

Fred Adair was born 17 February 1891 in the little house on his parent's farm south of Redding. This was the house that was one the farm when John Wesley Adair bought the farm from Mr. Poore. The house had three rooms, as far as I can recollect. One had to be the kitchen-family room, the other must have been the bedroom. A ladder from the kitchen went up the back wall to a square hole in the ceiling that could be climbed to reach the "loft" where Fred and his younger brother, Earl, slept. The heat from the big iron range stove heated the entire house, even the loft. Outside the kitchen door to the north was the out house or "privy." About 40 feet to the east was the pump for the well with the orange blossomed trumpet vine climbing on the fences.

Grandma Margaret Jane (Miller) Adair told me they didn't have play pens to put babies in to keep them safe while the mother gathered the eggs, worked in the garden, fed the chickens, or worked in the yard or the house. She had a new rain barrel she kept Fred in, with a blanket and a few toys. That way he was safe, and she could get her work done.

I suppose Fred helped with the farm chores like all farm children did in those days, as so many were raised on farms owned by their parents in those early days before 1929. He went to the country school north and east of his home--Badger School. Florence Hoffman was a school teacher there. He went eight years to school there starting in the fall of 1898. After the eighth grade he never received any further schooling in the public schools. So he was about 12 or 13 years of age when he stopped schooling. He was given trumpet lessons and developed a very fine bass voice as he grew to manhood. He sang at church and at various functions, and after marriage sang duets at funerals and weddings with Gladys.

When he was about 20-years old he and his first cousin, Stuart Hoover, were in Redding, Iowa, when he saw a beautiful slim lady with long black hair walking down the street. He asked Stuart who that was and Stuart answered, "Why that's Goldia Spencer's younger sister, Gladys Spencer." Dad replied, "Well, I'm going to marry her!" In due time Stuart introduced them.

Dad would drive his buggy, or ride horseback, east of Redding to the Spencer home in Middlefork Township to court Gladys. She went to Simpson College that fall of 1912 to the "academy," as it was then, with her sister Goldia, and cousins and friends from Redding. But Gladys became anemic and couldn't walk as fast as the other girls, and found that she couldn't walk a block without sitting down to rest. After a semester of school she went home to build up her health and rest. That was when Fred Adair asked her to marry him.

They were married after a big snow storm on 25 February 1913 in the east parlor at the farm home of Gladys' parents, Orin Gilbert Spencer and wife, Julia Belle (Baird) Spencer. Everyone came in sleighs filled with buffalo robes.

Nine months later Louise Ruth Adair was born, with an enlarged thymus gland, which continued to grow so little Ruth could hardly breath. The Redding doctor, Dr. Fullerton, said there was nothing he could do for her. All operations had ended in death. Fred couldn't accept the doctor's verdict. Fred heard of a doctor's conference in Omaha and took her before the doctors.

There was no one there who could help her. Afterward one doctor came up to them and told them of an old doctor in Ottumwa, Iowa, who was experimenting with X-ray that might be able to help them. So they drove home, and then on east to Ottumwa to meet with the doctor. He said he was sure he could cure her. Fred asked, "How sure?" He answered, "Just as sure as you are when you plant a row of corn seed, you're going to get corn." Dad said, "Well, that's good enough for me!"

He was told that Ruth would have to take treatments for six weeks. Dad later told me that the old Doctor had made his own X-ray machine out of tin cans and harness and he couldn't tell just what all. He had no way to measure it, so he gave Ruth only a tiny bit of X-ray each day.

Dad gave up his farming and took a job as a chauffeur for a rich man there. As Grandpa "Wes" Adair had one of the first cars in the Redding area, Fred had learned to drive, and would be proficient at that position. (As long as I can remember Fred was a good driver; maybe fast but good and quick in his reflexes, and he knew just how to handle a car in mud, snow and ice and all weather conditions.) At the end of the summer of 1914 the little family went back to the farm south of Redding, and Ruth steadily gained in her ability to breath freely, as the thymus disappeared. So the young couple--now 19 and 22--had quickly learned the responsibility of parenthood. They later learned that Ruth was the first child ever to be treated successfully for an enlarged thymus gland, so they were very thankful.

The little white frame home belonging to Fred's father was on the east side of the road 3/4-mile south of Redding, the high school and Redding cemetery, and about a fourth of a mile north of John Wesley and Margaret Jane (Miller) Adair home. (Of course, before this time Grandpa and Grandma Adair had built their big new square home to the front of the original little house. The little house was now the wash house and woodshed, and to the back an addition was made to repair the harnesses and horse collars. To the west of this was the hay and grain barn, the cow barn, and the tall silo filled with silage (compressed and fermented ground corn stalks). The chicken house and car garage were to the south, and the pigs south of the barns. The garden was across the road to the east. The orchard lay to the north. Huge pine trees, in rows, grew on either side of the cement sidewalk which led from the front door to the front gate on the road.

For ten years all seemed to go happily with the Adairs on the farms. Fred developed his skills as a farmer. He decided to go to Ames, Iowa, to the agricultural school to study all about shorthorn cattle. He believed that by going into the cattle business in a big way he could really make a lot of money. Armed with this knowledge, and a loan of \$3500 from the Redding bank, he bought his livestock.

Ordinarily this would have been a good move, but 1923 proved to be a recession, a forerunner of the 1929 crash, and Fred had to sell his cattle at a loss of about \$2000. I understand that Grandpa Adair made good his loan at the bank.

That was when Fred decided he could no longer provide for a family on the farm, being without livestock, so moved his family

and four children--Ruth, Orin, Naomi and Maurice--to Indianola, Iowa in March of 1924. We drove north the eighty miles on the dirt roads, which were the only roads there were in those days. Every town we came to Daddy would have to drink a cup of coffee to keep him awake, and stop at a filling station for gas, and to put new light bulbs in the headlights. Going over those rough roads, full of clods, would jiggle the light bulbs so badly they would break or burn out. One time the lights were gone, and he was driving by moonlight to get to the next town and a filling station. I was sleeping along in the back seat when I heard my mother cry out, "Fred, we're not on the road! We've turned into a cow pasture!" We had to back up through the gate onto the road.

I remember getting to 711 North D Street, Indianola, Iowa, and there was Grandma Margaret Jane Miller Adair. She seemed really happy to see us, and after kissing us asked if we could eat. I remember the big living room with the oak rectangular library table which she had sitting in the middle of the room. On the long table runner were books with black metal lions as book ends. She had an oak settee and oak chairs with black cushioned seats that stuck to you when you tried to get up. There were "registers," square openings with steel grates over the holes in the floor, where the heat could come up from the big furnace below. There was a lever to open and close the register to control the heat coming into the room.

Although she still had the "out house" or "privy" back of the house she also had an indoors bathroom at the top of the stairs. The toilet, sink and bathtub were white, and a linoleum covered the floor. This was a floor covering that was hard, shiny and washable with a colorful design. The bathtub stood on short legs with lion paws on it.

The dining room had a big heavy round oak table, and engraved oak high backed chairs. Linoleum also covered that area as well as the kitchen with it's little sink with running water faucets and big, black iron range and cooking stove. There was a cabinet to the north wall which had drawers below for kitchen spoons, and pots and pans, and cupboards above for supplies. There was a built in flour bin and sifter hidden behind the other door of the cabinet. The cabinet had a white porcelain counter on which to mix things.

These all made a big impression on me as I had never seen any of these modern conveniences before, except the kitchen range. I was used to carrying water in buckets from the well to the kitchen, of having a pot-bellied heating stove in the central room to heat the house, of taking baths in a little round aluminum tub, and using mom's homemade soap.

I finished my second year of school living there with grandma. Then we moved to the Friend's Church parsonage. It was located one block north of the Indianola "Square" where all the stores surround the county courthouse in a square shape. There was a cement alley that led from the square to our back door. The city library was across the street to the north which was a joy to me as I was learning to read, and I was over there all the time that summer of 1925.. I never did know what my father did to earn a living and there were times when he would be gone all week and come home with money in his pockets.

I used to sit and watch him read the Sunday newspaper, his black, curly hair combed and shiny, and he would be all cleaned up in his Sunday suit, and I'd wonder what he did to make all that money! One time I wondered if he could be a robber to get so much money! Well, such are the thoughts of a seven year old child. I believe he was a salesman, and probably always really was a salesman, trying to be a farmer, because that is what his father wanted and that is all he knew.

My mother said he could talk better than anyone she ever knew, and when he was courting her she was mesmerized by his talking. She told me once, "I could have listened to him talk for ever."

When he got to farming it was too dull for him. He was always going to cattle sales with his cousin, Stuart Hoover. He loved to barter. So I believe when he went to Indianola he was a salesman of some kind, as he was selling washing machines by the time I was in the third grade in 1926.

He was a very ingenuous man. He figured out a way to build a platform on the back of his Ford touring car which would hold two washing machines. He sold Maytag washers. He went to Newton, Iowa, and became personally acquainted with Fred Maytag, the owner of the company. He learned from him all the sales points of this fine washing machine. He kept Mary Adair, his sister-in-law who lived on the farm, supplied with a motor driven washer. Later, he also sold Delco Electric Light systems for farms. In those days electricity had not come to the farms yet so these electric systems could be bought to produce your own light and electricity. He took a Delco system and brought electricity to the John Wesley Adair farm and spent a whole week down on the farm installing it. What a change this made in the life of the farmer and his family!

Life seemed to be going along fine for Fred and Gladys for the five years until 1929 when the Wall Street market crash took place, plunging the country into the deepest depression, this country had ever known. No one had money to buy anything, and if they had money, they spent it only when necessary.

Fred Adair didn't let that stop him. He bartered washing machines for food, quilts, anything he needed, and was able to take care of his family.

Grandma Adair had left her Indianola home to do house cleaning in Des Moines for "rich people." She could see that handwriting on the wall, and knew that she and Grandpa could easily lose their farm to the mortgage company if outside income wasn't brought in. Even her sister, Aunt "Jenny" Warden came up to Des Moines from Grant City, Missouri, to earn money to save her farm in Missouri. They lived together, ate their lunches in the homes where they worked, and ate an apple for dinner at night in their little room. Many Sundays she spent with Fred and Gladys and family in Indianola.

In 1927-28 Gladys almost died carrying her fifth child, Patricia Lee Adair. She was in bed many months, and Dad tried to care for her and his four children all he could. He finally called for help so he could get out through the state to sell washers. He started selling vacuum cleaners and would set all us kids down and sell us vacuum cleaners by demonstrating them and

telling us the fine qualities of the product. Thus fortified he would go forth to sell!

Grandma came to help one month, the next month Aunt Jennie came. Then Grandpa Adair came for a month, then Grandma Spencer, herself fairly frail. Finally Gladys had to leave the home and go stay in the home of an elderly lady who was so frail her daughter had come to Indianola from Battle Creek, Michigan, where she worked in the Mayo Clinic, and was considered a top nurse in the top medical hospital in the entire country. She said since she had to beat home with her mother she could also take care of mother. Dad had gone to her, and being a salesman, persevered until she said yes.

Mother lived through it all and finally was able to come home where Dr. Ernest Shaw delivered the baby on June 29, 1928. We were all broken-hearted when little Patricia Lee didn't live through the birth. She was a beautiful fine featured little girl with black ringlets clear to her shoulders. Ruth and I were sent by Mother to ask neighbors for climbing pink roses, as they were tiny little roses, to put around her little white casket. The funeral was in our living room in the big yellow house (now gone) just north of Buxton Park on North B Street. Mother was too frail to come downstairs for the funeral. Patricia was buried in the Indianola cemetery. My parents always wanted to get a granite tombstone for her and were sorry that her grave was never marked during their lifetime. After I was married and could afford it, I asked my brothers and sister if they wanted to go together and buy a stone. Ruth and I selected a small stone and had it placed on her grave. (Incidentally, it is on the same row as the Hendrickson family plot--My husband John's family.)

The Fred Adairs moved later in 1928 to rent a nice stucco house on North C Street owned by the Hornadays. It was two blocks north of the northwest corner of Buxton Park. We rented out rooms there also, this time to men college students. Every home we had we rented out rooms to students, so it would help pay the rent. Mama was seven months along pregnant before we moved again. This was where we lived when the "tree sitting" craze swept the country, and finally Des Moines and Indianola. People had no money for entertainment and were seeking money any way they could, plus excitement. So Orin started tree sitting. He had a VanDam boy as his manager to collect any money people were willing to give if any offers came his way. We put a cot up in the tree, and every weekend lines of cars would come by to see that kid up in the tree! He had a bucket on a long rope and we kids had to take turns putting his dinner plate in and he'd haul it up, eat what was in it, and let the bucket down again. We could send books and other needed items up the same way.

Finally, toward the end of the summer, our Dad, Fred Adair, drove in the driveway in a brand new car. He was now selling cars and had a "demonstrator" car. He called out at the door, "Anyone who wants to go to Mt. Ayr and Redding to see their grandparents be in the car in five minutes!" Wow! We kids knew he meant five minutes or we would be left at home alone, and we all climbed in the car fast. We looked up at the tree and there was Orin, wondering how he would get fed with all of us gone. Since no money had been coming in, and the tree sitter in Des Moines had

gotten down, he decided to get down too. Quick as a whistle he said, "Wait for me!" He climbed down out of the tree into the car and away we drove southward to Ringgold County.

It was during this period of selling cars that Dad got Grandma Adair in Des Moines and came home driving a Chrysler Air Flow! Absolutely the most elegant thing on wheels! The cushions were so soft, you didn't feel a bump. It felt like you were sitting still and the scenery was passing by! We all got in the car and away we went to Grant City, Missouri, to an Adair reunion (I believe). About half way down to Missouri Grandma, who was sitting in the back seat directly behind Dad, touched him on the shoulder and said, "Fred, now you had better speed up. You know we are late!" Dad looked down at the speedometer and said, "Mom, we're already going 90 miles an hour! Isn't that fast enough for you?" Poor Grandma just sank back in her seat and couldn't say a word the rest of the trip. As you might guess, by now the roads were paved and the corners changed to long curves, so fast speeds could be attained by these exciting new cars.

Daddy must have quit selling cars because I don't remember of riding in fancy cars after that. We had to move out of our lovely stucco house and went across town to live at 517 West Second street--the highway going out of town west to Winterset. Our home was almost to the fairgrounds. It was a tiny one-story bungalow and we didn't "rent out" rooms there. It was while living here that "Freddie" (Fredrick Baird Adair) was born. I was in Junior High and loved to play the piano after school every day. Mother had a lovely voice and played the piano too. (She and Dad sang at funerals and weddings and whenever asked when they were younger.) Ruth was in high school and making a name for herself with her art work. Orin delivered a newspaper route early Sunday mornings. Maurice was a fifth grader.

One November Sunday morning while Orin was driving and speeding on country roads delivering newspapers, his car swayed over onto loose dirt on the roadside, and the car flipped over breaking his pelvic bone. It was still dark when a policeman knocked on our door. My Dad got out of bed to answer the knock. The policeman standing there said, "Orin Adair" loud, and something else. My mother heard this in her bedroom and thought he had said, "Orin is dead!" She let out a scream and came rushing into the living room. They told her she had misheard. He was just asking if "Orin Adair lived here?" She finally settled down. It seems to me that it wasn't long after that that Freddie was born. Orin had to wear a cast from his arm pits to his knees for some time.

Mama went to Osceola--in the county south of there--to the hospital there to have the baby. She had lost Patricia by a home delivery and she wanted to give this baby every chance for the best care. He was a healthy darling baby that we all adored. And when the State Fair came around the next fall, she entered him in the baby contest. He scored a 99.99% perfect and won the blue ribbon! She was so proud. She had entered Orin, Naomi and Maurice in the Ringgold county contests and we had won ribbons--but never the State Fair!

We next moved back to 711 North D Street. Two years later Mother discovered she had cancer. In those days very few people

were ever cured of cancer. Operating was the only method used to get rid of it. So often operating just caused it to spread faster. So our hearts were heavy and the belief that our mother would not live long sent us all in a deep downward spiral.

Daddy stayed home to take care of mother and we kids. Ruth was studying art in Des Moines with Arthur Cummings, the world's greatest contemporary portrait painter, after winning a scholarship from him. She entered her paintings in the Iowa State Fair and won a first prize on her own self-portrait and other paintings. Orin was a senior and Naomi a sophomore in high school. Maurice would have been in the 8th grade. Our source of money dwindled even more. Uncle Sam Adair sent us pinto beans from Colorado, a hundred pounds a sack at a time. We ate so much corn meal mush and milk for supper Maurice's nickname was "Mush."

My job was to make the bread every night. We couldn't afford electricity so I washed the sheets and clothes by hand. My hands would just about heal up when it was time to wash clothes again. P & G bar soap and the scrub board would eat the hands up fast. We hung the clothes out back on the line to dry..

We spread sheets out on the ground underneath the mulberry trees and then shook the trees hard. We gathered the mulberries with the sheet and canned them. We canned all the apple sauce we could. We had to wash those glass jars and aluminum and glass lids, and boil them. We had two gardens to get food from. We kids never could, or would, keep all the weeds pulled.

We went to the Redding farm for a couple of summers to can cherries and corn. Orin prayed for snow so he could earn 10 cents shoveling someone's sidewalks.

Mother went to Iowa City, Iowa, to the University hospital to be treated. They decided to try a new method of curing her cancer - X-ray and radium. They really didn't know how much radium to give her or how to measure it. She, like her baby Ruth, were experimented on. This time it didn't turn out so well. The X-ray and radium treatments burned Mother all the way through her abdomen, and for the next 15 years she suffered a great deal, as the cells died and her flesh fell away and deep openings drained from her. My father stayed home and nursed her as he couldn't afford a nurse to be with her all the time. He did what the doctors said and she only got worse.

Finally, in desperation, my father again used his own ingenuity. He decided to try a method his mother, and her mother before her, had used to heal wounds. That was to use a little carbolic acid in boiling water, and take towels, dipped in this liquid and wrung as dry as possible, and cooled a bit, to place on these deep open sores (some over two inches deep; really probably all the way through her body) and steam the flesh. Gradually the blood was brought to the area and new cells were made and the sores would heal up--almost. They never completely healed but were always a running sore until she died fifteen years later. This would make it possible for her to get out of bed and lead a fairly normal life, although she seldom left the house, and she could not sit in a chair. She had to either stand or lie down. She would eat at the table with us by kneeling on a cushion at the table.

She had to eat lots of beef but could not eat roughage, so I

used to scrape the red meat from the connective tissues then simmer gently in water. She was so anemic and had to drink iron. It tasted terrible, and would destroy her teeth, so I used my Bunson burner at Chemistry class to form glass tubes that would go down the back of her tongue beyond her taste buds and her teeth, through which she could suck her iron. In these days they didn't have iron pills. This was a very difficult time for each member of the family.

Her flesh would be okay for a while, then it would gradually break down and cause a big hole again. Her intestines grew together and ulcerated. Dad would stop work again and carefully nurse her back to health and life with his hot carbolic acid treatments.. Then she would be up again for several months, before the whole process started over again.

Thus we all lived, not knowing just when it would no longer be possible to help her, and she would die. Through it all I never once heard mother complain. Her brothers and sisters always said she was always an angel, even as a little girl growing up. Dad took Mother to Iowa City once and showed the doctors how her sores had healed. They were amazed but said they could not recommend the carbolic acid treatment.

World War II developed and all Fred and Gladys' sons and sons-in-law (except Freddie who was 11 or 12) were drafted into the Army, or other units such as the Air Force. Maurice enlisted into the Coast Guard. Orin earned his wings to pilot bombers and to transport planes overseas to England. Ruth's husband, Luther, was a doctor and he became a flight surgeon for a Squadron flying out of England. Naomi's husband, John, was a supply sergeant for an antiaircraft battalion that took part in the Normandy invasion and participated with Patton's Third Army throughout the rest of the war in Europe.

Dad felt the need to help in the war effort so he spent many days painting the home in Indianola, inside and out, and putting on a new roof so that his parents could rent or sell the house as they might see fit to do. Then Mother and Dad drove to San Francisco, there to work in the shipyards building "Liberty ships."

Orin had been living in South San Francisco and had told him of the great need for ship builders. It was late in 1942 and Freddie was about 12 at that time. They took the southern route going to visit Aunt Bessie Drake at Freonia, Texas, and her family. This was the only trip my parents had ever made, and I can imagine how wonderful it must have been to be able to do this.

They had weathered the depression and raised their four oldest children, to see them all attend college and receive educations, and become married (except Maurice). It had been made even harder because of Mother's sicknesses and poor health. Their burdens had been lightened by being able to live part of that time in Grandma's Indianola home, and by her bringing nice used clothes from people she worked for in Des Moines, and which Gladys altered for her children. Grandmother gathered candy recipes and got Dad started making candy to sell when nothing else could be sold. Dad had visited candy factories and learned how they made the candies and then turned the basement of his

home into a candy factory. He hired chocolate dippers to teach Mother how to dip chocolates and the family made a living working nights and after school making, packaging and selling candy.

Ruth won art scholarships from Arthur Cummings and Grant Woods and in the summer held art classes to make the necessary funds to attend Simpson College and later the University of Iowa. The National Youth Administration, started under President Roosevelt, gave colleges money to hire students for art work, and Ruth was hired by professors to do their art work for their classes. This helped a great deal.

Dad traded vacuum cleaners for Naomi's first years of tuition at Simpson College. They made candy and in the evenings Naomi would sell it at all the dormitories, sororities and fraternities. The Hoffmans of Redding awarded their Simpson scholarship to Naomi after her father took her to visit them personally. Her grades were high enough during her junior and senior years they earned her a Gardner Cowles scholarship award.

Dad sold his candies in businesses in Des Moines when people did not have money with which to buy larger items such as washers and vacuum cleaners and cars. He always said he had a lot of faith in the honesty of most people, and only lost one nickel in all those years. He'd leave the candy bars on one person's desk, and just ask people to leave a nickel when they took a bar. He was always going out of his way to help people. Sometimes they did bad things back to him and treated him badly, but it never stopped him from helping people. He was the kind of a guy that would stop on the highway if any motorist was in trouble, or pick up a hitch-hiker (someone who didn't have a car and was out walking to his destination).

Orin and Maurice had gone to California. Maurice got business training at Fullerton Junior College which was supported by the state, and almost free tuition. He worked in the orange groves and elsewhere to earn his way. Orin had a year of college at Simpson, then struck out for work in California and landed a job selling springs for the Nachman Spring Corporation.

In California Mother and Dad and Freddie rented an apartment near Orin, and Dad started work building boilers in the bottom of the ships. These would be the ships which would carry the troops across the ocean. Fred envisioned these ships being tailed and shot at by German submarines, so he made sure he did it exactly right. Before long he noticed others were not so conscientious. The gold colored Monet rivets which expanded when the boilers got red hot and kept the boilers from exploding, were being substituted by the rigid steel rivets. Then the heads of the rivets were being covered by a little melted Monet to cover up what they were doing. He complained to his supervisor. Nothing happened for two weeks. So he went to his supervisor's superior. Nothing happened. He kept going up the chain of authority and nothing was ever done. He saw then bringing beautiful jewelry they were making at home from the melted Monet rivets. They were selling this jewelry and pocketing the money. He could visualize our boys in a ship with the boiler blowing up. He finally went to the Maritime Commission in downtown San Francisco. We had heard there were some Communists working there. But when Dad told them he would testify in court against all his superiors, they called

these four men into their office and told them of Dad's complaints. These supervisors all threatened Dad and even said they would kill him. Yet he wouldn't back down. He testified against them, and they must have all been fired because he never saw them again. But he always wore his hard hat because of the fear that someone would intentionally drop a hammer on him to kill him. No one ever did, and no one ever harmed him.

During the war Ruth and Naomi and their babies came to San Francisco to live with them. Also, Orin's wife, Norrine. We all pooled our money and made the \$500 down payment to buy a home on South San Bruno. The expenses of the home were divided evenly. Dad built a bedroom in the basement for himself and Mother. This gave them the space they needed so they could give a protective home and care to their girls and babies while their husbands were fighting the war in England and Europe.

After the war they sold their home and went to live with John and Naomi in Casper, Wyoming. They enjoyed all the sights of Yellowstone and Wyoming until Mother's health again grew worse. This time she was so bad off no food could go through her intestines at all, and she had to regurgitate all the food she ate. She became very thin and sick. Only then would she consent to go back to Iowa City to be helped again. She always resisted because "I don't want anyone experimenting on me again!" They performed a colostomy and removed a large segment of her small intestine, but she went into a coma in her second week of recovery, and died in the University of Iowa hospital on Thanksgiving Day, November 27, 1947 at the age of 53 years.

Most of her life she had suffered illnesses, but she never complained, ever. Her sweet disposition, her integrity, her straight-laced living example helped all her family to grow to adulthood with a good set of morals and strong character. Dad, although beset with all kinds of problems because of her health, and care for her, and the children, never raised his voice to his wife, nor was he ever unkind to her.

After her burial in the Rose Hill Cemetery, Mount Ayr, Iowa, we started westward to our home in Casper, Wyoming. Maurice and Dad were in the front seat, and Freddie, Naomi and Caryl (Naomi's daughter) were in the back seat. Naomi was seven months pregnant with her third child, Maurice Stanley Hendrickson. The roads were a sheet of ice, but we were all very weary and could think of nothing except getting home. We were in western Iowa somewhere when all of a sudden we came to the crest of a hill and Dad stopped the car. The scene in front of us is one that I shall never forget. I have never seen anything like it before or since. We were looking down a long hill into a valley and up the steep long road up to the crest of the next hill. The road was as straight as an arrow. Perhaps fifty or more cars were stopped beside the road or in the road as far as we could see to the crest of the next hill. No one said a word. In a second Dad had the road ahead of him mapped out exactly how he'd drive our car down the hill and at exactly what speed so he would have the momentum to go clear to the top of the next hill. No one really had time to be scared. And down we went over the sheet of ice weaving around the stopped vehicles gathering speed which hurtled us up the next hill. As we neared the top our car suddenly went

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into a spin; turning completely around. Then we were going straight ahead again until we reached the crest of the hill and over it safely. We never had any more trouble all the way home. I do believe God was protecting us to have survived such a drive. Maurice claims today that he was the one driving the car but it is my recollection that it was Dad.

Dad and Freddie continued to live with Naomi and John another year, having their own tiny apartment downstairs. Freddie graduated from Natrona County High School before they decided to get their own apartment. Dad sold real estate in Casper and within a year he was known all over town. Three years later he had some car trouble on a cold winter's night, and walked home a mile. That night he suffered a heart attack and was rushed to the Natrona County hospital. He suffered another heart attack which took his life early in the morning of November 2, 1950, just three years after Mother had died. He was 59 years old.

His funeral was held in the Gay Mortuary in Casper and in the Methodist Church in Redding, Iowa. He was buried beside his wife, Gladys, in the Rose Hill Cemetery in Mount Ayr, Iowa, on the 5th of November.

Some of Dad's qualities were:

Outgoing and friendly, a good neighbor and friendly to all he ever met.

A sense of humor. When he saw the humor in things he would let go with a high-pitched giggle.

A great tease and prankster, especially in his younger days.

A love for music both singing and playing the piano. He especially loved to play and sing church hymns.

Perseverance to accomplish what many people thought was impossible to accomplish.

Thought of ingenious ways to accomplish what needed to be done.

He disliked being confined to one place; he liked to move about in his work.

He loved to be doing active, physical things.

He disliked paper work such as bookkeeping and accounting.

He loved his family and expected obedience.

He used a razor strap or belt if all else failed with his children.

He seldom went to Church, yet he lived by strict morals principles. He felt there was much more to being religious than just being moral, but he said he didn't know what it was. Prayers were never said in his home, although both his parents prayed in their home and were staunch Methodists.

He had trust in the human race and believed most people were honest.