

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CLARA ELIZABETH (SCHOENING) MCSPARIN

I was born in Paducah, Kentucky, December 17, 1919, on North 13th. Street in a Gun Barrel house. My parents were Arthur Henry Schoening from Big Sandy, Tenn. My Mother, was Florence Daisy (Fischer) Schoening. She was from Hazen, Arkansas. Mother and Dad met in Fort Worth, Texas, at Bobo's Boarding House, where Dad boarded and Mother worked. After Mother's Father died her Mother, Elizabeth (Butterfield) Fischer sent her there to work, as her Mother was having financial difficulties. Her Father's name was John Martin Fischer. Dad's Mother was Mary Emilyne (Cooper) Schoening. His Father was Andrew Peter Schoening. He was smuggled in from Bremen, Germany. He arrived in America September 5, 1864 on the Ship Germania, from Hamburg, by way of South Hampton, England. (Thanks to Sharon Winn who found this information on Peter Schoening, our Grand-Father, in a Book "GERMANS TO AMERICA", Volume 15, Passenger List - June 1863 to October 1864.)

Mom and Dad were both hard workers and taught us Children to work too. They were both Christians and taught us Children to believe and Trust in the Lord.

Dad worked for the Illinois Central Railroad, first as a Fireman and then promoted to Engineer.

There were (4) of us Children: Myself, Clara Elizabeth, Clarence Raymond, Arthur Henry, Jr., and Edith Earline. My Brother, Earnest Arthur died with the Flu December 17, 1918.

Dad bought a lot on the corner of North Eleventh and Greer Streets. He built a garage on the lot which we lived in until he got the brick house built.

Dad later bought the farm in Missouri, about 8 miles South of Poplar Bluff, an 80 acre farm, which had to be cleared of timber.

After Mom's Sister Lillian's husband, Ben Abbott left her, she and her two Children, Violet and Billy came and lived with us. One Christmas Uncle Ben came by our house to see Aunt Lily and the Children: Violet and Billy. I believe he brought them some Christmas presents. Dad told him if he and Aunt Lily would go over to the farm in Missouri and farm it, they could, so they went. Dad bought cattle to put on the farm in Missouri for Uncle Ben. But, it was from there that Uncle Ben disappeared. I believe the Graham's talked him into leaving.

Occasionally we would go to the farm in Missouri by the way of Wickliffe, Ky., because it was cheaper to cross on the Ferry boat, than taking the Steam Boat. One time we got stuck in the mud, in our Model T. Ford, because Dad thought it looked solid out of the ruts, so he pulled over, and did we get stuck. Dad had Mom steering while he got limbs etc. to try to get us out. (Dark, in the night.) Oh, the yelling that Dad was doing to try to get Mom to understand what and how he wanted her to steer the car, because she was hard-of-hearing, and he was shook up being stuck in the mud. Clarence and I were in the back seat of the car. I learned to pray at an early age. I prayed "Lord help us to get out." We finally did.

One Thanksgiving before moving to Missouri, Dad bought a live goose to have for Thanksgiving. I heard the goose in the garage. I told Dad he wasn't going to kill that goose, so he bought one already killed and dressed. I believe he bought it from George Herzog. We kept the goose, but the neighbor, Wheeler's, complained that the goose would wake them up of a morning, and they didn't like it, so Dad took the goose to Missouri and left it on our farm. After we left Missouri to come back to Paducah, we were told that the Graham's took the goose and had a goose dinner, but they complained that he sure was tough. He had to be about 8 years old.

People have wondered how Dad accumulated so much. He managed financially to the penny or maybe $\frac{1}{2}$ cent. A black man happened to recognize me as being Dad's Daughter one day, who had worked with Dad on the Railroad. He said, he asked Dad why he ate in the kitchen of the restaurant. Dad said it was cheaper. He talked of how much Dad had accumulated. He said, I thought I had to eat in the Dining Room. Dad allowed \$10.00 for groceries, per payday, twice a month. He would take Mom grocery shopping, but she had to take what he said pickup. They bought dried apples and peaches which Mom would make fried pies for Dad, for his lunch. I wished I could have a fried pie, sometimes, but they had to go for Dad's lunch. Mom has told me how she would have to wait from one payday to the next, just to get a spool of thread, which was probably .05 cents. But no matter how hard it was for her, she always had the sweetest smile, when everything seemed to go wrong. She was proud of Dad because he could do so many things, as he was a hard worker. He always made a garden. He had grape vines with grapes on them, and Gooseberries. He had a beautiful Petunia garden which took in most of one side of the yard. A Reporter, from the Sun Democrat Newspaper, came out one day and made a story about the Petunias. Dad taught the boys how to build buildings, etc. I wish I could have learned some of the things he taught the boys. Dad didn't waste his money on cigarettes or liquor. He wasn't a womanizer either. Mom saw his good points. But, each of us Children had a big place in our hearts for Mom because we all knew how hard it was for her. We were glad that Dad stood by us, and had a nice home for us, but everything had to be Dad's way. He was always so busy getting things done, that there wasn't time for playing.

One day a Bull had got loose in Paducah, and was coming down Greer Street. The neighbor boys got out with red handkerchiefs, waving at him, which he paid no attention. I had the broom, and he started toward the porch; Jr. was stooped down in the flower bed for some reason, when I screamed, Jr.! He looked up and started running around the house, and he said to me, and I had to open the gate. The Bull went on to the Blocks where he caught Mr. Brindley with a broom too, and threw him over his horns.

Christmas one year, Dad and Mom went Christmas Shopping. They had Clarence and I stand on the landing of the stairs at Pennys while they shopped. Dad came to me and asked me what doll I wanted for Christmas. Oh, I had already picked it out. A beautiful doll in a blue dress, eyes that opened and shut, and said Mama. She had pretty brown curly hair, with a blue ribbon in her hair. It was \$4.98 I believe. I saw Dad's expression how would he be able to pay for that doll. He then said won't one of those rag dolls be alright? I said, "Oh no!" So, he got me that doll for Christmas. The boys got a nice train set, and a Tricycle. But, when Dad would get home from work, he would make his rounds around the house looking at the baseboard to see if Clarence had run the Tricycle in the baseboard and scratched it.

Dad seemed to enjoy getting out in rain and electrical storms, getting soaking wet. He would come in and say Mom get me some dry clothes. Mom was always patching Dad's clothes, washing in the wringer washer. She had wires across the kitchen and bedroom to get clothes dried, as didn't know what a dryer was at that time.

One night we had a hard storm, after we came back to Paducah from Missouri, in February. The hogs came to the house. Mom said put them in the barn and take them back in the morning. Dad said, no they had to go back to the field then. When he got back to the field we had had a Tornado that uprooted about 6 hugh Oak Trees, roots being as tall as the trees. Fences were down, etc.

I mentioned we had grapes in Paducah. Arthur Jr. was eating them, so Edith ate them too. I saw her and told her not to eat them, but she was so little she didn't know not to eat them. She got Colitis - what a time we had, getting her over it. Dr. Duley told us not to give her anything to eat except to soak soda crackers in water, and strain the water off and give her the water off of the crackers. At meal

time Mom would carry her and walk down the sidewalk to keep her from smelling the food. She finally got over it. Why Arthur Jr. didn't get Colitis, I don't know, but Thank God he didn't.

After Uncle Ben Abbott disappeared, Dad told Mom that she and us kids had to go to Missouri and take care of the cattle, so we went, although Mom didn't want to. What a horrible time it was! The Grahams were "OUTLAWS."

One day when we got home from town, Poplar Bluff, Missouri, Shorty was gone, the man who had been helping us on the farm. (Mom and us kids.) So, I feel sure he had been talked into leaving by the **Graham's**.

One morning I went out to get water out of the pitcher pump, and found they had put broken glass in it. I cleaned it out as best as I could and pumped water out for awhile, to try not to get any glass in the water we used.

One day when one of the Graham boys was at our house, my glass hen on the nest, disappeared. One day I was at their house and saw it on their dresser, but I didn't dare take it, as one of the neighbor's, who has moved to Paducah and we were talking about the glass hen; he said no, you wouldn't dare of taken it or they would have shot you.

One evening when I was bringing the cattle home, on the road, in front of Graham's house, Carl Graham was sitting on the front porch and got the bull to pawing and bellowing. I knew I couldn't let him keep on bellowing and pawing the ground, but what to do, without the bull turning on me. I decided to hit the cows and see if they would get going, and if so, maybe he would go too, which he did.

One day Bill Graham and a friend on ponies tried to run through the cattle as Clarence was on his way totake them to the field where they grazed. Mom was standingⁱⁿ the front door of the house, and "Prayed Lord Save My Son". Bill Graham's pony stumbled and fell. Bill Graham turned around humiliated and he and his friend went home.

Arthur Jr. was bringing the cattle home one day when a hail storm hit. He didn't have a shirt on, and the hail hitting his poor little bare shoulders and back.

Once Mom asked Jr. to see if she had any hot water in the tea kettle. He poured the hot water out and brought her the empty tea kettle. He was young, maybe 6 years old. We had a wood stove to cook on.

One day in Missouri, Mom put Edith in the wagon bed while she milked, which was sitting right on the ground; she was just a young baby, just standing up. It scared me, because the cattle were in the barn yard and the bull too. Each cow went by and -smelled her, even the bull, and walked on. I sure was relieved that they didn't hurt her.

Another time Edith got bit on her foot by a spider. Mom got Karosene (Coaloil) and soaked her foot in that to draw the poison out. Someone asked Mom if she wasn't going to take Edith to the Dr. and she replied, No, we couldn't afford a Dr. I was scared not to take her to the Dr. but the coaloil worked. She never had any problems with it.

After we came back to Paducah, Edith had the croup real bad. Mom said kiss her goodbye, she is going to die. I said, to myself, "Not my Sister", so I got some vinegar and gave her some in a teaspoon. Someone had said Vinegar would cut phlegm. It worked.

** Mrs. Block paid me .25¢ a morning to clean house. There were 2 pennies on the Mantel where I had to dust. I wished I didn't have to dust around those pennies. One morning she came in and got the pennies, and said, "I thought they would be here." I am going to give them to Philip for bringing in the wood.

Another time Edith got a real bad infection in her hand. I made her soak it in salt water to get the infection out. I think Mom was so worn out with what she went through in Missouri, that plus trying to have food for us to eat, because we were still trying to come out of the Depression. We grew chickens and sold them for money. Mom would kill and dress them, and call people on the phone and sold dressed chickens that way. One time we didn't have any grocery money so Dad went and picked peaches to have some grocery money.

After Dad got laid-off of the Railroad he came over to Poplar Bluff, Missouri to be with us, which made it easier. We had a man working for us who left us and went to work for the Graham's. The Grahams probably persuaded him to leave us. One night he came over to our house and wanted Dad to go some place which sounded reasonable - except Dad knew Uncle Ben Abbott and Shorty had disappeared so Dad sat there and repeatedly told him he wasn't going. So the fellow left. Seemed their game was to get the men to leave their wives and children.

Dad thought Bulls were pretty with their horns. But, one evening taking the cattle down the road to pasture, our best mule Pete got too close to Bill, the Bull, and he took his horns and put it in Pete's side. The mule died a few days later. Not long before Dad died, he said he would never have a bull with horns, again.

One day, the bull turned his horns at Dad. Dad put him in the barn, took the pitch fork and jabbed him, making him jump over the railing so many times that he couldn't jump anymore. Dad and the bull were both worn out but we never had anymore problems with that bull.

Our 80 acre farm was 8 miles South of Poplar Bluff, Missouri.

Once Mom was on a load of hay trying to level it out on the wagon with the pitch fork. She was tired and worn out. I was tired too, as I was only 9 years old when we went to the farm in Missouri. I had laid down on the ground, when Mom dropped the pitch fork which came down and hit me in the chest. I carried those scars for years.

Mom used to walk over the field in Missouri singing. I always loved to hear her singing, but one day she stopped singing, walking in the field. I missed her singing. I guess she was too tired and hungry. Once she had to see someone several miles away. She rode the sway back mule we had. She said she asked the lady if she had anything she could eat, she was so hungry, a hard biscuit or anything. She said the lady gave her a hard biscuit. Mom had sick headaches so much, and drank soda water a lot to try to relieve her headaches. I'm sure it was because of lack of food.

One time a neighbor, Mr. Kingery, and us were in the woods when he heard a Possum in a tree. He cut it out and gave it to us. That possum tasted delicious, we were so hungry.

Mom, in order to fry things, as we didn't have grease, would take a clean, white cloth and put salt in it and rub over the skillet to keep foods from sticking. President Hoover, at that time, didn't believe in helping people. I'm sure people starved to death during the Depression, as we almost starved to death.

One time Mom got 25 cents for $2\frac{1}{2}$ gallons of pure cream, as we had a Cream Separator, so it was pure cream. She didn't know what she could buy for a quarter to feed us kids, so she bought a sack of flour for .25 cents for 24 pounds to make bread for us. One time she got a dime for the cream, so she bought a box of brown sugar, as she thought it would give us kids energy.

** The Browning's lived across the road from us, in Missouri. He told us that if we would dig holes 2 feet deep and plant tomato plants, that we would have tomatoes, as we were having droughts so bad. We dug holes 2 feet deep and we had tomatoes. One day he came over and said you dug 2 feet holes, why he said, I wouldn't have done that. We had tomatoes and he didn't have any tomatoes. Not only were we in a deep Depression in the early thirties, but we could hardly grow anything because of the droughts every year it seemed.

Browning was out to take Dad it seemed. One time Browning kept after Dad to sign a note for \$50.00 so he could get his car or truck out of the repair shop. Dad finally signed the note, but Browning wouldn't repay Dad, so Dad had to pay the note. How, I don't know as we were so poor during the Depression. President Hoover didn't believe in helping people. From what I've been told, I guess it was his goal to break Wall-Street. I'm sure people starved to death during that time, as we almost d

We had so little feed to feed the hogs, that Mom put her organ against the kitchen door to keep the hogs from pushing the door in to get to their food. They did push the door open because they were so hungry, as we could only give them a little bran at a time. We used the bran to make bread, as that is all we had to make bread with.

One time Dad and I were going to Poplar Bluff in the wagon, when Dad laid the lines down to get out and kill a blow fly on Mary, one of the mules. She jumped and both mules took off, running as hard as they could. To this day I can't understand how Dad fell off of the wagon tongue, without getting hurt. He yelled at me to get out of the wagon. They turned a corner and a man heard them coming and got out and stopped them, so we were able to go on to Poplar Bluff. When I read about Grand-pa Butterfield getting a leg severed with a Run-a-way team of horses, and he died in just a few minutes, at least he was dead by the time Grand-Mother got to him, I wonder how Dad escaped getting injured.

One time Dad wanted Mom to help him cut wood, standing in ice water. Although, there were other places he could have cut wood, he wanted to cut that wood. I asked him not to cut it there, that Mom would get Pneumonia. Although, she had rubber boots on, she got Pneumonia. It was I who got her over it. I gave her quinine, fried onions in hot grease with Quinine in it, and put hot packs on her chest. She told me what to do. The doctor came one time but said she was doing alright, but, the dog would hardly let him near Mom, as he laid by her bed, because she was sick. I think the doctor was afraid of the dog, but I don't believe the dog growled at him. This was in Missouri. Before Dad came to Missouri, Mom and I would cut wood with the cross-cut saw, but it was so dull that we sure had a time cutting the wood. Dad could sharpen saws, but he wasn't there.

Mom had Edith January 9, 1933 about 6:00 A.M. in the morning. I named her after my Cousin Edith (Troutman) Butcher. Earline after a girl friend. Dad had gotten a Mr. Christian, a neighbor to take him to get the doctor, as he had a car; we didn't have a car. Before they got back, Mom asked me to get her a wash tub. I wondered what on earth she wanted with a wash tub. She stood up and caught Edith, as slimy as she was. Mom had me clean her up. Mom asked me to get her the scissors so she could cut the umbilical cord. We were as poor as Job's turkey. The only pair of scissors we had were rusty. I wouldn't give them to her as I was afraid infection would set-up, so Mom had to wait until the doctor got there. In the meantime, Arthur Jr. was 6 years old. It was warm outside and I kept trying to get him to stay outside but he kept peeking around the door way. One day Mom missed Edith being in the bed. Arthur Jr. had gotten Edith off of the bed and was rocking her in the little rocking chair.

** Some years later Dad bought lime from the Browning's for the farm in Missouri, but they didn't deliver it all. One day Dad saw a pile of lime on Browning's place of business. Dad said he knew it was his lime, so Dad got the Sheriff and they made Browning go to the Bank and get the money to pay Dad. Browning said that was one debt he didn't plan to pay. It made him so angry that on his way home, he wrecked his truck and got killed.

The morning Edith was born, Mom kept saying she was freezing to get it warmer in the house. We had one of those wood burning tin heaters. The stove pipe was red hot about 2/3rds up. I knew I couldn't get it any hotter, but had to cool it down. When Dad was walking home from Christian's from getting the doctor he saw the roof of the house burning around the chimney. Dad got a bucket of water and climbed up on the roof and put the fire out. But, that afternoon Christian's house burned to the ground. They thought perhaps cotton batting they had put against the chimney, upstairs, caught fire.

One time Mom went to the Pawn Shop to get money on her ring to feed the cattle, but the man told her it was too nice a ring to pawn off. Dad and Mom mortgaged the cattle to buy feed for them and couldn't pay the loan so lost the cattle. I remember Mom was so upset that she moaned and groaned all night long, one night.

I was scared to death of snakes, and would pray "Lord don't let me see them and don't let them bite me." Fortunately, none of us ever got bitten by a snake.

One day I was riding the sway back horse over to the back field, when the horse didn't want to go any farther, I kept trying to get her to go on when all of a sudden she whirled around, causing me to fall off. She went to the house and Mom was sure hollering for me, which was a good half mile from where I was. But, when I got up and looked around a snake had it's head sticking up out of the log, I guess to see what was going on. Mom couldn't hear me answer, so I walked on to the house.

One day Mom saw a Water Moccasin snake in a mud hole of water. She had a hoe so struck at the snake. I thought the hoe would push the snake down in the water and the snake would come back and strike Mom. I prayed "Lord don't let that snake bite my Mother", as she came down with the hoe, the snake opened his mouth to strike, when the hoe caught the snake in his mouth splitting his mouth wide open. I never saw the snake again, but Mom had worried it would bite Arthur Jr. as he had to watch the cattle in that field.

We had Malaria and chills so bad that I could almost count the minutes to when I'd have a Malaria chill, every 3rd.day. Dad was afraid we'd get a Congestive Chill, which is fatal. He went around asking what to do. He found out to mix Quinine with whiskey. We were so poor I don't know how he managed to get them, but he did.

One time the Graham's got our cattle somehow. Bill and Carl Graham came down and told Dad they had our cattle and they asked a specific sum, I don't remember how much, to get the cattle back. Dad told Bill to stay there and the other fellow go get the cattle. So the Graham's had Dad arrested for Kidnapping. He stayed in jail 2 or 3 days, but our Attorney, Judge Kindred, got Dad out of it.

One time Dad was mowing in the field when our little dog got his leg cut with the mower. Dad hooked up the mules to the wagon and drove 8 miles to Poplar Bluff, to get a bottle of Ozone to put on the dog's leg. Ozone was used for cuts, etc.

Edith needed a pair of shoes, as she was a baby, so I decided to save one egg a day until I had 12 so I could buy her some shoes. Dad found them and asked me what I was going to do with them. I told him I was going to buy Edith a pair of shoes. He laughed and didn't say anymore about the eggs.

One time before we went to Missouri, Mom was coming home when she saw a Fire Truck behind her. She didn't know what to do except to outrun it. When she got home she was shaking like a leaf. Dad went out and measured the car all over. He told Mom she got the car out of alignment by an 1/8 of an inch by out running the Fire Truck. Our Model T. Ford.

In Missouri, where we lived, bed bugs hung in clusters in the trees, so they were on the beds, too. Mom would clean the mattresses and springs and beds with coal oil, but we never could get rid of them. One Night I decided I was tired of being bitten by bed bugs, so I poured coal oil on my underwear, all we had to wear at night, as I didn't intend to be bitten by those horrible critters that night. I wasn't bitten by bed bugs, but I wasn't in bed too long when I got hot. I came out of the bed crying Mom, I'm burning up. She got the lard and rubbed on me. I guess I would have ignited soon. When we came back to Paducah, we brought some of those critters back with us. We had some of them on Greer Street, we never could seem to get rid of them completely. After Dad bought this place on Old St. John's Road, in a few years Dad built a barn and we lived in the barn until we got the house built. I decided we weren't going to bring those critters in our new house. I took the mattresses and cleaned them real good. I took flour sacks and sewed them together; then put the mattresses in those, and Sewed them up so tight, that it wasn't possible for a bed bug to get out. Then I painted the bed steads, railings and springs. I was tired of those critters, and we never saw another bed bug.

When Dad got called back to the Railroad, Mom told him she was not staying over there any longer. When Dad got the money he hired a mover to get us and take us back to Paducah. Clarence and I had to ride in the back of the truck with the furniture. Jr. rode with Mom in the cab of the truck. The mover left the tarp up in the back of the truck. Mom told him to put it down, but he had some excuse for not putting it down, that is until we got to Poplar Bluff, then he put it down. We knew that he left the tarp up so the Graham's could see that we were leaving. He asked Mom to leave the piano and take the organ, but Mom said no. we'd take the piano. The people who moved in the house put the organ on the back porch, no enclosure, so it rained on the organ and ruined Mom's pump organ.

One time Dad and Mom had gone some place with Mom's Sister Rose and her husband George Troutman. Mom called me to fix supper for them as they were coming in, from their trip. After the boys went into Service Mom didn't have much wood cut to cook with. Dad was too busy with taking care of the farm and Railroading to cut wood. Mom would pickup limbs of the trees that had fallen off and put them in the wood cook stove, and put the other ends of the limbs on a chair to hold them up. There wasn't any wood cut and it had been raining a lot and all the wood (Limbs) was soaked. I was working and could have gone to the store and bought cold cuts, etc. but I was so aggravated at what Mom had to use for wood to cook with that I decided I wasn't going home at all. I figured if Aunt Rose and Uncle George saw what Mom had to use for wood to cook with, that they would have some suggestions. They did! I understand Uncle George helped Dad cut wood that night, but, it wasn't long until Mom had an electric cook stove.

When we were still in Missouri, Dad sent Elmer Johnson over to Missouri to help us. He wanted to go get his wife and children. Mom and Jr. and Elmer Johnson took our Model A car and started out for Kentucky to get his family. They stopped and saw Dad, picked-up Elmer's wife's Father. At Morgantown where his wife was they started to drive off of the Ferry. Mom said he didn't tie the rope, just held it with his hands. When Elmer Johnson started to drive off the ferry, the man hollered, and Elmer put his brakes on. The force of the car pushed the ferry out from under them, and the car went off into Green River. Elmer took Mom and Jr. under one arm and swam out. He told his Father-in-law to follow him swimming out, but he drowned. This was about 1930 or 1931. Clarence and I were left alone in Missouri. I can't remember anyone being with us. I was probably 11 years of age and Clarence about 7 years of age. I was thankful my Mother and Jr. got out alive but sorry that Elmer's wife's Father drowned. They tried to collect from the Ferry Company, but the attorney said the Ferry Company didn't have anything so they weren't able to get any compensation for the accident.

In Missouri Dad grew Grohoma, a feed for the cattle. Clarence and I and Jr. would hoe the weeds out. Clarence would hoe his row, and I would hoe my row and half of Arthur Jr.'s.

I had a nice doll buggy. I always took good care of my things. Clarence said he didn't have anything, so he put strings around the tires for chains and run it through the mud, in the ditch in front of our house in Missouri, and ruined my doll buggy.

We were living on Hendron Hill during the flood of 1937, Paducah, Kentucky. It was a large house with shutters on it. When the wind blew hard, the house would move with the wind, back and forth. The plaster would fall off into our beds where we were sleeping. I wish we had a picture of the house, but it is torn down now, and another house built there. Dad tried to buy the property but couldn't. Dad then bought this property on Old St. John's Road, Paducah, Kentucky from Anderson's. I understand they had a Whiskey Still here. Mr. Anderson got killed in an auto accident. When the Children became of age, they signed off of the property.

When we moved here we were told the Sanderson's were queer people, who lived across the road. I thought it was strange that they had a holster on the wall with a pistol in it, beside their bed. They are different than us, that is for sure.

Mary Elizabeth Sanderson and I used to go places together. One day we were in Kresage's when I noticed a girl, whom I knew, had laid a pair of hose down while she was looking at other things. Mary Elizabeth picked them up and said they are mine, I found them. I told her the girl was an orphan and had to borrow money to go to school, and if they were her hose, she needed them. I asked the girl if they were her hose, and she said, "Oh yes, I don't know what I would do if I lost them." Finally Mary Elizabeth gave them to her.

A few days later I was at the Sanderson's when the Mother jumped up, real quick and sat down in the hallway and nodded to the Son, not to do what he was wanting to do, as he, James Edward, was swinging a gun around in the hall. He shot our dogs and cut one under the arm of the dog with something like a corn knife. Mary Elizabeth complained so much about my having her give the hose back to the girl, that James Edward was going to shoot me. He had a gun swinging it around in the hallway. A couple days later, Mary Elizabeth came over to our house and was jumping up and down and joyously saying, "Brother almost shot you, Brother almost shot you." He would have called it an accident, if he had shot me.

One time Clarence thought he'd be neighborly with James Edward Sanderson and play cards with him. He came home one night and said he would never go over there again. James Edward wanted Clarence to throw roller skates out of the window of the Skating Rink, and James Edward would grab them from the outside and run with them.

Mary Elizabeth told me that if you want someone to do something for you, give them a little money. Since James Edward didn't shoot me because his Mother stopped him, a little later I was working for Brummet's Lumber Company when I saw James Edward drive in. I knew he didn't have any business being there. A few days later the Brummit's were gone to town, when one of the worker's started to come in. I knew he had no reason for coming in, so I locked the doors. The Brummit's questioned me about having the doors locked, and I'm sure they told that fellow never to bother me, as they liked me real well.

Then I was working for Peter's Motor's, The Ford Agency, when I saw James Edward driving in there. Sure enough a few days later the Parts Man said to me, we're over in the cash drawer, here take the money. Every time I had to go get the parts tickets to enter them, he'd say to me, here we're over in the cash drawer, here take the money. I thought about talking to Mr. Peters about him asking me to take the money, but I didn't. One day I was fired. I wasn't sure why. But, I owed for some things I had bought, so I paid Mr. Peters for them. He had a puzzled look on his face.

** I was a full-charge bookkeeper all of my working years, which included making-up financial statements, except the time I worked at Air Service Command, in Dayton, Ohio.

A few weeks later when I was working for the Kaiser-Frazier Agency, my friend June who was working at Peter's Motors, came over to our house and said the man who had gotten my job at Peters Motors was going to try to get my job at Kaiser-Frazier, as he was being laid-off. I said, June that is one thing, but what I can't understand is why the Parts Man was always saying, "We're over in the cash drawer, here take the money." June said to me, you didn't take the money? I said NO I DIDN'T take it. She told Mr. Peters, so the Parts Man got fired. I believe James Edward Sanderson gave the Parts man some money to get me fired. This all came about because I talked Mary Elizabeth into giving the girl her hose back.

Mrs. Sanderson had been a school teacher, and I sure don't know how she taught her 2 children. Once Mary Elizabeth saw something we had dropped in the front yard. I can't remember what it was now, but something we wanted, but I didn't say anything. She said, I found it, it was on the ground. Even though it was in our yard, because it was on the ground, it was her's to keep and she did. I guess if I would have insisted on her giving it back, James Edward would have shot me. James Edward Sanderson now lives on the Highway 45 South and has a vegetable stand in the Summer-time. (Old Highway 45). One of Mary Elizabeth's Son's lives across the road from our place, Richard Strong, where the Sanderson's had lived.

Once when Mrs. Shaw lived across the road, she told Mom that one night James Edward's wife sent her 2 little boys by a previous marriage, to her house to call her Mother to come out there because James Edward Sanderson was going to shoot her.

Albert Grant McSparin and I married June 17, 1951, in Lone Oak Baptist Church, (Lone Oak) Paducah, Kentucky. Reverend B. R. Winchester was the Minister who married us. Clarence, my Brother was Best Man. My Brother Arthur Jr. & Frank Lloyd were ushers. Miriam, Clarence's wife was Matron of Honor. Edith Earline, my Sister was Bride's Maid. Sandra Lloyd was Flower girl and Dennis Lloyd was the Ring Bearer. We never had any children.

We went back to La Porte, Indiana to start our lives together. Albert had been working on Construction in Michigan City, Indiana. He quit and got a job at The Bendix Corporation, in South Bend, Indiana so he wouldn't be moving from job to job on Construction. In 1954 we bought a house in South Bend, Indiana at 1128 Sussex Drive. I still own the house and use the rent, partially to make payments on loans to improve the property here in Paducah; I try to save the difference for taxes and insurance on the South Bend property, but it never seems to work out that way. Always something coming up that I have to use it. The taxes on that place is \$488.00 twice a year, as of now. I have to work in order to make-up the difference between my Social Security and expenses.

Albert and I took Mom and Dad to South Bend, Indiana September 1982 to take care of them. Dad died October 7, 1983. My husband, Albert had a hernia operation a few days after we got back to South Bend with Mom and Dad. He came out of the surgery confused, and was never right after that. One night he wanted his belt, but he could put things in places that was almost impossible to find. I was tired as we had had company that day. Being the kitchen was small I had set sugar and flour on the bedroom floor. When I woke up after taking a nap Albert had cut my apron up and put in the loops of his pants for a belt. He had cut 3 pieces, about a foot long each, out of the organ cord, and put those in his pant loops. I told Mom I was going to hem Albert's pants, which needed to be done. I had the scissors in the chair and one of my skirts. When I heard a commotion in the bedroom, I went in to see what was going on. Albert had scattered the flour and sugar all over the floor. I got after him about it. Although it was difficult for him to get up, normally, he jumped up and grabbed the plunger, as I had taken the cane away from him as he could have killed us with that. He came after me, saying to me that I was going to die, so at 2:30 in the morning I ran to the neighbor's and called the

Doctor. He didn't return the call. I didn't have time to call from home. I was sitting on pins and needles worrying about what he might be doing to Mom and Dad. Finally, I called the Doctor back, that time he returned the call, but it wasn't Albert's Doctor, and he said that it was a case for the police to handle. The police said that they would go to the front door and knock and let Albert open the door. With all Albert was doing, he wouldn't have known how to open the door. I went in the back door and right into Dad's room, after letting the policemen in, because I had just sat Dad up on the side of the bed. Albert had cut my skirt into, wrapped that around Dad's neck, stabbed Dad in the head, neck and side with the scissors that I had had in the chair, hemming his pants. Dad was all bloody. Albert had gone back to bed by the time we got there. He told the policeman not to go in that room, as that fellow would knock you in the head. The black policeman told him that Dad couldn't get out of the bed, and that if Albert would leave (Dad) that man alone, that that man wouldn't bother him. The white policeman said to me, you aren't scared of him with a little pair of scissors, (they were big scissors), are you? I said, I sure am. I said the black policeman had more sense than the white policeman. Cora was helping us with Dad, and she said not to tell Dad what happened, that it would scare him, so she told Dad a light bulb fell out of the socket and hit him so he accepted it.

One time I took Mom and Dad to visit with Clarence & Miriam who had just moved to Harrodsburg, Kentucky, a small town, I thought. I had no idea where they lived, but thought it wouldn't be too hard to find them. But, as I drove into Harrodsburg, Kentucky I found it to be scattered all over the Country, winding, curvy roads. I became bewildered as I didn't know where to start looking for them. I was talking to myself about it being a long hard trip for Mom and Dad and they wanted to see them. I said, "Lord you are going to have to help me find them, as I don't know where to start looking." I passed the first Super Market but decided to stop at the 2nd. Supermarket we came to. I thought he must have filled out a card to cash checks and some grocery store, surely would know where they were living. As I drove up to the 2nd. Super Market, in the parking lot, Clarence and Miriam walked up under the canopy of the Super Market. Nothing was ever more synchronized than that meeting. I nearly blew the car horn off at them. Clarence looked up at the canopy and wondered who was going to run under it. When he looked twice and saw it was us, he was really surprised. He asked me how long I had been looking for them. I said, Clarence we just drove up, we just drove up, I said, "Exhilarated." He said, we were at the other store and for no reason at all we decided to come to this store. I would have never found them, as they had rented a small Mobile Home, way out in the Country.

I've wondered where the music comes from in my Mom's side of the family. John Butterfield would whistle and sing all the way home from work. The wolves were so thick, that his wife, Maria Rosina was afraid he might not get home some nights, but, he said he wasn't afraid, so whistled and sang all the way home. Mom's Mother was a Butterfield. All of those children I believed played an instrument and sang. Aunt Rose played the piano and her children played music. Edith Butcher played the organ at Church. (Edith (Troutman) Butcher) My Brother Clarence and Edith got it. Johannes Brahm's was a First Cousin to the Schoening Children, their Mother being a Sister to Johannes's Father, who played in a leading Theatre, in an Orchestra, in Hamburg, Germany. Glynn Schoening played the piano, and Billy Schoening, Uncle Will Schoening's Son sang in a Quartet. Now, I find out that Loretta Seidle majored in piano in college. She also came through from the Butterfield side of the family.

I play the piano at church. My Sister Edith plays the organ and piano and sings at church, but neither of us can sit down to the piano and play a song that we hear as our Mother could. We play by note. People would tell Mom that they sure would be at church when they knew she was going to be there to play the piano. I believe if Clarence had been allowed to continue his music, I believe he would have gone to the top.

I've kept busy raising Brittany Spaniel puppies, since Mom passed away, but have quit raising them now; it cost too much to raise them, and I was up around the clock. Written as of November 21, 1996. (I love you all!)