

As it was told to me by Mary Alex Pangerl.

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VACH COLLECTION

My father died when I was five years old, mother was left with seven children. Several years later, my mother, young widow, with seven children married a widower with six children. Out of this marriage, seven more children ^{were born}, making total of twenty children all about same age in the same household.

More complicated, when mother remarried she had daughter named Lizzie, Emma and Katie and so did my stepfather. My name was same as my Mother's. Talk about confusion calling us kid around the house. So we had Big Lizzie and Little Lizzie, Big Emma and Little Emma - Big Katie and Little Katie not that they were bigger, just older.

We always enough to eat from the garden and meat. For winter, carrots, rutabagas, cabbage and potatoes, were stored in root cellar.

As most farm kids, where needed on farm help during harvest and planting time, so attend school was troublesome to us getting

to school the required number of days in the term.

Folks were always getting letters from the school superintendent, that their children are missing too many from school.

Getting kids ready for school, when there would be about eight or nine of us going to school from this large family each year.

Mother could make nice clothing out of almost nothing. She wash^{the wool} card, and spin it into yarn, make stockings, caps and mittens. Shoes for a family was a big expense, usually bought a larger size, so we wouldn't outgrow them to fast, never worn shoes around the house or when weather was nice to go barefoot.

Warm winter clothing was scarce, we walked to school over a mile, never had rubbers or overshoes. I can remember being cold many times going to school.

We carried our lunch in syrup pails

most of the time all we had were rye bread sandwiches with meat drippings, we never have cookies or fresh fruit.

The folks bought nickel tablets and penny pencils, pages were torn out of tablet and passed out one by one. Pencils cut in half and shared, on alternate days we exchange to be sure we all had our chance to have the eraser end, there was no question, who ^{it was} it was and with whom you exchanged, while we didn't have a lot, but did have respect for our parents + teachers and each other. He had done our school work on the black-board and on slates at our desk. Never enough books to go around and how fascinated we were with the story "Little Red Riding Hood." The teacher read to us, ^{each} you could hear a pin drop, for silence in the room, she pass the book around so we could see the colored picture close up.

The mail order catalogues always had several pages of penny items. The kids saved our pennies, when the folks sent in order, we could order our penny item, I can recall the anticipation of the delivery of our purchases. Those days you got everything you ordered.

We never had enough place settings or chairs at meal time, so ate in two shifts, first my mother (always holding a baby), and stepfather, and the younger children ate, after they finish, the older children ate, using the ^{same} plates.

There was a great respect for our fellow man and ^{the} Golden Rule is still important now as it was the past, but it is so sad, how it is misused today.

The story was told by 83 yr. old Lady, who still helps other. Her laughter and smile wins everyone who meets her. Her philosophy of life is remarkable. Bright-eyed, pleasant energetic Lady, Mary Alex Pargel over

Mary Alex Paszard was a cook in Superior
WWI ship yard. Saved enough money to
purchase her wedding day.

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