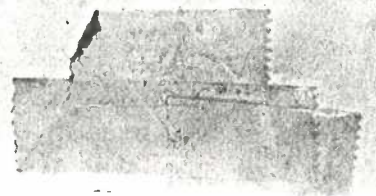


MOUNTAIN OF "YOU" BY W.W. ELLYSON

To be a great explorer
of life, learn first to
conquer the mountain of
"YOU."

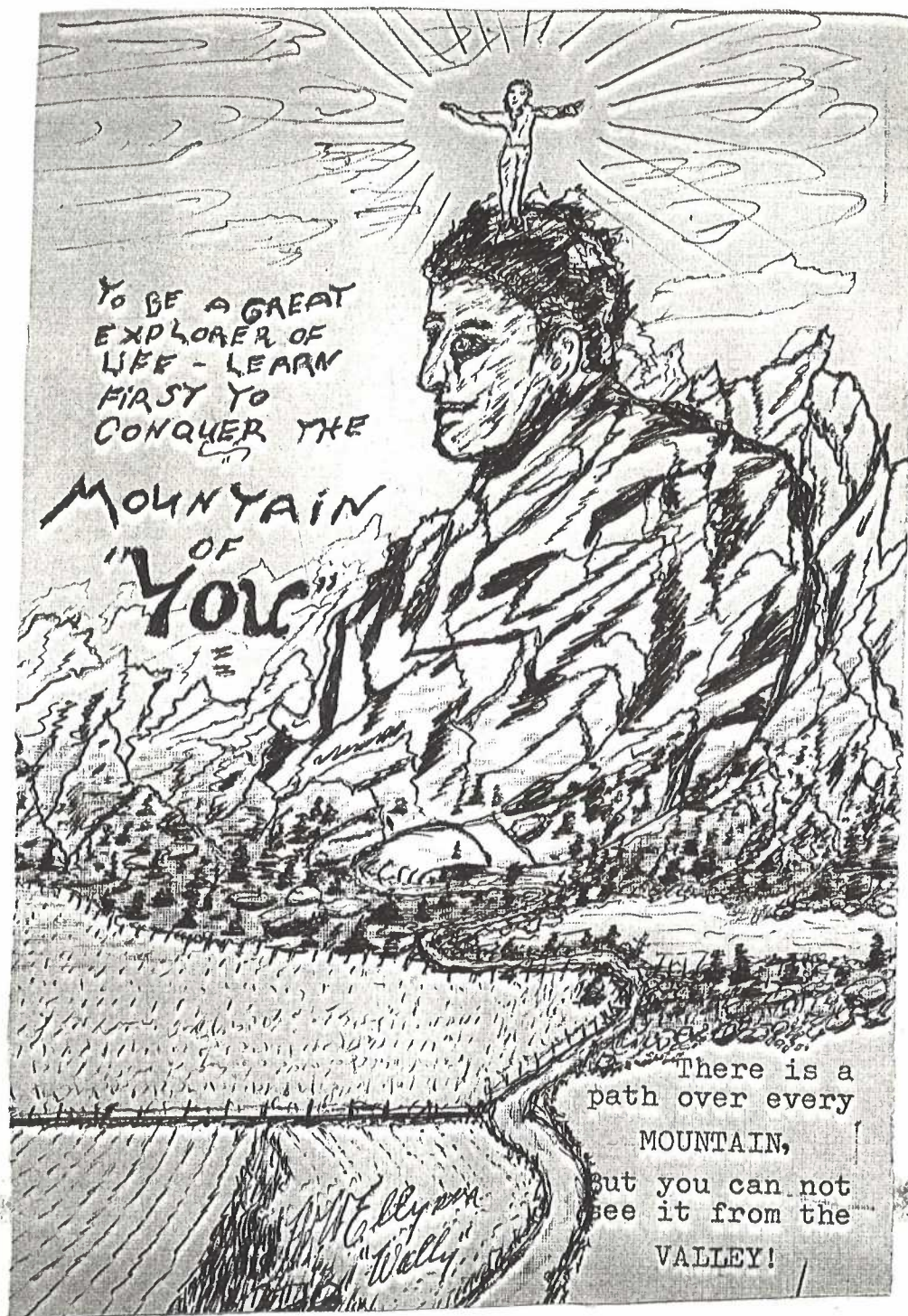




WILLIAM WALLACE ELLYSON

W W Ellyson
2016 W E St
North Platte NE 69101-4964





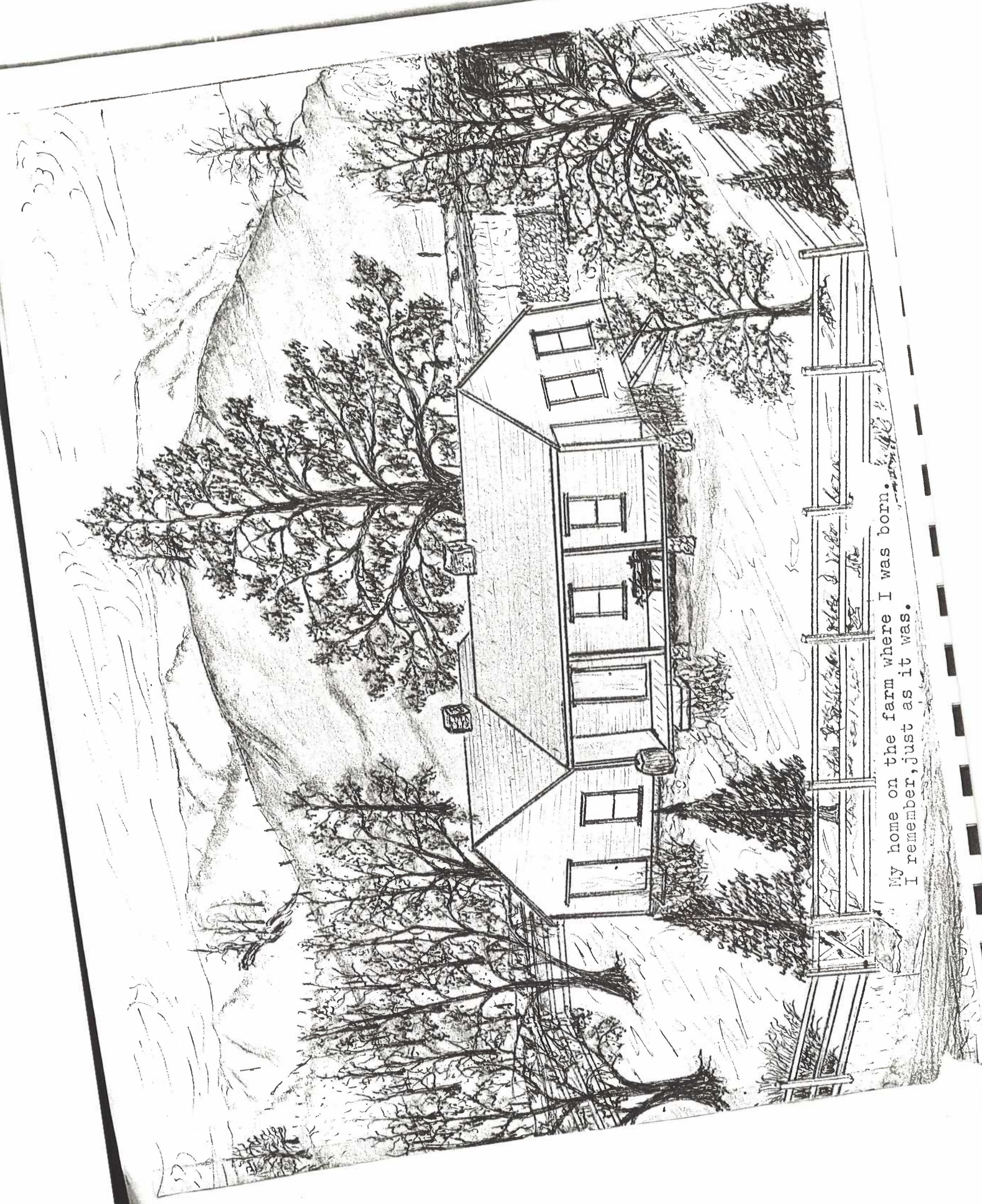
LIFE IS A WILDERNESS; Only the courageous
scale the peaks, see the vistas that lie ahead.

The first of life's mountains to be conquered
is, YOURSELF. There is no easy path around that
mountain. You must face the climb unaided, no
matter how difficult it seems. Many never learn
that lesson. Only from the top can you find your
true bearings and glimpse the horizon before you.

Until you reach the summit, life must remain a
mystery; a tangled maze without meaning or plan.

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My home on the farm where I was born. *W. H. H. 1904*
I remember, just as it was.

MY 89TH BIRTHDAY

These last few years in retirement I have thought of my Yesterdays, and the insistence of my three daughters to write the story of my life.

A life which had it's beginning in the Horse and Buggy Days of "Do it Your Self" and living through an era of swearing at primitive tools and inventing modern ones, driving shining cars on flashing highways, air travel, exploration of space and a witness to man walking on the moon, surely one of the most amazing periods of change in all history in which to live.

To give thanks to my parents for the life they gave me and that all-important element of Self Reliance.

To give thanks to God's direction to a beautiful life with a loving and sharing wife and three lovely daughters who always remember to come home again.

FOREWORD

I thought when I decided to write my Autobiography that I could write it all on a dozen or "so" pages. But, the "So's", have had it, and my memory is still in there handing it out.

Time cannot erase those magical moments which are pasted in our mental scrapbook of memories.

It has given me time to think beyond my Yesterdays, to those days of my ancestors who were first in our America.

Captain Robert Ellyson, in 1642, lived in Saint Mary's County, Maryland, at the end of the long peninsula that is separated from Virginia by the Potomac River. Later he moved to Virginia. Only eight years earlier, had the, "Ark and Dove", made their historical landing in waters just off this peninsula Robert Ellyson could have easily known Leonard Calvert and his colonists. Genealogy of the Ellyson families are later recorded.

When Nada and I were in New York for our retirement with the J.C. Penney Company, we had the pleasure of a boat trip around Manhattan Island. As our boat circled the Statue of Liberty, we threw the old girl a kiss. She is not great art but she is beautiful, beautiful for what she represents, "Liberty and Justice", for all. A Beacon of Light, to men, women and children, from many lands, many languages, many nationalities, finding the oppressions of governments over the waters, too great to bare, were drawn if by magic to the land of opportunity. They were willing to endure great hardships, asking only for an unfettered chance for something better.

I thought of my ancestors, there was no Statue of Liberty to greet them, but like so many others, they struggled and worked hard. They wanted nothing for nothing, no handouts or subsidies. Here am I, like all of you, enjoying the blessings they made possible for us.

This is a country, people all over the world long to come to. You and I are here.

This is my country and I love it. It's not as good as it should be and not as bad as it could be, it's up to us to make it better... not by revolution or stormy meetings with each other, but by getting together and solving our problems.

As we look out over the landscape, laced together with wondrous highways and a patchwork of fertile and abundant fields, I cannot help but wonder at the effort of our older men and women that must have gone into the clearing of the

land a couple centuries ago. Once upon a time such hard work was a part of life, one of the pleasures and satisfactions of living. Today it seems to try to get the most for the least amount of work. It would be safe to say that attitudes not opportunities have changed our America.

Our country is like a great river, it is great because of the thousands of little brooks and stream that come tumbling down the hillsides and mountains, singing as they go, eager to cast themselves into the channel of the great river of Freedom.

"Thank God" Our American Heritage can still be found in that overwhelming majority of our young people, whose parents, friends and dedicated people, have taken the time and made the sacrifices necessary to instill in them, "By Example", "Faith in God", "Love of Country" and "Respect for It's Institutions."

So, let us resolve ... I am only one, but I am one. I cannot do everything, but I can do something and by the Grace of God, I will do what I can do.

"When you drink of the water, don't forget the Spring from which it flows."



Dedicated to my three daughters,
Geraldine, Nadine and Donna, who have
lovingly brightened our lives.

YOU MUST GO HOME AGAIN

Biography by W.W. Ellyson

"People are what they are because they come out of what was." wrote Carl Sandberg.

Looking backward we discover what is unique in us, learning the meaning of "I", and it is that unique life history that defines a person.

Contrary to Thomas Wolf's family lament, "You can't go home again", we must all go home again, in reality or memory. When we don't our lives lose their structure.

Homesickness is not simply a wistful exercise in sentiment. Rather it is a brightness of the present, an invitation to reexamine oneself, to know the nature of the seed that started the tree, and to remember what it was to be a child.

When time rushes by so fast, we need the renewal of memory. We must cherish our Yesterdays, but never carry them as a burden into the future. Even if the past at times was not kind to you, turn it to understanding. Live your Todays and Tomorrows, so as not to inherit a lot of empty Yesterdays. Visualize the goal you are striving for, not as some guilt-edge reward, with luck and fortune blessing you, but a goal with a pathway leading toward it as true and distinct as the goal itself.

The deep roots of home have not been easy to come by. Early in my life, I perceived that unless I found men to help me, I could not succeed, nor unless I reciprocated their help, could they succeed. My objectives were not yet so clear, but I had a distinct feeling of life as wholeness, as leading to something important.

Take time to remember. Make it an enduring home for you and your children's memories. Then leave them to build on that foundation, their own house of the future.



Father and Mother Ellyson

I had my Father and Mother, for such a short time but there are parts of my childhood on the farm, unforgettable. Mother, left our home when I was four years old and Father passed away when I was nine.

FATHER AND MOTHER

My father, Allen Hinchman Ellyson, was born October 27, 1842, in Goshen Township, western Mahoning County in northeastern Ohio, south of Youngstown. He was the eighth child of nine children born to William and Grace Hinchman Ellyson.

I have no exact knowledge when my Father and his two brothers, William B. and John Wallace, arrived in Nebraska, except in the 1860's. The following information is from the History of Dixon County, Nebraska. In 1870, William B., Allen H. and John W. Ellyson settled on farms northeast of Newcastle, near the river town of Iona and are prosperous farmers. Allen H. Ellyson was county commissioner several terms. Also there is mention of the Ellyson brothers, Allen and Wallace, operating the first steam ferry boat west of Sioux City, Iowa in 1870.

Farmers crossed the river on these ferry boats, hauling grain and livestock to towns in South Dakota. I can recall in my younger years, crossing the river on these boats operating from the Iona landing. People also crossed in winter when the ice was frozen thick enough in the river to hold a team of horses and wagons or sleds. It seems the snow and ice lasted until spring in those days.

We watched from the bluffs, the large steamboats hauling freight up and down the river. Many times they were stuck on sandbars for days. I heard my first phonograph on board one of these boats that was tied up at the Iona landing taking on wood fuel.

How I enjoyed hearing Father and my Uncle tell of their early experiences. I have a diary written by my Uncle, of he and father returning to Iona after working in Montana sawmills for two years in 1882. They came down the Missouri River in a rowboat, a distance of 3,000 miles that took 53 days, living off the land and stopping at some of the towns for supplies that are mentioned on today's maps.

I recall caravans of Indians passing our farm, following the river road from one reservation to another, their horse drawn buggies and wagons and many were riding ponies. The colorful customs were something to see.

My mother, Mary Theodocia (Beldin) was born in 1863 at Mount Vernon, Iowa, daughter of Dr. G.W. Beldin and Mary Louise (Hodgkins) Beldin. Her family moved to Nebraska, a short distance from Iowa, where her folks bought a farm, later owned by their son, B.M. Beldin and wife, Aurie (our Uncle and Aunt). Mother, I was told, had polio early in life and she used a crutch to walk.

Father and Mother were married March 4, 1885. I was the youngest of five children: Francis, Gayle, George, Grace and myself. Francis and Grace died of diphtheria in 1890 and 1897.

Father and Mother were divorced in 1902 and Father was given custody of we three children. Mother went to Oregon and was later married and they had a daughter. My sister corresponded with Mother and she was living in Silverton, Oregon. We were notified of her death in 1923.

I only remember my Mother on two occasions. She returned later after leaving and I have a mental picture of Father helping her out of the buggy and coming up the walk. I can also see Uncle Wall opening the door and seeing Mother turning away slamming the door. The second time was Mother's return following Father's death. I was nine, George was fifteen and Gayle seventeen. Mother hired a team and buggy to drive out to the farm. Somehow word got out. George and I were in school and I can recall the neighbors picking us up and taking us to their home. Elmer Gibbs, who had been appointed our guardian, contacted Mother and arranged for her to see us at his home. That evening we three drove to Newcastle to see our Mother.

Elmer and Mary Gibbs were wonderful to us and we were always welcome in their home. I spent many nights at their house not wanting to ride home in the night.

They had four children, Melvin who was a year younger than me, Lawrence, Donald and Louis. Melvin and I were best of friends and were together in baseball, football and track and other disorganized foolishness. I remember Melvin and I driving my pony and buggy to a Fourth-of-July in Ponca. It was raining so hard we slept in the livery barn and drove home the next day. Melvin would drive his father's car and we boys enjoyed going to other towns, athletic events and to shows in Sioux City, Iowa, a long way from home, a distance of 30 miles.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

My childhood with Father, Gayle and George

We had our Father for only a few years, but those years drew out to be a lifetime of memories. It seems the sun was always shining. Life was wonderful and much of it came from his love and care. Father loved people and he himself was loved and trustworthy. I remember so well climbing on his lap and combing his hair and goatee. I can recall saying, "The three greatest men in the world were, God, Dad and Santa Claus!" Three important people to carry through life.

I was never in a church until I was sixteen going to high school, but I thank God I was born in a Christian home. Father told us he could not always look after us, but there was God who would always note our good and bad deeds, to always believe Him.

I can recall walking down to Uncle Wall Ellysons on Sunday evenings for prayer and stories. I would go to sleep and Dad would carry me home on his back. How wonderful, our Uncle Wall and Aunt Alma Ellyson and Uncle Ben and Aunt Aurie Beldin were to us. To play with my cousins and neighbors, life was so full of so many things.

Father arose first, built a fire in the kitchen stove, and on winter mornings built a fire in the dining room where we dressed by the stove. We then headed for the barnyard to do the morning chores, feeding and watering the livestock and milking and separating the milk. Then back to the house for breakfast where we washed our face and hands in cold water. Breakfast began with hot cereal, rich cream and pancakes spread with homemade butter or grease from fresh side meat and syrup, glasses of fresh milk which wasn't pasteurized those days.

With breakfast over we again headed for the barn where Father and George would harness the horses and hitch them up to plow, wagon or cultivator, whatever were the plans for the day. What a thrill when they let me drive the horses.

After working all day in the fields, no matter how late it was, or how tired, the chores had to be done. Life on the farm in those days was not easy, but we enjoyed it perhaps because we knew no other.

Father would take us to ball games and row us up the river to play in the sand dunes; fishing in the river with trammel nets and set lines. There was the Fourth of July at the Iona school house and fireworks in the evening on Volcano Hill overlooking the river below. We hunted squirrels, rabbits and mushrooms in season. The world was

so exciting, so much to look forward to, so much I had to learn.

The only apple orchard around and people came for miles with horse and buggy for their winter and summer supply of apples. A dollar for a bushel, fifty cents if they picked them.

When Newcastle burned, on the Fourth of July about the year 1910, the whole business block both sides and only the S.P. Micksell store was left standing. The fire was started by two boys playing with firecrackers. Almost every family was out of town celebrating the Fourth. The telephone operator on duty phoned other towns for help. The buildings were mostly of lumber and by the time help could arrive, it was too late to do any good. The Micksell store was across a side street and had tin siding. Ned Ollerman and Roy Rahn kept the water hose on the exposed side and saved the building. They were so exhausted from exposure that Roy Rahn died a few days later. What a shock. Many who saw the smoke rushed back to town and were able to save a few houses that were close. Both sides of the one block of main street was soon built back with brick buildings. Newcastle was a town of around 350 in population.

A cow, expecting a new calf, did not show up one evening and I went to look for her. I found her looking down the creek bank at her new born calf in the water. I hurried home and returned with Father and George. The calf was so weak they carried it and the cow followed. My dog and I were behind. The cow turned, saw the dog and charged. The dog jumped behind me and the cow hit me and threw me up in the air. I came down on the frozen ground with the wind knocked out of me. Father expected to find my stomach ripped open from the cows horn. All I had was a long red streak across my body, my heavy clothing had saved me.

Little Pug, a white screw tailed pug dog was my constant companion. Pug was always betting me a dollar he could beat me at this or that. George tells this story. He said he and father were building a fence across the creek and heard quite a commotion. I was trying to climb a steep bank. Pug was looking down at me from above. Father said, "What are you trying to do." I replied, "Pug bet me a dollar I couldn't climb the bank."

A first great delight was at the Old Settlers Picnic. A concession was making and selling ice cream cones. He would pour a batter on a hot plate and then roll it into a cone shape and put ice cream in it for only a nickel. You had to eat fast or the ice cream would melt and run out the bottom. Truly a first!

Uncle Wall's farm joined our farm on the north boundary and extended north to the bluffs and river bottom land. The river had once flowed along these bluffs but had changed its channel farther north, leaving a lake and timber. This provided a wonderland for fishing and swimming in summer and hunting and skating in the winter and picnics for the neighborhood.

Aunt Alma Ellyson liked to tell this on me. She had baked a fresh custard pie and cut it in six pieces for her family of six. I showed up at meal time so she cut her piece and gave me half. When I finished mine, I said, "I'll take my other half piece of pie, Aunt Alma."

P.S.

Setting out on our patio this late October Day, watching the leaves frolicking over the yard, brought back to me a, "Thanksgiving Day," when I was about 10 years old.

The morning was cold and blusterly, ice was on the water bucket and no school that day. After the morning chores were done and breakfast over, this would be a good day for ducks and to try out my new gun. I had ordered the gun from Sears catalog with money I had saved working at jobs for neighbors pulling weeds for 50¢ and herding cattle for 10¢ a day. The gun was single barrel, sixteen gauge shotgun priced at \$5.95 and is listed in an antique catalog we still have from those days.

I crossed my Uncle Wall Ellyson's farm to the bluff over looking the timber and lake below. I can still see the picture, ducks all over the upper end of the lake. It didn't take me long to go down the path to the bottom, taking a wide circle through the timber and crawling on my belly the last 100 yards to within a short distance from the shore. I slowly raised to my knees, aimed at a bunch close to shore and fired as the ducks started to rise and three ducks fell. I quickly reloaded and knocked down one that started to fly. One duck dove under the ice and I never saw it again. Now to retrieve my two ducks and not having rubber boots, I took off my cloths in case I got wet so as to have dry cloths to wear home. I waded out breaking the thin ice to my two ducks and all was well. I redressed and went proudly by my Uncles to show my prize and then home to show George and Gayle.

SCHOOL DAYS

Our face and hands washed, hair combed, dinner pail packed with sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs and apples, we headed to school a mile away, snow, rain or shine. It was a crime to be late. We entered the hallway of the one room school house, hanging up our coat and cap, arranging our dinner pail and quietly entered the room. We went to our seats, not a word or whisper was heard, folded our hands and waited for the teacher to ring the last bell. She faced us with a smile as if to assure us that all was well. After a couple songs and the pledge to our flag, we set down to the job of learning, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and history. More important was the atmosphere of discipline, respect and manners. We received permission to speak by raising one finger, or two fingers to leave the room. "Please, May I, and Thank You." We respected her because she was everything fair and good. No makeup, false eyelashes, or long finger nails. School over at four o'clock, she made sure we bundled up for the trip home. Then it was those chores all over again.

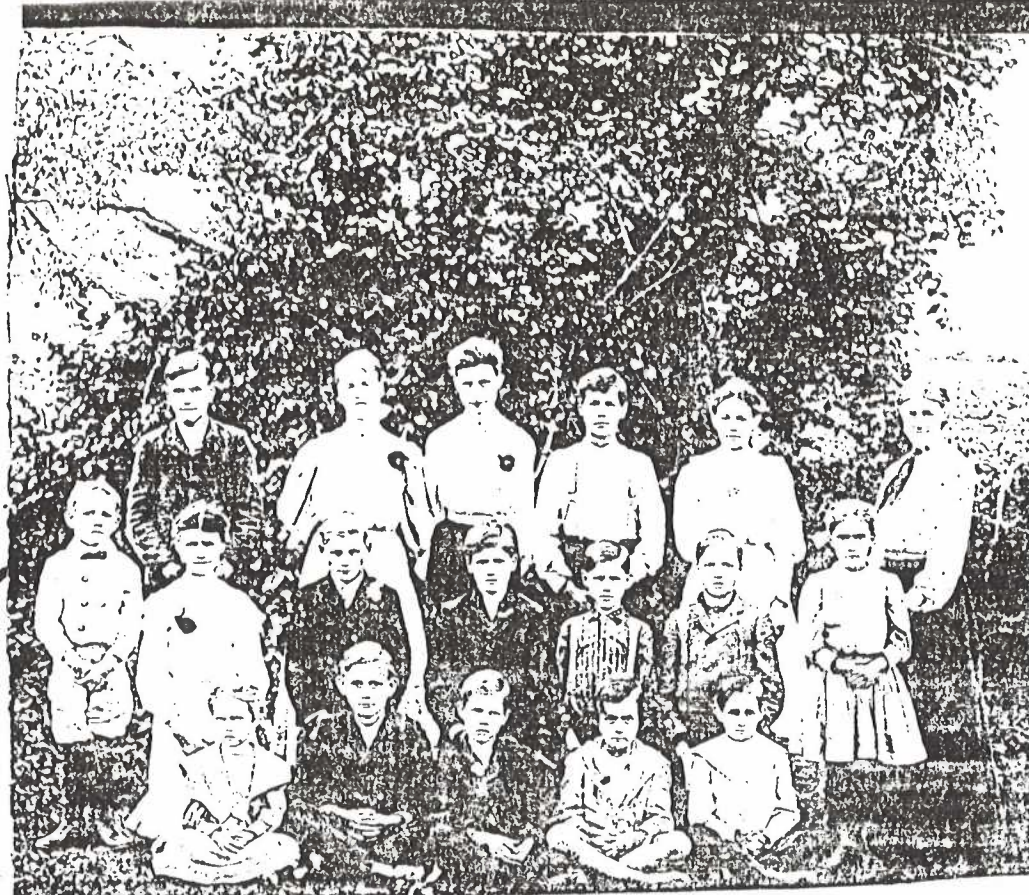
We could hardly wait for the weather to get warm enough to go barefooted. I guess that's why I have big feet. I am the only one in the school picture without shoes.

The school house was the community center for social events. Those days, neighbor helped neighbor. "Time sharing" meant "Togetherness." Every body had a pony and we made our own fun. It took so little to satisfy us, we had too much fun to get into trouble.

We were before young men wore long hair and earrings. Grass was something you mowed, coke was something you drank and pot was a utensil one cooked with. Couples got married and then lived together.

For just one nickel, you could buy an ice cream cone or get enough stamps to mail a letter and three postcards.

The grocery always put a large sack of candy in the egg crate for the kids.



Wm Ellyson: Ida Stewart: Ryan: Geo Ellyson:
 Rose Ehle: Miss Laub: Middle: Ross Ehle: Ryan:
 Earnest Ehle: Allen Ellyson: Clarence Stew-
 art: Clyde Stewart: Arel Ellyson: Mamie Ste-
 wart: Dean Ehle: Dwight Stewart: Wally El-
 lyson: Ian Ehle.

Earnest Ehle
 Dean Ehle
 Ian Ehle
 Ross Ehle
 Wally Ellyson
 Irvin Ehle
 Dwight Stewart



SCHOOL DISTRICT No. 15

The Dixon County School census records gives the following for 1897.

Parent	Children and their age
Ryan	John 20, Mary 19, Lizzie 17, Cora 13, Emma 11, Maggie 9, Elsie 6.
Brewer	William 20, Lydia 18, Daisy 16, Kate, Maggie 12, Gene 10.
Gibbs	Amy 13, Jessie 18, Johnnie 7
Bell	Maude 18
Ehle	Gertrude 9, Glenn 8, Rose 5
Frank	Ella 16
Bailey	Charles 20
Roth	Elmer 12
Roach	Sargeant 12
Benedict	Bra yton 10, Ina 14, Gaylord 7
Stewart	Irene 14, Rilda 11
Stewart	Ida 8, Ina 7
Farr	Archie 20
Ellyson	Gail 7, George 5, Bessie 7
Brewer	May 5

School Census for 1901

Parent	Children
Benedict	Brayton, Ina, Gaylord
Ryan . . .	Cora, Emma, Margaret, Elsie
Ross . . .	Will, Robert, Lizzie, Mary, Kate
Ellyson	Gail, George, Bessie, Will, Allen
Bell . . .	Henry, Charles
Ehle	Gertrude, Glenn, Rose, Ernest, Dean
Roche . . .	Sarsfield
Olson . . .	Emil
Wislon . .	Iva
Stewart.	Ida, Ina, Clyde, Clarence
Bohall	Wesley, Will, Clyde, Myrtle

1904

Some not previously listed were:
Donald McLean, Dwight Stewart, Wallace Ellyson, Ian Ehle, Johnnie Bohall, Ned Bohall and Elmer Steele

1909

Not previously listed: Rosslyn Ehle, Irwin Ehle, Gladys Amick, Arel Ellyson, Lyle, George, Fay and Helen Richardson, Hazel, Jack, and Muriel Collison, Clarence and Edgar Sorenson, Margaret, Lizzie, Mary, Henry and Gertrude Redl.

1912

In 1912 there were children from the C. Gibbs, George Kemper, Elmer Schenk, Willis Miller, and Balt Chamberlain families.

THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD

Former Owner	Present Owner	Renter
--------------	---------------	--------

Jerome Ehle	Earl Gatzemeyer	
T.J. Ryan	P.F. Verzani	Benscoter
Wallace Ellyson	Allen Ellyson	
J.F. Gibbs	W.C. Witthoff	Welfl
Wm. Stewart	F. Harding Est.	Graham
A.H. Ellyson	Bill Ellyson	
C.H. Gibbs	Andy Sohler	Unknown
A. Parr	Curry et al	D. Curry

Stewart Ida

Parr Archie 20

Ellyson Gail 7, George 5, Bessie 7
Brewer May 5

*Nada's Father & Mother
Wedding*



*George Baltzer & Olive Adeline
Addison*

E. S. Hibbs

Harlington, Neb



Sept 4th 1899
Hamilton,
Dean, Marie & Nada

PONCA,
NEBR.

ACROSS NEBRASKA

In a covered wagon

Nada, her sister Marie and brother Dean, were all born on their folk's farm south of Newcastle, Nebraska.

Nada tells of her folks, due to her father's health, and their doctor's recommendations, moving to a higher climate.

They teamed up with the Al Russel family to journey to Elizabeth, Colorado in two horse-drawn covered wagons, camping along the way.

Nada was three, Marie five and Dean eight years old. She can recall many things that happened on the trip, one in particular. She liked to ride on the wagon seat with her father driving the team of horses. She said he sometimes objected because she would wet on the seat.

I said to Nada, when we were coming home from a trip to Colorado one time, "I feel I'm getting old, but I never crossed Nebraska in a covered wagon."

We both had a good laugh.

The Twenty-Third Psalm



THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD; I SHALL NOT WANT.
 HE MAKETH ME TO LIE DOWN IN GREEN PASTURES:
 HE LEADETH ME BESIDE THE STILL WATERS.
 HE RESTORETH MY SOUL: HE LEADETH ME IN THE
 PATHS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS FOR HIS NAME'S SAKE..
 YEA, THOUGH I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF
 THE SHADOW OF DEATH, I WILL FEAR NO EVIL:
 FOR THOU ART WITH ME; THY ROD AND THY STAFF
 THEY COMFORT ME. THOU PREPAREST A TABLE
 BEFORE ME IN THE PRESENCE OF MINE ENEMIES:
 THOU ANOINTEST MY HEAD WITH OIL; MY CUP
 RUNNETH OVER... SURELY GOODNESS AND
 MERCY SHALL FOLLOW ME ALL THE DAYS
 OF MY LIFE: AND I WILL DWELL IN THE
 HOUSE OF THE LORD FOR EVER.....

IN MEMORY OF

Gayle G. Gibbs

Date of Birth:
 July 13, 1890

Date of Death:
 February 7, 1976

SERVICES

Wednesday, February 11, 1976
 10:00 a. m.
 United Methodist Church
 Rev. Robert McBride

PALLBEARERS

Tom Gibbs	Steve Gibbs
Jack Ramsdell	Dale Ramsdell
John Gibbs	Greg Swanson

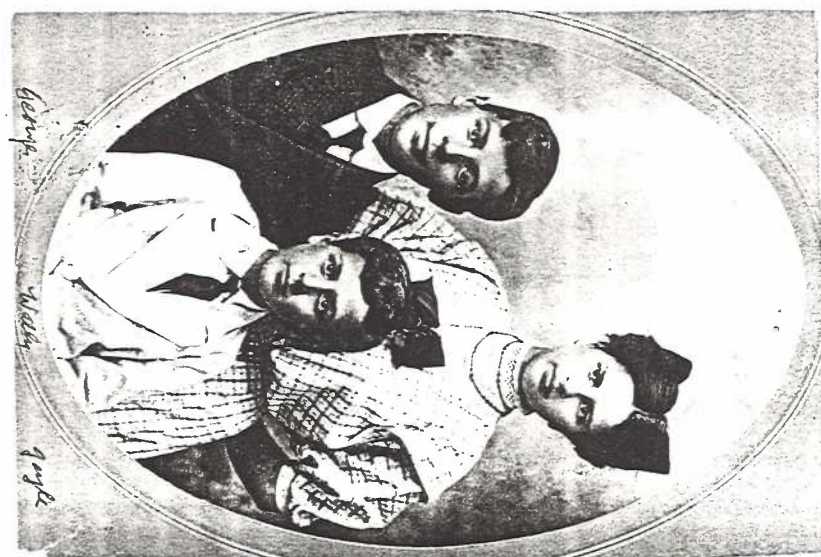
MUSIC

Elaine Goldhammer, Vocalist
 Dorothy Piroutek, Organist

Final Resting Place

New Castle Cemetery
 New Castle, Nebraska

ARRANGEMENTS BY CROSSBY FUNERAL HOME, WAGNER, S. DAK.



I Said a Prayer For You Today

I said a prayer for you today
And know God must have heard~
I felt the answer in my heart
Although He spoke no word!
I didn't ask for wealth or fame,
I knew you wouldn't mind)-
I asked Him to send treasures
Of a far more lasting kind!
I asked that He'd be near you
At the start of each new day
To grant you health and blessings
And friends to share your way!
I asked for happiness for you
In all things great and small *
But it was for His loving care
I prayed the most of all!

Sister Gayle

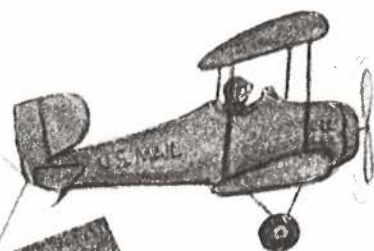
YOUR NAME

You got it from your father, 'twas
the best he had to give.
And, right gladly he bestowed it,
it's yours, the while you live.
You may lose the watch he gave you
and another you may claim,
But, remember when you're tempted,
to be careful of his name.
It was fair the day you got it,
and a worthy name to bear,
When he took it from his father,
there was no dishonor there.
Through the years he proudly wore
it, to his father he was true,
And that name was clean and spotless
when he passed it on to you.
Oh, There's much that he has given
that he values not at all.
He has watched you break your play-
things in days when you were small.
You have lost the knife he gave you
and you've scattered many a game,
But you'll never hurt your father,
if you're careful with his name.
It is yours to wear forever, yours
to wear the while you live,
Yours perhaps, some distant morning,
another boy to give.
And you'll smile as did your father
with a smile that all can share,
If a clean name and a good name,
you are giving him to wear.

Since we're so far apart
on your BIRTHDAY, thought I'd
send you a couple of LETTERS...

(AND HAVE
HAPPY DAY!)

*Love
Gayle*



LIFE ON THE FARM

Gayle was visiting relatives in Iowa when Father passed away. He had just finished building the new barn and had written her a letter a few days before, which she has kept, telling of the neighbors being there celebrating the new barn. At the close of the letter he wrote, I almost forgot to say good-bye. We often wondered if he knew.

I slept with Father, and on the night he passed away, I was moved to another room. I remember waking up crying. My Uncle Wall put his arms around me saying Father had died. Dr. Talboy was there and told us he died of heart failure. They had difficulty getting in touch with Gayle and she was unable to get home in time for the funeral. I was told embalming was not available.

Life on the farm went on after Father passed away. Gayle was seventeen, George was fifteen and I was nine years old.

After Mother left our home, Gayle was my "Guardian Angel." No mother could have given me more love and care. She dressed me in middy suits and set those curls that hung to my shoulders. I can remember those ear aches and she sat for hours applying hot packs to my ear. Both Gayle and George took up the roll of mother and father and to them I owe so much for a happy and loving childhood. I have never forgotten those wonderful years and the guidance they gave me. These memories have pulled me through some bad moments in adult life.

Gayle and cousin, Bessie Ellyson, had completed the ninth grade, driving to Newcastle High School. George finished the eighth grade in our country school and I was in the third or fourth grade.

George, only a boy, had worked along with Father and was able to take over the farm operations with some advice from Elmer Gibbs, our guardian. That winter, Mr. Gibbs recommended that George take a short six week course at Nebraska Agriculture University at Lincoln.

Gayle and I were left to look after things while George was gone. I was used to doing most of the chores, feeding the livestock and doing the milking. This was winter and it was a job seeing the stock had water. Many times I had to carry buckets of water to the hogs or cut holes in the creek ice. We were two happy people when George returned.

I can well remember those so called "Horse and Buggy Days". Dawn came so early working hours were from daylight to dark. Much of the farm machinery required walking all

day in the hot sun. I took my place in the fields along with men. Farm wages were one dollar a day and I can recall earning my first dollar in the hay field for Mr. Parr. A dollar bought a lot of things those days.

Those Damned Chores! No matter how tired, after working all day in the field or how late at night, it was those damned chores that had to be done. If you were away visiting or to a celebration, picnic, ball game or whatever, you had to get home to do the chores. The work horses cared for, live stock fed and to see they had water, the milk cows had to be milked morning and night, and the wood box filled for mornings.

I envied the city boys. They didn't have "those chores to do." I think the one thing that turned me away from farming was "Those Damned Chores!"

In those days if you were not too tired, you played a game or two or read a book by lamplight and then went to bed and slept till early dawn.

THE IONA VOLCANO

An article, which I have in my files, appeared in the Nebraskaland magazine in 1965, written by Irma Foulks mentioning the Smoking Hill, to be the Temple Site of the Arapahoes, long extinct but legend of terror flows on and on.

Many colorful explanations have been given, perhaps one of the most imaginative is told by old-timers. They claimed a huge earth slide had covered a gigantic Indian campfire and the flames still burn deep in the earth. Scientists offer a more plausible explanation. They claim the waters of melting snow and heavy rains, combined with the sulfide in the clay and shale to cause a reaction.

Mention is made that Lewis and Clark were the first white men to see this smoking hill in 1804, on their voyage up the Missouri River. In the 1870's steamboats from Ponca and Sioux City, made excursion trips up the river for sightseers to see the smoking hill.

I can recall that about halfway down the open side was a bench of soft mud and we were warned to avoid getting too close.

Irma Foulks writes, "Today only the cemetery on top of Volcano Hill, remains as a reminder of the once thriving town of Iona at the base of Volcano Hill."

I wrote to the Nebraskaland magazine that I was born on a farm a half mile from Volcano Hill and grew up in the community. My father and three sisters were buried in the Iona Cemetery. Also I wrote of my Father's trip down the Missouri River from Montana to Iona in 1882. The magazine asked permission to publish my letter in the Speak-up Section.

Today the river has moved a mile or so away and where we once swam from its rocky banks at the foot of Volcano Hill, farmers are harvesting grain. Somehow Iona Volcano is losing its identity, but it is good to remember.

The following are several news articles of the Iona Community which I have saved from time to time. I hope you enjoy them as I have to remember.

At first, the town site of Iona, which had been established near the base of the bluff in 1856, remained little more than a trading post and wood supply station for the river boats hauling freight up and down the river.

Allen Ellyson father of W. W. Ellyson
Wallace ✓ uncle ✓
William ✓
IONIA

In 1856, a Mr. Cunningham, Mr. White and John E. Charles surveyed and staked out the townsite of Ionia. At that time three families were living in that community,-- The Massengers, Hotchkiss, and Andrew Whites.

In 1857, Mr. L.T. Hill, a merchant from Davenport Iowa, engaged a Mr. J.J. Pierce and Son to locate a townsite for him. Learning that the proprietors of Ionia desired to sell out, they purchased it for Mr. Hill who immediately started to develop it.

At first, progress was slow and the village remained little more than a trading post and fueling station for river boats, for a brief period.

In 1860, Mr. Hill built the first ferry boat at Ionia. It was a great help to the farmers of Dixon and Dakota Counties, who had to cross the river while making trips to Fort Randall to sell their produce to the army.

The fifth postoffice to be established in Dixon County was located in the picturesque and historic village of Ionia. Altho the town of Ionia no longer exists, it was once a thriving community of several hundred industrious and prosperous citizens.

The postoffice was established that same year, with John J. Pierce receiving his appointment as first postmaster April 20, 1860. Other postmasters who served the postoffice at Ionia were: Loren T. Hill Dec. 27, 1860; Issac Hughes, July 15, 1867; Asa W. Rose, Dec. 7, 1870; Loren T. Hill, May 25, 1874; Marquis Brown, Oct 7, 1881; Mrs. Imia R. Lovett, Jan 18, 1883; Charles Smith, July 7, 1884; Elias Warner, April 12, 1899. The postoffice at Ionia was discontinued in 1900, the mail service going to Newcastle Nebr.

In 1862, the large amount of good timber on the Ionia bottoms induced Mr. Hill to erect a saw mill and in 1867, a grist mill was added. In 1867 Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Lyons built a large store, and in 1868 Isaac Hughes built a hotel. In 1869, Levines and Rose built a large two story general merchandise store. Many new shops and residences were added in 1870, and also in that year the Ellyson Bros. Wall and Allen, built and operated the first steam ferry boat above Sioux City there.

Ionia continued to flourish for several years. It reached its peak in about 1875 when the river changed its channel and started to cut away the townsite. At that time it boasted of several general merchandise stores, two hotels, two saw mills, a grist mill, shoe and boot factory, drug store, two ferry boats, blacksmith shop, carpenter shop and several hundred people.

In 1878, the erosion became so bad that it became necessary to move what was left of the town to higher ground. It struggled along for several years until it ceased to exist as a town altogether. It did retain a post-office however, until 1900 when it was discontinued and the mail service transferred to Newcastle.

So it was that the same mighty destructive force that destroyed the Ionia volcano was also instrumental in the destruction of the town of the same name.

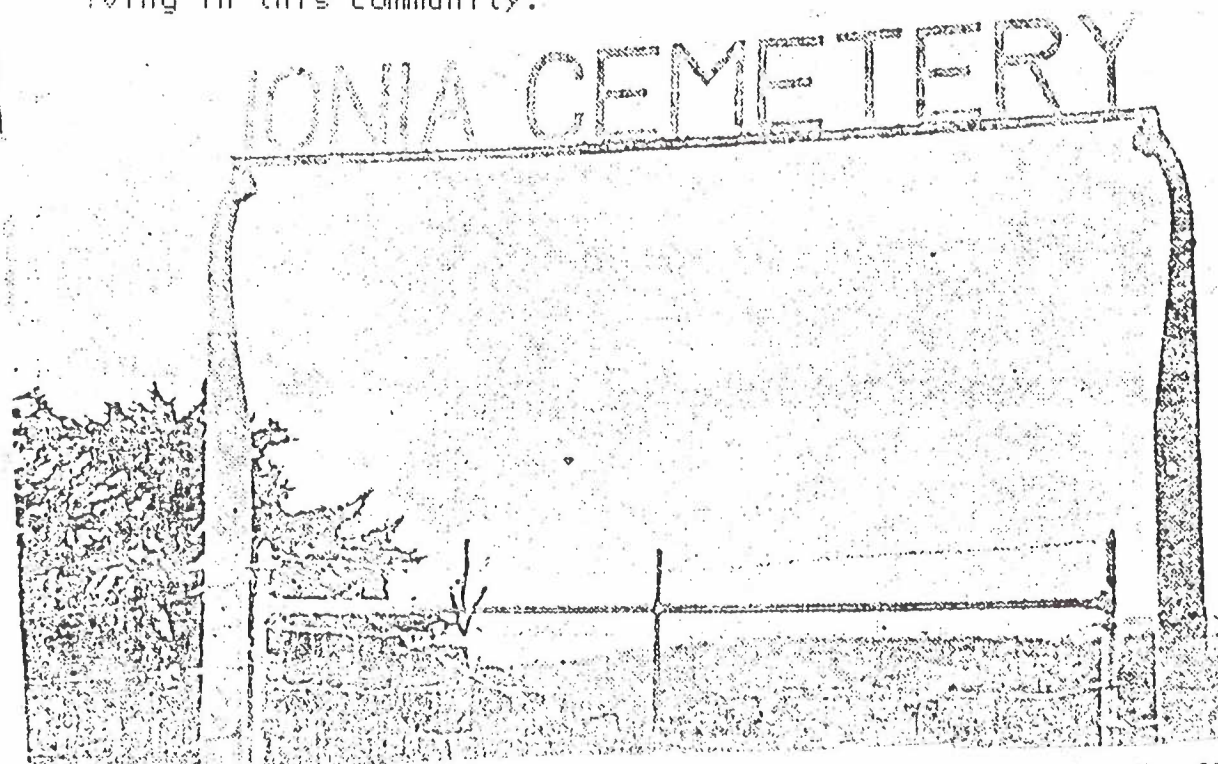
In 1860, a Mr. Hill built the first ferry boat, powered by two horses on a tread-mill. It was a great help to the farmers who crossed the river, making trips to Fort Randall Army Post and towns in South Dakota, to sell their produce. Iona, which was about twelve miles up river from Ponca, were the first towns in Dixon County.

In 1870, my father and brother Wallace, built and operated the first steam ferry boat above Sioux City, Iowa.

So, it was that the same mighty destructive force that destroyed the Iona Volcano, was also instrumental in the destruction of the town of the same name.

Although the town of Iona no longer exists it was once a thriving community of several hundred industrious and prosperous citizens.

To many, it would appear like a supreme sacrifice to see the hopes and labor of so many be destroyed in that way. But, we must bear in mind the contribution the town of Iona made to this area. Its sawmills furnished lumber for many of the homes, schools, churches and business establishments in the county. It was the port of entry for many of the early settlers and we pay tribute to those hardy pioneers for the contribution to the economy of the area. Many are buried in the little cemetery on the top of what remains of Iona Volcano Hill. Many of their descendants are still living in this community.



The Iona Cemetery is all that remains now of the small town which grew up by the fabled "Iona volcano." The town was

virtually carried away by the Missouri River in 1878.

By MAXINE BURNETT

Sunday Feature Writer

"WE SET OUT at the usual time and proceeded on the course of last night, to the commencement of a blue Clay Bluff of 150 or 190 feet high on the L. S. Those Bluffs appear to have been laterly (literally) on fire, and at this time is too hot for a man to bear his hand in the earth at any Depth, Great appearance of Coal, An emence quantity of Cobalt or a Cristolised Substance which answers its description is on the face of the Bluff."

Thus Meriwether Lewis began the white man's legend of a "volcano" that had been part of Indian lore for hundreds of years. On August 24, 1804, Lewis and William Clark stopped to inspect the bluff, later known as the Ionia volcano. It was immediately below the mouth of the Vermillion River, on what is now the Nebraska side of the Missouri River.

An early history of Dixon County, Neb., where the bluff is situated, said that early inhabitants of the area, supposedly the ancestors of the Arapahoe Indians, used the "volcano" as a sacrifice site during their worship of the fire god.

The writer of the 1896 history, William Huse, stated that the bluff was about 1,100 feet long, and 160 feet high. Today it is not more than 50 or 60 feet high.

The Indians, Huse wrote, regarded the bluff "with much superstitious fear. Evil Manitous were supposed to dwell in the sulphurous fires."

Early white settlers also actually believed that the bluff was a volcano. Fur traders often noticed a dense smoke and fire in the region, and in 1877, an earthquake convinced the settlers that a volcanic eruption

But geologists said that the bluffs contained beds of iron pyrites and their decomposition in contact with water resulted in a heat capable of igniting other combustible materials.

Little of that famous bluff remains today for other geologists to study. Over a period of years, the Missouri gradually undermined the bluff and in 1878, a large section of it fell into the river.

With the bluff went a small town, Ionia, which had been established near the base of the bluff in 1856, and had given the volcano its name. The town was originally platted by a group of Sioux City businessmen, including John H. Chares, Mr. Cunningham and Mr. White. The site was 12 miles upriver from Ponca, Neb. and five miles northeast of Newcastle. Later a Davenport, Iowa, man, L. T. Hill, purchased the site.

Hill began building the town up and in 1860, established a ferry boat which area farmers used to carry their produce to the South Dakota side.

By the 1870s, Ionia had a saw mill, hotel, three stores, a blacksmith shop, wagon and repair shop, shoe maker shop and several carpenter shops. There were about 300 residents.

All that remains of the town now is its cemetery, situated across a dirt road from the remains of the "volcano." There are fewer than 20 graves there, and a dozen of them are children who died in an outbreak of diphtheria in 1890-91. Three families lost three children each, all under the age of 11. One family lost twin daughters.

Iona Volcano, long extinct but
legend of terror flows on and on,

DEATH WOULD not be quick nor painless. The chief of the Arapahoe, Kahdachegha, led the trembling captives toward the sacrificial vault. As the procession made its way through the moonlit night, the great caverns loomed closer and closer while the "volcano" nearby seemed to beckon them into its fiery depths. Each agonizing step magnified the horror awaiting the captives.

At each full moon the fire-worshipping Arapahoe of long, long ago sacrificed their sick, aged, and infirm together with all prisoners of war to the fire god. These sacrifices would insure that the buffalo would come to the hunting grounds, the warriors would be mighty in battle and fruitful on the hunt, and the babes would grow into strong straight braves. To insure these things a maiden must die.

Wachepah, his brother, and their beloved sister were Arapahoe hostages. Kahdachegha had decreed that to save his brother's life, Wachepah must murder his sister as a sacrifice to the fire god of the volcano.

The terrified trio, guarded by their tormentors, entered the base of the rock and made their way along the natural passageways to the hidden altar chamber. The torches threw grotesque shadows on the porous walls as each step drew the captives closer to their impending doom. Suddenly the sacred cavern of death yawned before them.

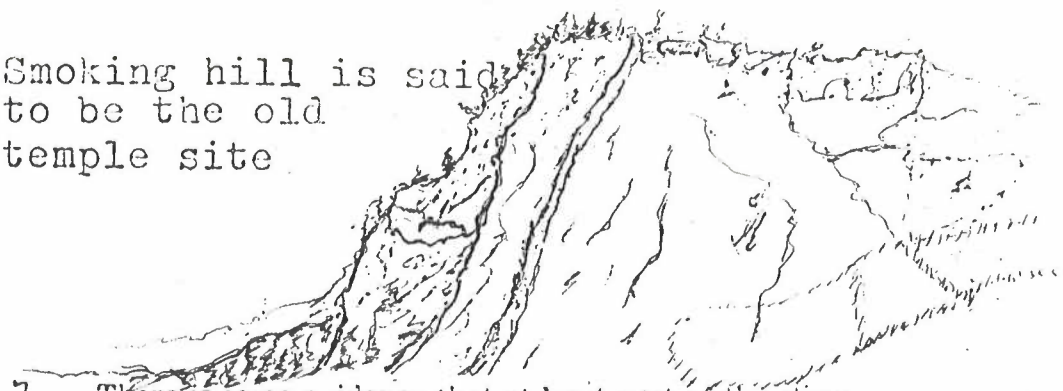
Torches and ceremonial fires cast an eerie half-light across the vault, glinting on the knives and accenting the sharpened stakes which lined the room. A blood-stained slab in the center bespoke other grisly sacrifices. Here captives' eyes were gouged out, their legs severed with red-hot flint knives, and the skin flayed from their bodies before the eternal fire of the volcano brought merciful death.

Torn from the protection of her brothers, the terrified girl was secured to the rock. Gripping his knife, Wachepah edged toward his helpless sister. The sign given, he bent over the intended victim. With a lunge, he sprang past his fainting sister and plunged the blade deep into the chest of the chief. Quickly other captives sprang on their guards. In seconds the unholy shrine was red with the blood of the Arapahoes and their captives.

Even the rampant death and destruction in the temple could not appease the Great Spirit. The sound of thunder, a thousand times more fearful than ever heard before, echoed through the room and rumbled down the corridors. With a grinding crash the earth opened and swallowed both living and dead, leaving only a marsh where the ghastly temple stood.

Such is the legend of NEBRASKAland's Iona Volcano. It has been passed from generation to generation of white and red men alike, often changed in the telling. But basically the tale remains the same.

Smoking hill is said
to be the old
temple site



There is some evidence that at least part of the story may be true. A smoking hill in Dixon County in northeast Nebraska is said to be the old temple site. While Volcano Hill, as it is called, no longer rumbles or belches fire, it still overlooks the Missouri River between Ponca and Newcastle. Each year visitors stop to see the once-famous "volcano", though the crater has eroded with time and is now an unimposing grass-covered slope.

Lewis and Clark were the first white men to see this smoking hill, as they made their way up the Missouri River in 1804. But, Indians knew about it for centuries. The explorers learned the legend while their Indian guides showed them the excavations and mounds of the Arapahoes' ancient settlement.

The story spread with time. As civilized people moved into the country the remains of the volcano excited passing interest. In the 1870's, puffing steamboats from Ponca and Sioux City made regular excursion trips up the river for curious sight-seers. Locals delighted the tourists by jabbing poles into the crater. In seconds the poles were charred by the intense heat.

For a few years the town of Iona thrived at the foot of the hill, but the restless Missouri River changed course in 1878, forcing the inhabitants to move. Today only the cemetery remains as a reminder of the once-growing community.

Other colorful explanations have been given for the phenomenon. Perhaps one of the most imaginative is one told by the old-timers. They claimed a huge earth slide had covered a gigantic Indian campfire, and the flames still burned deep in the earth. Scientists offer a more plausible explanation. They claim the waters of melting snow and heavy rains combined with the sulfide in the clay and shale of the hill to cause a reaction. Any diversion of the channel may set the volcano off again.

Kahdachegha murders no more, and the Iona Volcano with its Great Spirit is silent. The black magic of the smoking hill left it when the Arapahoe fire god rose up in his last awful wrath to destroy those who had violated his temple. Today only a grassy mound remains where volcanic fires once raged.

The memory of this incredible tale will not be silent for each generation passes on the legend of the Iona Volcano. It is as much a part of NEBRASKAland as the hard-core history etched into the land by the likes of Crazy Horse and Buffalo Bill.

THE END

SPEAK

UP

IONA — "I enjoy every article in NEBRASKALAND, and have intended to write commenting on the article, "Wrath of the Gods", by Irma Foulks, in the July, 1965 issue.

"I was born and lived my childhood days on a farm about a half mile from the Iona Volcano. I have listened to many stories about this landmark but had never heard the legend, *Wrath of the Gods*. It was a most interesting story and lends to the early days of Nebraska. I can recall watching long caravans of Indians passing our place, following the river road from one reservation to another.

"We who lived in northeast Nebraska knew and referred to the Iona Volcano without any hesitation or doubt. However, after moving away from the community, I was surprised that so many people had not heard of it. They would look rather questioningly at me when I mentioned it, or they asked: 'A volcano in Nebraska?'

"My father, A. H. Ellyson and my uncle, J. W. Ellyson, came to Dixon County, Nebraska and settled at Iona.

Before coming to Nebraska, they had worked two years in a lumber mill near Butte, Montana. They made the journey from Montana to northeast Nebraska in a rowboat which they made themselves. Following the Big Hole, Jefferson, and Missouri rivers, they went to the mouth of Turkey Creek about three miles west of Iona.

"My uncle kept a diary of the trip and I am happy to have a copy which I prize very much. It took them 53 days to make the journey, which they estimated at 3,000 miles. I have found it most interesting to trace on today's maps the places and towns mentioned in the diary. However, many of the towns have suffered the same fate as Iona.

"My father and uncle operated a ferry boat, pulled by horses, between Iona and the South Dakota shore of the Missouri. They later bought farms adjoining the bluffs overlooking the river, only a short distance from Iona Volcano.

"I was born in 1898 and remember much of the activity centered around the community. At that time the river cut back across the bottomland in a large bend to the foot of the volcano site. Its rocky shore made a clean and ideal place to swim, although as I recall, the water was rather swift and we never ventured far from shore. We climbed the clay and shale slides looking for isinglass crystals, pumice stone, and other odd formations. In the fall these bluffs were covered with wild grapes and buffalo berries, which we ate in great quantities.

"The Iona Volcano provided a ring-side seat to ~~see the volcano~~ *see the volcano*

in the sun, and watch with a telescope for wildlife and the activity on the Dakota side of the river. We watched the steamboats fight their way up the ever-changing channel, often getting stranded for days on sand bars. Often these boats would tie up at the Iona landing, and what a thrill it was to be invited aboard. I heard my first phonograph on board one of the boats. The names of some of the boats were: Mandan, Big Maude, and Little Maude.

"By that time, all that remained of the place called Iona was a school house, ferry boat landing, and some farm buildings.

"Iona was the gathering place for the community to have picnics and get-togethers. Folks gathered from miles around to celebrate the Fourth of July. In the evening, they went to the top of the volcano hill to shoot off fireworks. What a sight it was to watch the rockets blast into the sky!

"In the story, "Wrath of the Gods, Irma Foulks writes, 'Today only the cemetery remains as a reminder of the once-growing community.' Yes, I will always remember it well, for my father and three sisters are buried there. We go back every few years. The volcano hill is still there, the crater has eroded away, the river has moved a mile or so, and the swimming hole and boat landing are high and dry. The bottomland is covered with big timber and fields of grain. Somehow, the Iona Volcano has lost its identity, but it is good to remember."—William W. Ellyson, North Platte.

THE RIVER

The channel of the Missouri River moved at will across its flood-plain that formed the miles-wide valley on the Nebraska and South Dakota border. It cut away farm land and built back farm land, creating lakes and forest of cottonwood and willow trees. These provided the livelihood for fishing, lumbering, fuel and farming. The river provided the ice for the towns and community ice houses for their summer use and also a little extra money for cutting the ice and hauling it four miles to town for \$1.00 a load.

I recall the T.J. Ryan farm where I worked one summer had rows of corn a mile long from the bluff to the river. A few years later the river changed its course and cut away much of this land and farm buildings. It then added several hundred acres to my Uncle's farm adjoining the river.

I remember the grain storage elevator that stood along the bluff some distance from the other farm buildings. This was a haven for squirrels. Mr. Ryan did not allow hunting on his place, so a couple times a season, we boys would hide ourselves along the bluff. One would go down and beat on the sides of the elevator and here would come the squirrels. We would shoot a few and then run like hhhhh.

Mr. Ryan was considered a man of great wealth in the community. The History of Dixon County records show he owned a farm of 1,100 acres and worth of \$35,000.

The river and the high bluffs along its shores were the haunting places for a boy to discover the wonders of nature. In the fall the bluffs were covered with wild grapes and buffalo berries, which we devoured in quantities. We climbed the clay and shale slides looking for izing glass crystals and pumice stone and other formations. The river had changed little from the days explorers used it as a highway to the interior.

A chilling experience ... George and I were hunting one winter along these bluffs, "a picture I can never forget." We decided to take a short cut across one of these slides. We jumped down the over-hanging bank, only to find the shale frozen and slippery. Below us was the open river with waves beating against the shore. Our only way out was to climb up to an over-hanging tree. George cut notches in the shale for our fingers and toes of our shoes and we were able to climb to safety. I can still look down at that open river and know what one slip meant.

I LIVED IN MANY HOUSES

After our home on the farm broke up, I lived in many houses, none of them my own.

I was eleven years old when George and Gayle were married in a double ceremony to Hazel and Fred Gibbs, November 15, 1911. The wedding took place at the elder Gibbs farm home near Maskel, Nebraska. The elder Gibbs moved to Newcastle and Fred and Gayle rented the farm. I lived with Gayle and Fred and went to school in Maskel the next two years. I rode to school on my pony, Dewey. He was my pride and joy and I taught him many tricks. I remember when Doris was to be born, of driving all night with a team and buggy to get Aunt Aurie Beldin, arriving home in the morning.

After two years, Fred and Gayle moved to a farm five miles east of Newcastle. Due to changing and missing school, Gayle wanted me to take the eighth grade in Newcastle, riding the five miles to school on Dewey.

Before Fred and Gayle moved, there was only a house on the place and a carpenter and I built a barn and hog house. We had to batch and the carpenter was so dirty, I made my own meals. One of the fields was so hilly I walked cultivating corn and Fred told me he would buy me a new pair of pants and shoes. I never got the new shoes.

Gayle was so good to me and I loved her so much, but seeing her abused and broken promises by Fred, made me think of going to stay with George. That summer we went to a family picnic down by the river. Fred and Gayle drove in the buggy and I rode Dewey. I talked with George and he urged me to come and stay with he and Hazel. I told Fred and Gayle of my plans and Fred refused to let me keep Dewey. He took him home and sold him to his uncle.

It seemed good to be back on the old farm and George bought me a pony to ride to school my freshman year at Newcastle.

I helped George on the farm the next summer and also worked for a Mr. Kemper on the large T.J. Ryan farm. I worked right along with two other men and we were paid \$25.00 per month, room and board. I wasn't to tell the other men what I was paid, as they were men and I was a boy fifteen years old.

I went to a Fourth of July celebration wearing new shoes, wore a blister on my big toe and got blood poison. I was laid up for a few weeks. I spent the rest of the summer helping George and other neighbors.



Bill Wilkensen, Joe Cryan, Patrick Cryan, Melvin Gibbs
 Dean Ehle, Harold Rodiwig, Huber Addison, Joe Thomas, Wallie
 Ellyson, Lewis Daugherty, Bill Daugherty, George Richardson.

Fall of, 1915 or 1916

Newcastle	65	Coleridge	0
"	27	So. Sioux City	0
"	45	Hartington	7
"	7	Elk Point	13

My sophomore year I stayed with Hazel's parents in Newcastle, helping them for my board and room. I was elected president of my class all four years in high school. There were only eleven in our class.

I played third base on our high school team and we won the Dixon-Dakota County league all three years. I also played third base on the city team during the summer. I played center in football and my only injury was a bad sprained ankle, which has given me some trouble in later years. The school did not furnish us athletic equipment so we had to get our own and we looked like a variety of scarecrows on the field. We had no coach and with the aid of a few dedicated citizens, made up our own plays and their donations of travel expense.

Newcastle was a population of 350 people; we had to play all larger schools. Our only defeat was to Elk Point, South Dakota, coached by a Mr. Fouts from the University of Nebraska, 13 to 7. I later met a Mr. Fouts, at Rotary in North Platte, who was with the Nebraska extension service and asked if he had coached at Elk Point. He said he had and I then asked if he recalled a game with Newcastle. He said he sure did, what he thought would be a practice game, they were lucky to win. He said there was a kid in the backfield that run us ragged and a center that messed up our back field all through the game. I told him I was that center.

I worked that summer at different jobs and had a room in town at the Bert Laub home.

Starting my junior year in the fall of 1916, I got a job working mornings in the Jim Ross pool hall and lunch counter for my board. It was the only public eating place in town. Those days, no minors were allowed in pool halls without an adult. I got to work at 6:30 in the mornings, swept out, cleaned the spittoons, brushed the pool tables, peeled a peck of potatoes, helped with the breakfast dishes and received my three meals a day. I was off to school at a quarter of nine and the rest of the day was mine to participate in school activities and odd jobs. I worked evenings at the drug store fountain and Saturdays at the Micksell store. Any job that came along to earn some money!

"Big Money" --- the Newcastle State Bank was remodeling and installing marble counters. I got the job helping the man install the marble counters which had to be done at night when the bank was closed. He paid me fifty-cents an hour and we worked from six o'clock to one and two in the mornings. This beat working for a dollar a day as I had done many times. I made three and four dollars a night and the man wanted me to go with him on other jobs, but I did not want to quit school.

I became a member of the Congregational Church, sang in the choir and attended Christian Endeavor. The C.E., as it was called, held monthly meetings at the different homes and dances at the opera house at times. The cutest, most popular girl in school, Nada Addison, gave me my first lesson in dancing.

Something happened the summer of 1916 that changed my whole expectancy in life.

MY FIRST AND ONLY SWEETHEART

Nada Addison ... I can see her now, coming out of the school house, running across the street to her home, always running and jumping the yard fence. My eyes could see no other girl. Nada had a steady date and the big question was, "How and when?"

Nada was two grades ahead of me in school, although we were the same age. She had graduated in the spring of 1916 and then took a short course the following year at our high school.

Walking home to my room one evening, "Good Fortune" came my way. Nada and Kate Westcott, a friend from So. Sioux City, who was visiting relatives, were walking home across the street. I crossed the street and walked along with them. Kate's folks lived a few blocks beyond Nada's home. When we came to Nada's house, Kate said, "Nada, you and Wally walk on home with me." Those words were the keys that opened the door to a whole new world to me. Words I never forgot. After walking Kate home, we returned to Nada's and sat in the porch swing. Nada said, "I like you." She said she was breaking off with her other boy friend. That was the beginning of sixty-eight years of being together and sixty-four years in a happy and wonderful marriage.

I recall Mrs. Whittmore giving me fifty cents for beating a rug. Walking home with Nada one evening, carrying a pound of coffee for her, I guess I squeezed a little hard and the lid came off the coffee and went all over the ground. There went my fifty cents for another pound of coffee.

Nada went to Wayne State College the fall of 1917 and we did not see much of each other the next two years as Wayne was forty miles and I did not have a car. She and Fern Rahn came home on month ends. I did manage to get to Wayne now and then, however the girls were in dormitories and we had to walk the streets. I was able to stay with my cousin, Bessie Lewis (Ellyson) and Dr. Lewis, Chiropractors.





Clouds floating in the sky,
Often bring a gentle rain,
To brighten pretty flowers
And help them smile again.

Tiny pretty flowers growing
Beside our garden walk,
Lovely poem they could write
If they could only talk.

They would tell me, to tell you
Pretty words that ring true,
The sweetest girl in the world,
"Just has to be You!"



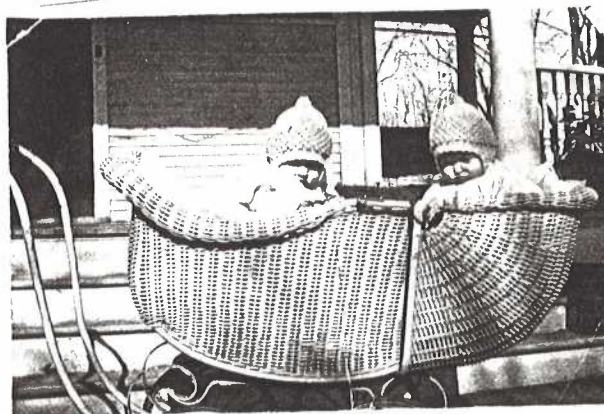
A pretty girl of seventeen
Came into my boyhood life,
There remained to guide me
As a Sweetheart and a wife.

Some folks find happiness,
Seeking fame in public life,
She found greatest happiness
Being a Mother and a Wife.

She painted no Madonnas
On marble walls in Rome,
But with Love and Patience,
She lived one in her home.



Donna



36



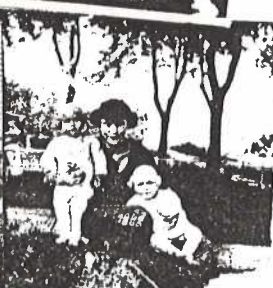
Geraldine



Donna



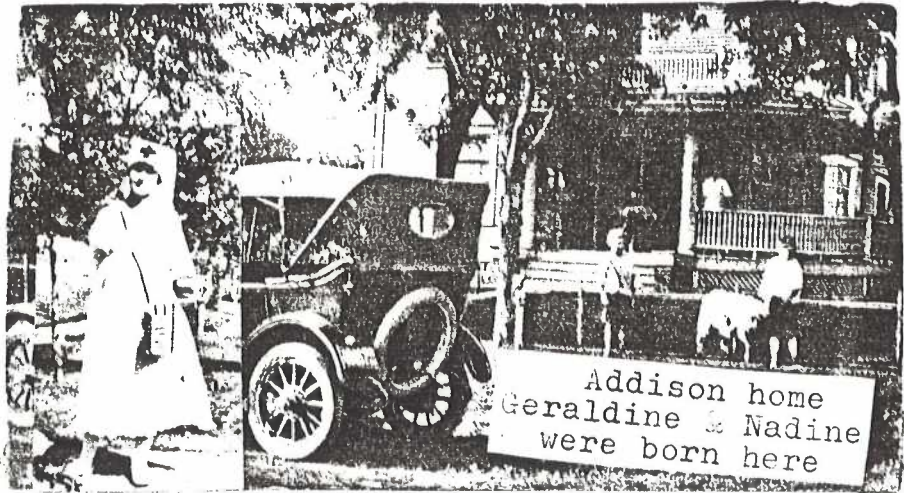
Nadine



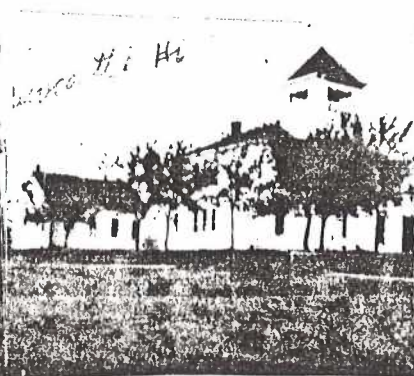
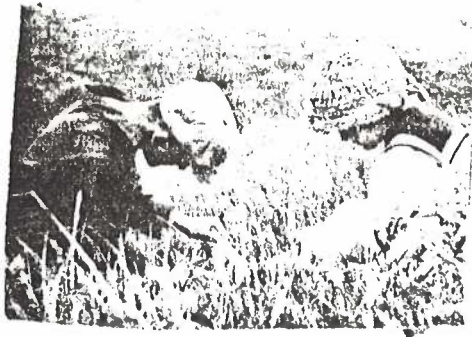
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Addison home
Geraldine & Nadine
were born here



Newcastle High School



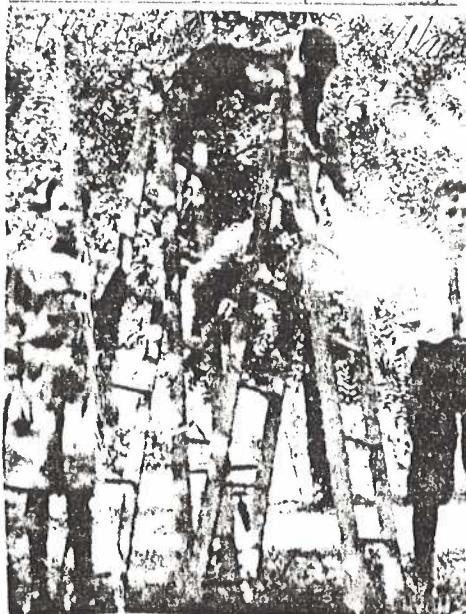
41



My first business, Meat Market

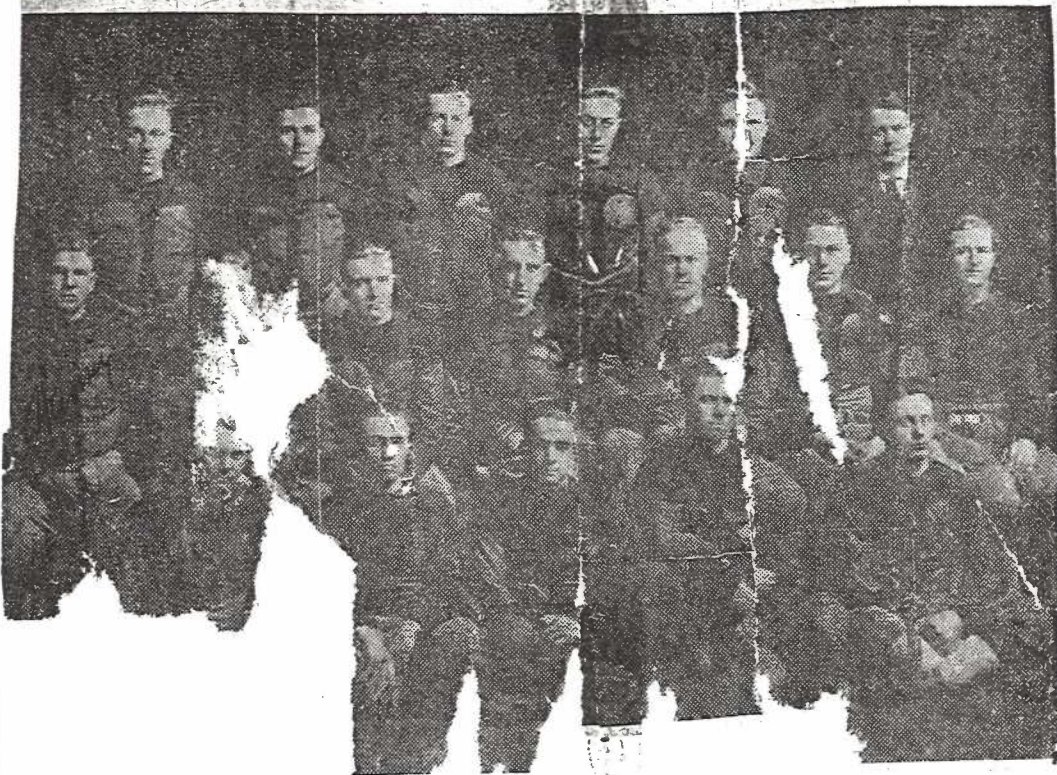


Carl Jones riding a buck horse



Played The Year Morningside Held Irish To A 13 Point Win

THE TEAM THAT HELD THE TEAM



"On November 10, 1917, occurred the one of the greatest events in Morningside's football history. Although they were defeated by 13 points, the showing the Maroons made against one of the best football teams in the country will never be forgotten by the largest crowd ever to witness a football game in Sioux City.

"The score cannot in any measure indicate how heroically Coach Saunderson's men fought their more experienced opponents, only to taste defeat as the result of two intercepted passes.

"It was the first defeat the Maroons had suffered on their home field for more than three years. The game was a battle royal between the two lines. Pitted against men who were used to battering and hammering their opponents, the Morningside line was able to hold its own while taking 15 first downs to Notre De

This is part of the accompanied a picture of Morningside in the monthly publication alumni association sider".

beer battering such great men as Rydesewski during that historic battle is Dale (Skinny) Norton.

Norton, a junior when this famous game was played, was graduated in 1919. That same year he came to Spencer as coach, stayed one year, then came back again in 1925. In 1928 "Skinny" gave up coaching and went into the automobile business. For a number of years he was the "N" part of the H & N garage. For the past five or six years, he has been both the "H" and the "N".

Norton's athletic prowess was not confined merely to football. He also lettered in baseball and basketball for the Dale



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WORLD WAR I AND MORNINGSIDE

The fall of 1917, starting my senior year, I continued working at Mr. Ross's pool hall mornings and at the Micksell store after school and Saturdays. I graduated in the spring of 1918, and then worked full time at the store.

The war was still going and Herbert Knox at the Farmers State Bank and I thought of enlisting. We were informed of the Student Army Training Corp, at Morningside College in Sioux City, Iowa. That August we resigned our jobs and enlisted in the S.A.T.C.

We were housed in the gymnasium and ate at the Grace Methodist Church on campus until our barracks and mess hall were finished. They issued us cross-leg folding cots with just canvas to sleep on, no mattress. If you were not careful turning over, you went. The first nights were very upsetting. Dr. Spence, who wrote, "One Foot in Heaven" was pastor of the church and also our chaplain.

After a few weeks we were inducted into the Army and issued uniforms and guns. There were around two hundred in the S.A.T.C.

When school started, I went out for football and was picked as center on the third team the first night. The second night I was on the second team and a few nights later, Coach Saunderson told me to report to his office and I was issued a new suit and placed on the first team.

Due to the flu epidemic, we were in quarantine on campus and allowed off on special times. We were only able to schedule two games, the University of Northern Iowa and the University of South Dakota. We beat the University of Northern Iowa at Cedar Falls, 21 to 0 and South Dakota 7 to 0. There was no such thing in those days as an offense team and defense team. I played the full 60 minutes, offense and defense.

"M" Club



OFFICERS

PresidentCARROLL NORTHRUP
Secretary-TreasurerDAVE KLATT

PERSONNEL

FOOTBALL, 1918

Norton, Dale, Captain
Northrup, Carroll
Rorapaugh, Faye
Goodrich, Orin
Lory, Milton
Emerick, Oro
Montgomery, Donald
Ellyson, William
Marsell, Annies
Koch, William
Quinn, Robert

BASKET BALL, 1918

Brown, George, Captain
Norton, Dale
Rorapaugh, Faye
Shafenberg, Merle
Balkema, Albert
Cassel, Curtis

TRACK

Hunt, Albert
Shafenberg, Merle
Troutman, Raymond
Alt, Leslie

BASEBALL

Northrup, Carroll
Norton, Dale
Klatt, Dave
Hutchinson, Samuel
Friest, Tom
Lee, James

HONORARY MEMBERS

Coach J. M. Saunderson
Prof. J. J. Hayes
Prof. R. N. Van Horne

FOOTBALL

Coach Jason M. Saunderson

Coach Saunderson, while attending Albion College made a remarkable record in athletics. He represented his school four years in football, playing quarter-back, and was chosen captain in 1907, while the same year was picked as "All Michigan" quarterback. For three years he played third base on the baseball team, and held down a forward position on the basket ball quintet during four seasons. In track he made several foot records, running the 100-yard in 10:1, the 200 in 22:1, and the 220 hurdles in 25:4.

After graduating, he was athletic director at South Dakota State College for three years, 1908-1911, and at the University of the South for one year, 1911-1912. Mr. Saunderson soon took up the duties of athletic director at Morningside during the fall of 1912, from which time he has continued his work here with great success.

He has built up football teams that have gone against such universities as Notre Dame, Iowa, Ames, and South Dakota. He has built a two-mile relay team that has won the two-mile event at the Drake Relays for six consecutive years. The baseball team has been so carefully whipped into form that we have had the classiest team in the state for several years.

He has won the love and friendship of all the athletes in Morningside, and his work will never be forgotten by the "M" Club and the other members of the institution.



JASON M. SAUNDERSON
Our Coach



1918 Schedule

- O State Teachers vs. Morningside, at Cedar Falls 21
- O South Dakota U. vs. Morningside, at Sioux City 7

Top: Balkema, Hunter, OConner, Hilmer, Ausman, Coach
 Saunderson, Mid row: Ulrich, Hart, Emerick,
 Quinn, Rorapaugh, Smith, Bot. row: Montgomery,
 Koch, Northrup, Cpt. Norton, Goodrich, Ellyson,
 Marselle.

"Believe It or Not." Notre Dame played Morningside on Thanksgiving Days, records will show.

1917 Notre Dame 13 vs Morningside 7
 1919 " 14 vs " 0

I was at Morningside in 1918 only. Coach Saunderson made two trips to Newcastle to get me to return the following season but wedding plans were made.



ROBERT QUINN
Full

If there was any fighting to be done "Bob" was always ready to mix. "Bob" used to be the star on the scrub, and now that he has moved up a notch, he still retains that same degree.



WILLIAM ELLYSON
Center

He could play any position on the team, but he took a liking to center because he could be the first one to "bust" 'em. He is a red blooded Sioux Warrior who never stops. His passes were good and he never was outplayed in game.



WILLIAM KOCK
Guard

"Bill" playing at guard never left anything undone; on offense he always got his man out of the way, and on defense plunged through the line and got the man or blocked the punt. "Bill" had a friend in the dummy, he never wanted to hurt it.



ORNINGSIDE, this year with its two game season, was a complete success.

The State Teachers were defeated in the first game of the season. Owing to the fact that only four of the old veterans were back in the lineup, many of the new men were able to make the varsity. The score resulted in a 20 to 0 victory over pedagogues.

The one feature that made it possible to call the Maroon season a success was the defeat of South Dakota "U". Last year the ball was set rolling, and for the first time in the history of the school, we were able to defeat the coyotes. Like history repeats itself, so did our actions on the gridiron this year. The score resulted in a 7 to 0 victory for us.

The team and the college felt disappointed in the fact that they were unable to secure more games on the schedule. The "flu" epidemic was largely responsible, coming just at the time when the football season was to begin it forced all the colleges to postpone their games and later to cancel them. Coach Saunderson had a complete schedule of strong university and college teams, but only two of these could play their games, and the Maroons were unable to schedule others.



until nearly the stop the S. D. stop anything at came around



ALBERT BALKEMA
End

ed in the back field and on the end. He was a who never stopped until he was down. With hence "Bud" will be a great football man.

ANNIES MARSELLE
Guard

Talk about your "Tanks", well, they weren't in it with Marselle. He could handle the biggest man on the team with the least effort. Breaking through the line and throwing the runner seemed an easy matter for him.



NOVEMBER 11th
ARMISTICE DAY

We were aroused out of bunks at three in the morning and marched four miles down town Sioux City and paraded down Fourth Street. The city went wild, the war was over. As we passed Davidson's Store corner, I heard my name called ... "Wally" ... and there was Mr. Addison waving to me. That was the last time I saw him. He was on his way to Wessington Springs, South Dakota, on a deal for a business, where he got the flu and passed away. I wanted to go to the funeral but could not due to the flu quarantine.

I was discharged, December 10, 1918. As soon as I received my discharge I tore out of the gym, waved to the boys, caught a street car to downtown and was on a train to Wayne to see Nada.

Morningside and the S.A.T.C. added a valuable experience to my life. The friendship and happy connections are lasting and have echoed throughout my life.

I spent a few days at Wayne with Nada and decided it was time we were engaged. I returned to Morningside to pick up my things and went downtown to Hoberg Jewelers where I bought Nada's diamond and gave it to her at Christmas. Mr. Hoberg himself waited on me and in our conversation, I mentioned who the ring was for and he said he had gone to Newcastle and gave the Masonic Service for Mr. Addison.

Nada graduated from Wayne College in the spring of 1919 and was offered to teach the kindergarten and first grades at Newcastle.

Nada lived at home with her mother and Elte. Elte's mother, Mrs. Addison's sister, had died and she and Mr. Addison raised him from infancy.

My job at Micksell's store was waiting for me when I got home and it seemed so good to be back in the swing of things.

On January 15, 1919, I was twenty-one years old. Elmer Gibbs and I drove to the courthouse in Ponca, Nebraska and signed papers to release the guardianship and I was on my own. Mr. Gibbs would not take any remuneration for the guardianship.

Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Addison were partners, dealing in Real Estate and Live Stock. They brought the Electric Light and Telephone Exchange to Newcastle. I often went to their office for advice. Mr. Gibbs thought my future should be in farming, however from my experience in farming I felt

I had .. "Had It." Visiting with Mr. Addison once, I mentioned that I was not interested in farming and I remember what he said to me. "Wally, you are not able to go to college, so my advice is to continue at the store, making it your education, dealing with the public is so important." These were words I wanted to hear.

Nada was teaching and I continued at the store. Micksell's, who owned the Newcastle store, also owned a store in Ponca and were wanting to sell the Newcastle store. Nada and I, making plans to get married, thought of buying the Newcastle store. I went to Ponca and talked to Micksell Brothers and arranged to buy the store if I could sell my farm.

Going back to when Father died, leaving the farm to we three children ... When Gayle was married, a mortgage was put on the farm for her interest leaving George and I as owners. In the following years due to circumstances, George turned his interest over to me. I tried to sell the farm but due to depressed farm values, I could not raise the needed money and had to cancel buying the store.

Needless to say, we were both disappointed as we had made plans to get married and operating the store and living in the apartment above the store.

Not being interested in farming, I later sold one 80 acres to my cousin, Bill Ellyson and the other to a Clifford Gibbs. Land prices went so low, I realized very little, however I was happy to be out from under those mortgages.

Wedding plans were still on our minds; however, neither of us wanted a large wedding. With Mr. Addison being gone, we made plans for a secret wedding. We were married by Rev. John Hinze in his study in the Congregational Church, July 2, 1920. Doctor McKercher and wife, Lola, were best man and lady. After the ceremony we went to the drug store and had an ice cream soda.

← We went to Colorado and back on the train, spending our honeymoon with Jess and Marie. They had made plans with two other couples for a fishing trip to the mountains, and we were invited to go along. We went into Denver, rented a tent and cots and I bought a bamboo rod that I still have today. We camped out four days and it was a big thrill for us both. I caught my first trout in the North Platte River near Walden.

Dean had taken over his father's interests and on our return, told us the City Meat Market was for sale for \$5,000. I had resigned my job at Micksell's and this looked like a good deal, being the only market in town. Having no

experience in this business, I took Al Russel, a former butcher and live stock buyer in as a partner.

Nada started teaching that fall and taught one month when we found out we had a family started and she resigned.

The market was an entirely new venture for me. It wasn't long before I was able to master the art.

We had a feed yard for cattle and hogs, and a small slaughter house. I did most of the processing of hogs and a few cattle at times. However, we bought much of our meat from the packer firms.

The first few months was quite a strain on me, and Nada almost refused to sleep with me. She said I would rare up in bed killing cattle and hogs, cutting meat, cleaning my meat block and whatever. I soon calmed down and the market was doing well.

We were happy to be living with Mrs. Addison in her home which was good for us both. I admired and loved both of Nada's parents. Mr. Addison was a successful and driving personality in community betterment and was greatly missed after his death.

The partnership with Mr. Russel was not to my liking as Mr. Russel was spending less time in the market and was loosing more money buying live stock so after a year or so we desolved our partnership.

Jim Ross who owned the pool hall where I worked during my school days, sold the pool hall and asked to come in on another partnership. After some consideration and help situation, I decided on another partnership.

I was fast learning business the hard way!

EASTER MORNING
March 27, 1921

Nada had been to see Dr. Richards the day before and all was well. He said we could expect our baby in the next two weeks. He also mentioned there was a strange heart beat.

I came home from the shop that Saturday evening about nine o'clock and two things started to happen. The worst ice storm of the year and Nada started having pains around ten o'clock. Mother Addison said we should call the doctor. What a surprise and shock! The twins were born a little after mid-night. Geraldine weighed 3 1/2 and Nadine 3 pounds. The doctor had not told us or did not know there were twins. Our only help was the doctor and Mrs. Addison. We rushed around and fixed a wash boiler into an incubator and put both babies in it along with hot water bottles.

The girl's bodies were a bunch of wrinkles and full of determination. The next morning help arrived and the sewing machine was busy making more cloths. The girls were not well and kept us, along with Nada's mother and a hired girl, going night and day, crying most of the time. Food just did not agree with them and later we took them to a doctor in Sioux City, who prescribed the right formula. They stopped crying and were on the way to good health.

Nada was not a bit well and had developed a kidney infection. We sent for a nurse, Miss Fuller, who had taken care of Mr. Addison's father. Thanks to Miss Fuller, Nada improved enough so we could take her to Dr. Jepson in Sioux City. Dr. Jepson gave her medications and advised us to get her away from caring for the twins until she could get her strength back. We decided that the twins doing better, Mrs. Addison and another lady could care for them. We would go to Jess and Marie's in Colorado. Miss Fuller offered to go along at no expense to care for Nada.

We traded our one seated Ford for a four door Chalmers car, bought a tent and other camping equipment and left for Colorado.

The first night we got permission to camp in a farmer's yard south of Norfolk. Our tent was attached to the car and one slept in the car. The second night we camped in Grand Island and the third night in McCabe Hotel in North Platte. Miss Fuller wanted to get a house dress and we went into the J.C. Penney store. Little then did I know I would be manager of this store in 1939. Highway 30 was gravel in those days and we stopped often to let Nada rest. The fourth night we stopped at a hotel in Sterling, Colorado and were to Jess and Marie's the next afternoon in Fort Lupton,

about thirty miles north of Denver. After resting several days we went to a specialist in Denver and after several treatments, said we could go home. We thought it best for Nada to go by train so I drove to Columbus, Nebraska, meeting her and Miss Fuller there. Then on home.

We were so anxious to get home to our girls and be a family again. The twins were asleep in their crib and waking up, took one look and started to cry. "Who are you?" we had been gone three weeks and they were four months old. I can not imagine what we would have done without Nada's mother.

The food formula the doctor prescribed called for fresh milk so we had bought a fresh cow that gave lots of milk. We gave Dean's their milk and sold the rest at the market for ten cents a quart.

The twins were so much together on things ... cutting teeth, creeping and learning to walk at the same time. If one got sick, the other had the same. Nada dressed them alike and insisted that like dresses were hung together on the wash line. I know because I helped with the family wash.

I like to tell this one on Nada. When the doctor in Denver was taking her history, he asked, "How long have you been married?" Nada replied, "One year." The doctor asked, "Any children?" Nada replied, "Two." The doctor said, "What?" Nada shouted, "Twins."

Nada's health continued to improve and we were back to normal living again.

Nada and I sang so much together before we were married. We were asked many times to sing after many public events.

One day at the shop, the phone rang and it was Elte shouting the house is on fire. I ran out of the market and on the way home I met Nada coming down the street with the twins in the baby buggy. As I passed her I said our house is on fire. A young girl was coming up the street and Nada left the girls with her and ran after me. Elte had the fire out when we arrived. The fire was in the wood box, we supposed from a spark from the cook stove. When he threw a bucket of water on it, the box and all went into the basement. We then went to look for the girls and found them down the street with a group of people around them, wondering whose kids they were.

These were years during the prohibition days and a farmer who was known for his boot-legging activities, opened a market across the street and peddled his ware along with

his meat. There went many of my customers. The town was not large enough for two successful markets. I decided I could not compete with this kind of business and sold out my interest to Mr. Ross. I took his note for a good share and he soon went broke. My note was never paid.

Like Mr. Penney, our first business venture was a meat market and we both failed. I sat beside Mr. Penney at a breakfast one time. I said to him, "Mr. Penney, you and I have something in common. Our first business venture was a meat market and I am glad we both failed." Mr. Penney quickly replied, "Did liquor run you out?" I said, "It sure did and I am happy you are not cutting meat in Longmont, Colorado and me in Newcastle, Nebraska."

THOSE FAILING YEARS OF THE TWENTIES

Following the inflation period of 1918, after World War I, farm land sky-rocketed and stocks and bonds were booming. They would never go down or back to the original prices. Hang onto your land was the cry. However, it just seemed over night prices on land fell to where it wasn't worth the mortgage. Farmers struggled to pay the taxes and interest, so many had mortgaged their farm to buy more land, and many gave up.

When Mr. Addison passed away he left no will and the estate went into probate. The wife getting one-third and the children to divide the two thirds. Much of the estate was in real estate, bank deposits and first and second mortgages. Dean took over his father's interest and helped direct the family proceeds. All went well until the depression hit, and banks started failing through Nebraska.

It is hard to imagine the feeling one would have, the security you had worked for all your life and have it vanish when needed most. Nada told of her mother, the heart break of loosing money in the bank and the farm where she and Mr. Addison started their lives together. The tragedy of the times.

In her later years and needing more care, we brought Mother Addison by ambulance to our home in North Platte and hired care for her until she passed away, October 20, 1948. One day before she would have been 78 years old, Mother Addison was buried beside Mr. Addison in the Newcastle cemetery.

She had saved some money from time to time and asked me to care for it. There was enough to pay the funeral expense and I divided the rest between Dean, Marie and Nada.

Nada inherited from her father's estate an 80 acres improved farm south of Newcastle and 160 acres of pasture land north of Highmore, South Dakota and a \$5,000 second mortgage on John Miller of Newcastle. The farm south of Newcastle carried a \$6,000 mortgage which she could have sold for \$16,000, but hang onto your land ... and she did. Soon after we were married, the renter failed to pay his rent and prices on land went down. We made a deal to turn the farm over to the mortgage holder and save further indebtedness. A few years later this farm sold for \$3,000. We figured we saved \$3,000 by giving it away.

Later, while living in Sioux City, we traded the land in South Dakota for three houses, all on one lot, on Dace Street in the slums of Sioux City. These three houses rented for \$85 per month. It was a little scary to collect

the rent, however payments were usually good. This property carried a \$5,000 mortgage.

Shortly after we moved to Columbus, a real estate man from Sioux city called on us. He had a buyer for this property. We were anxious to sell as we could not look after it ourselves. After a couple of days we agreed on a price of \$5,800. We received a check from the Sioux City Gas and Electric Co. Too bad we did not hold out for more, but we were free from another headache.

Those who entered the labor force after World War I, spent a good part of their working years in the low-wage era of the 1920's and the great depression of the 1930's. In those decades, only the most fortunate were able even to maintain a reasonable standard of living.

In late August of 1922, I received a phone call from a friend in Morningside that a job was open in the men's clothing at Davidson's Department Store. Immediately, Nada and I drove to Sioux City and I was interviewed and offered the job. The job they offered was \$100 a month plus commission. We talked it over and decided to take the job.

Mrs. Russel, a music teacher who lived in Sioux City and came to Newcastle and had given Nada violin lessons offered us her cabin at Crystal Lake until we found a place to live. Many lake residents had moved from the lake at that time of year. The Indians from the reservation came in to hunt and fish. They did not bother us.

We kept one twin, I don't remember which one and mother Addison kept the other. The first time Nada brought her to the store she saw herself in the large mirror and ran to it saying, "Dare Sissy." We rented a house on east Morningside Ave., partly furnished for \$25 a month, eight blocks from Cecela Park. I took the street car to work. We walked to the park for our groceries and went to the movies on Monday nights. It was only ten cents.

The next spring, John Miller, on whom Nada held a \$5,000 mortgage, offered us \$3,000 and a \$400 trade out in furniture. We accepted his offer. We bought a new house for \$6,000 at 3505 Vine Ave., paying down \$3,000 and traded out the \$400 in new furniture.

It seemed so good to again be living in a nice home. Sioux City was a whole new life to us. It was not easy to be living on \$100 a month. My sales quota was so high, I was lucky to make a few extra dollars.

At this time, I want to pay tribute to a wonderful and faithful wife who went along with the times. Never complaining because things were not better. There were

always blue skys ahead. To her, I owe so much to our life and future.

A picture still remains in my mind that happened almost every evening. As I stepped off the street car from work and walked down Vine Street home, two little heads would come into view at the crest of the hill. As soon as they saw me, here they would come as hard as they could run and throw themselves into my arms.

Years later I was promoted to manager of the men's and boy's clothing and furnishings in the basement, with a salary of \$175 a month.

We made some wonderful friends and were able to enjoy a little better social life. Mrs. Addison came to live with us after selling her home in Newcastle.

We were looking forward to another baby and the time was due. I came home Saturday night and Nada was in distress. We called Dr. Harrington and he said he would be at a dance in the Masonic Temple down town Sioux City. If labor started he would be out immediately. It wasn't long before labor started and we called the Temple. The doctor had not yet arrived. We left word with a friend, Dr. Haggerty, and when Dr. Harrington arrived, he said to get out to Ellysons. The doctor arrived about fifteen minutes too late. Donna was already born. Mother and Mrs. Osborne, a friend across the street, were taking care of things. Donna was a seven pound, rolly polly, born November 21, 1925.

In looking ahead to future advancement I could see me in charge of departments as I was, and had been there for many years.

The Davidsson Brothers, Ben, Dave and Abe, who were the original owners and their sons and in-laws, occupied the executive operations of the different departments. I was informed that at the end of the year, I would share a percentage of the profits over and above the overhead. The overhead was so high, there was nothing for me.

I was happy with my job at Davidsons. However, the future was not so bright and I was thinking of other possibilities.

Talking with a clothing salesman we purchased clothing from, he told me a relative of his was with the J.C. Penney Company and also what he had heard about the company. He thought their headquarters were in Kansas City so I went to my desk and wrote a letter to J.C. Penney, in Kansas City, giving my experience with Davidsons and that I was looking for a greater opportunity. My letter was forwarded on to

the personnel department in St. Louis, Missouri. In a few days I received a reply from Mr. DeMoss of the personnel department that he would be in Sioux City in March and would like an interview. This was in January of 1927. Mr. DeMoss also wrote that the company had stores in Sioux Falls and Fremont that I could visit. The next day I was on the bus to Sioux Falls and had a good visit with Mr. Farendsorf, the manager of the J.C. Penney Co. He said he would also write the personnel department. I returned home that evening and Nada and I thought this was our big chance and hope for the future.

In early March I got a call from Mr. DeMoss that he was at the Martin Hotel and arranged for an interview.

Mr. DeMoss gave me a very convincing story of the company and their opportunity for men. He also wanted to interview my wife, so I called Nada. She was at a card party. She left the party and came down to the hotel. Mr. DeMoss stated he had two places for us, one at Columbus, Nebraska and the other at Missoula, Montana. He said my starting salary would be \$140.00 a month. That meant a \$35 cut in salary. Mr. DeMoss told us to decide and wire our answer to him at Sioux Falls the next day. We made up our mind over night to again tighten our belts and wired Mr. DeMoss that we accepted the opportunity and I would report at Columbus, Nebraska in two weeks. He wired back that Mr. Faidley would expect me.

I then went to Mr. Bolton, head of personnel, informing him of my decision and giving them two weeks notice. Mr. Bolton acted surprised and asked me to see him the next morning. He was sure they could make me a better proposition. I told him I had made up my mind to go with the J.C. Penney Co.

We rented our home to a friend for \$45 a month and made arrangements with the Buckwalter agency to collect the rent on the houses on Dace Street.

It wasn't easy to start over again. We had made so many wonderful friends who gave us a going away party and wished us the best.

I made arrangements with a moving van that they would load our belongings one day and have up keeping house in Columbus the next day.

I left for Columbus March 27, 1927, the twin's birthday and Nada and the girls would follow when I found a place to live. I arrived that Sunday afternoon and contacted Mr. Faidley. I had dinner with them that evening and then went to the store and talked Penney talk. I started to work the next morning and was much impressed with all the associates.

The next few days I hunted for a house. Houses for rent were scarce and I looked everywhere. I finally found a house that the owner's father had lived in for several years alone and had passed away. It was a nice enough house, but was so dirty. They rented it to me for \$25 per month. The furniture was stored upstairs. I considered at that price, I could afford to clean it up. The first thing I did was fumigate and then get busy cleaning up.

I called Nada that I had found a house and she arranged for the moving van to load our things on Saturday. She would leave Sunday on the train, to arrive in Columbus that evening. The van would arrive the next afternoon. Nada and the girls stayed with Mrs. Osborne, a neighbor who took them to the train Sunday.

What a courageous wife and with three little girls. Donna, seventeen months old, in her arms and the twins who were six years old. They had to change depots in Fremont and thanks to a man who offered to carry their luggage, they arrived in Columbus that evening. I was waiting to meet them.

No van had arrived and did not leave Sioux City for several days. It then got stuck between Fremont and Columbus for a day or two due to rain and bad roads. Highway 30 was not paved in those days.

Here we were, stranded with no furniture or furnishings with only the clothing on our backs. We went upstairs and dug out a couple beds and other things along with boxes and set up housekeeping. Fortunately, there was a cook stove and a few other things that helped. We had to buy some things and made out until the van arrived a week later. On top of all of this, the girls came down with the measles.

The walls were so smoky and dirty, I decided to give them a coat of water paint. I started to paint and when the water paint hit the wall, about two other colors showed up. I thought there was no use in putting any more paint on the walls, so I wet the brush, went round and round and came up with a mixture of colors that at least looked clean. The landlord came to visit and thought the house looked so good he raised the rent to \$30. Boy were we mad!

The twins had started to school in Sioux City, so we started them in the Columbus school for the rest of the year. So many of the girls were wearing overalls. Nada thought this looked terrible, but it wasn't long until the girls wanted overalls.

We went for a drive one evening and Nada saw some beautiful leaves growing along a fence. She thought the

leaves would be nice for the girls to take to their teacher so I got out and picked them. The twins took them to school the next day and that evening the twins and I broke out with poison ivy. We had it over our arms and face. I never heard what happened to the teacher.

After the measles, Donna came down with pneumonia. With me working days and most evenings and Nada with her all day, we took turns trying to get some relief. Donna's mouth became so sore from medicine she refused to eat from a spoon, so the doctor had us give her nourishment by enema. I was with her the night she opened her eyes, looked up and said, "Sammy" and pointed to a dish on a stand. I called to Nada. She fixed some cereal and offered it to her. She refused and said, "Sammy." We could not understand what she wanted and were desperate. I then thought of a sandwich. I fixed two small pieces of bread and put jelly between. She grabbed it and gobbled it down. She refused to eat from a spoon for some time.

Donna's fever had broken and she seemed better. We often talked of that night and it as one of the happiest moments of our lives. Donna was weak and had lost so much weight, she had to learn to walk over again. I can see the twins, one on each side walking her around the house.

This was our induction into the J.C. Penney Company Realm.

THE J.C. PENNEY COMPANY

This was quite a change from what I had been accustomed to at Davidson's Department Store in Sioux City. I was on the floor selling most of the time during the store hours and returning evenings to do stock work and other jobs. There were five regular men in the store ... Lloyd Faidley, manager; Pete Lakers, assistant manager; Roy Houdershalt, Tom Grafis and myself. Roy, Tom and I took turns trimming the windows, attending the furnace and other jobs. We were also required to complete a correspondence course in retailing.

I can never forget the year-end inventory. Only like items of same, year, lot, cost in code and price were slipped together. This made a lot of writing on inventory sheets which was done on New Years Day by all store employees. I never enjoyed a New Years Day with my family during my years with the J.C. Penney Co. It's all so different today.

The inventory was then figured by we four men and had to be figured three times and completed and mailed to New York by January 15th. Can one imagine figuring piece goods, 17 1/2 yards at 9 3/4 cents for hours late into the night! After a few years New York did the figuring and was that a relief. From Thanksgiving to the middle of January was a day and night ordeal.

In 1928, Mr. Faidley received word he was to be the manager of the new J.C. Penney store in Lincoln, Nebraska. Pete Lakers was made manager of the Columbus store and Stewart Rogers was transferred from Norfolk to Columbus as assistant. Mr. Faidley took Roy to Lincoln and Tom went to Tracy, Minnesota. This moved me up to second man place. The personnel office sent us two new men, Issah Jewel and Harold Allen. We then hired a local man, Max Ulrich. Mr. Rogers was at Columbus about a year and then made manager at Rock Rapids, Iowa. This moved me up to assistant manager at a salary of \$160 a month.

← Dean, Nada's brother, had the Ford Agency in Newcastle and owed Nada some money. He called us that he had just traded for a Model T Ford that had very few miles. He would exchange for the Chalmers and cancel the note, to which we agreed. He and Frances met us in Norfolk and we were thrilled with the Ford. The old Chalmers had about "Had It."

Things were a little rough, living on my salary. We found a larger house for \$45 a month that had a large one-room apartment and two other rooms upstairs. The Jewels would take the apartment for \$15, Max Ulrich one room and

Lillie, Nada's cousin who was working at the store, would take the other. Max and Lillie gave us \$7.50 a month. This cut our rent to \$15 plus some extra utilities which helped.

We made room in the upstairs hall for the twins and Donna slept with Lillie, "Aunt Audy". Nada and I made the parlor into our bedroom. We still had a living room, dining room and kitchen.

Our house was across the street, north of the junior high school. When the boys were training for track, the twins would race with them and coach Rich said they could beat most of his boys.

Mr. and Mrs. Faidley thought so much of the girls. We belonged to the Federated Church, Presbyterian and Congregational, and the twins usually sat with them in church, which caught the attention of the congregation.

Donna was about three years old and when Nada, Aunt Audy and Donna were in the grocery store and missed Donna. They found her in front of the cooky display, on her knees, hands folded in prayer, saying "Pray."

Nada and the girls were in Woolworths and the twins had to go to the rest room. They locked the door. When they were ready to come out they couldn't unlock the door. They got hysterical. When Nada heard them crying she called a clerk. They could not get the door open and had to go outside to a window and tell them how to unlock the door. Nada said they were a sight from crying and scratching the walls.

We bought produce from Mrs. Farnsdorf who lived close to town and she gave the girls a hen and little chickens. The girls made real pets of them. When they were grown, we could not kill them so they were sold to the market.

WASH CLOTHS

2" x 12" size
Terry
cloth. Favorite
Plaid
no stripes!

2^c
ea.

DISH CLOTHS

12" x 17" size
unbleached
with combina-
tion color.
check center
and border!
Colors: Red, Gold, Green!
Save!

3^c
ea.

LADIES' HANKIES

11" x 11" size, plain
white cotton
handkerchiefs
hemstitched
Hem!

1^c
ea.

RAYON PANTIES

Soft and
Lustrous!
Very sen-
sible!
You'll appre-
ciate quality
at well as savings!

10^c

COTTON Bedspreads

Size 80" x 105"
You can have
lovely new
spreads for
every room in
the house at
this low price!

84^c

PERC

Don't miss this
exceptional
value! New
spring patterns
in large and
small types.
Fast colors! 36" wide

Size 72" x 78" SUMMER QUILTS



- Bound Edges
- Beautiful Patch-
work Design Tops
- White Cotton Filled
- Now at Only—

\$1⁰⁰
Each

New White
Hand
Bags . 43^c
Many, Many Styles

Part Linen 3 for
Kitchen Towels . 10^c
Colored Borders

Ladies' Knee-Hi
Silk
Hose, pr. 25^c
First Quality, Newest Shapes

Ladies' Printed
Nainsook 44^c
Gowns .
Dainty Styles, Full Cut
Fast Colors

Use
Our
Conven-
ient
Lay-
Away
Plan!

Penney's New
Brings You A Store Full of

STARTING TODAY!

36" Width Novelty
Curtain
Marquis-
ettes, yd. 5^c
Striped Figures!
Rain Dots!

First Quality
Silk
Hose, pr. 79^c
Service or Chiffon!
Newest Colors!

Ladies'
29^c

Ladies' Cotton
Sport
Sweaters 49^c
Crew Neck!
Cool Colors!

7-oz. Wt. Ladies'
Com-
bination \$2⁹⁸
A sturdy supporting garment

5-oz. Wt.
Summer
Girdle . . \$1⁹⁸
A smooth fitting garment

Spring Type
Baby
Scales . \$2⁹⁸
with enameled wicker basket
attached

Jumbo Size Cannon
Bath
Towels . 33^c
A real saving on a marvelous
towel!

Chenille
Bath
Sets . . \$1⁰⁰
Beautiful color and designs!
Values!

TOWEL ENDS

Factory Accumulation!
Good Quality Terry Towel Ends

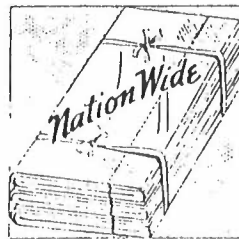
They have many uses! Better hurry—
they won't last long! Assorted large and
small sizes!

5^c
Each

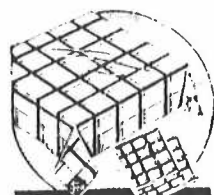
Buy a Supply Now!

SHEETS
79^c

81" x 99". You get more service
for less money when you
buy Nation-Wide sheets—
they're year in, year out val-
ues for thrifty homes!



Part Linen
LUNCHEON CLOTHS
25^c



Size 52" x 52". Assorted colored
borders and plaid centers.

Fast Color! Sheer!
Wash Frocks



46^c

Sizes 11-14. The most
outstanding dresses
you've ever seen for so
little! They are well
made and nicely trim-
med.



Wm. Ellyson
new manager, invites you
to share the many values
he has ordered for you.

Infants' Large Size
36" x 50"

Crib
Blankets 37^c
A value you'll want
several of!

Ladies' Garden and Sport
Straw
Hats . 39^c
Attractive Styles!

36" Round
DeLuxe
Prints . 15^c
Fast Colors!
Pre Shrink!

Girls'
Sport
Slacks . 49^c
Newest in color and style!
Values!

Ladies'
Sport
Slacks . 98^c
Stripes and Plain Colors!
Sizes 11 to 20"

36 Inch
Arbor
Cretonne 10^c
New Colorful Designs! yard
in medium grounds

Belle Isle
Pillow
Cases, ea. 8^c
A Real Saving!

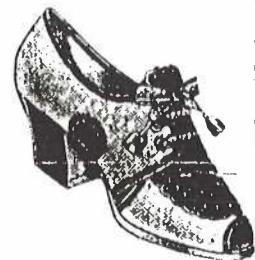
Girls'
Summer
Anklets 10^c

New, Attractive OILCLOTH

19^c
yd.

Here's an opportunity to
brighten your kitchen, or
little money. Colors,
prints and solid colors,
36" wide.

Ladies' Su



Priced for Savings!

PANTIES
2 for 25^c

Women's fine quality
knit rayon panties in reg-
ular and brief lengths—
smart, trim styles. Pret-
tily trimmed!



Latest and Smartest

DRESSES
\$3⁹⁸

The newest of our famous
Jean Nadra dresses—styl-
ed right and priced right!
In the season's best col-
ors, plain and prints, 12-
52.

1000 Only, Size 29" x 3"
FLOUR SACK

PENNEY'S
INCORPORATED

LEARNING THE HARD WAY

It is hard to understand just why we did not list our home and the property on Dace Street for sale when we moved to Columbus, Nebraska. We no doubt would have received a better price, however, the extra income helped us at that time and seemed a good investment. We learned the hard way that nothing is certain.

After a year or so, our renter in the houses in Morningside, started missing his payments and was back several month's rent. Lucky for us he ran for Public Safety Commissioner of Sioux City and his political friends paid the back rent.

This house almost cost me my job in the Penney company. When I was assistant manager attending a seminar in Omaha prior to a Penney manager's convention in 1930, we were asked to fill out a questionnaire. One of the questions was, "Do you have any personal obligations?" I listed our home in Sioux City at \$6,000 with a \$3,000 mortgage. When I applied for the job with Penneys, this same question was asked and I reported none, not considering our house was a personal obligation as it was in my wife's name and half paid for.

Later I was called to William Bushnell's personal room in the hotel and WOW did I catch "Hell." He pointed his finger at me and said, "You lied", referring to my original application of no obligations. I tried to explain the house was half paid for but to no avail. he said, "You are a risk to the J.C. Penney Company and I want to see you in this room after the banquet this evening." No one can imagine how I felt and what I faced. This was it.

After the banquet I went to his room. Walter Reynolds and Bill Mitchel were the only ones in the room. They were directors of the company. They were very pleasant and talked to me in a nice manner, putting me at ease.

I said to them, "If this house stands in the way of my future with the J.C. Penney Company, I will shove it over at once." They assured me that my performance was satisfactory and to work out this problem as best I could and continue with my future in the company. Oh, what a relief and to know these kind of men in the J.C. Penney Co.

Dean and Frances had given up the Ford Agency and were living in Sioux City. I called Dean to list our house for sale. Prices were down and Dean called and said he had an offer of \$3,400. Due to circumstances, we told him to sell the house. This was a loss of \$2,600. So much was gone,

but we had our future to be thankful for. We had learned a costly lesson ... if you can't pay for it, "Forget it."

ON MY HONOR another trying experience. While I was at Columbus I was usually at the store at eight o'clock. The first thing was to get the money till and place it on the cashier desk. Harold Allen was in the hospital. He called wanting me to bring something from the store. No one else had arrived. I left a note to the cashier where I had gone and dropped the till in the waste basket, not wanting to leave it exposed. When I returned, the cashier asked for the till. I said, "It's in the waste basket." She replied, "The waste basket is empty." I made a "B line" for the furnace room and was met with a roaring fire. All the trash was going up in smoke. After reporting to Mr. Lakers what had taken place, I sifted through the ashes and all that was left was pennies, nickles and strings of melted silver. I was thankful for the evidence of my blunder.

WEST POINT

December 28, 1930, Mr. Lakers received a wire from New York, asking him to send W.W. Ellyson to the West Point, Nebrasska store. I was to supervise taking the inventory and to manage the store until the new manager, Mr. Doyle, who was sick, would arrive.

The present manager had been relieved of his duties and the employees had proceeded to take the inventory, putting an inventory slip on each item. My first job was to condense slips to save as much writing as possible. What a mess I had gotten into! We finished the inventory and mailed it to New York. The store was a former J.B. Beyers store that had been taken over by the Penney Company two years previous. The store was small and I hoped I would get a larger store when I was made manager.

After closing the store at ten o'clock on the first Saturday night, I trimmed the to windows and started home to Columbus in a snow storm, 65 miles away. I arrived about three o'clock after a hectic trip and lucky to be again with my family.

Leaving the Ford for Nada, I returned to West Point Sunday evening on the train. I had stayed at the hotel at first and then found a room at the Krause house which we later owned. A few weeks later, Nada and Donna came to West Point to see the store and spend a few days. The store was 22 feet wide and 75 feet long with a small ready-to-wear balcony and a desk for an office.

It wasn't hard to figure out why the manager was let out. Forty per cent of the stock was mostly Beyer's merchandise over two years old and all the good had been sold, leaving the odds and ends. I can recall the 126 pair of men's oxfords, mostly in sizes 6-6 1/2-7-10 1/2 and 11. The store needed a good clearance, but not being the manager I did not feel it was up to me to do so. I did put on a clearance sale and got rid of some to other stores.

There were no orders on file and no white goods for January sale, so I called Norfolk, Columbus and Fremont to send me what merchandise they could. I came up with a 33% gain for January, my first month as a manager.

The store had two regular women, Mrs. Wycoff and Barbara Surman, and an extra woman and Willard Paul on Saturdays and after school. They were all good help and things went along fine. With new merchandise coming in we ended February with a 32% gain. So far I had heard nothing regarding Mr. Doyle. I was able to get home a few times on

weekends to see my family and Mr. Lakers came to West Point a few times with Nada and the girls coming along.

Mr. Doyle passed away the later part of March and I received a wire from New York making me manager. Al Betzoll, manager from Norfolk checked me in as manager. I wasn't too happy, but it was a start and a big challenge to be on my own and make the most of it. The first thing I wanted to do was get my family moved and settle down to living again.

Finding a house was like finding a needle in a hay stack. West Point was an old pioneer town and the people were not too friendly to newcomers. I remember Nada saying, "If any one says pioneer to me again, I'm going to scream." I heard of a house for rent and the owner would not rent to me, saying I was a chain store man and wouldn't be there long. We finally found a place. Mrs. Krause lived upstairs and rented us the downstairs. It wasn't much, but it was a place to live until something better showed up. There was no natural gas in West Point and Nada cooked on a coal stove and also on the camp stove we took to Colorado. That fall we rented the Ernesty house which was better, but not all modern, as we had to heat that winter with a hard coal burner, like the good old days. The following spring we rented the Charles Sass home which was modern.

I decided my first big job at the store was to clean house of the old merchandise which was 40% of old Beyer's odds and ends and sizes. I did not have a profit sharing contract so I took some drastic mark downs to clear so these would not be charged against future operations. The 126 pair of men's oxfords in end sizes, I priced at \$1.00. Boy's muslin night gowns 15 cents for handkerchiefs, who ever heard of boys wearing night gowns. I emptied a big box of ladies old cotton hose in the alley trash and a couple months later a lady brought in a couple dozen, wanting her money back. I told her the last I saw of those hose they were dumped in the alley. Nuff said! I had boxes of ladies heavy underwear and I had Mrs. Wycoff take them to the Sisters at the Catholic church.

I did a lot of circular advertising in other towns. I would take the twins and a couple other girls and they would go up and down the streets leaving circulars at homes. They got a big kick out of doing it and a little extra pay. We sold oxford overalls for 49 cents and paydays at 98 cents. Silk hose at 25 cents and 69 cents a pair. Ladies cotton dresses for 69 cents. Men's work shoes \$1.79 to \$2.98. Ladies dresses at \$4.98. Men's hot-shot work shirts at 25 cents.

With wanted merchandise arriving, we were getting new customers and sales continued to rise. Prospects were

looking better. We finished the year with a 32% gain over \$42,000 the year before.

Donna started to school that fall and the twins were in the fourth grade. It seemed so good to be settled again. We were making many new friends and West Point was becoming a happier place to live.

We visited several of the churches but finally settled in the small Congregational Church which was more to our liking. The only trying thing was the preacher who came from Fremont to give the sermon on Sundays. He would bring in a little hell about chain stores. This was somewhat embarrassing to us and the congregation, however, he wasn't there long.

A heart breaking Christmas ... when I went to West Point I did not get a raise in salary or a contract for two years on profits. At Christmas the twins had asked Santa to bring new roller skates and Donna asked for a doll buggy for her doll, Tommy. Besides the usual candy and nuts, Santa was able to bring new wheels for the roller skates and a 98 cent doll bed for the doll. Christmas morning not a disappointing word was heard. The twins were thrilled to be skating again and Donna was also thrilled with the doll bed. Mom and I seemed to be the only ones that hurt. I never forgot that Christmas. What wonderful girls were ours to go along with the times.

One more obstacle stood in our way. This was at the height of the chain store controversy. My large competitor was the Bauman Store. Ed Bauman was president of the Merchants Minute Men, fighting chain stores. Many of the merchants were not too friendly toward us. This fight was even brought up in the Legislature. I took several years to overcome this agitation. However, I took an active part in community affairs and in a couple years we were made to feel part of the activity of West Point. I was asked to join the Lions Club and was elected president of the Chamber of Commerce. I was also president of the Issak Walton and in that year we had a successful drive for funds to acquire the property known as Dead Timber, as a State Park. I also served on the State Board of the Issak Walton League.

In those days a new manager was required to operate his store one full year as a trial. Being made manager in April 1931, that year did not qualify so the following year, 1932, was my trial year. I received my one-third profit sharing contract in 1933 and my first comp check in 1934 for \$1,071. Homer Torrey, D.M. told me this was the largest check written in Nebraska that year. There was no store in Omaha; Lincoln lost money that year and due to the drastic mark downs other stores had little profit.

Along with my check, I received 21 shares of stock which in later years split to 378 shares. This was our first break to a better life.

The spring of 1933, I went to my first Penney convention in Kansas City. At the banquet I was asked to stand and be recognized for a 32% gain, the largest in Nebraska.

We then bought our first electric refrigerator and several other needed items. My next move was to the Kirkow & Ickman garage to see if they still had the 1932 Chevy they had carried over and would trade for our Ford and \$400. We made the deal and that was the most beautiful car I think we owned.

That summer, with the new car, we went to Yellowstone Park .. our first real vacation. We took along our camp stove, cooking and serving dishes and a box of groceries. We prepared all of our meals as we went. We stayed the first night in a North Platte motel. I can't say much for motels those days. The next day we took in the Frontier Days at Cheyenne and drove on to Douglas, Wyoming. We entered the park and spent three days at Fishing Bridge, then made the circle staying one night each at Canyon, Roosevelt and Old Faithful. The price of cabins in the park was \$2.00 a night. We stopped at West Thumb and Nada, another man and I rented a boat. We caught seventeen trout in an hour. We had our movie camera along and took many pictures of the park and animals. We then left the park and drove to Jess and Marie's and then on home.

In 1935 I received a comp check for \$2,800, a salary increase to \$175.00 and 28 shares of stock. This was the last year stock was issued to managers. A new plan was set up whereby stock would be held for your retirement at 60.

Business kept increasing. However, we had to limit lines that were badly needed due to crowded conditions.

The Stearns Store across the street closed. It was about twice the size of our store. I wrote New York giving them the details and they sent a Mr. Riley out to negotiate a lease. However, he was unable to make a lease. He then contacted the owners of the building on each side of our store to use their walls to extend our store to the alley which gave us 60 feet more room. This gave us a larger ready-to-wear balcony, office and shoe department. We were then able to improve the looks of the store and add more merchandise lines.

When the Stearns store closed, Tillie Stearn applied for a job. I gave her full time work and she proved to be

an outstanding employee. I was also able to employ a young man, Leo Luedke, who went on with the company.

The Judge Crawford home which was located on an entire block, landscaped with trees and drive-ways and later owned by the Krause family, was for sale by Occidental Building and Loan of Omaha. Having been in West Point these several years and thinking this might be our home in the company, we purchased the place. Our plans were to remodel the house, living in it a year or so and turning it into apartments. We would then build on one of the lots. This was a three story home, then occupied by two rental families. We proceeded to remodel and made the main floor very liveable. One can appreciate the size and looks of the place by a picture in my scrap book as well as an article written by Mrs. Guy Thompson, "The Big House."

We only lived in this home a couple years when I was offered the North Platte store. Our family have many fond memories of West Point and the people of this community. It was a sad morning when we headed down the highway leaving a most enjoyable life with those who had given so much out of their appreciation.

