

FROM
COWCHIPS
TO
MICROWAVES

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(Autobiography of Anna Denker Walraven - 1985)

I was born July 9, 1898, in Union County, South Dakota. I was the second oldest and had five brothers plus one that died in Colorado as a newborn. My brothers are Thomas Nicholas, the oldest, Fred Bernard, John Adolph, Frank Alban, Charlie Alfred, and one baby boy deceased. My name is Anna Margaret.

My dad's name was Burchard Denker, I can discover no middle name for him, and my mother's name was Bina Pearson. Dad was born in Oldenburg, Germany, on December 4, 1867. He was about 5' 8" and never heavy built. He had blue eyes and brown hair. He always had his hair cut and his shave at the barber. Mamma was born in, or around, Noxtorp, Sweden, on March 13, 1872. She was pretty short and she had blue eyes with brown hair that had a bit of a curl.

Mamma was one of seven children. She had a twin brother, Gottfried, and a sister, Matilda (who had red hair), both of whom stayed in Sweden. A brother, Adolph, died of tuberculosis when he was in England. He was in the navy when he died. Mamma and her other three brothers (Nels, Alfred, and Ludwig) left Sweden for the U.S., never to return to Sweden. Mamma came over around 1892.

Mamma's father, Per Swenson, made a living digging for peat for fuel and her mother, Bejote nee Janssen, knitted and sewed sweaters for extra money. My Grandpa Swenson was very domineering and very religious and he liked his cognac. Grandma was very clean. She used to scrub the floors and chairs with sand to keep them clean. They would always have clean curtains for Christmas. She was also thrifty as one chicken would last all week. For her extra money she would keep out several sweaters she had knitted, as grandpa would count the sweaters.

Dad's father, Nicholas Diedrich Dencker, was a farmer. His mother,

Margaretta Hobbie, died of tuberculosis when dad was about a year old. They had two other sons, Karl (Charlie) and Johann (John). Johann stayed in Germany.

Grandpa Dencker remarried after grandma died and they had more children: Eduard, Gustav (Gus), Christian (Chris), Heinrich (Henry), Peter, August, Friedrich (Fritz), and Gretchen.

Uncle Nel's Pearson was the first person in mamma's family to come to the U.S. Mamma came to Springfield, Illinois, to live with a Swedish family. She learned to cook and do general housework there.

Dad and Uncle Charlie came over from Germany together on a steamboat and they landed in Castle Garden, New York, in June, 1885, when dad was 17. Uncle Charlie had served in the German army and dad didn't want to, so they bid their father goodbye, all crying, and they never saw Germany again.

Dad stayed with a Swedish family in Petersburg, Illinois, and helped them farm. He was a hired hand. While he was there he went to school. In July, 1892, dad got his naturalization papers.

On March 1, 1894, my parents were married in Petersburg, Illinois. Dad had saved enough money to buy a team of horses and mamma had saved enough money to make a rag rug. They moved to Alcester, South Dakota, (Union County) where Tom, myself, and Fred were born. Tom was born August 29, 1895, and Fred was born September 13, 1900.

We lived in a rented place near Alcester. My mother was very happy that a young Norweigan lady lived near us. This lady had children, too, and they had many laughs. Mamma used to tell how they laughed and went together and had their coffee. She also used to tell how she milked the cow three times a day and how dad would put manure on the rented farm and how she laughed and said if only he would put it on his own farms.

In 1902 we moved to Charles Mix County on a farm we had bought near Armour, South Dakota. Uncle Charlie had bought a farm near Wagoner, South Dakota, and we were close enough to visit each other. My brother John was born there on April 25, 1904. Right before he was born us kids were sent to visit the Nupins. When we came home their was a big, fat baby and we didn't even know there was going to be a baby.

Thehouse we lived in was one-story and there was a barn, of

course. A German had to have a big barn whether he had a house or not. We had a coal shed, too, and a windmill that would grind the corn. There was a big hole by the windmill and Fred fell down in the hole and we had to pull him out.

I started to school there in a one-room school house, Kennedy, with my brother Tom. One day on the way home some big boys threatened to take Tom to an abandoned house and cut Tom's fingernails and toenails off. I screamed and hollared and wasn't going to let them do it. You know big boys used to do some bad things.

We used to take our pennies to school to buy crayons. The teacher had crayons to sell. Miss Nupin was one of my teachers. She taught us to read by using the McGuffey Reader.

We had snowstorms in South Dakota. I can remember dad putting manure around the house to keep it warm. Us kids used to make paths from the house to the barn during the snow so we could get there.

The thing that most impressed me, and I can remember it now, was when the Indians went by our house in their covered wagons and horses and they wanted to buy old Pooter, which was Tom's dog. I can still see Tom hugging that dog. They wanted to take Pooter to the Happy Hunting Ground. I think the Indians would have eaten the dog (I think that was their favorite.)

Prairie fires came from the west looking like the setting sun. The sky became violent red; this was during the daytime. Dad had gone to church and a prairie fire started. Men came to fight the fire with their wagons loaded with barrels of water and with their plows. They kept our place from burning down. The burning thistles, also known as tumbleweeds, were spreading the fire and they were stopped just across the road. Rattlesnakes tried to outrun the fire.

Fred and I used to go out to the pastures with our little red wagon and pick up cow chips. They made very good fuel. We used those to cook with in our old stove and they would cook the best biscuits. We stored the cow chips in the shed.

One day dad went out to the haystacks to shoot geese. He shot at one and when he went to pick it up, there were three. The geese were at the haystacks getting feed.

One Christmas Day when Uncle Chris was there, dad went to Lake Andes, which was less than 10 miles away. The lake was frozen, but it had four artesian wells the government had dug. From the wells they scooped up great big catfish by the barrel and brought them home.

Uncle Henry used to visit us often. He had been burnt quite badly on his face and legs and probably even more places. He was going out to the barn to change his dressings, but mamma told him he was not going to change them in the barn--he was going to change them in the house. So he did change the dressings in the house. After a while he left and no one heard from him again.

When dad took his cattle to market he brought me little rings and purses. I don't know where he took the cattle or how he got them there since we didn't have trucks and trailers then.

I had all kinds of dolls. There were a lot of single brothers in mamma's family and I was the only little girl. Mamma wanted me to put the dolls away, but Aunt Mary, Uncle Charlie's wife, told her to let me play with them.

Dad's brother, Uncle Gus, was a banker in Delmont, South Dakota. He was a very handsome man and he always dressed "just so." He used to bring us new pennies and he gave mamma a beautiful Chinese bowl full of chocolate drops for Christmas. He also gave mamma his old shirts for some of us children to wear.

Other things I remember about South Dakota are: dad once bought an Indian pony but he was unable to break it; the telephone came while we were there; there were great big rattlesnakes in the cornshucks; and there were wild roses in the prairie. A little girl I used to play with there had a brother who died in World War I. He was buried in Arlington Cemetary.

Mamma was very lonely when we moved to Charles Mix County, even though she enjoyed staying at home with us children. Dad went to the German Lutheran Church and mother did not speak German. The people spoke German in her presence and this bothered her very much.

Mamma was very unhappy, as well as lonely, there. She felt there was no organized religion, there were too many Indians (we lived next to a reservation), and that it was a wild country. She was a woman from

another country, Sweden, and dad was German. They had beer there and there was dancing and no church affiliation. She was unhappy even though she had her children. Mamma felt that all Germans drank beer, they drank a keg of beer about every Sunday, and she was very much against this. So she talked to dad about moving and that is why we left South Dakota.

Dad went to Oklahoma to check out some land. He was on the train and got off at Enid and was on his way back to South Dakota when a real estate man by the name of Morgan, who I remember as a fat man, took him out to Garber, a town about 20 miles east of Enid. Dad bought the land and then we moved.

I was 8 years old when we left South Dakota. This was in 1906. I had been in school a couple of years.

We loaded our belongings and ourselves on the train and headed to Oklahoma. On our way to Oklahoma we stopped in Alcester to see Uncle Alfred and Aunt Alma. They wanted mamma to let them have Fred because they liked his curly hair and blue eyes. They said mamma had all these children and she didn't need Fred.

Uncle Alfred and Aunt Alma were both very busy people. They raised garden, fruits, and had honey bees. They never had any children and they lived in Canyon City, Colorado, for many years until they died. (They were going to move to California from Alcester but they never got past Canyon City.) They were buried there. They left some property (they had quite a few rental houses) that was divided among the relatives.

I don't know how dad got the money to buy the first farm. He didn't get the money in Sioux City, even though we did stop there on our way to Oklahoma. Mamma's brother who lived there, Uncle Ludwig, married a lady who had been a Salvation Army Lassie. They had two boys. Uncle Ludwig and Aunt Augusta are buried in Sioux City.

We also stopped in Kansas City. Mamma had brought our lunch and we stopped at the depot in Missouri. We had sandwiches and grease all over the benches. A black lady was mad because she had to clean them off.

Fred and I needed gum and dad didn't think we needed any. We got our gum, though. We got gum from under the seats and we really had a lot of gum to chew.

We finally stopped in Oklahoma and got off the train at Garber.

Mr. Morgan, the realtor, met us there. We stayed at the Sherman Hotel in Garber and then went to the farm. I believe Mr. Chitwood took us to the farm. We bought the farm from him. It had originally belonged to Red Hog Jones (a man with a lot of red hogs), but Red Hog had moved to Canada.

The house set on the southwest corner of the section three miles south of Garber. It was about a block or a block-and-a-half from the corner and then a little north. It had a big yard. We had all kinds of trees. There were mulberry, peach, and pear trees, hedge ball trees, bois d'arc trees; you could just name it.

The house was two-story and pink on the outside. It wasn't much. During the winter time dad would stay up at night so the house wouldn't burn down because of the wooden belly stove that went up through the ceiling.

The house was full of bedbugs. Every year mamma had to clean bedbugs. They were always biting me. The bugs were in the wood, the house was wooden with no plaster, and you couldn't get them out. The beds were also wooden so the bedbugs had plenty of places to hide. Mamma used to say she would burn the house down to get rid of the bedbugs, but she couldn't afford it.

When we threshed wheat in the summer we made straw ticks. We had feather beds with ticking. Mamma would use coal oil where she thought the bedbugs would live.

When wheat was threshed they had cook shacks go along with the threshing machines. I wanted to go along to make money by helping with the dishwashing, but my dad said that was no place for a young lady, so I didn't get to go.

We went to town, Garber, in the old wagon to get groceries, at the Garber General Store. Sometimes the whole family would go. Mamma took eggs, butter, and chickens and would sometimes make a trade. It was a combination store that had a pot belly stove in the middle of the floor. This was a grocery store as well as a post office, a millinery shop and a general mercantile. This store had bins. You would put your hands in the bin and get out whatever you wanted: candy or flour or whatever.

Dad had to have credit. He would pay the store once and then when he had a crop he would pay them again.

Sometimes when we went to town we would buy baked bread and cheese. It was so good that it would be gone by the time we got home. We also bought apples. This was the first time I knew about tuna. Cans of tuna were a new thing.

We used to exchange wheat for flour. We stored the flour at the house, upstairs. We would take the wheat to the mill at Garber to get it ground into flour.

Besides the general store and the mill, Garber had one bank, a depot, a drug store, a hardware store, and a soda fountain. The train would go through Garber and then go to Billings, about 15 miles away, return to Garber and then return to Enid.

The streets at Garber were dirt. Going to our place the road was really low and wet. There used to be tadpoles in the road. We traveled in horse and buggy until we finally got a car.

Most of the farm was in wheat. I don't think there were many pastures. There were a lot of trees and wells.

We raised pigs, cattle, potatoes, and onions. Dad tried to cure his ham. You couldn't keep meat for very long so I think everyone shared meat with the neighbors. Normally we butchered the pork since it was smaller. You had your liver, your snout, and you could cure your pork.

A mule we had was named Jumbo. One day he got down on the south place and he couldn't get up. It was about to kill him. When Jumbo brayed we fed him. He finally got up.

The water was gypsey, cold, very hard and we loved it. Mamma had to use lye to break the hard water. She used to catch the soft water in containers so she could use it. There were two wells, one on each side of the house. We had a cistern there but it didn't work, it had caved in, and we never did get it fixed. Mamma also used lye to make homemade soap by mixing the lye with hog lard.

Mamma cooked on a range that burned wood (in Oklahoma the stove was heated by either wood or coal. We left the cow chips back in South Dakota.) It had a reservoir where we kept water. The water in the reservoir was our bath water. When it was bath time we would dip the hot water out.

We would buy crab apples and mamma would can them and she would

buy grapes and make them into jelly. We made our own sauerkraut, bread, butter, and preserves.

The washing machine was run by hand. We used to have to rub the dirty part of the clothes on rubbing boards. In the winter the clothes would freeze dry and have to be brought in to thaw.

Our outside toilet was some distance from the house. We had to walk there and then use Sears Roebuck catalogs for toilet paper.

When we moved there, there were peach trees all along the road. Mother used to take those little peaches and dry them on the roof and make butter out of them.

While we were at Garber we had two more additions to our family; both boys. Frank was born November 9, 1907. He was named after Mrs. John Dively's son, Frank. The doctor, who had driven out in his horse and buggy, and Mrs. Dively were there when Frank was born. They were both also there when Charlie was born on May 27, 1911. He was named after Uncle Charlie.

On our birthdays mamma would make an angel food cake; eggs were cheap and it didn't cost a lot to make it. When someone in the community had a birthday they would get an angel food cake; mamma would see to that. That was a big thing. We had surprises on everyone.

The old wooden stoves made the best angel food cakes. To find out how hot the oven was we had to put our hands in it. Our hands were all we had to measure the heat.

As children, Fred and I would go to bed early and wait for Santa Claus to come. While we were asleep someone would put black stockings all around the table on chairs. Santa would put a black piece of coal in the bottom of the stockings. He would also bring us books and I would get a doll and the boys would get knives. Mamma would always get a broom for Christmas. We would get up and there would be books with our name on them. I think Santa had already read those books because they would be children's books like Black Beauty.

We never had a Christmas tree at home, but there was one at the schoolhouse (Liberty School.) The tree at school was a dead peach tree. One of the neighbors, Searcy, had twigs from a cedar tree and they fastened them on the peach tree with twine. They put a coal oil lamp

with a reflector on it behind the Christmas tree (they used these lamps with their horse and buggies.) Everyone brought their dolls and candy. This was a community Christmas tree with popcorn on string and paper chains. People came here and passed out gifts. This was a big thing.

On the Fourth of July Mrs. Dively would usually have a picnic on the creek. We would have homemade ice cream and cake. We didn't have any firecrackers since we couldn't afford them.

We had our Sunday School at the schoolhouse, as well as many other events. The preacher was J. Walter Turner from Garber. He baptized me in the creek. He ate dinner at different peoples houses and we always had the best dinners when he ate at our home.

Dad wasn't religious, mamma was the religious one. Dad went along with what mamma wanted, though.

We said our prayers at meals and at night when we went to bed. Dad wasn't much for it, but mamma sure was. Different members of the family would say the prayers at meals, some wanted to and others didn't, but someone always had to say it.

Mamma tried to teach us kids to read Swedish out of a little book she had. She would put a cookie between the sheets of the book as we read. She also talked to us some in Swedish. We weren't very good students of Swedish and dad never tried to teach us German. When I went to high school I tried to take German but I couldn't get it.

I was the type of person who couldn't get up in the morning. Like all young people I liked to eat and be lazy. I loved to clean house and mamma like to do the cooking. The boys liked to put their feet up on the chairs.

One day when I was cleaning I went upstairs to clean Tom's room (there were three rooms up there, but one was unfinished.) He had his curtains tied in a knot and stuff thrown under the bed. I remember the twine, socks, and shoes. I thought I would clean it up. I washed his curtains, put his shoes where I thought they should go, made his bed, and straightened everything on the table, the twine and stuff. The next morning I went up there and he had the curtains knotted and he had all that trash back. So I told mamma that I was never going to touch that again. She could do it but I was never going to do anything for the

boy's room upstairs. That became mamma's job.

I started cooking while we were living there. Mamma thought I should start doing it and so she cleaned. The boys would make a lot of remarks about my cooking so I told mamma I would take back the cleaning and she could do the cooking. I didn't cook very long.

I had a girlfriend, Dorothy Porter, that lived a mile north of us who used to visit frequently. Dad used to call us a team. She had two sisters so we had lots of scraps for making dresses for dolls. I took my dolls over to their place and we made and washed doll clothes. One day we decided to kill a chicken and cook it. Dorothy didn't know about killing and dressing chicken, but I did. We had fried chicken for lunch. When her mother came home she asked how many times we washed the chicken and I told her just once. She said I should have washed it more, but the chicken was still very good.

I belonged to the Camp Fire Girls at Garber. Mrs. Garber was the leader. We made our own suits. I also belonged to a sorority group that was started by Temple Searcy's sister, Catherine. We met in each other's homes and had slumber parties.

The boys made our life exciting at Garber. Charlie drank coal oil and Tom had the mumps. John got up on a wheelbarrow full of rocks and fell off and broke his arm. He became very pale and dad took him to the doctor. It was a greenstick fracture (the bone just bent; it didn't actually break into two pieces.) Frank stuck his finger in the windmill for a bolt and cut his finger off. He came in the house while mamma was on the phone and told her to look what he had done. Frank also got into a red ant hill.

The mailman delivered mail everyday, rain or shine. He drove his horse and buggy. The doctor also drove a horse and buggy for a while. He finally got a car and when he went by our corner he would honk.

Dad knew many of the pioneers who made the run on the Cherokee Strip. One of these was an old man by the name of Friend. He had a mule that he made the "run" on, then he put the mule out to pasture. The mule was 35 years old when it died. Dad invited Friend over for dinner. Friend was Catholic and, of course, he made the cross. Mamma was born a Lutheran, so we children were sprinkled after birth in the Lutheran

Church. Mamma did not want dad to invite Friend for dinner any more since he was a Catholic.

Other people we knew were the Dively's, Davis's, McCoy's, Wolf's, Searcy's and many others who made the run in a wagon or on horseback. Some of these were what you would call "Sooners."

The Chitwood's had two kids; Alta and Kenneth. There was also Temple Searcy; she later married Don Rogers. All of us went to the one-room schoolhouse, Liberty School. Liberty was about a mile-and-a-quarter west of us on the highway to Enid (old 64.) It was a dirt road then. As we traveled to school, east and west, there were peach trees and bois d'arc trees, and catalpa trees with great big white blossoms. Those blossoms were very pretty hanging there. I believe they put the trees in as a windbreak.

I went to Liberty from the 3rd grade to the 7th grade. I didn't do so hot in school. I didn't like any of my subjects, but I always did pretty good in reading and writing. Tom was a good student.

At Liberty they would have debates. They also had Spelling Bee's. I was pretty good and so was Tom. Charlie Simmering, a German boy, was very smart. There were a bunch of Simmering boys: Charlie and Henry, and a bunch of them. A lot of German kids went to our school. Anyway, they had a Spelling Bee and Tom won. Usually Charlie came out first. The Simmering boys were going to beat up on Tom, but dad went and talked to Mr. Simmering about it since dad didn't want his little boy beat up. Tom got a medal for winning the Spelling Bee.

There was a school north of Liberty that had a lot of German kids. These kids would only go a few months out of the year. They were always ahead because they were just that smart. They closed down this school during World War I.

The Simmerings had bought out the Norton place and the Mullins'. The Mullins had come from Iowa because Mrs. Mullins had asthma. They had the most beautiful horses and the cattle were just butter fat. You would never see them riding on their horses, they were just so slow and fat. The Mullins had bought the old Chitwood place and the Nortons had bought another place. They were both nice. When Charlie was little Mrs. Mullins would throw him up in the air and catch him.

Dad bought some school land at Garber, the south place, around 1915. The neighbors felt dad should have it because of the boys. They decided that someone would see to it that dad got the money to buy it. I believe that dad got the money from Uncle Gus and his bank in South Dakota.

A teacher I remember at Liberty was named Miss Gustuson. She was Swedish and awfully good. Catherine Searcy started to teach there. She had gone to school at Alva and shared a room with another girl. They both developed tuberculosis while there. Catherine was only in school a short time and then she got sick, quit school, and moved home. Then she moved to Colorado; people used to go there for a cure. She died at home.

We must have had two or three teachers that year. Mrs. Scadden was there several months and then she resigned because of a dispute with Mr. Davis. She was teaching agriculture, a required course, and he didn't think she should be teaching it. He thought he could teach his son more at home than she could teach out of a textbook. After she quit, Miss Hutcheson finished out the year.

The teachers received \$30 a month. They usually stayed at the Searcy's. They had to clean the schoolhouse and were the overseers of the grounds. They also led us in games. Some of the teachers came by horseback and others came by buggy.

We walked 1 1/4 miles to school unless the weather was bad. If there was snow, dad would take us by horseback. My dad always wanted me to be by the black belly stove if I had a cold.

After we finished school at Liberty, Tom and I went to high school in Garber. We drove our horse and buggy there for two years. Our horse's name was Tramp. Our teacher's name was Professor Hoar. We kept our horse in his barn. After we finished school in Garber, I don't know that we graduated but I guess we took all the classes there were, I went to Enid High and Tom went to high school at Oklahoma Christian University (Phillips.) We had to pay tuition and that was a big problem since dad was trying to send two. I got to go by staying in homes and taking care of children.

I had been in the first home only a short time when the people began having domestic problems. As a country girl I had never run into a

divorce and this was different. Then I went to stay with a woman who had a girl that was mentally off. The girl was in diapers and had to be fed. The mother was a musician who went out and taught music. I stayed and took care of the girl, but I couldn't take it for very long and I went to another home.

At this home the man worked for the railroad. I stayed with them until school was out. This was not hard, but those other places were places I was not used to. While I was at the railroader's house, dad broke his ankle. He was coming down the highway near the farm at Garber and his horses got scared because a car was coming. Dad's plow went into the ground and he broke his ankle.

They took him to Enid General Hospital in a wagon on a board. The hospital was on Broadway. Dr. Hudson operated on dad. Dad told the people at the hospital he had a daughter that wanted to take nurses training. I had seen an ad in the paper that nurses were paid \$25 a week and I thought that was good money, even though I had planned to be a teacher.

I talked with Miss Dunning, the superintendent of nursing, who told me to go home and get my shots, a dollar watch, and black stockings and shoes. I also needed a blue uniform and white apron which was to go to the floor and have gathers at the waist line. I started training in July, 1916. We made \$5 a month plus our laundry, room and board, and we had to buy our own books.

Shortly after I started training, the hospital moved from East Broadway to a new hospital on South Monroe. (It is now known as Bass Memorial Baptist Hospital.) I emptied the garbage pails, cleaned the rooms, washed the windows, and made all kinds of dressings. Only a few young women were there when we moved to the new hospital. We took one patient with us when we moved.

They didn't charge the patients for narcotics, aspirins, or drugs until Dr. Hudson went to Chicago. After he came back they started charging the patients.

During nurses training I stayed in the nurses dormitory. We were well cared for. You had to make your own bed, go to bed at certain hours and get up at certain hours. You could only go out at certain times.

Your laundry was done for you. Eventually they wanted to use that part of the dormitory and we moved to a two-story house.

I was around 18 years old now. I was in nurses training for three years. When I first went in, my brothers said I wouldn't stay. When I was about through with training my mother told the people in her club about me being in nurses training. She was so proud of this. One of the women, Mrs. Bellville, said she would not let her daughter be in nurses training because nurses had to go in men's rooms and look after them. Mamma told me then that I should come home. I told her I could look after them and nobody was going to hurt me. I also told her that Miss Dunning was very protective and took very good care of us. I would be all right. So I stayed until I completed my training.

We had general training; surgery and everything else. The doctors taught us right at the hospital. I took my dietetics and physiology at the high school in Enid. Mrs. Marshall was the teacher; later she was our next door neighbor in Enid. The doctors taught us just about everything else. They taught us obstetrics, mental hygiene, and surgery. We had class in the evening after the doctors were done with their work.

Miss Dunning had been a school teacher and she also taught us. She was very dedicated and was up all hours of the night. Anytime those doctors wanted her, she was there. She would do the cooking and the laundry and when the doctors would come do surgery she would help with surgery. She was a tireless worker.

Around this time oil began flowing on our land in Garber. Dad had leased his land for \$1 an acre and shortly after that the oil came. Dr. Hudson asked me if dad wanted to buy shares in the hospital. He didn't.

Dad soon bought his first car; it was a Ford. He came to Enid to see me and he took Pearl (P. E.) Gensman and I out to the house for the weekend. We got out so far and it got so muddy that dad was afraid for us to stay. We came back with some ballplayers that dad knew that had been playing around Garber. They didn't play for money, just for fun. They took us back to the hospital.

When I was about 20 years old I was still in nurses training. They sent me to Oklahoma City to take Public Health to see if I would like it or not. I was there about 3 months. We had a lady nurse from Canada

teach Public Health. It was a new field.

All the nurses taking Public Health would stay in dormitories down there. We would go to the various departments to learn. We went to the TB sanitariums and stayed there a while. This was something I had never been around before and I learned what tuberculosis was, how to weigh people, how thin they were, how to help with their diets, and how to give them a lot of cream. If they were just fading we would sometimes send them to Mexico. The people were not locked in the sanitariums.

We would work with the Mexicans. They would live in box cars. You learned something about how they took care of their babies.

We would go into Negroes homes. The children would sleep on straw on the floors. It was poverty. I remember this black lady that was blind and in order to go from the house to the toilet she would have to follow a line. It was an open toilet. I can remember this vividly.

They asked me if I would like to continue in this and I told them I was too immature. I felt there were people with more experience than me. I was in a lot of things.

While I was still in Oklahoma City dad came to see me driving a Chalmers he had bought in Colorado. He had driven the car from Colorado. I told a friend of mine in nurses training that dad was bringing a Chalmers and she told me it was just an ordinary car. I didn't know if it was or not, but when we rode in it I thought it was pretty nice.

After 3 months in Oklahoma City I went back to Enid and finished nurses training. This was in July, 1919. Then the man came into my life. I never thought I would do nursing after I married, but circumstances changed this (illness and coming back from the war.)

His name was Dudley Walraven. He was born in Grandview, Texas, on February 20, 1893. I met him in Enid through a friend. After we got married on January 1, 1920, in Lawton, Oklahoma, by a blind minister we went to Aspermont, Texas, a little old town in west Texas for a while. We lived in an old house that was there and I had to clean it up. The old hen would come out and lay her eggs and have chickens. I had never run into anything like that before. We finally ate that chicken. I got our clothes clean by boiling them in great big kettles.

We came back to Enid and lived on the farm where Tom now lives

because the folks wanted us close. That is how they happened to buy those farms. They thought they would have little ole Annie there and mamma and dad would live across the street.

In 1918 my parents moved to Canyon City, Colorado, from Garber. This was a year before the last baby was born and they stayed for about a year before they moved to Enid. They went to Canyon City to be near mamma's oldest brother, Uncle Nels. They rented a place next door to him. Uncle Nels lived to be 93 and he never married. He worked in an electric plant wheeling ashes out of the furnace until he retired. He always worked in his blue overalls and he bought very few clothes.

Uncle Nels lived with a Swedish family, the Lundstead's. They were really his family. Even after Mr. Lundstead's death he continued to live with Mrs. Lundstead. He was concerned about his always having oatmeal for breakfast. Mrs. Lundstead got in touch with his doctor who said he could have no better food.

Uncle Nels accumulated some property in Canyon City. Tom and Beatrice were there when he died. He was buried in Canyon City.

After the folks left Colorado they moved to 1231 E. Broadway in Enid, a place they had bought. Dad later sold the property in Enid and moved to the place south of Enid. All the furniture they moved there they bought while they were living in town, including the great big Edison.

In 1920 they bought the farm where Tom lives for Dudley and I to live on. It cost them \$30,000 for the 240 acres. (There was an old house there at that time. When Tom moved there they built a new house for him.) They then decided they would move across the road and build their house because their daughter was there. Then their daughter moved away. Around this time they also bought the Dotson place, the place north of Tom's.

After the war the wheat price went down so we went to Colorado for about a year. Dud was in the restaurant business. All of a sudden he decided to sell out and move to California. We went to San Diego for a while and then came up here to Los Angeles.

From here we used to go down to the races in old Mexico. I had never gone to the races before. We finally came up here and went down

Broadway and got off the train. Money was leaving and leaving fast. Dud had barbered in the army and he thought he would go back to barbering. We would have money and we wouldn't have money.

Dudley had been in Los Angeles in the army before the war. When we got off the train there were Mexicans all over the place. We came to a rooming house on South Broadway. It was just a place to live. Finally, for some reason, we moved to Hollywood for a while. We lived in an apartment there and I went back to work.

When we were in L.A. I worked in the Methodist Hospital for a while and when we moved to South Broadway I worked in Children's Hospital. Dudley was working some place and a nurse from West L.A., Miss Miller, came there and had her hair cut and she was telling where she worked. He was always complaining about his stomach and she told him about Veteran's Hospital. So we moved out to West L.A. and he had his gall bladder removed.

While he was recovering I did private duty and worked around various places. While we were in Hollywood I did private nursing and I got into all kinds of things. I don't know yet how I made it, but I did.

While we were in West L.A., during Dudley's operation, we were living in a \$20 furnished place. I had cleaned it up. We paid \$20 for room, board, and lodging and you had to clean up things everyone had left. And I mean I cleaned it up. The man that had the place saw how clean it was and he had the place papered and painted and he got me a little rug. This was because I was clean and could pay.

Things got better after Dudley had his surgery. Mamma died about this time and I went back. This was in 1928. Charlie said that he and dad were the only ones there when she died.

Mamma died on May 22, 1928, in Enid, Oklahoma. She died after surgery at Enid General Hospital. She was buried in the Enid Cemetary Mausoleum. Record of attendance at mamma's funeral was: Alfred Pearson, Ludwig Pearson, Edward Dencker, John Dively, Steven Searcy, Frank Bellville, and Frank Dively.

All of the family were out of the home except Charlie. I'm not sure if Frank was still going to the University or not.

We were in West Los Angeles and I was working in the Veterans

Hospital when mamma died. When she died I went back home and stayed with dad for quite some time, until they got someone else. We didn't have much stuff in California. We lived in an apartment and we didn't have a car or much of anything. Dud came to Enid and then went to see his family and then we went back to California, to West L.A.

Mr. and Mrs. Lockridge came to live with dad. Dad and Mr. Lockridge, Ernest, belonged to the Elks. They were people to get the groceries and be home with dad. They were very good to him. Ernest was a World War I veteran and he had epilepsy.

Dad had many people stay with him; some were better than others. Mr. and Mrs. Tapp stayed with him and they were very good with dad.

When I went back to California the chief nurse at Veteran's Hospital wanted me to work again because I was the wife of a veteran and I had preference. I got certain points, too. When they let people go, they let the people go that weren't wives of veterans or who weren't even citizens. They kept me all the time.

I moved to my present house around 42 years ago, which was around 1942. Before that we lived in apartments, mostly in houses, until I was able to buy this lot for \$375. Dud was not interested in buying a place, but I went on anyway and checked around and looked for a FHA loan, electricity, and sewerage. I looked all over for those things in West L.A. and I finally found this lot. It was the only vacant lot there. It was a nice big lot with a lot of trash on it. I was able to find an elderly real estate lady to help me. She was partially blind. I looked at the place and Charles Seavers and I went into the hills and came back and I decided to buy this place.

I didn't have much money. I had a little bit of money and I took a loan on the car and a few other things and got my \$375 and paid for it. Then I got an FHA loan and I had to find somebody to build it. The lot was the downpayment and when it was finished I paid it off at \$19 a month, including interest. We were in our 40's then and we didn't know about things to come.

I worked for the Veteran's Administration in hospitals for many years, I'm not sure how many. I worked for some years after Dudley died on November 19, 1945. I worked at Veteran's Hospital in neuropsychiatric

when the war came and then I transferred to San Fernando because they were moving them all out everywhere. I was able to stay there. Everyday Lillian Porger and I drove all the way out and back. They were rationing gasoline, meats, and shoes.

All during these times they would have air raid drills. They would blacken the windows. In West L.A. they would have drills and men would come and check on everything. Caravans of soldiers would come by and balloons were camouflaging Douglas Aircraft. They used fake trees to help camouflage.

I can remember when soldiers came back from war. Sometimes they were sick and came to the hospital. One of the nurse's brothers was killed in France and I was on night duty and got the message. He had insurance and it was made out to her and that is the money that she and her husband and children lived on, because her husband didn't have work.

I thought the Veterans Hospital took very good care of their patients. I was a nurse in psychiatric and any time any little thing happened to a patient there was an investigation into the suicide or whatever.

I was in a lot of investigations when I got back to General. In one of the wards someone jumped out of the window and there was an investigation. I told them I thought I was out of investigations but anytime something happened to one of those guys there was an investigation. They would question me about what happened, when it happened, and why it happened.

During the war they moved a lot of the patients throughout the country because the veterans hospital's wards were made into barracks for the soldiers. When they did that I moved to San Fernando. Then I came back again and these patients were brought back. I was put in the newer psychiatric department because I had been there before. These men were very badly disturbed.

I had the old men's ward and I was in the dining room when one of the men got his tray and decided he was going to hit someone. The attendant and I tried to stop him but he hit me and broke my nose. I was off about a month and then other people got that job.

This emotionally disturbed me and I told them I couldn't take it

any more. My nose being broken really bothered me and once I was at the end of the line to see that the men got their food and one of them stood up all of a sudden and threw his plate at me. That broke me up and I decided I couldn't take it anymore. They asked me if I would take a job in the out-patient department. I was there about a year and then I took medical retirement.

I don't remember when I retired. I had a let-down feeling when I retired and then I started doing things. I worked with the Red Cross and started traveling and worked for hospitals helping feed patients. Also I had a friend who was an invalid and I would go over and see her and help her out.

Dad talked about coming to California to visit me. He did come one time by car and then he flew back and Tom met him at the airport in Oklahoma City. Dad was very impressed. I would fly from California to visit him and we had a lot of good times.

Dad was able to drive his car until he was quite old. He only had to send a dollar in to renew his license. He was able to stay in his own home until he fell and broke his arm at the age of 92. After breaking his arm, dad spent very little time in the hospital. Doctor Smith would drive out to his home and see him at various times since we couldn't take dad to the doctor's office.

Dad started talking about living in a rooming house so Charlie took him to one. It was old and outdated. He decided he liked staying at home better so he moved back home where his family came to see him and have dinner with him.

When I was there visiting, dad used to tell me that someone was in the closet from Tulsa. I would have to go check and reassure him that no one was there. I took control of dad's laxatives because he took too many and they caused impaction and loss of control of the bowels. I told him I would give them to him as he needed, but he pleaded with me to let him have them.

Dad died on May 9, 1960, at the age of 92. The bearers at his funeral were: Warren Knecht, George Tapp, George Hoeltzel, H. D. (Don) Rogers, Alan Dishman, and A. P. Morgan.

I'm not sure when I became active in the church. During the war

years the church was just a stub. This church was built by one man and he got it started. As I quit work I became more active. This is the Christian Church. People say that it is a very friendly church and I can call them anytime and they will help.

The time I was robbed the men came over and fixed my windows. Another time one of the men came over and looked at my patio and told me it was gone so he built it up because that was the only thing he could do.

My early years, from birth to 1906, were spent in South Dakota. The winters were long and hard. I spent the years from 1906 to 1920 between Garber and Enid. I thought Oklahoma was beautiful country with the green pastures in the winter that the stock ate off. There were lots of ups and downs there. We had dry weather and we had wet weather. There were chinch bugs, chiggers, and gnats. There were hard times and good times.

After 1920 I lived in Texas, Oklahoma, Colorado, and California. Again there were ups and downs.

In South Dakota we were poor and we found the cow chips the most economical way to cook our biscuits. When we moved to Garber our financial situation was not any better and we found wood the cheapest way of baking mamma's delicious angel food cakes. After we struck oil we found price didn't make much difference and we used the electric oven to cook our steaks. And now some of us don't even think the electric oven is what we need. We have moved to the future with the oil still blessing us and we don't cook with heat at all; we cook with microwaves and we wonder what the future will hold for us.