

DORTHINE WOOLSEY

Joni: This is a portion of the oral histories of Northwest Missouri of the 1940's program. The Nodaway County Historical Society is sponsoring this program in partnership with the Missouri Humanities Council with support from the National Endowment for the Humanities. Today is April 1, 2009 and this interview is being conducted at the Tarkio Resource Center, Tarkio, Missouri, in Atchison County. The interviewer is Joni Amthor and assisting is Margaret Kelley and we are here to interview Francis Dorthine Freeman Woolsey and she was born on June 3, 1919.

Okay, Dorthine, let's talk to us about your background. Tell us about your family, your parents, what occupations they had, where were you living and tell us about any brothers and sisters.

Dorthine: I was born in Dearborn, Missouri, which is south of St. Joe just a little ways. I was the 9th child to be born in our family, so I was the baby. I had 4 brothers and 4 sisters, would you like their names?

Joni: Sure.

Dorthine: My oldest brother was Charles Zenus (?) Freeman, the next in line was my oldest sister, Martha Elizabeth Freeman, whom never married, [She lived to be 107 years, and has been gone 3 years, this September] then I had a brother by the name of Raymond Lee Freeman, George Thomas Freeman, and Jesse Owen Freeman. Then the rest of my sisters came along, and I had a sister Mary Angeline who is married to Bill Smith, Clara Helen Adamson, which is married to James Adamson, and Leona Maude Smith, which is married to Clifford Smith, which I know was no relative of the other Smith, and then I came along unexpectedly, and they gave me the name of Francis Doroithine. I got the Francis from some of my mother's relatives, who lived at that time in Detroit, Michigan, and they had a daughter named Bessie Francis, who got killed in a train wreck, so I received the name of Francis from them. When I was a child growing up, my sister Elizabeth really looked after me, because my mother was very busy. As you know, then, you used the wash board and a wash tub, and you hung your clothes on the line rain, shine, blow, freeze, whatever happened, so then as I grew up, my brother Raymond was married before I was born, so I had a nephew that was just a year younger than me, and his name was James Franklin Freeman. He was the oldest of Raymond's children. As time went on, Charlie got married and the rest of were all at home – we lived around the Agency and Dearborn vicinity and then my dad moved onto a farm near Faucett, Missouri, I always tell everybody, that's Faucett over there, that's where I went to school there at Faucett School, when I go down I-29 and we farmed – my dad farmed, and the two boys that were home, George and Owen helped him, and I, at that time – this was about 1927, I was 7 years old and I was a second grader at the elementary school there in Faucett and my dad had a little trouble making all ends meet so he decided to branch out, so he came to Tarkio, Missouri to see what he could find up here, that

he might be able to get something bigger and that the boys could come with him and help him farm, well, he came up here and he rented the Culbertson Ranch from Mrs. Nellie Culbertson who – she and her husband owned the lumber yard here in Tarkio at that time, but her husband had passed away. So Dad came back and said we're moving. And so lock, barrel and everything we packed up, and we left but we moved on the train, and he had animals. He farmed with mules and horses and he had of course animal equipment and so he loaded all the equipment and all the animals and furniture and everything on a train in St. Joe and it was shipped up to Tarkio. Well, at that time I didn't come, my mother had a cousin that lived in Faucett, and so I stayed in Faucett with her while the folks got moved and got settled in, but they tell me that when that train arrived in Tarkio, there was a huge crowd down there to see it, and they all joined in, and of course, took out the animals and everything – they had to take them out to the farm, which is northeast of Tarkio about 5 miles, and then later they came and got me, and of course, we had things packed in the cars that we came in. At that time there was no highways. It was dirt road all the way, and we came by Oregon, Missouri and there was a big, big mud hole, and there was a man there with a tractor that pulled everyone through the mud hole that was going north at that time, so then we all got up here – well my sister, Mary, was a senior in high school that year and my sister, Helen, was a junior and my sister, Leona, was probably a freshman, but I don't remember just what she was but anyway, they entered school here in Tarkio, and they rode horses to school. That was the way they came to school at that time, and so then when I started to school, I went to a little country school out here northeast of Tarkio. I wish it was still there. It was torn down. It was still a wonderful brick building. Just brick and all cleaned up and fixed with a nice basement and all, and the man that bought the land tore the school house down, but anyway, the first day I went, it was snow almost bank to bank, and I had to walk to school, and my dad walked with me and took me as far as so he could see me when I got there when I went on, and when I got to the school house I went in, there was 2 people there, the teacher and 1 person that day. It was so cold and so bad, and the teacher was Luella McKinney, who lived at Fairfax, and the student that was there was Virginia Scott, and she was standing over the coal register keeping warm, and she had the reddest hair I've ever seen, and she had it cut boy style, and that's always stuck as a memory in my mind. Now if Virginia is still alive, I don't know. She married Carl Thomas. They left this area, but she has been back here, and the last I knew of her, she was living in Maryville, Missouri, but I'm not sure about that. Well, from then on, I went through the grade school there at Center View, took my 8th grade graduation test in Rock Port with Blanche L. Templeton, the superintendent, and she gave all the tests, and I passed the test, thank goodness, and then I started into Tarkio High School the next year as a freshman, and I also rode a horse to school, and sometimes my dad would bring me into school, but then Mrs. Culbertson, that we rented the farm from, lived in the nicest house in Tarkio which is still standing it's where Colfax Insurance, what's his name, I can't think of the man's name right now but it's right across the street east from Elsie Fae. It's a big white house with all red trim and everything, beautiful home with cherry wood inside, and she said you can just come here and stay with me when it's bad weather, so I used to go there and stay, and she had a stairway from

the back and the back stairs led up to the servants' quarters, and so, that's where I got to go. I went up the back stairs and got to sleep in the servants' quarters and she had a companion that stayed with her after her husband died. I can't remember – her first name was Pearl, but I can't tell you what her last name was, but anyway, one incident, when she came out – she liked to drive out to the farm-and she came out to the farm and I had been – we had a little branch, and then there was a little bridge across it, and I had been over across the bridge milking, and here I came coming to the house carrying a bucket of milk in each hand and she said honey, what are you doing, and I said, I've been over there milking the cows bringing the milk in so we could separate it, on the separator in the house and separate our cream from our milk. Well, she just couldn't hardly believe that – I wasn't too old at that time-that I had done that, but anyway, that was interesting, and she was very good to us. It was fun to stay at her house a lot of the time. Then as I went on through school, that's where I first met John – my husband John – turned to be my husband John, was a senior the year I was a freshman and sometimes I stayed in town with some other people, and he would come by when I was walking to school – pick me up and take me to school – we were just good friends then and we went on to school – I graduated from Tarkio High School in 1937 with 14 girls, and the rest of them were all boys I think there was 42 in our class, and after I graduated from high school, I decided I wanted to be a teacher, and Tarkio College was convenient for me to go to so, of course, I was a poor little girl ,and my parents were not rich people, so I went in and talked to the banker, Mr. Earl Hackett, and see if he would loan me money to go to school and he said sure, if your Dad will sign the note, why, we'll do that, so that's the way I went to school at Tarkio. I went my freshman year and I roomed with Alex and Edna – I can't think of their last name – well she had a sister, Leta Yoder, she had been a Yoder, and I stayed with them and baby sat their children and did a few light chores around the house for them for my room and board, and after my first year, I was starting my second year of college – Tarkio grade school had 60 children come in for the 1st grade and the teacher they had was Iola Brown, Susan Brown, from Iola, Kansas, and I don't know who instigated it of the board members, but anyway one of the board members came to me and said would you like to come and teach 30 first graders down here at the Tarkio School, and we talked to the college, and it will be your practice teaching credit, so being a poor little girl and needed the money, and needing to get help, I took the job, so I took this job and I taught my second year of college, plus I carried 2 subjects down at Tarkio at the grade school, and I had such boys as David Kyle, Skip Winthrow, and one other one or two, I can't recall just who but anyway, I remind them every once in a while that I was their teacher. Then you only had to get a 60 hour certificate to be able to teach, so at the end of my second year I got my 60 hour certificate and went out in the country to teach school, and the first school I taught in the country was over by Rock Port, and it was called Lone Cedar. I It's still standing. It's on the corner of 275 that leads to Watson, and I had 32 students in 1, 2, 3, 4, 6th, 8th grades. You skipped the 5th and the 7th every other year. I had 8 1st graders, I had 8 8th graders, and I had all the rest in between, so that was quite a challenge to me that year teaching that school, but it was a wonderful challenge and I had a good time and I worked really hard with my 8th graders. I would stay after school with them,

and we'd work on our final test, because they were going to have to go into Rock Port under L. Blanch Templeton and take their test, and I did so want them to pass and I had boys that were a lot bigger than I was at that time, but they never did give me any problems. Well, to make a long story short, they all graduated, but I had one incident there at that school that I will always remember. It was a spring day and it was stormy. The clouds were black and rolling, and it was about time for dismissal, and I had a knock on my door. I went to the door, and this man was standing there, and he said I'm to come in and inspect your furnace down in the basement, and I said, I don't think so, and he said yes, the board wants me to look at your furnace. He said, I'll need you to go down there to show me where it is, and I said, sir, I don't think so. I said, you will have to bring a board member with you or a letter from the board saying that you are supposed to do this, and I said besides, it's time for you to go. It's going to storm, and I've got to get these children out of here, and by that time, some of the parents had come, and the man left. I never know what happened, where he went, or what it was all about, but it was a scary incident for me at that time. Then, the next year, I moved from Lone Cedar, I don't know why I left Lone Cedar, but I did, and went up to Star, still closer to Hamburg, right on 275 again, and my friend that I lived – I lived in Rock Port with my friend then, was Margaret Ryan, and I would ride the bus out – the bus driver was – would take the bus out to pick up the kids. We'd ride the bus out, and she taught at Highland, which was before we got to my school, and let us off. We'd go in and teach our school and at the end of the day he'd come to bring the children home, and we'd get back on the bus and go back to Rock Port to live, and so we did that that year, and after that, I was teaching there in '42, and Margaret had a car, we decided we'd drive, so we were out on the highway driving, and we saw this young man standing here, a soldier thumbing his way, and she said, I believe I know him, we'd better pick him up, so we stopped and picked him up – he got in the car we neither one knew him, he was a perfect stranger to both of us, so I sat on the edge of the seat kind of like this, and Margaret drove, well, we got to her school, which came first, she told him, she said, you'll have to get out here, this is where we both have to go, so he got out and I went in to her school with her; well, we waited quite a while and talked about what we'd do, and she said well, surely he's got a ride or be gone by this time, because her children were going to be coming before long, so we decided well, she'd take me on to school, so we got in the car and went out. Well, he was gone, so she took me on to my school. That was another quite interesting experience that we had. She thought sure she knew who this young man was. He was very nice though. I felt sorry for him. He was out to hitch a ride trying to get home or somewhere. Then, as time went on that year, I had some kids graduate that year and I had first graders, too, and all in between. You were your own janitor, I built my own fires swept the floor, I had the children dust the erasers and wash the blackboards you know, and this one day it was in December, and it wasn't time for school to be dismissed, it was getting in the afternoon, I'll say about the middle of the afternoon, and there came a knock on the door of the school house, so I went – here was my sweetheart, and I didn't know he was coming, he was home on furlough, why, of course, you know, I run and hugged him and kissed him, and if you ask Delores Harrington, she can tell you all about it. She was one of my students that time, and

every time I see her, she never forgets to remind me of that and she's written a book or somebody's written a book of Atchison County. It's a little small 6 by 5 book or something – anyway she told that incident, it's in that book, so everybody knew about that. Well, as I say, he was on furlough, and we decided we'd get married while he was home, so this was on Friday, no I'll take it back, I don't know what day it was, but anyway, the evening before we was to be married, which was December the 10th, and I had taught school the day before. I fixed my fire and banked it and went out to get on the bus to go back to Rock Port and oh, there was terriblest smoke coming out, and I thought oh, my, is this supposed to be like this? So you know what I did, I went back in and opened up the furnace and it whooshed like that, right out in my face and singed my eyebrows of, but anyway that was interesting, and then the fellow come along picked me up, and took me back to Rock Port and then John and I were married on December the 10th at the Priest's house here in Tarkio, by Father Fidelis Goetz. And he had just a short furlough, he was in Ft. Knox, Kentucky, at that time, and so we were married on Friday. His brother Jim was Best Man and my good friend from Rock Port, Dorothy Harms was my Maid of Honor and we were married in Father's house, we had our wedding supper in Tumble Inn in Tarkio, and then we went to Auburn, Nebraska and stayed all night in a hotel, the next day was Saturday and we came back over here it was – oh it was cold, it was snowy and it was muddy and it was nasty weather and we went out to his folks on Saturday, and his mother fixed us a lovely dinner and we stayed all night with them, that was Friday and then on Saturday we went up to my folks, and had another lovely dinner and stayed all night with my folks on Saturday. Then on Sunday we left and went to Kansas City because he had to go back to Ft. Knox, Kentucky on Monday, so we rode the Zephyr from Langdon to Kansas City and stayed all night in Kansas City, and then Monday morning, we got up and he took the train for Ft. Knox and I took the train back to Rock Port and went back to teaching school and stayed there and finished out my school teaching at Star School. Then in the summer, by that time, he had been moved to Ft. Jackson, South Carolina, so I joined him there, and we lived there in an apartment for part of our Army life, and instead of going through all that, I'll just say-- he had been sent – would you like me to tell you what places he was or would you rather I wait to talk about him?

[Dorthine and John celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary December 10, 1992.]

Joni: No, that would be okay, you can go ahead and talk about him and tell us if he was enlisted or if he was drafted and what branch of service he was in.

Dorthine: Okay. He was in the Army and he was drafted and he was in the Army – where's that little envelop I had – thank you – he was in the Army, and as I said he was inducted in Ft. Leavenworth, and he was there about 2 weeks before they sent him out – maybe 3 weeks – anyway I went down to see him – naturally he was homesick fella at that time, and he was there at Ft. Leavenworth, and he was just a private in the Army, and he was in the infantry part of it, and he told me this, he'll never forget this. Of course, he had to do KP kitchen work, and he said I was up a little early, doing kitchen work of peeling potatoes and said some old drill sergeant

came in and said is there a John Wooley in here well John didn't answer because he said no, he wasn't a John Wooley and he went out and he came back and is there a John Wooley in here and John, my dear John, he was very, very, very close hearted and he said do you mean John Woolsey and sergeant you know how they are – no if I meant John Woolsey, I would have said John Woolsey – well then he found out he had made a mistake, it was John Woolsey he was looking for. Anyway he always had to tell that – that was a very unhappy experience for him. He was sent from there to Camp Grant, Illinois, and trained up there in the medical corps and by this time I was living, as I say living, in Rock Port, and I had been able to buy me a car. I had a little Chevy Coup, and so I drove up to Illinois, up to Camp Grant, Illinois, which is right out of Rockford to see him and we had a short weekend there. Some of my girlfriends rode up with me and then coming back, we run into the worst fog I've ever driven in in my whole life it was just – you would just inch all the way back. Well, I had to be back to teach on Monday morning, so we got back home safely in the middle of the night, and parked my car, got up the next morning and a limb had fell on my car, after I had got home without an accident of any kind. So then from Ft. Grant, Illinois he was sent to Ft. Knox, Kentucky, and he was there quite awhile, and he was home for furlough while he was at Ft. Knox, and from Ft. Knox – I was just making business to him, I was still up here teaching, and he was sent to Ft. Jackson, South Carolina, and from Ft. Jackson, South Carolina, where I went and stayed – we rented an apartment and I stayed there with him and I worked in a little dime store down there in the city where we were, and of course, there was all kinds of soldiers and wives around every place you would run into people, you know, that were in the same situation that you were in, and from Ft. Jackson, he was sent to Murfreesboro, Tennessee, on maneuvers, he was with the 106th Battalion, there is a Company C of the 331st Battalion, and he was an Army Specialist Surgical Technician, and he worked with the gas end of that sometimes, and his Army officers must have liked him because anytime one went AWOL, they'd send John after him, and then he'd come back with the guy handcuffed to him, so he had many experiences at that time with that, and he was promoted to Staff Sergeant and received a Good Conduct Medal on August 2nd, 1943 and then he was honorable discharged on March 4, 1944. Now for the discharge – During all this time of service he had one brother, Jim Woolsey – both of them were called to service, so Jim was going to go overseas to Italy, back in November of '43, I guess it was, and he was on his way home from Jefferson Barracks at St. Louis, and his mother and dad were going to go pick him up, and of course, they were really excited about him going to be home and everything and he told his wife which was Ann, their mother, he said I'm going to go out and check the chores and then come back and we'll be ready to leave, well he never did come back, and so got – wondered why he hadn't come back, so she went to hunt him and found him he'd had a cerebral hemorrhage out in the barn lot, and that of course was a sad thing, so of course, we were in South Carolina and there was no other children, but she had sisters that lived here so her sister, Agnes and Mary Combs went to Kansas City and met Jim and brought him on back home, and of course, they phoned us – telephoned us – and we got ready as soon as we could leave down there, so he could leave, and of course, we had to ride a train home, there weren't any airplanes at that time. It took us 2 days and nights to get up here,

so then when we got up here then we had the services that was around November the 4th I think, I don't remember the right date, but anyway, that left Mom alone on the farm, and at time we had draft boards, you know, they had a draft board in Rock Port, so went over to talk to the draft board to see if there was any way that she could get one of the boys out, or what she could do, and they suggested that she try to get John out because he was the older of the two, and so they put in for discharge for him, well, that's how come he got discharged at that time of year March 4, 1944, he came home to farm the farm, and Jim did go on to Italy and served in the war. So we lived out on the farm with his mother and farmed the farm and took care of things the best we could, and then you were still farming with mules and horses and he had planted the crop and in the winter time we had to pick it and you husk it with a husk on your thumb and you threw it in the wagon. So he and I, we would get our wagon, and we'd go out in the morning and we'd pick a load of corn, come back in at noon, and Mom would have dinner ready for us, and we'd go back and pick the second load of corn, and all farmers did at that time. So Jim got to come home, I think it was 2 years later after that, I can't remember just the day that Jim got home, but we felt like, since John had gotten to stay and run the farm, because they needed the food for the soldiers, that we should – Jim should be able to stay home with his mother, live with his mother there, so we rented a little farm up by Westboro, and we moved out and Jim moved in with his mother and then that's when the boys – the 2 brothers started farming together, and we rented a farm from then the Doan Peck farm up near Westboro, close to where George Laur lives, and we were living there – that's when our son Rodney was born, and we stayed there on that little farm, and I wasn't teaching any more, but after Rodney was born and got in Kindergarten, I started teaching back – I taught in Westboro, and he went in there to school to Anna Walkinshaw, which was a prominent teacher at that time, and I taught the 5th and 6th grade up there in Westboro at that time, and so we did that for quite a while and John continued to farm – we farmed that farm and he and Jim farmed the home place and they farmed their Uncle John Gaffeny's farm and that's how farming got going for us, and then while we were living up there – a let me think a little bit – oh yes, that was after Jim got home – I need to – do you care if we go back a little ways. John was home farming before Jim got home – there were no young men around and Westboro was in need of a coach, and they came to John and they said, would you coach football and basketball in Westboro, so of course, he hung his hat on that hook right away, so he coached football and basketball in Westboro School, and he took his basketball boys to State that year. So that was a happy thing for us at that time, but anyway, while we lived there, as I say, Rod was born, and grew up there, and George Laur had 4 children up there and south of us were several different families with children, and we had an old white horse, and she was half blind – she couldn't see, but she wouldn't hurt anything, and the kids used to all crawl on her, and they'd take horse rides and they was coming up the road one day and I was just scringing, I thought she was going to turn when she gets to our driveway and they're going to go off – well, she turned but somehow or other the kids all hang, and another incident that happened while we were living on that farm – Rod had grown up and was big enough that he could walk from the house to the barn, I'd say was 3 or 4 blocks, and one day I heard him screaming, and I looked out and John

was out to the barn feeding hogs, we had a rooster that was a flogging rooster, and here this old rooster was after Rod, and I was started out from the house screaming and John started from the barn screaming and finally we just reached Rod in time that we got him and picked him up before the rooster got to him, that was a horrifying experience that we had. We lived there until I think Rod was 9 years old, and we moved from the Peck place down to a farm closer to Tarkio, J. Edgar Lash's farm, and Rod came to school there in Tarkio, he rode the school bus into Tarkio, and he liked school down here, and I taught after we moved down there, I taught Homer Rural School out southeast of Tarkio for 3 or 4 years, and while I was teaching there, I had 2 of my nephews went to school to me. My sister Mary had 2 boys, Charles William and James Leroy, and they both went to school to me out there. Then I quit teaching and in a year or so I was hired by the Tarkio Farmers and Valley Bank to be cashier in the bank, so I worked in the bank for 18 years before I retired, and in the meantime all that happened, Rod graduated from high school in – Tarkio High School in 1965 he went on to MU to school and graduated in '69 with his Masters Degree and was married in September of that year, and he met his wife at MU and she was from Kennett, Missouri, down in the boot heel, and when he finished up, he got a job and moved to Akron, Ohio, and she went on and finished her schooling at the University of Akron in Ohio, and then she also went to Cleveland Clinic to school and got a lot more hours and time. In the mean time, they had 3 children, so I have 3 grown grandchildren now. Monica Katherine Woolsey is an attorney in Columbus, Ohio. John Robert Woolsey is at home with his parents and he is autistic, but he is very much- knows things- and is able to take care of himself, and the other grandson is James Rodney Woolsey, and he is going to graduate May the 9th of this year from the University – Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, and I plan to go out there for his graduation. All that time they was raising their children, we did a lot of baby sitting. We especially kept Monica a lot. They were both young and they were traveling a lot, and we kept her at our home many times, and we'd go out and babysit the children a lot too. Well, we had a good life; we had lots of love in our life ;we had lots of fun in our life, and then, as we all expect, as we get older, things begin to deteriorate, but we had a shock when his brother, Jim, died January 4, 1972 - 1992 and he was the younger of the 2. He was 6 years younger than John, and he was staying in his basement at home watching a football game, and had a heart attack and died, and that was very hard. Thelma called us of course, first, and we went over there and found him in the basement. He was sitting there just like he was watching the ball game and fell asleep – that hit my husband very, very hard because they were very close. You would see them every morning down on Main Street together, maybe having a cup of coffee and talking over their day events of what they were going to do, and he took it very hard. It just devastated him, and then after that, after his service, Rod said Mom, would you and Dad come out and stay with the house and with the kids? There were only boys, because Monica was already gone, he and Kay were going someplace, I can't remember – Hawaii – they went to Hawaii, and I said to John, do you think we can do that, and he said well, I think we can. Well we went out there then in February to do that and he was having troubles, he was it was getting hard for him to get his coat on and to dress and pull his boots on I'd have to help him, and all that, you know, and he

was having a little trouble he was using a breathing machine, but we went. We thought we were able to do it – well, we checked with the doctor before we left, and we took medicine and everything with him but while we were out there he got sick and I went up one night to – I was down – he'd already gone up to bed, we had to go upstairs and I finished up my dishes and went up, and he said I'm sick. He said, I can't get my breath, so in the meantime, I had the kids leave names of good friends, so I called one of their good friends, and they came over, and we took him into the hospital, and they kept him over night, and I stayed there until probably 2:00 in the morning, and they said you just as well go on home and come back in the morning, so we did that. Well, they decided they had better keep him, and so they put him in a regular bed in the hospital and he was in the hospital about, almost the rest of that week, and on Saturday I was going to bring him home, and I went in to see him on Saturday to bring him home, back to the kids, and he said I'm sick this morning; I don't feel very well, and so of course, there was no doctors around. It was a weekend, you know, I told the nurse when she came in, I said he is very sick this morning, and she said well we've got something going around here in the hospital, and anyway I stayed – they had taken me in and I stayed there with him all that day and that night, and I guess I had dozed off, and I woke up and there was a lot of nurses in the room, and I said what is going on here, and they said we are taking him up next to the desk where the nurses can be with him more, that he's in critical condition, and so he would say to me Dorthine, are you with me, and I would say, yes, you know, and we got up there, and I said, do I need to call somebody, and they said if you would like to, so I called this girl that had taken us in there. Well, he just got worse, and so of course, I was there by myself, I was alone, and of course, I called the kids, and so we called Monica and she was in Syracuse, New York, going to law school at this time, and so she came – she flew in there and was there with me then, and she stayed with me, and she had to go back because she couldn't miss school too long, and so the youngest boy Jim, came and he stayed with me and of course, we called Rod and Kay and they was getting a flight out to get back home – they got back I think late on, maybe like late on Monday night or something, and I had been there, I had never left him I had been there constantly, and so Rod had said to me, why don't you go in to our place and take a shower and rest, and I'll stay with Dad, so that's what I did, and then the next morning when I went in why the doctor came in and was starting to tell me something and Rod said would you please let me talk to my mother first, and they did and he said that – told me that they had taken his Dad down and done a cat scan and everything on him, and that there was no way he could live, so then, the doctor told me what all they had found and everything. Well of course, we had a terrible decision to make, whether to leave the life support on or take it off, and I said to Rod, I said, your Dad wouldn't want to live to be a vegetable, so we chose – so John passed away in a – not Ridgefield – in Virginia – Lynchburg, Virginia in the hospital up there, and so, of course, we brought him back here and had the services here, which was just 2 months and maybe 11 days, after his brother had died all the same year – 2002 – that's when it was, 2002. So then, we girls, of course, were faced with the option – here, we've got farms, and we've got nobody to farm it, but bless his heart, he had taken care of things for us – he had gone to the bank and made all

different arrangements that needed to be made, and had got people to rent the farm. He already had them rented, and everything was done for us, so we had a lot to be thankful for, even though we had both lost our best friends, and our lovers, so life has gone on – we’ve marched on, and John and I moved in town, back in ’76, we built a home here in Tarkio in 1976, and we lived there and that’s where I still live, and Jim and Thelma moved in a few years later then we did – after we did. She lives up across from the college campus, and we just work together and keep the farms going and live our lives the best that we know how, and I joined the Catholic Church back in 1952 after Rod was born, and became a Catholic and enjoy my faith, glad that I did that. My family were all Baptists and I’m glad they all were; they were all good people, and life has gone on; there been hard days – there’s been good days, but I am thankful that I can still live alone; I can still take care of myself, and if the Lord’s willing, and nothing happens, on June the 6th in 2009, I am going to be 90 years old, and my kids are planning a big celebration, so with that, I think I’ve told the whole story.

Joni: Okay, well thank you for coming and sharing; it’s been a great opportunity.

Dorthine: I’m sure I’ve left out some things, but I pretty well covered our life I think.

Joni: Okay, well thanks to you for coming in and talking to us today because this will be something you can cherish.