

Librarian
Bell Public Library
Mentone Indiana

My sister Ruth {Rush } Riudgway suggested to me that in addition to the copy sent to the Manuscript Section of the Indiana State Library that the Library in Mentone should receive a copy of the memorial to William Earl Rush Warrant Officer USMC. Died of wounds Iwo Jima WW11. He was awarded the Silver Star posthumously. Earl grew up in and around Mentone High School Class of 1940, Joined the Corps and went from private to Warrant Officer in less than 4 years, a phenomenal feat..

The other document is, THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CARL B. RUSH a memoir of growing up on a small farm and in the town of Mentone, Indiana. It includes some comments about life at Purdue University, and an account of my army career during WW11. This document was written mainly so that my children and grandchildren would know something of the conditions which shaped me while I was growing up.

I am not a big fan of Hillary Clinton, but she got one quotation right, " It takes a village to grow a child." This child is glad that Mentone was the village which helped me to grow up.

You may not be aware that I have a long association with the Mentone Public Library. My mother Bernice Rush was on the Library Board for many years. I had a library card from the time il could read and read incessantly. I also was the janitor for Mrs Cora Van Gilder, the librarian for many years. I have not spent more than two weeks at a time in Mentone since I started to Purdue in the Fall of 1942 , but I still hold affection for Mentone.

Use these documents as you choose, I hope that some people will enjoy a trip down memory lane with me.

Sincerely



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Young Carl Rush - a husky lad

My Life and Times

by Carl Burton Rush

July 2, 1993

My sister, **Mary Louise Rush**, was the next arrival some six years before my appearance. I do not know where the folks lived then, but I think it was on the 107 acre farm northeast of Mentone, Indiana where I was later born. I'll draw a sketch of the house and one of the farm later, since many of the events of my boyhood are naturally set in that farm stead. One of the family stories about Mary is the Christmas when Grandpa Rush gave her a brand new penny wrapped in a dollar bill. She saved the valuable penny and discarded the wrapper (that's a banker for you).



Mary Ruth Lena

Lena Elva Rush, was born in 1920, near Christmas.

Elva for Grandma Rush and she is four years older than myself. **William Earl Rush**, was born March 1922 and was two years older than I. Always called Earl around Mentone, named after our Uncle Earl Rush, dad's younger brother. I, **Carl Burton Rush**, was born January 20, 1924.



Carl Paul Earl

Paul Adrian Rush, was born January 10, 1926, is two years younger than myself and was my constant companion during our early years. About this time my father qualified for the U.S. postal service and became the local rural letter carrier, working out of Mentone, Indiana. Until then he had been farming the 107 acre farm we lived on. This 107 acre farm was one of three farms owned by my Grandfather Bert Rush, for whom I was named, Burton is an old Rush name. Grandpa Rush also owned the home place farmed by my Uncle Fred, his oldest son. There my father had been raised

along with Fred, his fraternal twin brother Roy and young Earl Rush. Grandpa's other farm was an 80 acre tract at the intersection of the Mentone - Warsaw state highway and the state road leading to Burket where my Mother had been born and raised.

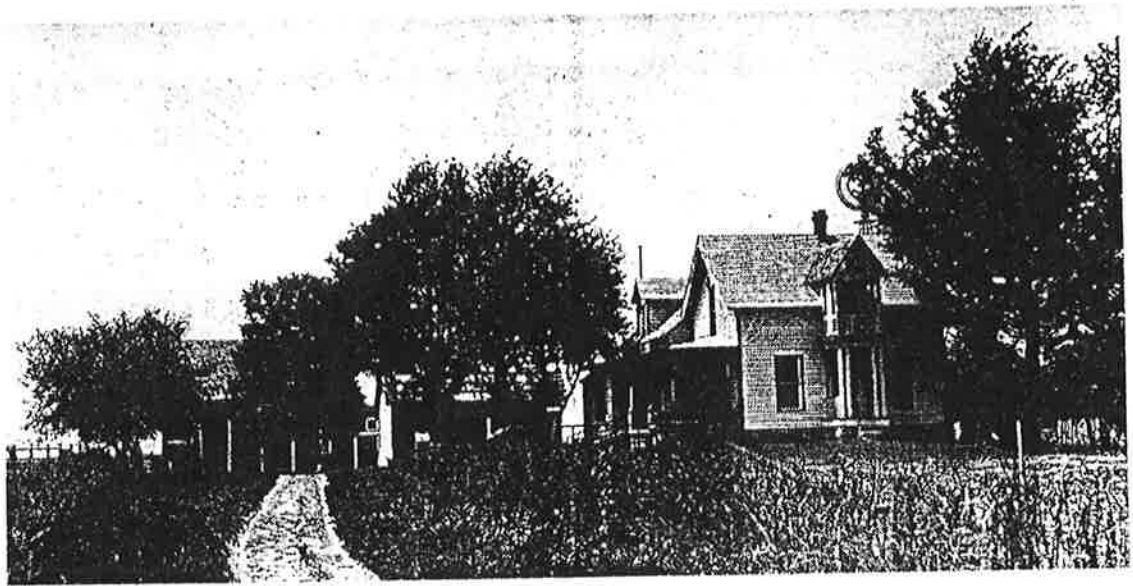
About ten or twelve years ago, while on a visit to mother, in the Mentone Library, I found an old map of the area dated in the late 1800's or early 1900's and found that the 107 acre farm was made up of the three tracts which Grandpa Bert had apparently bought and made into a farm, unless the putting together had been done by an earlier owner. By the time I can remember, 1930 the fences indicated that the farm was an integral unit and had been for a long time. The corner posts on the county road were and are about 1 5x 15 square concrete posts.



Virginia Lee Rush, my youngest sister was born on the farm, probably when I was in the third grade and out of school with an attack of rheumatic fever. I was shipped off to spend some time with Grandpa and Grandma Rush during the last week or two awaiting the birth. When I returned home and was led to see the new arrival - I think I said *What is Norma Jean doing here.*" (Norma Jean Nellans recently born to the neighbors).

My first personal memory is of being in the play pen and screaming my head off for being confined, probably by my older sisters. I was probably past the age to be in the play pen. My recollection is that the play pen on this occasion was in the sewing room located next to the dining room and north of the dining room. It must have been summer because the north door was open, this door was always kept closed and sealed during the winter. The various episodes which I now relate are not fixed in time since I do not clearly remember which came first in the scheme of things.

The house on the farm was down a lane set back from the county road, then gravel, now black top. Just north of where the lane met the county road was a low place where the runoff from large rains and the spring melt ran under the county road and over onto the Eaton farm. When I was small this was an arched masonry vault like an upside down letter u. At age four or five I would walk down the lane in the afternoon and play in the cave, grotto, castle, where on gloomy days an ogre might lurk, while I waited on my older brother and sisters to come home from school on the school bus. At some point in time several blocks fell out of the roof near one end, and shortly after the entire thing was removed and galvanized corrugated pipe was installed.

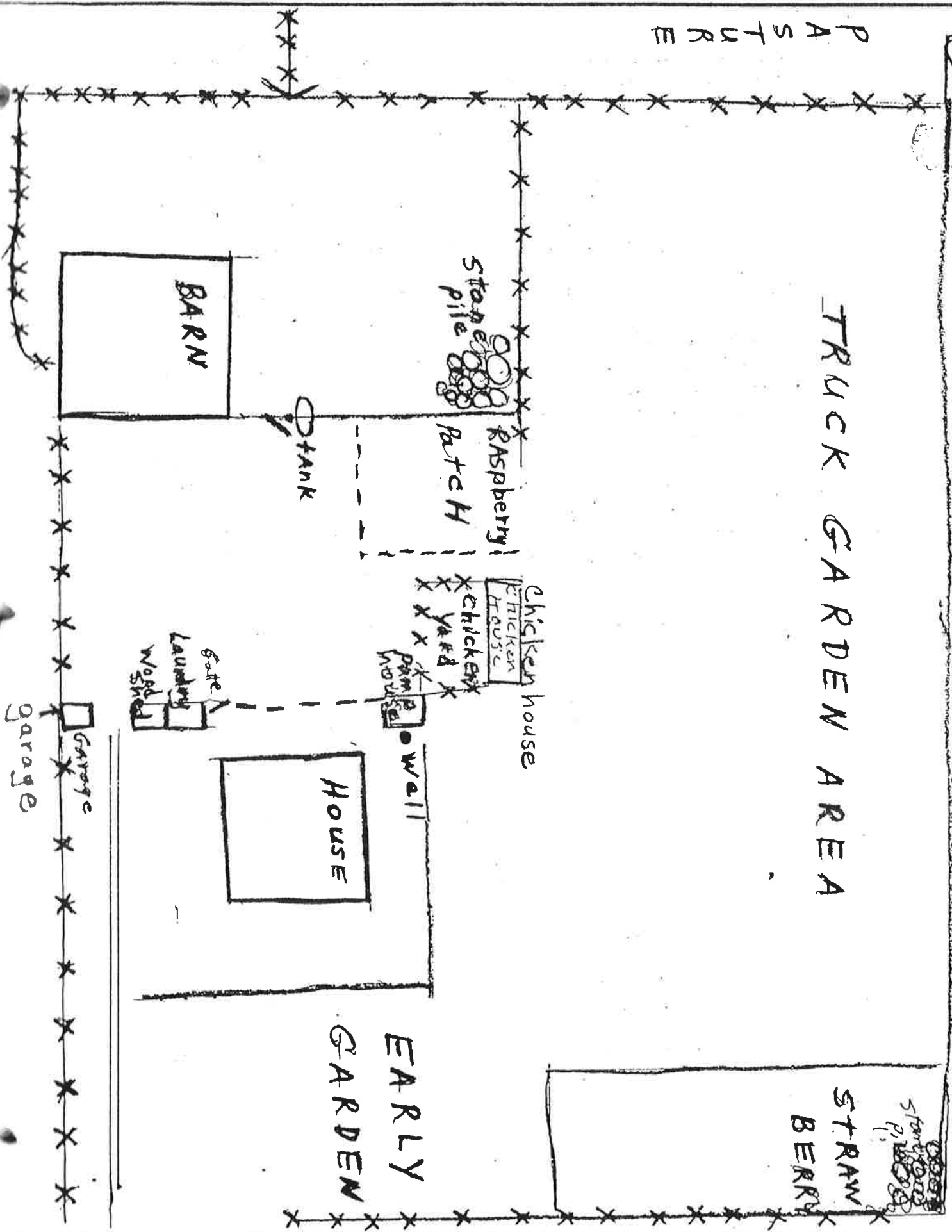


Less than 10 years ago I finally learned at age 50 plus that my three older sisters would play a very mean trick on their younger brothers. When our parents would be gone for the afternoon and into the evening leaving the sisters in charge, they would set the clocks ahead so that the three boys would have to go to bed and they would not be bothered with us, then they would move the clocks back so that our parents would not know. You just can't trust a woman at any age!

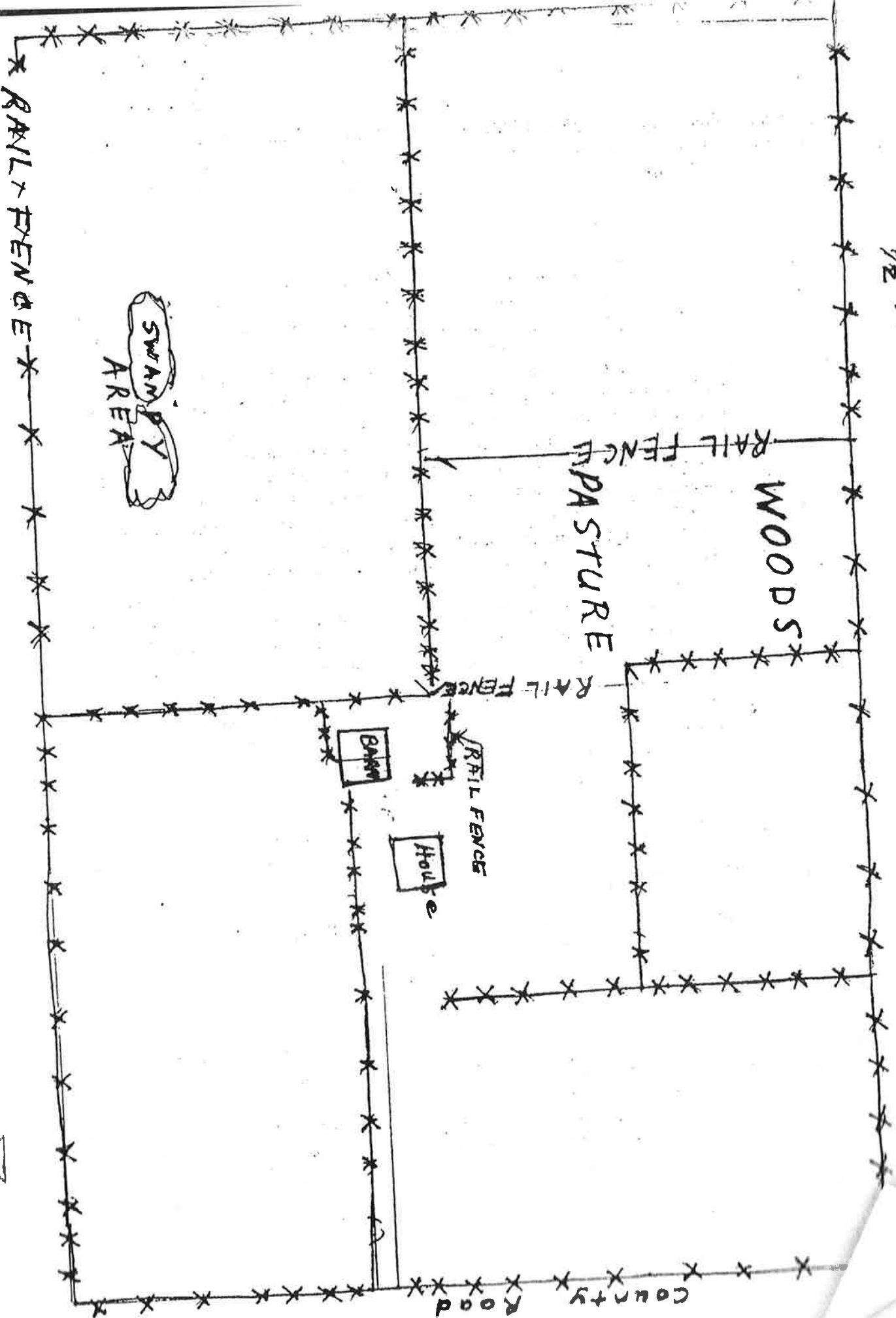
While we lived on the farm we had a chicken house northwest of the house! plus a couple of skid mounted brooder houses for raising young chickens. Mother owned a flock of sheep. We had a few cows, two horses, and a few pigs. We had a very large truck patch where we raised potatoes, corn (sweet and pop), beans, peas, beets, tomatoes, greens, cabbage, cucumbers, strawberries, raspberries, sweet potatoes, and other garden vegetables. We raised a lot of rats, unintentionally, along with a horde of mice. We had a Fox Terrier named Trixie, who trusted no one in the family (probably with reason) and lots of cats. Most of them stayed around the barn. A couple of times we had cat litters which my mother wanted to get rid of and I sacked them up with a rock and drowned them in the stock tank, then dug a hole and buried them. I do not remember any feelings one way or another in accomplishing this assigned task. It was just another thing which had to be done. Mother had also worked out a very efficient way of handling the process of the chicken dinner. After catching the chickens, usually at night on their roosts or with a wire with a hook to catch the feet, I would hold the

PASTURE

TRUCK GARDEN AREA



1/2 mile East 1 mile North



chicken by the legs, stick it's neck through a fence and mother on the other side of the fence would hold the head, stretch the neck, cut off the head, and I would toss the body into the grass. The body would leap and jump and throw out blood out of the neck until it finally got quiet, then the body would be dipped in a bucket of boiling water until thoroughly soused, then the feathers could easily be removed. A rolled up newspaper was lit and the hairs on the chicken were singed off. The chickens were gutted and the inedible parts would be given to the hogs or thrown onto the chicken yard to promote chicken cannibalism. Most of the times I can remember on the farm we had six or seven kids, two parents, Grandma Cunningham, and possibly a visitor; chicken dinner required three or four chickens.

My Grandma Cunningham (mother's Mother) made the best chicken and dumplings I have ever eaten. She made the dumplings very thin and very dry, almost like noodles so that when cooked the dough was done. She just ruined chicken and dumplings cooked by almost anyone else. My Mother-in-law, Dorothy Thompson, was a good cook but her dumplings were great lumps of dough which would lay in the stomach like lead. Some place along the line I also developed a dislike for mayonnaise and salad dressings. In most short order places in America unless you hold a gun to the head of the people serving and cooking the grub they insist on slathering on a smear of the stuff they call dressing. One reason I do not like short order places.

We raised a lot of vegetables and my mother canned them all including sausage as a method of preserving, beans, peas, corn, beets, peaches, strawberries, cherries, and pears. She would open one half gallon can of beans as the basis for one vegetable for a meal. If there were any left over it would appear in a soup or stew, very little food ever went to the pig pen or the chicken yard as slop. Mother always cut the chicken back in half down the middle, gave her one more piece of chicken that is easier to eat. When we get whole chickens I still cut them the same way. All of the things which were canned were stored in the cellar. I do not remember having an outside root cellar to store carrots, cabbage, turnips, potatoes, beets, etc. I can remember several years when mother made sauerkraut in large earthenware jars, put down in brine and spices and held under the liquid by an upside down plate of the proper size and a rock. We always raised sweet corn and from time to time ate field corn, which

makes good roasting ears if picked at the right time. It is just a shorter period of good eating than sweet corn. Mother canned a lot of corn, I remember the whole family, mom, grandma, my sisters, and we boys all hulling peas, snapping beans until there was half a number three washtub full, and then all of them being canned by mother and my sisters. I do not remember the canning operations in detail, my older sisters probably remember this better. Mother continued to can any surplus as long as she had her health and strength, of course when she lived in Mentone there was less need to can things. Mother always made lots of jam jelly: strawberry, raspberry, peach, apple butter, and grape jelly. She made lots of pickles, dill, bread & butter, sweet. We always had rhubarb plants and I loved rhubarb pie. I even like to eat rhubarb by the stalk or stem, in spite of the sour or tart taste. I liked gooseberries which are also tart. In our woods there were wild gooseberries which had the spines on the berries, good to eat after you have rolled them in a cloth to break the spines. We sometimes found mushrooms in the woods, this small woods was open and cows grazed in the woods and in the pasture south of the woods.

My brother Paul and I spent a lot of time in the woods, and rambling around the Mollenhour woods south of our farm, also in Guy's woods northwest of our woods. Mollenhours had a small sugar bush in their woods (no longer in operation when I was a kid), and there was a shed left over from the sugar making. We never made maple syrup although we liked to lick the sugary sap from the tree wounds in the spring when the sap was running. There was an old mower dumped in the woods along with some other junk farm machinery. Paul and I spent a lot of time and effort taking old nuts and bolts from this junk. We also took the old drive belts made of linked metal to make pistol belts. Then we banged all over the woods killed hordes of Indians and outlaws. Even shot each other hundreds of times. Paul and I played a lot in the woods on the Guy farm which were more extensive than the woods on the Rush place. There were two large ponds in the Guy woods. Twice we found large snapping turtles in these woods and brought them home to mother. We would tease the turtle until it grabbed the middle of a sticks then carry it until it let go, tease it again and carry it again. These were immense turtles probably at least ten to fourteen inches across the shell. In each case the turtles were eaten after mother cleaned and cooked them. It must have been

a sight, two small boys lugging those turtles about a quarter of a mile crossing three or four fences to bring them home.

In the large southwest field of the Rush farm there were two marsh plots which never seemed to go completely dry, and which were usually full of water in the spring. These were alive with life. I especially remember how thrilled I was by the songs of the red winged blackbirds in the spring) also the wild Canaries or goldfinches. I remember one expedition which Earl, Paul, and I went to this area. Evidently this was about the time Earl would have been in the Boy Scouts - probably the family had gone for a Sunday afternoon. We took a couple of half gallon pails, a dozen or so eggs and a water jug along with salt and pepper and we went out to the pond and built a fire and hard boiled the eggs and ate our fill. I do not remember if we took any bread. We were not often left alone like this. Of course we had regularly assigned tasks, fill the wood box on the back porch, bring in the cows at milking time, feed the chickens, water the chickens, slop the hogs, feed the horses, milk the cow, and work in the garden. Dad and Mom always tried to find enough work to keep us busy. There were a couple of patches of Canadian thistles, an obnoxious weed on the farm and if the patches were in row crops we were required to keep them hoed down. If these areas were in wheat or oats we had to make sure that they were not harvested so that the thistle seed could not get in the grain.

The northern part of Indiana was covered by the fifth glacier period so there is rock in all of the fields, with time and continued cultivation, this rock comes to the surface. On our farm there were three large stone piles. In the spring and in the fall when the fields were lying fallow we would go out with one horse and a stone boat to gather rocks. A stone boat is a strong wooden sledge on wooden runners. After picking a load of rocks they were hauled to the nearest rock pile and dumped. Mother later used some of the better shaped and prettiest rocks when she made some rock gardens north of the house, hauled dirt from the woods and transplanted wild flowers into her rock gardens. Jack in the Pulpit, Sweet Williams and others whose names I have forgotten. Another task was to fight everywhere, narrow leaved dock, burdock, milkweed, ragweed, button, and nettles. We did not usually raise early greens, therefore one of our early spring treats was dandelion greens. We would all go out with

knives and gather a couple of dishpans of dandelion greens, these would be cleaned washed a couple of times and be boiled with bacon and served with cut up hard boiled eggs and dressed with vinegar. This is how I still prefer my greens except that I will omit the hard boiled eggs and substitute pepper sauce for vinegar.

My three older sisters were all members of the Girl Scout Troop, one summer they had a camp in our woods. It may have been for a week or it may have just been a long weekend. We boys were all in the Scouts, Troop Twelve of Mentone as I remember. Earl joined while we were still on the farm but I did not join until we moved from the farm to the town of Mentone. I joined when I was twelve, at the time Mentone did not have cub scouts, perhaps cub scouts were not yet invented. Scouting age was from twelve to eighteen, more about scouting in subsequent writing.

Earl started trapping the local woods and fence rows when he was about ten or eleven years old. Caught possum, rabbits, at least one skunk, and a couple of coons. At the time there were no deer or turkey left in northern Indiana. All of we boys trapped while we were growing up. I did mine around the south part of Mentone after we moved to town. Mostly I got cotton tail rabbits which we ate.

When I was small, a great many of the internal fences of the farm were still rail fences. As the rails rotted, broke, and deteriorated they were taken down, the good rails saved to mend other rail fences and the broken and scrap rails were hauled to the wood pile to be reduced to proper length by a boy with a buck saw or when there was a large enough accumulation by a buzz saw, a circular saw run by an old auto motor mounted on a skid and with a belt drive. Proper stove length was about 12 to 14 inches, this length could be burned in either the wood burning range or in the wood or coal burning round stove which was installed each fall in the living room, a stove pipe from this stove went through an insulated sleeve in the floor above and then into a brick chimney. This stove pipe went through Mary & Lena's room on the second floor. Ruth had her own room. Having this pipe coming through the floor and warm on cold mornings was a great comfort for the girls until one of them, I can't remember which bent over and backed up at the same time whereupon there were wails of anguish and pain.

Mother cooked on a wood fired range with two iron plates directly over the fire box, and other plates off to the right, there was an oven to the right of the fire box and a water reservoir. The iron plates could be removed with a lid lifter so that you could get the heat directly over the flames or give attention to the fire if needed. The fire could also be tended from the front of the stove. I popped quite a lot of pop corn on that stove before we left the farm and mother had a bottle gas fired range. The kitchen range and the living room stove are the only two sources of heat I can clearly remember, although I do seem to remember a stove in the corner of the bathroom which was sometimes used.

We had three upstairs bedrooms, Ruth had one on the northeast corner of the house. Mary and Lena's room was on the southeast, while we three boys had the west upstairs bedroom. There was a large closet between the boys' room and the girls' room. There were hanging drapes over these doorways and the doorways were not opposite each other. It may have been 6 ft wide and 14 feet long. One night we boys were in bed and telling scary stories when Mother rushed through the curtain and moaned and yelled -- *scared the hell out of me!* When we kids played hide and seek in the long summer evenings sometimes Mother and Dad would play with us.

The boys' bedroom had two windows facing west and one window facing south. The ceiling on the south side sloped up from a height of about five feet and sloped up with the pitch of the roof then flattened off. There was a brick chimney going up from the floor of our bed room to the roof used to heat either or both the bathroom or the sewing room. At night especially in summer, rather than use a slop jar or go out to the outhouse we boys could pee through the window screen in one of the west windows. In the winter and fall a considerable portion of the floor in our bedroom would be used to dry pop corn, stored to a depth of 5 to 8 inches with pop corn, in a circle made of chicken wire. When dried, we would shell the pop corn on Mother's wash board and store it in half gallon and gallon jars. We always got all the walnuts we could from our woods, Mollenhour's woods and Guy's woods. We boys would then hull them out by stepping on them and separating the hulls from the walnuts. The walnuts were then placed on the roof of the chicken house to age and for the rain to wash the brown stain from the walnuts. After a couple of months they could be stored

in baskets and then cracked and the nut meats picked out. When we moved to Mentone, Paul and I made a lot of our spending money by selling nut meats.

In the basement of the farm house there was a large galvanized water tank. Underground pipes ran from the well to this tank to keep it full of drinking water. In the kitchen there was a sink so that we could pump water with a hand pump from the basement tank to use in the house. There was another hand pump so that *soft* rainwater could be pumped from the cistern kept full from rain off of the roof. In those days, before rural electric service this was much better than most farm houses in our neighborhood. There was an underground pipe from the tank in the basement to the stock tank located near the barn. This tank was located so that half of it was in the barnyard and half was in the farm yard. The cattle and horses could drink as desired, anytime by coming into the tank from the pasture. Water for the sheep and hogs could either be siphoned through a rubber hose or dipped with a bucket. Water for the chickens had to be bucket carried. There was a rectangular wooden form built around the tank, and the space between the wooden box and the oval galvanized tank was packed with straw to help insulate the tank in winter to keep it from freezing... From time to time, usually in winter the pipe to the basement would freeze and Dad had to go to a back up system to fill the basement tank. By opening slanting cellar doors, Dad could run a pipe from the well spout to a point where another pipe at a 90 degree angle could be run over the top of the basement tank. Ordinarily this basement tank had a close fitting lid to insure safety and purity. Sometimes in the winter we put a top feeding hard coal burning stove in the stock tank to keep it from freezing over. This was probably a standard item in the Midwest and readily available from Sears. In the basement there were storage shelves for canned foods, empty jars, bins for potatoes, crocks for sauerkraut, sausage, pickles and other food. The cistern was on the west side of the house. The cistern had a large wooden lid made of two ply 2x6 or 2x8 lumber. Periodically late in summer it would be allowed to be pumped dry or as dry as it could be pumped then a ladder was let down and the cistern would be cleaned. When we got the next good rain the galvanized pipe from the downspouts would be put through the small hole in the center of the cistern lid and the water would be stored. Having this soft water for washing her good things was a great help for Mother. Most water wells in that part

of Indiana produce hard water and many have a trace of iron. The drain from the kitchen sink dropped into the basement and then ran under the bathtub so that waste water from the bathtub could be run off through a pipe to the outside.

Mother was a good cook and could cook some things better than anyone else I ever knew. Her pan fried Irish potatoes were sliced very thin then fried in a large cast iron skillet . I have never been able to do it right. I do not have a cast iron skillet but I am sure that there is more to it than hardware. While we lived on the farm, the only thing I learned to cook was pop corn. Of course, I could hard boil eggs not that I ever did in the house.

Some snapshots from my boyhood on the farm: I was enthralled by pretty little yellow birds, *Goldfinches* ? called wild canaries. I would try to catch them and was told that if I could put salt on their tail I could catch one. So there was Carl with a salt shaker trying to salt a tail. I think I finally figured out that if I could get close enough to put salt on the tail catching would be easy. We always had pigeons in the barn, they nested high up on the beams and raised more pigeons. Dad was not a hunter so he never tried to shoot any of them but we had visitors who did try to shoot them with shot guns. Once I put a large box in the farmyard about 50 feet from the washroom, propped the lid open and baited the box with wheat, finally a pigeon went in and I pulled on the binder twine string and trapped the pigeon. I probably ate it for supper. Once I was holding a horse shoe stake so that Earl could drive it into the ground. I was a little scared about Earl's ability to hit the stake without hitting me and kept letting go of the stake. He finally got so mad he hit me on the head with a hammer and knocked me unconscious and brought blood. Another time we were having a contest to see who could hold their breath the longest and to make sure I did not cheat, Earl wound a scarf around my neck. I was sitting on a bench in the kitchen and when I passed out I fell off the bench. I woke up on the floor -- Mother came into the kitchen and told us not to do that anymore and told us to go fill the wood box. The wood box was on the back porch just beside the door and just inside the door was the wood burning kitchen range.

One evening meal Hardy Songer, son of the high school coach, was eating with us (He was in Lena's class in high school). The food dishes had all been passed around and someone asked, "*Hardy, do you want anything else?*" Hardy said, "*Yea, Can you reach the beans, Paul*" Paul said, "*yes*" and kept on eating.

Someone finally said, "*Paul, pass the beans to Hardy.*"

I was always fascinated by cowboy movies and western stories and spent a lot of hours trying to throw a lasso. I have roped innumerable fence posts, stakes, and quite a few calves and sheep. I figured I could always get loose from them and was not sure I could handle a horse or cow. While on the farm I had three broken bones. I broke my left elbow falling in the barn one time. The same week, my Grandma Cunningham fell while coming down the kitchen steps and broke her arm. My sister, Ruth, had an arm broken while at grammar school, possibly before I was born. My second break, again the left elbow was the result of too many cowboy movies. One of our horses was an old blind horse which I was riding bareback and had stirred into a run so I was doing a flying dismount and broke my left elbow again. I was told at the time if I ever broke it again that they could probably not set it again so that I would have any movement. We used to have great corn cob fights, Paul and I against Earl usually. Earl since he was alone usually got the old oval copper wash boiler lid as a shield Paul and I would have basket lids or some other protective device. We had been cob fighting and had chased Earl up one of the ladders to the hay mow over the stables in the barn. I went up the ladder with Earl pegging corn cobs at me. He said, "*Go back down or I will step on your fingers.*" I kept coming, he stepped on my fingers and I turned loose of the ladder, and fell head first, stuck out my right arm and when I came too Mother was in the barn supervising my movement to the house. Broken right wrist, Mother stayed in the room while they set the wrist in the hospital. I understand Dad turned white and had to leave the room.

The summer after my ninth birthday, I had an attack of rheumatic fever and spent 6 to 8 months on the sofa in the living room. This was so that it would be easier to care for the impatient patient and so that I would not exert myself climbing stairs. Mother and my sisters taught me that year and it was February or March before I attended school. At that time they had comprehensive statewide tests for the elementary grades and I did very well on those tests. Of course, Mother had been a school teacher herself and had four children older than myself who she had helped with school work.

Mother had completed 12 grades at Burket school and had taken the prescribed course for teachers and had taught for some time before she and Dad married. Dad had completed the

ninth grade, all that was offered where he went. Dad was very sharp on math and could write a good letter. When he was elected to the post of Secretary of the Indiana Rural Letter Carriers Association, he learned to type by sitting and hitting the keys just the way I do it, and at least I had about half a semester of typing in school. While I was confined to bed by the Rheumatic Fever I spent a lot of time reading, all the magazines we took: *American Magazine*, *Redbook*, *McCall*, *Better Homes and Gardens*, *Ladies Home Journal*, *Prairie Farmer* and others I have forgotten. We had a couple of sets of old encyclopedias, stacks of library books and all of the Horatio Alger, G. A. Henty that anyone in the family, including aunts and uncles had. I read incessantly, anything I could get my hands on. I even read the serials in the newspapers and read the newspapers. I think it was this summer when I was laid up that Mother and Dad took Lena and Earl on a trip to Pennsylvania to visit Mother's relatives. I think it was from this trip that they returned with the marble roller. It was probably the next summer that I jumped off a wagon and landed on a board with a nail sticking up, went through my shoe sole and into my foot but did not come out the top. Mother soaked it in kerosene, tied a piece of salt pork to the bottom of my foot and later that evening took me to town to have Dr. Yocum cut cross marks across the hole to encourage bleeding and probably for a tetanus shot. I was over 50 years old when I found out from Ruth that our great Uncle Will Jamison, Grandma Cunningham's brother and my mother's uncle had died from lockjaw from stepping on a nail while working in Iowa in the 1880's. I wonder what thoughts went through my mother's mind and through grandma's mind. Tetanus serum was not available then but was widely used in WWI. I do not know if the tetanus shot was available at the time of the Spanish American War.

Dad was not farming the place when I was a boy. This probably was a mistake on his part since his rural route took him only half a day to run. If he had been a hustler he could have farmed a 107 acre place easily on half time with the crew of farm hands he was raising. I do not know on what basis Dad and Mother paid my Grandpa Rush for using the farm house, and buildings and raising the truck patch etc. Grandpa let the crop acreage out to be farmed on shares by Mr. Deaton, who lived north of us on the county road. Deaton was a hard driver - had three children, Mary Beth, the oldest, Hope, who was in Earl's class and Bud who was

in the class between myself and Paul. His two daughters were used to doing a man's work outside in the fields and then having to do the house work. Mr. Deaton did not usually work them on crop rent acreage but sometimes they came down to cultivate corn which while hot work does not require great muscular expenditure. He raised hay (alfalfa and timothy) wheat, oats, corn on 50/50 shares with Grandpa. But his hay wagon loads were usually higher when they went north to his barns than the ones which went into the barn on our farm. He hired Mexicans, and often had an ex-convict or two as extra hands. When they made hay, shocked oats or wheat I would make the rounds of the field with a gallon jug of water wrapped in a piece of gunny sacking and soused with water so that the evaporation would help keep it cooler. When we had this kind of help with the harvest we would feed them. Usually chicken, fresh garden vegetables, and pies. After the wheat and oats were shocked and allowed to dry the threshing machine would come. Tractor drawn the threshing machine would be unhooked then the tractor would be spotted so that a belt from the tractor could be used to drive the threshing machine. The bundles of oats or wheat were loaded on flat rack wagons driven to the thresher and tossed into the opening, grain would be accumulated in a hopper and the straw would be blown into a pile. The wagons were supplied by neighbors who in turn would have their neighbors come to help harvest their fields. We always tried to get the straw stack as close to the barn as possible as we used the straw for bedding for the stock. The closer to the barn the less effort to move it. Wheat was usually shocked before July 4th because Paul and I waged deadly war around the shocks with our cap pistols. In our barn one hay loft was above a row of stables on the south side of the barn. On the north side of the barn the hay mow came clear down to the barn floor on two thirds of the mow. The other one third was devoted to the oats bin and the wheat bin. These were lined with sheet metal to discourage rats from getting more than their share of the grain. One year the north hay mow was almost empty had three to five feet in the mow, we kids would climb up the north wall as high as we dared then dive off head first toward the mow then roll so that we landed on our back and shoulders. We boys loved it, my sisters Mary and Lena did some of this. I don't think Mother and Dad ever found out.

Dad had a couple of 55 gal drums in the garage, one for gasoline and one for kerosene.

We used kerosene for lamps and for kerosene stove. Dad used gasoline for the one lung engine he used for pumping the well. At least once a month the Standard Oil man would come and refill the barrels in the garage. The ice man came once or twice a week to fill up the ice box. We sold eggs, milk, strawberries, raspberries, corn (sweet & pop), potatoes, any excess which we raised. Mother made and sold butter over and above what we used ourselves. We had a DeLaval cream separator, centrifugal operation, bolted to the floor in the bathroom. I liked to operate the separator and helped with the butter making. We had a large crock type with the usual up and down action with a crossed stick on a handle worked through the hole in the stopper at the top, and a paddle wheel type which screwed onto the right size gallon jug. Turn the handle and the gears turned the paddle. I spent quite a bit of time on both of these instruments.

Monday was usually wash day. Mother had a gasoline powered kick start washing machine kept in the wash house. This was the north half of a building just southwest of the house. There was a small wood burning stove in this room with a flat top so that water could be heated on it. Mother had a copper wash boiler, which she used to help in some of the laundry. When we moved to Mentone the gasoline motor became electric and Mother used a three burner Kerosene stove to heat the water in the wash boiler. Since we had our own hogs and ate a lot sausage bacon and other pork products we always had a lot of lard and used cooking grease. So, Mother made her own laundry soap, using canned lye to react with the fat. She did not save her wood ashes to leach with water to make her own lye to make soap. When she made a batch of soap she poured it into square or rectangular pans and left it set then cut it into bars about 1 1/2 inches thick and 3 inches long by 2 inches wide. This was a yellowish product which was used for laundry and at the kitchen sink for hands.

In the dining room was the wall telephone. We were on a party line and although we did not usually listen in we were aware that many of the neighbors could and would. Since we left the farm when I was 12 years old I never used the phone much. Kids in my family were discouraged from talking on the phone, a habit which I still have. I never was much of a hand to gossip, although I do take an interest in the foibles of my fellows.

We had good neighbors, or at least I thought so then and still think so. Our gravel county

road started about 1/2 mile east of Mentone and went north, first on the right were the Nellans, Dean, his wife and four kids. Geraldine, Lena's age, a girl in Earl's class whose name I cannot remember, Dean Jr. about Paul's age and a daughter, Norma Jean, a few months older than Virginia. Mrs. Nellans died in an auto accident while I was in high school. Next was a rent house with a couple of acres attached on the left, the the Claude gates farm on the right, with one son Jimmy about Paul's age. Then you cross the interurban track. Next on the left the Lot Mollenhour place. The Mollenhours were much older with no children at home. Earl's wife Wilma, was a granddaughter of these people. One time when Lot Mollenhour called Dr. Anderson, the vet, he told Dr. Anderson, *"You got to save that cow Doc, it's a God Damn Democrat cow"* Next on the right the road which lead to the Eatons', their youngest was in Mary's class if my memory serves. The Eatons had a section of land one mile by one mile and were into the stock feeding business. Next on the left were the Rushes. Then north to a crossroad the right hand was the north end of the Eaton place, left lead to the Guy farm. Mrs. Guy had a resident family to do the farm work, while we lived on the farm it was the Besson's, four boys and some girls. John was in my class, Jim was in Earl's class, Everett was older than Earl and Paul Besson was younger than Paul Rush. Continuing north along the county road on the left the Deatons and then north to the Ed Bowser and family. Wayne was in my class at school. There were several older boys and girls whose names I do not remember. We kids would sometimes go visiting driving the spring wagon which had a buggy type front end, that is it had two shafts so that one horse fitted between the shafts like a buggy. When we were young we frequently had parties at one farm or another watermelon - ice cream - pitch in suppers. Lots of hide and seek and run sheep run. This was especially true of the Nellans, Gates, and Rushes. All of the Eatons were older. When Grandpa Rush sold the 107 acres it went to the Eatons and Charles and his wife lived in the house. I had a maple tree on the south edge of the woods which I could easily climb and I spent a lot of time in that tree lying on a couple of limbs and reading. There were beech trees in the woods and in the fall when the beech nuts ripened we would eat them. Of course, you could starve to death eating beech nuts because they are so small and so hard to clean that a boy could starve to death while he was eating them as fast as he could

clean them. We had no oak trees in the woods, and not many walnut trees. We had two mock hickories on the farm, these did not produce nuts suitable for consumption (just remembered they were actually called pig hickories) but pegs whittled from their branches were just as useful as shagbark hickory to make breaking pegs for the little shoes on a corn row cultivator. In stony ground it was better to have these pegs break than to have some other part of the rig break far from repair sources.

Another semi-edible woods plant was the paw paw, a large shrub or small tree, sometimes approaching 20 to 25 feet tall. In the fall the fruit of this shrub would turn from green to yellowish hue and would get soft, they were edible although not very tasty. My father-in-law Mr. Carl Thompson, once told me that there was only one way to get a good edible paw paw. *"As long as it is on the tree it is too green to eat, when it is on the ground it is too rotten to be edible. You have to catch it just right"*

The barn was set on large boulders with other stones on top of individual boulders to make the top of the piles level. The barn sills were set on these and in the barnyard there were gate like panels to keep the sheep and hogs from getting under the barn. We used to remove one of these panels, then go exploring under the barn, lighting the way by having one kid hold a large rectangular mirror, 10 x 12 or so, so that sunlight would be reflected under the barn. Over the pump house also referred to as the smoke house, though never used as a smoke house during my recollections was a loft with a small door which could be reached by crawling out on the lowest horizontal brace of the wind mill tower. At one time this became a sort of private club house for the Rush gang. This did not last long since it was a nuisance to get to and we could not do anything there that we could do just as well and easier elsewhere.

Family Relationships

My father was one of the four sons of Bert A. Rush and Elva Coomler Rush. These were Fred, the oldest. He married Ethel Eaton. Their children were Frances, Jessie and Fern. Fern was about Mary's age. Frances married Dale Plew and had two or three offspring, mostly boys. Jessie had the most beautiful red hair I have ever seen on a woman. She is now living out west with her husband. I don't know about any children. At one time while working

for one of the business places in Mentone she roomed with us in Mentone. I don't know anything about Fern, who was a quiet dark haired girl. Any of my older sister could fill in this information, especially Ruth with her interest in family history.

William Ray Rush, my father, was a fraternal twin of Moses Roy Rush. I am told that when they were very young they were dressed alike and were hard to tell apart. Roy was named for his Grandfather Moses. Roy served in the artillery in the AEF in WWI. He was a farmer, carpenter, and brick mason. He married later in life to Olive Drudge, who had a farm about three miles south and three miles west of Mentone. They had one daughter, Eleanor. Earl lived with and worked for Uncle Roy at times. Especially when he and Dad had come to an impasse- both being very strong minded (AKA *pig-headed*). Olive died early in the 1940's and I helped Uncle Roy move some of his possessions from that location to a second house on Grandpa Rush's farm on Hwy 25 about three miles east of Mentone, while I was home from college after my freshman year in the spring of 1943. As indicated Dad and Earl were often in confrontation. Once during a correction session, Dad broke a pitchfork handle on Earl. After Earl was 14 or 15, he spent a lot of time away from home working for local farmers. This was always close by but he would live away from home a lot. He worked for George Myers, the Eatons, and at Uncle Roy's. My Uncle Earl married a Mentone girl, Minnie Sarber?? She had a most infectious laugh and the whole family called her Aunt Minnie HA HA. They had one son, Jack, who we seldom saw as Uncle Earl lived in Detroit where he was a postman. He and Aunt Minnie raised a whole string of boys who were wards of the court or some such thing. They retired to Atlanta Ga, where Jack lives and as of July 1993 Aunt Minnie was still living, the only one of that generation still living. My father also had an Aunt Rose Morrison who lived in Mentone. I used to mow her lawn whenever it needed mowing. The fee as I remember it was 35 cents.

Virginia once called Uncle Roy, *Uncle Moses* in the presence of some of his cronies and it made him very angry and Virginia felt that he resented her for the rest of his life. Several years ago while visiting with Virginia, she took me by the war memorial at the court house in Warsaw. Earl Rush is listed for WWII and Amos Rush is listed for the Civil War.

When Ruth was a senior in high school or just out of school before she went to Kokomo to live with Uncle Howard while going to business college, she worked for Tom Fitzgerald, Mentone's only lawyer. One day when Dad came to pick her up, he was talking baseball to Tom and told Tom that he was related to Kennesaw Mountain Landis, at that time, the Commissioner of Baseball. Dad not only knew he was related but knew how he was related through the Coomlers. Ruth later found out while working on genealogy of the Coomlers (Cumlers) (Kumler). Ruth attended the Kumler reunion in Illinois in July of 1993. Dad also had an Aunt Myrtle and Uncle Bert who lived at Gas City, Indiana. I think I remember visiting them twice while I was a child.

My mother, Bernice Goshert (Pronounced Burr nus) had an older brother LeRoy, married to Bernice Goshert. I do not remember her family name. They had four children. Dean, the oldest, was probably a little older than Ruth. He is no longer living. One of his daughters and her husband have purchased and restored the house north of Burkett, where my mother was born. Bob Goshert is about the age of my sister, Mary. He married Betty Hammer, a classmate of Lena's. Bob is retired in Mentone and makes stained glass panels and windows as a hobby and avocation. I don't remember ever hearing that they had children. Jennie Mae (named for my Grandma Jennie Cunningham) is married to Porter Williamson. He trained for law and worked close to Gen George S. Patton in WWII before Patton went overseas. Porter lost his leg to diabetes during or shortly after the war. He and Jennie Mae now live in Arizona. He is the author of *Pattons Principles of Management* which is interesting and which I sell in my book store. I don't know of any children. My cousin Max Goshert lived in Indianapolis and I don't know how many children he may have had. I have not seen most of my cousins Rush or Goshert since I got home from WWII. Several of my Rush Uncles and Aunts came to my wedding in 1946 and most of them I have not seen since. Ten days after I got out of the Army I was back in college and since then I have not usually had more than a week at a time in northern Indiana and my six brothers and sisters and mother used up most of my visiting time. One time we did get over to Uncle Roy Gosherts with my mother and many of the kids with us. The last Rush reunion, Valerie, remembered visiting the ancestral Goshert home while she was a child.

Aunt Clara married Howard Berkepille from around Bourbon. They met while they were going to DePauw. Howard taught school for several years and started selling World Book Encyclopedias in the summers and did so well at it that he finally went 100% World Book. Their oldest daughter, Eleanor, lives in Kokomo a short distance from the family home at 219 Conrad Avenue. Her husband, Russell Job died of cancer. Eleanor is closest to Ruth, since Ruth lived with them when she attended business school and maybe later while working before marrying. There was also a daughter, Catherine, who died quite young. I barely remember her. Catherine, Uncle Howard, Aunt Clara and Grandma Cunningham are buried at Palestine Cemetary, not far from Grandpa and Grandma Rush. Uncle Fred, Aunt Ethel, and Dale and Francis Plew are also buried there. You can see by reading the above that we were closer to our Rush relatives and to Aunt Clara and Uncle Howard than to the Roy Goshert's. My Grandmother Jennie Jamison came from Pennsylvania, and until I read *An Indiana Mother*, the family tribute to my mother, I did not know the family history. Until Ruth told me about 15 years ago I did not know that Mother's father, Jacob Goshert, committed suicide by hanging himself. Mother was a young girl then and it must have come as a terrible shock to the family. I never had the courage to discuss this with my mother since she chose to never tell us about it when we were kids or even after we were grown. Ruth, Lena, Paul, Virginia have all been to Jamison reunions in Pa. Perhaps, Mary also. Grandma had a very tough row to hoe with three young children to raise and her with very little income.

Our Rush family gatherings were occasions of great fun and eating. For holidays and non holidays we usually got together at Fred's, Grandpa's or our home. After Roy got married, we sometimes went there. Then there were many occasions when the Ray Rushes would visit the Fred Rushes. When Paul and I got to the lawn mowing stage we would ride our bicycles out and mow Fred's lawn, about three miles east of Mentone and about a mile north. You could usually hear the noon whistle from the saw mill. Later, when I worked at the saw mill I sometimes blew the whistle. Grandpa had a set of double nine dominoes and you could make a lot of points with those dominoes and a game took longer usually.

Many of these Rush summer outings involved a two gallon ice cream freezer in a tall wooden container turned in the early stages by the small fry and later by the uncles.

With lots of dasher to eat or lick off after the ice cream was made. Thanksgiving and Christmas were the real big holidays. It was at one of these feasts that I first discovered *Tarzan of the Apes* in an upstairs bedroom at Uncle Fred's. Uncle Fred had a large bank barn with stables underneath and a bank of earth so that a wagon could be driven up the bank and the hay mowed away. This was before baling of hay was common. Straw was bailed as a matter of course, long before people started to bale their hay. Quite a few summertime gatherings were at lakes. There are 92 lakes in Kosciusko county, more now with dams etc. A lot of these lakes have Indian names. I don't think that at this time any of my uncles owned any lake property.

Since Uncle Howard was a traveling salesman, World Book Encyclopedia, he would come through Mentone frequently and stop for a meal and sometimes sleep there. He was the most fun of all of my uncles. he would frequently close a sale to a private customer, as opposed to a school system, and take some sort of old junk set of books in trade. These were worth nothing and really came out of his commission. These had no commercial value and he gave several sets of old encyclopedias to our family and I used to read them, especially on rainy days. My sisters slept at the Uncles' houses and traded around since many of them were of an age with their cousins. I stayed a few times at Uncle Howard's in Kokomo. Howard liked to tell the story of how he took me shopping so that we could buy presents for all of my brothers and sisters. We decided that pencils would be a fine gift, then I discovered that my pencil had no eraser. According to Howard, big salty tears started to run down my cheeks, when he solved this crisis by pointing out that only people who made mistakes needed erasers. One time Paul and cousin Max were visiting Uncle Howard and sleeping in the same upstairs bed. There was a loud thump! When he investigated, Uncle Howard was informed by Max that Paul had fallen out of bed. Paul said that he hated to call Max a liar, but it was Max who had fallen out of bed. After over 50 years, the matter is unresolved and the veracity of either of these two clowns is suspect. I never slept at Roy Rush's house or at Uncle Roy Goshert's house.

When I was in high school I sometimes helped out my Uncle Fred at haying time or during threshing season and would stay for a few days at such times. Even as young as 8 or 9 there was one job that I could do at hay time which I greatly liked. At the peak of the barn where we lived there was a track hung from the rafters for the hay fork to travel on. One end of the one inch diameter rope was fastened to the carrier, brought down and over the pulley on the hay fork, back up to the carrier over a block at the end of the mow back over a block to turn the direction and then out through a pulley and attached to a team of horses or to one horse if big and strong. When the hay fork had been stuck in the hay and secured the team would be driven away from the barn causing the rope to revolve through all of those blocks and forkful of hay to rise till the fork engaged the carrier then trip it and be rapidly shot into the hay mow. Then the trip rope to the hay fork would be pulled and the hay would be dropped into the mow where men with three tine pitch forks would move it around and keep it level so that it would be easy to take out of the mow when it was needed for feed later, usually in the winter. In the meantime the small boy would have driven the team back to the barn, turned then around and be busily pulling the rope back through the pulley so that it would be easier for the men on the wagon to pull the hay fork back to the center of the barn so that the fork would release and come back down so the whole process could be repeated. Can you imagine how important a small boy felt doing work that would otherwise require a man to be doing. I was only 12 when we left the farm and harnessing a horse was a little difficult for me. But if Dad harnessed the horse or if I harnessed it myself, there were a lot of jobs an 11 year old



assisted by a 9 year old could accomplish. We could do small repairs to the fences. We could use a one horse cultivator to plow the potato rows. One leading the horse and one holding the cultivator. We also cut a lot of thistles, gave the nettles a fit and did a lot of hoeing in the truck patch and vegetable garden.

A few more specific stories from the farm years. One spring day we came home from school, walked up the lane and were told to hurry and change clothes because Dad had all of the rows made to plant potatoes. We hurried and

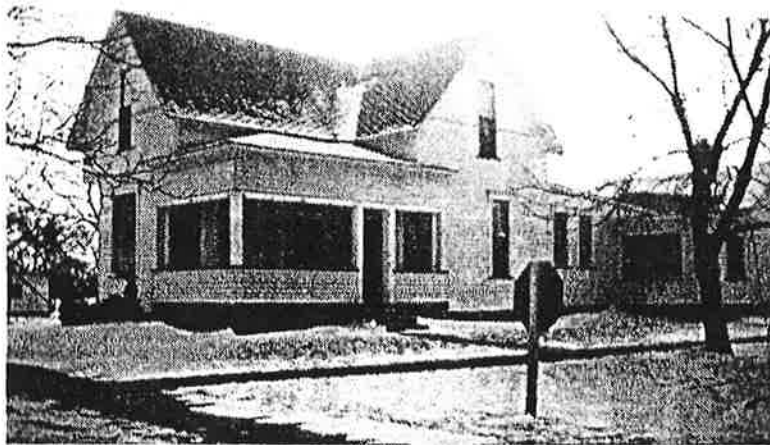
when we went into the back yard there were a couple of large galvanized tubs sitting there with cut up potatoes soaking in water. We picked up some of them and ate the center of them raw. When Dad came to get the potatoes, he must have seen us throw remnants in the weeds and he got very insistent that we confess that we had eaten the potatoes. We finally confessed. The big problem was not with taking the potatoes, but that the water they had been soaking in was laced with arsenic to kill critters who ate the seed potatoes after they were planted. We all got milk shakes laced with raw eggs and without any ice cream. No one got seriously sick from this indiscretion, but we learned one thing not to do.

We had a couple of old iron wheelbarrow wheels with solid iron axles. We would grab the axles in our hands and run around the house and on the walks and race. One evening while I was going about as fast as I could someone coming from the other direction caught one of my fingers between the axle and their wheel. *Crushed meat, torn skin and lots of blood, at least I remember it as a lot of blood.*

Once Paul was climbing on a hay loader, parked in the pasture between uses, fell and the resulting wound left a scar above one of his eyes. Or perhaps it was my breaking a fairly solid stick by hitting a tree with it and the part which broke off went whirling through the air and left the wound scar. Perhaps both things happened.

I do remember that one time when we were playing camping out, in the back yard, I killed a bumble bee. It dropped down in the grass and later when I was crawling around or when I sat down that dead bee stung me. I sat on it in such a way that the stinger was forced out --- Bingo.

When I was twelve years old my parents bought a large house in the south end of the town of Mentone.



There were 10 acres of land, a large cement block garage, a small two story barn, and we moved two brooder houses from Grandpa's farm where we had lived. There were also a couple of run down sheds on the property. There

was a well operated by a hand pump behind the barn which never worked while we were on the place. The house was very large. There were three upstairs rooms, one of which was a landing room for the stairway. Downstairs there was a front room, a sitting room, a kitchen, dining room, my parent's bedroom, a large bathroom, a closet the size of the bathroom, and an inside back porch (where Mother did the laundry). This porch joined the main house to a two roomed apartment, (a small house attached). The folks made this into a small three room apartment for my Grandma Cunningham, who had not had a place of her own for many years. There was running water and a sink in the apartment but no bath tub or commode. Grandmother had to come across the inside back porch for these facilities..

When they remodeled the house, Earl helped the electrician to completely rewire the house. I helped the plumber and learned how to cut and thread pipe, as we put in an improved bathroom downstairs, put in the water to Grandma's apartment, put in a half bath upstairs (wash basin and commode). We installed a new sink in the kitchen, and I believe we put in a coal fired water heater in the basement. There was also a piping arrangement where a water pipe went through the furnace so that in the winter part of the hot water supply came from the furnace. We put in central heating with a coal fired furnace, and tore out several chimneys which had been used for small wood or coal heaters. Later, Paul and I cleaned the old mortar off of these bricks so that they could be reused. There was one hot air register installed in the upstairs which gave an illusion of heat, there were a pair of registers side by side at the junction of the front room and the sitting room. There was one register in the kitchen which would really heat and one in the dining room. There was a wall outlet in the bathroom. There was a stove in the living room of Grandma's apartment.

There was a narrow 3 - 4 foot wide porch all around the front room which stuck out of the house like a sore thumb. The second year we were in the house the roof was torn off of this porch and then Paul and I tore the floor boards off of the porch, and salvaged the cement block, which were the outer front of the old porch. We took up the walk which had run from this porch to the town sidewalks and used them to make stepping stones in the garden. The garden was three feet to 1 foot lower than the yard. One of the carpenters who worked on remodeling the house said that the man who built the house had hauled in hundreds of

wagon loads of dirt to fill in the yard. A couple of years later Dad, Earl, Paul and I built a stone wall around two sides of the garden and built a set of cement stairs to go down in the garden. Dad got the stones hauled in from somewhere, and I don't know how little it cost. There had been a cistern right by the back door of the house and it was filled with all kinds of rubble and trash and cemented over. There were a couple of trees either in the garden or on the property line and after they were cut down or blew down, Paul and I learned the basics of the cross cut saw experience on the farm. When we moved to town we took our best cow, some pigs, and our chickens. We also set out a raspberry patch using runners from the raspberry patch on the farm. They never did well in town. On the farm we always put a couple of feet of straw mulch and when we cleaned out the chicken house put the refuse on the raspberries. In town we never had a straw stack and we did not keep as many chickens. We still raised potatoes, sweet corn, beans, popcorn. Part of the time we let the cow roam over the ten acres and part of the time we staked her out on a long rope, and moved the pin when needed. We kept her in the small barn. We built a pen for the pigs in a corner of the apple orchard next to the barn. We had five apple trees, two pear trees and Dad moved the grape orchard and the grape vine from the farm. He showed me how to join two pipes in the center when you do not have a union. You make one end up as tight as you can on a coupling then back it out and make it up on the other pipe at the same time. Works fine if it does not have to stand any water pressure. I used the same trick years later when I built a pipe frame garage in Beaumont.

I mentioned that we had two portable brooder or chicken houses which we had moved to Mentone. One for laying hens and the other for starting young chicks to raise for broilers or spring fryers with the best looking pullets saved for the laying flock. Occasionally when a laying hen quit laying we would have her with noodles or with dumplings. At that time and for most of the rest of her life Mother made her own noodles, rolled very thin cut into 2 inch wide strips then cut into about 1/8" by 2" strips. Probably why I never buy and don't really like wide noodles. It was in 1936 when we moved to Mentone and the first year I ever paid any notice to presidential politics. I was running around with Alf Landon buttons all over me. This was the year of the Roosevelt Landslide, not the last time I have been disappointed by election results!



Donald Ray Rush , my youngest brother was born shortly after we moved to Mentone and was the only one of the eight children born in a hospital. This was in Warsaw, McDonalds Hospital if my memory is correct. He was born with a club foot, his left foot as I remember. My parents spent a lot of time and I am sure much money on casts, braces, corrective shoes etc. For years they made regular trips to a specialist in Indianapolis to get his foot corrected. They did such a good job that now I am not sure which foot it was.

It was wonderful to be in town with all its myriad glories, electricity, running water, and no more slop jars and down the path -- I could go to the library almost any time I wanted to go. There was a small grocery store a block from the house and Burns bakery was only three blocks from the house. There was a hardware store, and three grocery stores up town, a drug store, a couple of barber shops. There were two cafes but we did not go in them since they sold beer. There were three churches, the Methodist - where we went, the Christian Church - where Grandpa and Grandma Rush went, and a Baptist Church. There were a couple of garages, several filling stations, a furniture store (the owner was also a funeral director). There was another funeral parlor a couple of blocks from the center of town. There were two doctors and a dentist. There was the post office and the Farmers State Bank. There was the telephone exchange. Both Lena and Mary worked at the exchange at times. Lena and Mary both worked in the drugstore and Mary worked in the bank. There was a sheet metal shop, a grain elevator and feed store, a jewelry store and a couple of beauty salons. There was a pool hall and domino parlor combination. I never went there very much. There were a couple of dry goods stores. There was a welding shop right next to the volunteer fire station. There was a shoe repair shop. The Nickel plate railroad depot. Western edge of town was the location of the sawmill and box factory.

Yellow Creek Lake is south and east of Burket and the outlet stream. Yellow Creek flows north and west to Tippecanoe River. It passed through our 10 acre farm, and was a wonderful

place for Paul and I to play. There was a small 1 1/2 acre patch on the far side of the creek and for several years we raised potatoes etc on this land. Dad would rent or borrow a team and we would plow and cultivate this acreage then plant it and then Paul and I would do all the other labor with our hoes. Earl was 14 when we moved to Mentone and during the summers was usually off working on some farm and was gone all summer. Dad and Earl locked horns frequently, so it was better when they could avoid confrontation situations. Frequently it was about girls and staying out too late. The creek was 15 to 20 feet wide and from 1 foot to three or four feet deep. You could catch sun perch, goggle eyes, and small catfish. During the spring run it was possible to get two or three pound suckers as they swam up to spawn. We did a lot of fishing but never caught much. Either the year we moved to Mentone or the following year the Lions Club raised money and put a dam across the creek just upstream from the cemetery in Tuckers Pasture. The water by the dam was as much as 6 feet deep and there was a diving platform. I learned to swim in that pond and got in a lot of water time. The Lions Club repaired it once or twice when it was washed out in spring floods. We town boys fixed it up a little a couple of times, but the Lions Club lost interest, probably when they started to promote their own fair on the grounds east of the school house about a 4 acre tract. The fair was held in August for a week.

The Lions Club built cattle sheds around three sides of the high school and town baseball diamond and the place where we played softball at recess and at noon. For a number of years they held fairs there and must have made quite a bit of money for various civic projects. Since Dad was an active Lion, I as his largest son at home was frequently delegated by Dad to work off his labor obligations in the cleanup operations. I also got in on the joy of helping put up some of the large tents for machinery and produce exhibits. Boy Scout Troop 12 which was sponsored by the Lions Club usually had a tent where we cooked and served hot dogs and sold bottled drinks and ice cream bars.. Various scouts would load up with a cold box with dry ice in the bottom, and Eskimo Pies on top and go to the stock judging, the horse pulling contest, and sell them. Other scouts would go out with a bucket of ice and cokes and soda pop to sell. It was very important to go around and pick up the empty bottles since any lost empties were charged against the stand. As a courtesy to the Lions Club, our sponsor,

Troop 12 was supposed to supply a runner at the south gate of the fair where the phone was located. Our duties were to answer the phone , run errands, and help the gate guard to open and close the large gate. One year I did such a good job that the guard asked Dale Kelly, the High School Principal and Lions Troop Committeeman, to let me work there constantly, for which I received a small stipend. There were a merry-go-round, Tilt-A-Whirl, shooting gallery, palm reader, ring toss, a ferris wheel, and a couple of years mild girlie show a freak tent and a cotton candy and other attractions which I have forgotten. There were usually three or four free acts provided by the Lions Club spaced about an hour or hour and a half apart every afternoon and evening. The fair would end Saturday night. One year I helped Mr. Kelly and Chet Manwaring put up signs all over the south half of Kosciusco County advertising the fair. One year at Halloween, I must have been around 16, the Lions Club and Mentone Merchants put on a big DO in Mentone to celebrate. As part of this they were going to cook something in great big cast iron pots. Naturally, the inside and bottom of the pot was all rusty and naturally Dad volunteered my services to get a broken brick and scrape out the bottom of the pot. I wore out my knuckles, but got the pot clean enough so that there were no public outcries of upset stomachs by outraged citizens, but of course we were a hardy breed of people...

Many people in Mentone still had outside privies and I admit that I helped dump over a few. In one case, I dumped one over and mother volunteered my services to help set that one back up. Other times I volunteered myself to help. The scout troop was active in resetting this necessary convenience and I finally gave up on the upsetting since it was wrong to do this to nice old widow ladies --- Plus knowing what Dad would do if he *Ever Knew* I had done such a thing. I admit I used to pry off hub caps and put in a small rock. And I have notched the edges of a few wooden spools, stuck a nail through the hole, wrapped a string around it put it against a window and pulled the string....

Two of the largest Enterprises in Mentone were the Northern Indiana Co-operative Association, started out as a farmers CO-OP with a filling station, grain elevator and feed store, and expanded into a hardware, lumber yard and fertilizer. uncle Roy Rush was a Director and Earl worked at the gas station for several months. That' s one place I never worked, consequently I did not pick up much automotive know how , as many of my brothers and brothers - in - laws. I had a newspaper route for about 5 years.

The other large enterprise was the Egg Co-operative. There were two large chicken hatcheries near Mentone. Manwaring Leghorn Farms and Creighton Bros. Most of the farmers in the Mentone area raised some eggs and some of them had large operations. At that time, the Egg Co-op was shipping two freight cars a week to the New York Market where there was a slightly higher price than Chicago. During the winter they put on an egg festival, held in the Mentone Gymnasium that lasted for two days. Had experts come from Purdue University and elsewhere to do the judging of the 4H and commercial class best dozen eggs.

During the winter months I was the janitor at the library for Mrs. Cora Van Gilder. Her son, Don, was a dentist and son, Jack, was in the drug store. Jack went to North Manchester where my brother, Paul, finished after Purdue. Sister Mary was working at the bank when they realized that they needed to give it a real good cleaning. I went up there with Mother's tank type vacuum cleaner and worked for several days. I was then hired to clean and mop the bank two evenings a week, a job I held until I started to college. I did all of these things and hung onto the jobs even though I might be working for someone else from time to time. Since I was very small I have never been broke and have always had a scheme or two to make a little money no matter where I was or what I was doing. I have not usually made a lot of money but I always have managed to hang on to some of the money I have made. Even in retirement I have my book store which makes me a little money doing something I like to do. I would get awfully tired of retirement if I could not keep busy doing something I like.

SCOUTING:



Earl was in Boy Scout Troop 12 affiliated with the Methodist Church and sponsored by the Lions Club when we moved to Mentone and I joined when I was 12, and quickly became a Second Class Scout. I had trouble passing the scout pace requirement. One mile in 12 minutes 50 steps walking and 50 steps running alternately and timed within 15 seconds) or that is the requirement as I remember it. I had to do it about 4 times before I finally got it right! I never earned many merit badges at that time. I went camping several times and got to be a fair camp cook as a

boy. Hardy Songer the coach at school was the Scoutmaster when I started in the Boy Scouts. Then "Fat's" Fenstermacher, his replacement as coach, was the scout master and finally Mr. Paul Smith, who taught English was the Scout Master. It was expected that every school teacher would be a part of the community and furnish a lot of leadership.

In 1936 the Boy Scouts had a Jamboree in Washington D. C. Justin Long was troop 12 official delegate. Justin went to Purdue and became a meteorologist. Mr. Dale Kelly, the school principal and the Scout Commissioner for the Lions Club drove his private automobile to Washington with a load of scouts. As I recall Paul Smith went along. Jack Shinn



from Lena's class, Dick Manwaring from Earl's class, Bob Anderson and myself. It was a great trip for me. We were gone about a week total. This was before the days of the interstate highways and we went through all of the small towns on the U.S. highways. One of the odd things that sticks in my memory is all of the Burma Shave Jingles. We each had our own spending money for meals etc. We stayed in inexpensive motels and in Washington in an old hotel where the bathroom was shared with other people on the same floor. We did not do the White House tour or climb the Washington Monument. Did get to see the changing of the guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, went to Mount Vernon, Ford's Theater, and the house across the street where Lincoln died, Smithsonian, National Museum, Capital building, the Whispering Gallery. There were lots of scouting exhibits and performances. Dan Beard was there and I believe Ernest Thompson Seton was there. Mr. Kelly had planned to come home by way of Gettysburg, but changed his mind because of violent strikes someplace along the way. I regret that I did not get to see Gettysburg then or any time later. Looking back I had many good experiences while I was a scout, trips, camp outs, Camporees etc.

I had more good experiences when I was an assistant scout master while we lived in Alvin, Texas. It was in Alvin, that I qualified for more merit badges. But they were not the same as earning them as a boy. Lots of them were just the result of an engineering degree.

DAD'S SAYINGS



DAD MOTHER

My dad had a couple of favorite sayings that he used many times. He would be doing something or he would be trying to do something and I would be holding the light, he would say, "*Carl, can you see what I am doing?*" I'd respond with "No". Then he'd say, "*Well neither can I, hold the light so I can see!*"

When he finished fixing something and felt good about the result he would say, "*That will hold till hell freezes over, and a while on the ice..*"

When setting fence posts he insisted on getting a very good tamping job around the bottom of the post. He insisted that the bottom three inches were more important than the next 18 inches or 2 feet.

MUSIC

I remember how surprised I was one day when mother standing by the dining room wall said "*Little fly upon the wall, do you want to see sweet Jesus*" there and a sweep of the fly swatter ushered the fly into the beyond. Mother sang a lot around the house while ironing, sewing, cooking, etc. mostly church hymns. We had an upright piano and all of my sisters took music lessons from Maude Snyder. None of we boys took such music lessons. Lena played the saxophone and clarinet in the school band. Paul played the clarinet. I started on the coronet but gave up in the interest of general society, because I had no talent and no real interest.



LENA

SPORTS

I played at most of the games when I was young and while I was in High School. Softball, Basketball, Mentone did not have a football team and we did not go in for track and field. I was a little too slow, uncoordinated and unmotivated to do much good at basketball, the only organized sport in which Mentone participated. When I was in the 1st through 5th grades we



Paul

this game was outlawed from the schoolyard.

I started to school while we still lived in the country and thus rode the school bus until the 6th grade. I started at the old school house two blocks north of the center of town across from the Baptist Church. Wade Whetstone, the tailor who made Dad's suits, lived next to the schoolhouse. The school was bursting at the seams and I started in a wooden building next to the brick schoolhouse with Annabelle Mentzer as my teacher. I went to second grade in that building then they opened a new school building, and moved the wooden building to the new location as a school bus garage. (This building while being used as a school building was referred to as THE SHEEP SHED). The new school building was three blocks east of the old one and across the street from the Gymnasium. The Gym was already in operation when the new schoolhouse was built. I did not start the third grade in that building since I was laid up with rheumatic fever and didn't not go to school until February or March of that school year. Mother and my sisters were my teachers... In the schoolyard at the new school were a Maypole, swings, see-saws. Along one side of the sheep shed was a gravel street and then a row of trees. At recess and other times we used to play a very rough game of tag. The person who was IT had to catch someone running from one end of the sheep shed to the other and pat him three times on the back. The object was to be to last one caught so you would run into and hit the catcher as hard as possible to avoid being caught. Once caught, you became a catcher until the last boy was caught. There was a klaxon horn to announce the end of recess, even better they had a janitor with a stentorian voice who would announce "ALL in, and don't forget to clean your feet!" We had a short recess morning and evening (afternoon)

until we were through the 6th grade. There were lockers along the walls on both the first and second floors of the school. The furnace burned coal and the custodian had to load the coal into a wheel barrow - move it to the furnace room and fire the boiler. The young ladies who taught school were almost all local girls. Annabelle Mentzer, my first grade teacher, was a daughter of Mahlon Mentzer who had the IGA grocery store. We traded with him and with Clark's grocery. When I say traded, I mean exactly that. Mentzer and Clark bought eggs and butter from Mother. I don't remember that they bought live poultry and I do not remember rolling roasting ears, beans, peas to them. Mostly grocery stores did not deal in these items very much since most townspeople either had a garden or a farm connection, lots of retired farmers who still owned farms or with relatives who farmed.

About once a week while we lived on the farm and even after we moved to Mentone, Dad would take Mother to Warsaw (10 - 12 miles away) to do her weekly shopping. Sometimes when the season or prices were right we would drive up to Michigan to load up on fruit, peaches, cherries, which we did not raise ourselves. Mother sold her sheep when we moved to town, and I am sure that the money from them went somewhere into the house. When mother's Uncle Enoch's will was probated she received for a couple of years maple syrup from the people who operated his sugar bush. The proceeds from his estate is what paid for the rebuilding of her kitchen with inlaid linoleum and a new bottle gas stove. It paid for getting the cherry drop leaf table out of the basement FRUIT room, having all of the old paint removed and making it the show piece that went into the front room.

The down stairs rooms had 9 or 10 foot ceilings and all of the doors between rooms had transoms over them. Uncle Howard used to hold Virginia and Don up so that they could look through the transoms. The house was not well insulated and must have been a brute to heat. After we got through tearing off the front porch going all around the front room we built a front porch which was about 10 feet wide and squared off with the house. Later it was screened in. Then we built sidewalks. Paul and I were privileged to do the cement mixing and hauling. Small jobs were mixed by hand in a MUD tub larger jobs were mixed in 1/4 or 1/2 yd gasoline driven cement mixer either borrowed or rented by Dad. We tossed gravel, sand, cement or mortar and water in the proper proportions and then delivered by wheel barrow to

the place where it was to be used. Both the front and side porch were screened in there was a glider on the front porch and a swing on the side porch. Mighty fine places to sit and read on a summer day. I don't remember when we quit keeping a cow, but it was several years after we moved to Mentone. I remember that since the fences were not all they should have been that we frequently took the cow after morning milking to the Lyon's south of us and put her in their orchard where she could eat grass all day long. Paul or I would go and get her in the evening. Mother probably supplied the Lyon's with milk etc. since they raised only beef cattle. Lyon's had a large barn across the creek and we frequently at night would go with flashlights and B-B guns to wage slaughter on sparrows. They were not in too much danger from small boys with spring B-B guns.

Paul and I still ran small trap lines in the fall and winter. We caught rabbits and an occasional possum. We used to go hunting, Earl, myself, and later Paul for rabbits. Our brother - in - laws Miles Manwaring and Forrest Hoffer were also hunters and on Thanksgiving holidays and at Christmas time we would all go together and fan out in a line and hunt the bounding rabbit. I had a 36 in barrel Long Tom shot gun which I took in trade from Earl because he borrowed money from me and could not pay it back. At that time he was making more money than I was but was always broke. He spent his faster than I did mine. Of course, he was always running after the girls and that is an expensive pursuit. I was interested in girls but was afraid of becoming involved.

In Mentone, all the time I was growing up the Mentone Merchants Association would contract some promoter who on Thursday nights would show up in town with a movie projector and a "B" western movie, a gangster type or some other cheapie and project it against a screen or against a blank wall. People looked at the movies, kids bought candy and gum and hung out, parents did their midweek shopping. Akron, 10 miles south, Warsaw 12 miles northeast, and Rochester 15 miles southwest were the nearest movie theaters.

Paul and I had a big lawn mowing business. Together we must have had 20 or 30 lawns a week all during the summer. We even had a half dozen lawns we mowed out in the country. Most of these customers had their own mowers so we would ride our bikes out in the country, mow the lawn and then ride home. That's how Paul got involved with the TORNADO. I had



DON VIRGINIA

of the house, without any appreciable damage to the fence. Truly a memorable experience for Paul.

A couple of years we picked PICKLES for Mr. Rathfon. He had a small farm west of Mentone, we mowed his lawn and he was on my paper route. One year we were on contract with Crampton Canneries. We planted several acres in cucumbers and picked them every other day and Dad hauled them to the Pickle Plant by the railroad. This was not very successful since our acreage in town was pretty gravelly. For three or four years Paul and I along with Mr. John Fenstermaker were in business with Crampton Canneries. They provided seed, John cultivated the ground, and Paul and I planted, hoed, applied poison, and picked, picked, and picked. We usually picked all morning every other day. Dad would come out at noon. We would take all of the sacks of cucumbers and load them on his car bumpers or fenders and even in the car and haul them into the Pickle Plant. Technically we were raising cucumbers that would be the proper designation. However, in Mentone since they went to the Pickle Plant you raised pickles and you planted a pickle patch. Between the rows of *pickles* we grew potatoes. These were divided half and half with Mr. John. What we did not need for our own use during the year we sold, after sorting them. We always kept most of the little ones for our own use. The only thing that Dad got out of the deal would be a very cheap supply of potatoes for the year plus the knowledge that he was helping us make

some money which we used to buy our own clothes. After I was 14 or 15 I bought all my own clothes other than birthday or Christmas gifts. When we harvested potatoes, Dad, Virginia, Mary, and Lena would help if they had any time available. In the fall Paul and I and Dad would range over the countryside and harvest walnuts by the sackful, haul them home and Paul and I would shell them, put them on the chicken house roof to dry, haul them to the basement and all winter when there was nothing else going on we would sit in the basement and crack the walnuts and pick out the nut meats and sell them by the pint. Mother got all the broken fragments and dust, they were wonderful on baked apples or baked pears. We did a little business shoveling snow in the winter and built several snow plows to clear our own walks. An "A" frame with a kid on it and a rope to pull it would clear light snow falls. We also raised a Japanese hullless popcorn which we shelled on mother's washboard. We sold the excess of this, the rest was stored in 1/2 gallon jars in the basement.

It was a very tight fit, but we had a ping pong table in the basement. There was not enough room at either end of the table to play a good game. There was plenty of space in the Methodist church basement and in the high school cafeteria. Dad played pool and billiards in the upstairs of the Masonic Lodge. I don't believe he ever played in the pool hall in Mentone. He smoked cigars and later cigarettes. I remember that on the farm that he would lay a cigar butt on a ledge someplace in the garage or on the back porch or in the barn and later would pick it up and chew on it and even light them again, sometimes several days later. Dad was very good about a lot of things but it was mother who held the family together and made it work. She was always busy, even sitting down she was always busy. When we lived on the farm and as long as we were buying feed she made sure that we always got plain white cotton sacks. This material was available for dish towels and making boys underwear and night sleeping wear (not pajamas). I never wore pajamas as a boy and have never gotten accustomed to wearing them and do not wear them to this day. A personal attitude!

During the summer between my sophomore and junior year in High school Earl and I worked for Mr. Harl Nottingham in his contract hay and straw baling operation. He and we did a lot of work but many times he did work on shares of the hay or straw baled and he was frequently short on the payroll. Later as he sold the baled hay and straw we got our pay.

This was not a particular hardship for the single men but was tough on the married men. I learned a few things about working with male groups and made some money. Paul delivered my paper route and I was able to continue to do the evening janitor work at the bank. In the Spring, Mr. Nottingham, evidently impressed by my readiness to work asked me to come to work in his sheet metal shop in Mentone. Mr. Nottingham was a farmer who, tried to get into other activity and did a fair business.. After talking it over with Dad I decided to work in the sheet metal shop. I worked all summer and continued to work morning, evenings, and all day Saturday at the sheet metal shop. I would get up at 5:00 AM - eat a large bowl of 40% Bran flakes - ride my bike to the shop and do whatever was required. From there I would go to school, come home - run my paper route - eat supper - then return to the shop and work until 9 or 10 o'clock. We did a big business in chicken feeders, chicken waterers and general farm business. We did not do furnaces, and air conditioning was not a viable option for a residence at that time.

One of the specialties of the shop was in providing guttering and downspout for commercial chicken houses. Creighton Bros. had designed a chicken house about 30 to 40 feet wide and 220 feet long. Two 100 foot houses with a feed storage and egg handling space in the center. During the summer I went with Mr. Nottingham to Waukegan, Illinois to install the guttering and downspout on such a building. I only took one pair of pants and ripped the whole seat out of them. I got Mr. Nottingham to buy me a spool of thread and needle and mended the pants. We had thought that it would be only a two day job, but it took longer than expected. We stayed in some cheap motel. . In the spring of 1942, when it became almost impossible for small shops to get sheet metal, due to the war, I left the sheet metal shop and went to work for Mollenhour Lumber and Mfg. Co. Paul was already working for them but could not run any machinery as he was not yet 18. Since I had reached that lordly age, I was allowed to operate machinery. My first task was to operate the machine which made the tops for round cheese boxes. I spent about a month doing this, then I had such a supply ahead that I was assigned to other tasks; making cheese boxes, firing the boiler, using the saw mill trash. Steam was used in steaming logs to be turned on the veneering lathe, for running the saws when they did any sawing and for running the resaw

machine. This was used to split a 1 by 4 into two 1/4 by 4. This thin material was used for the tops and bottoms on cheese boxes. Later I was assigned to the task of working with Lyman Mollenhour in hauling logs out of the woods to the lumber mill. They had a small caterpillar tractor used to skid logs out of the woods and to load the logs on the truck. I loved the variety of the work at the sawmill. After I went off to Purdue, Paul continued to work for the Mollenhours, and later worked for a small sawmill somewhere else. My last day at Mollenhours was a little unusual, by this time the excess of box lids which I had created was used up and they needed a large number to close out a shipment needed the next day, so I worked all day, went home for supper and returned to work all night to make enough lids to satisfy the order.

Purdue University



In the fall of 1942 I started to Purdue University with the intention of earning a degree in Mechanical Engineering. In those days there were no SAT tests but Purdue used placement tests to sort out the students who had the necessary credits so that thumb fingered klutzes with no math ability could be steered away from engineering. I did fairly well in these tests and rated in the high percentile in English and was assigned to an accelerated English class. If I made a good enough grade I would get 6 credit hours for a 3 hour class and have my non technical requirement reduced. Unfortunately, I did not grasp this reality enough and only put in the amount of time for a three hour credit course. I passed but did not earn the extra three hour credit and had to take an additional English course eventually. I rented a downstairs bedroom from a Mrs. Lulu Graff, who had grown up with my mother in Burket, Indiana. Mrs. Graff was a widow, who operated the business started by her husband in Lafayette, Indiana. She ran a coal and ice business, these being traditional complimentary businesses since the seasons chased each other. She rented her two upstairs bedrooms to a couple of boys from South Bend (Leonard & Frank). They both worked at the Cary Hall Grill in the men's dormitories as soda jerks and dish washers. I eventually got a job there myself. We lived at 520 N. Grant Street. There was a lady across the street who rented rooms and

operated a boarding house for her renters and for other students in the neighborhood. Mrs. Graff arranged for me to eat there 5 days a week. We were only 3 or 4 blocks from the campus and I was a good walker. My first semester I had Mechanical Drawing, Chemistry, Physics, English, College Algebra, ROTC, Phys. Ed. , Engr. Lectures I. Physics and Chemistry were 5 credit hour courses, 3 one hour recitations, a one hour lecture / demonstration, and a three hour lab for 5 credit hours. I passed everything, without distinction, but the chemistry. The small Mentone high school system did not teach chemistry and I did not have good study habits. High school had been so relatively easy for me that I had not had to learn good study habits. I have always been able to quickly grasp most of what I read and to retrieve that information when necessary.

Since I was Methodist by background, I started to hang out at the Wesley Methodist Student Center. Wesley Foundation was across State Street from the Purdue Library. It was at Wesley Foundation that I met Mary Eva Thompson and started going out with her. I had a few dates with other girls but mostly it was Mary right from the start. I was involved with publishing *The Wesley Friend* , a mimeographed weekly newsletter for the Methodist students. On Sunday mornings there would be study groups which met at the Wesley Foundation. Then most of us would walk five blocks to the First Methodist Church for the sermon and service. The Thompsons regularly attended the Methodist Church although they were members of the Society of Friends, or Quakers. On Sunday Evenings there was a light meal at the Wesley Foundation for 35 cents. Students took turns in preparing for this meal under supervision of Jr. and Sr. students of Home Economics at Purdue who were also Methodists. Many of these came from large families and it is relatively easy to prepare meals for hungry teenagers, not experienced at practicing high discrimination in food.

There were no washaterias at that time, so every week or so I would ship my dirty laundry to my mother and she would wash it and send it back... Standards of cleanliness in those days were more relaxed than my present standards and I could wear my underwear and shirts and socks for two or three days before changing. Also I sometimes washed out some socks by hand.

I had saved over a thousand dollars before I started to Purdue and I was making almost

enough money from Cary Hall Grill to pay my out of pocket expenses as I went. I did not always get enough sleep and frequently I would not do as much study as I should have done.

Just before Christmas we were decorating the large upstairs hall at Wesley Foundation. a large hall suitable for dancing, dining and lectures and for amateur theater. I was on a ladder and the base was being held by some dim wit whom I had impressed with the necessity to hold the base of the ladder on the polished hardwood floor since otherwise it would slip. He was asked to do something else and walked away. Down came the ladder and *Carl!* I strained both ankles and crawled around campus for the next few days with bandages around each ankle and wearing my 4 buckle overshoes as tight as possible to give my ankles support. Fortunately, my semester was almost over and they got well during the break for Christmas.

Other than Wesley foundation, my other main recreation was the movies. Mentone did not have a movie palace, but Lafayette, Indiana had three or four movies. There was good cheap bus transportation across the river to Lafayette from West Lafayette. Even people who owned cars frequently rode the bus because it was so convenient.

One afternoon a week there was a showing of short movie features at the Purdue University Music Hall, free to students and to faculty. There were symphonies, operas, musicals etc. free to students. Other than my listening to the Metropolitan Opera on Saturday afternoons when I worked at the sheet metal shop this was my first real experience with good music. At the Rush household we were more apt to listen to the WLS Saturday night Barn Dance from Chicago than to classical music.

At the end of the first semester at Purdue I had flunked Chemistry and had done a fair job on my other subjects. My second semester was about the same as my first. I had repeated first semester chemistry and passed it. I had all of my other classes. I had given up my Cary Hall job and was working at the library, carrying various publications, such as *The Lancet* (British Medical Journal) to various Dept. libraries on the campus AGR. PHARMACY, CHEM, BIL, Etc.. I was also working the Purdue Univ. library stacks since Purdue operated on the closed stack principal. Graduate students, faculty, and most senior students had stack privileges, and could roam around the stacked volumes in the library. Other students had to

make out a request, then someone such as myself would look for the material on the shelves and then it would be checked out to the student. To me it was a wonderful privilege to have stack privileges, but then I have always been in love with books and libraries.. As indicated above I finished my second semester with a less than wonderful record. I had been required to take ROTC training for my two semesters and in October had enrolled in the Enlisted reserve. This took me out from under selective service. Some of my high school classmates had already been drafted and several had joined so that they would have some option. Purdue was in the process of going to a trimester program and I did not enroll as a student for the next semester. This was fortunate since they called the Enlisted Reserve into active service and part of the Purdue registration/fees would not have been returnable.

By this time I was going steady with Mary Thompson, that along with Wesley Foundation, movies, and Purdue activities kept me busy with whatever else that did not require much money which I did not feel I could afford. Mary was starting the Home Economics course at Purdue. Her father was on the Ag Experiment Station Staff and her older sister, Gaile, was a senior at Purdue in Home Economics. Mary took the required Chemistry for Home Economics majors three times and was not able to pass the course and gave up her college degree aspirations. She worked at various places around campus, such as the retail outlet of Purdue Dairy, at one of the Purdue Union dining spots. Her longest job and one she held when we married and as long as I was at Purdue was as a clerk typist at the Agricultural Experiment Station. The fact that her dad worked out of that department probably did not have that much influence on her getting the job. The Head of the Experiment Station was Dr. Earl Butts - future head of the United States Dept. of Agriculture.

MILITARY INTERLUDE CARL B. RUSH



In the spring of 1943 I was called into active service with the U.S. Army and reported to the Induction station in Indianapolis. Having passed the physical, I was bussed to Ft. Benjamin Harrison outside of Indianapolis where I went through the induction process. I got my first shots and my first K.P. After Earl finished the summer working on the crew for Mr. Nottingham, he tried to enlist in the Marines. He could not

pass the eye physical used by the U.S. Navy. He enrolled in Indiana Technical College in Fort Wayne Indiana. In the spring of 1941, the dust and fumes from the work we had done for Nottingham had evidently cleared out of his system and he finally passed the USMC physical. He was sent to San Diego for boot training. He was then assigned to a unit and made Pfc. Later in 1941 when Navy, Marine, and Army units were sent to Iceland so that British troops from there could be sent to Egypt and to India etc., Earl was part of the Polar Bear Expedition of the Marine Corps.. When Earl eventually got back from Iceland he had a delay in route going to the West Coast. He had some interesting tales from his experiences from Iceland.



I was in the kitchen on the Sunday afternoon, when Uncle Howard came by with Aunt Clara and that was the first knowledge that I had of **Pearl Harbor Day**. Other than anger and shock, I do not have any specific memories of how I felt. I was about a month short of my 18th birthday. In the spring of 1942, under the influence of Earl's example I tried to enlist in the Marine Corps. I could not pass the USN eye exam, Dad who was in the same room had no trouble but Mother was at a complete loss. So whatever color perception troubles I have are genetically linked. Earl must have had the same problem to a lesser degree, or the recruiter for the USMC may have trained him to pass.

I was required to take Reserve Officer Training Corps training while at Purdue. A one hour class for three times a week. A uniform was furnished, and made to fit. After about a month of three weekly sessions mostly devoted to close order drill, we then started to get some training on the use of the FRENCH .75 MM cannon, a WWI piece of artillery equipment. Purdue and Texas A&M provided a very large number of the Junior Officers for the US Artillery in WWII. In the spring of 1943 the ROTC at Purdue received their first #105 MM howitzers. I took this to mean that the military supply lines were filling up. However, there were still a lot of obsolete artillery still in use in units which were already overseas.

When I took my tests at Ft. Benjamin Harrison I took care to flunk the signal corps (listen to

see which sound sequences are alike). I did not want to be in the Signal Corps. I remember that I scored 124 on the Army General Classification test for Intelligence. You had to have a minimum of 110 to apply for Officers Candidate School. Later I did apply, but when I went for the interview I heard a rumor that they were taking only five percent so I skipped the oral interview. Have always wondered since if that was a part of the selection process to weed out those people who did not have a strong drive to become officer. In the long run I am just as happy that I did not go. There was a terrible attrition rate for young infantry officers.. After a week at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, a train load of we recruits, part ex enlisted reserve corps and part draftees were shipped to Ft. Eustis Virginia where they had established a replacement training facility for Anti-Aircraft Artillery. We were split up, some went to 90 MM batteries and I went to a 40 MM battery. We were issued Springfield model 1903 30 cal. US rifles and our field equipment and started to learn close order drill, military discipline, and courtesy, map reading, and hiking. The first hikes were with minimal equipment and later hikes were with full field pack. Artillery drill followed, we stood weekend inspections. Fall in for roll call every morning, work all day stand retreat at night, regular calisthenics. Being stronger than most people and accustomed to hard work from the farm and small town life this regimen was fairly easy for me. In fact, when I came home from my recruit training my mother remarked that it didn't look as if they had worked me very hard. It was the truth!!

Some time before we went to the rifle range to fire for record we were issued the Garand Rifle which replaced the Springfield. I qualified as a marksman. I had no particular friends in basic training, other than Kenneth Sell who bunked near me and who was also from Purdue and active at Wesley Foundation. I had made a couple of passes to the Newport News Norfolk area and was waiting to go on pass one weekend when I got a call at the Battery Office. It was Earl who was a drill Sgt at New River, NC. We made a weekend pass and liberty in Norfolk and I was the last family member to see Earl, before he went overseas duty with the Fourth Marine Division. Earl was in the artillery in the Marines. Uncle Roy Rush had been in the Artillery in WWI and my basic training was in A A artillery. Some place on the West Coast Earl had known and perhaps even served with Capt. Frank D. Roosevelt Jr., the President's son. At about this time, Capt. Roosevelt was serving as executive officer of the

2nd Marine Raider Battalion. Earl, always broke, borrowed money from me, he told me he was going to marry Wilma Mollenhour, grand daughter of the Lot. Mollenhour who owned the farm south of the farm we had lived on near Mentone. I did not really remember Wilma who had attended Mentone school but had not always lived in Mentone. They had no children and when Earl was killed, Wilma eventually remarried and had children with her second husband. When Earl went in the service he evidently took out only \$5000.00 Insurance and made Mother the beneficiary. When he married he took out the other \$5000.00 he was allowed and made Wilma the beneficiary. When he died she started to receive a monthly benefit, later when she died of cancer, her monthly benefit was paid to mother for some reason. Earl, never one to let his light be dimmed *BORROWED* a Sgt Lew Diamond story and told it to me when we were on liberty in Norfolk. During maneuvers the squad under him was unable to hit a house under direct fire observation and the officer in charge was getting on the crew, Earl is supposed to have volunteered to lay the mortar himself and on the second shot put the round right down the chimney. Diamond was actually reported to have done this in Nicaragua or some such place during the 1920's. By the time he was killed at Iwo Jima (actually died on a hospital ship) Earl was a warrant officer and was thinking of being a career Marine and going for twenty or thirty years.

There were a lot of incidents while I was in basic training. I had a round of athletes foot, really a foot infection. I have always been susceptible to when exposed . It got so bad that I had to be hospitalized for a short time. I was lucky and did not miss enough time to be held over for another basic training group. I stood regular guard duty, went on one week maneuvers to cap off our training, before we went to the beaches where we fired our anti aircraft weapons at towed targets. I also went to a six week training school for telephone operators since every AA and artillery battery had to have its own communications section. We learned to climb poles, string wire, operate a switch board and make minor repairs to telephone equipment. On our one week field problem our telephone group was attached to a battery. The problem was held on acquired land, which was worn out tobacco land and pine forest. There was a defunct tobacco curing shed on the acreage we occupied. The last thing of note while going through basic was the firing range at New Point Comfort AA firing range

where we fired at towed targets over the ocean so that the spent rounds would end up in the water. This was a three day excursion, we slept in pup tents and it rained at least one night. We fired 30 and 50 caliber machine guns and 40 MM weapons. After the first day the thirty caliber guns were being taken from the firing line to be cleaned with boiling water before being oiled. When they finished firing someone had removed the belt of ammo from the gun and left the top cover plate up. When they picked up the weapon to clean it the recruit picked it up by slipping his hand over the end of the barrel and someone grabbed the other end and the top plate dropped down firing the round left in the chamber and costing the recruit one of his fingers. I don't know if any officer or noncom was punished for this dereliction in duty. After a final review by an Assistant Secretary of War we were sent home with a delay in route to our next station so that it would not count as accumulated leave. I went home by train to Indiana. This was not a troop train but the usual mixture of wartime America; lots of service men, war brides, camp followers, wives, mothers, and salesmen. My knowledge of railroad schedules was so poor that I had routed myself through Chicago. When we went through Indianapolis I really started to pay attention. When we stopped at Lafayette I got off the train, went to Wesley Foundation to drop off my barracks bag with all my clothes then went to call on Mary Thompson. I stayed the night with the three fellows who were living in the apartment on the third floor at Wesley and doing the janitorial work in exchange for the apartment.

The next day I took the bus to Mentone going through Peru, where my sister Ruth was staying with her in-laws while Thurman was off doing some government work (Major in a Chemical Warfare Battalion). My brother, Don, was down for a visit with Ruth - I took him on the bus back to Mentone with me. When my delay in route was over I went to Rochester with Mom and Dad and took the bus to Lafayette so that I could see Mary before I took another bus to Indianapolis where I caught the train to Washington D.C. and Ft. George G. Meade MD. for additional training. From there I got a couple of liberties in Baltimore and one in Washington D.C. After about 6 weeks I was transferred to Fort Dix, N. J. While I was there Lt. Gen. Leslie McNair, Army Ground forces Commander made an auto trip through the replacement area and I am sure that he was disappointed in the state of military courtesy in the replacements, most of them were so startled to see the three star flag that they forgot to

salute. I was not outside when it happened so I can not state whether I would have been found wanting... I made one over night pass to New York City. Started out with an acquaintance from Ft. Eustis but he was a drinking man and I am not, so we soon split up. I may have made two trips to New York City since I did go to Radio City Music hall where the feature was *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

Just before Thanksgiving I was picked (1943) as part of the contingent of AA gunners to go across the Atlantic on the *Queen Elizabeth*. The Queen carried a full gun crew of British and Yanks. When they made a trip, they added enough replacements so that they had full gun crews to stand every watch. If it became necessary to fire the guns, the regular crew would go to their gun station and assume their duties and the replacements would be extra ammunition passers if needed. In any case it was not necessary on our crossing. We supplementary gun crews were housed in the cinema where steel piping and canvas bunks were stacked 5 or 6 occupants high. The ship fed transients two meals a day - British rations. Thanksgiving meal was mutton. A meat I have never cared for before or since. We never ate it on the farm. The U.S. Army used it very little. The gun crews were among the first troops to go aboard and some complete idiot had us standing twenty-four watches in the port of New York while still at the dock. So there I was standing 4 hrs on - 8 hrs off all across the Atlantic and change at the dog watches.

Gun crews got large pots of cocoa and coffee during the middle of the watch, and cookies or biscuits. My gun assignment was at the starboard side next to one of the large funnels. These funnels were for decoration and proportion they carried several smoke stacks inside the funnel which actually served the boilers. There were access doors in the base of the funnels and some of this area was used for storage, it was also used as a warming shed for gun crews during the coldest hours of the night. This was not known while standing the idiot watch in New York, since none of the regular gun crews were involved. They were visiting historic sites in New York and doing touristy things. I suppose some of them might have done these type of things, the rest were interested in booze and women. The *Queens* traveled without convoy since they were faster than any submarine so it would only have been luck if a sub had ever gotten ahead of the *Queen* and it had then run close enough to the sub for it

to get in a spread of torpedoes. When we left New York, we must have taken a southern run because it grew quite warm the second day out.. One night while standing gun guard I experienced St. Elmo's Fire. Balls of fire ran along the wires between the two funnels and I was watching them when they blew up or they discharged. There was such an after image that I could not see for several minutes. The only time we had full gun crews actually on the guns was at morning and evening stand too. These are the two hours of half lights just before and during sunrise and sunset, the rest of the time we were just very near to the assigned post. The *Queen* anchored at Greenock, Scotland and we were barged or lightened to shore where we immediately boarded troop trains. I ended up at a replacement barracks at Kings Standing. Don't know where it was or in what part of Gt. Britain, I knocked around in the replacement depot for about a month and was transferred twice in the depot. I caught guard duty and Kp. I think they lost me for a while. While I was at Kings Standing, Herb Shriner, a fellow Hoosier who was a featured entertainer with a touring U. S. Army group and I remember his act. After the war, Mary and I saw his show in Chicago on one of our two trips to Chicago and he was still using the same kind of material. He did the same stuff later on television. Once while I was in the replacement depot , an officer came by. I neglected to salute, he saluted me, so I came to attention and saluted -- He said "*Remember it next time.*" How could he punish a replacement? This was at Litchfield Barracks, when the army moved to the continent the MP's turned Litchfield into a correctional post and it was a tough prison for bad conduct types- deserters-- drunks. The colonel who ran it established a reputation as a hard nose and was later reviewed for disciplinary action or was court martialled. I saw an article in *Time Magazine* sometime in the late '46-47.

Early in 1944 I was shipped from the replacement depot to Bristol, England and assigned to First U. S. Army Headquarters. I went by myself and with no instruction to me as to where I was going. It was after dark when I got to Bristol. I had my field pack but my duffel bag with all my other possessions had been put off somewhere along the way. I finally found the proper railway transit office and they called First Army Hq and someone from the motor pool came to pick me up. They found me a cot and a blanket . In the morning I reported to the Major who commanded Hq Co 1st Army and I was sent to the Adjunct General's Office for duty

assignment. Almost every one else in my shipment order had been sent to First Army earlier and were already assigned to clerical and other duties. I was assigned to the mimeograph section of the AGO office as a stop gap and never left it for the rest of my army service. The AGO officer was Col. Solomon E. Senior, a reserve officer who had been a Justice of the Supreme Court of New York. The home base of Hq First U. S. Army had been Governor's Island, New York. General Eisenhower had just been transferred from Africa to head up European Theater of Operations and was expanding his headquarters by leaps and bounds. Since he had the stars, he was taking every clerical type coming through the replacement depots., Smaller headquarters like 1st Army had to make do with what they could get. So 1st Army grabbed all of the high scoring AGCT types especially if they had some college in their background, and made clerks and typists out of them. Since I was late in reporting I did not get a typist slot and ended up where I think it was more interesting. Prior to the war and during the early days of the War, 1st Army was headed by Lt. Gen. Drum. He stated that so long as he was head of 1st Army it would not go overseas. He was right! 1st Army Hq went - he stayed and was replaced by Gen. Omar Nelson Bradley, fresh from 2nd Corps under Gen Patton and 7th Army in Sicily, was in command of 1st Army. Hq. 1st Army had 5 to 8 general; 35 bird Colonels and just a raft of Lt. Colonels and lots of Majors and Captains etc.

There were many Master Sgts., Technical Sgts., and Staff sgts. Many had a lot of years in the army. I spent the first couple of weeks doing menial but useful work of collating and stapling directive run off by the mimeograph machines to be distributed to all units in 1st Army, down to company level. This, just before the invasion when we had 4 or 5 corps and 19 divisions assigned was almost 5000 copies. Soon I was instructed in the operation care and feeding of the A. B. Dick model 92 electrical mimeographing machine. The man in charge was Sgt. Isaac Broussard from the area of Lafayette, La where he had operated his mother's farm; quite a large operation from his account. Pfc Louis Keen from Indianapolis, Indiana. I think someone else had just gone to some other part of the section. There were several others and a great many transients went through our offices.

In the U. S. Army, an ARMY consists of one or more Corps, with attached Divisions and all other groups of people assigned to the Army. Corps headquarters may be shifted from Army

to Army and division can be transferred from one Corps to another and can be shifted from one army to another. Divisions are usually assigned to a Corps. It is unusual for a division to be unassigned. The whole idea of the organization is to make the army more ready and able to fight. When the breakout at St. Lo occurred and Gen. Patton activated 3rd Army; 1st Army give 3rd two corps and 7 or 8 divisions. Gen. Bradley became head of 12th Army Group and Gen. Courtney Hodge became head of 1st Army.

In Bristol, 1st Army was headquartered in Clifton College buildings and we were barracked in the College dormitories. I don't know what happened to the college and it's students. Bristol was a nice city on the River Avon and was a busy port which was really affected by tides. It was from Bristol that Jim Hawkins and Long John Silver sailed in the *Esmeralda* for "Treasure Island." Some of the streets were less than 6 feet wide in the oldest part of town. Bristol had been hit pretty hard earlier in the war by German bombers trying to knock out the shipping. The Odeon Hall was the place for symphony performances and traveling ballet etc. The Theater Royal was used for Shakespeare and other performances. There were numerous movies or cinemas. Close to Clifton College was the Bristol Zoo. Among the animals in the zoo were a gorilla who loved onions, some mandrills, and other assorted apes and baboons. There were a couple of elephants, on which for a small fee rides could be taken. There were several cats, some bears, and a fair selection of African herbivores. I did a lot of walking in my spare time and even rented a bicycle a couple of times for weekend or afternoon trips. Since the offices worked a 12 hour shift we worked odd hours and had unusual time off arrangements. We did not stand many formations, but I remember one big inspection. Reid Kirshman was afraid to stand this inspection and folded up his cot and tried to slip in among the cracks, did not think that he would be detected - he was - one week of straight KP. When I was shipped over the supply dept. had a new idea - shoes which were for work or combat and not to pass inspection, since these were the only pair I had at the time I was marked down and had to talk to escape punishment detail (my lost duffel bag had not yet shown and I was living out of my field pack). At that time Britain had double summer time therefore there were almost 18 hours of sunup time. Sun shining at 10:30 at night. I was in Bristol from January through June, 1944. I caught KP several times.

There were two enlisted mess halls; one for Staff Sgt and above and the other for all others including transients. There was a mess hall for Co grade officers (Lt & Capt), field grade (Major & Lt. Col), a Colonels Mess and one for General officers only. I did KP in three or four of them, until I made Corporal and no longer had to pull KP. I have never been a real drinking man, and was not then. I never acquired a taste for warm beer, I was not a typical G.I. , if there is any such animal. Since I did not drink and was not for chasing women I fell back on reading. I could do as much reading standing night charge of Quarters duty as in my barracks, and the light was better at the office. I pulled a lot of C. Q. duty for a price. One of the officers noticed it and asked about it and I told him that I had regular fees for taking the duty.

The invasion was June 6th, 1944. We were all stirred by the announcement and it was difficult to concentrate on the regular tasks of the mimeograph room. I can not now remember any special emotions. We followed the news in the paper and over the radio. I had run off many of the secret plans of Overlord, Neptune, etc. but they were kept under lock and key and I did not even read much of them while I was running them off. Louis Keen tried to assemble his own complete file of secret plans which came through our shop. Louis thought it would be a fine souvenir. I thought so too, but I also thought that it would be a fine way to end up in a GI prison if thing went wrong. The less you know the less you can spill.

The code name for 1st Army was *Master*, 3rd Army was *Lucky etc.* 1st Army was split into Master Command, Main, and I was in the Rear Echelon. Master Command or Forward was small, a total of perhaps 50 to 75 people. Generals and their drivers and orderlies, cooks, guard detail, signals section, and the necessary officers and top grade enlisted men to do the work. Main section would have been about two hundred and Rear would be 700 plus. Most of the GI personnel, G - 3 supply, AGO, Graves Registration Artillery, ordinance etc. were in Rear.

We went to a staging area in the south of England and then to a shipping point, and made an overnight trip on a Landing Craft Infantry to Utah Beach and landed on July 6, 1944. By a peculiar coincidence, this is the day that the Battle of Normandy ended. We walked inland a few miles and along the way passed many wrecked vehicles; German and U.S. There were also tremendous holes 20 to 25 feet deep and 80 to 100 feet across. These were made by

12 in. and 14 inch naval fires from battleships. We pitched pup tents and slept overnight.

The next day we were installed in a Chateau in Normandy. It was owned by a big butter and egg tycoon who apparently controlled the collection and distribution of a large part of the farm production of Normandy and its distribution in Paris and Le Harve etc. The chateau was three stories plus a basement. The mimeograph crew were in a part of the basement. Our tents were in a wooded section near the chateau. Our Cajun Sgt Broussard was in big demand with the mess officer to help translate with local farmers locate local supplies of eggs etc. He was also useful to deal with other local situations. Every Norman farm owner had an apple orchard and made his own hard cider. Some of this was distilled into Calvados a drink of remarkable potency. It could be used in cigarette lighter, as an emergency fuel in a Coleman gasoline heater or could be taken internally. In small doses it gave a very warm feeling in the throat and then in the stomach. In large doses, I have seen it knock a man out for several hours and make him miserable for a couple of days after.. Down the hill from where we pitched our pup tents there was a little stream. Over the centuries this stream had had its bed cobbled, and on each side of the meadow it ran by. The course of the stream could be switched from one side of the meadow to the other as desired. On one side there was a small waterfall of about 5 foot fall. It was a good place to take a shower, a commodity in short supply. One evening, when I was walking by there were three or four men taking a shower, when a couple of French farm girls walked by. Most of the men turned their backs but one clown, crossed his hands and covered his breasts and just stood there. It broke everybody up and those French girls giggled. Somewhere I have a picture of one of the Moskowitz twins and Nat Landau standing in that stream, with the vital parts covered by a sign reading OFF LIMITS.

The day of the ST LO breakout, the planes flew over for hours to do their carpet bomb attack on the road intersection and German troops at St. Lo. Shortly after that, our headquarters was moved up to a large brick building on the hills above St Lo. Our mess tents at St Lo were in an apple orchard. I was in line one day when Dinah Shore came by. I did not experience this myself, but when the first people from Master Rear



came to the area, there was still one dead German and several dead cows lying in the orchards. Graves Registration personnel took care of the German and a truck with a scraper blade took care of the dead animals. A horse in a nearby field was taken care of by a line of men with shovels charging in and in rotation delivering their loads of dirt. That's a place where someone with a diminished sense of smell would be very useful, like Valerie. One afternoon when I was off duty, I took a walk in the vicinity and got some appreciation of just how hard and dirty the fighting in the hedgerows had been. This country has been farmed for hundreds of years and was divided into small fields 4 or 5 acres sometimes larger and hedges three or four feet thick separate the fields from each other. They had to be taken a field at a time. A hole dug into one bank and through almost to the other with only the snout of a machine gun sticking out. Then a couple of riflemen or a tommy gunner to protect the flanks- almost impervious to direct assault and when finally flanked, pull back to the next field and repeat the process. From St. Lo we moved to another location where our section was in an out building and where our pup tents were pitched in a woods on a hill side. Fortunately we were there for a very short time. We then moved to Rambouillet to an estate owned by the Rothschilds'. Here, there were enough buildings so that most of the enlisted men could be housed inside. In most cases the buildings we used had a regular progression of usage. First by a large German Headquarters. When they moved out a smaller German HQ would move in and then a small U.S. HQ followed by a large U.S. HQ; then us.

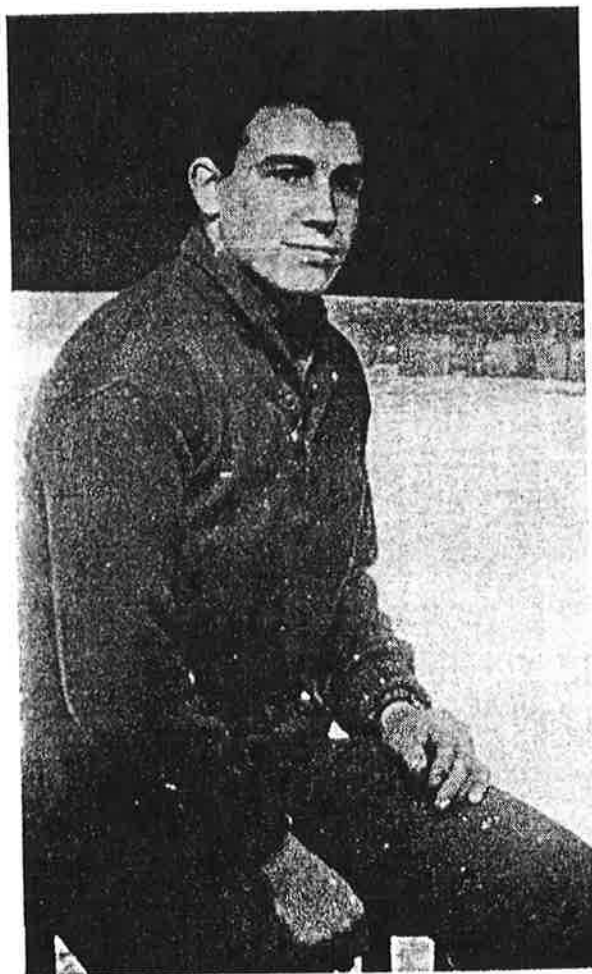
While at Rambouillette, I managed to make one trip to Versailles, the country retreat of the French kings, all of the LOUIS'S. In the front hall of the mansion was an umbrella and cane stand made from an elephant's foot. While we were there Fred Astaire came by and gave a USO show. WE Got Fred Astaire, Bing Crosby went to 3rd Army. At this time the German Army was reeling back in utter rout and it looked as if the war would end soon. Our next hop was to Charleroi Belgium, just over the French border and in a coal mining area. Our headquarters was installed in an ex- Belgium Calvary post. Our section had part of stables. had my first experience there with bug bombs - someone set off canisters of insect poison in our assigned work space and we were ordered to stay out for at least 24 hours. It was probably DDT since we were shortly issued small cans of DDT. The latrines there were

interesting. There was a three inch diameter hole in the cement floor and about 12 inches ahead of this hole someone had worn rubber boots while standing in the wet cement so that later users would know where to squat. The electric street cars in Charleroi were still running and one evening when I was out visiting with the natives, and not paying much attention someone yelled; I jumped straight up and the motor man pushed me out of the way. One of the more dangerous moments of my army career.

From here we moved to the Baby Factory, a large country estate with a moat but without a movable drawbridge. The Germans had used it as a maternity facility. Belgian girls who had illegitimate babies fathered by German Soldiers could go there for lying in. They had to tell whether the father was an officer or an enlisted man. The soldiers who guarded the 1st Army HQ were mostly of Swedish or Norwegian descent and had been specially trained for ski operations when an invasion of Norway had been on the front burner, when it got moved off the front burner these troops were utilized to guard the Hq 1st Army. There was a short time during the later Battle of the Bulge when they might have been very useful in their original training function. But by that time their skills would have been rusty and their special equipment scattered. While we were at the BABY FACTORY I made two trips to Liege, one was to a print shop to arrange for special 1st Army Christmas Cards and the other a shopping and sightseeing trip to buy Christmas presents which I located in a large Dept Store in Liege. One time when I was in Liege I saw some monster trucks moving Landing Craft and with U. S. sailors along.

We moved from the BABY FACTORY to Chaudfontaine, Belgium. This is a series of warm springs which is health resort just as is Spa Belgium which is a few miles East of Chaudfontaine and is a much better known resort. 1st Army Forward and Main were at Spa for the winter slacking down of the offensive. Chaudfontain lies in a valley between two ranges of hills and a stream flows down the valley. The Germans were Buzz- Bombing Liege to the West of us. The Buzz-Bomb was a terror weapon, had a large explosive capacity head and was launched up a ramp, had an inertial guidance system and a ram jet engine. The initial launch speed would compress air brought in by an air scoop fuel would be injected and the mixture would burn and support the bomb on short stubby wings, then air would be

compressed and the firing cycle would be repeated. They were not very accurate but were a fine terror weapon to aim at a big city. London was the target from shortly after the invasion until we took the launch sites on the continent. They came day and night at irregular intervals, and sometimes did not make it all the way to Liege. We lost one small section of an office. At that time there were a lot of local families doing the laundry for individual G I's. I lost a week's laundry when the nice family doing my laundry did not bring it back and I was informed that the family was mort. The warm baths were large and good for soaking in to relax. We moved from here to St. Trond, Belgium which was further East. We were at St Trond when the Germans came back with the surprise attack which turned out to be the start of the Battle of the Bulge. When the front started to collapse our HQ was moved back to Chaudfontain and we poor Garitroopers were sent out on the hills to repel reported German Paratroopers and



spies infiltrating in American Uniforms. I was cold and miserable and it brought on an attack of rheumatics. I was hobbling around on a stick instead of a crutch and was finally sent on sick call and then to the hospital.

I spent a month in the hospital system - after a few days in the first hospital I went by hospital train to a hospital in France and then to a base hospital still deeper in France. I got a little treatment, a lot of bed rest and had a couple of wisdom teeth pulled by a dental surgeon, a Major. In the hospital ward in which I was assigned, there was a German Prisoner of War in a special cell. One day one of the hospital administrators showed up with the necessary forms and a medal to award Cpl. Schmidt his Purple Heart.

While I was in the hospital one of the wounded men near me was getting ready to catch the boat. In the fallback in the Battle of the Bulge his infantry outfit had saved a quad mounted

air cooled 50 caliber machine gun mount left by an American AA outfit. He thought that was the greatest thing since sliced bread was invented. Turn that thing loose on a German pill box and the people inside just buttoned up and it was easy to crawl up and lay an explosive charge on the pill box and then it was all over. I finally recovered from the rheumatic attack, they ran numerous electrocardiograms and could find no evidence of heart damage. One of the doctors did warn me to be a little careful about exposure to cold. I finally got out of the hospital and was sent to the Repple Depple (Replacement Depot) located near Orleans, France (Joan of Arc). While I was there I got a 48 hour pass to Paris - Went by truck - was assigned a large hotel room to myself and went to various types of refined entertainment favored by Indiana farm boys when on pass in Paris. I saw some fine museums, took a tour of some of the famous sights of Paris, saw the Follies Bergerre and a couple of places where they served stimulating drinks. From Orleans I was shipped back by railroad car to Belgium and the First Army. Rode the 40 hommes 8 chevaux cars, the famous 40 & 8 of the First World War. Horses are too valuable to overcrowd but men can be squeezed in. I finally got back to Chaudfontaine a couple of days before the outfit moved again. This time to Duren, Germany where we were installed in what had been permanent German Army installation with a large parade ground surrounded by three story barracks. The plumbing did not work so they dug latrines and erected signs. Enlisted Latrine, First three Grade Latrines, Company Grade Off. Latrine, Field Grade Off. Latrine, Col. Latrine, Gen. Latrine. One afternoon Col. "SHORTY" Williams came into this facility and found a large black Cpl using the facility. He asked in a pointed way what the man was doing, it seems he was doing what comes naturally and doing it in the colored Latrine. COLONELS LATRINE was posted within the hour. At Duren we were using small coal burning stoves and using blocks of pressed coal dust for fuel. We were warned to break the blocks before burning as there had been reports of explosives left in some of the small blocks of coal bricks. No actual explosives found in our units.

While I was here I received word of Earl's death, a great shock. I also remember that Easter services were held while we were here. Several times in the years since then I have dreamed of Earl and have had fantasies that he had survived.

With the rapid withdrawal of the German Army we soon moved again to Berg, where we were located in a factory machine shops. I still have several small tools which I picked up there. Drills, depth gauge etc. There had been displaced persons living in the factory compound and the first night there I had spread my bedding on some excelsior (wood shavings which they had evidently used for sleeping because I got a fine case of *creepy crawlies* (lice). I got a can of DDT powder and thoroughly dusted my clothes and possessions and got rid of the critters. It was here that we received the news of Pres. Roosevelt's death. From Berg we went to Weimar and were housed and officed in large brick buildings which had been the site of the German Weimar Republic, during the interval of Kaiser to Hitler. We were at Weimar only a short time because the German War ended. We were informed that HQ 1st Army would return to the U. S. immediately. First Army had lots of experience in planning invasions and we were to go to the Pacific Theater of Operations and plan the invasion of Japan. So we were going home, have a 30 day furlough, reorganize and then go to the Pacific. When we cleaned up the various spaces allotted to the different sections of 1st Army there was a lot of German 30 cal ammo scattered around. There was a big fire to burn accumulated trash, and some clown came along and threw his trash on the fire and soon ammo started to explode. They finally had to put the fire out and sort out the ammo before they could resume burning trash from the office and barracks spaces. I spent three days and nights with a crew of two helpers burning secret files from the AGO offices, most of it duplicate copies. We went by truck convoy back to France and it took three days to get to Camp Lucky Strike. Probably a Replacement Depot which was put into reverse. We sailed in a convoy returning to the states because there was a small chance that a fanatical German Sub Commander might still be prowling around. We were one of the few outfits going home, most of the ships were filled with Am POW'S going home plus some walking wounded.

While we were at Weimar, most of the men in 1st Army HQ were taken to Buchenwald to see with our own eyes one of the German death camps. It was gruesome to walk through that tour and see the efficient way that it was organized to handle the final disposition of the Jewish problem. The ovens where thousands of people were burned and to see the barracks where the prisoners slept on bunks only 18 inches apart, with little or no bedding.

The Germans were only interested in killing the Jews, gypsies, sexual deviates and others who were different. It disturbed me then, and to hear how people now deny that it ever happened makes me sick about the quality of mind which can deny what is so well documented and proven to have happened. Events in the past 50 years indicate that there are plenty of people still in this world who would jump at the chance to continue killing for racial purity. The madness is only a little way away.

I did not see the Statue of Liberty when I went across but I did see her on the way home. When we came down the gangway and lined up to get on the train each of us was handed a quart carton of fresh milk. I drank all of mine and most of some other guy's, evidently he wasn't a milk drinker. Looking back, I do not remember many details of that furlough. It was summer and I traveled all over the State of Indiana visiting relatives and visiting Mary at West Lafayette. Paul was at Purdue then and I visited him some since Purdue was on a trimester system and people went to school year around. When the furlough was over I reported to Camp Atterbury and was sent to Ft. Jackson, S.C., near the capital, Columbia. We were there for a few weeks with very little to do in the offices, and a whole lot of people to do it. Sometime about then I made T Sgt, Not Tech Sgt. T - 3. We went through the tail end of a hurricane. We had almost unlimited liberty, since there was so little to do in the office. I spent a lot of time at the post library, had a couple of fillings put in and another wisdom tooth pulled. I was on pass to Columbia when the news was announced that the war was over - JAPAN HAD SURRENDERED. I was watching a movie and sat through some more of it then finally went out and found that it was a very wet night in Columbia. I ran into Reid Keirshman and a bottle of *Three Feathers*. Not being an experienced drinker it took only a few pulls at this and other freely offered bottles to make me very unsteady in the legs. I concluded that I had had enough celebrating and took the bus back to camp. The next thing I remember I was picking myself out of the company street. Some kind souls helped me back to my bunk and I passed out. In the morning I woke up - sat up - and reached for a number 10 can used for cigarettes so that I did not get any on the floor. The only time in my life that I have passed out under the influence. Shortly, we were informed that we would not be going to the Pacific and that those with enough points could be discharged. As I remember, it was a point per month

of service, 1/2 point extra for over seas service and five points for each battle or campaign. I had five of those, but no extra points since I had not been wounded or received any decoration. I had 71 points when I was discharged in October. I was very fortunate in that I had enough points to be discharged since I was in the States but not enough to have gotten on a boat for 6 months if I had still been overseas. HQ 1st Army was moved from Ft Jackson



to Ft Bragg. I was there about three weeks and then was discharged. A group of mid-westerners got in Reid Kirshman's car and we headed west. When we got to Columbus, Ohio I took the bus to Indianapolis. My enlistment date for the Enlisted Reserve Corps was October 20, 1942. I was discharged October 10, 1945. I lacked 10 days of putting in three years in the army. Purdue was on a trimester program and within two weeks of being discharged I was back in Purdue University.

AFTER WWII

Shortly after I returned to school Mary and I were officially engaged, we had had an understanding before then but it was informal. We went to a jewelry store in Lafayette and selected a stone and a setting and all of a sudden Mary became left handed. One clown at Wesley took a look at it and said, "*it looks like it's paid for!*" It was, it took about \$500 in 1945 or early 1946. The first semester, I was back At Purdue I was one of the student janitors at Wesley Foundation. This gave me a place to live and there was a small kitchen in the Apt. The next semester, Johnny and Em Jay Lancaster, a married couple moved in to be the janitors. After a career in the aeronautical industry, Johnny entered the Methodist ministry in Dallas. I spent the next semester in the third floor attic of some people named Williams, who provided a bunk bed, and a study table for 14 students for a nominal fee. I ate at a boarding house about a block away. Since I was attending college on the G.I. bill I did not have to work to make ends meet. I was older, more settled, and a better student. I did much better at my studies and my grades improved. I took a Spanish class, did not study hard and flunked it.

My brother, Paul, was at Purdue for two semesters. Just after I got back from the army and purely by coincidence we had two classes together. Paul was living in a CO -OP house and he says his problem was that he played cards too much. I always thought that he just didn't understand math. Paul was also active at Wesley foundation. One of the joint courses was an engineering course and the other was an English Lit. course. All during the war there were various Naval Training Courses at the University. By the spring of 1947 most of these programs were phased out. While I was taking second semester chemistry, some student came in to take a make up exam, because he was unable to take it at the scheduled time.

The test was proctored by a graduate student, the testee stopped to ask when the results would be posted and the grad. student noticed the name on the test paper, and recognized it as a student in one of his recitation classes but he was not the person turning in the test paper. After the ensuing investigation both students were expelled from the University. If the stand in had not asked the question he would never have been noticed. At this time Purdue had dropped semester final exams so that they could run three trimesters in a little over a year. This came to a halt at the end of the spring 1946 semester. In the break between that semester and the start of summer school Mary and I were married, at the First Methodist Church in West Lafayette, Indiana, by Rev. Eugene Balsley, the Head of Wesley Foundation. We took a short trip to Chicago and stayed at the Edge water Beach Hotel. When we returned to West Lafayette we stayed in the Purdue Memorial Union for a few days until the apartment being used by some Wesley acquaintances was vacated and we could move in. This was two rooms and share the bath. The bath consisted of a wash basin, commode, and a tin shower stall where the drain was higher than the bottom of the shower. There was always a swamp to stand in while you took a shower. One of the first thing I built was a set of duck boards so that your feet could get out of the swamp.

I went to Purdue for a total of 8 semesters and two summer sessions and graduated in 1948 with a BS in Mechanical Engineering. I had 156 credit hours. It took 150 hours with 90 hours of C or better to get an engineering degree in those years. If I had continued at my grade point average of my first two semesters I never would have made it in Engineering. The week after Mary and I were married, her brother Charles got married. They put off their

wedding because Charles was not going to be going to summer school. Charles had been a forestry student at Purdue, before he volunteered for the US Navy CB's (Construction Battallon). He spent most of his war in the Pacific, a lot of it on the Tonga Islands doing a lot of surveying for road and airport or airfield construction. When he returned to Purdue he switched to Civil Engineering and graduated in 1949. Mary's older sister, Gaile, had graduated from Purdue in 1943. Since I bought a Purdue yearbook when I was a Freshman and the 1948 yearbook when I graduated we also have Gaile's book. Both Doris and Charles are in the 1943 book. Doris graduated before Charles, and took some teaching jobs more for location than career furthering, while he completed his degree. Mary's job at the Ag. Experiment Station was not high paying but the money was welcome. The apartment house where we lived for the two years before I graduated was about one block from Mary's folks. We dropped into their house frequently and did our laundry on the washing machine in their basement. They had to go by our front door or by our back door if they took the alley if they went to the post office or to the grocery store. They never dropped in without warning. Dad Thompson might stop and chat for a few minutes if I was sitting in the front porch swing studying or reading. I split the washing with Mary, I did it about half the time and she did the rest. We stayed in that same apartment house but changed apartments when the three room apartment became available. The three room did not have more room, it just had more rooms. Mary and I went to most of the free things that came with being a student. We went to the basketball game one night and at half time when everybody stood up at once the bleachers collapsed and we all rode them down. One or two spectators died and there were some people wounded. The last semester I was in Purdue the head of the department called me in and asked if I were planning to graduate that semester. When I said that was my intention he pointed out that I needed 3 more hours of English. I immediately signed up for an English Lit course and had to carry 24 hours of work load my final semester. Fortunately, I had gotten most of the Engr courses which required labs out of the way and I made good grades that final semester when I was carrying the 24 credit hours.

When it came time to make the first employment decision, I interviewed a number of companies including R. R. Donnelly. The printers who had a number of plants in Chicago,

Crawfordsville and other places. That job looked attractive to me, but Mary wanted to go further afield. Later, Donnelly built a printing plant at Warsaw Indiana and my nephew Larry Manwaring worked for then for a number of years. I finally accepted the offer of Stanolind Oil & Gas Co as Jr. Engineer at Hastings Field between Alvin and Pearland, south of Houston. Mary and I talked it over a long time before we made that decision.

Mary and I decided that rather than live in Houston, we would rather live in a small town so we wrote to the Methodist church in Alvin, to see if they could help us get squared away. They came through in fine style and we were first located in a bedroom with house privileges. In a couple of weeks we moved into a duplex. The other half of the duplex was occupied by Ivan and Carmen Ray. Ivan worked for Stanolind and Carmen worked for Phillips Petroleum about three miles from Stanolind. Our paths would cross many times in the ensuing years. We both left Stanolind and both ended up in Beaumont by different paths. We were very active in the Methodist church, the first time we attended Sunday School Class we had not studied the lesson assignment but I was the only one who knew all of the answers. One of the Mrs. Pearsons was the teacher- they had the Chevrolet agency. Another Pearson had the feed store and elevator. Mary found it very tiring to be stuck in a small town with not much to do and took a job as receptionist with a dentist, the money came in handy also. I soon joined up and became assistant scoutmaster of the scout troop sponsored by the Methodist Church. Most sports fans know about Nolan Ryan the baseball pitcher from Alvin, Texas. He was 5 or 6 years old when Mary and I left Alvin. We did not know his parents to the best of my knowledge. I loved the work I did at Hastings Field and liked the people a lot for they were good people. One of the first expressions which I encountered was "*O rings and Engineers are Ruining the oil patch.*" I soon made up my own counter statement, "*Would you agree that there is not much wrong with the average young engineer that 5 years of experience will not cure!*" I think that I had less trouble than some people in making the transition from school to work because of my farm and army experience. Then too, I am pretty easy for most people to get along with. It did not then, and it does not now bother me to get my hands dirty.

At that time Stanolind was in the middle of a big workover program. Hastings Field Wells had been completed in the thirty's by setting 7 inch casing above the producing sands drilling

through the sand and setting screen and liner through the producing zones. The wells had been produced at capacity during the war and water had ruined some of the wells. The workover procedure was to fish out and recover the old screen and liner, underream the zone below the casing, run an electrical log of the producing formation, run and



CARL KENNY BLACK FORGOTTEN

cement a 5 inch liner then perforate and put the well on production. There were 10 or 12 workover rigs working in the field, two of them owned by Stanolind. At that time Stanolind still had several drilling rigs, but were rapidly phasing out company owned rigs and going to all contract rigs. Going contract reduces the number of people and you don't go drill a well just to keep the rig busy. There were 8 Jr. engineers at the Hastings Field Office, under Ray Fellows, whose dad was an executive with Stanolind. About a month later, Ray was transferred out and M. Scott Kramer was moved from the South Houston Field Office. Scott was Chief Engineer with Stanolind when he retired. Harry Eicher was one of the engineers, Jack Stevens, Kenny Black, Bob Jones, Dick Morrow, N. Kellog and a couple more who worked in and around Hastings including Johnny Wynn who also ended up in Beaumont. John was not an engineer but ran the bottom hole pressure truck and broke in more engineers than anyone else. Dick Morrow finally rose to be the Chief Executive Officer of AMOCO, the parent company to whom Stanolind belonged. Along the way Stanolind changed to Pan American Petroleum then to Amoco. Since there were so many brand new jr. Engineers the Field Engineer and Dan Blocker, the Field Supt. (ex-Engineer) decided that an engineer would be present at every logging operation, every liner setting, every perforating job and at every squeeze cementing operation, any drill stem tests and any other operations which would be instructive and which would relieve field supervisors of making notes of these type of operations. So we took turns week by week as the workover engineer and if two jobs were going at the same time some one else was almost always ready to fill in. So you could

depend on getting week end duty at regular predictable intervals. Later as I had more seniority and was running the roster, I took more of the long weekends than were my share so that people who lived closer than Indiana could stretch a long weekend into a trip home. There was a square dance craze going at that time so Mary and I got into square dancing. At Hastings there were both a district and a field office along with a gas plant where all of the separator gas was collected and stripped of pentane, propane etc. After being stripped of these components the gas was compressed and some of it used in the field for gas lift and the rest sold to one of the gas transmission companies. Gas lift is an artificial lift method widely used instead of pumping at suitable locations. It is often more economical than pumping especially if large volumes of fluid must be moved. Stanolind was a good company to work for, they had regular social functions, and they tried to give their engineer- lots of varied assignments so that the engineer could be a more valuable employee and feel that he was making progress.

We had a soft ball league for a couple of years. Engineers, Clerks, Gas Plant, Rigs, EAST side Production, West Side Production. I played left , right, or center field, my reaction time was not fast enough to play the infield, plus the fact that when I was a boy I had never had any infield experience. I even did a little umpiring at third or first base. We had a lighted field.

After a couple of years in the Hastings Field Office, I was moved to the Hastings District Office, and then transferred to the Spindletop Field Office. In Beaumont, I made Petroleum Engineer and later when the Spindletop and High Island operations were combined I was in the Beaumont Office.

Valerie was born while we were in Alvin, Mom & Dad Thompson and Aunt Ethel Farlow came. I was at a Monday evening scout meeting when Mom called me, Mary's water had broken. I came home and called our doctor in Houston. He told us to come on into the hospital. So Mary and I and Mom Thompson went to the Herman Hospital in Houston. It was near midnight when we got to the hospital and late the next afternoon when Valerie was born. It was late in the afternoon when we got home to Alvin. While Mary was still in the hospital, I took Dad, Mom and Aunt Ethel to the San Jacinto Inn to eat.

After we moved to Beaumont while Mary was pregnant with Tom we still made the trips to Houston to see the same doctor. Tom was delivered in Herman Hospital. My mother came down to help out for one of Mary's pregnancies. We followed the same program when Bill came along. Either of us took the kids with us to the doctor's office or left them with the Wilkersons'. Mrs. Wilkerson was about a third cousin of Mary's and they lived near Rice University and close to Herman Hospital. Sometimes we left the kids in Beaumont with church friends or Stanolind friends. Patrice and Rob were born at Baptiste Hospital in Beaumont. Dr. Lorene Jack was the obstetrician/gynecologist, in addition to providing services as our children's pediatrician for several years.

Several local (Beaumont) petroleum engineers got together and started the Spindletop Section of the Society of Petroleum Engineers. I was not a member of the Society, but joined as soon as possible and later held every office including Chairman, the top office. I retained my membership even after I left the oil business. About 1957 - 1958 I left Stanolind - Pan American and became a sales representative for MacMurry Gas Lift Company. After three years of this I joined Lincoln National Life as a sales representative.

While I was still with Stanolind I was in a thrift shop in Beaumont and noticed that the book I was holding and considering buying for 15 or 25 cents was a *FIRST EDITION*. I bought it. I still have it. Since the only reason I bought it, was that it was a first edition, it taught me a valuable lesson. First editions are worth nothing unless someone wants them. For years, I had bought inexpensive books for my own pleasure and study, but now I was bitten by the bug and I started buying books for possible resale. About 20 years ago I started to place books in second hand book stores for possible resale with the shop owner getting a percentage of the price of the book. I was selling life insurance and it sure was nice when I started averaging an extra \$100.00 a month from book sales. Most of these books were acquired at 25 to 50 cents each. I had a good relationship with the acquisition librarian at Lamar University and my best effort there was two books for which I paid 74 cents and sold for \$200.00. This is the best single deal I ever made. Most of the time I buy a book for 25 cents and sell for \$3 - \$5, some will probably never sell. In the past 25 years I have become possibly the most knowledgeable book person in the area from Houston to Baton Rouge or

New Orleans. Most important I have had fun doing it, and have made some money while having all that fun..

I have not covered in this short biography the *Rise and Fall of the Gulf Coast Engineer and Scientist*, a monthly magazine which I helped to organize, edit and publish for 10 to 12 years. I have not covered the organization of the *Wesley Players* at North End Methodist Church. I skipped all of the antics of the boy scout troop in Alvin and the cub scout pack at North End Methodist Church. I have not covered in any detail the years in life insurance. Since this was written primarily for my children and grandchildren so that they could know a little of what it was like when I was growing up, I have concentrated most of the writing in the first 1/3 of my life. If any of my children or grandchildren want any details about other parts of my life they have only to ask. If some of my brothers and sisters differ with me as to details about the farm and Mentone years, they saw it through different eyes.

Added info 1998

1. Sister Ruth says that she knew from a young child that mother's father committed suicide - I did not.
2. William Ray Rush , my father, was named for his Grandfather William Coomler.
3. Uncle Fred Coomler Rush was the oldest of my father's brothers.
4. Great Uncle Amos Rush a Civil War casualty, was a brother of Great Grandfather Moses Rush.
5. Ruth corrected the spelling of some of our Mentone neighbors and recommended other alterations, most of which I followed.



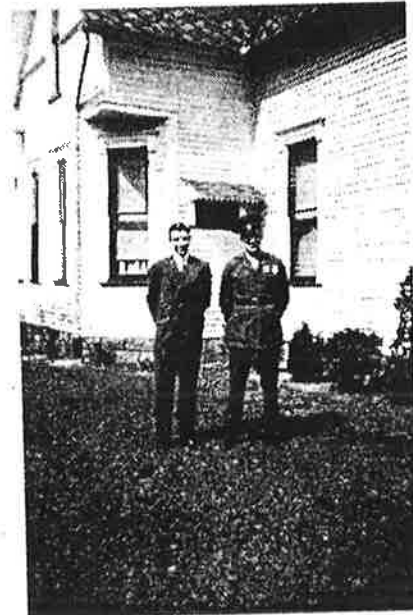
A studious lad



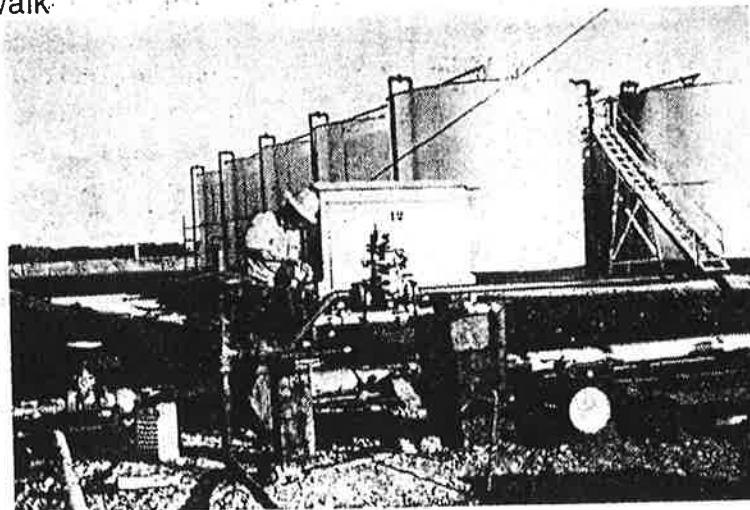
PAUL



Carl ROTC Fall 1942
I helped build the porch
and sidewalk



Carl in first suit; junior in
high school, Earl 1941



'Stanolind Oil
Texas



LENA FARM HOUSE



Lena, Mary, Ruth



RUTH



MARY