

Mrs. (Freddie) Rosetta House

9-3-41

Age 54

My father and mother were married after my father's first wife died. Her name was Dinah Bread. My mother was only thirteen years old, and had very little education. My father went to school in Nasotah, Wisconsin and he was considered quite well educated, and when Thomas Doxtator, the interpreter, died my father started to be the church interpreter. My mother hardly ever came to church when we were small. There were eight of us and my mother was kept busy at home. We lived about a mile from the church, and we generally walked to church. When it was muddy or rainy then we came in a buggy. My father had a 90 acre farm. He kept two or three cows and pigs. He used to sell a lot of his grain. Most of my father's land was under cultivation. My father used to do a lot of the work himself but he hired some one to help him at planting time and harvesting time. He rented most of his land to Larsen Co several years after he got too old to farm. We all attended the Episcopal Mission school and we use to get a lot of our clothing from the mission. My father was the interpreter for many years, then he was made a deacon, and a few years before his death he was ordained priest. My father used to say a prayer

before we ate, and he always waited for all of us to sit down before we said the grace and if any of us was late, we had to say the grace. He use to read a great deal, and on Saturday he would go to the Mission and read the sermon that the priest compose and study it with the priest, he was interpreter even after he was ordained priest. My father always made us go to church on Sundays, but my mother could not always go, because she had children too small to take to church. My father never let her take the baby to church, because he said it annoyed him to hear a baby crying in church. When she went to church, one of us older children had to stay home, and take care of the little ones. One time I stayed home and my little brother about two years old ran away form me and followed my mother. He only had his shirt and diaper on and he walked to the church. it was a good thing people had gone in the church when he arrived, because he was dirty and scantily dressed. I found him by the church when I came there. I surely got a good scolding from my mother, but it struck my father as something funny. He laughed and laughed. My mother said it would not have been so funny if the baby walked up the aisle, and went up to his father. One time a visiting minister came to preach the sermon in the evening service. Mr. Burleson told him his sermon would be interpreted to the Oneida language. When the priest

got up to deliver his sermon, my father got up and stood by him. The minister started to whisper his sermon to my father and he kept on until he finished then he went and sat down. Then my father started to interpret what he remember, but he has forgotten half of it. He was used to interpreting two or three sentences at a time. After the service my father told the minister that he had a hard time interpreting his sermon. He told him he was used to interpreting just a little at a time. The minister said, "Why didn't you tell me. I thought that was the way to do it." There sued to be some good speakers amongst the Oneidas, and when they had church dismiss the vestry men and my father would be called to give the people advice. One time my father told the men to invite the women to eat. He said each man should have a partner when he went to the table, and he told the women to accept the invitation. A crude looking old man went and asked my mother to take dinner with him, so she went. When my father got his tickets to eat he went around looking for my mother and when he found out she was already eating, he invited some nice looking young woman to eat with him. He never forgot about my mother eating with a man named "Strong iron". He was an unkempt man and my father said, "Why did you ever accept his invitation to eat with such a man?" My mother said, "Well, you just got thru telling us to accept any one

that invited us." He used to often tell that incident to his friends. My father opposed dancing, and when we had a party at home we used to play like children.

Games like Drop the Handkerchief and Fox and Geese, Fruit-Basket Upset, and Jack and Jill used to be the familiar games. Often a quartette of male voice would sing, and sometimes we girls would give a few songs. The parents used to go with their [] to these parties and when they first started to dance the old people used to come and watch their daughters dance, and finally the old people dropped off and stayed home. Very few parents take their daughters to the dancer now. Usually a bunch of young people get together and if one can get their parents car then they chip in and buy gas. Many of them go to Green Bay at the Riverside Ball Room. They have swell music there. Some of the young people go to several dance halls in one night. It is hard for the old people to keep tract of the young people nowadays, because they travel al lover. Both of my girls are away from home and they are both old enough now to know better. When my youngest daughter went with some other girls to Chicago, Illinois to work I used to worry about her very much. I finally got over it and made up my mind that she is going to get in trouble wherever she is,

if she does not listen to my advice. My daughters both finished the High school, but the youngest girl did not specialize any trade or profession. She really intended to go to college, but we could not afford to help her, because it was during depression, and my husband was not getting very much. about \$550 a year. Since she started earning money she does not think of going to school. She is satisfied to work in a radio factory at \$15 per week she sends us some money now and then and buys us clothes. Both of the girls like to buy clothes for us, because they know if we get money we buy something else, and they want us to look nice they told us. The car is what uses a lot of our money, but Fred likes to get a new car every year so he can make long trips. He often gets hired to go to Tomah and Father Christian is good enough to let him go, my mother was much younger than my father, so when my father died she was just in her prime. She was a widow 32 years and most of us got married soon after my father's death, and that left her practically alone. My youngest sister was in school then, but she was married young, then my mother had some one to stay with her. But she has some hard times because she was left without any income. We sold the old farm, and she built a small house on the land she had left about 7 acres. It was not until she received old age pension that she lived comfortably. My mother never went

anywhere for pleasure, but she always seemed contented just taking care of us, cooking for us while we were attending the mission school. My father never whipped us, but he was stern with us. We knew we had to mind him, but my mother used to whip us for being disobedient. My mother never was very active church worker while we were all small, but later she belonged to the Women's Auxiliary, and although she never was at the head, but she hardly eve missed going to their sewing meeting. After my father became a priest the missionary used to give us a barrel of clothing every year. We use to get nice things, some time linen and blankets included. My father made several trips east. One time he took a group of Oneidas that went to a school in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and he also took some Oneidas to Hampton, Virginia. While he was at Hampton he was asked to speak to the students both coloreds and Indians. He knew the meaning of English words, but he always hesitated to speak in English before a large audience, but he did fairly well. He said he thought Hampton was a wonderful school, and much better than any government school such as Carlisle, or Haskell. I remember him saying that he had gone through many colleges, but he was always just a visitor. That made the students laugh. My two older sisters and one brother and I all attended Hampton, but only Josephine graduated. I was there four years

then I came home and was married the following winter. I used to like to go to work in the New England state while at Hampton. I always had a nice place, and never had to work hard, and I got a lot of experience that way. I learned how to cook and how to wash and iron. I didn't earn much and yet I enjoyed working for those old New England people. They were all particular housekeepers and most of them are great church goers. I noticed that there are so many old maids there. I worked where there were two old maids and they had been teachers, but they were retired and lived in their father's homestead. They only stayed there in the summer time and in the winter months they go to Florida or California. They were not society people, but I think they had plenty of money, but my they were saving. I used to enjoy the trips especially in the fall when we went back to the school. We would all meet in New York City and it always seem such a pleasant time. Every body would be so happy, and all the girls having such jolly time on the boat going from New York City to Baltimore, Maryland. And after we got back to Hampton then we would see the Indian boys again. It used to be such fun getting settled again, each one going to the rooms assigned to them, and finding out who their roommate will be for the year. And the first time we go in the dining room, we could sit by our friends until we are assigned to our

regular place. I used to enjoy that excitement. I really liked Hampton. We were treated so nice and the baked beans they used to give us three times a week was so good. Those southern cooks could bake beans. I never could bake beans quite as good as what we used to get at Hampton. I hated to come away when my time was up. Those colored people didn't bother me at all in fact they used to amuse me at times. My father managed to always have money on hand and yet he never worked hard. He raised chickens, hogs, and few heads of cattle. He butchered in the winter months, and salted some of it for summer use. We had a big orchard and we saved lot of apples and so we had apples all winter. We never had sumptuous meals but we always had bread and butter and meat and potatoes, onions etc, and our vegetables were home grown. At that time they used to plant wheat, and after it was threshed they took it to town and had it ground into flour. Many of the Oneida farmers had their own flour 10 or 12 sacks and that was a few months supply, so you see my father bought only tea and coffee, and sugar, occasionally beef. My mother made butter and cottage cheese. Berries used to be plentiful and we use to pick red raspberries along the fence near home. My mother would put some up and we would eat some right away. My father never did any other work, but farmed and interpreted on Sundays or funerals. During Lent season

he used to come to the services every day at four o'clock. When we first got married my husband farmed his mother's farm. She was a widow too. He could not make a success of it so they sol the place and we next farmed my mother's place. He failed there too. He concluded that he was not cut out to be a farmer, so he quit farming and we came to the mission and he started to do janitor work. I had a doctor every time I was sick with child birth, and got a long fine each time, but I had one miscarriage. I fell down two steps when I was five months in pregnancy. I went to a medicine woman to get her advice and medical care if I needed any. She gave me some Indian remedy to take and told me to lie perfectly till. She told me to lie perfectly still. She told me that it will take ten days for the baby to drop if I was going to miscarry and if nothing happened I could get up, because after that I would be alright. As I laid there on the tenth day I felt as though I had expelled something, but I never had no pains at all. I called my mother to see what it was, and she said it was a tiny baby, and it was dead. When I fell I had a queer feeling come over me, almost like chills. That was why I went to see the midwife or medicine woman, but what surprised me was that there was no pain at all. I suppose because the child was dead, or it may be on account of the medicine I took, the midwife treated me just as though

I had a child, and my husband buried the premature infant corpse in the cemetery. That was the last time I was pregnant. I would consider the soul as a part of the chills and that as soon as life develops the soul is there. My mother is the only one told me about pregnancy, and how I should conduct myself. My two grandmothers both died when I was little, so I can't never say my grandmother told me this or that. What little I know is what my mother told me. My father did not believe in the Oneida superstitions, and he made my mother change her views too. But she used to tell me not to look out of the window too often, or stand in the door way. She told me that the old women used to say that is one does that she will have a long labor or difficult delivery. My mother used to tell me about not going to the circus, and not to notice freaks. I never cared to go anywhere much whenever I was in pregnancy. I preferred to stay home. I have read in the paper of white women having babies in the department store in the cities. I never went to a doctor while I was pregnant, as long as I had no trouble at all. I never had a boy. They say it is hard to give birth if it is a boy, and the labor lasts longer. Then they say that after a woman is over twenty-five that the labor is bound to last at least twenty-four hours, because it takes a long time for the opening to dilate. The doctor came to see me every

day the first two days then when every thing seemed all right he did not come any more. We lived in a four room house, so when I was sick we kept the child in the other room. I had three girls, but one girl died when she was two years old. I think where there are lot of children they are taken either to the neighbors or to some relative. Any way they try their best to keep the children from seeing any thing. In a one room house they usually curtain the bed, so that the patient can not be seen. When we were children we were usually in bed asleep, and only on one occasion that we were sent to the neighbors. The husband is usually asked to be present, and assist even if doctor is there. The old midwives gave their patients brandy after the baby is born. I never heard of them giving juniper tea. My mother always stayed with me and I never got up until the tenth day. She gave me toast and hot milk for breakfast, and usually an orange, or some fruit. For dinner she gave me tea and broth and bread toasted and the same in the evening. After the first few says then she gave me eggs and potatoes, after the milk comes in the breast then my mother used to give me a little meat. After ten day I ate whatever there was to eat. If a mother does not seem to have enough milk for her child, they tell them to drink more liquids, but no coffee.

Mrs. Lena Silas

11-6-41

Age 65

Religion

I think most of the Oneidas believe in God, although some of us are not very active in church work, or in attending services regularly. I don't live so far from the church, yet I don't go to church every Sunday. I have always been an Episcopalian, and so are all my close relatives. Most of the Oneidas were converted Christians before they left New York. The pagans stayed there. Later some came, although they did not hold Indian ceremonies, yet they were not interested in church work, they used to have ball games in the summer time, and they had quadrilles, and beer parties. At that time the church members were restricted from dancing or even to look on. Later these people joined the church, but never were active members. They used to come to the church "bees" but they did not go to the church services. I would call them the "rough necks" of the tribe. They were not really bad people, but at that time it was considered wrong to do the things they did. My son-in-law is a white man, and he is like these people I just mentioned. He is not interested in religion, but he never says any thing against it. He operates a tavern, but he does not want the church people to come there

when they should be at the church. He has good qualities. He is nice to me and very good to his wife, and he tries to help people out, if they need help. He does not use liquor excessively. I think some times that people can get too religious, and they forget to help those that are near them. I think that the Oneidas were converted to Christianity soon after the white people settled in America. I guess some of the Indians used to go to the Quaker meetings. William Penn was a good friend of the Indians and no doubt he was a good influence to the Indians. Eleazer William was a Christian but he was not a strong Episcopalian. He held services more like the Methodist church. I used to hear the old people speak of [Oneida], but I never knew just who they meant. I used to think he was an Indian that lived long time ago, and was a powerful man. I think that is more of a myth. I was married to a young man who was studying to be a priest. Father Burleson wanted him to become a priest, and even after we were married he was going to school. But he had heart trouble and had to quit so he stayed home, and we lived on his allotment. It was really in the woods, with just a little clearing. He used to work and chop trees, but he had time to study theology. His health seemed to improve, and then one day he had a heart attack and died. We were very hard up those days, because he had not been earning anything but we always

planted some garden produce. His father helped us, and my father did too. My husband used to tell me not to worry that every thing would come our alright. After his death I sold his land and the money I got from the sale of his land my children and I lived on that. We went back to live with my parents. I did not get married again until my children were quite big. I never was destitute although I never worked out much. Both of my daughters are well taken care of by their husbands, and I live with one of them. I am now getting old age pension. Everything has come out all right, so I don't regret that I spared him to study theology. I think it would be a good thing for some Oneida boy to get interested in becoming a priest. The other Indian tribes have their native priests. It may be that three Oneida boys who went to school in Tennessee will study theology.

In our church we are taught in the Sunday school that God is a spirit, and that he is Almighty. That He has no beginning. He always was God and always will be. Then we are taught that there are three persons in one God. The Father, Son and Holy Ghost or Spirit. That is called the Trinity. God send his son into the world as one of us to save the people. That was the Son, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost came and descended on the Apostles and they were given the power to preach the gospel. The Holy Spirit is in the

holy communion that we take, and we take that in remembrance that Christ died to save the people. We were taught that God is not in any one place, but all over. That is the only comparison we can make with the Great Spirit the god that the Indians worshipped. The Indian spoke of their god as one that is almighty, and had power to come on earth as a man, and again he is in the thunder and in the trees and in nature, but he was not considered to be in three Persons. The witches were never suppose to be connected with the Great Spirit, but they were connected with evil spirits, ad they got their power to do evil things through the evil spirit. I heard the old people tell of the witches, when they were in New York, but there were some accused of that after they came here, but they were usually kept disclosed, because they all feared a witch, who was supposed to be very wicked. They claim that a witch had the power to transform herself or himself to any thing, especially to some animal. They bewitch some one they don't like or if some one has done something mean to them. They usually do their work when [] are asleep. They go to the place and do their dirty work while everything is still. The medicine men and women can tell if some one is bewitching their patient. One time a medicine women was called to teat a sick woman, and she discovered that some one was bewitching her patient, and she told

the other members of the family to watch and they would see the witch. That night the man took his gun and waited by the rail fence. He was about to give up and go to bed when he saw a black dog climb over the fence, and went to the house. The man watched the dog, but he did not think that it was the witch, until he saw the dog stand up by the window and looked in. he shot at the dog as it was getting over the fence and heard it yell, but it got away from him. The next day they heard of an old woman that was very sick. Her bed was curtained off, and no one was allowed to see her. For a long time the old woman was lame, so the people concluded that she was the witch, but they had no proof, so they could not do any thing about it. The person that was supposed to have been bewitched recovered, the church tried to teach the Oneidas not to believe in witch craft, and not be superstitious, yet lot of the people are still inclined to be superstitious, but hardly any one believes in witches any more.

The young people are not very religious these days. They stay away from the church services and seldom go to the church dinners, or any doings, in fact very few people go to church regularly, so many of them have radios and they just tune in and they listen to a good church service. Perhaps the regular Saturday night dances keep the young people from going

to church but then if they really want to attend the Sunday morning service they could easily do so, regardless of how late they are out on Saturday night. I think there are other reasons. The people who have cars and can go places leave early Sunday morning or Saturday night and are not home on Sundays. They work for W.P.A. or private concerns during the week, so Sunday is the only time they have to go any where for pleasure trip, or to go visit relatives or friends. Whereas when I came home from School in 1893 all the young people would congregate at the church and after church they had time to see each other, or would invite each other to their homes and that was the time the young men visited their girl friends. In the summer time they invited the girls for a ride to visit some relation or acquaintance on the reservation. In the afternoon service at 4 P.M. it was always well attended by the young people and the boys had a shame to walk home with their girl friends and may be got invited to take supper at their girls', or several young people would get together and have a game of "flinch" or some other game like "Old Maid" etc. that was the way the young folks passed their time on Sundays. Now I think the majority of the young folks go to the movies and many of them attend the dances at various dance halls, such as Van's Valley, etc.

H to L

Female

Age 55 Oneida

Childhood Experiences

I was born at my mother and father's (now dead) house. They already had log house when I was born. I am the forth one in the family, there are six girls and five boys in our family. Father build a house in the big woods and just started clearing his land. He had cleared quite a big field, when I first remembered he us to have two oxen. He used his two oxen to pulled the stumps all the land that my father had cleared, and we used to have only one cow at that time. Finely he got tow horses only they are the small kind (ponies). I remember then as I was about four years old. Our parents were poor we had just a small house it had only two rooms down stair and one room up stairs. But we always have things to eat. We are never hungry, we always have brad and pork. Our father was a hard worker because when he gets through with his planting. He would go and work to my grand fathers. And they would give him meat and butter for his pay for all the work her would do for them. And during the winter he hauls different things like wood logs, posts and bolts. And in the spring when the roads gets bad my father always make hops, his sons always help him. They make lot of hops in that time or until their

fields are ready to be worked. My mother use to make baskets in that way she help support their family.

When we were children I use to keep house taking care of my younger sisters and brothers. Our parents use to make money by picking black berries and selling them they didn't have to go far to pick berries at that time because there was woods starting from the house, when they have enough berries picked then they take them to town to sell, the money they got for their berries, they always buy groceries with it. The groceries use to be cheap at that time. One time they were going to sell their berries they said to us children. You [] go any where, while we are gone they said that because there use to be some bears at that time. Finally we got tired waiting for them to come home, so we started out to meet them. We were gone quite a ways there, we met a hen with her young ones, she must have hatched in the woods that hen scared us so we came back. We were home just a little while then they came home too. They said just a little way out they saw a bear cross the road. I guess we almost had an accident because we don't know.

The only special experiences I had was one time some man made fire in the woods joining our land. Our house pretty near burned by forest fire a spark landed on our hay stack we were so scared, our parents told us to be ready to move if our house is to burn. We

were already to move when they put the fire out. Of course the men came there and help them put the fire out. I was about seven years old and I use to want to ride on the train one time my father wanted to go to Seymour on the morning train. I said I'll go with you, he said can you get up early. So as soon as he got up in the morning I got up hastily and we just made short cuts and hear we were just going up the hill at Oneida, and the train we were to get on went by. He blamed me because we got left he said I walked too slow. We went to the Government school my brother in law use to work there. He said come with me I am going to Green Bay. And my father wanted to live me there while they go to Green Bay. I wouldn't do it, I wanted to fin out how it is, to ride on the train. I had my way I went with them. I knew how it is to ride on the train, I was scared riding with my eyes puffing out. But I was satisfied. Rideing on train is not as rough as big wagon. So I already knew how it is to ride on the train by the rime I had a chance to go to some where else to get my schooling.

We use to play different kinds of game when we went to he mission school the most common game is the hide and go seek. And a few boys were going to school at Kansas and they came back here and went to school here at the mission. They knew this game of hocky, they use to teach us to play. My brother and I are

always playing together. So I use to be amongst the boys when they play hocky. In just a little while I could play pretty good.

And winter we would go coasting back of the cemetery. At home I just play with neighbors children we made our dolls with rags we never had any toys, what we have we make it ourselves. We use to have a home made swing which our father had made for use.

I use to have many girl friends when I was a young girl. We use to be all about the same age. When I was going to school at Carlisle our matron use to make her business to put all three different tribes of Indian in one bedroom. She did that so we can't talk our own language. There are so many of us going to school there. I never got a chance to see all the Oneidas. There were few Oneida boys in my class then the rest were all different tribes of Indians. I even use to have a different tribe of Indian for my boy friend.

In the winter time when we are not having classes we use to skate, the girls use to have a pond where we could skate where the Oneida boys could come over and teach us how to skate. And when we have party they didn't allowed any dancing at that time.

When I went to Hampton, we use to room in the building with different tribes of Indians. But we were never forbidden to talk our language. The teachers use to be real strict with us school girls and boys. When

we have socials they don't like it if my boyfriend and I would sit in one place and talk. And we were not allowed to dance there either. But we always snake in our room and dance.

The boys use to be so free. They could go to town any time they want to they wouldn't even have any chaperon. But when we girls go to town our matrons or some teacher have to take us. They said it was the biggest Indian class that graduated when I did in the year 1908 there were sever of us girls and six boys.

We use to have nice times when we were in senior class they use to give us parties, and we use have our senior table where we eat. And when we don't have any classes we would go out rowing.

We all belonged to 102 church our father was sure strict in Christianity, every Sunday he would send us to Sunday school. We always did belonged in the choir, even before the church was added where the choir sits now. They use to just sit in the front rows the ones that sang in the choir at that time. I use to sit right by my father my parents sure use to believe in Christianity when we would get through eating supper he read the prayer book he reads in English pretty soon we would all go to sleep while he is reading to us. Father use to think a great deal of his children he never did beat up when we are naughty, but he would scold us if we get too mean. I must have been eight

years old when I went to school at the mission until I finished. Then I took sick or was not so well for a whole year I didn't go to any school. The 103 asked me to stay with them at their house. So I stayed with them. Finely they went and asked my father if they could take me as adoption. My father wouldn't give me up. That following spring I came home and in July I went to Phila to school. I went to school there two ears then the congress abolish that school. Then they sent me out in the country I went to day school there. I was there a year then I went to school at Carlisle. And my father didn't like it because I went there because he didn't like the Supt. management. So my father negotiated with the commissioner Jonas of Indian affairs so I could come home. I went to school there two years then they sent me home. I didn't even know father was working all that while to get me home. To my surprise he told me I am to come home. It was in the month of Oct when they sent me back home. I must have been home just about a year. Then I sign up to go to school at Hampton. Its very nice there, every spring they sent the Indian girls and boys up north to work during the summer. Every summer they sent me to a different place to work. Finely they sent me to New Port R.I. to work. It sure was nice there the people I worked for were sure good to me. All I did is wash dishes I wash my own clothes iron and mend. It always

look like I was just doing my own work and every afternoon they always tell me to take a walk along the lake. Its very interesting to see the waves come in.

There were three other Oneida girls worked near me. But I use to go round with one girl, when she get her day off we would go places by the lake and all over. I didn't work as hard as the other Indian girls that worked near me. Every spring I would ask if I could go to a different place I wanted to see as much of the New England States as I could. I went to school there three years then I graduated I always wanted to be a teacher. At that time a teacher came there and wanted some Indian girls to take up matron. So I stayed another year and took up Home Economy. But when I finished they wouldn't give me a job they claim I wasn't old enough to hold a job. So I came home. After Christmas I got a job to teach the Mission School. I taught year and a half. But I had already put my application in for a job. Finely I got a notice to go to South D. to teach in girls school of about hundred girls. I taught school there one year. There I met Joe my old school mate. He also is a graduate of Hampton. Joe was a real nice boy when he was there all the teachers use to think so much of him he was a very respectable boy. And here he got to be a drunkard. But we got marred any way that fall. He didn't drink as bad after we were married. He is always working. And I

always get different jobs helping him supporting ourselves. He worked at the mission as a teamster this is before they had automobiles, they had to all use horses for traveling around. My husband had changed of the horses there when they want to go any place he gets the team ready hitch them up for them all they have to do if get in the buggy. A field nurse use to work there too she had to travel around with horses too. Their minister use to visite there old Indian of the Winnebago tribe my husband is a Winnebago Indian too the minister went or visites these older Indians to teach to talk about the bible teaching. It was hard they don't seems to understand so he use to take my husband along to interpret to his people what the minister had to say. The older Winnebagos didn't believe in Bible they sure stick to their own ways. Finely he quite working with the minister, and worked on his mother's farm. He only worked there one season. Then he got hired at the agency he just worked there one month when he got hurt and broke his leg. So we came home to my fathers and stayed with them. And that is where our son was born. That following fall we went back and rented a farm, so he farmed again. Our children were just over eleven months apart, they are both dead. The boy was four years old and the girl was three years old. And they died with in six months

apart the boy died in the spring in the month of April and the girl died in the month of Jan.

We both worked at this Winnebago Hospital at the agency I got to be a matron and my husband got to be a farmer.

This is during the world war, we didn't notice the hard time because we were working at the Hospital, they are all the white bread they wanted to eat. My husband was drafted at the time of the world war. He had filled in all his papers, and was just waiting to be called when the war ended. So we went back to his mother's worked on her farm. I was hired at the agency as a cook I worked there a month and they put me on as assistance nurse. I use to go back and forth from where we were staying. I worked there just one year and I quit. Then he went to Sioux City and he worked in packing Company, that's where we were when they send for me to take care of my mother who is old and has heart trouble. My husband had quite a few accidents once he got hit by a car. And he had flu three times and he always get pneumonia with it. One time they sent him to take charge at the C.C.C. he got to Omaha and was taken sick he had pneumonia again. and he didn't have much of a care with in five days he died.