

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb

Submitted by Robert L. Webb

At the request of my family, I will try to bring back in memory the things of the past, and tell a little of the way of life of long ago. I was born August 27, 1898 near the small village of Sepo, Illinois. When my father and mother were married they began housekeeping in a one-room house which was built on the corner of Grandma's farm. There I was born and lived until I was about seven years of age.

In those days when a baby was expected, people did not call a doctor or go to a hospital. There were few doctors. If there was a hospital, it would have been in some large town. But you would call a lady who was a mid-wife, who took care of most of the children being born. My Aunt Ann Mann was one of these, and she came when I was born. I was very small, only 3 pounds clothes and all. But I came in the hot weather of August, so clothes didn't consist of much. Aunt Ann had a small daughter who insisted on naming me "Winnie". Mother didn't much want to, but she begged so hard that finally mother consented. I am sure my name would have been Hilda, as that was what father usually called me. So this is the way I got my name.

Sepo was a small place with a grocery store and several houses scattered about. Across the main road was the C.B. and Q. Railroad. The train came from Quincy, Illinois, each day on its way to Havana where it turned around, before rambling slowly back up the tracks to Quincy again. It supplied the grocery store in Sepo with groceries and other items, as well as other little towns along the tracks. It carried passengers too. You could travel to Havana and back, if you hurried; it only remained at Havana about an hour. If you wanted to travel toward Quincy, you would have to wait until the next day to come back.

Groceries in those days were bought in bulk, in barrels or large boxes. There were no cans on the shelves as we have now. Flour, sugar, and coffee were measured and weighed on the scales that sat on the store counter. Everybody had a coffee mill and ground their own coffee, sometimes just before breakfast. It was boiled in the old grey enamel coffee pot, for there were no fancy percolators in those days. Sometimes we would grind corn in our coffee mill for our corn bread.

I remember the candy. It was the old grocery mix, the cheapest that could be bought. You could get a big sack for a nickel.

I spent much of my time with my grandmother. She lived alone in her farm home which was only a short distance away from our home. Her house

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb

Submitted by Robert L. Webb

set on a large mound, or hill. It had a big yard. On the south side of the mound were two large lilac bushes which smelled so sweet in the summer time when blooming. She also had many old fashioned roses.

This house had seven rooms, and also had a summer kitchen where she did her cooking in the summer, I suppose to keep her house cooler. One large room in her house was the parlor. We didn't go in there often, only when company came. It was fixed up extra nice. At the end of her porch was an open well, with a curb built around it and a ledge where the buckets set. There was a pulley with a chain fastened to the top, and two old oaken buckets which were dropped down into the water and then pulled up full. I have had many a refreshing drink of water from these oaken buckets. Do you remember the poem

"The Old Oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket that hung in the well..." ?

Grandma often left me alone while she went down the hill to the barn to do her chores and milk her cow. I would open the doors, for I expected Indians to come up those cellar steps any minute. Many stories were told of ghosts and Indians in those days. When her house was built, the men who dug the cellar dug into a sealed room. It contained some sort of fireplace, and several bodies of Indians who had been buried there. Beads and glass (they called it isingglass) and other relics were found. Those items were kept, but the men sealed up the room. It was never opened in Grandma's time. I suppose the tales of Indians buried there had much to do with my fear of the place.

Many times I have walked across the fields and picked up arrow heads, darts, and other Indian relics. This was Indian country, located where Dickson Mounds State Park is now located. I took my arrowpoints to Uncle Arch Mann who would buy them from me. He was much interested in Indian history. At his death he had a large collection which was given to a museum. He also had a spotted Indian pony. He was a large man and I always felt that that pony had more than its share to carry him.

Grandma churned her own butter, and I have helped her many times push the dasher up and down until the butter gathered. She would wash it in cool water and put it into a butter mold. It came out smooth and golden with the mold print on top. Grandma would hang her butter in the well since there were no refrigerators in those days, and few ice boxes. She could make delicious soda biscuits with the buttermilk too.

During the winter, some people would go to the lake, or to the river, and cut big blocks of ice. This they stored in sheds packed in sawdust. It would keep quite a while. We did not do this, so we had no ice. The only ice cream I remember was made from fresh snow, with a little sugar

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb

Submitted by Robert L. Webb

and vanilla added to flavor it. It was good make believe, and didn't taste too bad to a child.

Grandma had a large orchard at the foot of the mound. Many kinds of apples grew there, but one I remember was a snow apple. It was very white inside, and juicy. Apples were gathered in the fall, and bins in the cellar were filled with them. On long winter evenings a big panful was brought up and eaten before bed time as we sat around the old stove. The only light we had was a kerosene lamp. It was carried from one room to another as needed. It didn't give much light, and every morning the chimney had to be washed, and sometimes the wick trimmed so it would not smoke.

Apple butter time came in the fall. The old copper-bottomed wash boiler was put on the stove, and filled with apples cut up, cider, and spices added. It had to be stirred for hours with a wooden paddle until it became thick and red. Sometimes several neighbors joined in the work. The apple butter was put into crocks and jars.

The wash boiler had other uses too. On wash day, it was filled with water carried in from the well, and heated on the cook stove. Some of this hot water was put into tubs. A wash board and lye soap was usually used. The white clothes were washed, then boiled in soapy water, then rinsed in water with a little bluing added to make them whiter. It was very hard on hands to wash this way, and they would hardly get well from one washing until it had to be done again. Clothes were hung on the clothesline outdoors, which was fine in summertime, but in wintertime the clothes would freeze and so would your hands. The ironing was done with the old sadiron heated on the stove. There was no other way to wash or iron, so everyone did it this way.

I suppose I grew up about as other children did. We did not have many of the luxuries that some around us had, but we did not feel deprived.

My Uncle Will and Aunt Lizzie Bandle lived a few miles away on a farm. They had a daughter Grace who was a few months older than me. Aunt Lizzie made her many pretty dresses, and when she outgrew them they were handed down to me. These were good people, and it was a good home to visit. I went there quite often. Uncle Will was a quiet man. In the evenings he would read a chapter from the Bible and offer a prayer before we went to bed. This impressed me as something sacred and dear.

In those days few people owned buggies. But Uncle Will had a new one with a fringe on top*. I went with

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb

Submitted by Robert L. Webb

If you wanted to visit a neighbor across the miles, you walked. The neighborhood circle was small, but neighbors were there to help if needed.

¶There wasn't much in the way of entertainment. Sometimes in winter someone would hitch horses to an old bobsled filled with straw, loaded with young people (and sometimes the older too.) Some also had one-horse sleighs, with sleighbells fastened to the horse's harness. It was an ideal way for boys and their girls to spend time.

Nearly all boys and girls had small sleds, many homemade. We had a hill not far from our house, so one day I decided I would take my sled to the top of the hill and have a ride. The hill was long but not too steep. As my sled went down, it gained speed. I had not thought of the fence at the bottom of the hill, and there was no way to stop. I hit the fence and was skinned up a little, and never tried sliding down that hill again by myself.

Sometimes there were skating parties. We would go to the lake or pond that was frozen over, and couples would skate for long hours. There were some neighborhood dances, with fiddle music, and people danced until the early morning hours. We did not go to them, but many did.

Sometimes the evening was spent around the old parlor organ where families gathered and sang the old songs. Most of the songs were church hymns, but sometimes the beautiful old love songs were sung, songs that told of love that endured. Not much like modern love songs.

My father farmed. He owned a team of horses which he always gave special care. Farming was done in a very small way by present day standards. It was hard work to follow a walking plow all day. Corn was the main crop raised, and the seed came from corn left over ~~and stored by hand.~~ Father worked hard from early dawn till late in the evening to provide for his family. His hearing was badly impaired, which didn't help him in his dealings with others. I never heard my voice, but he could read lips and I had no trouble talking to him. He had been deaf from boyhood. Mother often sat down and told him the news, and often would write it out for him.

Across the fields from Grandma's house was a cemetery. It was not taken care of as they are now. All the families gathered there on Decoration Day, cleaned the graves and placed flowers on the graves of loved ones.

If a person died, neighbors would go in and prepare the body for burial. The body was laid out for viewing in the home. They were not embalmed. The casket would be bought, I think from the furniture store. Grandma

went to assist in the preparation of a body for burial, because there were no undertakers that I can remember. Sometimes when a small child died, the men would make a box or small casket for them. Neighbors always came to sit up with the dead, and the bodies were not moved from the home

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb

Submitted by Robert L. Webb

they were carried to the church or cemetery. Sometimes they were carried in a spring wagon. It had a bed on the back somewhat like a small truck, except that it was pulled with horses, very slowly, as they wended their way to their last resting place. Later, hearses came into use. These also were pulled by horses. They were long and black, with long windows in the sides. Loved ones stayed at the graveside until the grave was filled in. I have seen women faint as their children were covered over and hidden from their view.

Down the hill from the cemetery lived an old couple, Uncle George and Aunt Sis Johnson. They were not actually relatives, but just good neighbors. Sometimes in the evening Grandma and I would walk across the fields and spend the evening visiting with them. We might stay until four o'clock in the morning, before Grandma would wake me up (much against my will!) and we would walk home for breakfast.

I learned later that Aunt Sis was a Primitive Baptist, but Uncle George was not. She had a brother who was a minister, but she never went to the church there close. Uncle George did. I always loved to hear him tell his experience, how he was much troubled and feeling there was no hope for him. Often he felt to go out to the shed to pray. When his troubles were taken away, and the beautiful light shone around him, he didn't understand, perhaps, but I have heard him tell it with tears running down his face. I expect his wife understood. I well remember him as he sat by mother's bedside a few days before she died, reading the Bible to her. He was a dear old man.

A short distance up the road was the town hall where on election day the men gathered to vote and express their views on which party could best lead the country. Many a heated argument followed. Most of them were either

Republicans or Democrats as their parents were before them.

In those days, there were no ball games to go to, except those played on the playground north of the schoolhouse during the morning and noon recess. I never remember ball games being played on Sunday, for this was a day of rest with family.

People dressed different in those days. Children, in winter, wore long fleeced underwear that reached from their necks to their toes. The girls' long stockings were pulled up over the underwear with many a bulge, as they hurried to get ready for school! We had to dress warmly, because we all walked sometimes more than a mile to school. There was no other way except to walk. Many of the little girls' dresses were made from calico. They came down well below the knees. Most were made with many ruffles, especially for their Sunday dresses. And in the spring when it came time to put away the heavy clothes, and take off their shoes, everyone felt light. Most boys

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb

Submitted by Robert L. Webb

and girls went barefooted in summer, except when they went to church.

The ladies' dresses were long too, clear down to the ankles. Ladies were not supposed to expose an ankle in those days. Usually the waist was fitted, but the skirts were full, with flounces or ruffles around the knees. The Sunday clothes may have been made of heavier material, and sometimes the waists were decorated with braid. It took several yards of material to make a dress, but calico in those days cost 5¢ a yard.

The church sat across the way, with its bell on top which was rung from inside by pulling a rope, to let all know it was time for church to begin. This was a union (community) church. Any preacher who came along could preach there. It made a place to go on Sunday evenings. A revival was held every winter, and young and old gathered there. Sometimes the preacher would get carried away, and you could almost feel the sparks fly as he preached of death and judgment and the place where you would go unless you changed your ways and got saved! They used to beg the young especially to come to the altar, where some leader or preacher would pray loud and long...I suppose until they got tired of being on their knees. Then they would get up and say they were saved, only to return to the same way of living as soon as meeting closed. I expect many times people got saved this way just to keep the meeting going.

But there were good, sincere people that came too. This was the only kind of preaching they got to hear, but they tried to live right. Perhaps the desire had been already deep in their hearts. I had serious thoughts about death, and wondered what the Bible said about it, from the time I was a small girl.

Sometimes a medicine show would stop in Sepo for a night or two, selling their home remedies and liniments that was supposed to cure most of your ills. They put on quite a show. I remember one time they pulled teeth (no easing shot first). You just sat down in the chair and held on tight until the teeth came out. I have seen them pull teeth this way, and I expect if you had gone to a doctor he would have pulled them that

knew of no medicine to ease the pain.

I began my school years at East Waterford School, just below where Dickson Mound Museum now stands. The seats were long enough to allow two to sit and study together from the same banks. The desk tops were carved up with the names of pupils from past years. Up by the teacher's desk was a chart, where beginners learned their letters and numbers. Each day a new page was turned over, and we had a new lesson. These had to be learned

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb

Submitted by Robert L. Webb

before a pupil could go on to the first grade.

Reading, writing, and arithmetic were the main subjects taught. The old copy book with its beautiful writing must be practiced every day, and some of the girls and boys became beautiful writers. The reading books had so many good lessons in them, and serious poems. I still remember many of them.

At Christmas time, we had a Christmas tree at the school. The children learned to recite their verses, but sometimes when they looked out at the many faces in the audience they would forget, and have to go back to their seats embarrassed. And that was the way it had always been, as the parents remembered their own school days. At the end of the program, Santa Claus came. He had a pack on his back, and was all dressed up for the occasion. He always brought a sack of candy and an orange for each pupil. The dolls and toys were later taken from the teacher and given to the girls and boys. I was pretty sure Santa came from the North Pole and had to hurry on. We didn't see him again until next Christmas.

About 1908, our schoolhouse burned, and we finished the term in the town hall. Mr. Newbury was teacher, and I thought he was great. I was in the 3rd grade, but he let me stand up and spell with the higher grades. I thought he was old, but I doubt if he was more than thirty. He was very good and kind; but, I loved all my teachers and I loved school.

The next fall the new school was finished. It stood right where the old one had been. I thought the new school was nice, because not a mark, not a name was on the new desks. When the old school burned, all the books were burned with it, so we had to get new ones. And we had many extra books to study from too, and the school system began to change. The old readers with the lessons we loved were gone, and the new readers had more fiction than truth.

It seemed to me that my parents moved so much! And this time when they moved I had to change schools. I joined the boys and girls in a long walk through woods and fields to West Waterford School. We passed close to Haunted Hollow where many stories were told of ghosts dressed in white that were seen in the night, and loud shrieking that was supposed to have been heard. This was a wooded area with high hills, and across the road was a grave yard (cemetery) which didn't help much to calm our fears.

I didn't go there many weeks. I didn't know the teacher or many of the pupils. So I wrote to the teacher at East Waterford asking if I could come back to school there. She said I could; but now I had a long walk home myself. Soon, though, we moved again and I was back near the school where I knew everyone. I can still see the old tin cup hanging on the pump. Ever

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb

Submitted by Robert L. Webb

rushed to get a drink after the bell rang calling them inside to school work, and they all drank from the same cup!

When I was small, father had a sorghum mill. It was powered by horses. Neighbors would bring their cane and he would grind out the juice, boil it in a long tank, and stir it with a wooden paddle until it was molasses. The foam would rise on it while it was cooking, and of course this had to be skimmed off, but I thought it was good. The molasses was put into cans. Sometimes we would cook it until it got thick, cool it, and pull it until it was golden. It made good candy. People had taffy pulling parties in those days.

My older brothers Charlie and Lee were hunters and trappers. Sometimes they would bring wild game, or rabbits, for our table. I never remember eating beef. People kept only milk cows to provide milk and butter. Nearly every family had one or more. Sometimes a hog would be butchered, and the lard rendered out in a big iron kettle. Sometimes the boys would catch some wild animals in their traps which made them not very welcome in the house for several days, but it was a way of life and we took it as such.

Father often walked to Spoon River to set his lines out in the evening, and early the next morning would go gather in his fish, enough for us and most of the neighbors. It didn't take much for me, as I don't remember caring much for it.

The East Waterford School was a one-roomed school, where all the grades (chart class through eighth grade) were taught by one teacher. I finished my school here. Mother was sick a long time, and I had to miss many days of school. So in 1911 I took my books home without asking anyone. This closed my days of school.

In 1912 my oldest brother was married. People in those days had charivaris (we pronounced it shivaree) for all newlyweds. These were usually carried to extremes. Not only the newly married people were treated rough, but many others who came also. This time, one of the neighbors had a big Billy goat, and took it to the Charivari. The bride and groom had to take a ride, and they were not handled too gentle. Tempers flared. Others who had been married a long time were also forced to ride the goat (the old goat didn't smell the best, but whether they liked it or not, they had to ride. This was the last charivari held in that community that I remember.

A young man and his family who had just come that evening to our home, where the charivari was held, was about 14 years old, and I thought he was a nice looking young man. I dream that in the course of events he would one day be my husband.

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb

Submitted by Robert L. Webb

Shortly after this, we took mother to Grandma's so she could have better care. She had been sick a long time. On December 29, 1912, she left us. A few days before her death, father asked her if she felt sad to leave us. I remember her answer, "Whatever is the Good Lord's will is all right with me." So with confidence she passed to a better home, from the same room where 42 years before she had been born. We were sad and lonely, but life is made up of a mixture of joy and sorrow, and many things are just put aside with the passing of time.

In memory we turn back to the days of childhood, and find some things are remembered as very sweet and precious. The struggle of parents as they labored long hours to give us the best they could give. And little things like the sweet smell of the lilacs as they bloomed on the south side of Grandma's yard, and the old fashioned roses. The cool refreshing water pulled up from the well in the old oaken buckets. The school days (but most of the pupils are gone now.) The lessons learned, as we sat beside special friends to study. The walks through the neighbor's orchard on our way home from school...we could eat all we wanted of the sweet and juicy apples that lay on the ground.

Mingled together with the good times are always a few sad times...but, we must struggle to hold on to the good and let the sad slip away. I will close this chapter now, and sometime I may begin another to tell how life began to unfold with bright hopes and dreams with the young man who came to the party that evening of long ago.

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb

Submitted by Robert L. Webb

There are many things in a life of 86 years that could be written, but as we grow older, memory often fails us. But I will continue this endeavor to write a few of the things I do remember.

We often wonder about the circumstances which brought our parents and grandparents together. They may have lived miles apart, and yet in some strange way they did meet, and were attracted to each other. We little understand the mysteries of life. Sometimes we wish they had left a written record that we could know. I will try to write a few things about how Claud and I met, and about our life in those days. Claud was the young man who came to my brother's charivari that

He and his family had lived several miles away, I believe in Isaacs Township of Fulton County. Anyway, it was on the other side of Spoon River. The home where they moved to was not far from where I lived. I don't know why they decided to move to Waterford, but I supposed they wanted a small place where they could have their cow, chickens, and a garden. There weren't many acres of land on that farm. They could have moved with their team and wagon, but it would have been many, many miles before they could cross the river. Instead, they built a raft and brought everything across the river that way.

It was several months before I saw Claud again. As I was going to visit some friends one day, I saw him coming with his team and wagon. I wanted to see

the field. He went home that evening and told his mother that he had seen the girl who would be his wife some day, and that I had gone across the fields to keep from meeting him. I can only wonder if he was serious about this. It remains one of those hidden secrets of the past.

One of his sisters and her family soon moved into the community. They had a daughter, Daisy, who became a very good friend to me. We spent many hours together, and a few times Claud and I met at their

came to church on Sunday evening. Most of the other things he was interested in were the young people, and besides he didn't even have a buggy! I knowfully family responsibilities. I protested in his. One evening he asked to go home from church with me. It was about a mile. I am sure we didn't have much to talk about, but it was nice.

There wasn't much to do for entertainment especially if you had to walk. Sometimes several of us would go to the home of a crippled neighbor who loved music, and who owned one of the first phonographs. He had many of the old songs, and recordings of new to us. Once in a while we spent a whole evening this way.

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb

Submitted by Robert L. Webb

Claud had made over an old fiddle, and learned to play it. Daisy's friend Bud also played a fiddle, and they would go to dances and play there. I didn't much want him to do it. One evening Daisy and I knew there was to be a dance in West Waterford community, and we thought Claud and Bud would be there. We decided to go and peek in the window to find out. We got a short distance from the home where the party was, and the man had a bunch of hound dogs. They all began howling at once. Have you ever heard anything worse than a pack of hound dogs on a dark night? And Haunted Hollow and the graveyard lay between us and home! You can guess how scared we were. Not even a ghost could have caught us that time! As it turned out, Claud and Bud had gone to the dance, but had been following us, wondering where we were going.

I can tell you another event which the grandchildren might enjoy. Claud and I had not been going together long, when he brought me home from church one evening. He came in for a while, and I suppose he stayed too long. Probably the conversation wasn't going too well either. Anyway, I went to sleep in my chair. When I woke up, there was a churn on the chair where he had been beside me, and on top of the dasher was a hat. Claud was home laughing to himself by that time. There has to be a little fun in life to give it spice.

In the fall of 1913, Claud bought a nice new buggy. He came to me for a ride in it even before his sisters. Well, my dad didn't worry as long as we had to walk, for he knew we could not get far from home.

Now things were different. The next time Claud came, dad said I could go unless my youngest brother Jack (who was about 10) went with us. I took him, but told him he would have to ride on the back of the buggy. There wasn't much there to sit on. We drove real fast trying to shake off, but he held on tight! But when we stopped, he said, "You blame you will kill me!" He never tried it again. Jack was a happy little guy, but was afraid of the dark. If he was out by himself, he would start the way home.

All my brothers were thoughtful of me, especially Lee. If he went anywhere he nearly always took me with him, but most of the time he stayed home. In fact, he never went far from home until he was taken into the army in World War I, and was sent to France. I know he spent many homesick days, and came home very bitter about war and the things that happened there. Charlie was more out-going, and liked to be out with the crowd.

After Claud got his buggy, we usually went by ourselves, just driving around the country for the pleasure of it. He had his horse trained to it

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb

Submitted by Robert L. Webb

12.

could go real slow when he wanted it to. The country roads were real narrow. If we left church before the others, they could not pass us, and would be very aggravated at us for going so slow.

Claud loved horses, and could ride real well. He trained Old Prince to jump every water puddle he came to. A neighbor boy once wanted to ride him, but Claud never told him what the horse would do. All went well until he came to one of those water puddles, when the horse did just as he was trained to do, and the rider went over the horse's head into the mud.

I have only written of a few things, but we did have many enjoyable hours together. It would take a lot of time to tell it all, even if I could remember. These were happy, carefree days. On January 20, 1914, Claud asked me to be his companion and share his life with him. I suppose we were as happy as two young people could be. But we had to wait a while, for we could not get married until I was 16. I remember my dad said when Claud came to ask for me, he could not hear what he said because he was totally dumb but Claud was so nervous that he knew it was about.

During the following months we made plans for our future home, began to gather things together to start housekeeping with. People didn't have wedding showers then. We had to gather things ourselves. Claud rented a 4-roomed house from a farmer about 2 miles away. He bought most of the furniture from a second hand store, and it cost \$57.00. I will tell this to my grandchildren so they can know how we started housekeeping.

On December 6, 1914 (a very cold, stormy day) Claud went to Lewisport about five miles away, and brought the Presbyterian minister to Dad's house. As they were leaving, the preacher's wife called after her husband to tell him to "tie the knot good and tight." About 3:00 that Sunday afternoon we were married. It was just a little quiet home wedding. We had no flowers or anything fancy. Many of the neighbors came to our wedding, and many tears were shed (not for me, I am sure, but for my dad. Mother had not been long, and they knew he would miss me.) Our wedding trip that evening was to Lewistown to take the minister home in our buggy. It was a cold ride but our hearts were light and happy.

My dad was very special to me. He did everything he could to make life easy for me. And he had a special feeling for Claud, too, and was willing for me to go with him. The following Wednesday, we hitched our team to the wagon, went to the grocery store to get a few necessary groceries, and then went up the road to our new home. I had not seen our home or furniture that day. There wasn't a lot of furniture, but Cora (Claud's sister) helped Claud clean up and get it ready. It looked wonderful to me. It was all paid for. I will try to describe our furniture for you.

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb

Submitted by Robert L. Webb

13.

There were two small bedrooms in the house. One had our regular bed, and the other a small bed. The mattress on our bed was a tick filled with straw. Most everybody had them. There was an opening in the center of the mattress, and almost every morning you shifted the straw around to make it more even. I know some people had feather ticks for their beds, but we did not.

In our living room was my sewing machine, which had belonged to my mother until dad gave it to me. He also took the rug from his floor and gave it to us. We had a large dresser. There was a Round-Oak heater with a warm, bright fire burn in it, and a few chairs. There was something about that room that made you warm and happy. It felt like home.

In our kitchen we had a very small wood-burning cook stove, with 4 lids on top, and a grate in the front where you removed the ashes. The oven was small, but it would bake. It was all mine, and I expect I appreciated it more than any stove I have had since. We had a glass-doored cupboard with a set of plain white dishes. Claud's mother gave us a table, and a rolling pin that I use yet today more than 70 years later. Of course, everyone had a wash tub and wash board, and the old sad iron that had to be heated on the stove. Our clock was like an alarm clock, but had a colored boy's face on it, and as it ticked the eyes would turn.

I can still remember that house, and the way the furniture was placed. The feeling of contentment that filled our hearts could not be expressed in words. We lived there that winter, and Claud worked for the farmer who rented us the house. This man owned the first car in that community. I expect it would travel all of 10 miles per hour. When people heard it coming, they would hurry out to see him pass. And if you were driving horses, you got out and held their heads because horses were afraid of that machine.

Things didn't change very much in those days. You carried you water from the well in a bucket, and in winter I have known it to freeze in the kitchen. There was no indoor plumbing. We lived the old-fashioned way, and were contented with things as they were. If something better came our way, it provided us with a great deal of pleasure. I well remember when we got a little better iron. It had a handle that would lift off, and didn't burn your fingers when ironing.

When someone butchered, the neighbors came to help. It was all done outside. The water was heated in a big iron kettle. The hog was scalded in a barrel. The lard was rendered out in the kettle too, over an open fire. When those cracklings were cooked down good and crisp, they were good to eat, and very good in corn bread. Corn bread and biscuits were usually our bread in those days, for no bread was bought in a store.

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb

Submitted by Robert L. Webb

14.

The second winter, we moved to Waterford with Claud's folks. They gave us a large room to put our furniture in, and in this way we could live by ourselves. Claud's mother was very good to me, and treated me special. She helped me in so many ways. She had learned through the years what it was to face hardships. Her children and their families often gathered home, and they were always welcome, and she cried when they left. We lived with them the winter of 1915.

Claud's dad had been blind for several years. He used his cane when he wanted to move about. I remember that he often sat outside in warm weather, singing for hours. One of his favorite hymns was

"Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart and the boast of my tongue.
Thy free grace alone from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections and bound my soul fast."

He knew many old songs by heart. And he loved to talk about the Bible...often, somebody would be with him for a few minutes and then move on, and he would go on talking, not knowing they had left. I didn't understand his religion, and thought it was strange, but that song stayed in my mind especially.

Claud was especially close with his brother Ollie. In the spring, Ollie and his family moved to Macomb, and wanted us to come there too. We turned the horses and what farming tools there were over to Charlie. (Cora, Charlie, and Virgie lived with the folks too.) We loaded our furniture on a train, and went to Macomb. Claud rented a home on West Piper St., about two blocks south of the present highway. Not many people lived in that part of town then, and the houses were not so close together. He worked at the pottery, and then later for the railroad that ran from Macomb to Littleton. Wherever Ollie worked, Claud worked too.

One time, Claud and Ollie went to Ipava to visit their folks. They had their return tickets, but thought they would get home faster if they got on a freight. But when the freight got to Macomb, it didn't stop, it just went right on. At Colchester, they realized that wouldn't do, for they were going farther and farther from home, so they pulled the emergency cord to stop the train, jumped off and started the seven mile walk back to Macomb. On the way, they met the passenger train that would have brought them home if they had used their tickets. They didn't tell this on themselves for a long time.

Ollie was always doing something funny. Once, he found a pretty flower pot, and dug up a plant along the railroad, and had Claud bring it home to me. I was a little suspicious, but took care of it. It turned out to be a sweet clover plant they had fixed up for me.

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb


Submitted by Robert L. Webb

15,

We soon learned we were going to have a little one come live with us. We didn't have much money, but we did buy some flannel; we had no pattern to go by, but we both worked at it, and cut out little shirts and kimonos for our baby. On December 10, 1916, our little girl came. We called her Doris Elaine. We loved her much, but hardly knew how to care for her. As she grew, we expected too much of her, and expected her to be perfect. She was a busy one! Nothing was too big or too heavy for her to try to lift. We had no high chair, so Claud made a little seat that would fit on the back of a chair, and that was her high chair. When she was about a year old, Ollie moved to Moline where there was more work and better wages. So once more we moved too. Ollie was working in a foundry as a moulder, and soon Claud was doing the same. They both enjoyed their work, and we got along better with the higher wages.

On April 3, 1919, another little girl came to bless our home. We named her Elsie Louise. Now we had two little girls, and thought it was time to buy a high chair. We also bought a new rocking chair. I needed it to rock my little ones to sleep. Each one slept with us until the next one came. Back then, we didn't put them in another room to sleep, but kept them real close to us.

Then, all women stayed home and cared for their children while the men worked to make the living. We didn't go anywhere much. Claud worked every day, and our Sundays were spent at home. About this time, my grandmother left us a little money, and we had saved all we could. And we saw in a paper a little farm in southern Illinois advertised for sale. We decided that Claud would go see it, and if it suited us, we would buy it, with the hope that sometime we could move our family back to the country. We invested all our savings in that farm. Then came the end of the war, and factories began to close, and we could not meet our payments, and lost the farm. Several years later, oil was discovered on that farm.

On March 30, 1921, another little girl came to us. We named her Edith Evelyn. She was so sweet, how could we not love her and welcome her into our family! But with the closing of factories after the war, many trying times came along. Men who had had good jobs for years now  themselves witho work. Long lines of men gathered at employment offices, but there was work to be had. These men were desperate, their families without food a clothing, and there were few places for them to turn for help. Some of th would wring their hands and cry.

Since there was no work at Moline, we moved down close to Ipava. Cla went to work for a farmer for \$30.00 a month. It was different, but we h

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb

Submitted by Robert L. Webb

been without work for some time, and were glad to get it. And we had our family, and didn't waste our time fretting about the money lost on the farm. We got along the best we could. I baked bread, 7 or 8 loaves at a time, and we needed every bit of it. We had a garden too. But on those wages, shoes and clothes were hard to get. Many things we just got along without.

For Christmas for the girls, we ordered some doll heads, and made bodies and clothes for them while the children slept. When Christmas came, they were happy with them. After Claud worked here more than a year, his former boss at the factory in Moline sent him word he had a job for

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb

Submitted by Robert L. Webb

and began to speak, it all appeared so beautiful to me. I found the old things I had been brought up to believe falling away from me. Something new and beautiful came to take its place. Even the songs fit my feelings; one of the first ones they sang, "I am a stranger here below" almost described our feelings perfectly. So I wrote Claud and told him to come, I had found the right church. He did come, and we soon moved to Summum, to be close to the church. We were both baptized at Mt. Zion, in August, 1924.

So many things happened in those days that were good. The Lord not only provided daily bread, but his guidance in spiritual things was very plain. Claud had become so interested in the Bible, and talked it with all who would listen. Shortly after we were baptized, the folks at the Union Baptist Church in Summum, asked Claud to preach at a Sunday evening service. He had never tried to preach before, but he did very well that evening (Sept. 14, 1924.) The next two Sunday evenings also, he preached in this church. Mt. Zion Church licensed him to preach on July, 1925. He was ordained there in August of 1926. In November, 1926, he agreed to become pastor at the church in Waverly, Illinois, but after about five months, he was invited to come to Hancock County to pastor the churches of the Salem Association, whose pastor had recently died. To me, this move seemed totally unreasonable. We had almost nothing of this world's goods, and I felt I could not go among strangers where there were so many so much better off than we were.

On November 4, 1924, a little son was given to us, fulfilling a promise the Lord had given us more than a year before. We named him Claud Raymond, with full assurance that when he grew up he would be a minister. So, with a family of four little ones, we were being asked to start life in a totally new place. It was a real burden to me. I felt I was unable to be a minister's wife, and help with the duties that came with that position, and still care for our little family. But we did move, in the spring of 1927, to a farm just east of Providence Church, next to a deacon, Brother Joe Rice. Those dear people opened their hearts and their arms to us, and we soon were settled among them. We put our church letters in at Providence.

On August 20, 1927, another little boy was given to us. We wanted him to have a special name. We knew Elder George Murray, a very dear old minister, and of course Elder Louis Frazee had been pastor of the church for many years. So, we named our son George Louis for the both of them.

It was a busy life. So many things I didn't know how to do, or what to do. But looking back, I recall many precious friends who helped us in so many ways, both with material kindness and with good examples and encouragement.

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb

Submitted by Robert L. Webb

In 1927, we moved to the Hopkins place in Bentley for a short time, and then we moved one last time to our present home. We have lived in this home for about 57 years. So much could be written about this place, and the many times our home was filled with these dear people.

On June 6, 1930, our little girl Ruth Ellena was born. Now our family was complete, and we settled down to raise our six children. When we first moved to Salem Association area, Claud worked hard every day to help care for his family, in addition to preaching for the four churches. There weren't many houses around that he did not paint, or paper. He did a great deal of carpentry work. The last several years of his life, he converted his garage into a cabinet shop where he made desks, tables, and other articles of furniture, as well as quite a number of grandfather clocks. He loved working with wood. He was very careful in his work, and it always looked nice. He could do about anything he put his hand to.

I will change this somewhat now, and try to tell a few things about our family as they grew up, the things that made life interesting (and sometimes otherwise!) Ours were just like other children, I suppose, but to us they were special because they were ours. They had their happy times, and their times of disagreement and tears. A lot was expected of them, for the family of a preacher doesn't often have things easy. It was the time of the Depression in the 1930's, and there wasn't much money, not many good clothes. We went to church every weekend, and had company often. Some of our happiest moments were those spent with our children, especially when they would twine their arms around our necks and we could help with their tears or problems. They grew into our hearts with every passing day. In looking back, I notice that many of the things that disturbed us then, were actually only stepping stones to make us understand them better.

Our home here was close to the railroad. The windows were low, and the children loved to look out the windows to see the Bentley train coming. I worried some about the fingerprints that seemed to be always on the windows. A dear old Sister Lyons once told me, "Don't worry about those windows. Some day you will be wishing to see those finger prints." How right she was! And there was the small window in our dining room, where two little boys with BB guns shot a hole through the glass. Later, when we had to change the glass, I heard to do it! memory and affection do strange things, you see. One day, Doris, Louise, and Evelyn decided to have chicken for dinner. They caught the chicken, and found an ax. One held the chicken's head, other its feet, and the third (probably Doris) did the chopping!

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb

Submitted by Robert L. Webb

Just to let you know things don't always run smooth.... Doris hid behind the stair door and jumped out at me. Before I could think, I gave her a good shaking. I expect she was shocked, as she was only having fun. Another time, when she was a little older, she and a friend thought it would be nice to surprise us, when we got home from a trip, with a nice plum pie. It was a very nice idea, but they forgot to take the seeds out of the plums. Claud ate the pie, but he had a lot of plum seeds to get rid of! One time, Louis began calling me a "spineless bluffer", an expression he heard somewhere or other. He carried it to such extremes that I got tired of it. So one day he ran off to play at Coffmans' (a neighbor). When he got back home, I gave him a double spanking. He never called me that again! Anyway, my spankings didn't hurt them much. Sometimes the children would hide and laugh (do you remember doing that, Louise?)

Our Ruth was our baby, and the other girls dressed her up in their doll clothes, and treated her as such. I have heard her say that they would sometimes pinch her during church time so she would cry, and then they would volunteer to take her outside. You see, there is more than one way to get out of church!

We were able to buy a little black Shetland pony, which they named Dick. Claud made a cart and harness, most of it in our dining room because he didn't have a shop then. Dick thought he was one of the family. One day while we were away, the girls brought Dick into the house, put overalls on his legs, set a plate at the table and let him eat out of it. He loved bread, so I suppose he ate a loaf or so.

Once Evelyn and Louise decided to hitch Dick to the cart and go visit the Gardner family, about six miles away. Before they got there, a big rainstorm came along. They took off their coats and put them over Dick so he wouldn't get wet. Of course, they got soaked. I think a neighbor stopped them and had them come in and dry out.

One time Ruth was doing something that didn't suit Louis, so he asked his dad if he could spank her. Claud was busy, and probably didn't know what he was saying "yes" to. So Louis took off his shoe and let her have it. I expect he had his hands full about that time, because she didn't take it very well.

Many of the things that happened I didn't know about, of course. I might still be surprised if I knew them all. And maybe many of them might be better left unsaid. But, our children grew up close to home. They had pets, like old Dick, and the two dogs, Fritz and Teddy. I am sure the children remember old Teddy pushing a fruit jar around our yard, and the time he ran from the rabbit as if the rabbit were about to eat him! They certainly

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb

Submitted by Robert L. Webb

remember making pets out of some little pigs, even riding them around the barnlot. It was awfully hard for them to eat that pork when those pigs were butchered. But their lives were built around home, school, and church, and were mostly happy. All our children went to the two-roomed grade school in Bentley, which was close enough that they could run home for noon lunch. Some of them went on to high school. When they got old enough, Doris, Louise and Evelyn worked in homes. We missed them, but they did get home for weekends.

They soon began choosing their life companions. On September 5, 1937, Claud married Doris and Ray, and Paul and Louise, in a double wedding ceremony. In 1941, Evelyn and Woodrow were married. In April, 1943, Raymond went into the army, (World War II), and was sent to England, France, and Germany. While still in service, he married Betty, on August 27, 1945. George Louis also went into the army, January 8, 1946, and was sent to Japan. We were sad when our boys went into the service, but we were so happy that both came home without being injured in any way. Louis and Martha were married on June 4, 1948, after he got out of the army. Ruth and Max were married on October 29, 1947, and then Claud and I were once more alone. We were fortunate that none of them lived very far away. Ruth and Max were the furthest, and they live in Missouri. When our children, and our grandchildren, would come back home, and gather around our table, it had to be a beautiful success from one room to the other! Our grandchildren were number 20, and our grand-children around 40.

On August 31, 1965, Claud was taken from us. At the time, I thought my life was finished. The lonely nights and days were so hard to be reconciled to. But he was taken from the perplexing problems of life and is now peacefully in a heavenly home. In 1968, Woodrow died with cancer. And on May 4, 1972, Evelyn died from the same trouble. In March, 1982, Paul died quite suddenly. So, our family circle has been broken, and we have had our sorrows.

But in looking back, how precious are the memories! Life's blessings cannot be measured in words. There have been some sorrows, but a life of 86 years has been full and complete. I have been blessed above measure with my family, my church, and my home. All of them, right down to the great-grandchildren, have been of help to me. Now when I look backward, I see the faces of loved ones gone, but I know that we will meet again in a world where we will never have to say goodbye, where war and depression and sickness and hard times will never come. I thank God for the years he has given me, and for the the promise of better things yet to come.

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb

Submitted by Robert L. Webb



George E. Bandle



Almira Mann Ogden Eveland



John Sandusky Webb & Lucinda Osborn Webb



John Sandusky Webb & Lucinda Osborn Webb

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb

Submitted by Robert L. Webb



Charley Bandle



Mrs. Johnson



Probably Lee, Charley, Winnie Bandle



George E. Bandle & Dollie Ogden Bandle

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb

Submitted by Robert L. Webb



Winnie & Claud Webb Family



Winnie Bandle Webb & Claude E. Webb



Claude E. Bandle



Winnie Bandle Webb

Memories of Long Ago

Written by Winnie Bandle Webb

Submitted by Robert L. Webb



John Sandusky & Lucinda Webb Family



Mt. Zion Church near Astoria.



West Waterford School



East Waterford School