

## REMINISCENCES OF EDITH L. MOORE

These reminiscences were hand-written by Edith L. Moore over the last fifteen or so years of her life, on small (6x9") note pads. The earliest (*Friends, Almost Forgotten*) were written in precisely measured lines, in a neat & regular script during an interval ending May 3, 1960. Three items were added later -- the first dated 1969 -- after her handwriting began to waver. Four more partially-filled notebooks followed (*Odds & Ends*). The final entry was dated October 7, 1974, three months after her 90th birthday.

These vignettes can be best appreciated in relation to the three main phases of her life: her early years in Minnesota, her middle years in Houston, and her later years in the cabin in the woods.

She was born Edith Lotz on July 12, 1884, in Stillwater Minnesota. She attended grade school and highschool in Stillwater, then learned bacteriological research methods by working in the University of Minnesota's Medical School laboratory, followed by seven years as a bacteriologist, pathologist and medical illustrator at St. Luke's Hospital in St. Paul. She came to Houston in June, 1918, to serve at the Camp Logan Base Hospital, worked with the Public Health Service on control of malaria and bubonic plague in Beaumont, and in 1920 accepted a position as Houston's City Bacteriologist (a position she held for 13 years). In 1932, she and Jesse Moore, (whom she had married in 1921 -- at age 37), moved into the log cabin they had built in the woods. The marriage ended in divorce 38 years later (in 1959) when she was 75 years old, but she continued to live in the cabin until her death, March 22, 1975, in her 91st year.

Although all books show later editing to clarify meaning (and a new ending was written for her "dog's tale"), she quite clearly did not edit for publication. Neither did I -- her recollections are transcribed just as she wrote them. Her meanings are clear enough even if verb tenses sometimes go awry. You can almost hear her telling these stories.

In addition to the notebooks, Edith kept notes on two desk calendars (dated 1955 and 1956), the first annotated as "Dog Book," an intermittent (from 1955 to 1974) diary, mostly about her pets; the second annotated, "Some of these are songs, others are not."

One may wonder if transcribing her notes is an intrusion into her privacy. It is my belief that old people write remembrances because they *want* someone to read them. The hope, of course, is that they will be read with sympathy and understanding -- not to mention admiration and awe. I do not see how Edith Moore's words could be read in any other way: she was a remarkable woman who led an extraordinary life.

DMG May, 1998

My Mother.

Why wait so long for words to tell of her loving ways? From my earliest days her fun and loving ways are remembered as almost too poignant to tell. How she taught me to enjoy everything.

The nearness of autumn brings the beauty of falling leaves, their changing colors and the scent of the rain beating upon them Where did she learn all this? Her parents died when she was a child. She remembers her father who lived the longest died when she was about eight years old.

She was born in Reading, Pa. After her father's death she was placed in a young ladies school in Hartford, Conn. by an aunt who must have lived an austere life and who gave her no attention that she remembered. She eloped from the school when 16 and married my father (Jacob Lotz). Went west to somewhere near Mankato Minnesota. He was soldiering then & had to leave her alone in a cabin in the woods with an Indian squaw. How much she learned from this squaw was probably about animals and not to try to take baby bears or wolves for pets. She had an attack of some kind of fever & they went back to Reading where Grandmother Lotz took care of her.

Her first child, Carrie, was born. She was named after Grandmother whose name was Caroline Diehl before she married Grandfather Peter Lotz. She had another child at Grandmother's; little Minnie who never grew up and died in her early years from what was called "membraneous croup" which is now known as diphtheria. In later years, Carrie also had it. Grandmother & grandfather Lotz lived on an island in the Schulkill and there were floods nearly every spring.

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[Edith born July 12, 1884}

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Aunt Sally and Eve. (Age 7 Or 8? ca. 1892)

Aunt Sally -- fat, jolly, prosperous but with a too broad sense of humor, we used to visit occasionally. One morning Mother took me up to see her in her new house which was such a lovely place with lovely grounds. We sat in the parlor with the sun streaming in (I believe it is called) an oriel window. Large windows in an "outset" that had the sun most of the day. In this place was a small table, a few chairs and on the table under a "bell" jar was a small statuette with a silk handkerchief draped around its shoulders. I had noticed it before but could get no one to tell me why the silk handkerchief.

This morning sitting on a very uncomfortable chair - with plush upholstery - I was unable to take my eyes off of it. The plush irritated my legs altho I always had to wear long black stockings, but the space between stockings and panty legs was raw and irritated by the plush. Mother & Aunt Sally talking, talking. Edith fidgeting and calling softly, "Mama" over and over. Mother became impatient and finally listened to my question, why was that silk handkerchief around that figure. Finally Mother persuaded Aunt Sally to take it off. Of course it was a lovely statue of Eve, the famous one seen everywhere. Aunt Sally replaced handkerchief and the bell jar. Mother wanted to know if I was satisfied and I said "Yes, but why put a silk handkerchief around the lady?" After we left I still asked, and Mother said "Aunt Sally was showing how modest she could be." I never appreciated that statement until later years, when I was older.

Children's ideas. [Age 8? to 17?, ca. 1892 - 1902]

Was just thinking about these children being (at an early age) preoccupied by sex. It puzzles me, how and why.

Tried to think back to my childhood and training. My mind was never occupied with such trivia but with dolls, pets and playmates to worry me. Probably I was a stupid child, but I always seemed to be too busy doing something else. At one place where we lived there was an El where the rain barrel stood. It was moist and pleasant, where I constructed a little park for my smaller dolls. Little weeds were used for trees, the lid of a baking powder can made a lake for dolls to see themselves as they promenaded around it. In winter I had to have the scenery in the house. The stems of the weeds were longer and stuck into wooden blocks for trees and paper painted blue (Prangs water colors) pasted together made a brook that seemed to flow through the dining room toward the kitchen. For extra entertainment there was a lion. Old Major (a beloved St Bernard) was the lion but never would go behind a cage of chairs, and didn't cooperate.

Days were spent painting and playing a small autoharp which I enjoyed so much. In the first grade at school I had been taught to read music, where a gray-haired teacher (Miss Fay) had taught us the scales & how to change from one key to another. With the help of an old music book of my father's, the harp & singing took up most of the evenings. My big sister (a soprano who sang in the church) and I sang duets of all these old songs. One the family liked was "Lady Touch Your Harp Again" which we sang over and over.

Sister had been married quite a time when we suddenly moved into the Thorn place [714 Bradley?] and lived there (two families) all together. I liked the place. It was very large, carriage house attached by a passage way to the house. The horses had kept on the side of a hill, all under one roof. Our horses were gone before we moved there and so was the St. Bernard dog who had been poisoned by a druggist who fed strychnine to his chickens. Mother's canary (that she had so many years) was dead too, another tragedy. Many tears were shed over these pets.

This house was rather exciting and had a real bathroom. A zinc lined wooden tub was fine. The only drawback was that by the time you had brought the hot water up the back stairs a couple of times, it was cold water. I preferred the Saturday night bath as a sponge bath. The winters in Minnesota are very cold.

I noticed Sister had a lovely magenta dressing gown and seemed to be an invalid. She looked very nice. She sewed quite a lot and Mother helped her. By this time we had to have a hired girl to do washing and help around the house. I went out in the lovely yard one June morning. The lilacs which surrounded the yard and a great big bed of lilies of the valley were in bloom, such a beautiful morning, when Mother called me and showed me the beautiful baby we had. I was overjoyed to make Lawrence's acquaintance. He squalled quite a bit, but he really was beautiful. Such happiness to have a real Baby in the house. It never occurred to me whose baby it was, but claimed it as "our" real baby. I did not dare to touch him right away. I never tho't to ask where he came from. Only too glad to have a real baby in the house. I was in paradise and couldn't do enough but they would not let me handle him. [Baby born about 1895]

Dear Lawrence was the first of three. I never wondered or asked where they came from -- only too glad to have them. Bill was next but Mother and I had to go to a small town near Richmond in Wisconsin in July to greet him and stayed there to help Sister a while. I took care of Lawrence while Bill squalled. He was a red baby not quite so handsome as Larry but he faded into a blond with not such a white coloring. I

was fourteen when Bill arrived. [1898] I didn't know how why or where he came from -- just delighted with the beautiful babies.

We moved to a small town to make some money. It seemed to be scarce, but I never worried about it. Finally after no success we sold everything, all grandmother's lovely walnut bedroom furniture, keeping only a lounge which was very ugly. The family of my sister and brother in law was growing and they lived in St. Paul. I think I might have had an idea that my brother in law had something to do with causing these babies to arrive. The third, a girl Baby Ollie, came in the night. Another blond as white as Lawrence but she cried all the time. Her father carried her around the house & showing her to the neighbors. Of course Bill & Lawrence could all walk around, but Ollie was Star.

I don't think Ollie was very old when the death of my brother in law occurred, and I don't think she could talk as yet. Such a sad time. He fell on the street and was taken to a hospital with peritonitis. In a few weeks he was bro't home, no hope for recovery. He lived about three weeks more. A tornado struck us and Sister tried to take him down to the cellar but it struck the house and was gone in an instant. She put him back to the bed (which was not in bad shape). The rest of the house was twisted but only the windows broken with tree limbs covering the place. He died while Sister & Mother were trying to bring in the children.

I was with him at the end. He talked to me what I should do for them all and I promised. He died with a smile on his face. I had not known how much I cared for him after chaperoning he and my sister during their courting days and being so much a part of their family but after that we all stayed together doing the best we could. Sister was so pitiful and decided to take a course in office work steno, typewriting etc. After she got her bearings she used her insurance money to go to school and finally got a job with an engineering firm that she kept until her second marriage when she was past fifty years. She died at the age of 77. Lawrence died at 75 -- 4 years ago. Bill (April) last month at 73. Ollie is still alive at 71.

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Sister Cornelia. [Ca. 1896?]

She taught painting at the German Catholic convent near our home [in Stillwell] and I was one of her pupils at the age of eleven or twelve. Her lovely kindness and (of course) grand doughnuts from the convent kitchen were a delight. I believed she only taught me oil painting. There were only two of us in that class. The other was a girl quite a few years older than I who drove up from Hudson on the St. Croix River on the ice.

One very cold snowy day when she had driven up over the frozen river, she arrived almost frozen, altho she had heavy furs and a foot warmer of hot bricks in her sleigh. Her face was so red with a few white spots and Sister Cornelia fixed her up. I never knew whether she drove up alone. I hope she didn't but did know she had to drive home that same night. She said driving home was nothing because the north wind pushed the two horses along at quite a clip. Coffee and a rubbing of her face with snow seemed to fix her up fine. I really think she enjoyed the trip. I cannot remember her name, but know that north wind whipping her face like a lash was hard to bear, and she must have had great love for painting or she would not have undertaken those strenuous trips.

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714 Bradley. [Age 10? to ?? ca. 1894-19??]

So many things happened here. The death of my sister's husband at the age of 32. He had been ill (peritonitis) for several weeks at the hospital with ice coils and a drainage operation. A great storm, a tornado, struck our place the night before he died. Nearly all that part of town was in worse shape than us, but our windows blew in, covering us with broken glass. The winds twisted the house on its foundation and blew the out of doors indoors including trees etc. Roy's bed was not touched but when Mother heard the roaring of the tornado (a familiar sound to us) they got him out of bed into the cellar way, but by that time the storm had passed & they put him back to bed. He died the next morning somewhere in the middle, probably 10.

I was with him then and noticed he was smiling and I asked him what he saw. He said "It is beautiful" and then talked about leaving my sister and the children & that I should help take care of them. I don't think I was at the University more than a year when he died [about 1902]. Sister & Mother had gone looking for the children, Roy wanted to say "Goodbye" but when they returned he was gone.

I am glad I was with him. I had always been "Sissy" to him, and loved him very much. I had been a chaperone to him and my sister when they were "courting," only ten years old then, but fairly observant but not too much. When he would visit with her in the darkened parlor he would sing old Irish songs to her and that was a signal that I could go in there too. Mother and Dad would be playing cards in the sitting room. Roy would take me on his knee, feed me my favorite cookies & candies, then after a decent interval, Mother would call me "time to go to bed." Such an early bed time. Roy sang so beautifully and you could see with your innermost eye the land of Ireland. God rest his gallant soul.

Lawrence, the oldest boy, was seven, Bill 5, and Ollie three. Sister took up her life as best she could, weeping, straining & used her insurance as tuition for a short-hand, typing, & book-keeping course. Dad wasn't doing so badly financially out at Uncle Harry's farm at Minnetonka -- gathering vegetables and they were shipping ginseng to China at that time.

While I was at the University, learning lab work and painting different subjects, received \$25 a month which allowed me 20 cents a day for carfare. It was possible to save a nickel if I got off at Minneapolis' Bedford St. City Limits & walk to the University. The rest went into the home. How Mother managed I do not know, but we were all healthy then. The summer's expenses were paying the coal bill and food bills. The rent evidently we managed some way or other. Sister found some extra work to do but it was so hard for her. Her vocabulary, the same as mine, had a Pennsylvania Dutch taint. It was harder for her as she was born in Pa. and had Dutch playmates while I was born in Minnesota and had Swedish companions. Her composition of letters and shorthand were a great bother. I used to hear her at her lessons and we would muddle thru them.

Three years passed when I came down with pneumonia. Three weeks of delirium & almost done for. Mother nursed me day and night, and had Roy's Mother to come in to help her with the children & the house. My first conscious words were "Please, Mother can I have strawberry preserves on some bread?" She came in laughing & crying "Of course," and that was the beginning of a long arduous recovery lasting eight months. Dr Westbrook would not let me come back to the University, and Dr. McDaniel and Dr Chesley, dear good friends, tried to bring me back to health, but it was a very slow process.

I think it was the following summer [1910 or 11?] when I went to work in the lab at St. Luke's Episcopal Hospital for Dr Harvey Ritchie, the Dean's son. Miss Patterson was the superintendent and such a wonderful woman. Seven wonderful years followed -- \$50 a month (a stupendous salary) -- painting pathological specimens and operations along with clinical diagnosis.

A trip to the Mayos to study with Miss Byrnes artist and Dr McCarthy in the lab. Drs Will & Charles had graduated by that time (I think they were in Dr Ritchie's class). Dr. L.B. Wilson had just been there a few months and had charge of the lab. He had been assistant professor of Pathology & Bacteriology at the U. St Mary's was the name of it then with the lovely nuns everywhere and a statue of the Virgin Mary on the first landing of the stairs against or between the stained glass windows. The clinic down town in Rochester was spread out in a number of buildings & the hotels were full. There were such crowds of patients. I took up frozen section diagnosis with Dr. McCarthy, and there was plenty of material, meeting a number of prominent doctor patients who were mending.

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The Gardels.

Well I cannot forget this name. Such dearly loved people. The pastor and his family, of Grace Methodist Church which was all burned and demolished long ago. Such delightful lunches Mrs Gardel used to pack for me when I was going to the University. Every once in a while she would make the best doughnuts in the world and would put some into the lunch box. We had a quartet and she used to help me with my music. She had a splendid musical education, had trained for grand opera, when she met dear Mr Gardel. Their two daughters were a few years younger than I and were fine companions.

Let's see, the quartet was made up of Mrs Gardel, soprano, Bert Mitcheson, tenor, and Mr. Elliott, baritone, and me. Such wonderful rehearsals, anthems etc. --

Mr Gardel came over to see me many times when I was trying to recuperate from pneumonia. I was so frustrated, having to leave the University and taking so long 8 to 10 months to get well. He told me that when you can't do what you want to -- do something else -- and always plan two ways.

Dear Dr. Chesley & Dr. McDaniel came over from the U. to construct a window tent (which was being used for tubercular patients at that time). It was elaborately constructed from a window frame that was left from the Old Main Building - after a fire. It was pretty cool while the winter winds were blowing the snow into it and the temperatures had gone 'way below zero. I had to finally give it up. Then Dr. Chesley tried to fix up a concoction to make my hair grow. It all came out leaving a little fuzz behind. We had quite a few laughs over this but I rebelled; it smelled terrible. Finally was able to go to work. Dear Dr. Parks Ritchie, Dean of the Medical School, told me his son was looking for someone to run his laboratory. There was the job at St. Luke's Hospital. The nurses saw that I was restored to health. Such quantities of food they would bring to me. Every few hours cream, milk & custards. I wonder how I could contain it all, but evidently did. Seven happy years at St. Luke's Hospital with loving friends all around me. Where are all these dear people now?

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Mr and Miss Maberg, our Land-lord and Land-lady.

The house we lived in was apparently the old home where the brother and sister had lived with their parents. It was a two and a half story building made into upper and lower apartments. We had the cellar and the tenant above had the attic. Very kind people both the tenants & the landlords. There were times when the rent was not so easy to accumulate, but they were never unpleasant about it and knew they would get it. Their home was on the other half of the lot, same size, built in the same style -- facing the street behind us, Bedford, while our house faced Bradley. This was just a block or two from

the railroad yards and the smoke from the trains made laundry work hard. One day Miss Maberg was found dead in the bath tub with a gas heater burning brightly that evidently used up all the oxygen. The firemen, police & all the neighbors saw them take her out dead and uncovered. Mrs Blum a neighbor covered her with her shawl. Mr Maberg was very lonely after that. Occasionally he would come to visit but he was soon taken to a mental hospital. We moved away from there to the east end of town where it was cleaner and pleasanter. Of course we were sorry to leave old Bradley St. (714) but made friends in the new neighborhood. Before I left St. Paul the newspapers reported poor Mr Maberg's death. He had jumped from a window in the hospital. He was still a fairly young man.

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Dr. Renz and the U. [Age 16, ca. 1900]

How could it be that I should remember this benefactor last; maybe because it was so long ago.

Dear me, it was so long ago. I know I was wearing skirts (I think I was 16) that were so long as to just clear the ground. (They -- the City -- had an ordinance at that time about expectorating on sidewalks because of the danger of ladies' skirts carrying tubercular germs). The Gibson Girl was stylish at that time, the sailor hat and the shirt waist with a starched collar. (They were so high & so hot).

Back to the tale. I was rambling thru the City Hall and happened to get into the laboratory of the City Health Department and was charmed by test tubes microscopes etc. I talked to Herman Schoberg who was an assistant to Dr. Renz (City bacteriologist) and asked if it was hard to learn. I don't remember whether he answered, but that I decided was what I wanted to do for a living.

I painted & sang but there was no living in either & I needed to earn money soon. After many inquiries I found the location of Dr. Renz' office. I waited patiently and as I waited my idea was getting stronger. By the time he would be able to see me I found out that he must let me study in his laboratory. I would not get in the way and would study faithfully. He agreed with me without hesitation and gave me permission, books to study etc.

There were several months of this but no progress. Herman would not even let me wash slides or coverslips. "Too dangerous," he said. So one evening as I was preparing to go home we had a big argument in which he told me that no woman was able to do that work: only men could take the chance. I told Dr. Renz about it. He said he could not make Herman unhappy by insisting on letting me stay, but he knew something better for me to do.

He called Dr. Parks Ritchie, Dean of the University of Minnesota's Medical School and told him what I wanted. The simplest thing -- didn't want to study medicine, only wanted to study laboratory work. Dear Dr. Ritchie took me under his wing and arranged for me to study with Dr. Westbrook (who had achieved fame in his classification of diphtheria bacilli) not only to learn but to work my way. The medical library and foreign language periodicals mostly (French & German) and finally after a few weeks Dr. Westbrook's own private laboratory where he did laboratory work for the State's criminal cases were my care. He also was director of the State Board of Health Laboratories.

Oh, such a grand opportunity for me. Here was a grandstand seat. In this building were housed the most important courses in medicine, histology, embryology, physiology, bacteriology and Dr. Frankfurter who taught medical chemistry was a good friend of Dr. Westbrook & visited him a lot. Anatomy was across

the street. I cleaned microscopes, cover glasses, slides, helped with culture media and painted charts, charts, charts. All professors were inventing something that had to be illustrated.

Dr. S. Mark White was pathologist of the Minneapolis City and County Hospital & another that I have forgotten. I spent much time in the post mortem room, taking notes & histories with him which I found later to be very valuable to me. More pictures to be made, and more laboratory work to be done. Not the least of my duties was preparing tea for Dr. Westbrook, who liked it fixed in a certain beaker filled half full of tea leaves and boiled until it was black. He was so English but I think altho his parents were English he was born or brought to Canada at an early age. He was a graduate of McGill University, Cambridge and had just returned from Vienna and Paris, where he had taken some extra work, when I went there. He also had loads & loads of pictures to be classified and mounted. He explained so much to me so I would understand enough to print headings. Such a delight to work with. He had his brother Don helping me for a while but Don enjoyed it too much and was sent back to Winnipeg.

He (Dr. Westbrook) had brought Mrs Rodgers, his secretary, upstairs in the library next to the laboratory and she was the grandest woman I ever knew. Her face was so sad and I was told that a few months previous she had come to her home from shopping and found her husband (a letter carrier) hanging in the doorway. She nearly went out of her mind and was finding healing in her work which was her only income. I think I helped to heal her for I always would take my troubles to her and between her and Dr Orianna McDaniel (who was first assistant in the State Health Department laboratory down on the first floor) would help me work out my problems. These two lovely women were soon reinforced by Miss Bacon, secretary to Dr. McDaniel and the second assistant Dr. Beckman. Of course I must mention Dr. L.B. Wilson who later became Pathologist to the Mayo Brothers at St. Mary's Hospital in Rochester, & still later to become the famous Mayo Clinic. Dr Wilson made me so mad. Mrs Rodgers said he was teasing me by getting me into corners and frightened. He used to occasionally get on the same street car & read poetry to me, all the time crowding me back in my seat. He was older than Dr. Westbrook and ought to have had more sense. He had a daughter old as I.

Well, I have been wandering from the laboratory work which was so fascinating to me. There was the terrible typhoid epidemics of Superior Wisc. & Duluth Minn. where they found the water intake out in Lake Superior next to Duluth's sewage outlet. So many people died.

Mr. Dole from the U.S. Geological Survey was with us a long time. He had given me his picture which I had placed on my desk in the library. He was so nice but later on Dr. Mullein, an assistant to Dr. Westbrook, told me Mr Dole was engaged to be married, so I took black ink and ruled a nice little mourning frame around it. Dr. Mullein who was an Irishman from Canada & Catholic said "Holy Mother, look at what that girl has done; that will bring bad luck to all of us." Mr. Dole smiled and said he wasn't superstitious so it stayed.

There were the dangerous bacteria which were under my care. They had to be re-planted every month and occasionally run through an animal to revise its virulence. They were from all over the world but the one I remember best was old "Park 8" diphtheria, used in making antitoxin and one of the ones with which I later became well acquainted when I was making the toxin in a commercial lab later on. Making toxin for horses to make antitoxin.

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A few "Socialite" friends of long ago. [sometime between 1911 and 1918]

One a lovely dark-haired girl her name was Alice Joy, another whose name was ? Gray, the third I think her first name was Lucy Mannheimer, a fat roly-poly girl who always spoke of studying art in Europe but never took a brush in her hands.

These three girls came to read to a patient, whose room was across from the lab-oratory, and who was going blind. This was all long ago when I was at St. Luke's Hospital in St. Paul. They would take refuge in the lab so the nurses could take care of "Murphy" the patient, who was often very impatient. Who could blame him, motionless for years and now blind also. The slightest wrinkle in the bedding was painful.

These dear girls used to visit me and then a number of times I would visit their beautiful homes which was like a fairy castle to me. Alice's brothers were in the automobile business (I believe one of the first) and they would send an electric limousine with chauffeur for me and take me home. They were of Scotch descent and they had a lot of Scottish dishes that were delicious to me, but mostly I liked the "finnan haddie" on a cold winter evening. Their lovely mahogany table was set with "doilies" instead of table cloths & was so beautiful with all its silver serving dishes. Her brothers had their dogs in the house on the lovely Oriental rugs that were in use at that time. I have forgotten whether I went to Miss Gray's home but I think she & her father lived in a Hotel. In later years I was able to help them both when he was dying of Hodgekins' disease.

Then there was a tea at Mannheimers, which lived in the most costly home of all. There also the boys brought their hunting dogs into the house. Their mother fussed faintly but no response. The tea was absent but the bon-bons were profuse and I understood why this nice girl was so fat. One thing I loved about them was their coming over to dinner at my house, where they enjoyed the family and Mother's really good cooking. There were seven of us then, at home in our five room apartment -- luckily the rooms were large but no steam heat, only coal stoves with their cheery red glow.

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The French wood carver. [Age 20? 1914]

Long ago, probably 1914, on a poor street in St. Paul, I was going to my laboratory from the streetcar on a very hot day. I was overcome by the heat outside a little shop near the laboratory where an old Frenchman (I cannot recall his name) made beautiful wood carvings and was making an altar when he saw me fall. How he and his wife got me up to their second floor apartment never knew; but I found myself in a bed with the whole family (it was a very large family) anxiously looking on while some one was trying to give me some wine and one was rubbing my hands, another my feet. Such kindness buried in memory so long ago and almost forgotten until now while thinking of the altar rail in church, the beautiful new church brought it back. These dear people watched over me when I had to work late (some tests had to be finished) at night. I am afraid I had not sense enough to know what a dangerous trip it was, late at night, from the laboratory to the street car.

There were paintings all over their house from ceiling to floor. I don't know how many artists there were in that family.

How I wish I could recall their name.

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The trip to Houston. [Age 34, June, 1918]

Reported for duty June 4, 1918. During the early part World War I, I was on duty at St John's Hospital, St. Paul, and was helping with the recruiting & physical exams at the Dayton Commercial Club when the idea struck me. Soldiers were being returned to the hospital as Asian flu went thru the camps. Rib resections were being performed in quantity because of purulent material which showed nothing in pleural cavities.

Mrs. Beek, a friend, had invited me to dinner and I had a chance to talk to Mr. Beek who was a "dollar a year man." He advised me to take the U.S. Public Health Service examinations and he would put me in contact with authorities. So I took the U.S.P.H. examinations & passed and was on my way to Houston to report to Camp Logan June 4, 1918. All inoculations were furnished and I could reflect on their use on the way for four days.

Later with the temperature in the 90's arrived in Houston. At sundown after a long taxi ride arrived at the Base Hospital Camp Logan still sick from inoculations. I was greeted by the Officer of the Day who placed me in the care of the housekeeper. She was kind and showed me my quarters. A bath and a mosquito netted bed on a screened porch. By the time I had bathed, the moon was shining beautifully and full and a mocking bird opened up on his repertoire and I loved it. The coolness of the night descended and sleep.

No Asian flu at this camp but plenty of interest and some folks from home. Fun and new acquaintances, dances, sea bathing for two months followed by care. Rain rain followed with hospital crowded with flu and pneumonia patients, death. Friends were dying. I was on night duty testing "flu" in rats and guinea pigs. Nothing happened except they died. Yards and yards of histories. More deaths. Sergeant Pope and I did our best but nothing resulted but hard work. Finally the Colonel called me into his office and told me that Houston was without a bacteriologist and wanted to know if I would take the job. Major Holt was in charge of venereal disease but there was no health officer in Houston at that time. Water wells, food, milk, all needed attention.

Well, I took it for 13 years. Battles with the inspectors who were under the laboratory's direction. Rabies, diphtheria, bootleg drunks of alcohol, and police cases also filled up my time. Finally had a few assistants who worked beautifully together. Some were medical students. A chemist for milk and food was finally at my door. A veterinarian was glad to help, but rabies experience was what little I had learned from Dr. McDaniel at the University who had studied with Pasteur and luckily I was able to manage. The veterinarian took care of the work from the venereal clinic which took up his entire time. A girl from Rice Institute helped with milk and water. In all it was very rewarding and interesting.

Food and medicine adulterations were not so numerous but they were always interesting. One M.D. gave his patient "radium" as he called it in ferric chloride solution. A number of people were selling radium (?) water in jugs. Snake oil was being sold for complexions and was as beneficial as turtle oil is today. Pecan shells were ground up to adulterate coffee.

Diphtheria showed its ugly head in the schools. Dr. Reid (from St. Paul) was school physician then and it took him a couple of years to get vaccination laws passed. The health department clamored that they never had diphtheria before I came. The water business had come up before I worked here and denials that anything was wrong. but tests (confirmed by local chemists & State Laboratory and Washington) brought a U.S. Geological Survey and examination of polluted well and cracked casing in a crowded locale of outdoor toilets. That finally was resolved. Also running polluted bayou water thru home water supply pipes had to be given up. An epidemic of paratyphoid at Rice Institute had a carrier, a woman who fixed

salads at the College Inn. Transferred her. I don't think she ever was clear. So she didn't handle food stuffs any more.

Can't remember much but McCleasta Brown was found dead under a tree. Poison suspected but Dr. Wright was coroner and bro't in a stomach that was so distended with cabbage and no poison found -- all negative for poisonous material. Lots of alarms some true and many fake but all kept me busy.

Getting tired and not feeling too well.

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The Bubonic Plague. [AGE 36? CA. 1920]

It must have been in 1920 that a doctor died in Galveston from what was diagnosed as bubonic plague. All the U.S. public health officials were gathered in Galveston and of course a hunt for plague rats and their fleas ensued. The incoming ships had not been using their rat guards when unloading and loading at the wharves. I saw some rats so large I could hardly believe my eyes. Galveston and Beaumont were both quarantined. Dr. Boyd was in Galveston at that time and was the first to diagnose it.

I stayed in Galveston a week learning what I could of rats and fleas carrying bubonic plague. In a week or two later spent two weeks in Beaumont and under the tutelage of Dr. White, Dr. Eaton and a local doctor also a doctor from Philippines became more aware of the importance of rats in plague and learned the lesions found in them & other experimental animals. Also had plenty of nice dinners where the doctors were hosts. Came back to Houston where the rat catchers had long tables of dead rats ready to inspect. No signs of plague in rats in Houston. Beaumont had a couple of years ahead of intensive watchfulness but nothing developed. Only a few rats. It is law that rat & flea surveillance must continue a couple of years after the last lesion is found in them.

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MARRIED JESSE MOORE IN 1921 – Age 37.

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Exit from Health Dept. [Age 47, ca. 1931]

Nervous exhaustion caused by overwork combined with the discovery that some milk inspectors were trying to show the creameries how to beat the laboratory inspections by putting hydrogen peroxide into the samples he brought to the laboratory. Stanley Slovata and Wilbur O'Brien, two faithful workers, had discovered it. I left and no money could coax me back. I left the Health Department Head, Dr. Hutchinson, to work it out. Of course the men were fired. Stanley left too. He said he never could work there again thinking that the employees of the Health Department were so dishonest. He was such a good chemist. Had been educated in Europe and I never knew where he went after that.

I was ill and Dr. Hutchinson said the only conscientious doctor in town was his cousin. The dark curtain that had been hovering over me came down and it was only occasionally that I could think normally and speak without stammering. Under Dr. Smith's cure for a long time. He was anxious for me not to lose contact with laboratories. One day he asked me to look at something in his laboratory. I believe it was a malaria slide. He finally got me interested enough so that I spent a couple of hours a day in his laboratory.

He had quite a few malaria patients. He was very kind, enough to make trips out Memorial to see my sick dog. Bernice had pneumonia and he brought her through in fine style.

Two dear dogs at that time – one a terrier, dear little “Hie,” and Bernice, a Belgium police dog, dear and gentle – went on all my walks thru the woods, day and night. When we had fires, walked the fire lanes at 2 and 4AM. Sometimes they were very long. Kept the fires from crossing the fire lanes. We had quite a few workmen on the place but they slept very well – as well as my husband who never worried about fires. The slash pile would be burning with high winds blowing sparks all around. The men didn’t like that and didn’t get much rest on windy nights. One night at 2 o’clock it was particularly bad. One negro man was walking around with a baby who couldn’t sleep, while his wife slept as well as she could in their house. A man, an ex convict, known as “Whitey” was doing his best to retain the fire and told me to get some sleep which I finally did.

While telling about poor “Whitey”, no one knew anything about him. There were so many children around here he would take every one (the children and the parents) and hunt for scallops in the bayou and roast them. One Sunday we were up at my husband’s old home & returned and saw a couple of ambulances around. Whitey had drowned in the bayou. He had gone in fully clothed and his clothes caught on a branch and the bayou held him until he drowned. They finally got him out of the water but he was dead. It was very sad. How the children wept.

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Leaving the Health Dept. [Age 47, 1931]

Married in 1921 to Jesse Moore but worked until 1931. At first did not announce my marriage except to the lawyers who tried our court cases and I had to appear so many many times. It was announced by the lawyer Tom Harris who prosecuted the city’s cases and this was on adulterated milk case. When the opposing attorney mentioned that being unmarried I would not know the value of milk to a baby, Mr. Harris corrected him and of course won the case. It wasn’t a very nice atmosphere but it produced good wishes etc. from all in the court room.

I worked on. No one was opposed to a married woman working and every one became accustomed to it. Finally after 13 years I had to consult a doctor – nerves etc. Had a difficult time.

We bought out in the country 17 mi from down town the loveliest place where yellow jasmine climbed to the top of pines, the dogwood and holly were so numerous and I loved it. Got acquainted with cattle, little animals, turkeys were pets and we only ate the eggs of chickens. There were foxes. Even little pigs were pets.

We had a family to milk the cows etc. – and the place was alive with workmen. A sawmill was making itself heard. We had so many people around. There were camps all around the field, the barn, a house near the barn and one up the street which finally was cut thru. The women were working, one milking, the other on the saw mill. The woman who did the milking had thirteen children all ages and was going to have another. She seemed happy and never impatient.

One boy age 16 was given a pair of boots for Christmas. The men at camp had bought him a real nice pair. It was snowing and icy and that boy went from tent to tent showing his boots. They were too nice to wear in the snow so he went barefoot. He was such a sweet boy.

Later on one of the log choppers had his little boy visit him. This child probably six or seven had been placed in a foster home when his mother died and he was in bad condition. The father was tubercular and we found a place for him with other patients in a home and we took the little boy. He had so many sores on his legs that responded well to treatment and he was cleaned up. He stayed with us until he graduated from High School. He lives in Louisiana with a lovely wife and five children.

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The Clements, Elizabeth & Bernie. [Age 47? ca. 1931]

Before leaving town, but aware of the preparations to move out to the “woods.” Music in my head (oh, so much). Started studying voice with Mrs. Plunket (director of St. Paul’s Meth. Choir) thinking that the absence of music might be what was missing from my life and causing such intense misery to me. After so much music in St. Paul [Minn.] the absence of both music & painting made life a desert. I think singing at St. Paul’s & studying voice again helped bring me back to normal.

Started to compose when we moved out here. Mrs. Plunket advised me to have Mr. Kidd look it over. He had just retired from a publisher company in Philadelphia and liked them very much but said he wasn’t going to try to arrange them for me to see if Bernie Clements would. He was doing quite a bit of arranging for the different orchestras in town. He accepted and so I became acquainted with dear Elizabeth and the five children. Sometimes I’d go to their house in town and often they would come out here. My health improved so much and to see my beloved “tunes” with a real accompaniment was a treat.

Elizabeth would always bring cakes & cookies for her gang to devour. The children loved the sawdust piles and lost many socks. The boys would sometimes bring some of their friends (they had been growing so fast and so big) that it looked as if I was entertaining a football team. In fact the minister of the little church across the creek came over and said “I did not know if you wanted to come over. They look like a football team.” I told him it was all right and looked at them. Yes they had grown big and husky without me noticing.

Elizabeth was a joy with her red, red hair and her love for pink pants. Bernie is dead quite a few years now, the boys all grown and all but one married now. The baby sister married & having a family too. Elizabeth is married again to a very nice man and living on Lake Livingston. She still likes the pink pants and wears them. She is much bigger, but looks the same. A most selfless person.

“The Non Pereil” was published first and “the Beautiful Home” didn’t get published but “the Storm” did. None of them sold like wild fire. The publishers wrote and said someone had stolen the “Mexican Child” and went off to Mexico. Well, I had most of them copyrighted. One Scotchman visiting from the old country took the “Heavenly Stairs” back with him to Scotland, said he’d try to get it published over there. But I don’t think I’d care very much after he played it on his bag pipe out at the pond. I don’t like it any more & I don’t like bagpipes.

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Before moving out. [Age 47? ca. 1932]

Early in 1932 the log cabin was finished. There was no saw mill at this time but the workmen were cutting, skinning off the bark, and polishing off the logs during 1931 at the present site. Eighteen lovely dog wood

trees were wonderful blooming early around the site in the spring. Holly trees and the lovely dripping moss was everywhere. The yellow jasmine climbing over the trees, plum blossoms with their fragrance were over all. Grapevines with their fruit tempting the birds & animals. I thought it was heaven. I could forget the worries in town and only see the loveliness.

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Odds & ends. [Age 51? ca. 1934]

So many children were around the place during one winter when the lumber mill was working full time. The milk was prepared for marketing. Some of the milk crew were living in front of the milking barn with a tent attached for cooking & sleeping. Children, one a 16 yr old boy, the others less than that to a baby still nursing. The mother preparing for another not yet born. One was older than the 16 yr old boy, A woman with one of her own was working on the saw mill also. I think she was running the “edger.” She seemed at home when working, and enjoyed the “repartee.”

The field out behind a barn used for storing feed had tents around the entire space. The campfires lit up the entire area and altho there was snow and ice, the tent flaps were open. It was around Christmas and it was quite a festive place as the voices talked and joked as they ate and drank. A Christmas tree was in the tent at the milk barn. There were gifts but the prize was a pair of high boots for the 16 year old boy, and it was a gift from the log cutters. He was not going to run the risk of having the boots soiled but held them up high and was walking barefoot in the snow, face shining and eyes aglow, from tent to tent. I do not remember his name but will not forget him.

I believe that was the last winter before the flood of 1935, about the time in Dec. of the next year.

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The Flood, 1935. [Age 51]

It was a long time before things became normal. The workers changed, gentle people just glad to do anything came, a lot of them with thin clothing and not looking too well fed.

I think it was in Dec. 1935 that we had our “100 year flood.” It was rainy and cold as the water kept coming in. We retreated with as much as we could carry to the second floor with two dogs and I believe four cats. The rains started Saturday after a moderate rain the previous week, and a 20” rain to the west of us sent the bayous & creeks up. I think the water was 10 feet deep outside the house. We saw our pet turkeys, pet chickens floating away. I cried they were pets trained to climb trees following a beam from a flashlight through the dark hours. Often raccoons & opossums would knock them off the branches, all old friends.

We ate canned goods and shivered until Sun. late in the afternoon when my nephew (Lawrence) asked Mr. O’Rourke to bring him out here. He did in a boat that took us off the porch roof, dogs & cats and us to his home in the Heights. A welcome refuge – no fussing about dogs and cats being a nuisance. As we were leaving home a pig was swimming with no place to land & we took him in and left Noah (his name) at a neighbor’s house on the Katy road. Ethel was so kind in taking “all” of us in.

The water went down in a day or two, the house was full of mud, the furniture ruined, my piano a Fischer upright grand a mess, no salvage. With the help of two boy friends the house was cleared and hosed and

when I came home a bright fire in the fire place was a delight and of course no lumber from the saw mill in sight. A lovely jersey calf drowned. The cows had been driven out by a kindly man who had care of them, up to the prairie on the Katy road earlier in the day. He luckily had a better understanding of the climate than we. The saw mill and the logs that were left were taken up to the property in the Katy road, and the place here was just used for cows and horses. I was glad to see the mill go up there. I didn't care for slash fires, especially at night.

After the flood it was much nicer no noise and birds all over the place. Animals of all kinds came back, even the foxes. I became acquainted with the cows, bulls, horses, pigs and found out they were all intelligent and eager to be friends. I could take my sketch book and paint with a delighted audience, a white Brahma bull looking over my shoulder and tasting the green paint on my palette. Such fun My two dogs were constant companions except when they chased rabbits. Bernice the black Belgium police dog died in the 2nd World War – no meat – poor lovely thing sixteen years old.

(Dog histories in calendar book.)

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Mrs. Morrison -- Scotch Presbyterian.

This wonderful woman was in her late seventies when I first knew her. I don't remember getting acquainted with her -- seems as if I had always known her. She used to take two boys from MacAlester College, a girl from the Seventh-Day Adventists and me, making up a quartet to sing at the Sunday afternoon services at the jail. She had many friends among the prisoners and others who loved her strong helpful sermons. She was still a friend to them when they came out of both jail and State Prison when they had no place to go. She was supported by two sons but she gave away everything. Her lovely kind face (with her mourning bonnet and black dress) was ever smiling and she looked the saint she was. She was well known by the "skid row" set and never gave up trying to help the poor derelicts of life to a better one. God rest her beautiful soul. I sang with her quite a few years. I think she was 84 when I left her and she was still going strong.

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May 2, 1960 at 13001 Memorial [Age 75]

This day has produced two interesting incidents.

One was Bessie – who found a mistake in her wages of last week, and trying to explain to me how it happened. She (whom I considered almost too undeveloped to understand very much) went thru the laborious process of working each day out and multiplying the hour wage, showing me that I was \$2.01 wrong. She worked at it so hard and stammeringly explained where the mistake lay, that I loved her more, but I would never have found out that I had made a mistake except for her obvious need for shades for her home.

The other incident was Charles Wood, age 6 1/2, who has been playing with matches and was the cause of several visits from the fire department to put out fires in our woods. I had told Charles that if I found him playing with matches again, I would go over and help his mother spank him. Today when I went over

to the mail box he was coming down the street from school and then as he walked aside of me showed a package of matches he had picked up off the road and gave them to me. We had such a nice walk and visit that I am afraid I am falling in love with him all over again.

One more incident a very pleasant one was a card from Don Soper from Glengary Canada wishing me a happy mother's day, which is next Sunday. All in all a pleasant day.

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A Big Mistake.

After my divorce and I was living alone here in the woods (with only Alice to come in each day) there were only dogs and cats for company. Of course cats have kittens and Sister Kitten had more than her share. One morning (very early) two little kittens (not even half grown) were fighting in the kitchen and I picked them up (that was the first mistake). They clung to my hands. One on each wrist claws and teeth dug in and I was bleeding quite profusely. I tried shaking them off which helped a lot but left me bloody. I tried to staunch the flow with towels and bandages so I could call Alice. She came. I had stopped the bleeding but was pretty faint. She had an awful mess to clean and I stayed in bed a few days to get over the loss of blood. The kitchen looked as if someone was murdered. No more mistakes like that. Let dogs and cats fight out their battles by themselves. I don't ever ever interfere. Some wisdom comes painfully.

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April 1973 - Easter time. [Age 89]

This spring has been so lovely. Flowers, trees and vines in their finest color. The only thing not good is breathing in so much pollen and coughing so much at night. It seems now that the worst is over. I hope so.

A black out for me – a week at the hospital and no recollections to help out.

Kindly neighbors did the rest, the amazing doctor at the hospital insisted on bringing me back to life, real life with nothing missing. The darling youngsters took over the house keeping & the dogs with the most wonderful care, and I am most grateful for their gracious work.

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July 12 - 1974.

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My 90th birthday with the usual cake made by Lynette, the turkey dinner with all the trimmings made by her mother. Cards from many friends mostly old ones. Telephone calls from relatives and a lovely chrysanthemum plant from Joy Davis – faithful friend of past years. A quiet day but cool and pleasant. Gifts from dear Lynette most faithful of friends.

This is written by my fountain pen of years (filled with real ink that I can read what I have written) & due to my youthful attorney who has supplied me with both writing and india inks.

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## Menagerie Notes [Age 70]

April 10, 1955 - Easter rain - good rain - no church. Sister [mother cat] killed a mouse for Captain Midnight [kitten] & old Terrible black cat got it. Little kitten doesn't seem to like mouse meat.

April 11 - Poor Sister Kitten [= Sister] watching the little wrens learning to fly out of the linden knot hole nest. She is behind the screen, the dogs will not let her in the yard even a little while. She has been trying to coax Captain Midnight outside. He doesn't need much coaxing.

April 14 - Stella [dog] & Captain Midnight having a big romp. I must stop the fun, Stella is too rough on the kitten. Well they both went to sleep.

April 24, 4am - Poor Dummy [cat] trying to walk a tight rope to garage to evade Terrible who was on the war path and was clinging on the wisteria vine almost in the reach of dogs. Brought him in. [Later] Put Dummy out. Dummy was after Silver Tail [another cat] & she was clinging to edge of gutter along the porch & losing her hold. I caught her as she fell & brought her in.

[Never a dull moment!]

June 16 - Little Midnight has not been able to climb down a tree -- he backs down a limb & then falls. I wonder if he ever will learn. Yesterday tried to back down a dead limb & it broke under his weight.

Alice fixed the screen up stairs so I could go out on the roof more comfortably. Last night I went out for Midnight after dark & dropped my glasses - had a hard time getting them off the lower part of roof

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## An adventure in Electricity

July 4, 1955 - Such a heavy storm with lots of lightning & thunder with a good rain lasted most of the afternoon. An extra hard flash followed by tremendous crash of thunder & all the lights went out. Poor little Tuffy went haywire. Ruffy & Nosey followed suit. They were under the house (when it struck) near the grounded connection. Looked like a close call for them. Alice was on the south side of porch and felt the heat from the flash on her face.

I waited until nearly dark to see if lights would come on but no lights. Then, sitting on the porch & putting a strong burning smell with a dark colored pole I thought I had better go & see. I noticed that lightning had struck this pole that was only about 50 feet from the house. Examined the fuse box & saw broken fuses - took them out & replaced them & lo - lights - then over to the well house - couldn't open the fuse box. Jesse came home later & when he got the fuse box open saw burned & melted fuses. Engine of pump burned out. This morning I showed Alice the pole & she said look at that pine tree - not 20 feet from the house where the lightning had struck & jumped from tree to wire evidently traveling away from the house to the pole & following the wires to the pump house.

Well, the dogs cried a long time after that but they were just frightened. I don't know whether I was shocked or not - but it didn't seem to me to be such a close strike. Maybe the flash had dulled my senses

but I had trouble forgetting the smell of burning which lingered long after the lightning struck & noticing the ashes falling – such a slow process of thought.

Today fell over backward in rocker – no harm done except to bring a lamp with me, smashing the globe. Rocker came off the chair. (not mine)

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May 14, 1956 [Age 71]

I cannot understand why I did not write about the strange experience I had last week. Have been thinking and wondering about it. It was early morning, the sun was up and I was standing near the green house – when the joy of the morning took possession of me and the brilliance of the sunlight seemed to absorb me. I tried to leap from my body and then stopped and I wondered is this death or is the light the same as that which guided Moses. Anyway when it had passed I felt glad I was still here and started to wonder.

I cannot forget it and it seemed to be a joyous experience. I have had no one to talk to about it but Alice and I spoke about it today. She nodded her head understandingly and said “It was the Holy Ghost and no one would believe it unless they had the experience.” I don’t think I am good enough for such an experience, tho the Lord appeared to the disciple Paul in the desert and he was not a good man then. Maybe there is work here to do. It was a joyous experience but left me a little frightened.

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August 27, 1956 - Showers, thank God, after a summer so dry that I expected to see everything dried up, and did in a number of places. Poor everything – Was so worried about wild life (no water, no food) that I was glad to hear and see that one of our faucets was pouring water in a goodly fashion over at the house near the old frog pond. The grass was beautifully green - and the ponds full of beautifully clear chlorinated water. The trees were doing well and even if the water was \$54.00 I think it was worth it. The creek has been dried for a long time and there have been only the lily ponds and pans set out for squirrels & birds.

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January 27, 1958 - Such a nice letter from John. He must be about 30 years old now. I am proud of his words in his letter “I was a stranger and you took me in.” Jesse and I felt so sorry for the poor little boy with the sore sore leg -- his mother dead and his father with tuberculosis and trying to cut wood on our place. John was only 10 years old looking 8, undernourished, sore and dirty. I thank Thee oh Father for the chance we had and although we didn’t do so well, we are glad he is working in the service now. Keep him Thine, oh Lord, don’t let him slip away from thy path. He said they drive 14 miles to church all the children and Shirley. Bless them all, oh Lord. Amen.

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June 1, 1958 - So busy - no idea of writing. Now that the wrens in the dog house have learned to fly feel better. There was quite a commotion.

Dr Flemming was here Fri and we talked of the land Jesse wanted to give to the church – no conclusions - relayed his message to Jesse.

It is good to leave dead trees standing - such an abundance of bird food. The beautiful blue lily of the Nile is in full bloom so lovely and yet is so unusual. It keeps expanding each day as more of the little florets open into bells, such a lovely color.

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December 28, 1961

Christmas passed - cool, crisp and beautifully clear. This was a very lovely Christmas. Was to communion at the new little church Christmas eve. It is a lovely little church snuggling among the trees as if it had always been there.

Dear Lord, bless this little church. May it never have the stain of materialism. May all who enter feel thy strength and leave there a new person. May the children who grow up there feel thy presence always.

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February 19, 1963 -...Alice has been gone since before Thanksgiving. She had been smoking marijuana too much and was too hard for me to manage. - I have Shirlene & Bob Greene most of the time. They like the upstairs. Bob works at the shopping center. Very happy combination with them upstairs.

[later notes:] They only stayed 8 mos. May 23-65 - Alice has been back about 3 yrs.

April 24, 1968 - So many months passed without much occurring. Alice left about 3 weeks ago or more (I forgot) Before that she & Henry brought a puppy for me...

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April 15, 1972 -...The weather today is like the one a couple of weeks ago when we had a "tornado watch" & 7 inches of rain fell. It is very warm & muggy. That 7 inches of rain filled the creek almost to the top & the streets and the next morning Mrs. Johnson said the under passes were full of water up to the signal lights. She had stayed here that night and was glad of it. When she went home in the morning she had to go all around to get to her home.

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January, 1973 - Yesterday - one day of misery for me - called Mrs. J. at 4 AM & had a bad time all day. Burning pain in chest and breathing with difficulty. Mrs. J. called Dorothy & she came out. I was much improved by night. She spent the night with me. Must not forget to tell her about the 2 lots that was sold. I am suring [?] for \$11,000 [?] but think it was each. They were not reported last year. They were sold a few months after this lot near the house was sold for about \$10,000.

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January, 1973 -..The police arrested a bunch of boys on my place. It came after I called them in the middle of a Sunday night, in fact 2:30 AM because someone was shooting at my house. The police found marijuana in a tree house and a bunch of boys. The father of one of them came to me a couple of weeks after I had called the police because his "boy" was over age and would have to go to jail. He said they found his boy on a Fri. I told him I had called the police 2 weeks before in the middle of the night. He wanted me to talk to his lawyer. Well nothing has happened yet.

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May, 1973 - In Hospital. didn't know how I got there.

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October, 1973 - Still alive & trying to thresh out the Audubon gift to overcome Mr. C objections, and with full sail ahead will manage it. Trusting in God and all my good friends.

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October 7, 1974 - Still alive and wondering at feeling so well and being about to paint & compose, found an old uncompleted song and altho it took a long time was able to finish it. I like the last part best but without the last it would not make sense.

The first part was written so many years ago. The “south wind” was always asking me “why I was alive” – so I laid the song away and at last “The south wind sighed from a passing cloud to a lark high in the air etc.

[This was the last entry. E.L.M. died March 22, 1975]