

Overland Park, KS
January 16, 2001

Dear Nieces and Nephews,

I have been working on this collection this fall and winter. I went through stuff here and in Marshalltown and gathered a strange conglomeration. While I was doing this, I put photo albums together of each of your family pictures that I happened to have. I suppose over the years, some pictures were lost but I basically tried to keep everything I was ever given.

So the collection here basically revolved around Aunt Lillie Selwold, Grandpa Gould and Pop because of questions that were asked of me at a given time. Some other elements crept in and I guess a lot of the memories evolved from my remembrances from the big house in Schaller. That is why so many pictures are taken in that yard and house. Maybe that is why the pictures pretty much stop as I became an adult and was away from the house. So if you want stories and pictures of later years we would find Jerry Squibbs entering the telling and David, etc. You people as adults and with children of your own, will have to come from other tellings. And I think they should be told.

I know there are other pictures around that I don't have access to anymore. Get them out and talk about them. I hope you enjoy this gift of memories. If you don't, just don't tell me. I want to picture you really looking and reading. Hope someday to talk to you in person about them. That means, come visit.

Love, Ruthie

OLD STORIES AND PHOTOS

All of the narration concerning the photos is written first by Bruce on Christmas Day, 2000. Ruthie added some dates and stories a little later. The pictures are from an odd collection Ruthie had in her stuff. She was prompted to do this collection when David wanted pictures of Lillie because he heard stories about her so often. Then Paul wanted to know more about his Great Grandpa Gould because Ruthie gave him an item that had belonged to George Gould. If you nieces and nephews have old pictures in your possession you should get the history straight from relatives who know the "stories." Hope you enjoy learning about some of this ancient history.

George Bartholomew Gould, Granny Mac's dad, was born in 1855 in Wisconsin. He was about 90 when he died in Schaller, Iowa. His funeral was in our house. People sat in the living room and dining room and on the porch since it was a nice day in May. He is pictured here with his second wife, Ella, who is Granny Mac's mother. She was born in England in 1857 in England. She must have lived in a little town called Shepton Mallet, near Wells. We always were told about that town and Jim visited there in World War II and Dottie and Bruce and their families visited there when on a tour of England. Her father worked on the Wells Cathedral for many years before bringing his family to America.

Grandpa Gould was involved in many activities --- he had farms, a furniture dealership, and was one of the first automobile dealers in the Schaller area. The story always was that Mother had her very own Buick when she was still a kid. She says she was the first woman driver in Sac County. We remember Grandpa as a tall, handsome, rather austere man. Our mother always had him and Aunt Minnie for Sunday dinner and he would drive out in one of his beautiful automobiles, sit down and eat, and then immediately say "Well, Minnie (the third wife, a little sparrow of a woman)" meaning it was time to go back to Schaller from our folks' farm home. We used the "Well, Minnie" line for many years as a signal that it was time to leave wherever we were.

Grandpa Gould represents a sad chapter in our mother's life. He always told her that she would be taken care of financially upon his death, and she always believed that everything would OK. When he died, he left "intestate", that is, without a will, and therefore his estate was divided up among many survivors, meaning that a large amount went back to Canada to relatives of his little wife Minnie, as she died about 6 months after he did. Whatever the reasoning on his part, it turned out to be a serious disappointment to our mother, one from which she did not recover fully.

Ella, Granny Mac's mother, was apparently a lovely, quiet lady. She had other relatives in America, including some in Storm Lake (Guy Perrot and others) who we used to visit. They had a cottage on the west shore of the Lake and we loved to go up there and visit them.

Granny
Mac's
Parents



George B. Gould



Sarah "Ella" Perrott
Gould

Pop's folks were farmers whose families had come to America from Ireland by way of Canada. His father's nickname was "Si" (pronounced "sigh") and he was always called *Grandpa Si by our mother*. His wife was Hester who was apparently quiet and reserved. In the photo of their family, Pop's sister Lillian (Lilly -- much more about her later) is the first on on the left in the back. Next to her is Willis, the oldest of the boys who later farmed near Schaller. Then Martha, who married a local boy, a Bennett, and who was killed in a tragic accident when a grinding stone flew apart. In the front row is Paul, Pop's brother who never

married and lived for many years in California. His nickname was "Crook" which he acquired from his activity in card games. For many years, he was a guard at the Twentieth Century Fox studios and lived in Long Beach. Next to him is Grandpa Si and the cute little guy in the middle is the baby of the family, our dad and your grandpa, Frederick Walter. His mother is next and she apparently is holding a Bible as she does in each of the pictures. The last one on the right is Henry, who lived for many years in Sioux City and was married to a girl from Schaller. They had one daughter.

The picture of the same family on the lower part of the page was actually taken before the one above, just described. Willis, the oldest boy, is on the left. He married a local girl, Grace, and they had a number of children --- Lester, Clifford (whose widow Mildred still lives in Schaller), Everett, and Glenn. All of those boys were in World War II, just as Pop was in World War I briefly. They also had a daughter Betty who developed a mysterious crippling disease when was in nursing school. It might have been polio or arthritis but they treated her by putting her in a body cast. Her legs never bent again. She always lived at home and when visiting her at Aunt Grace's house and Betty would be sitting on the sewing machine because it was at the right height for her stiff legs. She moved to a nursing home after her mother's death. We didn't socialize with them very much because there was some kind of argument between Grace and Aunt Lillie.

In the lower picture, it is hard to miss the wonderful hats being worn by Martha and Lillie (which appear to have been doctored with the addition of some artificial flowers.) The little guy on Grandpa Si's lap is our Pop, with Henry seated on the floor, Hester holding her Bible, and Paul standing along side. We are curious as to how or why this poor family of farmers ever got so dressed up to sit for a formal picture, but it must have been important to them.

Lillie →

Paul →



Grandpa Pop's
Parents & Sibs

Grandpa Pop ↑



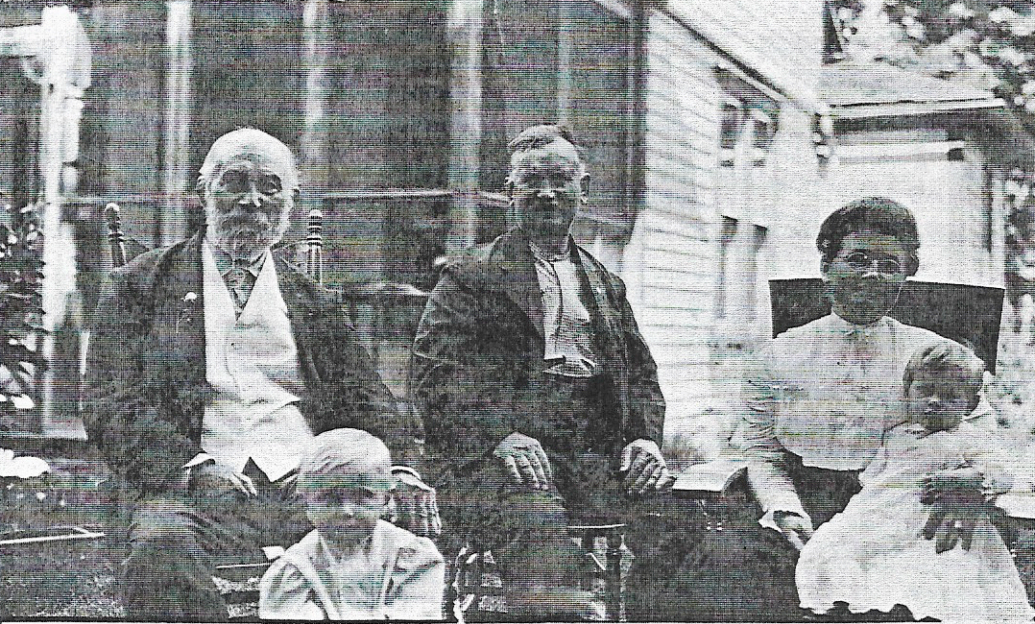
← Lillie

← Paul

Mitt
Grandpa Pop →

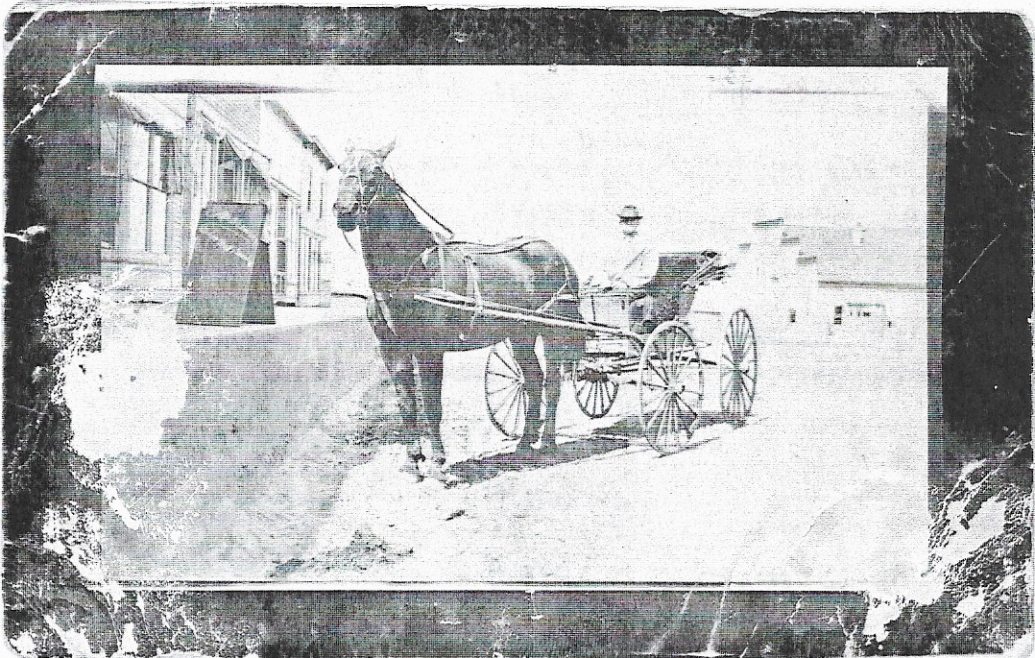
We think that the little girl in the foreground of this picture is our Mother, Doris Alice. And we think, but are not too sure, the three adults are relatives of Grandma Ella, the Perrots in Storm Lake. The man in the middle looks like Uncle Guy Perrot whom we remember, but are not sure. On his left would be his wife and their daughter, either Jessie or Lillian, but that is all conjecture.

We love this picture of our Pop, at about the age of 19. Jaunty buggy, jaunty horse, jaunty hat. The fact that our folks lived from a time when the horse was the principal form of transportation to a time when they flew on jet planes is amazing. They probably went through a larger series of life-changing events than any of us!



I think ↑
this is Granny Mac.

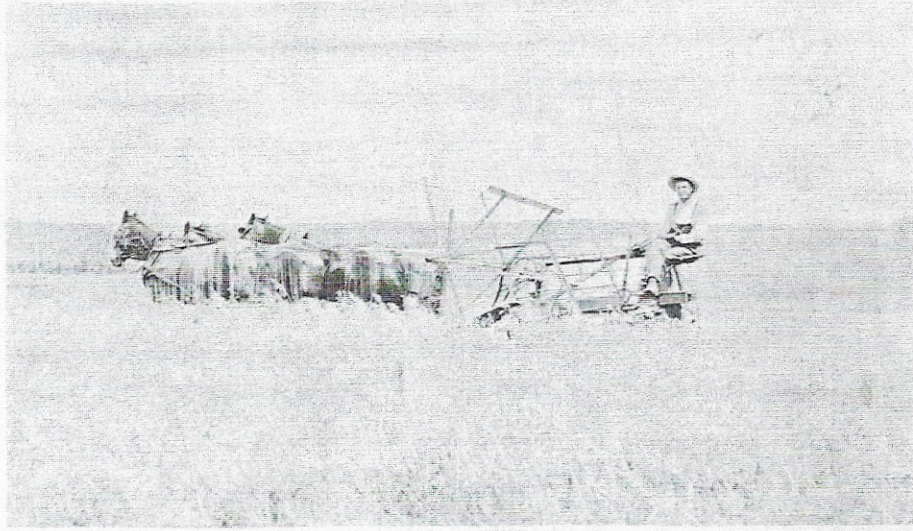
1912 - Pop and his horse. He was 19 years old. ^{Pop}



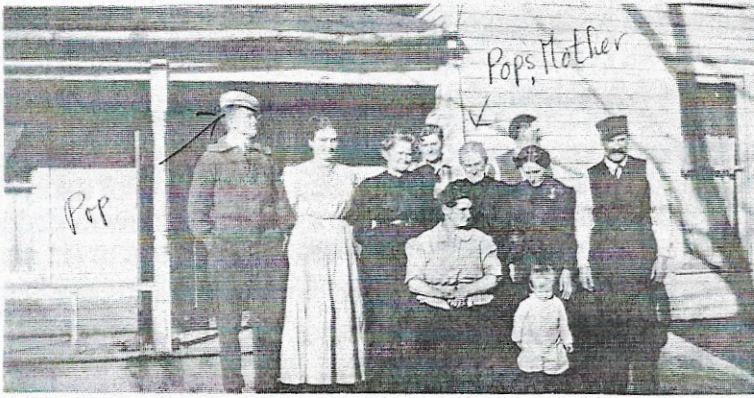
In the top picture, Pop is at the seat of a binder, which cut the oats, leaving them in a row so that they could be tied into shocks. It is a four-horse team, though the fourth horse is hard to spot. *Imagine cutting oats all day, coaxing and cursing four large and hot horses around the field in the hot Iowa sun!*

In this great picture of Pop's family, he is the one with the cocky look and jaunty cap. Though we are not certain of the identity of some of the people, that is Lillie (Lillian) (1884-1960) in the front row and we think she looks mighty pregnant (she had twin girls, Marcie and Maybelle, (born 1911- more about them later.) Their mother, Hester, is the white-haired lady behind Lillie and Lille's husband, Fred Selwold is looking away with just his head visible. (Fred made a lot of money on cattle and the stock market, and Lillie and her twin girls did their very best to spend it. He pretty much lost his mind in later life.) In front of Fred, looking down at a child is Willis' wife Grace and on the right is Willis (we think.)

The darling twin girls in the lower pictures are Marcie and Maybelle Selwold. What characters! They were never fond of school and instead ran away to the glamorous state of California to live. At a time in the late twenties and early thirties, when the people in Schaller were all struggling with depression, they would arrive from California, dressed like flappers with mink stoles, long cigarette holders, and rolled down stockings. Great characters! Lillie went out to see them every winter for years and years, riding the train and taking her dog with her. As she got older, it was hard for her to travel, but when Bruce was sent to California in the army in 1950, out she came and he was able to visit her there. The twins had a number of interesting romances, but Marcie did marry Les Johnson who was an employee of Kerr Sporting Goods in Beverly Hills and who went fishing with Clark Gable and others.



Pop
and
his
hard
work
in
the
fields.



↑
Lillie



Lillie's
twin daughters -
Maybelle
&
Marcie

The letter from "Mdm S" --- Lillie --- is a wonderful example of her writing style, which we had to decipher for the many years she went to California and Jim and Bruce were in the service. Lillie was a hippy before we knew the term. She was a wonderful, hilarious character and Pop was always embarrassed by her --- but he loved her dearly and never took a drive up to Storm Lake or elsewhere without stopping to pick her up. And she invariably said "Thanks for the buggy ride" as she got out and tromped into her house. She always shared holidays with us and many of those years she and Pop were not speaking. It was interesting to be at the dinner table together and never hear them say a word to each other. There was apparently a big argument about their brother Paul's funeral. That may be why they didn't talk.

Big City Dear Jimmy and @
say was I ever glad? @
This new Purse just like me
I bless every 1 of you may you
have a front-seat in Heaven
if not a front-B lonesome
I am awful hard on a purse
I carry lots of paper not all

Morning Ha Ha. all well here Doris
Lived. lots more hope some rain
moisture ect not so cold I sure
like my new shoes over shoes just
grand I sure will furnish several
Cans more cats & our next trip
I hear my gang getting rain
thank 90 million just like my old
I got some Hous red mittens
Love & aff

M D M D

The picture of Lillie all dressed up is one of our favorites. The hat was probably one that she tore up and then reassembled with her own decorations. She was especially fond of a bunch of bright red cherries, that found their way on many different hats over time. We loved staying at her place which was right down the street from the Schaller school. In that way, we were able to leave for school at the very last minute instead of the cold, often snowy, two and one-half miles to where we lived on Rininger's farm. And we knew Lillie would take us down town for supper, along with her assortment of little jars of potatoes and gravy and butter and whatever. When Dottie and Ruthie stayed with her she would let them move her furniture all around so they could play restaurant or dress up (she had boas and jewelry and scarves upstairs). She had big feather beds on two single beds in her bed room and lots of comforters so when you got into bed as a little kid you would practically disappear! She always wore big flannel nightgowns and night caps to bed. Her hair was worn in a long braid wound on top of her head and she greased it up at night with Vaseline. Why?



Lillian Mabel McQuigg Selwold

The picture of Lillie laughing in the snow was probably taken in the back yard of the folks' house after they moved into town. That is Paul beside her with a shovel, wondering what in the world he was doing in Iowa after living all those years in California. He was born in 1887 and died in 1951. Paul was "mysterious" and very handsome. We thought he was a movie star himself.

To the right of that picture, taken outside of Lillie's house in Schaller, is Bruce (with a coat and tie! what was the occasion?), then Mother in the big hat, Pop, barely visible, then Lillie, all dressed up. And in front, the "little girls" still with their long braids, Dottie with reddish hair and Ruthie a little blonde.

The picture of Lillie holding a big black dog was taken in California during one her many visits. The dog, we think, was Checkers. Seated on the floor with the inevitable cigarette is Marcie. Her twins always called her Punkins. And they were constantly amazed at her ability to get around the Los Angeles area. They lived in what used to be far out in the country in Van Nuys, surrounded by walnut groves and now called "The Valley." At one time Los Angeles had a marvelous system of street cars and busses and Lillie used to take off in the morning to go down to Long Beach to visit Paul, transferring from one street car or bus to another and arriving back at the Van Nuys house late in the evening. They could never figure out how she maneuvered this trip! She always had big tales to tell about the train trip out West and the many places she saw. She loved to swear a bit, so she was a curiosity to us. She told about a restaurant in California and as she was looking around she spotted a sign on the ceiling that read, "What the Hell are you looking up here for?" Her eyes just twinkled and she laughed really hard when she told that. She used to make scalloped potatoes with 2 pounds of Velveeta and a pound of butter. And her spice cake was so rich and heavy you could hardly lift it.

Lillie & Paul - Schaller visit



Probably late '40s in our back yard.

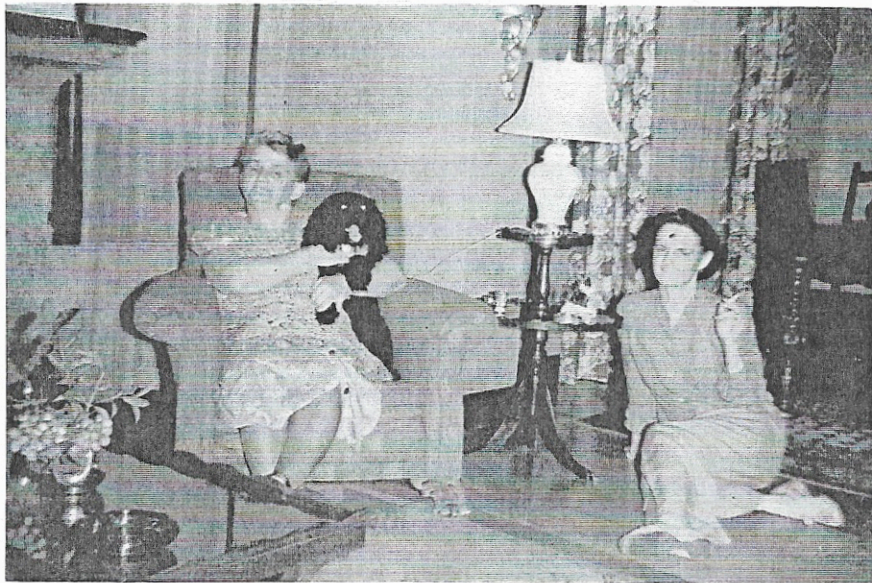
Bruce
Granny Mae
Lillie



Pattie
Ruthie
Outside Lillie's house in Schaller

Lillie ↓

Daughter
Hazel or Maybelle



On a visit to California

These pictures of the "little girls" are fun for us to look at because of the big smiles, and the big braids. Ruthie was born in 1937, the same year Jim graduated from high school. He told his friends that he would have preferred a watch for graduation but got another sister instead. It was a good year for us, however, because Mother said she had to have a refrigerator -- and we got our first one. What a treat!



The old Ford in the picture with the little girls ready to go to school with their lunch boxes covered a lot of miles for our family over a lot of years.

We think the picture of Mother and the little girls on the Rininger farm is really sad and in many ways it was. The yard looks totally barren (we lost many beautiful trees in an ice storm), Mother looks exhausted and probably was, and the girls shoes, stockings and dresses demonstrate what really tough times the family was going through.

The page with so many little pictures shows the house at Bert Rininger's at its worst. (We really don't remember it looking so woebegone.) But it was before the Chinese elms grew up. They made a beautiful border around the front and side of the house --- but later they were all killed in terrible ice storm, we think in 1941 --- not a good year on any count! On the right, below the picture of Dottie, are Pop and the little girls in that horrendous snow, again probably in 1941. Though Ruth's caption says "Pop and the little girls" the picture actually contains Bruce, also, a slight not uncommon.

The picture on the lower left is one of our favorites, even though it is very sad in many ways. Look at sister Margaret's hair! And Jim's big yawn may be symbolic of the way he often felt about being around his little brother and sisters! Bruce's clothing will remain undescribed.

House at Burt's before the trees grew.



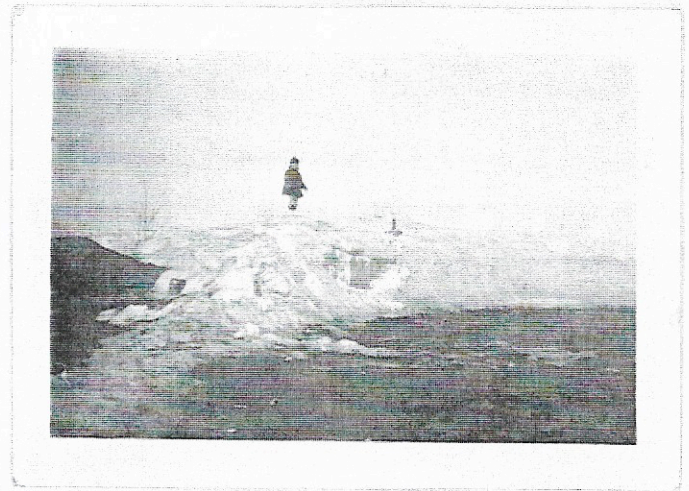
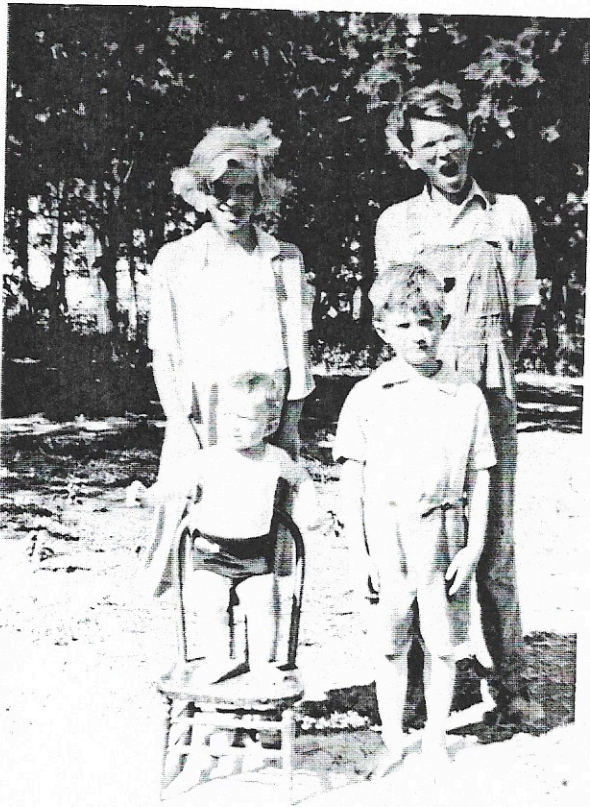
Dottie - 4 years old?



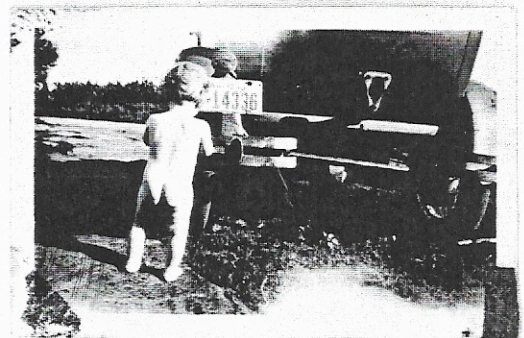
Big Snow at Burt's Pop and Little Girls

Margaret

Sina



Ru + hie standing tall.



Whose bottom? Dottie?

Dottie

Bruce

On the right is the snow bank which was in our back yard on Bert's farm the entire winter, we think from November to April. At one time we dug a huge cave in it and made it large enough to walk in, light it with candles, and some old boxes for furniture. But when it started to thaw, we had to stay out of there before the whole thing came crashing down! (There was one winter, we think 1936, when we didn't have school for six weeks. Pop walked into town with an old work horse, bringing home bags -- gunny sacks --- of books for us to read. We could touch the telephone lines as we walked along the top of the drifts! Please do not mention anything about the "good old days.")

The naked child trying to get into the trunk of the old car will have to remain anonymous.

Mother kept her knitting in a box and rarely sat down without working on something. At the right, we think this is Pop, playing with some puppy or other. We always had tough luck with our dogs after we moved to town. Mysterious shootings and poisonings made sad stories about our dogs. And beneath that picture, his corn sheller. At first when he left the Bert Rininger farm and moved into town, he ran a corn sheller for Oris Pyle (how about that name!) or Guy Bloyer. Later, he was able to buy it and shelled corn and sold Pioneer seed corn for a number of years. (He caught his arm in the rotary elevator on the sheller one year, 1957, and was hurt badly. He had over 200 stitches.) There were two horrible accidents with the corn sheller because it was not in very good repair and he would try to fix it. Corn husks would get caught in the gears and he'd stick his hand in there. Not so good. It was good when he got rid of it because soon after that farmers bought corn pickers with self-contained shellers and so they'd shell in the field and store it that way instead of on the cob. He made his living selling seed corn and substituting for rural mail carriers. He never had a big income but what a presence he was when he got all dressed up for lodge meetings. He had a great memory and often tutored people who were trying to learn the rituals to join Masonic Lodge and Eastern Star. He was active in the American Legion and loved baseball. American Legion ball was really important as were the semi-pro teams that played in Schaller. The McQuiggs ran the concession stand at those ball games. Pop let his children share in the profits.

This picture of the little girls after the big shampooing day has to be looked at carefully. The girl on the right, Ruthie, is showing the backs of her knees, not what you thought when you first looked at the picture.

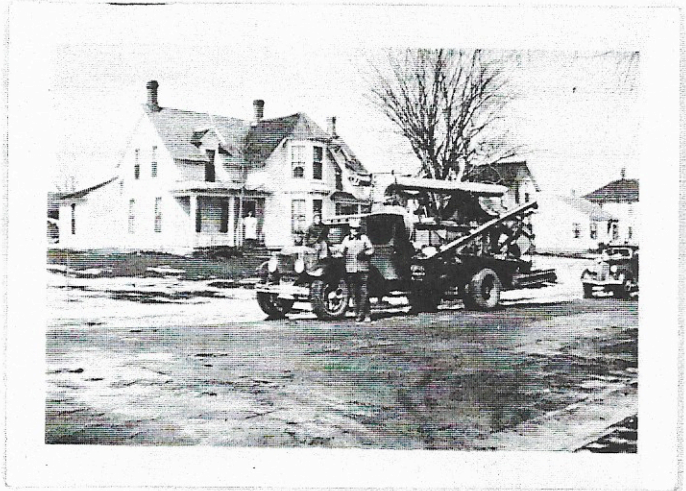
Granny Mac used
to knit a lot.



Pop and which dog? ↓



Pop's
cornsheller. →



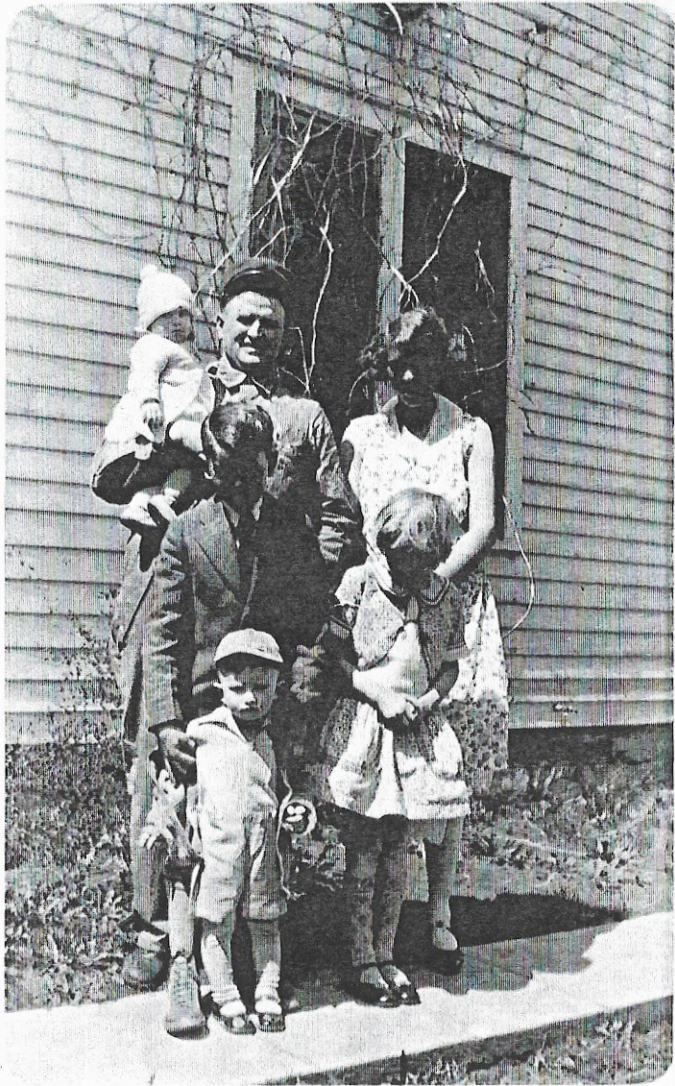
Dottie & Ruthie
with braids
undone. Must have
been a Shampoo Day!
Must have been 1945.

These family pictures are pretty touching, I think. Number one is of the McQuiggs--Walt, Doris, Margaret, Bruce, Jim and Pop is holding Baby Paul. He was always called Baby Paul because he died before he was two years old. Some mysterious something that medical care and depression days made hard to help him. The story I heard is that he died in Granny Mac's arms on the way to the doctor. It hit everyone in the family very hard and his memory was always cherished, even by those of us who never knew him.

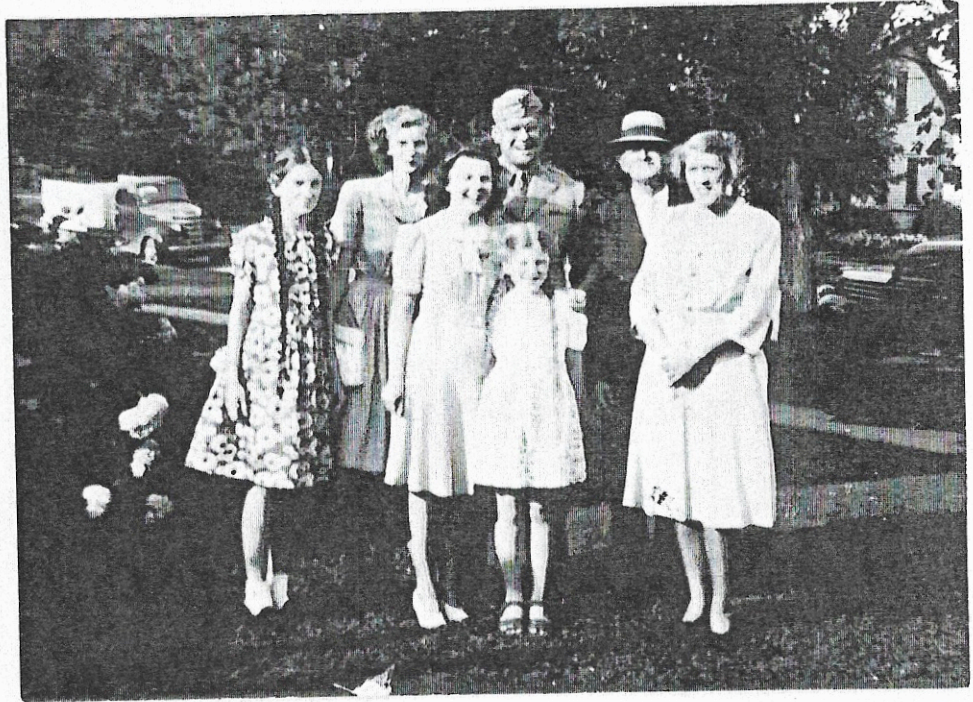
Number two is in Schaller the summer Jim was home from Europe, World War II was just over and Marcella came for a visit. They became engaged in the Schaller Park while on a little walk away from the rest of us. Of course Jim and Marcie and Mother and Pop are all gone now. Dottie's braids were on the way out soon after this picture. Ruthie's lasted just one more year.

Picture number three was in honor of Linda, the first grandchild, born in October. I suspect Ellen was in the picture because she was born the following July. Notice that Don is in this picture. He so often took pictures and didn't get in many. We have lost him, too. Notice no braids. Dottie was in some spiffy outfit and Ruthie still has a home-made creation. All the time we wore mother's designs, we thought they were pretty good.

1.



2.



3.



This is a collection of pictures we put together during an October, 2000 visit with Bruce and Joanie. The picture at the piano came up in conversation and then we found it and the others. There are other collections of pictures around that you have that can bring up fond memories, I bet. Keep talking about them with each other so the stories continue.

1. A good one of Jim and Marcie and Linda at two? Maybe.
2. Dottie and Ruthie at the piano that was so important to Granny Mac because it came from her childhood home. It weighed a ton and was hard to even give away when the time came to break up her household.
3. Pop looking proud, as he often did. Looks good, doesn't he?
4. Mother in one of her best poses. Notice the Eastern Star and Past Matron pin on her dress. That organization doesn't have much meaning for folks now, but it was important to them.
5. Pop and Mother and Linda standing on the stump in front of the Schaller house.
6. Sweet picture of Bruce, Ruthie, Ellen, Margaret and Dottie singing and playing at that piano. Notice the picture of Christ on the wall and the big wooden door. The big doors got closed in the winter time to save on heat. The picture of Christ was in my house for a long time until I started passing things out. Nancy, don't you have this?
7. I think this was taken when Bruce was getting ready to go to Korea after basic training. It may have been just before going to California to wait for the Korea assignment. It was pretty typical to take pictures in front of the big blue spruce in the back yard. Or in the front yard, as you have probably noticed.
8. This is cute of Margaret and Don and Ellen and Jim. They are sitting on the old couch folded down. I bet I slept there while all the company was home. It was in the dining room! Is that a playpen on the right? It took a lot packing and hauling stuff to come visit but the kids all did it. There were many special times when we all stuffed into that funny old house with a not so nice bathroom.



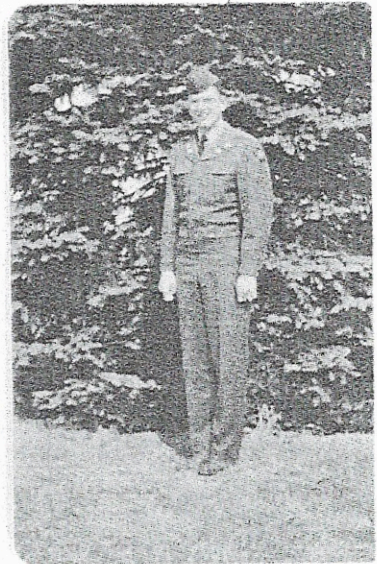
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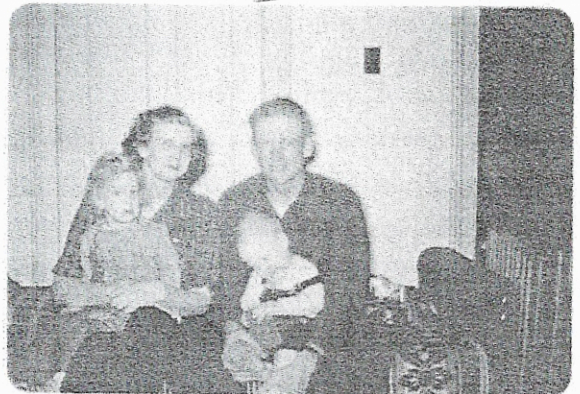
6.



7.



8.



4.

The happy picture at the top of this page is a favorite because of all the smiles. But it is sad, too, because Marcella, Jim's first wife between Pop and Ruthie, died later of breast cancer. The picture was taken in front of the Schaller house where Pop and mother lived for a long time.

The picture captioned Nov. 1962 shows Pop and all his grandchildren at the time except one. On the left, Jimmy Miller, then Ellen Miller (Kohtz), Pop, Linda McQuigg (Thoma) and in front, Nancy McQuigg, now in New York, and Mary Margaret Miller (Wennerstrum).

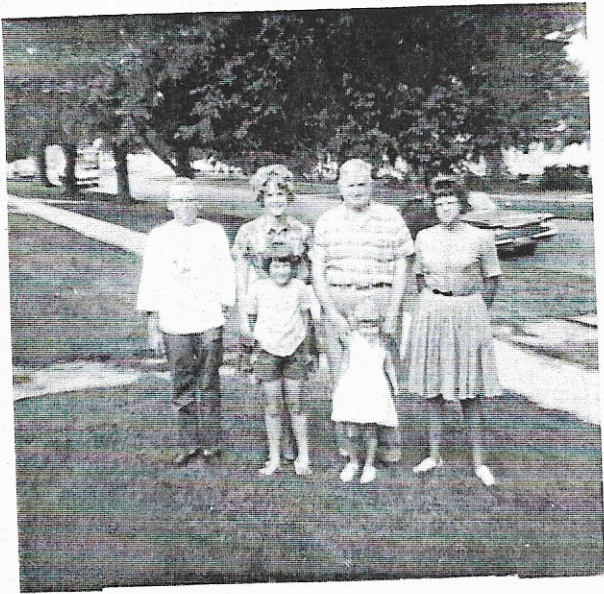
The picture of Mother and Pop in 1956 was taken in their Schaller home where, we notice, they had a parakeet. This would have been one year after Bruce and Joanie were married.

The grand-child missing from the Nov. 1962 picture above was of course, Susie McQuigg, who was born in 1961 in Bloomington, Indiana. To the right, the folks and Jimmy Miller, now of Ames and father of a little boy, D. J. and two step children.

Jim Miller
 Ellen Miller
 Pop
 Linda
 McQuigg
 Nancy McQuigg
 Mary Miller



← Dottie
 Margaret
 Pop
 Marcelle
 Ruthie



NOV 1962



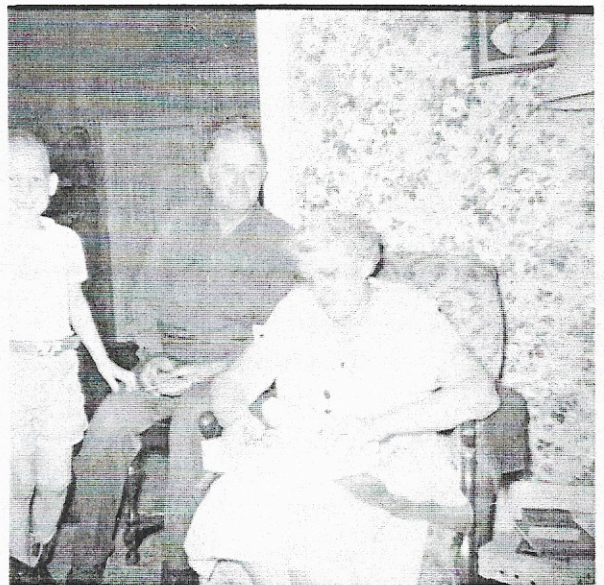
DEC 1956



NOV 1962

Susie
 McQuigg

Jim
 Miller



Here, outside the Schaller house, is much of the McQuigg family at one of the frequent visits to the folks, along with some other relatives. In the back row, Mother, then Pop, then Bruce holding Craig Carver, the son of Ruth and Lowell. (Ruth Eels was the daughter of mother's half-sister and Harry Eels, a professor at Iowa State Teachers College in Cedar Falls. Their other son, LeClair, was a professor at Notre Dame) Margaret is next, then Ruth whose husband Lowell was a professor at Iowa State University --- and he is probably taking the picture. Their daughter Jane is in the front row, with Ruthie and Dottie next, the seated, Grandpa Gould, and finally his wife, Minnie (who we always called "Aunt Minnie.") Brother Jim must have been away in the service; he went into the Air Force in 1941 and was in Europe for many years.)

The picture on the bottom of the page is a favorite of Mother and Pop. The sun is out, the hollyhocks and other flowers are in bloom, and they look happy. They had some wonderful years after leaving what amounted to the servitude of Bert's Rininger's farm for which we are all thankful.

Granny Mae Grandpa Pop Bruce holding Craig Fels Margaret

Outside Schaller House



Ruth Fels & cousin

Sane Fels Dolcie & Ruthie Grandpa Gould Minnie his 3rd wife



Granny Mac was a school cook
in the late 50's and into the 60's.
These ladies really cooked!!



These three ladies, Mother, Mrs. Kotz, and Mrs. Brown cooked up a storm at the Schaller school for a number of years. Mother enjoyed this work very much and the contact with school teachers and children. She also cooked for a time at a small hospital just north of her house. When mother was a young woman she gave piano lessons driving her Buick all around the countryside. Quite daring for a woman of her times. She didn't play much in later years and she gave up singing. That was sad because when she would play and sing it was beautiful. She and Pop both had lovely voices and sang in lots of choirs.

Mother stayed in the big house in Schaller for a number of years after Pop's death, but reached the place where she need a smaller space to care for. (One time, when Bruce and Joan came from Colorado to see her she said "You will sleep in the middle bedroom upstairs; I think it is made up, I haven't been upstairs since you left after Christmas." And another time she said --- at Easter --- "Brucie, will you take down that little tree in the living room? I closed off that room after Christmas and haven't been in there since." Here was a tiny little tree, with not one needle remaining, leaning precariously to one side, with pitiful little ornaments hanging on for dear life. An unforgettable moment. Among many.

The pictures were taken when we were moving the stuff out of the folks' big house and helping mother settle in her neat little apartment on the east side of Schaller. (Only one dramatic moment --- we were trying to save trips down those narrow stairs and she caught us throwing a few things out of the upstairs window into the waiting truck.)

The newest member (then) of the family was Paul who is shown after rescuing Bruce's little pink teddy bear from being thrown away. (The bear, now 73+ years old, sits in a little chair in Bruce and Joanie's kitchen.)

Moving
Granny Mac
from her
house in
Schaller to
her nifty
little apartment.
She loved it there.



How old were you, Paul?

