

We lived near Lennox on a farm when Joe was born.

And we lived near Mason when Carolyn was born.

But when we lived in Afton, we soon had a little house of our own. The folks still lived in the big house where we all lived up to that time. There was Fred, Dolly, Ethel, Jerry, Pauline & Jean.

Dad (Ervin Edward Morrow), and my brothers (who were all carpenters) all came and built us a little two room house in a little over a day. It cost \$200 to build. We were holding out \$13 from the milk check for our groceries and had little money, but we paid it off \$2 a month. It was about the distance of 1/2 a block from the big house. One half of the house had our 3 beds in it: ours, Joe's & Carolyn's. In the other half we had the kitchen/living area. Our table was a board that hinged from the wall. It had a leg that would fold either down to make a leg or up when the table was out of use & folded up out of the way. We had lots of company. They would eat their meals at our house and spend the night in the big house with the folks.

An evangelist that knew us wanted to stay with us. We didn't have an extra bed, so he slept with Carroll and I slept on the kitchen floor on blankets. Our outhouse (toilet) was in the chicken lot and that is where we had to go to use the bathroom.

Joe was more to stay at home but Carolyn would go over to the big house often. Aunt Ethel treated her like a big doll and she would keep her all afternoon. Carolyn was always very independent and she just loved her Aunt Ethel. Once we found her out in between the herd of cattle and she was petting and talking to them. Scared me to death. Ethel helped with milking and chores. One morning when she came in from chores, she went upstairs to her room and found Carolyn in her bed fast asleep. I don't know how she got away without me knowing it but she had to go through two gates, through the door to the back porch, through the door to the kitchen, through the door to and up the stairs of about 23 steps (and she was only about two years old). I was really scared until I found her.

Then the draft came along. Fred was afraid Carroll would get drafted, so he rented a house in town for 2 years and had us move to the big house with Carroll tending the farm (so they wouldn't draft him).

After 2 years was up, they moved back & we lived in the old Miller house until we came to Missouri.

When we came to Missouri, we bought the John Cook place and then brought Fred & Dolly to find a place close. When Grandma saw the Summerfield Jones place, she fell in love with the house there.

That was Jan. or Feb. 1950 and they lived there until Grandma died Nov. 1961.

I now live at 1457 W. 5th Street in West Plains where Dad & I moved about 1987. Mrs. Martin is my next door neighbor and has been a very good friend ever since Dad passed away in 1996.

-Marjory Elaine Morrow Crider