

MORE DATA ON MELVA CURRENT HESS FAMILY

Melva and Frank made their home on a farm about six miles west of Macon, Missouri, until 1901, when they purchased a farm in Davis County, Iowa. Here they made one of the most beautiful homes in the County with its many improvements and beautiful orchards. This was to be their home until shortly before Melva, (our mother) passed away.

Following are some excerpts from some of her writings done while she was visiting her daughter Ollie in Atlantic, Iowa, in early 1950, a few months before her death. Let's listen to a voice of the past:

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I do not remember anything that happened before I was five years old. I was very ill on my fifth birthday, and I remember when I began to improve and Mother would put blankets and pillows in the big chair, and place the chair before the fireplace, and the brightly burning fire looked so beautiful. When I would begin to get tired, she or one of my sisters would carry me back to bed, and I would cry softly because I had to go back.

The next thing I so distinctly remember was sitting at Mothers feet while she was quilting, or picking wool, or any work that she could sit down to do.

My youngest sister Bertha was born when I was seven years old, and Mother let me rock her, and that was heaven to me. She was such a doll, and so pretty.

Then when I was seven and one-half years old I had to start to school, and how I dreaded it. It meant a five mile walk every day that I went. I was so tired of evenings, and I didn't like my teacher - a Mr. Payton. He was good, and tall and handsome, but I was afraid of him.

Shortly before I was eleven years old, our little Bertha died and for a number of years I looked, or seemed to be looking for her. She never came back.

In my twelfth year Mother was thrown from a wagon onto the frozen ground, and her arm was broken. I was the eldest daughter at home, and my days at school were over. I had to do the work and take care of Mother. I was glad to do it, for we were pals, and she had taken care of me. She was never well after her fall from the wagon. I would cry when she suffered so much. Poor Mother.

There are a lot of things I recall like the night we went to camp meeting. We had to ford the Chariton River for there were no bridges. We were in the spring wagon, and it was such a dark night. It had been raining, but we were not aware that the river had risen until we drove into it and the horses started swimming. What a frightening experience, but we got across safely.

Father Current raised a lot of cattle, and had dug a very large and deep pond. My brothers liked to go boating on the pond. One day I, with some of my sisters went along with them. One of my sisters became frightened and caused the boat to overturn.

My half-sister Nancy landed on top of me, and since I could not swim, I almost drowned before my brothers could get me out. I was always afraid of the water after that.

Then there was the time Mother was standing on the porch in her bare feet, and she was bitten on the toe by a rattlesnake. I quickly sucked the poison out of her toe so the bite would not be fatal. There were lots of rattlesnakes and water moccasins as we lived close to the river.

One very important event happened when I was eighteen years old. One beautiful spring day I met my future husband. It was Saturday. I had started to my sister Rinda's to spend the night, and as it was a long walk, (a little more than four miles) I stopped at a little country store to rest and get a drink.

There was a handsome young man in the store. The merchant, a young man himself, introduced this Mr. Hess - my future husband - to me. Mr. Hess was just old-fashioned enough that he shook hands with me, and every time I glanced at him he was looking at me, and finally said, "How is walking?". His eyes were such good, honest, beautiful eyes, and his manner that of a gentleman.

I was very timid and backward, and when I went out this young man soon followed me. He seemed to want to talk. We learned each others names, and as I had always said my husband's name must be Frank, and since this mans name was Frank, the thought flashed my mind that perhaps this is my Frank, and what a beautiful name.

When I started on he asked me if I would ride with him, and as I hesitated, not knowing just what to say, he assured me he was a Christian, and a gentleman in every way. And he was sure I was a nice girl. Then he told me he had been looking for me for a long time, told me I was so pretty in my white dress. I was dressed in a new white Indian Head Linen dress with broad sash, white broad brimmed hat, and black side buttoned shoes.

He seemed to forget all about his relatives he planned to visit, and accepted my sisters invitation to stay all night. Next day he took me home, and again at the invitation of my family, he stayed all night. And when he left next day, he said he would be back some time soon, and sometime he would come and take me home with him.

Our short courtship went on very smoothly as far as Frank and I were concerned, with never a single quarrel or disagreement. We felt so secure in our love for each other, and we had set the day for our wedding, and then as the day grew near I realized it was going to be hard to leave Mother. She was so dear to me. I know now it must have been much harder for her than for me. How lonely she must have felt when I bid her goodbye.

On a Sunday, November 6, 1898, we were married at home at one o'clock in the afternoon, with the Rev. James A. Sneed of Clarence, Missouri, performing the ceremony in the presence of a few friends and relatives. After which a bountiful dinner was

served, prepared by Mother and my two sisters, Merinda and Addie.

Those present for the wedding were Father and Mother Current, Mr. and Mrs. John Eason and daughter Millie, Mr. and Mrs. William Lucas and two daughters, Ethel and Clara, Mr. and Mrs. William Current and two sons Martin and Arthur, Mrs. Emma Current and four sons, Willie, Sammy, Earnest and Earl. Lewis, Leonard, George and Nora Current and Grandma Small, a friend of the family, and Rev. James A. Sneed, and of course the Bride and Bridegroom, now Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hess. In the evening we all went to church and received congratulations from many of my friends.

My wedding dress was a dove color silk, trimmed in beautiful wide cream color lace. It fit perfectly. I wore black shoes. Frank was dressed rather expensively in a brown suit, brown tie, white shirt and brown shoes. For going away we wore our wedding clothes and I wore a dove color hat and gloves, and a black coat. Frank wore a brown topcoat and brown hat and gloves.

Next day we bid my family goodbye, and it was pretty hard to do. When it came to Mother, Frank took her hand and said, "Goodbye Mother, I will take good care of Melva". Then my brother took us to Queen City to board the train for Macon County, Missouri, to the home of Father and Mother Hess. Some of the sisters were there, and they had a lovely dinner prepared for the new married couple.

Sometime in the afternoon, we went to see our home that Frank had rented and partly furnished shortly after our first meeting. Sister Mary went with us. That was where we were to begin our life together. We went back after looking around over the house. It was pretty nice to have the house even partly furnished, and we then took some things that Mother Hess gave us, and returned to the rented farm for the night. They charivariated us that night.

Next morning we got up at four o'clock, and Frank went to his father's place to milk. I got breakfast and waited two hours for him to come. At our first meal he returned thanks to God for the blessings of life.

We moved the cows and all the stock to our home. He had twelve cows, sixteen hogs and four hens, several tons of hay and one hundred bushel of corn, twenty acres of timber land, and four horses. I had plenty of bed clothes and pillows, a trunk full of notions, a pony, and twenty acres of land. Mother Hess gave us things to eat until we could get started. She was such a good soul. She and Father Hess were born and raised in Germany, and talked real Dutchy. Frank idolized his Mother, and she was so proud of him - she missed him so much when he moved away.

Frank and I were so happy, and not a care in the world. I did not have much schooling, but I did know how to cook and work at different kinds of work. We were devoted to each other, and got along so nicely. He was a loving husband, and always working at something.

The first winter I made quilts and did my sewing. He made props and hauled them to Bevier. When it wasn't too cold I went to the timber and helped him saw down trees and make props. We sold them for 75¢ per hundred. This doesn't mean that we worked in the timber all the time, for there were days that Frank and his Dad worked in the sawmill, and I cooked for hands. And one day we butchered eight hogs with brother Dave's help. Butchered hogs were three cents per pound, and on foot they were 2½¢ per pound. After we got through, Frank took the hogs to the Butcher Shop at Bevier.

It was soon Christmas time - our first Christmas together. We went to the program at the Evangelical Church one night, and to the Methodist Church the next night. It was sure nice to have a way to go. We went to Church on Christmas, as it was Sunday, and took dinner with Father and Mother Hess as we usually did on Sunday.

Frank gave me material for a dress for my present, and I knit him some double thread mittens and a pair of wristlets, blue and red checked, for his present. They were the first home-made knit mittens he had ever had. My mother had taught me how to spin yarn and knit. The yarn that I used to make his presents was some of my own spinning.

My first company for dinner, after we set up housekeeping, was on Thanksgiving, two and one-half weeks after our marriage. Mary Thompson and all her family unexpectedly came at almost dinner time. It was rather hard to get dinner for so many with such a few dishes. If they thought I could not cook, they were mistaken, for I had cooked for my Mother's family of seven for the past five years. My only trouble was not having enough dishes and cooking utensils. Frank noticed my embarrassment, and we went to Macon the next day and got the things most needed. His was a large family, and I had plenty of big meals to get.

When the New Year began, we went on working like two troopers and just as happy as larks. One day I was melting snow to get nice water to wash with, and I lost my wedding ring. All else stopped short, and we hunted ever so long, but failed to find it. Of course I cried. Four days later I heard Frank calling "Dear, come quick". He had found my ring. We were so happy, and the tears stopped. I wish I could find something now fifty-one years later to stop my tears.

There were many things that came up to discourage us, but we refused to be very discouraged. We put in our crop, and we raised the finest garden we had ever seen. Frank plowed it and I did the rest.

Then on August 20th. my darling was taken down very sick with high fever. I worked with him for some time, and he got worse fast. Then I got frightened, and called the doctor. He soon got the fever under control, but on Sunday Mary thought he should have more to eat, and she cooked a chicken and gave him a wing when I thought he must have only the broth. He soon got worse,

and I thought we were going to lose him. I called the Doctor again, and when he found out what he had eaten, I never got a worse scolding in my life, and Mary stood there and heard what the Doctor said, and let me take the blame, and I took it, but I never forgave her. Frank said after that, he wanted me and me alone to take care of him. I was right with him all the time until the 30th. of August, when I told him I would have to stop caring for him and give birth to our son. He cried this time, but it was soon over, and we had a daughter, not a son. But we were highly pleased anyway. We both got up about the same time, two weeks later, and were very happy that God had been so good to us, and let us both live. Frank had Typhus Malaria Fever, and it was almost a miracle that he was getting well. Also we had our baby.

She was such a darling sweet little doll, and she made our love for each other greater if that were possible. Anyway, we were just one happy little family, only I wasn't a christian at this time and felt myself incapable of raising my child as she should be raised. But Frank had great faith in my ability to raise her, for he said, "You are good, why shouldn't she grow up to be good too!" His confidence bolstered me up to doing my best.

We slowly grew better, but had lots of company. John, Rinda and Millie came for a few days. Then Lewis and Willie. The extra work was hard on me. Some of Frank's family were constantly there. Then to top everything Dave and Manda with their three children came and stayed for a week.

Time went on, and one day when I had to get dinner for hands because it was a day at the mill again, I said to Frank "While you finish breakfast I will run to the well and carry plenty of water so I won't have to leave baby." The well was an open top, and almost full of water. There was thin ice on top of the water, and two big snakes stuck to it. Of course I didn't get any water carried, and Frank fished the snakes out, and then he went to his fathers to get water. The filthy water, even though it looked alright was no doubt the cause of his sickness.

It's November again, the month of our marriage. I got a little extra for dinner, and Frank prayed so beautifully, thanked God for the past years blessings, thanked Him for the privilege of having a good wife and pretty baby, and that we were both improving in health. And I felt grateful too, that I had such a good, precious wonderful husband. No one can ever know what an inspiration he was to me, and how I looked to him for guidance and love. It was good to be alive and happy and contented.

Before the month of November had gone, something else had happened that made us both very happy. On the 19th. of November 1899, during a revival meeting that we had attended every night, I accepted Christ as my very own Saviour. I had wanted, oh so much, to be a Christian, but was so confused as to just how it all came about, but Jesus said "Ye must be born again", and when I fully understood that much, I knew all I had to do was to confess Him as my own personal Saviour, and he would do the rest. I later united with the Evangelical Church, and we were one happy family.

The next week we drove the team back to my home to visit my family. Baby was tired and cried some as it had been a long trip. We tried to see all my folks, and we were there one week, and were tired of visiting and anxious to get back home. Our darling baby was glad to get back to her own home-made cradle. We had our Thanksgiving dinner at my Mother's this time.

Christmas would soon be here again, and we had a lot of work to do. One day the men were working at the sawmill. I was always uneasy when they were at the Mill because one of my brothers had been killed two years before this when the steam boiler had burst at his mill. Suddenly, at eleven o'clock, while I was getting dinner, I heard a terrible noise. It shook the house. I thought, Oh my! I wonder if my darling Frank has been killed. I ran to the porch, but could see no disturbance at the Mill, and soon I heard the saw running, so I knew the loud report did not come from there, and I thanked God over and over for His watchful care over us. The men had heard the explosion above the noise of the Mill, and came home early. We later heard it was a long tailed meteor that had fallen from the skies, or heavens, and had burst in the air. If I remember right, it was two hundred miles from us. It had set the grass on fire over a wide area, but because of the dampness, the fire had gone out. But windows were shattered for many miles around in all directions.

Christmas is here again, and entertainments to attend. We never failed to attend all Church activities without something came up to prevent our going. There are rattle boxes and other toys, for our darling baby is almost four months old now, and beginning to take things in those sweet little hands, and her Daddy has discovered she has two little teeth, and he coaxes her to smile, seemingly just to look at her pretty teeth. He addresses himself to her as Papa, and seems so proud of her. We call her Angelie Etholin.

Frank bought a nice book for my Christmas present this time, "The Spanish American War", I loved the book so much, but years after this, it burned when our house burned.

In January 1900, because the owners of the farm would not clean out the well, we moved into the two front rooms of Father and Mother Hess' house, and Frank farmed for them, and worked in the mill a good share of the time. I had my garden, and then helped Mother Hess with her garden and other work, besides doing the sewing for both families.

At the end of the year 1899 and the beginning of 1900, there were many people who were looking for Our Lord's second coming, and because of this there were several people committed suicide. I wrote to my Mother about it, and she said that Christ would not appear at His second coming before the year 1945, but according to the scriptures, He could come any time after this date. As I write this it is the year 1950, and the world still stands, and I, for one, have no fear of His second coming, for by His help I shall be ready.

In the month of April, 1900, we had a hard windstorm. The wind blew so hard there was much damage to buildings, and at Kirksville, Missouri, a town forty miles from us, the town was almost destroyed. And again in May they had another tornado, and finished the town, as well as killing many people. Several people, when they heard and saw the second storm coming, were so frightened they committed suicide, and again it was prophesied that the year 1900 would bring Christ's coming.

Time went on. We worked and got along so nicely. While there were difficulties and hard places, there wasn't anything that was too hard for either of us to do for the other. One day I left Angelie with Mother Hess while I went with sister Mary to pick gooseberries. We didn't find many berries, but I must have found plenty of poison ivy, for next morning, or even before morning, I was broke out all over. Even my eyes were swollen shut. Frank left me with Mother Hess while he went to Dr. Roland at Bevier to get something to kill the poison. It almost killed me, and it was a long time before my eyes cleared up.

When Angelie was ten months old she stood alone one day and we were all so happy. Even Grandpa Hess took notice and began taking notice of her. He was so shaky we were afraid he would drop her when he would pick her up. Mother Hess could handle her a lot better than he could, or so I thought. She began to talk or say a few words when she was a year old. Grandpa liked to teach her to say things, and the more ridiculous things were, the better he liked it. I had to watch those things so carefully, for I did not want her to do or say things to cast reflection on our good name, for next to Frank himself, I was proud of the good name he gave me, or I should perhaps say the name he shared with me.

He spoiled our baby tho by petting her and loving her so much. When he would come in, she dropped everything else until she had her play with him. She was the pride of our home. Now that she was a year old, and was walking and talking, she seemed to grow so fast, and was such a darling. She looked so pretty in her little dresses that I made for her. And oh, I'm just about to forget to tell you that the first spring after we were married we got a nice new drop-head Arlington sewing machine, and I made all her first clothes on it. And now when she was a year old I was still making all kinds of pretty clothes like I used to make for my dolls, or my one doll. Strange to say, our baby did not like dolls, but she did love Daddy and Mother.

Frank and I never forgot our wedding anniversaries. We spent our second wedding anniversary at home. I always got a little extra for dinner in honor of the day.

Christmas was always such a short time after our wedding day, we could almost celebrate both days together. We lived for each other. I had never known that life could mean so much, or be so beautiful and happy. So much in life, and yet I had not given much thought to marriage, or what a loving husband and home could mean. Just why wasn't everyone happy and contented like Frank and I were. I would day-dream, and then sometimes I would get the blues so bad because I could not see Mother and show her my baby and how she had grown.

I had, or rather we had gotten her picture taken when she was six months old, and weighed twenty pounds, and sent one to Mother. But that was only a picture, and nothing like holding a darling baby and loving them up tight. I would take her and go out where Frank was working every time I had a little spare time. How we both loved the little thing.

Time went on, and before we hardly realized it, we were having our second wedding anniversary. How happy we had been all these two years together. There were often very rough places we had to meet, but they were soon forgotten.

One day in December 1900, Frank said he would go to Kansas to look for a farm to buy. How I did hate to have him leave me. He hated to go too, but said he would not be gone long. He went on Monday and got home on Wednesday, and I will never forget how his beautiful brown eyes shown out with great pleasure and happiness at being home again. He gathered baby and me in his arms and kissed us over and over.

Some days later, Frank, baby and I came to my Fathers for a short visit, and came on across the Iowa-Missouri line in January of 1901, and bought our present farm. There was a little house 14 by 20 feet, and it looked so almost beyond repair, but we made a neat little home out of it, and moved in the 9th. of February, 1901. There was also a small barn and corn crib. It was home to us tho, just so we were together. Frank's parents and his brother George, were very ugly about us leaving them, but we wanted our own home. When we moved to this farm where we were to spend almost 49 years of our life together, we had three horses, four cows, and a few chickens, besides a lot of faith in our ability to work things out.

The years 1901 and 1902 were pretty rough years for us. Frank and baby were never hungry, but I would deny myself in order that they could have plenty, and I was often hungry. Frank was a good farmer, and we raised the best crops of anyone for miles around us. Our success in making our payments on our farm made some of the neighbors jealous, but we have gone on in spite of all persecutions. It took us seventeen years to pay for the farm, and build.

In 1903, in the month of November, we were looking for another baby, and of course, it must be a boy this time. And would you know now, that when the time arrived, the 4th. of November, it was not only a boy, but a boy and a girl - twins. I could hardly believe my own eyes. I cried, for I couldn't quite see how I could take care of two babies, but my dear Frank kept telling me not to cry, that he would help me, and he did, as well as any mother could have done. Bless his good heart - he was always willing to help me with our babies. Rollie and Ollie, we named them. He was so proud of them, and they loved him.

In the summer of 1904, after the crops were planted and tended, threshing and all done, we began building our new seven room house, and finished it and moved in the 14th. day of November, when our twins were one year and ten days old. We were almost lost in our nice big house. That created a lot more jealousy. Some were so mean as to tattle around that "The Hesses must be getting ready for more twins." Well, we took their persecutions and said nothing, because "If God be for us, who can be against

We worked too hard. In 1905 we got quite a blow, and one that wasn't soon shaken off. I began coughing, and nothing seemed to do any good. We went to Dr. Ware at Moulton. He said I had tuberculosis, and at best could not live more than three months. We went from his office to that of Dr. Printz. He told us the same, almost word for word, and said only fresh air would do me any good.

Frank and I both said I just had to live to raise the little children, and we took my case to God. For two years it seemed almost a hopeless fight. Then the cough seemed to be not so often. I had gone to the field every day that was fit to be out, and I slept with windows open every night. I also kept turpentine and lard on my lungs all the time until at the end of two years, every time I would cough I could taste turpentine. I was getting better.

On August 26th. 1908, our fourth baby was born. A darling little girl we called Letha Mae. But she was born with what was then called yellow jaundice. Today she would have been termed an RH baby. She stayed with us only a few days. We had to give her up September 8th. and what a blow it was. Services for her were held in the parlor of our beautiful new home, and since I was not able to be up yet, my sister Amanda stayed with me while she was being laid away in our family lot at the Coatesville, Missouri, cemetery.

In September 1909 we built our barn - a 30x40 building. It still stands good and straight here in 1950. Frank was a carpenter, and built all our buildings, and we had many buildings - the best improved place in the neighborhood. There were orchards east and west of the house, and also an orchard where our first house stood. So there was always plenty of fruit, and always a big garden. There was a cellar under the kitchen made of native stone. It was always such a nice cool place, and the shelves were filled with canned stuff we had raised, and the bins were filled with potatoes and apples. Then there were big stone jars filled with vegetables and butter which was put in brine, and kept for use during the times we could not have fresh butter.

In November of 1909 Mother Hess passed away, and in February of 1910 my Father passed away. Father had been working in the timber, and a tree had fallen and had struck him on the foot. Blood poisoning set in, and he suffered terribly for several days. He is buried in the Jimtown Cemetery.

After Father's death, Mother Current lived among her children. She was such a dear, good soul, and the children loved her so much. And Frank and I were delighted to have her with us.

Our farm originally consisted of one hundred acres. We had bought it from one John Burgher, a large land owner, for \$30.00 per acre. The school was just a stone's throw away, and the County had wanted to put a road up to the school, but Mr. Burgher did not want his land divided, so he had dug a big pond in order to stop the road going through. A road was later put through so that it passed the school house, and our new house -

the road running along the south edge of our farm for the next half-mile. A few years later we bought another forty acres from Court Frakes - a neighbor on our east. So now we had 140 acres of land, and we loved every bit of it. Our bountiful crop of corn we had raised our first year was sold for ten cents a bushel.

Our nearest town was Coatesville, Missouri. This is where we bought our groceries and other things we needed. At one time Coatesville was quite a thriving town. Back in the 1860's a gentleman by the name of Coates came over to survey and plan the layout of a town. The surveyor did such a remarkable job that the inhabitants of the proposed town decided to name it in honor of the surveyor - namely Coatesville. It was located in Missouri, just across the Iowa-Missouri line, so there were many incidents - some of them major ones that took place there. Many fights and killings were committed, for it was easy to cross the State line into Iowa, and safety.

The story is told of an incident that happened in 1880. A boy by the name of McGoldrick went with his father to a "pole raising" at Coatesville. In those days Coatesville was quite a city. As they were standing on the street, two men came out of a Drug Store. The drug stores were pretty much saloons in those days. One man stepped down off the high board walk into the street. Another man came running after him, jumped off the walk onto him and cut his throat. He died there in the street. This was pioneer history in the making.

At one time the town had two banks, two blacksmith shops, five grocery and general merchandise stores, two garages, one hotel, an opera house, a drug store, and a doctors office. The doctor, by the way, was Dr. Heaton, a Centerville resident. Dr. Heaton got his start in Coatesville. There were also two churches - the Baptist and the Holiness. Both were strong churches, and were always filled for the services and at the revival meetings there would many times not be standing room. And what wonderful meetings we did have, with most everyone going to both churches. I never remember anyone except Bro. W. B. Stevens preaching at the Holiness church. He had known me since I was a little girl, and he visited in our home many, many times. He was a wonderful man of God. There were many pastors at the Baptist Church - among them Bro. Frank Garr and Bro. Lester Burgher.

There was also a grade school and a high school in Coatesville. How nice it was to hear the school bell tolling each day calling the children to their classes, and to hear the church bell every Sunday morning and evening.

The main line of the Wabash Railroad ran through the town, and it was a very busy road - there being around ten passenger trains a day, and many, many freight trains. Many carloads of cattle and other stock was shipped from the Coatesville stockyards. Frank quite often shipped a carload of stock to St. Louis, riding in the Caboose. It must have been very tiresome, but he never complained. There was also a good sized depot at Coatesville, with a full time agent. The Wabash roundhouse was located at Moulton, Iowa, seven miles away. At one time seventy-nine men were employed by the Wabash - fifty in the roundhouse, and twenty-nine in the car department.

For a number of years Sunday School and church services were held at the Central schoolhouse, where I had the privilege of leading the song services. Since we lived between the railroad and the schoolhouse, we saw many hoboes and tramps trekking their way in the evening from the railroad to the schoolhouse, and the next morning we would see them wending their way back toward the railroad. Usually they would stop to beg food. I never refused them food.

In January of 1913, Father Hess passed away. He and Mother Hess are buried at Bevier, Missouri. And in May of 1913, my dear Mother passed away. She had been so very ill for many weeks at the home of my sister Rinda in Ottumwa. Her funeral services were held at the Holiness Church in Coatesville, and she was laid to rest in our lot of the Coatesville Cemetery. It was such a rainy day we could hardly make it to the cemetery. Mother had been persuaded during her illness, to join the Mormon church, and so they had charge of her funeral. I was so hurt by all this - there were so many Elders. After the funeral Frank took them to the Hotel and bought their meal for them before they returned to Ottumwa. And here I am almost forgetting to say too, that May 9th, 1913, two days after my dear Mother was laid away, I came down with measles and pneumonia at the same time. And also that I had pneumonia in the winter of 1900. My darling husband say by my bedside three nights and three days, and brought me safely through, better than any nurse could have done. We had measles through all of May and part of June, and from that time on my lungs got better. But now when I am almost seventy years old, they are full of tissue scars, and I am sick. I'm so weak this 6th. day of February, 1950, I may never get my story written. When God took my darling from me on October 22, 1949, my whole heart went with him. May God bless his memory. My life is so empty without him, but I feel myself getting weaker every moment, so must try to go on with my story.

My darling loved our twins - Rollie and Ollie - just as dearly as we loved Angelie, but I was so sick I couldn't lavish so much love on them, and because of the nature of my ailment I had to be so careful, but we both loved them very dearly. And now in 1914 they are all growing up. Angelie is fifteen, and the twins are eleven. In the fall of this year they were all three converted, and began their Christian life. We were so pleased about it, and could see more and more that it pays to serve Jesus. We had a pretty big job though, helping them to live their life for Jesus.

In August 1913, we bought our first car - a Reo - and the first car in our neighborhood. People said we were trying to show off. In the year 1916 we bought our second car - a new Studebaker, and oh, what a howl. The men that Satan had raised up to persecute us to death began asking "Where do they get their money?" One thing sure, we did not inherit it.

In 1916 our little Angelie began to date the boys. We were deeply grieved over this for we felt she was far too young, but we could not get her to see it.

In 1917 we were so sure that we could make our last payment on the farm, but in that we failed. But the next year we did make it, and bought another one hundred acres which almost broke us up later on.

Angelie was married to Carl Marshall on January 5th. 1918. Home was never quite the same afterward. In the summer, or rather the fall of this same year, the first World War ended. We heard the whistles blowing at four o'clock on the morning of November 11th. and my darling said "Dear, I just bet the war is over." We got right up to see if we could hear more about it by telephone, and sure enough that was what had happened. We were so glad it was all over.

Frank was seriously sick too, in August of this year, with a throat gland abscess way down deep. The Doctor told me I should not leave him for one moment for he could easily choke to death when the abscess would break. Of course, he was not left alone, and it was well he wasn't, for he choked until black in the face, and I thought he was gone, but by working hard and fast we saved him. This was his second spell of serious sickness since our marriage. Bless his good heart - I couldn't let him go. It was some time though before he was able to work very much. Then that same fall we built a nice house on the hundred acre farm, and Angelie and her husband moved in to help us with the work.

We worked awful hard, much too hard, and one day while at the dinner table, Frank told me of a plan he had in mind. We talked about it a little while, and then I said "Well Dear, I am sorry, but I will have to refuse this time for that would ruin us both financially." This was the summer of 1919. He got angry enough to scold me a little for the first time in all our married life. I was simply killed over it, and he was hurt because it was the first time I had ever refused to help him in any of our dealings. He finished eating and got up and went out instead of resting a little while. I followed him out to the barn, and we sat down to talk things over. He finally said he guessed I was right, and it proved in a few years that I had been right. Then he thanked me over and over for my firmness. All was soon over, and if possible we loved each other more because we were able with Gods help to work things out.

In 1920 we worked harder than ever. We had a big debt, and it must be paid. Buying another farm meant many hours of hard work, and much self-denial. We had just gotten our home paid for, after seventeen years of hard work and sacrifice, and it would have been so nice to be free of debt. But because we loved Angelie so much, and because her health was in jeopardy while living in Ottumwa, we wanted to offer her a better home and healthier atmosphere.

In 1921 we were to become grandparents. The 20th. of August rolled around, and after a hard struggle, Angelie gave birth to an eight pound son. They named him Lowell Eugene. Now Frank and I had another big job. We must help to bring him up

to be a soldier of the cross. That was the thing we always thought of first. We were proud of our little boy. In 1922 he was walking and talking some. He was the pet of the whole family.

We raised a bountiful crop in 1923 and 1924, and by careful living were getting along fairly well with all our financial problems.

In 1925, a second son - Lyle Carl - was born to Angelie, and of course we loved him, and gave him the same careful care we had the first grandson.

In May of that year I was almost killed when grinding feed for the poultry. The belt on the motor came off, and while trying to correct it, I became entangled, and was thrown into some heavy aluminum kettles we were using. I had five ribs broken, and many bruises. Ollie was helping me, and she quickly called Frank from the barn, and they got me into the house, and after binding a towel around me tightly to ease the pain, got me into bed. But I suffered terribly, and it has always hurt me.

In February of 1927, after finishing her College Course, the year before, our little Ollie went to Shenandoah, Iowa, to start her work in life with the Henry Field Seed Company. Then Rollie was the only one of our three children at home. I cried for months - we missed Ollie so. There was no one to help me with my work now, and since I seemed to be ailing all the time, the work was too much for me. But she had been there only a month when she began singing on the radio, and how nice it was to hear her sweet voice. In the summer of 1927 Ollie came home on vacation, and Frank and I decided to drive her back to Shenandoah in our new Nash car we had just bought. But it was a terrible trip. We had gone only a few miles when it started raining. We debated turning back, but kept thinking we would surely run out of it farther on, but not so. We had rain all the way. Frank stopped near Promise City and put on the chains. You see there was not much paving yet - most of the roads were dirt, and the trip was very hard on both Frank and the new car. But Frank was a good and careful driver, and we made it safely.

In 1927, my oldest sister Amanda died at Milo, Iowa. We drove to Milo for her funeral. In 1928 my sister Rinda died in Ogden, Utah. We were not able to go to her funeral. She is buried in Ogden. A death in the family was always such a shock.

In 1929 the depression had started, and the prices of farm products went to nothing. Then we realized we would perhaps lose the farm we had purchased in 1918. My Darling and I felt so bad about it. We had worked so hard, and had paid \$12,000 in principal and interest. The interest was raised on us, and after making another thousand dollar payment in 1930, we just had to quit and let the farm go.

In February of 1931 Rollie was married. What a blow to both

of us. And they in May of 1932 Ollie was married. Another hard blow. We both wanted the children to marry and have homes of their own, but we were back now right where we started, and felt so lonely.

Guess I'm about to forget to mention Angelie's third baby. Edith Lorene was born April 5, 1930. A little girl this time, and such a pretty little thing. We were so proud of her, and loved her and gave her the same tender care we had given to the boys. When she was seventeen months old a rattlesnake struck at her just as I grabbed her in my arms. How it did frighten me.

1932 brought other grief too. There were those who, because of the depression and hard times, thought it would be a good time to let the devil work through them to hurt us, even though we hadn't done them any harm. They gave us plenty of trouble. We could trust God though, even though the hardships continued into 1933.

August 9th. 1933 found us with another little granddaughter, Letha Melvalene. Our Angelia now had four children. A nice little family we thought, and we were perfectly willing to help them. We dearly loved every one of them.

Time goes on, and 1934 rolls around - one of the worst years we had ever seen. We planted our crops as usual, and then it got so hot and dry we didn't raise a bite of anything. The stock were starving for food and water. It was almost too hot to breathe. From the 90's in the shade the temperature climbed to one hundred and ten, and remained there for fifteen days until the eleventh of August my Darling and Grandson Lowell were trying to sleep on the front porch on the south side of the house. About midnight I felt a little breeze come in my north bedroom window. I ran to tell them. They came in, and we thanked God for even a little breeze. It sprinkled rain just a little, and from that time on it was live-able again.

The next year was also a poor crop year, but we did raise a little something. But our nice shade trees finished dying from the burn-up they got in 1934. But 1936 brought another year almost as bad as 1934. Not so hot and dry for so long, but we failed to raise anything.

Also in 1936 Rollie and wife became the parents of a little baby girl - Melvalene Aerial. We were grandparents now for the fifth time. We felt like we must be getting old, and of course we were.

We raised a very good crop in 1937, but the depression had changed things. We had lost so much, and it was hard to come back. Had we been younger it would not have been so bad, but now we were tired, and it was not so easy.

On March 10, 1937, Angelie gave us another grandson - Loran Aubrey. This was to be the last of our grandchildren.

In 1938, the church that we had worked in for 32 years - going rain or shine, hot or cold, began persecuting us for no reason only that we were living a better, cleaner life than they could possibly ever hope to live. Some of the devil's own told us we were in the way. We went on for awhile, and then thinking it best, we came out from among them, and would not go about them, but we were heartbroken over it all. Satan and a few of his agents were not satisfied at the terrible thing they had done, so in February of 1939, the so-called church sent us a very insulting letter.

I had gone down with my nerves from their first outbreak against us, and now my Darling was so hurt that in June of that year he got seriously sick, and his sickness lasted almost a year that time. And that was not enough grief, so the lightning struck our house in the early morning hours of July the Fourth. Ollie and her husband had arrived the evening before to spend the holiday with us. The terrible storm struck shortly after midnight. we were all so stunned, that the house burned about forty-five minutes before we were aware of the fire. We tried to get the furniture out, but most of it burned.

Now we were without a house to live in. We fixed up the wash house, just a little twelve by fourteen - and lived in it, and Frank was so sick part of the time. I took care of him, and did all the rest of the work, and cooked for hands while they built a new house. I got sick in November with arthritis of the spine, and have suffered all the time since. There was another crop failure too. We had hardships, but our almost divine love for each other kept us going.

Frank wasn't able to work any until the next year - now 1940, but we loved each other. He was irritable during this siege of sickness, but he kept saying, "Dear, I love you even if I am cross", and I understood perfectly for I am not always patient when I feel so bad.

In 1940, other countries were at war, and it was likely to drag the States in. England was calling for help, and old Franklin D. Roosevelt was anxious to help. Time went on, and in December 1941 it came - the Japs had attacked Pearl Harbor. We were worried sick. It would catch two of our grandsons, as well as boys around us, and all over the States. We were pretty heartbroken.

Then in November of 1942, they took our dear boy, Lowell, for training. How awful it was. He seemed so sad when he left us. In July of 1943 he crossed the Atlantic waters to England. Not one moment did we rest while he was on the waters. And to make things more complicated and sad, I discovered I had a cancer of the breast. All together it put me down in bed for a week. I couldn't tell my darling for a long time that I had cancer.

Many anxious days were spent weeping and praying that our boy would come home. Then in September of 1943 our second grandson Lyle went off for training. How sad. Later he was sent to

England as a flier on a bomber. He made his 35 flights, and came home safely. We just couldn't thank God enough. But Lowell was still over there. He stayed until seven months after the war closed, and came home in December of 1945, looking haggard and worn, not like himself at all. We thanked God that both our boys had come home without so much as a scratch.

I had the cancer part of 1943 and on until May 16, 1947. In January 1947 I had gone to see if I should be operated on at once, and the doctor said "Yes". But some of the children and grandchildren thought not. They wanted me to go to the cancer Hospital at Savannah, Missouri, and have it burned out with caustic. Frank and Ollie took me there, and they wouldn't do a thing. Said it was too far along. Then while there Ollie heard of a doctor in Kansas City who later told me I didn't have cancer, but that he could cure even cancer without the knife. I knew he was not being honest with me, but they wanted me to stay, and after crying myself almost to death, I told my darling if he would stay with me I would stay. He said "Dear, I will stay as long as I can". So I started the treatments, and he stayed with me ten days, and it almost killed me for him to leave me. I just could not think of being away from him. I stayed for eight and one-half weeks, and then I said "If I don't go home now, I will soon be too weak to go, and I am going home. I came home to find he had been broken-hearted over my being away. And I wasn't better, I was worse.

In just sixteen days after coming home I went through that awful operation. The children said "It almost killed Daddy". Bless his good faithful heart. Ollie stayed right with him all the time. I hated so bad to hurt him, but it had to be that, or worse. I got up again, and came home in ten days, but have never been well.

I had to go away again for six weeks to take radium treatments, and that was hard to take again. He told me how he loved me, and how he missed me. It must have been hard for him to have me gone so much.

Franks health began to fail until in 1948 he was looking awful bad, even tho he said he felt alright. He still worked so hard. That year he got a message that his last sister had passed away, and on his 80th. birthday. He was the only one left of a family of thirteen children. He cried so hard over it. Poor dear soul.

He worked so hard the summer of 1949. Then on the 29th. of August he came in and said "Dear, I'm dizzy this morning, and my pulse is only thirty-eight". I dropped my work and went to him and said "Surely not Dear, you couldn't live with that low pulse". But it was. I put him to bed, and did all I could for him, and he said next morning he felt better, but he went back to bed, and I told Rollie we must get him to a doctor. But he said he didn't feel able to go. I sent the children to see the doctor about him. They had just got home when my Darling fell to the ground as if dead. My precious, precious darling that was all the world to me.

He soon revived, and we carried him in and put him to bed, and called a Doctor. He said it wasn't his heart but cerebral trouble. Somehow I felt it was the beginning of the end. I was so heart-broken over it, what would I ever do. How could I ever live on without him. Bless his good heart. I did all I could think of for him, but was suffering so much myself. For the first ten days I kept him in bed, and fed him every meal. He said I took care of him just as if he was a baby.

He lived fifty-three days after falling - being up part of the time in the house, and walking outside a few times. When he had been sick five weeks, I took very sick with inflammation of the bowels, and infection all over my body. I suffered so terribly. I felt I could never live till morning. I asked my darling if he could call the children. He called them, and as soon as they came I told them to take care of Daddy. My whole thought was for him. I got so I could be up again, but not well. I wanted so much to do something for my Darling.

Frank lived three weeks after my sickness. On Saturday, October 22nd. he told us he felt a lot better. He shaved himself, and Angelie and I was fixing him a good dinner. About eleven o'clock we went in the front room to rest and spend a little time with him. Suddenly he threw up both hands and went into convulsions. We called the children and two doctors. He was having convulsions one after another, but between them he prayed God to spare his life if it was His will, in order that he could stay with me. Then he said "Maybe it is my time to go, and if it is, I am ready". He said over and over "I am ready to go". The doctor said take him to the hospital. We called the ambulance and took him. Rollie and I going with him. I kept telling him I was right with him. He would always answer me "I know it Dear". We stopped at the hospital, and Rollie said "We are here Daddy", to which he answered, "It's been a long ride". That was the last thing he ever said. He went into a light convulsion, then looked at me and was gone into eternity.

My dear, dear precious loving darling was gone from me. I could hardly believe my own eyes, but it was all true. God had taken the one most dear to me in all the world. I just begged God to take me too, but for some reason I am left here to suffer and grieve. God's ways are mysterious ways. So many things we fail to understand. I kept asking and do yet, "Why couldn't it have been me?"

He went away on Saturday, and on Tuesday we laid my darling to rest. How could I ever go home without him, my precious Frank. I got the nicest casket and all that I could buy. We both had saved money for just such an occasion. I wish he could have seen the many, many beautiful flowers that friends and relatives brought. I bought him a beautiful monument - something I thought he would like. My heart is in the grave with him. And now, here I am in February 1950, broken-hearted and sick in mind and body, begging God every day to take me to him, or heal my afflicted body and show me what to do. I think I feel like Christ did while hanging on the cross, when He said "My God, my God,

why hast Thou forsaken me." My life seems so empty and lonely. I don't want to stay in this world, it is not home without my darling.

Perhaps my story should end here, as life is not worth living now. What I have written is true, but only a sketch, for there are many more things - both pleasant and unpleasant, I could have written, only my strength will not hold out.

I thought I would not write more, but now my precious darling on this February 17, 1950, I feel your presence so near me today, I'm going to try to write this just as if I were talking to you. Perhaps I will feel better. I'm awful sick Dear, and if you would come back right now you wouldn't know me, for I've been sick for six months, and have dwindled to skin and bone. I'm so glad Dear, that just shortly before you went away and I was telling you that you must not leave me for I loved you more than all the rest of the world, you looked at me with those kind, sweet eyes and said, "I love you too, Dear". and you took my hand in yours as you had done so many times. I'm glad for this little talk my Darling. I'm thankful too, that we met and fell in love just like we did. Others may call it romance, but I believe God so ordained it. I believe too, that our beautiful marriage, and our wedded life is recorded in heaven. Sometimes when we were tired and sick we were cross, but we didn't mean to be, for we always loved each other so dearly from the first moment we met, and now that you so quickly left me, I still love my darling Frank, and shall cherish your sweet memory always, just as long as I shall live. I am praying that won't be very long, for to have to live on here and you not here Dear, is worse than torture. I feel so lonesome, and always looking for you.

I want Jesus to come and take my hand and take me from earth to glory, just like he did you, my Darling. I shall never be satisfied for one little moment in this world. It is not home and you gone. I am suffering all the time, and I know if you were here you could maybe do something for me. I am so thankful, my Dear, that God spared your life for fifty-three days after you fell, and if I hadn't been so deathly sick myself, I am sure I could have done more for you. I am so sorry about it all. I am thankful the children and I were near you when you first went down, and I am thankful that I was able part of the time to take care of you. I am thankful too, that Angelie and I were right by you when you went into convulsions. Thankful too, for your beautiful prayers, and that you could talk to us, and you knew that we were with you to your very last moment. The children say, Daddy Dear, that you would have grieved as much for me as I am grieving for you. If that could be true, I'm glad it's me instead of you, for my grief is worse than a thousand deaths would have been. How can I go on without you, Darling? I know your soul is safe in the arms of Jesus, and we put your precious body away the best we could, and we know it is resting safely until the resurrection day when the graves shall give up the dead. Oh, glorious day, come quickly.

One thing that troubles me so much - after you had kept the

lot at Coatesville so nice for forty years, we put your body at Moulton in a lot that looks so awful to me. I wonder Dear, if I did right to let the children talk me into doing this just because the road is bad. Wish you had told me, my precious, what to do, for we had often talked about it. I always will grieve Dear, because I listened to them. I miss you so much to tell me what to do. And Daddy, my precious, I wish you could have known that Bro. Cleeton would say the beautiful and good things about you that he did, and so many have told me, and written me that you were such a good Christian man. Delia told her family that the preacher didn't say one word that was not true.

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Here the story of Melva's grief at her loss ended abruptly. These grief-filled pages she wrote and gave to her daughter, Ollie. It is right that they should be recorded in her Family Record. Thus ended a beautiful life.

Melva was a very capable woman - tall and rather large-boned, but she could move so quickly and get things done expertly. She would say in later years that she could still go circles around us girls. She had many interests. She loved music, and had a natural talent for it. She could sing the melody to any song if she had the music to read. And I still remember how beautifully she played the French-harp.

Melva also had a natural talent for caring for the sick. Many times she was asked to help in times of neighborhood illnesses, and she always seemed to have the faculty of knowing just what to do to make the sick people more comfortable. And many times she helped "lay out" the dead, or did it alone. She and Frank were always so willing to help in any way and at any time. She has told some of her hard work and expert knowledge in preparing foods for seasons when otherwise they would not have been available, so I will not dwell more on it. Suffice it to say, Melva and Frank were kind, good and loving people - and most of all, they knew their Lord and talked to Him often. We could not have wished for more love and understanding, and I thank God for having a Christian home to grow up in.

The clock of life is wound but once
And no one has the power to say
Just when the hands will stop
At late or early hour;
Now is the only time you own;
Live, love and work with a will
Place not too much faith in the morrow,
For the hands may then be still.

FRANK OLIVER HESS
OBITUARY

The sudden death of F. O. Hess, widely known and highly respected farmer of near Coatesville, has cast a pall of gloom over the community where he had made his home for so many years. He died at St. Joseph Hospital in Centerville, Saturday October 22, 1949, at the age of 80 years.

Altho Mr. Hess had been in failing health, it was not thought that his condition was serious. He was stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage Saturday, and the Eagle ambulance was called. However, he died just as he was being taken into the Hospital.

Mr. Hess was one of the prominent farmers of this community having lived here for many years. He made many friends with his honest dealings, his friendliness, and his attitude of helpfulness. He will be missed by his devoted family as well as by his innumerable friends and associates.

The passing of Mr. Hess takes one of the better known farmers of this community who, because he lived a Christian life, and followed the golden rule, gathered about himself lasting and sympathetic friends.

Frank Oliver Hess, son of John and Margaret Hess, was born near Pottstown, Pennsylvania, on October 28, 1868, and passed away October 22, 1949, at the age of 80 years, 11 months and 25 days.

When a small boy he moved with his parents by wagon train to Macon County, Missouri, where he grew to manhood. On November 6th, 1898, he was united in marriage to Melvie E. Current, at the home of her parents west of Glenwood, Missouri. To this union four children were born: Mrs. Carl (Angelie) Marshall of Adel; Rollie of Moulton; and Mrs. E. A. (Ollie) Schwendemann of Atlantic, and Letha Mae, who died in infancy.

They made their home on a farm about six miles west of Macon, Missouri, until 1901, when they purchased a farm in Iowa, where they have made their home through the remaining years. On November 6th. of last year Mr. and Mrs. Hess celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary in this home. Mr. Hess engaged in general farming, and put all the improvements on his farm.

He accepted Christ when a young man, and united with the Evangelical Church, and later transferred his membership to the Baptist Church, and remained faithful until his Heavenly Father called him to his reward.

He had been blessed with good health, and remained active until about two months ago, when he was stricken with a heart ailment. All was done that medical science and loving hands could do, but to no avail.

He was a lover of his home and family. He kept his faith, and read his bible daily. He looked to his Saviour and prayed for daily guidance, and often expressed himself as being ready to go.

He was a faithful husband and a loving father. He was a good neighbor and a true friend, and his life was greatly appreciated by those who knew him best. He was the last of a family of thirteen children.

He leaves to mourn his passing, his loving and devoted companion, and the three children; six grandchildren and two great grandchildren, many nieces and nephews, other relatives, and a host of friends.

Funeral services were conducted in Moulton Tuesday, October 25th, at 2:00 P.M. by the Rev. Wm. Cleeton of Seymour. Interment was in Oakland Cemetery west of Moulton, the Eagle Funeral Home of Moulton in charge.

Pallbearers were two grandsons, Lowell and Lyle Marshall, three nephews; Lavain Current, Willie Current and Vance Coulson, and a friend Virgil Marshall. The large concourse of friends who attended the last rites, and the beautiful flowers were a high tribute to Mr. Hess.

I had a Dad, just yesterday
Not young, it's true, but well and gay,
And full of life and love and vim -
Today but memories live of him!
My Dad was good, his life was clean,
He never acted small and mean,
He was tender, unselfish, and strangely fine
A prince of a man, that Dad of mine.
He had not set the world on fire
Great fame was never his desire,
But his dear name is much revered
By scores of friends whose hearts he cheered.
His God came first, his family next,
And "love thy neighbor" was his text,
His riches he was laying by
In that far land beyond the sky.
He left no fortune grand behind,
But he did leave a peace of mind.
The knowledge that his life was free
Of aught but fineness, comforts me.

The above thoughts by his daughter, Ollie.

* * * * *

Melva (our mother) was very ill at the time of Frank's (our father) passing, and soon became bedfast. In February of 1951 she sold our lovely family home, and we prepared to move her to Rollie's home. The closing out sale was held on March 19th. and on March 23rd. mother Melva left her lovely home forever. On Monday morning, April 16, 1951, at 12:06 A.M. she passed away of metastatic carcinoma, at the age of 71 years and 18 days. Her obituary follows on the next page.

MELVA (CURRENT) HESS
OBITUARY

Melva E. Hess, daughter of Eli Martin and Charlotte (Darlin) Current was born in Schuyler County, Missouri, March 29, 1880, and passed away at the home of her son Rollie, near Moulton on April 16, 1951, at the age of 71 years and 18 days.

She grew to young womanhood in Schuyler County, Missouri, and on November 6, 1898, was united in marriage to Frank Hess at her parents home near Glenwood. To this union four children were born.

Shortly after their marriage they moved to Macon County, Missouri, where they lived for a few years. In 1901 they moved to Davis County, Iowa, where they purchased a farm and made their home until just recently.

Melva was converted in early life, and later united with the Baptist Church where she remained a faithful member until her death.. Sister Hess was always active in the church work, and took an active part in the activities of the church. For many years she was a Sunday School teacher, and did what she could to help promote the program of the church. And through the years she made many Christian friends. She loved her Lord and was a lover of her Bible. She was able to give many passages of her favorite scriptures from memory.

Four years ago she underwent serious surgery from which she never recovered. She has been under the doctors care continually, and in the hospital a number of times. And through her suffering she kept her faith, and often expressed her desire to depart and be with her Lord and her loved ones.

She was preceded in death by an infant daughter, and her loving companion who left her on October 22, 1949. All was done that loving hands and medical science could do, but to no avail.

She leaves to mourn her passing her three children, Angelia Marshall of Adel, Ollie Schwendemann of Atlantic, and Rollie of Moulton. Also six grandchildren, two great grandchildren, one sister, Adeline Lucas of Coatesville, Missouri, and one brother Leonard Current of Hutchinson, Kansas. Other relatives and a host of friends.

Funeral services were held at the Christian Church in Moulton Wednesday April 18, at 2:00 P.M. by Rev. Wm. Cleeton of Seymour. Songs chosen were "God Will Take Care Of You" "Abide With Me" and "Sometime Soon". Reva Anderson was soloist, with Iris Merritt at the piano. Interment was in Oakland Cemetery west of Moulton beside her companion.

Fallbearers were two grandsons, Lowell and Lyle Marshall, three nephews; Lavain Current, James McNary, and Vance Coulson, and a friend, Robert Ransom.

You are not dead - Life has but set you free
Your years of life were like a lovely song
The last sweet poignant notes of which, held long
Passed into silence, while we who loved you
Listened, still expectantly.
And we about you whom you lived among
Grieve that you have passed beyond where we can see,
But you have found a peace that the world cannot give,
A rest that the world does not know.
A joy that no mortal can ever take away,
A friend that will never let go.
To you death came, no conqueror in the end
You merely smile to greet another friend.

In loving memory - Ollie.

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To record some of the events that took place while Melva
and Frank were with us.

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1911

On March 29, 1911, a birthday party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Hess, honoring the 26th. birthday of Mrs. Hess, when neighbors and friends came with well filled baskets of food.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. John Kerby; Mr. and Mrs. Bud Henson; Mr and Mrs. E. F. Lucas; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jamison; Mr. and Mrs. Leo Fouts; Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Frakes; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Kirby; Mr. and Mrs. W. S. McClurg; Mr. and Mrs. George McClurg; Mr. and Mrs. John McClurg; Mr. and Mrs. Albert McCullough; Mr. and Mrs. Bert Horn; Mr. and Mrs. Lester Burgher; Lester Kerby, Herman Jamison, Vance Frakes, Orville Dooley, Vernie Marshall, Arthur Childs, Frank McCullough, Bert Spurgeon, Clarence Lucas, Alvin McClurg, Clay Kerby, Lewis Burgher, Misses Opal Davis, Carmen Fouts, Lonie Kerby, Floy Kerby, Gladys Fouts, Eva McClurg, Lizzie McClurg, Minta McCullough, Norma McClurg, Enola McClurg, Olive Frakes, Freda Fouts, Gladys McClurg, Glenice Horn, and Bertha Jamison. Mrs. Hess also received sixteen birthday cards.

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1923

SILVER WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Tuesday, November 6th. being the twenty-fifth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Hess, the children planned a surprise in honor of them, which was successfully carried out the

following Sunday, November 11th, when on returning home from Sunday School, they found that a large crowd was gathering at their home to celebrate the day, bringing well filled baskets.

There were about sixty present -- namely: Mr. and Mrs. Carl Marshall and son Lowell, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Frakes; Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Fouts; Mrs. Howard Grey; Mr. and Mrs. Lou Burgher; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Childs; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Childs; Mr. and Mrs. Art McCullough; Mr. and Mrs. John Kerby; Dr. and Mrs. L. A. Jenkins; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hayden; Mrs. Perkins; Mr. and Mrs. Ross Childs; Mrs. Walker; Mr. and Mrs. Carl Henderson and son Curtis; Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson; Mr. and Mrs. George Current and son LaVain, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar McCullough, Eunice McCullough; Otto Henderson; Nova Henderson; Harold McCullough; Raymond Henderson; Paul Henderson; Lem Childs; Wendell Burgher; Davis Burgher; Paul McClurg; Donald McClurg; Darl and Derotha Current; Delores Burgher; Virginia McClurg; Helen Childs; Mary Burgher; Lucille Archibald; Mae Horton; Mildred Childs; Rollie and Ollie Hess; and of course the honored guests, Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Hess.

The afternoon was spent in social conversation and music, and Rev. Lester Burgher performed another marriage service for the couple. All left at a late hour saying they had enjoyed the day.

One who was present.

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1939

HESS FARM HOME BURNS TO GROUND

The F. O. Hess farm home, seven miles southeast of Moulton, was burned to the ground Tuesday morning about 1:30 A.M. as a result of a lightning bolt during the electrical storm. The home was partially modern, and was one of the better homes of the community.

Mrs. Hess was awakened shortly after one o'clock by the storm and had just disconnected the radio and telephone when the bolt struck. Even then it was not known that the house had been hit, and it was approximately thirty minutes later that the flames coming from the roof were seen through the window.

Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Schwendemann of Atlantic, were guests in the home, and with Mr. and Mrs. Hess attempted to remove some of the furnishings. However, only a few articles were taken from the house before the flames had reached such proportions that further work was impossible. Neighbors also arrived, but were unable to be of much assistance due to the terrific heat.

A second bolt of lightning struck a shed near the house to add to the confusion caused by the first. However, the second building did not burn. The loss to the occupants will be heavy although there was some insurance.

Mr. and Mrs. Hess have made no plans as to rebuilding. They had resided in the home for the past thirty-five years, and had made continual improvements. (This happened July 4, 1939.)

SOME INTERESTING DATA

Frank Hess bought some land in Macon County, Missouri, in March of 1891 for which he paid the sum of \$115.00. Not sure of the number of acres.

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In December of 1900, Frank Hess considered renting a farm in Chelsea, Indian Territory, Oklahoma.
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Frank and Melva Hess bought 100 acres of land in Davis County, Iowa, from John and Bevaline Burgher February 23, 1901 - the purchase price being \$3,000.00. On March 30, 1907, they bought 40 acres from Courtney and Melissa Frakes for \$1,500.00. J. C. Jones held the mortgage for \$1,000.00, from February 23, 1907 to March 11, 1912, when it was paid off.

Some interesting figures on the size of the rooms for the new house built in 1904.

Kitchen - $9\frac{1}{2} \times 13\frac{1}{4}$ feet with 10 foot ceiling
Pantry - 5'-3" x 4'-5" with 8 foot ceiling
Dining Room - 11'-10" x 13'-3" with 10 foot ceiling
Sitting Room - 13'-6" x 13'-6" with 10 foot ceiling
The three bedrooms were on the north side of the house, two of them with entrances from the sitting room.
Bedroom - 7'-4" x 13'-6" with 10 foot ceiling
Bedroom - 9'-8" x 13'-6" with 10 foot ceiling
Bedroom off parlor - 9'-10" x 13'-6" with 10 foot ceiling.
Parlor - 13'-5" x 13'-6" with 10 foot ceiling.
There was also a back porch about 7' x 21' which was later screened in.
There was also a porch on all of the south side of the house.

The names I found of those who worked on the house in building it were - J. S. McClurg, McGintis and Seller, Clarence Judd, Pearl Archibald, George McClurg and George Archibald.

As nearly as I can figure, the cost of labor on the house was approximately \$150.00, and the grand total for all materials to complete the house approximately \$500.00. This is based on information from one of the record books.

The taxes on 100 acres in 1902 was \$8.74. In 1903 they were \$13.91, and in 1909 \$35.20 on 140 acres.

Frank invented a mailbox flag that raised when mail was put in the box. This was because the mailbox was some distance from the house. On August 31, 1909 he was granted a United States Patent on it, and on September 28, 1909 a Canadian Patent was granted.

It was not until August 16, 1944 that Mail Delivery Service past the house was effective, with both the Bloomfield and Coatesville routes passing the residence, and mail being delivered by either carrier.

In 1909 a new barn was built. Did not find the size of the barn, but it was a nice big building. Did find where lumber for it cost \$276.07. This entry dated August 9, 1909. I do remember that Sherman McClurg helped with the building, and that he was injured in an accident

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MARCH 17, 1954

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Burgher and son Bruce moved last week from Moulton to their new farm home, known as the F.O. Hess farm, north of Coatesville.

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Henry Burgher is a grandson of John Burgher - the man Frank Hess bought the farm from originally. They have done extensive remodelling, and so the home is still beautiful, altho completely changed from when Frank and Melva lived there. But they would be pleased to know that it continues to be such an attractive place, and so well kept.

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The 104 acre farm that Frank and Melva built the bungalow on, and lost during the depression, is now owned by Herbert McCullough. The bungalow burned in February of 1965, and most of the other improvements are gone now. So it looks just about like it did when Frank and Melva bought it in 1918.

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IN MEMORIUM

HIS WORK IS DONE

Out of the shadows, into the light,
Out of the gloom of the winter night.
Into the peace of the great beyond
The soul of a real man journeyed on
When he left us.
His big, broad smile and generous ways,
Will carry on through endless days,
And the strong influence of his noble mind
Will determine those who were left behind
To do what's right.
"Don't grieve for me" I can hear him say
"I have not died, I am just away;
Whether alone or amid the throng,
In the works of life I will guide you
On with love and care."
This world is better, there is less of strife
For having known such a wondrous life,
And when our fitful years are done
He'll be waiting for us at set of sun,
With the same sweet smile.