

INTERVIEW SUMMARY-TAPE INDEX

NAME: Becky Kellom
DATE OF INTERVIEW:
LOCATION:
INTERVIEWER:
REEL NO. *6 side 2 005-447*

TAPE MINUTE	MANUSCRIPT PAGE	SUMMARY OF CONTENTS
0-8:45		Personal Data Sheet. Advantages/Disadvantages of rural area living - comparison between urban living. Easiness of rural living. Story of going barefoot.
8:46-17:40		Family life during childhood compared to now. Playing sports as a child - relationship with brothers. Story of climbing apple tree. Mother treating children's illness or wounds.
17:41-22:09		Parents' expectations for attending school. Life during Depression after father died. Working as a child - picking cotton.
22:10-31:40		Courtship - early years of marriage. Husband working in lumberjack camps.
31:41-44:10		Story of childbirth of third child during winter - problems involved. Hepatitis epidemic in town - story of second child being burned.
44:11-46:31		Discussion of children's future. Story of coming out on train.
END		

RK: Anyway, when we left Bovill in 1947, no, '48, we rode on the "Bug." It was a train that traveled, it wasn't a train, actually, it was a car. It was motorized and it was a passenger car on the railroad track and it was the mode of transportation between these small towns. That's how we left Bovill in 1948. It was really unique because of it just being a one passenger car on the railroad tracks. I don't know, they just discontinued that since I've been here; that would have been in the 1950's they discontinued that.

AG: What are some of the advantages and disadvantages you see for living in rural life?

RK: The biggest advantage for me and raising my children has been the fact that in Bovill, I can turn my children out in the morning and I'll say, "You check back at eleven o'clock," and I don't worry about them because there's this whole area and everybody watches out for everybody else's kids. They can wander around town, they come home at eleven o'clock like they are

supposed to; there's no worry; otherwise, I go out and look for them. I don't have to worry about them being in trouble because there isn't any trouble for them to get into, and that is one thing I like about it. Another thing I like about it is it's secluded enough that we don't have all that hustle and bustle of city life. I like the kind of living, I guess you'd call it rural, the kind of living back here, because when you go away, you come back home, you know you've been someplace. You know you've been away when you come back home because everything is so different everywhere except here. Bovill has been like we are living in an isolated area, and actually, the outside has never reached Bovill. Bovill is kind of a unique place because of this and we've never had our taxes raised very much and we've never had any of the city life hit us. We have just kind of kept it rural and I think we can attribute a lot of that to the people who have lived here and kept it this way.

AG: You haven't had a lot of city slickers wanting to build?

RK: Well, there has been. There have been in the past. There's been a couple of contractors come in and want to buy and build attractive houses. But the land is so bought up and the space is so limited that they can't do it. There is a couple of places and they've looked at it and they always think it's not feasible because of the fact it's so far from the industry in Moscow or wherever, because we are kind of in the mountains and it is a

long drive in the winter because of the roads. We have a few people that do drive over and work, but they are very few. I would estimate maybe ten and 15 people.

AG: They drive to Moscow everyday?

RK: Yes. That's about the size of it and they are brave.

AG: I could see maybe from Troy and sometimes from Deary. But, Bovill everyday?!

RK: Yes. I can name probably closer to ten people that do drive over there to work. They feel that commuting from Bovill to Moscow is cheaper than living in Moscow because of the rent and everything, although the gas situation has changed that somewhat. I can't think of any really great reasons for living here, other than the fact that I just love it. The scenery is beautiful, the mountains are so great. I love to go out and climb up in the mountains. There's a couple of places you can just go and sit on some big rocks and just sit and soak up atmosphere for hours and hours. And our air is so clean and our water is still pure. In fact, the water is so pure here it's hard for your teeth. I mean, it's really terrible.

AG: How could you compare your life as a wife of any rural woman as to the life of an urban woman?

RK: I don't really know. I would think that I would say that a rural woman learns very young in life to have to know that she has to make it on her own. She can't depend on her neighbors to do her little things for her. You have to learn how to really work with your husband or with your mother or whomever is in charge. You've got to learn very young to get along with them and to make it. My girls, right now, and I are having quite a struggle about this because, well, I have an 18 year old who throws her birth certificate in my face quite often: "I'm 18 now, I know what I'm doing." And then I keep trying to tell her, "Well, one of these days, your mother is going to be awfully lot smarter than you give her credit for right now." You know how your mother grew up from 17 to 21.

AG: Yeah, it was remarkable.

RK: Well, that's what I keep telling my daughter. Anyway, we're getting off the subject. It seems like the city women ... something that we don't have to do here is keep up with the Jones's or the neighbor who lives next door because we don't have that race around here. Everybody just kind of lives within themselves and we don't have to make a big splash in life because of the neighbors. The society here is very small and easy going. You don't really have to worry about if you look neat, you don't have to dress up. You can run around anyway you feel like it. Kind of a cute little thing is my husband's always said that it

took me eight months to catch me and it took two years to get shoes on me because I came from the South and he still says he has trouble keeping shoes on me. And my kids, too. Ninety percent of the time there's five pair of shoes at the front door and five at the back because you can dash in and out and slip them on, but we really go barefooted at home. I've had people; I have had one lady in particular that visits me and she says, "Oh, barefooted! You're gonna catch your death of cold." And all this, when it's thirty below zero, it is cold to go barefooted, but you still manage. In fact, my brother just last week came and he says, "You've been out barefooted." I always go out barefooted to get the paper and we have snow all the way out to the paper box and my little footprints were all the way back up to the porch barefooted.

AG: I don't know if I could do that.

RK: Oh, I do it everyday. One time many years ago, my mother told me -- it was an old wive's tale, you know, something that went through the years -- and everytime it snowed down in Arkansas they all made their children run around the house barefooted so they would get sore throats. If you could do that with the first snow, you wouldn't get a sore throat. My mother had a million old wive's tales, or whatever, from way back.

AG: This next part is about your childhood. How does your family now compare to family life when you were a child?

RK: There is no comparison. As a child, I moved around -- my father was searching for work during the depression. He would move and then he would send money home and my mother would gather us up and take us where Daddy was and we'd stay there until his job ran out, then we'd go back to Arkansas and then he'd venture off again. He usually hitchhiked from area to area trying to find work. He did work for the WPA and, like I said, he worked at the aluminum plant in Kelso, Washington, and then, wherever the war work was he worked and we moved around to them. Now I have never lived any place except for right here. I lived across the street in a trailer house for 18 months and then into this house and I've lived here steady all the time. As a child, absolutely nothing like I said. I don't know how my mother did it after my dad died. We have a steady income now, whereas when I was a child I had apparently nothing. We do a lot of traveling and visiting around. When I was a kid, other than moving to and from places, we never went around anywhere -- we stayed home. Now my husband and I constantly go to different places and do different things. It's hard to compare. Probably the money is the biggest thing in my life.

AG: Describe some of the things you and your brothers and sisters did when you were children.

RK: The first thing that comes to mind is baseball. We played baseball all the time. I was a very good baseball player. In

fact, I was the only girl to play little league ball with the boys.

AG: They let you?

RK: Yes, down there we were short players, so I got to play. We were rural down there too. We lived in the country and I was really good. I was probably one of the better girl baseball players and then I taught my brothers to play and they are still, to this day; they are, of course, bigger than I am now and tougher and all this, but my brother says, "You ought to get back to teach that stuff." That's when they had a little league over here; they couldn't get a man to do it. He'll say, "Just ask Beck, she can teach them how to play."

AG: Have you taken on a little league team here?

RK: Not really. I've helped with them, but I've always waited for someone else to take the initiative because I had girls and I felt like I should do things with the girls. But, last year I gave up my baseball career. I caught a fly ball just on the tip of this finger and tore my finger just clear off, almost. It destroyed all the nerves in there and I can't hardly knit or crochet now because I can't bend it right. So, I kind of gave up. I probably will start playing again as soon as the field dries out. What else did I do as a kid? I climbed in the hay barn and

played in the hay; swam in the creek naked -- skinny dipped. I'm older than my brothers and sisters so we didn't play together that much. Oh, another thing that I remember doing that very few kids do anymore is I played paper dolls with [unintelligible] people. You'd cut them out and build houses and play paper dolls by the hour and that was really a great entertainment when I was a little kid. I've rode horses and I had a pet mule which was interesting. It belonged to my grandfather, but it took up with me. It's name was Jeb and that mule met me at the bus everyday with my cat and the mule walked with his head over my shoulder and the cat rode my books in my arms, and I had to walk a quarter of a mile to get home. One day, my coach came to pick us up for a track meet and it was pretty muddy so they didn't try to turn down in there. The bus was waiting at the gate and he yelled, "Becky!" and I was on the porch and I yelled, "Coming!" and he said he could see the tree fall one way when he yelled and one way when I yelled and then I emerged in the mule's head over my shoulder running just as hard as I was. We played hide and seek -- all the really kid games that didn't cost anything. I can remember one year when we lived in Tampa, [?] Washington, we were really desperate. Daddy had worked and they were paying them by the month or something, and Christmas came and no money and finally they gathered together five dollars and they went out and they bought us gifts and they got me a doll and my sister a doll and each of my brothers a gun and holster. How they got four of us gifts for five dollars, I don't know. I was a great

tomboy, I climbed trees constantly. One time that really got me. I climbed up an apple tree; we lived in a work camp area and I climbed up this apple tree and I got up there and there was a window. There was a shutter thing that was a window and then there was a screen underneath, I mean, you either had a screen or you had a shutter on this cabin, and this window was up. I was up in this tree and I looked down and there was a man naked on the bed! I never saw a naked man before in my life! I was about ten years old, maybe I was nine, and I jumped out of the tree and I jumped on a nail. I can remember the terror of thinking how I can't tell Mother I stepped on a nail because I saw the naked man. I shouldn't have seen the naked man. I [thought] I was really crude and I thought now, this is terrible. So we went into a movie. My cousin and I went into a movie in Tenesca, Washington, and during the movie my foot hurt so bad I couldn't stand it, it was terrible. I went back home, I can remember I had to have somebody carry me out; I couldn't walk. I went home and my mother says, "Why didn't you tell me you did this?" Another one of my mother's great things was when I stepped on the nail, we treated this with kerosene. You put a little pack on it. First I think we soaked it in Epsom salts and put a pack of kerosene on it. My mother could treat anything with turpentine, kerosene and castor oil.

AG: That's remarkable.

RK: The croup -- I hated to get the croup because we always had three drops of turpentine in a tablespoon of sugar for the croup. It either cures you or kills you. Maybe that was kerosene; I believe it was kerosene we took for the croup. And turpentine -- if you had a stomach ache, you'd rub it on your navel. You ought to talk to my mother, you could really get some answers to your questions.

AG: I realize that you didn't actually have a lot of money when you were young, but it probably affected your mother's outlook on sending you to school. Did you expect or hope you would go on to more schooling after high school?

RK: Absolutely, my mother had a seventh or eighth grade education and my mother was a very smart woman. She always kept reading and keeping up and she taught school with an eighth grade education, back then, because she was one of the few people that finished the eighth grade. So, she did teach school. And my grandfather was a great one on education, so she never actually insisted, it was just that I never had the ... I mean, it was never in my head that you couldn't graduate, you always had to graduate. As soon as I got through the eighth grade, then it was high school. And, like I said, we lived on \$52.00 a month. So, when I was in the tenth grade, then she just couldn't handle it. Of course, prices were going up and she finally went and got some, I believe, county aid or something. So we got \$]25.00 a month to

live on. I tell you, that was lots of money! She was even able to put money in the bank out of \$125 a month! Not lots of money, but she was able to keep it so that we'd have a little extra and I was one of the better dressed girls because my mother sewed and she always bought bargains when she could find them. I didn't even know we were poor. I honestly thought we were the most prosperous because everybody farmed down there and they had income, like one time a year, and they bought everything and at one time, and we bought little bits all the time. So, everybody thought we were just loaded.

AG: But, no one ever did things that cost a lot of money, either.

RK: No. I can remember when I was in high school, I could walk, I believe it was about a mile to get on a bus and go from this place to Conway, Arkansas and go to a movie and come home with 50 cents. I mean, to have a dollar to spend was tremendous. You know, my kids come in and ask for five or ten.

AG: I feel pretty good with a dollar.

RK: I can't say that my kids have bugged us for money because I have some very energetic girls. They all three have worked and earned their own money and put in savings. Delena just got back from a state FHA convention and she had to have, I believe she wanted fifty dollars to go! So, my kids are really good, too,

about earning their own money. I earned a lot of my money, too, you know, chopping cotten, picking cotton and babysitting when I was a teenager. Not a lot, because you couldn't make a lot picking cotton. Five dollars a day was a lot of money to me if I could make it. You get paid by the hundred pounds of cotton. I think I finally got so I could pick a 100 pounds a day. I can't remember; it seems like, if you were picking cotton -- that's pulling them out of the bulbs, just the white part of the cotton, I believe you could get five dollars for a hundred pounds. But, when you bowled it -- that's when you pulled the bulbs off and left the bowls on, it was two and a half for a hundred pounds. I think I got to where I could get five dollars a day. That was really getting good.

AG: Can you discuss some of the things you remember, some of the things about your courtship and early married life?

RK: My courtship was really great. I was going steady with a boy when I came here from Arkansas. When I came into Bovill, I had a friend that I remembered all these years, he's about five years older than I was, so he was about 23 or 24 when I came back and he was too old for me. I wanted a younger boyfriend. But, I also wanted a boyfriend that didn't drink or smoke. Religious training background because we did go to church, or I did, and I was a Christian, belonged to the Baptist church and I was a little hoity toity about this drinking and smoking bit. There

was only one boy in Bovill that I was told that didn't drink and smoke and that was Dallas. So, when I came in here, the first day I was in Bovill, I remembered Dallas from previous years -- when I had been eleven he was one of the rich kids in town, he had a watch and bicycle both. He was really rich. When I came into town, the very first day I was here, he was sporting a brand new yellow car. It was a brand new car, a beautiful car. Of course, he had to spin his tires, courtships were really terrific, he'd spin his tires and go through his three gears or whatever he had. I didn't like him. He didn't impress me at all, so I couldn't stand him. So, that was in September and by November I was getting desperate. I hadn't been out of Bovill for anything hardly and I couldn't find a job. I had come out here with the intentions of going right to work as a secretary in a big office, you know, and being very important. I couldn't find a job doing anything. First of all, my mother didn't have a car and I had no transportation. They didn't need anybody in Bovill to work anyplace. So, I was getting desperate and finally I got to know Dallas's mother first, and she asked me for a date for him and I said that I don't date boys that don't ask me for dates. So, that was on Monday, and by Saturday he had enough courage to ask me for a date. We started going together. We went together from the first of November and the 25th of December, we were engaged. We had been out every single night someplace. I don't know in Bovill what we did. We were trying to think the other night. Other than drive around and park the car about five

seconds from town out here, I don't remember anything we did except go to a few movies and visit with his family because his family was all here and we'd go around and play pinochle and first, one thing, then another. But there was absolutely nothing to do. We were engaged in December and we got married in April. The early years of our marriage, this was part of what I wanted to tell about. He worked in the woods and he worked and stayed in a camp called Camp X, which is out on the river, on the other side of Elk River, about 20 miles past Elk River on a winding, very dangerous road. We were just married and he wanted to be home as much as he could. So, everytime there was a break out there they'd come home. On Wednesday nights, everybody came out of camp, practically, that could get home. That was their night to come home and Saturday nights. So, we saw each other Wednesday night, Saturday night and Sunday. Then, he'd get up four o'clock on Monday morning and drive out there. Then he got transferred from there working with PFI; he got transferred from Camp X to Camp 44, which was way above Avery, way, way back in the hills. Well, this meant that I could only see him Saturday night and Sunday morning, and we were newlyweds. This was just horrible! There wasn't anyplace then, that we could live without fixing it up. He wasn't about to take me up to one of those shacks; I was just too wonderful, I guess. So, instead, as a wedding gift, my mother gave us a lot with a burned house on it. The house had burned and she gave it to us to put our trailer house on that -- the trailer we had bought. What I did the first summer that we

were married, was tear down this entire two story house with the aid of a couple of teenage boys. Dallas was just talking about that last night when we tore all this interior out of our kitchen. I was telling my 18 year old daughter, I said, "You should really be good at this because all the time I was pregnant," (because I got pregnant immediately, of course, those were the days). The first three months of my pregnancy I was on that house ripping off shingles and tearing out walls and so she should be good at tearing out the interior of that kitchen. She just laughed, she didn't understand that at all. After the first year, the second year, I moved up to camp with Dallas and we had running water. Yes, it was very convenient. Then, after we ... this camp life with those men, that was really something. That was almost like being in the army and having a weekend leave, this was about the way it was. We wrote letters to each other while he was in camp, he'd beat the letters home, but at least I'd have something to read all the next week. He hated living in camp, it was horrible. He finally took me up the first summer we were married. I did go up and stay about three or four days in the logging camp with him. There were no women allowed in the camp except the flunkies that waited tables. But one of the flunkies did invite me to come up and stay with her. So, I did get to go up and see a little of the camp life. That was really interesting. But there were several bunkhouses and there would be four men in each bunk house and the variety of things they did to each other, joke-wise. And then eating in the

camp was really great, to me. I thought that was really something. They had lots of tables and lots of room for the men to eat and just mountains and mountains for lumberjacks because men in the woods eat. There is no way you could compare a lumberjack's food to an ordinary man because they burn lots and lots of calories. I can remember standing and watching the cook. He fried steaks that night and I have never in my life seen so many steaks! They were beautiful, laid out on this big griddle, frying, and they had really tremendous foods for those men. I believe they paid three dollars a day for room and board at that time. The hardships when we were first married was the fact that he did work in the woods and he was laid off for sometimes five and six months. He would work seven months and make good wages and then we'd have to live on our unemployment for those other five months. And it was quite hard to manage. I did a lot of canning. At that time, we didn't have a freezer so I canned my meat from the deer and elk that he shot and I canned vegetables and what not out of gardens around here. We managed to survive real well on his unemployment at that time and we were paying for our home then.

AG: Denise was born in January, so he was probably laid off at that time.

RK: Well now, the snow doesn't bother them; they can work beautifully in the snow. They love it when it's snowing -- it's

one of the best times in the woods to work. It's spring thaw that messes them up. They can't get into the woods because they tear up the roads and they can't skid them.

AG: I just was wondering if he was working in this camp when it came time for your firstborn?

RK: No, but he was with my third one. When I went to have Denise, he had gone to work on Monday morning. He had just left for work when labor set in. I knew his cousin was going over for something to do in court that day, so I knew I had a way to Moscow. I wasn't panicked. But Denise, I knew was going to be a fast baby because my second baby was fast, after she started it was zip and I had her. So, I was worried because we had about six inches; it had snowed all night and then it started raining and we had about six inches of bad slush unplowed from here to Moscow. Well, Dallas's cousin, I called him and said, "Look, I've got to get to Moscow, I'm gonna have a baby; I'm in labor." And he said, "Are you sure?" I mean, he was unexperienced all together. Anyway, we had a carload because when you go to Moscow from Bovill, you take people with you because you need to get out of town and get something done; you always take carloads. So, it was him and his mother and aunt in the front seat and I was taking my sister-in-law to be with me through the labor in the back seat of the car. And we made it. We had a little trouble going up this hill going out of town, and in Helmer we

had a little trouble, we almost went off the road. By this time, my pains were regular and they were three minutes apart. We got down on the other side of Deary at [unintelligible] Creek -- that's when you go back, it's straightened out now, but there's Bendell's Meat Packing on the right. And right there, there was a real sharp curve and we had a head-on collision with a schoolteacher from Deary! She was coming to school and we were going to Moscow and we had a head-on collision. My labor went up to two minutes apart very quickly and I sat back and I was bruised from one end to the other and I didn't know we were going to have this wreck. And I was relaxed reading the newspaper in the back seat and trying to keep myself calm watching watches. When we had the collision, I went forward and both of my legs went under the front seat and then I was thrown up over the back because the seat went forward because it was a two door car. I was thrown clear up to the dash. Well, anyway, then this labor speeded up. I told Gene, "We've got to get out of here because I don't want to have my baby in the back seat of this car." Well, Gene proceeded to rip the door off the car! [This was] because one side was against the bank and the other side, the car door was bent in very badly and I couldn't get out of the car. He literally just lifted the door off that car, somehow, I still don't know how he got it open, it was really bad. And Mrs. Granelin, the schoolteacher who teaches here in Bovill, her husband came, he went running up the road and got him to take me to Troy. Well, when we got to Troy, the doctor kind of gave

me a quick physical and said he thought I could make it to Moscow. I got to Moscow and, of course, they had alerted the ambulance and everything; not to the ambulance but to the doctor, to be ready for me and he was waiting when I got to the hospital door and my pains were one minute apart, they were regular and I was all the way, instead of being worried, I was worried about Dallas's aunt, Dorothy. She was crying because she was bruised in her chest and she kept thinking she had broke ribs and all this stuff and I kept saying, "Dorothy, you're all right. Just relax, you're gonna make it." And all the time I was patting her hand and I was in labor, you know. Anyway, when I got there, I started telling the doctor about it and Dorothy pushed me away and she said, "Dr. Wilson, I think I've got broken ribs." He says, "Dorothy, you're just gonna have to wait because Becky is having a baby right now and we're gonna put her right in the delivery room." Because by this time, I was ready and I went right straight to delivery and had a baby that was very ill. If I hadn't made it to the hospital, she would've died. She had cerebral hemorrhage. She only weighed four pounds and 12 ounces.

AG: Was that from the accident?

RK: No, it was a birth ... I mean, I had tried to miscarry and we didn't know it. The doctor and I didn't know this, but at the time she was very ill. She did have her hemorrhage and he told me she was going to die. You know, this really shakes you

up. Well, I was released from the hospital. They kept me, I had gangrene and everything because of this miscarriage, apparently. He let me out of the hospital but Denise had to stay in for another week. But, anyway, my little girl ended up very petite. She's almost dwarf-like. She's only right now about 4' 8" and beautiful. She's just a darling girl and she's very popular and she's adorable. I'll show you some pictures of her. But, at the time I was told she would be either mentally retarded or die because of this brain damage. My husband was at camp during all this and I didn't have anyone to lean on until Wednesday. His mother was kind of "old home" and she didn't think he should be told any of this. So it was radioed out that I had had her and that everything was fine. He didn't get to come home then until Wednesday and didn't get to see her until Wednesday and then of course all this had happened, and I was doped up. I couldn't call anybody and tell that this had happened. I couldn't get a hold of anybody because I was in my room. One of the nurses did ask me if I would like to call my mother. Well, I didn't dar call her because she was babysitting. So, I was really alone at that time. It was a very hard time for me, and Dallas came out on Wednesday. If it hadn't of been for him I know I would have gone stark raving mad. But he is the most optimistic person that ever lived. "Everything's going to be fine. You can quit worrying about her, she's gonna be just fine." And I lived on that until she was three months old because when we got her home, you still worry, you know. Is she going to

see? Is she going to hear? Anything. Without Dallas at that time, I don't know what I would have done. He just kept saying, "She's gonna be okay, she's beautiful, she's going to be okay." And she made it, and she is okay, but she's awful small and she does have that to live with. I took her last week to a doctor and he said that she is definitely dwarfed and she will always be little. She's just beautiful but she's going to be little. So I told her the other day, I said, "I guess, honey, that it's a good thing your daddy's a carpenter because now when you get married," (because she's been assured she can have children and she can be married), I said, "your dad's gonna have to build counters that are only your height." She's so short. She says, "I'm gonna have to have a lot of step ladders aren't I?" I said, "Yep, you sure are." That was really a trying time in my life. About the same time, Denise was a year old and we had gone back to Avery and we got into a hepatitis epidemic.

AG: Bad water?

RK: Bad water. I think a mouse died. I don't know what happened. There were 36 people and 19 of them came down with hepatitis in that little camp, and my second daughter got hepatitis. That was in December and in January she suffered a terrible burn. We had come back to Bovill and it was 42 degree below zero. I had burners on in the kitchen on the stove trying to warm the kitchen and I had the heater in the living room. I had

gotten them up and dressed them and turned those burners on and the phone rang. I answered the telephone and was talking to my mother-in-law and she had climbed up to get warm and she caught her blouse on fire by those hot stinking burners. There was no transportation out. Dallas was at camp again and I had no way to get to Moscow and there was only two cars running in this whole town because it was so cold. Finally, they had a night watchman that ran the shop, run every night from Potlatch. He had run all night with this car; that car was running. That car took me and my little girl to Moscow to the doctor and she was very, very ill. And while she was in there we had a tragedy. The nurse switched her medication; she got a sedative instead of penicillin and penicillin instead of a sedative. The amount of penicillin, he told her, I've forgotten the dosage; but anyway, the Demarol that he told her to give she gave as the amount of penicillin, which was about one and a half cc, and that was enough to kill an adult, I was later informed. But, because she was burning up with fever, she had a temperature of 105°, it burned this overdose up and she suffered no damage from it, which was a miracle in itself. And that I went through that alone because my husband was at camp again. He didn't find out about that. I could've radioed; in fact, I called his mother and told her to tell him that she was burned and everything, but she didn't want him to drive out on this road from Camp X to Moscow. It was clear that my little girl was real bad, but she was making it okay. But, I didn't actually want to tell them

how bad she was, either, to upset the whole family. So I stayed over there by myself and worried all night about her. I really got worried right after it happened. My doctor, which was Dr. D_____ in Troy, he took me out and told me what happened. He said, "We've got to move in all the emergency equipment. I'm gonna have to ask you to stay out of the room." My little girl was only three years old at the time and I said, "I can't do it. I can't leave, just walk out." And he said, "Well, you can stay here all night if you want, but I'm gonna have to sleep right there with her and you're gonna have to stay out in the hall." Well, Dallas had an aunt over there and I couldn't stay with her and I didn't want to leave, so I didn't know what to do. I finally called her back and had another cousin of Dallas's come and pick me up and take me to his aunt's house and I stayed up all night by the telephone because I left the number and everything so I could be reached. I couldn't face it by myself. They worked and I couldn't expect them to. It was really quite a night for me. And what would I have done then, at 20, see, I had to be strong. It was the night I was 20 and I wasn't even 23 years old and facing that all by myself. Now, when I think back about it, I wonder how I ever could've managed with all those little kids and a husband gone most of the time. He was working, but it was really hard when you had a husband that lived in camp and you lived at home.

AG: What do you see in the future for your children? Do you

have any hopes for them for work or anything?

RK: Oh, I'm sure that they will all three be married. In fact, I'm sure my oldest daughter is not that far away from getting married. She's really wrapped up in her boyfriend right now. They're both graduating and well, you know how it is. I'm sure that they will be married. My second daughter, Delena, plans to attend the Institute of Dental Technology. She wants to be a dental technician. I don't know what Denise has in mind, yet. Right now, her career in life is cheerleading. She's going to be a professional cheerleader. She started when she was 13 months old. She had the small genes in the beginning of both sides of the family. She inherited all the small genes, and with this almost miscarrying at seven months, it had retarded her growth enough that the small genes just really took over. She's quite a little girl. Do you want me to go ahead and talk about coming on the train with the troop?

AG: Sure.

RK: Okay. When we came out here, I believe it was when my little brother, Jack, was five months old. Mother brought us from Arkansas to Kelso, Washington on a train. When we got to Denver it was really, really cold. I can remember just freezing. We ate on the train, we ate ham sandwiches, I can remember, and milk. She insisted that we had to have milk even though the

short, we had to have our milk. When we got to Omaha, Nebraska, we got on a troop train. The troop train was moving the troops and my mother had to ride between the cars in those little places where you walk up to get into the big car. She rode out there with my sister who wasn't quite two and my little brother was five months. She sat on those steps and rode because that was the only way we could get from Omaha, Nebraska to the next stop. She rode overnight there. I was exactly six. I remember she would have to buy a half fare ticket for me if I was six. So she told me to tell everybody that I was five, so I could ride free. I can remember the conductor saying, "Well, little girl, how old are you?" Of course, they have to ask because little kids don't have that much they can talk about and I was very brave and I said, "I'm five today, but when I get off the train, I'm going to be six." And he said, "Why?" And I said, "So my mom won't have to buy me a ticket." My mother was terribly embarrassed.