family. I was the only one in the family that had one. It used to be good for a nice loud beller from me.

Max Johnson the son of a backward family whose mother did our wash and ironing. Used to take pity on me, because I couldn't ice-skate and would pull me around the pond in a wash tub. I thought he was pretty nice. Of course, that was fuel for the fire as far as Dean was concerned. "Tease, Tease, Tease" to see my red-headed temper fly! One day Grandma was there for supper, when this was going on. After supper she took me aside and said, "Kathryn you are just gratifying Dean, next time, you must tell him you like Max Johnson and that will be the end of that!" I wasn't smart enough to figure that out for myself. It sure took the wind out of his sail.



Old Church in Elmiara that Aunt attended 1

They're Weaned

Kathryn Morris

One day Mother had just finished moping the alternating dark and light wood floor in the kitchen, when Dean ran in and dropped his "dinney bottle." It broke into several pieces. Mother was so exasperated, she grabbed the dust-pan-opened the stove lid and shoved the pieces inside. She had just slammed the lid and her eye lit on me standing there with my bottle in my mouth. In one smooth move she popped it out of my mouth and into the fire it went. "There now," Mother said to two startled kids "you're weaned!".

Slaves Aunt Cal

Grandfather Turnbull was not part of the underground railway, but he did sympathize with the black people. They hunted them just like rabbits with blood-hounds.

Grandfather would take them in and help them. Towards the end three slaves came to him for help. There was Jessie Anderson and Henry Dangerfield, I can't remember the other one's name. He was a sly-puss and hung around the barn. Grandpa John gave them the old house to live in and they helped around the farm.

When Henry inherited the farm he couldn't afford them, so he told them they could find jobs elsewhere, but they'd always have a home there and food if they needed it.

Jessie had been a house servant and was an old saint, with his black face and snow white hair. He called me "Little Missy." We never sent Jessie to town because he had a weakness for liquor. But in desperation Dad sent Jessie to town this day. Uncle Fred Busswell, who had slaves, came from town and said "Henry, that niger of yours is in jail!" He'd gotten drunk and was going down the street with a team and wagon and gotten across-ways in the street. Jessie was so ashamed. "Jessie what happened!", my Dad said. "Marse Henry, they put me in here and dey tell me, you waz disturbing the public nuisance!", he said.

When Fathers health failed we took him to the County Home. When he died he was 103 years old. After he died they told how he'd been branded as a baby on his back with his birth date and his owners name, it was still 1/8 inch deep.

Dangerfield was a smart negro, good looking, but sassy. When he was six or seven he was taken away from his family and given to the daughter at the plantation owners, as a wedding dowry. She was mean and he was sassy. He'd hide under the trundle-bed when he didn't want to mind and she'd heat the poker and burn him out. He had scars to prove it.

We had a little black and white dog, we got from a lady going by the house. It was a saying in those days "That's a Pip." So we called him Pip. Pip didn't like Henry Dangerfield and when we called him one day Pip didn't pay any attention. Henry said "You don't need to think you're so smart, just because you have a white stripe down your face, you're black too!"

Gypsies Aunt Cal

Kewanee, Oseola, Elmara, Neponset, are all Indian names and our farm set at the cross roads for four corners. All the mail boxes were there by a big cotton-wood tree, where the gypsies used to camp.

The gypsies would come to beg. Henry said, "Let them have a baby pig or chicken, they could burn down the barn."

One day a gypsy woman came to the house and had lots of skirts on. She motioned she wanted eggs, so Edith gave her eggs. She opened a pocket and dropped the eggs into her skirt. Then she motioned she wanted half of a lemon pie and when Mother gave it to her, she opened another pocket and into the skirt it went too!

Boulder Colorado Aunt Cal

When I was fourteen, I went with my dad to Boulder, Colorado. He had asthma so bad and we were in hopes the mountains would help him. We went on the train. His two brothers Tom and Charlie ran a meat market in Boulder.

Muriel decided we should take a taxi up to Nederland in the mountains to see her friend Esther. We got a driver to take us, but we didn't realize until we were going up the windy gravel road that he was drunk, dead drunk. They had convicts working on the road blasting parts of the mountain away to make places for cars to pass.

When we got to Nederland it looked like the worst western movie set! The board sidewalks were three feet above the quigmine street. Man lounging along the horse-rail said "looks like a couple o new ones for the body."

Esther Trollops' father owned the hotel and motion-picture show. He was the sheriff and notary public. We stayed two or three days. I remember we had a picnic and sat our soda pop in the snow and we sat in the sunshine.

I'd never been away from home before and I had a big case of homesickness. Aunt Blanche helped me make things to send home to mother. I made a pillow with three bluebirds embroidered and a handboy. I tatted a whole bedroom set in white and yellow. I had a sweater and I would put a ball in each pocket and carry my work with me.

We'd go to the store and eat pickles from the barrel. Uncle Charlie had two meat markets and was buying the third when he died. I got so homesick they took me to Denver and put me on the train for home.

After I left Dad got homesick not having any of his family out there. Finally Mother decided to go get him. She left Dean in charge. He was courting Ruth at the time. He had to cross Spoon River in Oseola. IT usually was just a trickle, but we had a big rain and it got a quarter mile across, with him trapped on the other side. So, he stayed with Aunt Annie. I was the straw boss when he was away. Lloyd Wasley who was about Launces' age, around ten years, was staying with us. I was sleeping in the front room and my trunk was still in the hall, the ladder from the Attic was pulled down and the boys were in the back bedroom. There were no lights on except the one we left on for Dean in the dinning room.

I heard a man holler "Henry-Henry!", I went to my window and I could see down to the folks bedroom and I saw him standing there. I called "Our Daddy's sleeping." He said, "I know he isn't home." I ran full tilt in that dark house, out the hall, over the trunk, around the ladder, down the back stairs, through the pantry and locked the back door. The boys said I sounded like a herd of buffalo and came to see what was going on. I came into the dinning room and he could see me and I could see his face in the bay window. He had a blue shirt and the veins in his neck was standing out. He looked drunk. He said "You let me in, you unlock the door." I yelled, "You stay in the barn!" The boys were fiddling with a gun they had been cleaning that was laying on the table, when he saw that gun, he turned and ran.

Mother had a terrible dream that very night and she decided they must come home.

The hired man, that lived in Aunt Maggies old house across the road, came and looked the next day. HE said there had been two different rigs in the barn-yard that night.

Henry said, "Whenever I leave this farm something goes wrong!"

The Cyclone

by Kathryn T. Morris

I remember, we always had a lot of company at our house when I was growing up. It was a time of singing and laughter and good memories. It was unusual to sit down to a meal with just Mother, Dad, Dean, Launce and I. Someone would say, "Just us five for supper?" Dad was a great hand to invite everyone who dropped by or he saw in town to eat. It was like a big Country Inn, all the hardware men or repair men, Mother said "I bake and bake and they all come and gobble it up!" "Edith, you just might be entertaining an angel unaware!", father would say. HE dearly loved to have company, but he wasn't much of a hand to visit others.

One day his youngest brother Irving insisted he wouldn't come back, 'til we all visited him. So one friday we took the team and buggy to his farm five miles west of Kewanee and spent the weekend. Victor the hired man stayed at the farm to care for the livestock and tend the chores. There were no communications, as we know them today, no telephone or radio. So it wasn't until we were on the way home, that we came around a rise and saw a devastating sight. The house of the lady who did our washing, Kate Johnson, was down and the barn turned around on its foundation.

We found a frightened but surviving family of Kate and six youngsters. She told us she'd heard the noise and got the children to stand pressed against the brick-wall and the next thing they knew, bricks were falling down all around them. She gathered up her children and found the missing Pete, quite safe inside the barn, under a plank, pinned down, but quite unharmed.

In a house close by a rather slow-witted man was peeling potatoes, when the storm struck. HE ran over to the Johnson place with the butcher knife still clutched, forgotten in his hand. Kate looked up at him standing there and later on related, I thought, have I saved my children, only to come to this?

We drove home as fast as we could, expecting the worse for our farm. "Hooray!" to see the old red roof still standing. The only damage was both basement doors were gone and two Shetland ponies had been picked up and deposited unharmed over a fence in an adjoining pasture. We lost one steer, killed by piece from a fence, but we were very fortunate indeed.

Henry ran over to the adjoining farm of Uncle Charlie to find it wiped clean - nothing there! Aunt Blanche and Muriel were working butter in the cool of the basement. She was just putting the finishing touches on a pat, and storing the buttermilk, when she heard a great loud roar. She quickly gathered Muriel 2 1/2 years, and ran against the north basement wall. Then in a twinkling all was quite still. She gave a sigh of relief and looked up to see yawning grey-blue sky. Gone was the big wooden house, and everything in it. Gone were hay-barns, corn-cribs, hog-pens and trees. Quietly, everything was swept bare in the face of the cyclone. Only the foundation left standing, so great was the suction it moved an entire farm and left not a speck of dirt in her fresh made butter. They found not a splinter of wood, not any sign of belongings on the property. Weeks later people from sixty miles away returned the keyboard and the scarf from the piano, they found them in a tree and several ornate nickel plate knobs from the cook stove. Nothing else was ever recovered. Henry, my father, said "You see what happens when I go away J"

Long John's Ket*

Kathryn Turnbull Morris is a tall, slender lady. She speaks softly with little vocal inflection. Her well chosen vocabulary and ease of conversing, however, bespeak a very sensitive person. Kathryn is someone in whose presence one feels totally at ease.

Henry Matthew Turnbull was Scottish and his wife Edith was English. They settled in Elmira, IL. They had two boys and a girl, Kathryn. She recalls a pleasant childhood on a farm, even though the family moved in her early years, Kathryn said she could never go back to it because she wanted to remember it as it was then. She particularly enjoyed her grandfather Turnbull. He was about "six and a half feet tall". Kathryn recalls that he was known as "Long John" and she was called by her Scottish relatives, "Long John's Ket". Her interest in her Scottish genealogy is active for she is still "Long John's Ket".

An event of singular magnitude in Kathryn's young life happened around 4:45 a.m., April 18, 1906 just outside Oakland, California. The Turnbull family was returning home from a vacation. Their train was toppled by the 1906 earthquake. Kathryn recalls most details of that occurrence but two stand out which illustrate the quality of the Turnbells.

The Turnbells were invited to tea with an Irish lady living in a little shanty beside the railroad. That evening, she accepted their invitation to stay with them in the train. The next morning, they found their friends house demolished by an aftershock. The lady declined an invitation to go with the Turnbells, so she gave Edith a hand painted Irish cake plate she had admired at the tea. Kathryn carries a fond memory of her. They left the lady to rebuild her home in Oakland.

After 48 hours, tracks were repaired and another train was waiting. Passengers had to talk across a gorge on a quickly constructed trestle. My father walked across with each of us, he kept saying, "just keep your eyes on me and don't look down". When he went back for my mother, she looked down and fainted. My father found a wheelbarrow and pushed my mother and the baby across. Every time he remembered the experience he would say, "you know, I never did take that wheelbarrow back to where I found it". He was a brave man.

Early in her life, Kathryn wanted to be a teacher. In 1924 she graduated from Western Illinois University and was trained as a teacher. A year later, she married another teacher, Glenn S. Morris. It was then that her life would take another direction. They would move numerous times because in those days, Glenn "had to go wherever he could earn a living".

The Morrises first moved to Eau Claire, WI, where Kathryn expected to teach. She learned, however, that the school system would not accept married women as teachers. Angry and disappointed, Kathryn was determined not to be outdone. She found a publishing company that was looking for someone with a teaching background. Her job was to give the publisher critical insight through a teacher's perspective, thereby, improving textbook quality.

Later Kathryn and Glenn moved to St. Paul, MN, where Glenn continued teaching and Kathryn kept busy working at a friend's millinery shop. Some time later, Glenn accepted a teaching position in California. There, Kathryn worked at a "top line department store" as bookkeeper and "fill-in clerk". Among her frequent customers were movie stars such as the Bennett sisters, Lon Chaney and Theda Bara (Theodosia Goodman, a Cincinnati native).

By 1930 Kathryn's interest in teaching had waned, though Glenn continued in that profession, they moved to Lockland where they stayed. Kathryn found a job at the Old Crosley Radio Company in the payroll department. That was her last job before retirement.

When Glenn contracted a terminal illness, Kathryn spent several years caring for him at

home until she could manage it no longer. He died in 1980. Kathryn stayed in the house where they lived for 50 years. Failing health, however, left her no choice. She came to Judson Village January 23, 1989.

Kathryn's only family is a niece and her husband in Cincinnati, a nephew and his wife in Utah. They all keep in touch and visit as much as possible.

** Written by Badie Henry Chaplin at Judson Village, published after Kathryn's death Feb 22, 1990.*

Mel Turnbull

Mel was born October 10, 1931, the second son to Ruth and Dean Turnbull in Kewanee, Illinois.

Henry the first boy died of cancer at the tender age of four. So there was a nine year gap between Mel and Jean. Jean remembers she got a pony the day that Mel was born. Her Dad asked her if she'd like one and she said "oh yes!" So Topsy became hers, to help ease the news of a new brother.



Mel was the darling of the entire household and a cute round, big brown eyed darling he was.

Grammy says he learned to talk, holding onto the old tomcats tail.

Also they were doing road-work in front of the farm. Whenever the machinery and horses were working - up went the high chair tray, no matter what was in the way. Away he would fly to the big bay window crying "The Bigs, The Bigs!"

They left the farm about the time Mel turned a year old and moved to Dixon, Illinois, where Mel had a boyfriend he called "Don Don" (I believe this is the kid Gammy always called Big Foot.) Well, the Catholic Church was holding a Carnival and both boys wanted to go. Dean was working selling cars and Gann had no way to take them. Later the both came up missing and the police were called. They found them both, six blocks the other side of the Rock River Bridge. Sure enough, they'd walked to the Carnival all by themselves and only four years old.

Another time the YWCA held a picnic for the children and some were playing in the water. Later on it was learned Mel tried to cross the river on a leaky innertube. He couldn't swim a lick, he said, "I'd have made it, but I kept having to stop to blow it up!"

They moved to Cincinnati and lived on Herford St. when Mel was in about fourth grade. He attended Hartwell School until his senior year, they were moved to Hughes.

Gammy used to get him to take urine samples to the Doctor for her sugar tests. He would deliver them on his tricycle. Well, one day he came back all upset, said "I don't go in — — Bad peeples in there! I Later on they found out he'd arrived just as the Doctor and his wife were having a few harsh word, next time he told Gammy "I'm not taking your medicine to the Doctor any more!"

Gammy and Mel were always kindred spirits. He'd sit on the arm of her big chair and sing "In the Garden" with her. It was his job to pinch all the chocolates for her, to find the soft centers.

He always had a box a cookies stashed under the ottoman at her feet and they spent many hours together. One day Ruth came home to note on the door "Dog on back porch!" There was "Danny." He became the family pet from then on He and Mel were buddies.

Gammy played banker, she and Mel counted and saved, counted and saved, until he got \$150.00 for his first car. Mr. Worstell, called "Gramps" by Gammy, next door would come over and help Mel admire his 1938 Black Ford Coupe. My, Mel thought it was wonderful. At first Gann wouldn't let him take it out of the driveway. They had a pretty long driveway and he got lots of backing up experience.

One day Mel was playing with a 22-bullet and Gammy thought he might get hurt. So in the excitement of the moment she dropped it down the hot-air furnace register to the coal-

heater. They all worried that it might go off.



Mel, Jean, Cal, Gammy, Launce and Gann 1

Gammy hated Frank Sinatra and one day Mel told her, "You'll think about me today" as he went out the door, to go downtown. We'll he'd rigged the record player to come on automatically hours later and play "Am I blue!" She heard this song come on playing loud and she was home .all by herself and didn't know how to turn if off.

She thought about him alright, years later she was still mumbling about it. She didn't think it was funny! But everyone else did.

Mel continued to live in Hartwell 'til graduation. He was working for Crosley. He entered the Air Force in 1950 and was at Lowrey Air Base in Denver, Colorado when he met Marjory Ann Stump. She was in nursing at Children's Hospital. They were married December 20, 1951 in Webster, South Dakota.