

Imigrant Conrad Schleining

My name is Conrad Schleining and I was born on December 19, 1898, in Norka, Russia. I don't have many memories of Russia, but a few events stand out in my mind, either because they were a memorable occasion in my young life, or because of the repetition of discussions about the events. We lived in an area referred to as "Weins Grava" in Norka. It was south of the main area comprising the village and there were a couple dozen families living in homes scattered between the village proper and the waterway called "Ella Bahr." I remember playing in this creek or waterway with my cousins and younger brother before we left Norka. I remember going out to the fields with dad at planting time, when we spent the week out on the land and slept under the wagon, coming back in on Saturday for supplies, or attending church on Sunday. It was only several miles out to our designated plots of land, called "Dusch" but this was in the days when most people farmed with oxen, camels and horses, so each family sent their available help out to get the land tilled and the crops in, while only those required to remain home for milking, caring for infants, or general duties required at the homesite were exempted from the field work.

I remember my first trip to the city of Saratouy, which was our District Government Headquarters city and located northeast of Norka and about 40 km. away. I remember going through the "Kossackenwald" enroute, which was densely thick forests. We had heard spooky stories about this area all our lives, because many thieves hid out and committed crimes against people passing through there, especially if you spent the night camped out there. I remember the Volga River especially, because it was so wide at this area and in my mind it seems it was wider than any part of the Columbia River here in the Portland, Vancouver area.

On one occasion which stands out in my mind, dad and I were going out on the land for the week during grain harvesting time and he had come back in to Norka for the weekend, so would ride one of the plowhorses out bareback and I the other. I had slept in and he was leaving without me, but mom handed me my pants and shirt, because I was only in a short nighty and I ran out just as dad was going out of the gate on one horse and leading the other. I yelled at the top of my lungs, so he stopped and waited. Dad lifted me up on the horse and we started along the road. As we progressed, my legs got sore or tired, from squeezing them against the horses sides to keep from sliding off and soon I was sliding forward unto the horses neck, so I grabbed the ears, to keep from going over its head, which annoyed the horse, so the animal lowered its head and I slid over the top and unto the ground ahead. The horse kept on walking right over top of me, but luckily didn't step on me, which would have really injured me, possibly breaking some bones or worse. Dad laughed until he nearly split his sides after he seen I wasn't stepped on, but I was miserable with a mouth and eyes full of powdery dust of the roadway, besides agonizing with the heat and misery of the hot weather.

My uncle Heinrich Schleining had come over to Lincoln, Nebraska a few years earlier and kept the family informed of conditions in America, so there were arrangements being made for us to leave Russia and come to the U.S. as soon as the necessary finances were available. In the meantime we had other family members who would stay in Norka and ~~stay~~ ^{SC} out that which we would leave behind, such as Dusch, equipment, livestock and personal property. Dad had been in

2-
the Russian Army, where he served as a shoemaker. Uncle Heinrich was going to line him up with a job in Lincoln as a shoemaker. Dad would repay him for the financial aid as promptly as possible, so all was in the works for a big move as soon as possible. At this time our family consisted of dad, George Schleining, mom was Christina Hahn, Schleining, myself, Conrad Schleining, born Dec. 19, 1898. George, born Sept. 14, 1900. Henry, born July 1, 1902. Edward, born February 25, 1905.

In the U.S. my parents would have eight more children which I will list at this time too. John b. April 12, 1907. He died on Mar. 8, 1977. William was born Sept. 11, 1908. Edith b. August 9, 1910. She died on April 9, 1982. Mary was b. Jan. 24, 1912. Joseph was born April 14, 1913. Esther was b. March 15, 1916. Anna was born Oct. 3, 1918. Raechel was born on January 13, 1920.

Finally after the New Years Holiday of 1906, the fares arrived and we also had made arrangements for a young lady named Elizabeth Kildau (Kiltau) to accompany us and help my mother with us four youngsters on the way. She was coming to marry a former resident of Norka, who had come over earlier. We left Norka by wagon, probably driven by uncle Peter Schleining, or uncle Benjamin Hahn, to Saratouy, where we boarded a train headed for Antwerp, Belgium, where we were to catch a ship for America. Enroute the Kildau girl was killed in a freak accident, causing over a weeks delay. She had been sitting on a seat with two of my younger brothers, when a Russian Soldier handed her a glass containing water, which she was to toss out of the train door. The wind or suction dragged her out of the opening and she was banged against the side of the car and thrown under the wheels of the train. We were all removed from the train bag and baggage, until the local authorities of that District held an investigation of the events, which took about a week. The girl was buried along the railroad right of way and we then got on another train, finally arriving in Antwerp, where we boarded a freighter, which made a stop in Liverpool, England, then on to New Yorks Ellis Island, where we were innoculated, cleared through customs and loaded on a train for Lincoln, Nebraska.

Uncle Heinrich worked for the Burlington Northern in Lincoln, and he had some room so we could move in with him until we found a place and got on our feet. Dad made a contract to work sugar beets in Berthoud, Colorado, so we boarded a train, loaded with poor beet workers going to Colo. to work beets, which we would do for several years, moving into Denver after the beet season was over in Berthoud. I and mom would thin the beets behind dad while he blocked them. I remember one day a lightning storm hit and mom was frightened of it, so she took me and headed for the beet shack we lived in, but stubborn dad was going to continue his blocking. His hoe must have attracted a bolt, because it hit in front of him gouging out a furrow about a step ahead of him, right under the hoe, throwing dirt all over. Needless to say he dropped everything and ran to the shack as fast as his feet could carry him.

We would rent a place in Globeville, Colorado at 4345 Sherman Street each winter while waiting for spring and a new beet contract. Thats where we got our first schooling in American schools. We were subjected to the usual taunts from the local Citizenry, which referred to us as "goddamn dumb Roosians" and they made fun of our speech, dress, the way we lived and as most other Volga Germans who came from Russia to the U.S., we had to have many fights before we earned our spot in society here, both verbally and physically. In

3
1910 we worked our last sugar beets for others. We had worked in Berthoud in 1907, but included fields in Greeley, Loveland, Fort Collins, Longmont and that area. In the winter at Globeville, dad did shoe work, repairing or making new shoes for fellow Germans, then he started a garbage business, hauling ashes to the dump for people. Everyone heated with wood or coal, so there was a good business hauling ashes, from alleys behind the richer folks homes. Dad bought a two wheeled cart and horse and harness and started the ash hauling business, which grew each winter.

Dad must have been making good money, because in 1911 he decided to rent an 80 acre farm in San Luis valley area, so we moved to Manassa, Colo., south of Denver, close to the New Mexico border. It was beautiful country and he rented a farm from a Mormon Bishop, which had artesian wells and we started farming on our own. The Mormon Bishops name was Samuel Jackson and he had two wives and two of his sons also had two wives. The more my dad learned of this religion and it's traits, the more he liked it and probably would have joined it, but mother was vehemently opposed in no uncertain terms. Dad thought it sure would have been great with the dousch system in Russia. My school teacher was D.M. Bales, at Bountyful, Colo., and one day while looking through a geography book, I and my seat mate saw a picture of a man carrying two buckets of water, on ropes suspended from a pole carried on his shoulders. His pants was slipping down his buttocks, which made us giggle and disturb the class. D.M. Bales made us extend our hands, palms up, then he smacked them good with a ruler, until they turned red and smarted like fire. We had neighbors named Frickle and their boys and my brothers and I would set a railroad section gangs hand car unto the rails, from the siding where the crew stored it, then push it uphill, get on and ride it back downhill. One day a dustcloud blew toward us and my young brother got scared and wanted off, but we tried to reassure him, but he got frightened and let himself slide off the backend. He slit his forehead open and we got into big trouble for our horseplay.

We did well on this rented farm and lived well for three years, until two of my younger brothers were playing around the straw stack, which was blown into the corner of an L shaped pair of barns and set it on fire. You might remember the Log Cabin Syrup cans were little tin cabins and the pour spout was the chimney, which had the cap on it. We had lots of them empty, and the boys would set them up like streets of houses. Somehow they decided to stuff a can full of straw and set it afire, which would make smoke roll out of the chimney. They took a can to the straw pile and filled it, then set it afire. It burned good, the can got hot and they dropped it into the straw. Dad was in the garden and I had put our team in the barn to eat, so they would be ready for heavy work the next day and then gone into the house. Dad ran to get the horses out, but each time he got one out as far as the doorway it heard and saw the flames and would drag him backward into the barn, until he finally had to turn them loose to save himself.

We lost the horses and harness, as well as several hogs which were in an attached hog pen and a barrel of pork we had curing in the barn. The barns were full of hay and grain from the previous fall, so we lost everything. The neighbors banded together and helped us get in our crop, figuring we would stay on, but when we harvested in the fall, dad paid off all his bills and gave the Bishop the word we were moving to Billings, Montana. Much to the delight of my mother,

4
who still was upset and worried that dad might embrace the Mormon religion. Uncle Jacob who lived in Roseman, Montana had been instrumental in this move after hearing that we had suffered the loss from the fire. He too was selling his farm and intended moving to Billings. When we arrived in Billings, dad had three hundred dollars in his pocket, which was to be our new start in a new town. He asked the station master where there might be a house to rent for our family. The man told him of one down the street a block, which dad went and rented for \$8.00 per month, so he paid for three months and we hauled our things there. Lo and behold, it turned out to be in the red light district and we had it for the winter and in the spring took on a job at the Great Western Sugar Company Ranch, where we raised sugar beet seed. While we lived in the red light district two of my brothers would gather chunks of ice, which got broken and discarded on the rail dock at the station. They built up a route, selling ice to the prostitutes, besides starting a paper route there.

This was in 1914 and 1915. I was confirmed in the German Lutheran Church in Billings in 1914. Both dad and I worked on the Sugar Company Ranch. Dad drove horses for a dollar a day, while I drove mules for ninety cents a day. The company furnished us a shack to live in. Dad saved enough in the two years so he could buy a good team and wagon and we moved east to Huntley, Montana, where he rented a forty acre farm for two years, at which time he bought a farm from a shyster banker named George Sheets, who sold him a run down forty acre farm and house for yearly payments, but they never recorded the deed. Instead, the banker was holding the purchase contract at the bank and after we improved the place, which we did, as there were six of us boys by now, plus dad, the banker sold the place to a realator, who ignored our purchase agreement and offered to rent it to us, which added insult to injury and we moved away to another area, six miles away. I had worked out during the beet harvest in Wardin, Montana and after the harvest of 1920 I had left for Portland to visit my aunt Mary and uncle Pete Schreiber. I had started work at Doernbecker Mfg Co. until someone talked me into going to Swift and Co. for better pay, which I did, but I didn't like the smell on the kill floor, so went to the shipyards, where they had been making wooden ships, but were now starting with steel hulled ships and I landed a good job. At this time the trouble with the banker and dads farm came about, so I returned to Montana to help dad with his lawsuit. The court said that dad had no contract of sale recorded, so no proof that he was doing anything more than renting, so thats when we moved six miles away, to another rented farm.

In 1922 I decided to visit relatives in Lincoln, Nebr. and try the job situation there. In about three years, I had six different jobs. We uneducated Volga Germans would work at any job when broke, but when we had a few bucks, we started looking for a better job, either because someone steered us there, or there were more fellow Germans working there. I worked at a paint factory, then I worked at a factory building incubators for baby chicks. I then landed a job for a building contractor building a Lodge hall for a fraternal order. When it ended, I went to work for the street maintenance dept in Lincoln. From there I went to the railroad freight docks as a freight handler, then to the Chicago, Burlington, Quincy repair shops. I had a close shave and could have been killed in an industrial accident, so quit on the spot and returned to Montana.

Upon returning to Huntley Montana I rented a threshing machine and did custom threshing and helped dad farm his land. I worked for

5
George Arndt in Hardin, Montana. We boys would leave home, find jobs, then return home when dad wrote for help and him being used to the old way from Russia, he expected us to hand over any money we had too. The family was large and I can understand it better now. Brother George had married and lived in Huntley, so I moved in with him after things muddled at home. He worked at the railroad, so got me a job there too. I kept getting different jobs, as I hadn't settled on any type of work yet, so took what came my way. I decided to move to Billings, Montana, where I went to work for a used car dealer, whose slogan was, "We sell experienced cars." His name was George Pierce, and I used to fix up his old clunkers. I worked for him until I and Ann got married, then I got fired, because I wouldn't work on Sundays, which I had done in the past, but with a new Bride and other things to do, I refused to work any more Sundays. This was about 1928 and 1929. In 1927 and 1928 I had driven tour buses in Yellowstone Park during the summer months. I had met Ann while I was boarding at my brother Henry's place, which was a block or so from Ann's folks in Billings, previous to my bus job. She used to call on Hanks wife and one day while I was asleep on the davenport, she clipped my moustache while I slept.

Ann was working at "Luzon Cafe" in Billings while I worked for George Pierce's "Experienced Automobiles." We sold many automobiles to guys working at the oilfields in Wyoming and I would drive them there. In 1929 on 30th of June Ann and I got married. In the spring of 1930 I got a job with the Chevrolet Dealer in Billings. I worked for him until 1932, then Ann and I took a Honeymoon trip to Portland in a 1930 Chevrolet Sedan. We had my dad and Ann's mother with us. We drove from Billings to Portland, visiting relatives aunt Mary Schreiber, and dad visited all his old cronies he hadn't seen since they had left Russia in 1906. From Portland we went to Lodi, Calif. to visit some of Ann's relatives. From there we returned to Billings. In 1933 we bought a small home in Billings. In 1937 we had a flood which wiped us out. I was still working for the Chevrolet Dealer and we had to put in our regular shift each day, then after supper we went back to work repairing engines that had suffered from the flood. We took them all apart and cleaned and repaired them. The shop was littered with dozens of engines, which were being repaired at the expense of various Insurance Companies.

In 1938 I bought a new 1937 Chevrolet and we took a trip to Lincoln, Nebr. Ann, I and our daughter JoAnn who was about a year old, and we took my folks along to visit friends and relatives in Lincoln. In 1941 I bought a two wheeled trailer and we packed it and the car and made the move from Billings west to the State of Washington. We landed in Seattle in Sept., but you couldn't even find a place to rent as people were all coming for defense work at Boeing. My brother John was working at Boeing, so his wife Martha also left Billings with us in her car pulling a trailer of household goods and their three or four children. John was renting a 14 ft vacation trailer in Seattle, which he was living in and his family was coming to join him in. It was parked in a trailer Court, which we found and when he got off work he asked us to stay the night, but we wouldn't because we wanted to get to Tacoma and we couldn't all stay in his 14 foot trailer. Ann had the address of some friends or relatives also living in Seattle, so we started out for Tacoma, and I stopped to gas up. There was a policeman setting across the intersection from the gas station, so I took the address Ann had and walked over and asked the policeman where we might find this house. He informed me it was just south and up the hill four or five blocks

from our present location and if we followed him until he signaled us with his overhead lights, then turn right, we would find it, so we paid for the gas and drove up to visit these people, who put us up for the night. We had a swell visit with these former Billings residents who had moved to Seattle so he could work in the shipyards in Seattle. 6

The next day we went to Tacoma, where we looked up a cousins wife who remarried after my cousin died. We spent a day and night at their house, left our trailer temporarily, then drove on to Vancouver, Washington. In those days it was two lanes from Seattle to Vancouver. In Vancouver I had a cousin George, son of my uncle Jacob, who let us stay with him until we found a place to rent, which we did, then I drove back up to Tacoma and got our two wheeled trailer and hauled it to Vancouver. Work was plentiful in those days. I found work in Portland Shipyards, where I stayed for six months, then transferred to Vancouver Shipyards, being as we were buying some acreage on the installment plan in Vancouver. We did move to Portland for awhile when I was at the Portland Shipyards. Later we moved unto the 4.64 acres in Vancouver in Walnut Grove District. I paid a small down and monthly payments. We had 150 filbert trees, two cherry trees, one black walnut trees and I just couldn't turn it down. In Portland we had rented from a Leichner on 13th Ave. between Beech and Failing, from January 1942 until August.

I left the shipyard in August 1945, then worked for Bill Bradley, a neighbor who did custom farming in Vancouver. He had a lot of machinery, but wasn't mechanically inclined, so I kept his machinery up and helped him run it at haying time and such. It was just across the road from us, and I worked for him several years. Mr Bradley sold out, so I went to a garage in Vancouver doing mechanical work for Carl Huber for about six months, then I and a former shipyard associate went into a filling station, with me putting up a couple of thousand dollars for rent and equipment. I soon discovered that the Oil Corporation was going to sell him the station and property, which he was buying on the sly without my knowledge, probably intending to charge me rent forever, even though I was a partner, so I suggested we dissolve and he pay me off, which he did. I had been doing all the mechanical work, while he had pumped gas, but when he started making the payments on the station and equipment to the Oil Co, he hired a guy to pump gas, but the guy never showed up half of the time, so I was doing both, while my partner was secretly buying the property behind my back with my funds yet.

I then went to work for several car dealers in Vancouver, although I never really had intended to be a mechanic when I started back in Montana years earlier. I went to work for the State of Washington, as a machinist and heavy equipment operator. After six months of trial I was to get merit pay and be a journeyman, but they didn't follow through, so I quit and started work for International harvester Company of Portland, where I had a good job, made good money and enjoyed my work. There was a toll charge to cross the Interstate Bridge, between Portland and Vancouver and the traffic was so congested, that I thought I would go nuts making the drive, so after two years, I did quit a job which I considered one of the best I ever had. I then went to work for Bruno Gehrre, who had an independant auto repair shop and stayed about two years, then went to work for McCoy Auto of Vancouver. After a year or so I went back to work for Bruno. In auto mechanical work it seems you make changes often and for the least excuses. I held down many jobs in my

lifetime. In 1963 I had a chance to go to Fairbanks Alaska. Our daughter and son in law were in Alaska, where he was working for the Highway Dept. and their daughter was attending a Deaf School in Vancouver. She was to go to Alaska for school vacation in June. Her dad was flown down here to pick up a new Chevrolet Pickup Truck for the Hyw. Dept. at that time and asked me if I wouldn't consider making the trip to Alaska with them and wet my feet up there. 7

I agreed so Joe, Terri and I left and I was to get at least a trip to Alaska. We loaded up supplies in Portland, made a stop for supplies in Seattle and in four days and three nights we had made the drive to Alaska, about 2400 miles or so. I visited the State Employment Agency there one afternoon, but they called the next day and had a job for me working at Kellys Auto Repair. I stayed the summer working for Kelly, until Terri had to come back down to attend school. In the meantime Ann was holding things together here in Vancouver, awaiting our return. Terri and I flew down from Fairbanks to Seattle. Kelly offered to fly me back up to Alaska if I would come back up to work for him. I declined, so he offered me a job for the next summer when it was time for us to take Terri back up to her folks. I had a 57 Chev. sedan when her next vacation started. Ann and I picked up Terri at school and drove to Prince Rupert, Canada, where we got on a Ferry to Sitka, Alaska. Joe and JoAnn met us at Sitka where Joe was working. We stayed there several days, then took JoAnn, Terri and their other children and made the trip to Fairbanks, where I put in the summer working for Kellys again. He offered me the chance to fly Terri back down to school in the fall and return to Fairbanks at his expense again, if I would stay the winter working for him, but I declined and we drove back down by car. Then next year, 1965 I decided to retire, which I did. From then on I did only hobby repairing. I set up a small shop at home and did small engine repairs and tended my trees and garden. At one time I planted Christmas Trees, but it didn't pan out because I had hoped to interest my grandchildren in the project, which didn't work, so I gave it up too. Ann and I made a trip to Florida for a couple of weeks, but traveling after retirement didn't interest me much. My father had died in 1955 at age 83 plus and mom lived to be 94 plus. They are both buried in Billings in the family plot. They had visited Portland in 1948 and 1950 by train to visit, aunt Mary Schreiber whose husband was Pete Schreiber.

I marvel at the changes of the past 50 years. I worked at a farm implement store at age 14 in Colorado, where we assembled farm machinery which came in cardboard containers and had to be assembled at the store. From this beginning I learned enough about machinery to be destined to follow the mechanics trade, a job I really never anticipated doing, but was to fall back into whenever I became unemployed. In 1923 in Huntley while working at the beet dump, I was approached by a man who sold Rummley Oil Pol Tractors which ran on kerosene mixed with water, which he sold to dry land farmers. I thought they were really something. You primed the engine with gasoline, turned a big flywheel which made the magneto send out a spark to ignite the gasoline primer, then you switched and burned kerosene with a water mixture. It really facinated me. It was a large tractor that pulled gang plows and cultivators.

I assembled dump rakes, hay stackers, buck rakes and any other horse type farm machinery. We put in many days on a hot, dusty haystack, with a haystacker throwing a load of hay all over you. I met a convict at that time who really got me started doing the

8
mechanical work. He saw me assembling and repairing farm machinery and saw I had \$5.00 in cash on me, so propositioned me to go into business with him doing auto repairs. I used my \$5.00 to buy mechanical tools and we rented a building in Huntley. Cars were still scarce in 1923 and 1924, so we had the only repair shop around and did well, until he charged some of our friends and relatives for work supposedly done to their machines, which never took place. I did most of the work and he searched out the business and when I got stuck with something I didn't know about, I would ask him and he was a crackerjack mechanic. We rigged up a tow truck and hauled in disabled cars from fifteen miles away. It was an old Chalmers car. We cut away the back seat and mounted a platform in place of the back seat. We would jack up the front of a disabled car and chain it to the platform so the wheels were off the ground and tow it in like towing a trailer.

My uncle Jacobs daughter was married to a John Nagel. Their car was in our shop for repairs and after he was billed and charged for services supposedly rendered by my partner Joe, it came out that some of the said repairs had never been done, causing disention between myself and my partner. I pointed out that I couldn't be a party to bamboozling my own relatives and would be happier if we dissolved our partnership. It was going great guns and he had gotten a fresh start on my capital investment, so was eager to have the business to himself. Joe stayed in business there in Huntley and in a short time he closed the shop and went into custom threshing business for small farmers who didn't own threshing equipment. Joe and an employee of the local cafe got into a knock down brawl on the street in front of the cafe one day over the chippy that Joe had been living with. The local folk didn't take well to Joe, an ex-con and his chippy girlfriend, so before long they had to move on to greener pastures. I must give him the credit for teaching me the mechanical trade, because in a few months I moved on to Billings and landed a mechanics job.

There was a mechanic in Huntley named George Glanz. He had overhauled an old Saxon, with a six cylinder engine for a man named Klein and when he replaced the bearings on the crankshaft, he bent the suction oil line coming from the oil pump a little to get it out of his way. When he had finished the job and put the motor together again, it run good, but didn't have much oil pressure. The owner was very upset and hired me to look into the problem. He drove it into my yard and I dropped the pan and discovered the bent copper oil tube, which didn't extend into the oil pan depth. He had done a swell job, but nearly burned up the engine by his forgetfulness. George had a four cylinder Dodge about 1927 vintage, which ran like a sewing machine. Their family lived out on forty acres on the Huntley project.

9

Reminicing my 90 years

Now at age ninety, Ann and I don't do much anymore. We attend our chapter potlucks monthly, have regular family doings with family and friends, but for folks as busy as we kept all of our lives, my being tied to an oxygen tank for breath is a sour situation. I hadn't really gotten into genealogy in my younger days, because if I felt I needed to know anything of bygone days, my parents or brothers would have the information I requested, but time flies and I am now the oldtimer every one is asking. I decided to put my past on paper. It's a typical Volga Germans existence we have lived. We worked hard our whole lifetime. Being paid in the fall for beet work wasn't always a good living, but we survived, had a large family and enjoyed life to the fullest. I suppose I never had a job as a young man, where dad didn't expect me to turn over my earnings for family benefit, but that was the way most of our friends and relatives did it too. I was always easier going than my brothers, so lived at home more than they did. They loved our parents and thought as much of them as I did, but it seems that parents expected more of the eldest.

I am sure that some of the escapades of our youth must have drove mom nearly crazy. How easily one of my brothers could have been seriously injured or killed when we rode the sidecar of the railroad construction gang in Colorado. The things that ended well, but were dangerous events are too numerous to mention. The work we did, just to pass the pay to dad, was very infuriating at the time, but now when I can realize how much worse dad must have had it when he was young, I sympathize and forgive him. We had a big, happy family and it was worth it all.

I don't don't think there is anyone alive, who ever had more different places of employment than I had. I learned something at each different place and could probably now set and think back and wish I had only worked for this one or that one, but life isn't like that, so we can't start over. With prices and wages of today's society it may seem unreal to people that we worked from sunup to sundown for 90 cents per day, but many people did and were glad to have the job. I will say, that no matter where I worked I always had an open mind when it seemed a change would benefit me or my cause. Ann worked hard all of her life too, and in 1942 while I worked at the shipyards, she dug out the dirt from under our house in Vancouver so we could put in a basement. I bought a doodlebug tractor made of a model A Ford for 125.00 and a earth sleep^{lip}. She would drag the sleep under the house to where she was digging, fill it up with dirt, which she picked and shoveled herself, then get the doodlebug backed to the house and hook a cable from the sleep^{lip} to the tractor and pull it out to the back of the acreage and dump it and repeat that process all day, while tending our four year old and doing household chores too.

Life has been both hard and good. We learned under a strict system. Most of us feel we have accomplished a lot, even though not much in financial value, but historical value to family and friends, it equals anyones.