

JEWELL MARJORIE (SCOTT) VOSS

Jewell Marjorie Scott, a teacher in the Morgan County school system for nine years, was born May 15, 1911 in Lansing, Tennessee. Her parents were John Long Scott, employed by the C.N.O. & T.P. (Southern) railroad and Alta Clark Scott, a homemaker.

Jewell's paternal grandparents were Zachary Scott, a surveyor, and Mary (Polly) Jones Scott. They were from Virginia. Jewell's maternal grandparents were Jason Clark, a Methodist minister and Jerusha Saunders Clark. These grandparents came to Tennessee from Vermont by way of Michigan and settled at Boatland, which is about six miles south of Jamestown. Jewell's mother, Alta, was born in Boatland in 1889. The Clark family later moved to Lansing where Alta met and married John Scott.

This marriage was blessed with eight children. They are, in sequence of birth:

Jewell

Caroline, who died in 1970

Dorothy, who is now living in Cincinnati, Ohio with her husband, Eddie Walley.

John, who died in 1973, was a telegraph operator

William, who is now living in Hilliard, Ohio, is an auditor working for the state of Ohio

Russell, who is now living in Tampa, Florida and working for United Airlines.

Bernice, who is now living on a farm near Lebanon, Tennessee with her husband, Charles Bradshaw

Alice, who is now living in Warburg, Tennessee is a teacher in the Morgan County schools. Her husband, Truman Melton, died in 1979

During Jewell's early years the family lived on her Grandfather Scott's farm in Huffman, Tennessee. However, the family moved back to Lansing when Jewell was 12 years old so that the children could attend better schools in Lansing and Wartburg. Jewell graduated from the Wartburg High School in 1929 in a class which had ten students, seven boys and three girls.

Due to financial problems in this early year of the great depression, college seemed an impossible dream. However, as so often happens, an opportunity became available. Jewell had an aunt, Dora Woolfolk, living in Danville, Kentucky who offered room and board if Jewell wished to attend what is now Center College. Naturally, Jewell jumped at this opportunity and by some means was able to secure the first semester tuition fee of \$100.00. Jewell's father was able to obtain a railroad pass that permitted Jewell to visit home on many weekends.

The year at Center College was completed and as was required at this time, a six week course in Education was taken at the Middle Tennessee Technical College in Cookeville. Jewell was not qualified to teach (certain grades).

Jewell's teaching began in the small one-room school building at Shady Grove. The building was surrounded by much open space - very dusty when dry and very muddy when wet. A wood burning stove occupied the center of the building. The stove was surrounded by a hodge-podge of desks and two recitation benches. Enrollment was approximately twenty pupils and there was a high absentee rate.

After the teacher and pupils became acquainted, a relaxed atmosphere prevailed. Occasionally the teacher (Jewell) was invited to spend the night at a pupil's home. This was always a pleasure.

Jewell taught for nine of the thirteen years between 1930 and 1943. An opening was not available for the other four years so part of those years was spent attending classes at Tennessee Wesleyan Junior College.

During the nine years of teaching, in addition to Shady Grove, Jewell taught at Potter's Chapel, Sunbright and at Lancing. The Lancing assignment was the least demanding physically because her home was only a block away.

In 1943 Jewell enrolled at Scarritt College in Nashville. This is a school for Christian workers. The course of study is unique in several ways. In addition to lengthy assignments, field work is required. For Jewell, this field work was working with a group of black children. The lengthy assignments were in courses in Psychology, Church History, Old Testament, New Testament, Anthropology and Beginning Theology. After much work Jewell graduated in 1945 with a B.A. degree in Education. It was a real treat to have her mother attend the graduation exercise. During the war years it took a great deal of time and effort for her mother to make this trip.

As usual for a graduating class, prospective employers came to Scarritt to interview students concerning job opportunities. One opening appealed to Jewell. This job was teaching Bible to students in public school on "Release Time" in the state of Virginia. For three years this was a very rewarding task.

The urge for a change came at about this time. Jewell's sister, Dorothy, attended Trinity Methodist Church in Cincinnati and became aware of an opening in the staff of that church for a "Parish Worker". Dorothy asked Jewell if she was interested and she was. Jewell was given this position and began working with the children of working parents, quite often only a mother.

Jewell provided activities for after school - singing, games, craft work, etc. Trinity Church was located in the old part of downtown Cincinnati and had all the problems of an inner city church. It was a place where the "bums" and thieves visited to see if they could obtain a handout or make off with something of value.

While discussing the contents of a mission paper with a friend, Jewell made the remark that she would like to do some mission work in Alaska. The friend stated that she would prefer Hawaii where it is warm. A discussion followed and it was decided to make inquiries at the Board of Missions of the Methodist Church. An answer came back, yes, there was an opening in Kailua, on the island of Oahu, Hawaii.

Jewell was accepted and in November, 1951 left for a new experience. The trip to Hawaii was by rail from Cincinnati to Los Angeles via Chicago and by boat, the Lurline, from Los Angeles to Honolulu. The work at the Kailua Methodist Church was primarily with children and youth groups, all ages and nationalities. The youth groups included a number of military personnel who were assigned in the area. Many friends were made in this friendly town. One of the ministers made this remark: "We get to live in this lovely place and then get paid for it". Jewell enjoyed the enthusiasm of the people she came in contact with and was gratified that so many of them started attending church regularly. The minister was an excellent preacher with a wonderful personality.

Jewell's work in Hawaii was on contract for three years so in November, 1954 it was time to return to the mainland. She had to leave her friends there who were most gracious to her. She had to leave Hawaii - the land of the pineapple, the papaya, the poi, the fish and the flowers. Always the trade winds were rustling through the palm trees. Jewell will never forget the beaches and the warm waters

The return to the mainland was on the "Lurline" again, but this time to San Francisco. The rail trip across country was via Los Angeles, Chicago, Cincinnati and on to Lansing. It was pleasant to again be on home soil.

In the spring of 1955 Jewell returned to Scarritt for a short post-graduate course.

It was now time to again seek employment and Jewell elected to become an Educational Assistant at the First Methodist Church in Chula Vista, California. Her brother, John, let her have his 1937 Chevrolet coupe named "Carrie Mai" and she made her way across country again. This eighteen year old automobile was quite a conversation piece. It had faithfully performed its duty of transporting Jewell and luggage about 2,500 miles across mountains and desert. It was also used for visitation in accomplishing the tasks of the new job. But its end was near. After about six months in Chula Vista "Carrie Mai" developed a fatal case of engine knock.

Jewell's work at Chula Vista brought her in contact with many people. One of these became very friendly and on June 2, 1956, Jewell and Ray became wife and husband. Jewell at this time abandoned paid employment to become a full-time homemaker. Jewell believed it would be ~~xx~~ wise to be prepared to again become a school teacher. She completed the courses necessary to obtain a teaching credential for California. It never became necessary to use this teaching credential even though she had it re-validated after four years without use.

After marriage, Jewell spent her spare time as teacher in the Sunday school, singing in the church choir, serving on church commissions and other activities associated with the church.

From the writings of Jewell Scott Voss, copied from her handwritten material during a visit in her home in Chula Vista, California, in July, 1988:

I propose to write a journal of my life, seeing it is always interesting to read the journals of others -- to see the names of people that lived in certain communities. Even if very few people are unremembered, the few that are are worth reading about. As I relate the things I remember that happened to me I shall record any history pertaining to people I know that they have told to me. I am now in my thirty-first year, this being 1942.

I was born in May, 1911, the 15th day. My mother was staying with her father, Rev. Jason Clark at that time. They were living at Lansing, Tennessee. My Grandfather Clark was in the Civil War. I was always proud to hear my mother tell about him being in Sherman's March to the Sea. It was on that march that grandfather saw the small boy sitting on a fence as they went along. He said to the passing soldiers: "What are youins'es coming down here to fight Weins'es for? Weins'es didn't do nothin' to youins'es." Another occurrence that was funny to my grandfather on this march -- one of the soldiers stole a small puppy dog from an old man. As the men moved away they could hear the whining voice of the old man say: "Give me back my little puppee." My Grandfather Clark was a Methodist preacher. He came to Tennessee from Michigan in about 1881. He came because of the ill health of Grandmother Clark. At that time they had ten children: Newton, Ida, Luther, Ella, Henry, Emma, Susan, Mary, Lester, and Alice. Newton was probably about 16 years old. Grandfather lived in Tennessee the remainder of his life. Grandmother died in 1913. Grandfather died in 1928. Three more children were born after they came to Tennessee: Jason, Grant, and Alta. The last named was the youngest and my mother, the 13th child. She was born on November 14, 1889.

My father, John Long Scott, is the son of Zachary Taylor Scott and Mary Jones Scott. My Grandfather Scott lived in Tennessee all of his life, but his ancestry were from Kentucky and Virginia. My father and mother were married on July 24, 1910 in Lansing. They lived with Grandfather Clark for two or three years. In 1912 they moved to Athol, Kentucky. They came back the same year and moved to the farm at Huffman with Grandpa Scott. I was about three years old and Caroline was two. Dorothy was born there in 1914. At this time my father was working on the farm. My grandfather being a surveyor he was away from home lots of the time. Sometimes my father hauled ties. He worked with a contractor when the railroad was being doubletracked. In February, 1916 John was born. In May of that year we moved to Indiana. We were up there for one year. Uncle Bill Scott, Dad's oldest brother, went with us, as Dad was already up there working. We stayed with a family named Hardan. They had a large farm. We later stayed with Whites. The same year we came back to Tennessee. I was old enough to go to school up there but Mama was afraid for me to go as I would had to have walked on a highway that had much traffic. The next year after we came back was a very cold winter. The kitchen wasn't ceiled. We children ate in the front room by a large heater. The water would freeze in the drinking glasses at the table in the kitchen. A man boarded with us named Harris.

I can remember Dad's sisters came to visit quite often. Eunice was home, Aunt Fannie lived in Georgia. Aunt Dora Woolfolk lived in Danville, Kentucky.

My father's oldest brother was Bill. Two of his brothers died while still very small children. They had membranous croup. After that my grandfather Scott would be very much alarmed when a child coughed croupy in the night. The other children (Dad's brothers and sisters): Dora, Laura, Mary, Fannie, Edith, Clarence, and Eunice. At this time, February, 1942, all are living except Bill, Laura, and Fannie. Bill died April 13, 1917. Mama said she remembered it being Friday the 13th. I was almost six years old. He had come over that day to help Dad tear down a log house that stood in our front yard. My Aunt Sylvia, his wife, said she had watched him out of sight which was "bad luck". He evidently had a "swimming of the head" while standing up on the wall of the old building. He just fell. He didn't live long after he was carried into the house. I had played with Uncle Bill's children ever since I could remember anything. They were jolly. We had many good times. On the day of the funeral boards were carried in and put on blocks for seats in our dining room-kitchen. I can remember the mourning and unpleasantness I felt. I thought I had to cry, too.

When I was seven years old I started to school. We lived on the farm at Huffman. Huffman got its name from the fact that a man by that name lived there years ago, had a lumber and quarry business and had a switch put in on the railroad there. We lived about one-half mile from the "switch". The place had a small shanty depot, a very small store, a section house (a house for the section foreman of the railroad repair or track men.) The section that included Huffman's Switch has been included in the places north or south of it. A school house that was also used for Sunday School. The school building was on one side of the track and the other buildings on the other. The trains made plenty of noise. We got used to stopping in the midst of lessons until the train roared past. The preacher must stop or be satisfied not to be heard.

Our place was located in a small valley. The railroad fill crossed the valley, separating our farm from our neighbors. The bother of the noisy trains from our house was barely noticeable. I always enjoyed seeing the train crossing the fill. A long freight would cover the fill one end to the other. A short passenger train would go scurrying across, blowing for the station.

My first teacher boarded with us. He was a gentleman with a cork leg. My mother fixed our lunch in the same cardboard dinner box. I would plod along beside him. I can vividly recall the squeak-squeak of the cork leg as we walked up hill, down hill, through the bars, and through the woods to the school. He never talked. From thinking about it now I think he must not have enjoyed his work so much. One could see oak trees on either side of the school building. The room was bare of any pictures or interesting things that might be found in a school room. I took the bareness for granted. I concentrated upon the pupils. I sat interested as the older ones said their lessons and wrote so easily upon the painted wall for a blackboard. How I wanted to be able to write at once. At recess we had wonderful times. Big girls made play houses and had little ones for their children.

We stayed at Huffman until I was about thirteen years old. We moved when we did because Mama couldn't stand the thought of the inadequate school. When school closed prematurely one winter she immediately made plans to move. We

moved to Lansing, about 25 miles away. I'll never forget how grandfather hated to see us go. He must have begged and cajoled. He finally said - "Got too fine to live in the country -- have to go to the city." All was much fun until the first day at school. It was the middle of the term which is a bad time to make adjustment anyway.

It is now 1972. I am in my 61st year. In fact I will soon be in my 62nd year, for it is February and I'll be 61 in May. Taking up the train of thought left 30 years ago! I remember vividly at least a few incidents as I entered the eighth grade at mid-term in Wartburg School. So many new things came all at once. Riding a bus to school was one. The very first day I remember my heavy coat made from material resembling an army blanket. It was a good coat and quite warm. I also had on a red hat. This hat was soft felt made by sewing strips together round and round beginning with the crown. My cousin, Reba Davis, was in the room. She sent a note up to me - "Jewell, take off your hat". I was so shy and in such a state I hardly dared look to the right or to the left. I guess I removed my hat. Right now I can't remember. Jesse Gunter was the teacher. This was coincidental, for he was good friend of Leon Neil who was my teacher in the one room school at Huffman, I guess in the seventh grade. I think Jesse married Leon's sister. I doubt that I ever actually felt at ease in that eighth grade room. Graduation came and Mama got me a pretty green voile dress for the event. This took place in May, 1925. I rode to the graduation with George Buxton. We didn't have a car. Mama and Dad evidently didn't go. Bernice would be about two years old. Russell $4\frac{1}{2}$, thereabouts. I guess it was hard for her to go places about then.

The following August we started high school. I started out with good grades. Made A's in algebra and I think in other subjects. The freshmen sat in the first two or three rows next to the wall in the old study hall in the building that burned when Bernice was in high school. When I attended that school this old building was still pretty much in its heyday. For the number in attendance it seemed nice to me. Everything was in this building -- even the gym -- located across the hall from the Study Hall. It was built on a little lower level. There was very little space for spectators, but they did have basketball games. The science department was at one end of the building and the Home Ec at the other end. Later I believe this gym was converted into a Study Hall and the Gym activities were moved to the old frame building -- still standing then -- the original school building.

The auditorium was upstairs with some classrooms off. The eighth grade room I first came to was upstairs in this building. Dad bought his first car while I was still in high school. I think I was about 16 years old. He insisted I learn to drive, which I did about the same time he learned. I recall vividly how I felt the first time behind the wheel. Theodore Jones was my teacher. I was pretty scared. It was on the road about even with Aunt Mary Saffell's. We went out to the Strawberry Farm. I was thinking, "this big machine -- I am responsible."

OLD TIMES:

Mama said Grandma Clark (her mother) was from Pennsylvania. That she and Grandfather Clark met in Michigan after both families moved there. Grandpa came from Vermont. Grandma was born in 1849. (She was 64 when she died in 1913.) I (Jewell) remember one little incident. Mama took me into a room where Grandma Clark lay in bed and held me up to see her. Seems I can remember we had traveled from "somewhere" to "There".

OLD REMEMBRANCES:

Riding on train to Lansing from Huffman Switch. Going to school at Huffman, with games in the large area in which we played. We loved to play ball, anti-over, kick the can, or shinny, hide-and-go-seek, steal base. When small we would play "house". The larger girls being parents to the small children. We gathered moss and padded our places to sit in the play house. We brought Vicks Salve jars from home and drank out of them. I can remember one long-sleeved striped dress I had, and I wore high-top shoes with rubbers in the winter.

Early Years - An interlude in Lansing, about 1920, 21. When I was about the fourth grade we lived for a year at Lansing in what we called the Hixon House. It was located on a bank by the railroad a little north of the depot toward the water tank. There was a steep jump-off down to the tracks where the southbound roared by and the northbound trains puffed slowly by. The way I recall there was no fence. Seems as though Mama would have been in hysterics for fear one of us would get on the tracks. I was 9, Dorothy would be 6, Caroline 8, John 4, Bill about 2. Was Russell born there? There was also a high back porch. What kept the toddlers from falling off? Seems there would be fear of hobos. Once in a while one did come begging. Mrs. Hixon lived in another part of the house. She often would say - "It's like a moving picture show to watch the family." Our part of the house wasn't very big. I wonder how we managed to sleep. I can't remember. Hershel Hixon used to hide under a little bridge we crossed on the way to school and bug us as we went by.

SOME THINGS I REMEMBER ABOUT HUFFMAN AND INDIANA:

We must have gone to Indiana in about 1916. I remember the excitement of night travel on the train and taxi. Someone of us vomited in the taxi. It might have been me. Mama (Uncle Bill went along to help) must have had a hard time on that trip -- with four little children. I would be about 5½ (?), Caroline 4, Dorothy 2½, and John very young - 6 Mos. (?) Caroline was like a baby too. I guess Mama considered me (her oldest) as quite a big girl, and I must have been her feet for many a little errand - "Bring me a 'didie', etc, etc. When we were preparing to leave Huffman Aunt Sylvia and children (Uncle Bill's wife) were staying with Grandma and Grandpa. I had an old doll in a bad state so I decided to bury it. I chose a spot under the huge cedar tree in the front yard. (After we left my cousins dug it up). In Indiana we first lived in a large house with the Whites. It seemed large to me. We sometimes (?) ate with them. I remember eating with them -- large table full of people. My mouth came about to the edge of the table. I was too scared to eat. My plate

seemed very far away. I used to go up the road a short distance to visit a young couple. She let me play with her doll. Later we heard they both died from flu. We moved to another house where we probably had more privacy. I remember an inter-urban car passed in front of the house. I can remember the tracks, a road for cars, etc., also ran along side.

It wasn't very far by inter-urban into Indianapolis. Once Mama went into town shopping (probably near Christmas) and she took me and the baby (possibly all of us?) I can remember she left me holding the baby (John) while she went somewhere for a few minutes. John squalled and I probably cried too. I can remember people stopping and saying "poor little things". I also fell down in the wet entry way near a revolving door and broke a little glass lantern full of candy. This time, too, people said "poor little things". There were kind people in Indiana.

Aunt Edith also lived in the other side of this suburban (?) house. The Jewel Tea Man used to come. Mama bought coffee and other things. It was Christmas in Indiana that I was sure I heard Santa "tippentoeing" around the room at night. I had a toy automobile. We have a picture of me and Earl Rudy, each in a toy car.

Getting ready to return - Aunt Edith and family must have traveled with us. It was night but we were preparing to travel. I can still see Earl lying asleep on a pallet, in bright light, chewing gum.

AT HUFFMAN:

Running around the house on soft grass with bare feet, so cool to the touch, but Oh, beware the chicken manure! The large garden plot where Mama spent back-breaking hours. The gate where the cows came up to be milked. The path across the meadow that led up the hill to the huge spring that was almost ice cold in summer and steamed in the cold winter time.

LANCING INTERLUDE:

My teacher was Mrs. Glenna Kreis, later Ott. I really enjoyed having her as teacher. She must have had more than one grade. Thelma Saffell was in our room I believe. Once she was giving out some kind of sample -- like soap or toothpaste -- and Thelma went up and asked if she could have one to take home to Hale.

MORE ABOUT THE HIXON HOUSE:

When a train roared by it was literally like it was coming through the house, and when we first moved in one night we had just gone to bed and about to sleep and Mama said a train roared by and Dad jumped up and almost had his pants on before he waked up enough to realize what it was. The kitchen was nearest the tracks. We sure had to stop talking when one passed, and there were lots of them. Dad worked at the depot. The Hixon House had a painty, train-smokey smell. Cinders were all about -- small, fine cinders.

LANCING - 1924, 1925:

Riding the old bus to Wartburg - old school building. Living in Hixon House. Rainy, muddy day we move in. Sleep upstairs - bed bugs! No ceiling -- Dad does a temporary job of ceiling and steps. Puts in partition at chimney. Recall keeping warm by the old chimney. Clothes were hung up one night; we slept and someone took the croupe. When we first moved in the well didn't even have a pulley.

At Huffman - Riding around the house on the second-hand bicycle. (It eventually fell apart.) Hearing Grandma call the cows.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES:

Aunt Mary said that "speaking of talking in your sleep, once Charlie Bryant, her first cousin, aroused himself and muttered in his sleep. His aunt asked him what was the matter - 'Oh, he said, the rooster crowed and the button flew off!'"

Once Aunt Laura raised up and complained in her sleep. When questioned she cried, "Granddaddy swallowed a feather."

Dad went to the Phillipine Islands about 1900. He was there for two years. After coming back to the States he stayed one more year in the Army. He was stationed at Fort Wayne, Michigan, near Detroit. While there he saw some of the early model cars.

Uncle Bill born '72
Aunt Mary '73
Laura
Dora
John
Fannie
Edith
Clarence
Eunice

SATURDAY

It is Friday night again and a certain feeling of repose comes over me. For tomorrow my loved ones are nearby and a difference prevails. Each weekend takes on a certain holiday air even though our occupation is just plain old work. For somehow or other it is different. It reminds one of the Jewish Sabbath which began at sundown on Friday, for Saturday was the Sabbath. For them they washed themselves, put on clean clothes and lit the Sabbath Lamp. My life sort of works out that way. Perhaps I have washed my hair, clothes have been prepared for the weekend, the house must be cleaned. (Once I didn't clean the house and a Sunday surprise guest comes in and was I embarrassed!) I turn back the pages and recall the special Saturdays of yesterday. What about the time we were taking baths in the wash tub in the bedroom. About six inches of water in the tub was an ample bath and made one feel "real fine", having removed an accumulation of dirt! Then the clean clothes that Mom had rubbed on the tub, rinsed in sweet "branch" water. (So soft!) And lovingly ironed while we ran like wild Indians about the place, having often to be reproved -- because of quarrels, forgetting little tasks we were asked to do, and just being plain ornery about things in general! But the bath! What if we used an old rag for a wash cloth (it was clean), and another bigger rag for a towel. Then would come the comb, and we felt like a new person.

One of those times Russell, who was about three, maybe four, was missing after such bath. We became quite alarmed when calls, and looking behind all the "haystacks" failed to bring him to view. Mom probably was the one that thought about it, that he had it in his mind to meet Daddy who came on the local train which stopped about a quarter of a mile away, the trouble being that the train was due about 3:30 in the afternoon and it was only a little past noon. I remember running toward the train stop (which was also the route taken when going to school, for it led past the school house). I would call as I stopped to rest, when I could get my breath, then hurry on ... I imagine fearful that the small tot had reached the track crossing with the danger of fast trains roaring by. At last I reached the top of a hill where I could see quite a way and sure enough there was the little tow-headed figure plodding along, alone, wearing the pretty little suit with yellow pants and white shirt. I finally managed to catch him, and I can see him now, still not wanting to stop, looking up at me with his big blue eyes -- "I'm going to meet Daddy". He was wet with perspiration; and I can also remember how often I have regretted my scolding, taking him rather roughly by the hand and retracing our steps which was, to him, a long way home. He must have been quite young, for I can remember he couldn't understand why he had to be taken back home without Daddy. We had talked to him about "Meeting Daddy" during the bathing. He must have had real tears by the time his weary legs had brought him home.

A very vivid memory is the old hand bag Dad carried his extra shirt in with hardly anything else ... (a few changes of clothing... But the magic old bag always brought forth some goodie -- Cracker Jack was a stand-by.

Often there would be some special toy that we would share. It must have been a picture as we stood around him waiting for that hand-out. Of course the hug from each one of us. For many years Saturday meant just this -- Dad's return. Actually a short weekend it was, for he returned early Monday. Special grocery items would appear on Saturdays: fresh meat, which was not a common item; perhaps oranges, or other fruits; pickles, a favorite of Dad's. He always said he got the dill pickles for me, special. The small grocery store really supplied a rather limited variety. But extras came, jars of jelly, etc.

As we grew older the cleaning included the house, which was a time for making it shine for Dad's arrival and the Sunday guests we might have.

But Saturday night supper, with a big pot of green beans (dried beans in the winter), sliced tomatoes and that perfect pan of corn bread, and new potatoes boiled in the beans, fried salt pork, fried apples; and everyone eating with zest. Don't let us forget the gravy!

A tiredness usually prevailed. That made the bath and bed a welcome relief. Sound sleep! No wonder we did not wake one Saturday night when our car was stolen -- when we lived at what was known as the "Hood" House. That particular Saturday night we had been listening to the radio -- the Atwater Kent we had bought from John French. There was probably an election coming up and we were listening to speeches. If the dog barked (which it didn't for the prowlers knew the dog!), we didn't hear him. What an experience! Remember how Dad took the timer button out every night after that. (That is, after we got our new car.)

One Saturday at this same house Caroline made the name for herself by trailing me into the blackberry patch and going on instead of returning. She missed me somehow, and got lost. Anyone could do the same in that wilderness kind of place that had bushes growing over a large area; a former field that was starting to grow up again.

Dad came home in time for lunch and we weren't alarmed yet, although Caroline was up there picking berries some place. We all sat down and ate lunch. Then I went to find her, and couldn't. It was 24 hours later that she was found and much had taken place. No one had slept. No church on Sunday morning. Everyone had gathered in our yard, and food had been brought in. And I can yet see the truck coming down the road with horn blaring, and Caroline sitting between the two men, the men proud and happy. Caroline, dazed, happy, bewildered, tired, hungry, wild-eyed, jabbering about men who found her -- about her ride in the truck. For days she talked about these particular men. I wish I could remember -- one was Lyman Norris, the other the DeFord man?

Dad was a good buyer of clothing. He would often choose our coats and other items. I can remember a blue chincilla -- so warm. Another time a heavy brown Army-like coat, that was wonderful for the high school days in that cold wind at Wartburg. Again, there was a tweed coat with

grey fur collar. Bernice was the recipient of a purple coat, our wondering if she got her new purple coat out of the burning (high school) building. She did!

As we grew older, too, the singing sessions about the piano. Often, the one that reached the piano could escape the dish washing; for Dad would want the accompaniment for his latest song book. Singing! More fun than washing dishes.

.....By Jewell Scott Voss

GAMES WE PLAYED AT HUFFMAN

"Games" we played includes everything from riding stick horses to making play houses out of rocks upon the rocky hillside in front of the house. The hillside that extended back or above the path -- to the right of the path as we went from the house to the barn, there was a large walnut tree there, and under the tree, large rocks -- just right for cracking walnuts. Have you ever had your hands stained from walnut hulls? There used to be a gate not far from the house there -- seems to me it was a place for turning out the cows, milking, and feeding hogs at one time before we built the new barn. The barn must have been built when I was very small, but I think I can remember when the only barn on the place was the one built around the old corn crib by the back of the house. On the back side of this old barn was a shed for keeping the hay rake and mowing machine. I spent many hours sitting in the seats of these machines pretending to be manipulating them -- (like we used to run the sewing machine pedal, pretending it was some sort of vehicle -- remember?).

Other games included trips in wagons, bicycles, stick horses, the "British", or was it Irish mail hand cart -- around the house -- Grandma used to complain because there was no grass around the house, in this path. If I can look back correctly this path was a right good idea on a dewey morning; it kept your feet out of the wet grass.

We were told to stay out of the hay loft, we might fall through a hole; and I think I did mostly -- (stay out).

We used to go into a little woods nearby and climb trees -- the area behind and above the chicken house.

I used to venture out beyond the garden to the little ravine and do some "looking around". I was always a little afraid of snakes. If one went far enough he would run on to the road from Millcreek. I used to look for trailing arbutus up this ravine.

When real warm weather came in late Spring we would pick the large "johnny jump ups" or violets that bloomed in the meadow. I can remember picking great bouquets of them.

Actually we didn't venture very far away from the house. When I think back on it now I am surprised we didn't go farther away from the house. Perhaps the boys did but they were pretty young when we left there. I had a sort of fear of the unknown when I got very far away. Over toward the railroad I could always picture tramps that might molest one. So I stayed away from there.

I can remember climbing the crooked apple tree that had what we called Early Harvest apples. They taste so good fried! But also good raw. Mom had a time keeping us from eating green apples.

I guess we spent lots of time listening to the phonograph, for we didn't have a TV. I always wanted to play on the piano, but we weren't allowed to bang.

We must have done a lot of pretending in our games, for day dreaming was a great past time of mine. We always had dolls. Remember "Dollie Dimple" in one of the women's magazines?

After learning to read there was reading of anything available. There was a book I didn't remember reading, but saw around, "He Fell in Love With His Wife". The book, "A Million Dollar Mystery", I must have read several times. They found the money in a picture! Aunt Ella used to give me little books from "David C. Cook". One, "The Tale of the Tubs", was fascinating. It was so real to me.

Much time was spent by the stream, watching the minnows, building little dams. Just playing around, imagining things (always taking care of the smaller children).

.....By Jewell Scott Voss

RELATIVES AND OTHER VISITORS AT HUFFMAN

The title of this remembering or relating of things at Huffman has to be more or less artificial for there will be a mixture of everything. I go ahead and write what I recall for if I don't I will forget it later on. But visitors at Huffman was a treat and anyone can see why. Actually we didn't suffer from boredom for there were so many of the family, and certain relatives who lived close and were almost part of the family; like Uncle Bill's family -- Clyde and Wilbur who came to help Grandpa. There were times away back when Aunt Sylvia was with us a lot -- perhaps about the time Uncle Bill passed away. That was a long time back for it was when the kitchen was at one end of the front porch. In fact most of the front porch was used for cooking and eating. So Wilbur and Clyde were sort of like big brothers. They teased us (particularly Wilbur). At one time Aunt Eunice was still at home, and for quite a while, Clarence. I can remember her wearing those high-top shoes. All women must have worn them! (This would be about 1917.) Eunice helped to entertain us. I can remember her playing certain records over and over on the phonograph -- "It's a Long Way to Tipperary, and My Heart's Right There", and she would have us put our hand on our heart as we sang that. She was jolly and would laugh with us. We would always try to get Caroline to say things. When she was little she could say very few words.

How we would watch the path after the local train ran and someone was expected. (Sometimes they surprised us.) But I can see Grandpa Clark with his long beard, stooped back, and little satchel coming along. We would run and kiss him, and he seemed to be so glad to see us. He and Grandpa Scott had long talks together. I can remember when Grandpa Clark would awaken in the morning he would make "stretching" noises. It seemed so good to have him there.

Aunt Laura's girls, Reba and Mildred, came once in a while. We had lots of fun with them. They always had on a pretty white dress and their curly hair -- red and black -- was always an envy. Harold Woolfolk was a tease. We sort of were wary of him.

Once Cousin "Hallie" came -- decided to stay a while although her clothes were all at Aunt Mary's. We missed the mailman for two or three times as she was trying to write for her clothes. How angry she became! I hope I am right about her name. A few times Aunt Ella came, but it was rare. Guess she was too busy. Aunt Dora came and picked blackberries for canning. Always got poison ivy. I can remember her so miserable, fanning her legs. She used to say, "I didn't come to work, but to visit", when it was time to wash dishes.

After Eunice married she would bring her little girls, Mildred and Evelyn, to see us. Often Aunt Fannie came with her. When they left they always dressed in real nice dark blue crepe dresses and hats, etc. I remember kissing them through veils over their faces, making a little round wet place.

It was always exciting to wait for the local train at Huffman Switch. The train would come roaring around the curve. We would wave it down and it was hard to believe it would stop. There we would see off the guest, or board it ourselves to go to Lansing. How exciting to sit on the red plush seat and watch the scenery fly by -- the conductor to collect your money, the "newsbutch" with little toys and crackerjack.

At Lansing I used to enjoy the fact that Bob Scott knew me. He worked at the depot. He always would say, "Hello, Jewell!", and tease me. I felt like Caroline used to always say, "He speak to me!"

.....By Jewell Scott Voss

SCHOOL DAYS AT HUFFMAN

There's a picture of my first day of school when I was seven years old. Standing by George Watts. Mom had packed "our" lunch in a paper (heavy cardboard) box with wire handles -- regular lunch box. You put the lid on, then folded the handles over the top. Mr. Watts boarded with us so she put my lunch in with his. We sat at the teachers table and ate together. I was rather embarrassed to eat with the teacher, although proud too, I guess. Mr. Watts had a wooden or cork leg and it squeaked as we walked together through the woods to the school. We must not have talked much. I can remember so vividly the squeak. There's another vivid memory of that first day. Mom felt the moment as being history making or important. She no doubt felt the way mothers have felt the world over when her first born starts to school. She led me into the bedroom and we knelt by the bed and said the Lord's Prayer. There again I was embarrassed and something inside me rebelled but through the years that has been a precious memory. (I might add at this time the memory of kneeling at Mama's knee and saying "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep." When we visited Aunt Ella her family did the same before going to bed.)

When we walked to Huffman School it seemed a long trek. Although it was only a quarter of a mile. There were little steep places where the sun beat down unmercifully on a hot day. There were cool shady places or stretches where we wanted to linger to listen to the bob-o-link and kick our bare feet in the falling leaves. The rocky hill where once we found a baby crow and grandma helped us feed it. We kept it for a while. As we walked along we could hear trains passing in the cut not far away and I could imagine hoboes hiding over on the edge of the wood although we never saw any. The last long incline that led down to the school passed through or over a branch -- a small stream that was dry in August perhaps, or so small it was simple to step over. But in the spring it sometimes became a problem to cross. There was an old log road that came into the "main" road and it was up this old road way up on the hill there was a spring we often went to carry water for the school. Usually a big girl and a little girl would go together, or a big boy and a little boy. At one time trees were very close to the school building. Later, some were cut. I believe it was Mr. Blair that cut down trees and we used the stumps for bases for a ball diamond.

There were two Silcox families. One was Dink Silcox; the other may have been John. There was a girl named Alice Silcox who was quite pretty. One was named Carlyn. (She pronounced it Cahr-lyn, with the broad A.) She was from the other Silcox family. She once found a ring that I had lost and would never give it back to me! Geneva Phillips always was tall and lanky and wore dresses sort of apron style that buttoned down the back. She was the school tom-boy and didn't care much for books. Her brother Fred always wore an old Army coat. Ted had red hair, was a saucy one that thought well of himself.

There was a family of Griffeths we called Griffies. Effie Bowling lived with the Silcox's. She was a sylphlike little thing with blowy hair --

quite nice but babyish. There was a nice family that came from Glenmary. I cannot just recall their name -- it almost comes, but just escapes. Then of course there was my Romeo, Raymond Young. (The nice family -- McCartts.)

There was a little organ in the building at one time. We must have made short work of it. I learned to play by ear: "Twilight is Stealing Over the Sea", all on the black keys. We wore high-top laced shoes ordered from Sears Roebuck and dresses Mom made for us. We wore long underwear in the winter, and we needed it!

There weren't many residents at Huffman Switch. Remember General Welch? Did he run the store at one time? A Mr. Wilson had a store and after he got sick the Holberts came.

..... By Jewell Scott Voss