
Autobiography of Fessie Emilie Krumm Norr

Fessie Krumm Norr

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I was born in the State of Kansas, in the county of Nemaha halfway between the towns of Wetmore and Goff, the daughter of William Frederick Krumm and Hattie Effie Mast, both of German ancestry but born in the United States.

Mother always saw to it that the three of us children went to Sunday School. We lived across the street from the Baptist church. One of the ladies of this church asked Mother if my older brother Elmer and I might come to Sunday School. Later, this same lady told Mother that she believed I wasn't old enough yet for Sunday School as I sat under the seats in place of on them. Naturally Mother kept me home, until I was a little older.

My Father built a new house in Wetmore, across the street from the Methodist church so we were then sent to the Methodist Sunday School. Here it was that I learned many Bible stories, especially from the New Testament, which I found very helpful when I later heard of the gospel. I enjoyed being in the programs at Christmas time and the Children's Day programs which probably were in May. Mother always made me a new dress for those occasions and many others.

I can remember when I was very small that I would sit on the floor or a footstool close to Mother while she sewed on the machine and I would ask her about God and Heaven. Her answers seemed to satisfy me.

I remember we had a Tom Thumb wedding given by the children of Wetmore. I was the maid of honor and Mother dressed me for my part. Ray Watkins was the best man and he was supposed to take hold of my arm but my two uncles would have teased me no end if they had heard of this, so when the evening of the play arrived I immediately said to Ray, "Don't you dare take hold of my arm!" Teasing is excruciatingly painful for children when they can't defend themselves, which I couldn't always do with my two uncles. Of course I have forgiven them long ago and have even had the work done in the Temple for one uncle and hope to do it for the other one when he passes away. Because of my own experiences I would never let anyone tease Marriner if I were around.

Ethel Achten, a very sweet little girl, came to our school from Granada, a town of a very few houses. As I recall, her father was president of the bank in that tiny town. She brought a very pleasant idea to our school, showing us how to make necklaces like daisies such as are sometimes seen now in the department stores. We made them on a little loom on a wooden bow and thought this was great fun. We formed a little club called the 'Daisy Club'.

When I was about 8 years old our first telephone was installed, attached to the wall. Whenever there was a thunderstorm a fuse had to be taken out of the top of the telephone. I doubt it many people in the town of Wetmore had telephones at that time. Mother used to call her sister (Emilie Mast Dorman) who lived in Goff a nearby town.

My Father had a second and larger home built than the former one. This is the one to which I was most attached, but when I saw it a few years ago I was very much disappointed. I must have been between 7 and 8 years old when it was built, so now it has grown old and has settled in places--but it still was our former home.

Casper, my younger brother, and I were pals. Throughout my life he has been very close to me. We used to play with two children in the neighborhood, Hazel and Louis Martin, who lived with their grandmother. He visited us in D.C. frequently.

When I was nearly 11 years old, my Mother, my older brother Elmer, and I became members of the Episcopal Church, which was much different than the other churches we had attended. Their form of baptism was by sprinkling. Mother enjoyed hearing the Rector preach. I don't suppose that it mattered too much to me that our new church was different. At least it enlarged my knowledge that so many of the churches teach differently. I didn't realize this until I heard of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has everything necessary for salvation in our Father's kingdom.

My Father built us an unusually big swing. It was made of two very large poles with a cross piece at the top and two strong chains on the sides which held the seat in place so it wouldn't come off. I spent many happy times swinging and dreaming lazily as I would go very high off the ground. He also made two sleds for the three of us children, which were far stronger and superior to the sleds in the stores at that time.

We had a barn in Wetmore and I was unduly afraid of climbing clear up the steps to the hayloft. The steps were boards nailed across two upright pieces. I would get as high as the last step and then lose my nerve, as there was a little distance between this and the floor of the hayloft. My brothers tried to encourage me to make the last step but I was scared to do it for a long time. However, the day finally came when I made the triumphant leap. After that first success, it was easy, and we held shows in the loft. We dressed up in costumes. The spectators had to pay a certain number of pins to see the show.

In Wetmore we had a little tricycle, which we treasured very much. Compared to the tricycles of today it would look like a past number, but we were satisfied as none of our playmates had anything better. Our little wagon was very useful for coasting and for carrying back black walnuts which had fallen on the outside of the Holmes residence who lived on the edge of town.

Mother enjoyed the Peppers and used to read to us in the winter evenings as we gathered around her. We Louise May Alcott books: Little Men and Little Women, and the Five Little how they grew, and many other stories.

One time my Mother, together with some of the people of Wetmore, went to the neighboring town of Goff to a convention, Goff being only 4 miles away and the home of Mother's people. We went by train, and when we got off and began to walk away my tam-o-shanter to get it. Just then the train backed up, which I understand was never done unless a signal was given. Our dentist (Dr. Lapham) acted very fast and pulled me off the tracks, or else I would have been killed.

Although it was retrieved, I didn't like it a bit at that time that somebody would pull me back and stop me from getting my new cap. How irresponsible children are, as I think of it now, and of course I am so grateful to him for saving my life. My Mother never forgot it and was forever thankful to him for his quick thinking.

When we were small Mother never let us buy much candy or gum. I remember going to Cawood's general store in Wetmore and buying a small tin frying pan that had a tin spoon to dig out the candy, which looked like a fried egg. Another goody that we liked much better was a stick that had a chocolate on each end filled with honeycomb taffy. Each of these cost a penny.

We weren't poor and we weren't rich, but Mother was very economical and was very ingenious in

making the home look attractive. It certainly was a pleasant place to live and we were never ashamed to bring friends to our home. I have heard people say that Mother's home was like a dollhouse.

I loved going to school and learning. I think the children of today learn much, but I wouldn't trade it for the things, which I was taught. One thing that I always liked and valued greatly was the memory gems our teachers wrote on the blackboard each week. We were supposed to study and commit them to memory. One of them, which I will always remember, goes like this:

True worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by some little good;
Not in dreaming of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men do in their blindness,
In spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness
And nothing so royal as truth.

I will never forget the Readers we used in school. I learned to love American poetry from Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier and many others. I still can recite snatches from these poems and feel that our early American poets have added much to the culture of our country.

A family by the name of Gibbons lived on the street back of us. As children we would beg Mother to let us go and see them; we wouldn't even have thought of going without her consent. The grounds were large. They had horses, mules, cows, goats, geese, chickens, dogs and cats. There were quite a few grown girls and boys in the family. In the summer the girls would sweep the ground, bring out their chairs, and listen to an old style phonograph, which had pink disc records. Mother wouldn't let us go more than once or twice during the summer as they weren't a very clean family and no doubt Mother thought we might carry some vermin back with us.

In Wetmore Mother had a friend, Mrs. Stever, who had a daughter Leona. One morning Leona brought Mother something that her mother had cooked. My brother Elmer, and I, didn't like the daughter as she was overbearing in our estimation. Elmer had a stick with some thin leather strips at the end, so as she came out of our house he gave her a few licks with it. I laughed. She went back and told Mother what had happened and that Fessie had laughed. Elmer and I both got a spanking. I think that he deserved it, but I never thought it was quit fair that I should get spanked just for laughing. This was one of the few things that I was punished for which I thought was unfair.

I saw an advertisement in a magazine one time saying that a hammock could be gotten for selling a dozen flavoring extracts. They looked like grated orange rind. Mother let me send for them but told me to find out first if people would buy them after I had received them. I don't remember how many I sold but if I didn't sell them all, Mother must have taken the remainder. Mrs. Lapham never paid me the 2¢ for her can of flavoring, so I thought I should go over and collect for it, but Mother said, 'No, Dr. Lapham saved your life when the train backed up, so just let it go.' This was my first experience in selling. I am sure we all enjoyed the hammock when it came, which was hung on the back porch.

One day Mother was going upstairs and she saw a snake in the hall leading to the stairway. She was very frightened and so was I. It happened that a strange man was passing our house and she called him in. He picked up a couple of sticks and took the snake out of the house. The man proved to be

the new minister of the Methodist church and was very kind to help us. Mother always thought the snake had gotten in through a grating just above the hall floor.

One morning Mother sent me with a little pail of buttermilk to a neighbor about a block away; because Mrs. Thomborough had told her she liked buttermilk very much. I knocked at the front door and her daughter, who was much older than I, said, 'Go to the back door', which I did, but I was very humiliated. It didn't seem right that the daughter should be unkind to me as a child while her mother was getting something she had said she liked. I asked Mother never to send me there again and I don't remember that she ever did. Incidentally my uncle Will Mast (called by us Uncle Peggy) bought the Wetmore home perhaps 15 years ago. It was once considered one of the nicer homes in that town but when he bought it, it wasn't in very good condition and much repair work had to be done.

I can't help remembering a family in Wetmore who were very poor. The father ground horseradish and sold it from house to house and also did odd jobs for people in order to make a living. Ivan was one of their four or more children and he went to my school. He was a very quiet boy and I don't suppose I had spoken a dozen words to him. Many years later I was so pleased to learn that he had continued his schooling and had become a college professor. So far as I know he is the only person with whom I was acquainted in Wetmore who has risen from much poverty to an outstanding career.

When I was about 12 years old we sold our home in Wetmore and my Father went to work in Chanute in southeastern Kansas. Mother and we three children went to Goff and stayed with my aunt (Mother's sister) and her husband for the summer. Mother helped by doing the housework while Auntie took care of their general mercantile store with her husband, which was very lucrative. We stayed there until Father found a place for us to live in Chanute. While in Goff we went to the Christian church but after we moved to Chanute Mother wanted us to go to the Episcopal Church with which we had become affiliated while in Wetmore.

I never liked Chanute very well. We had a neighbor, Mrs. Smith, whom Mother liked very much, and one evening this nice lady and her only child, Virginia, came over to our house. Virginia had learned a recitation, which she had planned to give at the next program at school, and her mother asked us if we would like to hear Virginia give it, to which we assented. It was a humorous selection and very well done. I told Mrs. Smith that if she didn't mind I would like to give it also the next time we had a program, which would be all right because Virginia was younger than I and we we're not in the same room at school. Mrs. Smith typed the reading so that I would be able to learn it, which I enjoyed doing, and I gave it at the next monthly program, the teachers letting us give whatever we wanted. I received so many compliments on the reading that it spurred me to want to give recitations whenever we had a program. I always tried from then on to give something humorous, as the students seemed to like that type better.

In Chanute, Mother took us to a glass factory so we would know how this useful substance is made. We enjoyed it and learned that a glassblower's life was short, presumably too hard on the lungs. When Vernon and I were in Europe in 1964 I again saw how glass is made, in Venice, Italy. In 1970 Vernon and I went to the Mormon pageant at Palmyra, N.Y., and saw it for the fourth time. On our trip homeward we stopped at the Corning Glass Company and for the third time I saw how glass is made. This last place surpassed anything that I had ever seen in glass, the exhibits being almost beyond description.

I was invited by a girl friend in Chanute to go to the home of an outstanding lady artist in watercolor painting. This lady gave lessons, at least to children, for 50 cents. I painted a landscape, which I have always thought was made a great deal better by Mrs. Bennett's finishing touches. Mother was

delighted with the picture and painted one like it. She had painted in oil previously and was quite good. She was very progressive and loved to learn to do many things.

At school on Friday afternoons, following recess, the teachers let us have a spelling bee or a ciphering match or geography find. I really learned how to add, subtract and divide very fast. In fact I was often the winner. Today, when I have bills or other problems to figure, I find that I still am very fast with numbers, which I attribute to the ciphering matches in school.

Previously in Wetmore I had started to take music lessons in the summers, as I remember. In Chanute my music teacher was Miss Rawlings who lived in a very beautiful home near ours, but because of lack of finances she gave piano lessons. Doris Juleson, a friend of mine, could play the piano by ear, which made me quite envious and I wished I could have that gift, too. However, Miss Rawlings told Doris that she would be very happy if she would play her lessons as good as Fessie Krumm because it is more valuable in learning music to read the notes than to play by ear. It was my Mother who spurred me on, telling me that if I didn't practice one hour a day I could not take any more lessons. I really wanted to learn to play well.

After we had been in Chanute several years my parents bought a farm close to Goff, Kansas. It was 160 acres. Mother didn't like farm life but Father thought he would like it. Both were very hard workers. During the school months I went to the Goff schools, staying with Mother's sister and her husband. In the summertime I lived on the farm with my parents and two brothers.

I remember one thing I enjoyed doing on the farm. There were about 30 acres of timberland and I often went into the woods and, with leather gloves, picked gooseberries. I listened to the singing of the birds and in the distance I could hear the tinkling of a bell, which one of our cows wore. I will never forget those experiences. They were not exciting but they gave me a wonderful feeling, being so close to nature that one can't get any place else. Mother canned the gooseberries, after we had picked off the stems, but she could never understand how I could possibly enjoy picking gooseberries and being alone in the woods. We're all so different; that's what makes life interesting.

I started dating the boys when I was about 15 years old. I began high school in Goff where my parents rented a house, and in the fall we moved to Holton in Jackson County, Kansas, where my Father had found work. Holton was much larger than either Wetmore or Goff and it is the county seat. I really liked Holton. I came in as a freshman in high school after the school year had started, so I was more or less of a novelty to the boys and never lacked for dates.

Belle Moore lived across the street from our home and we were close friends during our high school years. We walked to and from school together, morning, noon and afternoon. There was a low stone wall close to our homes and we often sat on it and talked and talked, It is a wonder that the owners, who were also our neighbors, didn't chase us off.

Belle was a wonderful ice skater. We often went to a pond where everybody skated. My ankles were weak, so I never became a good skater. However, the boys were kind enough to skate with me around the pond, which they didn't seem to mind. One day Belle and I took our skates and went to the pond. Nobody was there and the ice was thawing. I got too near a weak place trying to see how weak the ice really was, and broke through. My shoes and everything up to my knees were drenched. I had to walk home swishing my wet shoes while the water was dripping out of my clothes. We lived about five blocks away. Mother wasn't home. I quickly got out of my clothes and hung them close to the stove. When Mother came home, I can't imagine she was too happy about the accident but no doubt grateful that nothing serious had happened to me. I don't remember that I even took a cold or

ruined my clothes. I rather imagine that it was through Mrs. Wolverton that Mother decided we children should go to the Presbyterian Church in Holton. The Presbyterian minister called upon Mother one day, which was the usual custom. He told her he thought she should send me to a seminary, as I seemed so susceptible to religion. He had taught our Sunday School class several times when our teacher was absent and he said he had gained this impression while teaching the class. Mother didn't send me and I am very happy that she didn't, as I might never have had the opportunity to come in contact with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

One evening Belle and I went coasting with a group of boys and girls from high school. It wasn't too far from town, as I remember. Somebody had a toboggan sled and he asked me to go down the steep hill. I agreed. There were about six on the sled back of me. Fortunately I brought them all safely to the bottom of the hill. I will admit that I was tense and realized the importance of guiding this sled, which was much longer than any I had ever ridden on, and I didn't want to have anybody get hurt. As I recall, there were all boys on the sled and they were pleased that I had guided the sled so straight and safely.

When I was either a sophomore or a junior, I had an exceptionally good time. Floyd Reynolds and I dated. He was the captain of the football team and I was very proud of him. However, football is so dangerous and I well remember how he got one of his eyelids cut while playing the game. Luckily his father was one of the leading surgeons, but his father and he didn't get along very well and he didn't have much sympathy for Floyd who really was a very adventuresome fellow.

The members of the football team decided to take their girl friends to a nearby town, perhaps 25 miles away, for the next football game. Floyd asked me and we all enjoyed the outing. I was rather embarrassed because one fellow who could draw very nicely drew a picture of me while we were riding over on the train. I was quite flattered too, even though I didn't care for that boy. We came back home the same day.

Without thinking, I pulled a dirty trick on Floyd. He wrote me a note in school asking for a date, and it was one of his regular nights for us to go out. I told him I already had a date. It was with a boy whom I had gone out with before and he had just returned from Wyoming. Well, that was the last of Floyd for me. In a short time he went with another girl who didn't go to high school, and her parents were so pleased that their daughter's boy friend was the son of the leading surgeon in town. Within a year they were married. Floyd really had planned to go to Kansas University after graduation from high school, but this never materialized. The last time I saw him, which was a few years later, he was a motorman on a streetcar in Topeka. At the time, I rather regretted that I had treated him so shabbily, but later I realized that if we had continued seeing each other, and married, mine would have been an entirely different life than it has been and I might never have heard of the Gospel or had the opportunity of accepting it.

My maternal grandmother couldn't sew, so my grandfather wanted his two daughters to learn. He had a nephew in Omaha, so Mother was sent there and took sewing lessons from a very good seamstress. She became very good at it. I was always pleased with the clothes she made for me. While in high school I went to see Millie Brandes, the daughter of the nephew mentioned above, and we had a wonderful time. She played the piano, danced beautifully, and also made her own clothes, which looked superb. While I was there my Mother wrote me to come home right away as she was to have an operation. On the way home I had to change trains at St. Joseph, Missouri, and while I was waiting I took a walk up town. When I got back and went out on the railroad station

passenger platform, whom should I see but my Father who was also going back to Holton. He had been visiting his brothers in St. Joseph. It was very nice to go back home with him.

Mother's operation was for a tumor on her breast, which she felt she had contracted on the farm lifting heavy rocks from the ground, which she put on her chest. The operation was performed in one of our upstairs bedrooms. The surgeon was Floyd Reynolds's father who did a magnificent job even though it was done in our home instead of in a hospital. He removed the complete breast. Mother was quite sick and very miserable for some time, and as I remember her sister came from Goff to take care of her. There was never a reoccurrence of any lump and Mother lived to be almost 92 years old. Bless her heart; she was a wonderful Mother, and almost everything she said I believed implicitly.

A group of us went on a bobsled ride with a team of horses at the helm, this while I was still in Holton. I had a date with John Linscott. He thought he would be different than the rest of the boys, so he pulled out a cigar and started smoking it. Some of the ashes fell on my new winter coat, which I was very proud of. When he saw what he had done, he stopped smoking. The next day at school I told him I didn't like it at all that he had burned a hole in my new coat, and he said, 'Oh, my father will pay for it.' His father was president of one of the banks in Holton. I said, 'No, thank you; I don't do things that way.' I had to wear the coat with the hole in it, and although it really wasn't a large hole, the coat never seemed as new as before.

Josephine Wolverton's father loved to invent things and among them he invented a new kind of flour sifter. It consisted of two round tin pans with a separate sieve fitted between them. The pans could also be used for stewing fruit and vegetables. I wondered if this were true as I doubted the soldering was strong enough to hold the liquid. Mr. Wolverton wanted Josephine and me to try to sell some. I went alone, on my first selling trip, to Wetmore where we had formerly lived. People there were so surprised and delighted to know that I had ventured away from home and was trying to sell this gadget, that I sold 18 sifters in this small town to our former acquaintances. That was a good beginning. When I returned to Holton and told them of my success, it was suggested (perhaps by Mrs. Wolverton) that Josephine and I go to a town about 25 miles away and see what luck we would have. Mrs. Wolverton contacted a family in Holton who had relatives in this particular town, so that we would have a place to stay. We started out with six-dozen sifters, but alas our luck was not good and we only sold four sifters between the two of us. The story we heard at every door was that there had been no rain and the crops weren't good, so they couldn't spare the 5¢ to buy a sifter. We decided we couldn't afford it financially to stay any longer, so we were gone only two days as I remember. Mother was disappointed and disgusted that I had come home so soon because a note had been sent to the Holton weekly paper that we would be gone six weeks, however, by the time the paper came out we had been home several days. So much for selling sifters, but I don't regret the experiences we had, even now.

Mother was invited to a very nice luncheon at a lady's home several blocks away in Holton. Afterwards I asked her if I might give a luncheon for some of my friends and she consented. I was about 17 or 18 years old at that time. Mother said she would help me, and told me to contact Mrs. Hirsch who had given the luncheon she had gone to, and ask her for some ideas and her recipes if she didn't mind. This lady was more than pleased to help me. The luncheon was all that I had hoped for and the girls enjoyed it very much. As I remember there were 12 girls seated at 3 small tables. I think there had only been one luncheon given by this group before, so it was a little novel for high school girls and an account of it was printed in the weekly paper. Sometime later and after I had joined the Church, one of the lady missionaries stationed in Topeka told me she had seen the account of the luncheon, probably in an old copy of the Holton newspaper which had been printed several

years previous to my conversion. There was only one member of the Church in Holton, a tailor, and it is possible that the missionaries might have seen the account at his home. I was flattered that she had remembered my name for that long a time.

When it came time for casting the senior play, Belle and I decided to try for a part. I was chosen as the leading lady and she for the next lead. It was the first large play that I had been in and it was truly enjoyable. It went off nicely. The boy who had the character part, Ralph DuPue, didn't do very well when we practiced but on the night of the performance he was wonderful. He really surprised us. The footlights must have inspired him.

At graduation from high school we all wore white carnations. I don't remember why I didn't pay for mine that evening; perhaps I hadn't brought any money with me. But during the summer I remembered that the carnation had not been paid for, so I walked a mile or more to the greenhouse to pay my 5¢. The lady who owned the business said she wished that all of the graduates were as honest as I was. I didn't realize or feel that I was doing anything other than what I was supposed to do, as Mother had always taught us to be honest.

We had our dinners at noon, which I presume most people did. Mother would see to it that one of us children brought the dishes from the dining room, one wiped them and another put them in the cupboard, while she washed them. In this way the work was all done before we went back to school. Mother was ingenious.

The ladies all wore hats in those days. Every hat store had a milliner who would make a hat from scratch, or add something to the one you had bought. Mother loved hats so in the afternoons during one season she went to Mrs. Fairchilds to learn how to make hats. Being an apprentice she received no remuneration although perhaps she got her hats free.

In my last year in high school, a neighbor girl who was much older than I, Elsie Haag, asked me what I intended doing after graduation. I said that I wanted to be a milliner, she said, 'Why don't you teach school?' I wondered if I could, as I hadn't taken the teachers training class, so I hesitated. However, the idea began to grow. At that time one didn't have to have a college degree to teach in the rural districts. A normal school course (2 years at a normal school) was preferred for teaching in the town schools. I started to apply for schools near Holton but the school boards wouldn't hire me because they thought I looked too young to teach the children. Josephine Wolverton had gotten a school on the Pottawatomie Indian reservation. I learned from the county superintendent that there was still another school on that reservation which hadn't hired a teacher. Josephine's mother offered to take me out to see the school board. In order to look older, I borrowed one of Josephine's skirts as she was taller than I, put my hat straight on my head, hired a team of horses and buggy (a car not being available), took a blank contract for hiring a teacher with me, and we started out. We had to take down gates and fasten them up again after we had driven through, so the cattle wouldn't get out of the fields, so we had plenty of exercise. Mr. Kabance, an Indian, was the first member of the school board that I contacted. I asked him if he would be willing to hire me if the other two members were agreeable, to which he assented. The next member of the board wasn't home, so we drove on to the third member, who was plowing in a field. He seemed much impressed that I would do as the schoolteacher. I told him what Mr. Kabance had agreed to, so he signed the contract. We then went back to Mr. Kabance and I told him that 'Mr. John Doe' had already signed it, that the other member of the board was not at home, but if he (Mr. Kabance) would sign it I would send it to 'Mr. Absent Member', and if he signed it the contract would be valid, so Mr. Kabance signed it. After reaching home I sent the contract to 'Mr. Absent Member' who signed it, so I was hired to teach school for seven months at \$50 a month. I was elated about this.

The county superintendent was very pleased that it had been done so quickly. I think the school board was really glad that the job was over for the year.

But the hard part was yet to come. I had to attend a teacher institute for a month that summer. There were about 15 or 17 examinations, which I had to pass, and I did pass. I had the first six grades to teach. There were about 40 pupils, 13 of whom were Indian children. At lunchtime I taught the Indian children English and they learned the language rather quickly. One of them, an Indian girl about 14 years old, said she learned more from me than from any other teacher she ever had. I really loved to teach. The county superintendent visited the school one day and she was very pleased with my teaching. Previously it had been a U.S. government school.

Before I went to the Indian reservation I had heard there were Mormons there. Laughingly, I said that I supposed I would be one too. Little did I realize that this would materialize. Uncle Will (Peggy) Mast, Mother's brother, took me to the Indian reservation in his car when I started to teach there. As I remember, he also came back for me when my school year was up. Even though he did tease me unmercifully at times, he was always ready to do me a favor when he could.

I was fortunate to stay with a very fine lady who was a Mormon (Later, was an apostate to the Church). She, Mrs. Flanders, started working on me the first evening I was there. She asked me what church I belonged to and how I was baptized. I told her the Episcopal Church and that I had water sprinkled on my head. She then asked me if I thought that was the right way to baptize and I said it was the way they did it, so I supposed it was all right. She asked me how Jesus was baptized and I told her where there was much water. Then she said that if Jesus came to the earth to show us how to baptize, didn't I think we should do it that way? This caused me to think, but I didn't know if I liked it that she was so candid.

The next day, being Sunday, we visited in a neighboring home. There was a handbill on the table, which read, 'What would you do if the world should come to an end?' This caused me to wonder if Mrs. Flanders might have something for me.

That Monday was my first day of teaching school. A boy stayed in at recess and I told him I thought it would be good if he would go out and play. He answered, 'Miss Krumm, we only live on this earth just so long, and I must learn all I can while I stay here.' I thought to myself that if a young boy about 12 years old considered it so important to learn all he could while he lived on the earth, how about me? I had always been religiously inclined, and I began to think that perhaps Mrs. Flanders really did have something for me. That evening I told her if she wanted to tell me about her religion, I would listen. After dinner we, and her married son, gathered around the kitchen table and began reading the tract, 'Mr. Durant of Salt Lake City'. She read and I looked up the references from the Bible. I could find no fault with it; it sounded good to me. She told me to pray and ask our Heavenly Father if it were true.

The more I read and prayed the more I was convinced that it was true. At the end of 3 weeks I was ready to be baptized but I had to wait until the missionaries came from Topeka to perform the baptism, which was done by Adam Martin on 14 November 1915 at Mayetta, Kansas, and I was confirmed the next day by Floyd L. Weed. I was baptized in a creek and although it was nearly wintertime the water didn't even seem cold, and I didn't take a cold. They wrapped me in blankets and took me to the Flanders' home.

At that time I hadn't understood baptism for the dead very well. However, after I had hands laid on my head for the gift of the Holy Ghost, it became very clear to me that it was just as necessary to

baptize for the dead as for the living. This is a project to which I have devoted much time and money. Our son Marriner has been wonderful about furnishing me with money to carry on the research; he told me if I would do the work he would pay the costs.

When I first planned to join the Mormon Church I sent a letter home and Mother wrote back, 'Ok, If you feel that it is the right thing to do, by all means do it.' I was so glad that she had given her approval of it. Mother was always so sweet about my accepting the Gospel but she had no desire to study and gain a testimony.

I love the Gospel and hope and pray that I will be faithful to the end. I hope that I might live until the Millennium, if it isn't too far away. The people that I knew in Holton and also those on the reservation thought that I would forget the Gospel after leaving the reservation. I am glad they were mistaken. I never felt that I had lost a friend by accepting the Gospel and joining the Church.

My second year of teaching school was in a very small town near Goff, called Bancroft, where I taught the first 4 grades. My Uncle Will, who was a big cattleman in Goff, was very influential in my getting this school. Nearly every week or so I would go to visit my aunt, grandmother and others who lived in Goff. The train I rode went through Bancroft and I often rode in the caboose, which is the last car on a freight train. It was the freight train or no ride, as the passenger train didn't come at the time I needed it. I am glad for the experience of riding in the caboose.

The third and last year of school teaching for me was a suburban school close to Topeka, where my parents were then living. Mr. Eby, who owned the house they were renting, told Mother he thought he would be able to get me a school, as he was superintendent of the Shawnee County schools, which he did. That year I taught the 5th and 6th grades. The teacher who had taught in that room the previous year was a very sweet girl but couldn't discipline the children, and I had heard from several people that it was a very difficult room to teach. Naturally I was a little apprehensive, but after a few days as their teacher I found that the pupils liked to be disciplined and I had no difficulty with them. The other three teachers in the building were very friendly and it was pleasant to teach there. The school was called the 'Belvoir'.

At noontime on the last day of school I tried to open the door of my room, but it was locked. I waited a short time and tried the door again, and upon entering the room I was almost overcome with joy because the girls had gathered roses from the neighborhood and lined the back and arms of my chair with those lovely blossoms. I felt like crying and still do now when I think of their kindness and appreciation. Those children came from poor parents and they wanted to do something for me but had no money, so this was the way they showed their love. I value their compliment far more than anything they could have given me.

Here is another incident from that same school: Our dear Mother passed away in 1962 and I went home to Topeka for the funeral, staying at the home of one of my brothers. When I was called to the phone the man gave his name and said that in my Mother's obituary on the front page of the newspaper he noticed that she had a daughter, Mrs. Fessie Norr of Washington, D.C. He told me he was the little boy with the dirty ears at the Belvoir school and that I must have been his teacher. He said he would come to my Mother's funeral on the morrow, which he did and waited afterwards to see me. He also sent a floral bouquet. Forty-three years had passed since I was his teacher and to think that he would remember me and kind enough to send flowers and come to the funeral was a very rewarding experience. Pleasant memories are things one cannot buy; they have to be earned. We don't always know when we are doing good.

I enjoyed living at home while teaching school at Belvoir. Many of our missionaries were stationed there and Mother was very kind to them and always welcomed them. Often they would bring their music and I would play while they would sing. Mother loved to hear them. She often went to church with me. We met in a lodge hall and there were very few members, perhaps 12. I was asked to teach the Book of Mormon class and enjoyed it. A few years later, after living in D.C., when I went to the meetings the branch had a little old church building down by the railroad tracks. Today they have a new, modernistic ward chapel in a better part of the city, and are part of a Stake, which includes Kansas City, Mo., St. Joseph, Atchison and other cities which I do not recall just now. A government rehabilitation center has been built in Topeka, which brought many of the Saints from the West and enlarged the Topeka ward.

After finishing my third year of teaching school, I saw a notice in the post office that examinations would be given in Topeka for clerks, typists, etc., for government positions in Washington, D.C., during World War I. I took the examination and then forgot all about it, I suppose.

A lady missionary who had been released from her mission invited me to come and visit her at her parent's home in Marysvale, Utah. I spent a couple of months there. One day I received a letter from my Mother enclosing a telegram from Washington, D.C., saying I was to report for work at the War Department at such and such a date. I went home immediately and Mother helped to get my clothes ready and some new ones bought. I don't imagine that Mother was too anxious to have me go, but I think she was a little elated over my appointment.

I traveled by train from Marysvale to Topeka, but I didn't feel that I could afford a berth so I sat up in the chair car at nights. One morning early I was awakened by a typewriter, and when I looked around the man showed me his business card, which had this verse on it:

If I knew you and you knew me,
And both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner light divine
The secret of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness
If I knew you and you knew me.

I don't remember if he said that he was the author, but I really liked the sentiment in the poem. Although that was long ago, because I love poetry that verse still has a place in my heart

I started working in the State, War and Navy Building in Washington, D.C., on 8 August 1918. Washington was literally buzzing with servicemen and it was a very gay city. When I reached Washington I would have had no room or place to go to, except for 2 girls whom I met on the train, also going to Washington. They knew of a Catholic home that was taking in war workers, so that was my first lodging place. I think it was located near the U.S Capitol.

Later I heard of some Latter-day Saint girls who had an apartment, and stayed with them for a while until their friend, Mar Lee, who later married Wilford Johannesson, arrived from Idaho. It was here that I met Vernon Norr, He was about to leave for Logan, Utah, to enlist and he later went to Texas in the officer's training school at Waco. He knew these girls and had come to bid them goodbye. However, the war was over in a matter of a few months and when he was released he returned to Washington to work in the Treasury Department.

Someone had told me that if I didn't visit the places on interest when to Washington, I probably would just put this off and might never see them, so the first three weeks, I was here my roommates and I went sightseeing every evening and whenever we had the time.

Mother wrote me that Lillian, and Freda Bechtel, with whom I had taught school at Belvoir in Topeka, were in Washington and sent me their address. I got in touch with them and went to live with them; We really had a good time. I remember one Sunday; I had a date with a soldier in the A.M., whom I had met; in the afternoon with another serviceman, and that evening with a Navy fellow with whom I had many dates. These boys had to be back in camp at such and such a time, so their hours were very irregular.

It was while I lived with Lillian and Freda that I took the Spanish influenza, which was raging here in Washington and through out the whole country. These good roommates took real good care of me. They always wore a cloth mask when they came near me because the flu was very contagious. I understand that many thousands of people died during the epidemic. One of the girls came home at noontime and brought me something to eat. They said that I was delirious as I didn't always answer them when they talked to me, but I just didn't feel like talking when I was so sick, I think I had it for three weeks. I can never forget their kindness.

One young man, Herman Stranger, a sailor with whom I dated for quite a while in Washington, was from New York City. He was an artist and one evening he sketched my picture, which I kept for quite a while. He and two other fellows came to see Lillian and Freda and me. Herman had a girl in New York that he thought he would marry sometime. He told me that I was an angel beside some of the girls he knew and saw around the studio in New York. We enjoyed going to the movies and it was nice to know that I would have at least one date every week.

Because Lillian's mother was coming to Washington, I moved in with two girls who were Latter-day Saints, LaPreal Clapp and Linda Olsen. We often went to Capitol Heights, Md., on Sundays to attend Sunday School and Church. Later Vernon Norr joined us after his return to Washington from training camp. To reach the little church building the small group of Mormons had built there required a long streetcar ride to 81st St. and then a walk of about 2 miles through the woods. We also went to sacrament meetings, which were held at the home of Senator Smoot each second Sunday evening. Vernon and I had many dates after that and I am afraid that I kept him broke.

Vernon was going home to Utah to his sister's wedding, so I decided to go as far as Topeka with him, to be with my people, so I resigned from the Treasury Department on 30 June 1920, where I had worked for over a year after transferring from the War Department at the close of the war.

I really enjoyed being back at home where Mother and everybody were so good to me. I didn't have to pay much board and room. Mother did my sewing and many other things for me. She was a beautiful seamstress and knew how to make clothes look wonderful.

After returning to Topeka I enrolled at a business college, taking typing and shorthand. In about three months I either asked them if they could get me a position or they offered me one, I don't remember which. I got a position at the State American Legion office. When the American Legion had a convention in Wichita, Kansas, the adjutant took one of our typists to help with the office work there and I was surprised very soon afterwards to get a telegram from him asking me to come down the next day to help out. I have often wondered if he wanted me to do much work or if it was

to keep Lena company, or to help socially. When the convention was over and I went home, a young man who lived in Wichita took me to the train to see me off. He wanted to come to Topeka see me and I was pleased of course, but I told him I was engaged and that it would not be right to let him come.

I had met several young men after returning to Topeka but they didn't belong to the Church. One was a very fine musician and composer. I just went with them for company, although I was not engaged at this time.

Back in Washington while I was there I had a photograph made and the studio made a tinted copy and displayed it in the show window on F Street. I asked them if I might have it when they took it from the window, to which they agreed. Vernon wanted it so I gave it to him, and he had it when I went home in 1920. I think I heard from him only once after he returned to Washington from his sister's wedding. Inasmuch as I didn't think he cared about writing or seeing me, I wrote him and said that I would like to have my picture back. Almost immediately he called me by long distance and said he was coming to Topeka right away, if I would agree. On 26 December 1920 we became engaged. I fed him some of the 5 lb box of chocolates which one of the fellows had given me for Christmas. He thought that I might marry someone else, so he acted quickly.

In June of 1921 I left Topeka for Washington, D.C. Vernon and I were married on 9 June 1921 in Baltimore, Md., by the missionaries.

We didn't have much money so I started to work. My first job was as a receptionist in Woodward & Lothrop's beauty shop. Later that summer I took a typist examination and started to work at the Navy Yard. A little later I went to the Agriculture Department where I worked about 2 years until 3 months before Marriner was born on 13 February 1924, in Columbia Hospital, Washington, D.C.

Marriner was a good baby. In the morning after my first night home from the hospital I woke up and discovered that I had slept all night and had never heard a sound from Marriner. The doctor said it was more important that the baby sleep than to be fed, if he didn't wake up by himself. My neighbors said they didn't even know that I had a baby until they saw him out in his buggy.

We had many good times with friends whom we knew before we were married, Art and Mildred McGregor, Tom and Theo Rees, and several others. Our Church branch met in a hall on I Street and here it was that I taught a class of 8 year olds. Later we met in the new Washington Auditorium (which has now been demolished). Vernald Worthington and I taught the Gospel Doctrine class, alternating Sundays. Later I became president of the YWMIA., although we didn't have the complete organization, which we now have. Truman Young was president of the YMMIA. He didn't care much about parties, but we finally had one. I had never seen the Mutual in action before, as I was a relatively new convert to the Church.

All during Marriner's childhood I kept in mind that I must watch after his spiritual development. When he was about 8 years old or less I would read the Book of Mormon to him on Sunday afternoons and he really enjoyed it. He gave excellent 2-minute talks in Sunday School. By 1933 the Church had built our beautiful Washington Chapel on 16th Street at Columbia Road. I took Marriner to Primary each week. We often took several streetcars to get there from where we lived. At that time I taught a class of girls, then called the Blue Birds. The class was small but we all enjoyed it. Sometimes we would go into the kitchen and make candy. I also suggested that each of

them make a dress as much by themselves as they could, and they thought this was fun. Of course they had their regular lessons too.

The membership of the Church in Washington kept growing and we became a ward. As the ward grew we were divided and we, the new ward, met in a ladies' clubhouse in Chevy Chase, Maryland. Marriner and I always went to Sunday School, taking two busses and a streetcar to get to the meeting place. Once in a while I would say to Marriner, 'I think I will stay home this Sunday and get an extra good dinner.' He said, 'All right, I'll stay home, too.' I knew that I couldn't let that happen, so of course we went to Sunday School. I have never regretted doing this and feel that it was a motivating influence in making him such a fine young man.

In the Chevy Chase Ward a young man and old boys and girls, alternating each Sunday in Relief Society. We had large classes and I enjoyed teaching them. Alice Wilkinson was president. She is the wife of Ernest L. Wilkinson who is president of BYU in Provo, Utah.

I started doing my genealogy about 1931 and sent in some names of my nearest relatives. However, I became discouraged because I had to wait so long for an answer to a letter I had sent to the Genealogical Society. The man to whom I had written answered my letter 3 months later and said that he had been out of town. About 10 years later I heard German E. Ellsworth (father of Mrs. Ruth Knudson) give a genealogical talk in the Chevy Chase Ward, where we were members, and his talk stimulated me to renewed action.

It was considered while Marriner was in high school whether I should get a job in the Government. I decided it would be wiser for me to be a home when Marriner came home from school each day. Since then I have seen some of the heartaches and tragedies, which have happened by women working and not knowing where their children were after school. Children like to have their mothers at home when they come from school. Marriner graduated from high school and then went to the University of Maryland for a year, after which he decided to enroll at George Washington University.

Marriner has an historical sketch of Buchanan County and the city of St. Joseph, which gives an excellent account of the life of my grandfather, William Krumm, whose name as given on his birth certificate was Johann Elias Wilhelm Krumm, born April 3, 1829, Thorey, Saxe Coburg Gotha, Thuringia, Germany.

My father passed away 10 September 1942, at Topeka, Kansas. He was born 18 October 1888, at Leavenworth, Kansas. He married Hattie Effie Mast, 4 May 1893, at St. Joseph, Mo. They had 3 children: Elmer Kenneth, Fessie Emilie and Casper William. My grandfather Krumm, who came to the U.S. from Germany about 1848, wanted to fit his sons with a livelihood for life, which may have been the custom in Germany at that time. The eldest was a harness-maker. 3 sons helped their father with his truck farm and floral shop in St. Joseph. My Father was fitted also with an occupation. He became a blacksmith and carriage maker, which was as much in demand at that time as mechanics are in this age. Horses were the chief mode of transportation and white collared jobs were very scarce.

By 1942 Marriner was older and going to college so I now felt that I could go to work. World War II was on and I started working at the Maritime Commission, later transferring to the State Department. I saved \$1,000 while working, which was saved expressly to do genealogy, and it was used for that purpose.

While working for the government I developed burcides in my right shoulder and arm. I went to several doctors including an osteopath and a chiropractor without getting any permanent relief, so I went home to Topeka for a rest. While there I was administered to at Church by the missionaries and one of them said that he thought I would get well. He advised me not to work if I didn't have to, and recommended that I do my genealogy, which I had mentioned, to him previously. I did get well and I resigned from the government

Marriner was drafted in 1944. He was fortunate enough to take an examination in the Navy and passed. He studied radar while in the service and didn't have to g6 into the war zone, for which we were thankful. He had finished 3 ½ years of college, and after he was discharged he finished his remaining college work, receiving his BS degree in chemistry.

The bishop of the Arlington Ward announced that if anyone had sons who wanted to go on missions to let him know. It had always been my most ardent desire to have Marriner labor in the mission field, so I told the bishop I would love to have him called. His call soon came, to serve in the South African Mission. As far back as when Marriner was between 3 and 4 years old, I gave him a very small allowance of 10¢ a week. After he had tithed it, he was to save 5¢ for a mission and the remaining 4¢ he could do with as he liked. While I realize this was a small allowance, and some may smile at the amount, it had a good effect and prepared his mind for what he should do.

When the time came for his mission he was prepared mentally and spiritually for this important work.

In addition to his allowance, when he received money for Christmas and birthdays, which is usually did, he tithed that and the rest went into his mission fund. He also saved quite a bit from what he made in the service as he was paid better than if he had been in another branch of the Navy. However, he never used any of this money for his mission, as his father was happy to pay for it.

Saving the small allowance, which he was given as a child has taught him the value of money and made him, a very good businessman in handling his own affairs.

He left while he was It was quite then that he for his mission in South Africa 31 March 1947. I never worried about him in the mission field because I knew that the Lord would take care of him. The opposite when he was in the service. I was always greatly concerned might have to leave the United States and get into the war zone.

When he came home from his mission he was able to return to college and after receiving his Master's Degree he continued and later received his Doctorate in chemistry at George Washington University.

Brother Archie Alger, who was in charge of genealogy in the Stake, asked me to be a representative for genealogy in the stake. I was to go once a month to the various wards and help them in genealogy. I was always fortunate enough to get a4 ride with someone who was going to a particular ward. I was surprised that some of the bishops knew so little about genealogy. In one ward I had to convert the bishop to the necessity of interesting his ward members in doing this work, which happened in Baltimore. David Kennedy, now in 1970 the Secretary of the U.S. Treasury, was then bishop of the Capitol ward where I was often asked to go. I enjoyed going to the various wards in the interest of genealogy, The bishops' wives were kind enough to invite us to dinner and these dinners were always delicious. I well remember Sister Stoops of the Fairview Ward who set such a

bounteous table and delicious food. I often helped her with the dishes as she really had many to do. In this way I became better acquainted with her and enjoyed our conversations.

Vernon and I started for Kentucky on July 13, 1948, where he was interested in bowling pins that were being made there. The pavements were rubbery from the heat and also slippery from the rain that began to fall. In West Virginia we had a head against the windshield which shattered and which also broke my elbow. I had a bad cut a half inch from my right eye, which I understood from the doctor broke an artery. This cut could have been very tragic, being so close to my eye. My two little fingers were also broken, which the doctor never set, and I couldn't even feed myself. My chin was almost cut off and there were many gashes on my cheeks. Evidently I was looking out of the window, so I didn't see the collision, I did vaguely realize what had happened while I was in an ambulance going to the nearest hospital, which was about 25 miles away. A doctor there sewed up my cuts and the next day we came back to Washington on the train as our car was a wreck, and was taken directly to a hospital. In a day or so my elbow was operated on, which took three and a half hours. The elbow was so badly shattered that a silver screw was put in it, which is still there. Several months later I had plastic surgery on my face and chin. It took three years before I could use my elbow easily. Vernon pulled my hand up as far as it would go toward my shoulder many times each day until I had better use of it. The doctor said, 'You don't know how fortunate you are to be alive.' I could hear persons moaning and groaning with pain in the adjoining rooms of the hospital, but I lay there as calm as could be. I had no pain, which I feel was a blessing from the Lord. I was administered to as soon as Vernon could get some Elders to come to the hospital. One of them wrote to his wife who was in Utah that I was going to die, which I heard about much later. I knew that I would get better and wasn't going to die. I knew the minute that I was conscious, that I would live.

We knew Matthew Cowley before he became an Apostle, as he and his wife lived in Washington while he went to law school. When I heard that he would be at the home of Laura Brossard, his sister, I asked if he would administer to me, which of course he agreed to do, and as he did so I felt the great power of the Lord invested in him. My whole body tingled and shook and the tears streamed down my cheeks as he gave the blessing. This was truly a great spiritual experience. I am grateful that I can use my elbow and that everything turned out so well.

Just think how this terrible accident could have been avoided if seat belts had been as widely available as they are now. I hope that none of my descendants will ever have a serious car accident because of failure to use a seat belt.

Marriner was on his mission when the accident happened. He was very anxious for Vernon and me to get our endowments and the three of us to be sealed together in the Temple. When he came home from South Africa in 1950 we had this important work done in the Logan Temple. We also had some sealings of some of my relatives done. I can never express the wonderful feeling, which I, as well as Vernon and Marriner, experienced in the sealing room. I have often wondered if the departed ones were permitted to be present in the spirit at this most holy ordinance. We were greatly impressed.

In 1942 I started doing genealogy again. As soon as I had the work done for my grandparents I started to work on my collateral lines in the U.S. and gathered what information I could from living relatives in this country. I didn't know whom I should write to in Germany and Alsace to get the data on my direct lines. When Marriner was in the service he was transferred to Chicago where he met a German member of the Church who told him whom to write to in these countries to get the data on our ancestors. After this I really made advancement in getting information on my direct lines.

My cousin, Mildred Mast, was interested also in genealogy, although she didn't belong to the Church.

We helped each other for a while, insofar as we could get data. She was also interested in her mother's genealogy, which dated back to the early colonial days including the Masons and many prominent people in Virginia, She became eligible to join the DAR.

Through Fred Brandes, a nephew of my grandfather William August Herman Mast, as well as through Mildred, I learned that my grandfather, with his brother August and my great grandfather Christian Fredrick Mast, left Germany for Balaarat, Australia, during the gold rush there about 1850. My great grandfather never returned to Germany, nor was he ever heard of afterwards. I didn't know how to go about getting information on them, so I wrote to the city of Balaarat, the city of Sydney and the city of Melbourne, Australia, not knowing which department I should contact. I received answers from them and they contacted three different people by the name of Mast, who wrote to me. However, they were not descendants of any of my Masts. Later I wrote to the City Government of Melbourne and found that August Mast had died in Melbourne and the date of his death. The statistics also showed the last time that his wife, Annie, appeared in the records.

In 1950 I was asked to teach the genealogy class in the Arlington Ward Sunday School. I was a little hesitant about doing it, not knowing exactly what to teach. Marriner said that he would write a course, he having done much genealogy for members of the Church in South Africa, and although I made a few contributions, I consider him to be the author. The bishop asked certain members of the ward to take the class, and I remember that the entire bishopric took it. I know of quite a few who have continued doing genealogy since taking that class. I had a new group every 3 months. We had groups going through the Archives at different times, with a man from that Department guiding us and explaining the various things. I feel that the class was very successful.

After teaching the genealogy class for 2 or 3 years I told the bishop that I would like to have a change. I then became a Stake missionary, which I suggested when the bishop asked me what I would like to do. The latter part of my mission I had the privilege of having Marriner for a companion. I was a Stake missionary for 3 years and enjoyed it very much.

My Mother passed away on 2 February 1962 at Topeka, Shawnee County, Kansas, lacking a little more than 2 months of being 92 years old. She was born 24, April 1870 in Richardson County, Nebraska, near Arago, which is now extinct, and was buried beside my Father in Mt. Hope Cemetery in Topeka.

On 20 May 1964 Vernon and I started on a tour to Europe on the SS France , which sailed from New York. This was a dream of a lifetime. I won't say too much about it as Vernon has written a detailed account of our trip, which he gave to Marriner.

I got sick in London, after eating some meat with a rich sauce the night before. This deprived me of seeing much in London as we only stayed there 3 days. I was confined in my room for 2 days and we had to call a doctor, who prescribed something which was apparently the same as Pepto Bismol which most U.S. drug stores sell for less than \$1, but the prescription cost \$5 besides the doctor's fee of \$9. Pepto Bismol will be contained in our luggage for any future trips.

I thoroughly enjoyed all the sights in Europe, particularly in Rome where there were so many ancient buildings and places we had learned about in school, and we also enjoyed immensely our visit to Tivoli Gardens about 40 miles from the city where there were dozens of fountains illuminated electrically and at night this was a beautiful sight. The water came down from the mountains to make the fountains. There were many other interesting places. I have never tasted better fish than in

Rome where I watched the waiter de-bone mine, and he really knew how to do it. I remember also the very tasty ice cream we had at our hotel. Another memory, which I still enjoy, was the quaint town of Rothenburg in Germany.

In 1965 I received an invitation to the 50th anniversary of our high school class in Holton, Kansas. We couldn't go as we had another trip planned and had been to Europe the preceding year. Mrs. Eva Graham Daniels wrote me an account of the affair later. Out of 37 members, there were 30 living, 7 dead, 18 present at the reunion and 12 no present. There was a luncheon in the afternoon given at the home of Mrs. Ruth Abbudhl Schalker, who was the president of our class. The regrets were read at this meeting and the hostess said that my letter was the nicest one. I didn't mind hearing those kind words.

In May 1965 we went to the World's Fair in New York City. This was the first world's fair, which I had seen. I was delighted with it, and am so happy that we could go.

At one time I was the Improvement Era representative in our ward. After that I taught what is now called the Spiritual Living class in Relief Society for about 2 years. My next assignment was to teach the genealogical class again. I must have taught for at least six years until Marriner, our son, and Richard, our grandson who wasn't quite two years old, came to live with us after the death of Inge, Marriner's wife.

Inge had many fine qualities. She was always so grateful for everything she had, or was given. She was very polite, and was a very good mother. She bought a folding cardboard book containing the ABC's, which were represented by objects, and would ask Richard, which was the letter 'W' and so on through the alphabet, and he would point to the correct letter. This was really amazing and satisfying to Vernon and me as he was more than 21 months old. Inge died 8 December 1965. Richard was born 31 December 1963. Vernon and I have also taught Richard many things. Vernon taught him numbers to a remarkable degree. I have read a great deal to him and believe that he has also learned to read a great deal by my teaching.

Marriner was very thoughtful of us and tried to make our work easier. Vernon took Richard to a baby sitter and picked him up on his way home from work. This cost Marriner about \$90 a month.

In the 1968-1969 school year Richard went to Birchwood, a private school in Arlington, where he was in the junior-kindergarten class. Their bus picked him up in the morning and brought him home about 4 o'clock. The lady who was the bus driver would drive past our Church on Tuesday afternoons and leave Richard there for Primary. She never drove off until he was inside the Church. That was very kind of her. Sister Bonnie Miller, the Primary president, brought him home from Primary as she didn't live too far from us. Richard learned many interesting things at Birchwood and, except for the bus fare, it was not more expensive than taking him to a baby-sitter, although we didn't realize it at the time. They taught the children how to tell time. However, we had taught Richard this previously. They had an excellent teacher for junior kindergarten and the children just loved her. They had outstanding programs and darling costumes.

Richard went to the Birchwood 'Day Camp' part time during the summer of 1968 and in the summer of 1969 he went the entire summer season. He learned how to swim across the pool with water wings. Their lunch was taken down to the nearby woods every noon and they ate under the lovely trees, on picnic tables. On Friday afternoons two Shetland ponies were brought over for the children to ride, and they had movies later in the afternoon. The children really looked forward to these special occasions.

I have always taken Richard to the White House grounds for egg rolling every Easter Monday. I did the same with Marriner when he was a little boy, and have enjoyed looking forward and backward to these occasions. In 1969 when we were entering the White House grounds a little boy came up and said, 'Hi, Richard'. Richard was happy to see him and they had a good time playing together. He was from the Birchwood school too. This boy's mother, together with a few other mothers and their children, had brought a picnic lunch. They invited Richard and me to join. them. I was a little reluctant as I hadn't brought food, but they insisted and so for Richard's sake I accepted. They were very kind.

On 19 August 1969 Marriner married Jessie LaRae Johnson. I am sure this was the best thing to do both for Marriner and Richard. LaRae is a very fine person. She is good to Richard as well as to Marriner. Susan was born to them 20 June 1970, at Washington, D.C. They seem to be a very happy family.

I am now ward examiner for genealogy. I feel a great kinship toward my departed ancestors as I am preparing the sheets for Temple work. They seem very close to me and I have learned to love them.

Vernon has always been a good provider. I have never lacked for the material things, which our friends and acquaintances had. Everything that he has done in the Church has been good. He was president of the Elders quorum, for which he did a very fine job. He also was in the Sunday School presidency. He also filled a Stake mission, which he enjoyed. He was Ward financial clerk and also the ward clerk in Arlington Ward for about 11 years. He also was the genealogical leader in the ward, and worked on the Stake genealogical committee.

I think the thing he really loved the most was doing his genealogy. He compiled a book, from the records and recollections contributed by his living brothers and sisters, and called it the 'Norr Family Autobiography'. After about ten years of research he also compiled a book entitled, 'Some Early English Pedigrees', containing his ancestral families. Copies are in the Library of Congress, the Genealogical Library in Salt Lake City and in their branches in Virginia and Maryland, as well as in the New York Public Library and others who have requested copies. I have always loved the Christmas season, not only reading about the birth of the Savior, but also Charles Dickens' 'A Christmas Carol' and Van Dyke's 'The Other Wise Man.' They seem to give me the feeling of helping others who are less fortunate than I am. I don't see how anyone could read 'A Christmas Carol' without taking inventory of one's actions, and the same feeling about the service to others in 'The Other Wise Man.'

An excerpt from Andreas' History of Nebraska:

William Mast, attorney at law, was born in Hanover, Germany, March 27, 1835. He received his education in Germany and in 1865 emigrated to the United States and located in Missouri. From there he went to Nebraska in the spring of 1866, and settled in Richardson county. He was engaged in teaching school in Arago, Nebraska, for about three years. He taught both English and German. In 1871 he was elected Probate Judge, retaining this position for two years. Mr. Mast was admitted to the bar in 1875 and engaged in that practice the remainder of his life. In 1880 he was appointed U.S. Commissioner, a position he retained. He married April 16, 1868, to Miss Mary Bertram of the same county.. To them were born five children: Hedwig, Emilie, Herman, William and Elmer (died at age of 6).

William Mast with his family moved to a farm in Nemaha County, Kansas, about 1888. He must have lived on the farm for four or five years and then moved to the nearby town of Goff where he died 17 November 1897. Mary Mast had a stroke and died at the home of her daughter Hattie Mast Krumm, Topeka, Kansas, 10 February 1929. She was buried in Falls City, Nebraska, beside her husband. Her parents were also buried in this same cemetery.

HEDWIG is German for HATTIE (my Mother)

Friedrich Tegtmeyer, pastor of the Lutheran Church in Salzgitter, Hannover, gives William Mast's name as WILLIAM AUGUST HERMANN MAST, born 27 March 1835 in Salzgitter, Hannover, Germany.

I received from the Lutheran Church records in Eberswalde, Brandenburg, Germany, information that Mary Bertram's name was ANNA MARIA LOUISE BERTHAM, born 27 September 1847, Eberswalde, Brandenburg, Germany.

There were 6 children born to William August Hermann Mast and Anna Maria Louisa Bertram instead of just 5 as mentioned in Andrea's History.

The missing child was:

PAULINE MAST, born about 1869, Richardson County, Nebraska. My Mother, Hattie Effie Mast Krumm, said that her older sister, Pauline, lived to be about 2 years old.