

June 1984

Martin + I were born in the sod-house.

I think the new house Dad built was there when Howard was born. I was born Dec. 19th 1921. Being the first I think I got into the most trouble. Got my tongue stuck on the ^{ice} cold pump. Carrying water was a big chore. Cutting ^{RR} ties for wood, gathering coals + cow chips for fire. (Cooking and heating)

We gathered bones in the wagon to sell many times.

Fire was terrible in those days because of water supply. The Woolsey barn and our barn fire are etched in my memory forever.

I can remember clearly getting a good whipping from Mom when I took the boys to the Railroad track to pick sweet peas. I probably forgot the spanking sooner than the fact that she made me throw away that big arm load of yellow sweet peas. I must have figured the boys could take care of themselves concerning the trains. They didn't scare me I don't think.

I didn't do well my first days of Country school when I was five going to Dist. 163. I ran away and the folks had quite a time getting me. I had to have poor little brother Martin, age 4, go too, before I would stay. I remember those big tall pupils and that must have scared me.

One of my favorite times was going to Grandpa, and Grandma Maurer's when the folks went to Lodge meetings away. I got to visit school with Ethel and LaVaun and staying in their log sod house. Grandma sliced big slices of potatoes. I can remember that being a treat. She was also a good cook.

I missed a lot of school when I had pneumonia at about 8, and measles at 13 I believe. It was after Grandpa Cape died because I was in his bedroom when they called Dr. Paratrau to check me. I remember Dr. Larson from Hurley when I had pneumonia and taking the last of a bottle of brown ugly medicine. Can't remember the pneumonia because I wasn't very conscious. I remember my recovery and staying in bed a long time and drawing all the bird pictures in Dad's bird books.

We had lots of excursions as a family, taking bread + butter and boiled eggs for lunch and going to the hills and Greenwood + Cedar Creeks.

Hunting arrows, indian beads, digging in caves for other artifacts, ^{in the ant hills} looking for fossils, seeing all the nature that we did and camping sometimes but no steaks that I remember. Fried potatoes + eggs + maybe home cured ham or bacon.

Wasn't that awful when we canned all those smothered chickens. Didn't think I'd ever be able to eat a chicken ever again.

We picked lots of currants, chokecherries, plums wild grapes and mulberries. Don't ever taste wood-vine berries. Martin + I did and got sick.

I can't imagine how we ever got by with out snake bites as much land + hills we covered. Howard took a bad fall once and knocked himself out.

We speared fish in Blatte river when it was real low. There was lots of poison ivy we got nest too also hunted for bee hives and Dad smoked them out to get the honey. We went fishing, hunting and trapping. I got to go with Dad some to check traps. I never became a good shot like the boys but it was neat to shoot Dad's guns.

Threshing time was a busy and exciting time. John has written about it. I don't know how the folks could afford to feed that crew, especially when they had to be fed when it rained.

We kids helped shock a lot of grain. It was fun until we got tired. That's when we got to taste Dad's home made beer. Lots of people made them.

There was good crops with just horses but hard work. Some of us took turns carrying a snack and water to Dad to that little north field where he cultivated corn. The potatoes were good there but so was sandbars.

We had big gardens. Tried selling string beans one year. Had melon patches and I remember wanting to shoot the melon thieves. I think Dad was gone east on the train selling calves then.

When we went to school in bad weather we were with the horses and that big sled.

The dusty thirties were very bad times for us and went along with the depression.

This is more memories than history I'm afraid. So if you want something more technical tell me so and I'll try to do better. maybe you would rather I just try to get some dates on happenings.

I graduated from Dalton high school in
May 1939.

Went with Jack & Cecil Sticks
& Martin

through Colorado
southwest trip
to New Mexico

the summer of 39.

I worked summers of 40 - 41 - & 42 at
Deer Ridge Chalets in Rocky Mtns.

College at Univ. of Neb. 1 year 41 - 42.

Taught Kenikaid school - 42 - 43,
Morrill Co.

Married May 1st in Sidney 1943

Francis Harold Runge born March 31, 1917
Died 5 Dec. 13 - 84

Children & Birth dates

Doris Devona Jensen - April 1 - 1944
at Sterling Colo.

Robert Harold Runge - August 8 - 1946

Nancy Josephine Runge - Sept. 27 - 1951
(Caddy)

Wayne R. Francis Runge - June 27 - 1953

Patricia Louise Runge - March 2 - 1955
(Langley)

all born in Sydney