

**Private Thoughts
and
Resume of My Life
by
Olive Jewell Ross**



MERRY CHRISTMAS

December, 2000

This account of the life of Jewell Ross was prepared by Karen Morgan Driscoll, daughter of Shirley Greening Morgan and granddaughter of Jewell Ross Greening, one hundred and two years after Jewell's birth. It was compiled from three separate documents written by Jewell when she was in her 90's. The pictures were copied from those contained in four scraybooks kept by Jewell, one of herself and one of each of her three children, Shirley, Ross and Virginia.

Jewell apparently forgot that she had already written her life story when she wrote the two extra accounts but since each stressed different periods of her life, by combining all three a remarkably lively picture of the times and life and character of Jewell is created.

Jewell would be very happy to know that her family and descendents were enjoying her story and, hopefully, profiting from the lessons her life gives us.

Did you ever want to put down in writing your thoughts and the events of your life to try and find out for yourself whether you're being on this earth ever accomplished anything worthwhile? I am going to try and write out my most intimate thoughts and actions. They seem most insignificant to me now as I look back.

I was born in Earl Park, Indiana, on February 27, 1888. My mother, Clara Perigo, was 20 when I was born and my father, William T. Ross was about 27. My mother was considered the beauty of the small town of Boswell, Indiana, where my parents lived. My mother was born in 1866 to Isaac and Elizabeth Perigo of Boswell, Indiana. They were of Welsh descent. My father was born in Wedderburn, which is near Melbourne, Australia, in 1810. His father was James Ross who was born in England, and his mother was Jessie Stuart Ross who was born in Scotland.

When I was about six weeks old my parents moved to Boswell, Indiana where they purchased a lumber yard. My grandparents, Isaac and Elizabeth Perigo, gave them a small 80 acre farm at the edge of town as a wedding gift where we lived until I was six years old. My dad hated farming so they rented the farm and built a house in a block belonging to my mother's school in Boswell. In five years my mother, who was eighteen years old when she married had four children. I was the first; Hector Ross was the second born on June 5th, 1889; Robert L. Ross was the third was born on December 5th, 1891 and Jessie Elizabeth Ross was the last child born on April 19th, 1893.

My dad was educated as a civil engineer at Purdue and Northwestern Universities but he was never successful financially because he didn't seem to have the knack of making money. The fact that he was an only child and much spoiled may have been a reason but my mother was a great worker and business manager. If he had worked with her and had more ambition we might have had a better life, although we always had a good home and clothes to wear and never went hungry.

My mother nagged him continually. He had a happy go lucky disposition but changed into a grouch when he had a little liquor. He did indulge once in a while. He would stay out late at night playing cards and when he got home we would hear him getting raked over the coals. How sad I would get whenever they had their differences. I was bound to be happy in spite of the upheaval at home, however. We all lived among many relatives and went to school in Boswell until I was thirteen and my dad and grandfather Perigo decided they would go to Carroll County, Iowa and look at land with the objective of going west to grow up with the country. My grandmother and grandfather Perigo were always as dear to us as our own parents and had much to do with our bringing up.

My father's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Ross lived twenty miles from Boswell in Raul, Indiana which was an all day horse and buggy ride. We would go and spend a week at a time with them. We loved them both very much. My grandfather had a grain elevator there and he also had a small grocery store with a post office in the rear. He wouldn't let us have all the candy we would have liked but my grandmother was always giving us pennies so we would go



Jewell Ross about 1 year old



Jewell at about 2 years of age



Elizabeth and Jewell Ross



W. T. Ross and Clara Perigo—Wedding picture



Grandma and Grandpa Isaac N. Perigo



*Back Row: Robert, Hector, Jewell and Elizabeth Ross
Front Row: Grandpa James Ross, William T. Ross and Clara Perigo Ross*

to another store and buy extra candy. They were an aristocratic couple and always had a maid, a horse and buggy and a nice home and I loved them dearly. I was Grandpa Ross' favorite and he was always doing nice things for me. He gave me my first bicycle and my first solid gold watch. After my grandmother died in 1900 he came to live with us after we moved to Iowa. Grandmother Ross is buried in Blue Ridge Cemetery in Raul, Indiana. He did not stay with us for very long however, because the climate did not agree with him and he longed to go back to Indiana. A cousin of my dad's named James Barr, took him as a paying guest and he was always very good to him.

Grandpa Ross would send me money to come back and visit and I spent a good deal of time pushing him around Earl Park in his wheel chair. He met my grandmother in Australia where he went to go into gold mining. She was a widow then and her name was McDonald. She had two sons by that name and they lived in Detroit and had grown families.

After my parents and my mother's parents moved to Iowa, my Grandfather Perigo bought a section of land for fifty dollars an acre and my dad bought eighty acres adjoining it and a thirteen acre place with a nice house in Carroll, Iowa, at the edge of town. Grandpa and Grandma Perigo lived about ten miles away in Glidden. We all went to school in Carroll and by 8th grade I seemed to have covered all the work and they let me take the examination to go into high school. I look back on those four years as very happy ones. I was not a student like Heck was and took delight in playing hooky every once in awhile. Hilda New and I would go up to her attic and make fudge and while away a happy afternoon. Once we got caught and had to stay after school to make up the time.

In high school while I was a freshman I became interested in a nice farm boy named Roy Copp, who was the star football player and a senior. That romance lasted for a couple of years then I met a nice boy who clerked in a store named John Macke and that lasted a couple of years until it was time for me to go to college. I graduated from Carroll High School when I was 18 in 1908.

At first my dad wanted me to go to Northwestern University but I got a chance to room with Kathleen Kennebec who was going to Drake so I decided to go there instead.

At Drake I took dramatic arts with Mrs. Voegler and Mr. Brown as teachers. I also took some business courses in typing and shorthand and I graduated in both in 1908. My boyfriend was Leslie Mills, a student at Drake from Bozeman, Montana.

I had never fallen for any one really until I met Leslie and then I fell like a ton of bricks and couldn't see anyone else and we were constant companions. While in Drake we took the same classes in business administration and we always studied together. Not having cars in those days we had to walk or go on a canoe trip up the Des Moines river with another couple who seemed to have it as bad as we did. We saw very famous actresses and actors for a five cent matinee, such as Lillian Russell, Maude Adams, Lionel, John and Ethel Barrymore and many others. Leslie's allowance was given him by his sister Mabel, who was a school teacher in San Diego.

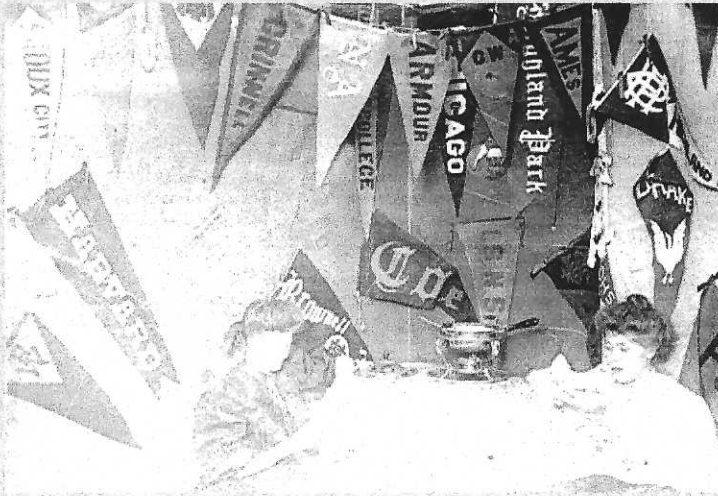


Jewell Ross
High School Graduation-1906





Jewell and a friend around 1908



*Jewell and her college
roommate, Kathleen Ken-
nebec at Drake College,
Iowa around 1907*

Things did not cost much in those days. Tuition at Drake University was \$10 a semester, half of which was for my room. We boarded at eating clubs and board was \$2.50 a week. One time when we went out for a picnic in the park Leslie shocked me by taking along a small bottle of wine that I had grown up to regard as the tool of the devil. Believe me he didn't get me to even taste it. He had a cousin named Carlisle Kenyon who was going steady with a girl by the name of Mary Connelly so we doubled dated on many occasions.

When Thanksgiving came along I asked my mother if I could bring Leslie home to Carroll with me for the vacation and she willingly agreed. On the train there he told me confidentially that he had brought along a bottle of whiskey. Again I was shocked and begged him to keep his suitcase locked in his room because if my mother ever saw it I knew that would be the end of our romance. My mother was a rabid prohibitionist and my dad liked his little nip and I think she could smell his breath over the telephone. Most of their marital troubles were over just that but he had been brought up with a decanter on the side board. I had often seen my father's parents out playing cards for the evening with a small glass of whiskey as refreshment. This was the cause of my mother's arguments against us children going to spend a week or so with my wonderful grandmother and grandfather Ross.

At the end of the school year Leslie had finished his two year course in commercial art and business so he and Carlisle had to return to Bozeman and it was a very sad parting. We wrote every day for all that year. Postage was only two cents for a letter. Before he left he asked me to wait until he had saved enough money for us to get married and we were very happy indeed. I went back to Drake the next year to get my diploma in Dramatic Art. We agreed we would each go out with other boys and girls but would tell each other. I went out plenty and always told him. I learned later that he was not as forthcoming with me, but at the time I could see no wrong in anything he did.

The following year I talked my mother into going with me to San Diego where Leslie was living with his sister and father. He got rooms for us at a small hotel and we stayed there at least two weeks and while there he confessed he had saved nothing but had gone with a drinking a sporty crowd and spent his money on good times. I was sick with disappointment but so much in love with him that I forgave him everything and he promised to go on the straight and narrow path from then on and I believed him. Unfortunately on a salary of eighty dollars one cannot save very much. He got a raise of five dollars a month while we were there and we started our planning all over again. I went back to Des Moines where I had various jobs.

I loved dramatics and set up many entertainment shows for whole evenings with churches in small towns around Carroll. We charged 25 cents admittance and I got half of the proceeds. Sometimes I would make \$20 or \$25 and I thought it was a fortune. I always had other jobs also such as typing for the professors or going out and giving readings for \$10 per evening. Once I had a job in Dr. Gibson's office in Des Moines. I was always very economical and would often walk back and forth to work to save the five cents carfare. I always had some money in the bank because it made me feel so secure.

I taught dramatics at West High School one year. I also took a course in dramatics at a private school called The Oberman School of Oratory and through that I got many coaching

jobs. Mrs. Oberman thought it would be great to go on the road for a season with a vaudeville act so she took six of us and made a clever skit in which we had about six quick changes. The group was called "Six Kids and a Chaperon". One of the kids was a very talented boy named Warren Munsell who was my private heartthrob. (Later he became quite a prominent actor and went to New York.) The rest of us were girls. We took one mother along as a chaperon and wardrobe lady and we made the tremendous salary of \$25 and expenses. Our first engagement was in Missouri and we thought we were top booking. There was eight in our entire group and we found it hard to agree on many things and so the tour broke up after twelve weeks of engagements all through the south and we all went back to our old jobs in Des Moines.

During this time my young brother, Hector, who was a student at Iowa City, came bursting into my office and informed me that he was tired of dentistry which he had been studying at Iowa State. He said that he and Cora Mohler were going to get married. First he must get a job which he did that very day in a men's clothing store which he later owned. He did not want to tell our folks that he was going to get married because he thought they would try to prevent it but I thought that wasn't right so I called them long distance. My dad got on the train in Carroll and we all met at the station but my folks were of the opinion that there was nothing they could do once young people made up their minds so Dad consented and even bought a small house for Heck and me to own. Because I was already paying room rent I told Dad to just give it to Heck because I didn't think such a partnership would work out. We did agree that my roommate, Sadie Tregloan from Carroll and I would move into the house and pay Hector \$8 a month in rent.

Soon after this I got a letter from Al Osten, a friend from Carroll, asking Sadie and me if we wouldn't like to get a group and go to Montana and take the government up on the homesteads being offered to the public. We immediately started planning on doing just that. I was thinking it would be wonderful to have 320 acres of land. I thought it could hasten my marriage to Leslie. Clarice Fisher, Sadie Tregloan and I were the girls and Al Osten, who graduated from high school with me, his brother, Fred Watts a law student who was engaged to Sadie and Walter Mohler who was the brother in law of my brother Hector, all decided to set a date to go look at homesteads. My mother insisted that we go to a little town called Melstone where she had an old friend named Mrs. Fielding, to look after us. My Grandfather Perigo insisted on going along to see that I got a good deal. We landed in Bascom, Montana, where the girls got rooms in a bunk house until we found our homesteads and got our log cabins built. It was great fun. We each paid our share of the expenses. We met an older couple named the Holmans who were living on a homestead. Mr. Holman took us out in a wagon and we all found homesteads joining each other that were all within a mile of each other. Grandpa Perigo saw to it that I got the one with the spring on it. The others all had to come to my place to haul all their water. We each got 320 acres covered with thick sage brush. Al went back to Carroll and ordered a box car and all our folks sent all their old furniture and other furnishings and Al bought two old horses and came back in the box car with the whole mess.

The boys agreed they would cut the logs for our cabin if we would cook for them. We put up a tent for the girls and a makeshift shack for the boys with the lumber we brought from Carroll and all went well. There was no romances between any of us except Sadie who was engaged to Fred Watts. We got a couple of Swedish boys to agree to build our cabins with the



*Mr. and Mrs.
Holman Bascom,
Montana*

*Unloading the belongings of all six homesteaders
from the train car around 1908*



*A tent for the girls and a shack for the boys while the homestead cabins
were under construction*

logs from the nearby forest, which we could have for the hauling and everybody was busy. We paid the Swedish boys \$100 for each cabin. The cabins were sixteen by thirty feet with a window on each side and a door in front. We had a stove, a kitchen table, a couple of chairs, old dishes and an antique dresser that had belonged to my Grandfather Ross. I also had an old fashioned trunk where I hid a bottle of bourbon that my dad sent out in case of rattlesnake bites. We never got bitten so I never opened the bottle.

We stayed about a month in Bascom and I stayed with the Holmans who turned out to be my very best friends. One time I said to Mrs. Holman, "Haven't you any nice young men around here. We like boy friends as well as girls friends." She said, "There is a wonderful young banker up in Melstone, who is really outstanding". I said, "Well, I'll take him." I waited many days before I met this young banker. Finally one day he and a friend, John Rice, came out to look over the three girls who had taken out homesteads. He didn't pay much attention to me and I told Mrs. Holman, "You can have him, I don't want him." His name was Charlie Greening.

After a few weeks we were all in our cabins out on our homesteads. We all carried our water for baths. We made a toilet by putting a board across a hole. We got acquainted with our homestead neighbors, bought horses and we were in business. We had picnics with our neighbors and had country dances with music from my old phonograph that Grandpa Perigo had given me because he felt sorry for us on our lonely homesteads. We all went everywhere together in our wagon. It was twelve miles into Melstone and Sadie and I would often ride in and get our mail. One day Charlie Greening and John Rice came riding out to call on us and Charlie seemed to take more notice of me than he had the first time. Clarice didn't like this very much because she had already made her mind up that he was for her.

When Charlie and John were ready to leave Charlie asked me if I would care to ride with him to the Niece ranch. I didn't know how to ride yet but I was game to try. We kept going and going and I got very sore on the bottom until I finally had to confess my problem. I had to get off and walk a bit and by trading off walking a mile and riding a mile we finally arrived at the Nance 17,000 acre ranch. We had expected to return that day but I was so sore I just couldn't so they invited us both to spend the night at the ranch. Charlie slept out in the bunkhouse with about ten cowboys. The Nance's log house was huge and I had a bedroom all to myself. Charlie went back to the bank the next morning and Mr. Nance sent a cowboy in the buckboard wagon with my horse, Tommy, tied behind, to take me back to my cabin.

I had an old revolver without any bullets that I kept handy in case a stray sheep herder might come by and I felt very safe. Clarice was with me for quite a while. Finally I decided I should go to Melstone and get a job because I had spent most of my money on the cabin and my horse. I went into the general store which was also the post office and asked Mr. Wilson if he knew of any jobs in town. He offered me one in the post office for \$60 a month. I was happy and liked my way of living. I roomed and boarded in a little four room house that Charlie Greening owned. He had paid \$1000 for it and also owned one just like it right next door where he slept. He boarded at the same house where I lived.

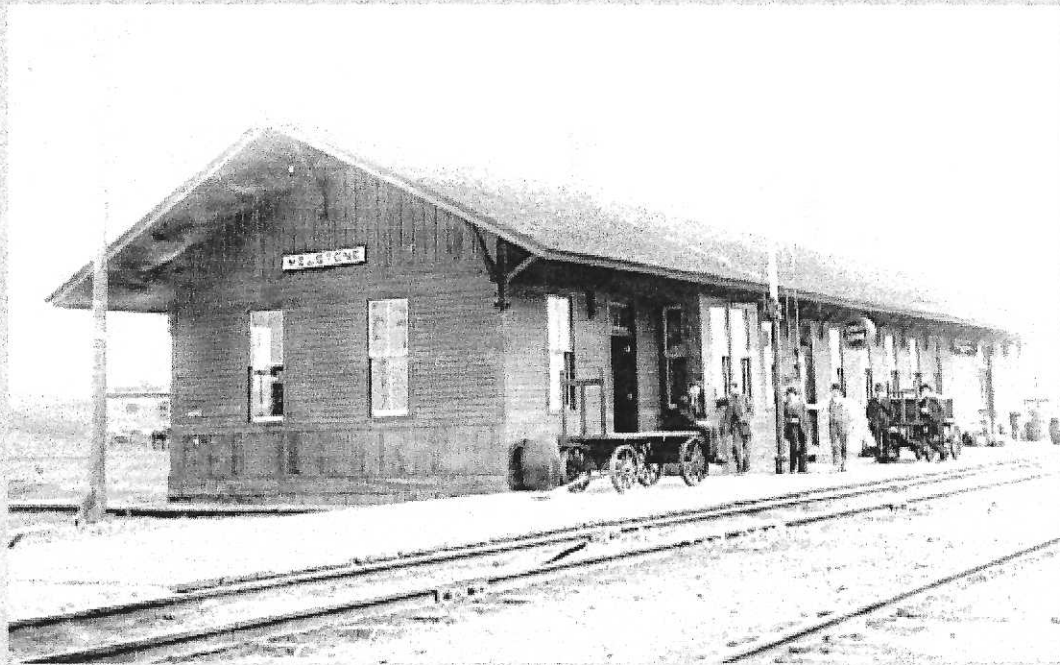
Charlie was a grand fellow. He was upright and good looking and had a fine job in the



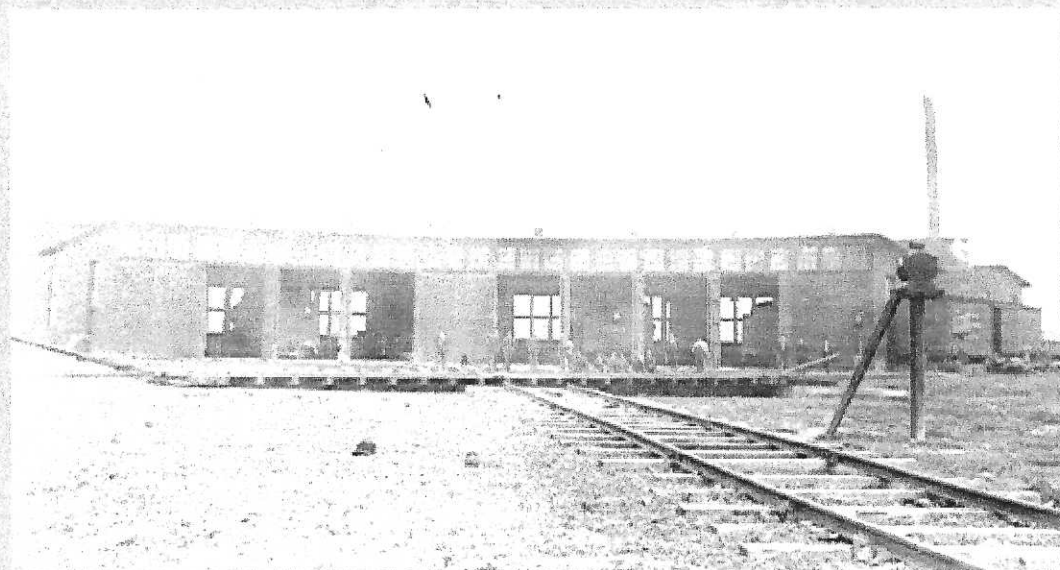
Downtown Melstone, Montana around 1909



Melstone, Montana seen from the distance, around 1909



Melstone Montana Train Depot



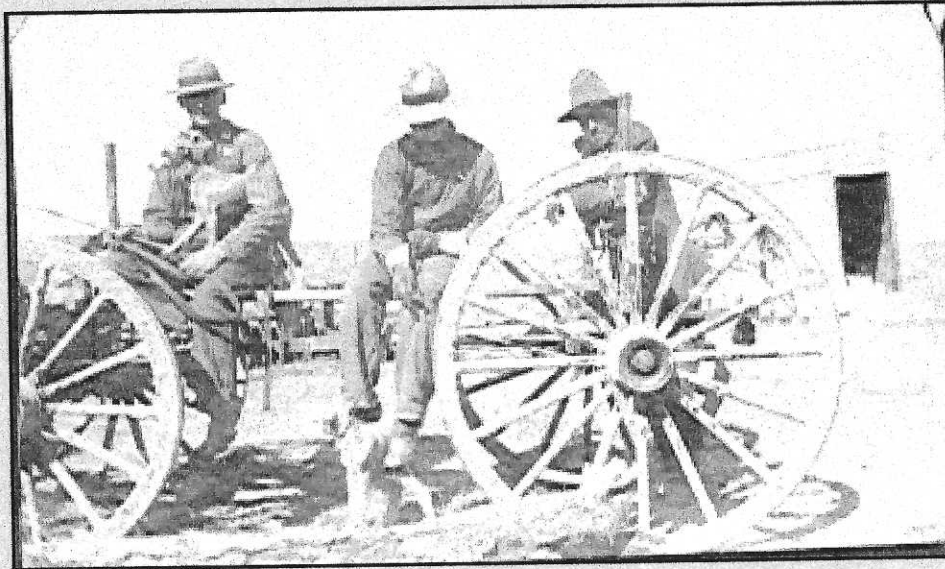
Train roundhouse, Melstone, Montana



Musselshell River, Melstone, Montana



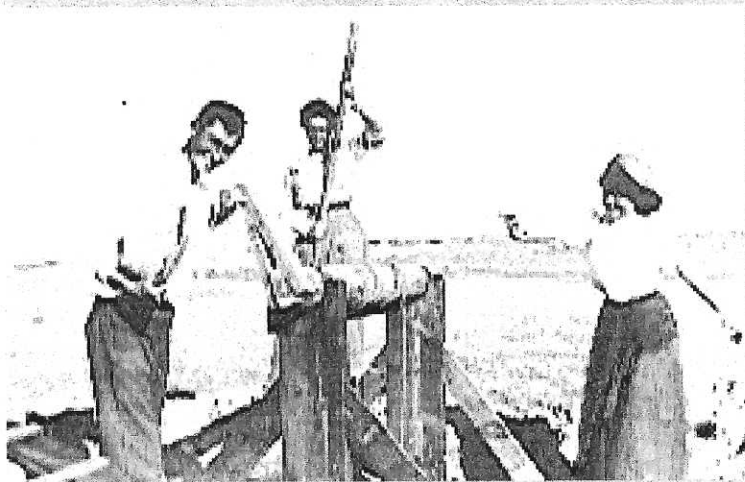
The Public School, Melstone, Montana



Al Osten, Walter Mohler and Fred Watts were all fellow homesteaders with Jewell



Jewell (in the middle) with her homesteading friends, Clarise Fisher and Sadie Tregloan and the old gray mare they brought out with them

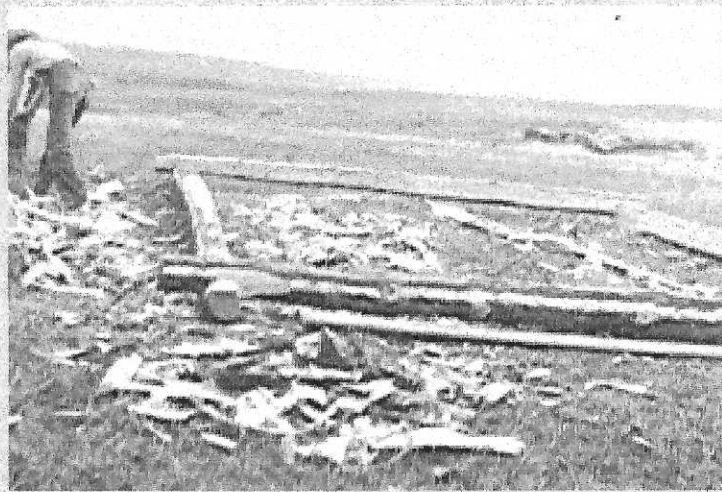


*Hauling water
from the well on
Jewell's home-
stead*

*Charlie and Jewell
early courtship days
1909*



Charlie Greening at the Niece Ranch, Christmas, 1909



The first logs are laid by the Swedish boys Jewell hired to build her cabin, using the logs cut by the men who homesteaded with her.

Jewell and friends celebrate having the walls on the cabin completed.



Jewell and her horse, Tommy pose in front of the completed homestead cabin.

bank at \$80 a month. In addition to being a banker he also had the only insurance agency in town and a car agency and he was getting a commission on sales of Northern Pacific land so he was bringing in about \$1000 a month in total. He had a homestead also so he would round up our horses and we frequently went out to one or the other of our places or to the Niece's ranch or some other ranch. The doctor in town was Dr. Gilhus and he was married to Mildred Niece and we became great friends. We had an old knock down spring bed and the men would sleep out of doors and we would have the inside with a spring bed. Clarice stayed with Sadie for a while and then got a job at the Neace ranch where she struck up a friendship with their son, Donald, and the four of us went many places together in the two seated buckboard.

One day we started out in the buck board to go over to my homestead. We got lost and night came upon us and it started to rain. There we were lost in thousands of acres of land. Charlie started out to find my cabin because we thought we where right in the vicinity of it. He fell over a cliff about ten feet deep and we had to yell to guide him back. We all got under the wagon and had to stay there until day light even though it turned out my cabin was only about a block away from us. We were very proper young ladies and we were embarrassed to think we had spent the night with two young men but they were as proper as we were. We hoped no one would ever find out about our experience.

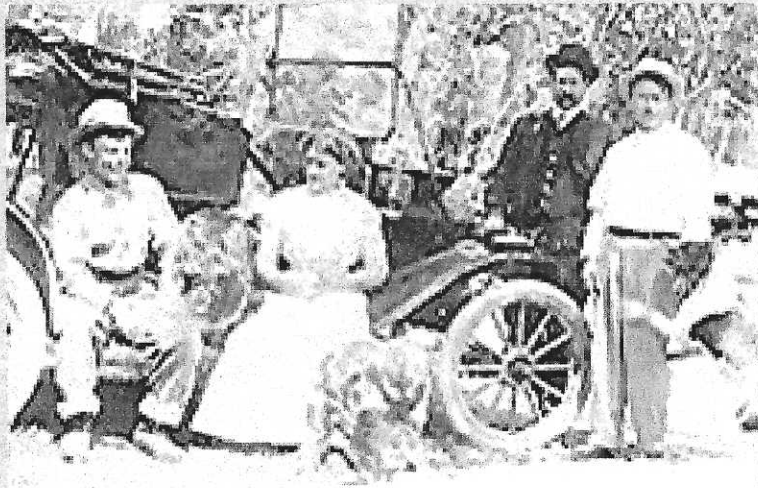
Every evening Charlie would come to visit me at my boarding house and I began to think he was pretty nice. I would go out with other young men but Charlie would come along too. He was most attentive but it took me some time to decide whether he might be my one and only. Finally my job played out with Wilson because he was too attentive to me and I couldn't stand him so Charlie offered me a job in the bank although I never could figure out my own small bank account. I had to tell him that I was engaged to be married. He took it pretty hard but wasn't one to give up. My folks and my Grandma and Grandpa Perigo came out to see me and they all thought that Charlie the banker was hot stuff.

In the mean time, my old love, Leslie Mills, hadn't saved up any money to get married but at least he said he was walking the straight and narrow path. My dad got to investigating him and found out his past history of drinking and other vices and put it up to me. It was a blow to me but I could see he was right. Charlie asked me to marry him and I said I would go back to Iowa and think it over and tell him later. He wrote me every day, great big lovely love letters. When I came back to Melstone in the spring I told Charlie I would marry him. He produced a great big diamond ring and I was in seventh heaven. We spent a wonderful summer together. Our friends, Ed and Edna Parkinson, got a car and it was the first one in Melstone and we went all around the country with them. Ed was a sort of cowboy surveyer. Charlie wrote to ask my father for "my hand" and my dad said, "If it's all right with Jewell it is with us."

I moved back to my homestead after a few months. We spent our time riding horseback. One day Sadie and I decided to ride but couldn't find our ponies. The old horse we had brought with us from Iowa was standing there with a droopy head so we decided to put both our saddles onto him and they fit fine so we had a slow but pleasant ride. On another occasion Rose Sickmiller and Charlie came out to my cabin and only having two riding horses we thought we would hitch Charlie's riding horse up with the old nag to the wagon with



Ed Parkinson was a surveyor. He and his wife,, Edna, owned the first car in Melstone.

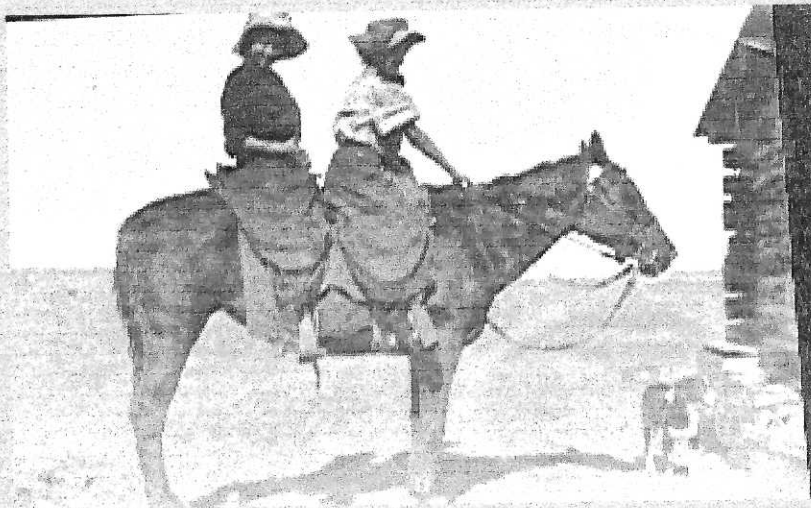
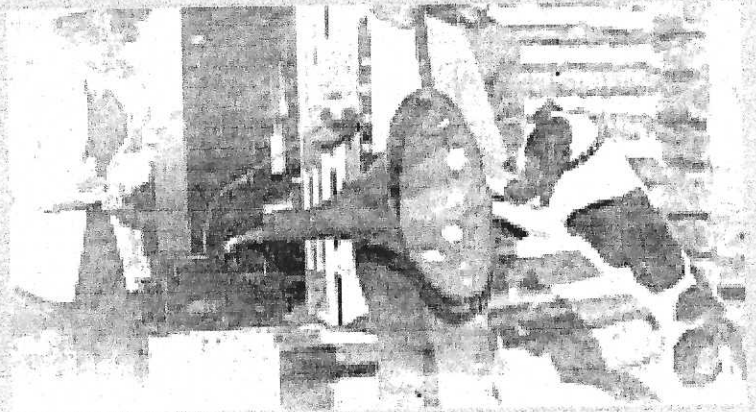


Jewell on a hike



Jewell and her six-gun

The old phonograph given to Jewell by Grandpa Perigo to



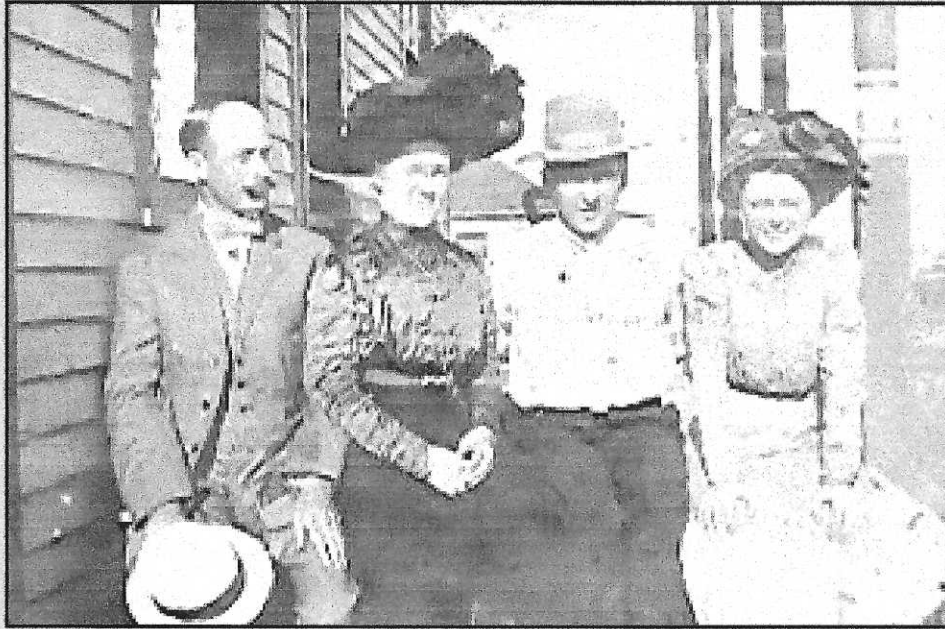
Jewell and Sadie make do with one horse



William Charles Greening



Charlie in front of his newly built First Bank of Melstone



Grandpa and Grandma Perigo visit Jewell to meet Charlie Greening



The home of Dr. Gilhus, the only doctor in Melstone, Montana

Tommy tied on behind for our trip into town. Neither horse had any experience being hitched to a wagon but they plodded along all right for about four miles and then Charlie's horse realized his dignity was being insulted and he began to pitch. They both ran toward a cliff with Tommy pitching behind. We hit some real rough spots and first Rose bumped out over the back and landed in a bunch of sage brush. Next Charlie bumped out and then I did too. We found ourselves scattered in various spots over the prairie. We all sat up laughing our heads off. No one was hurt but my shoes and hat were gone and so were Rose's shoes. The horses were pretty winded and they stopped just short of going over the cliff. We managed to get everything together again and finally made it into town. My horse, Tommy, was very fast. He had been raised by the cowboys for racing so I decided I would enter him in the 4th of July horse races. I won \$17 and thought it was good fun to win.

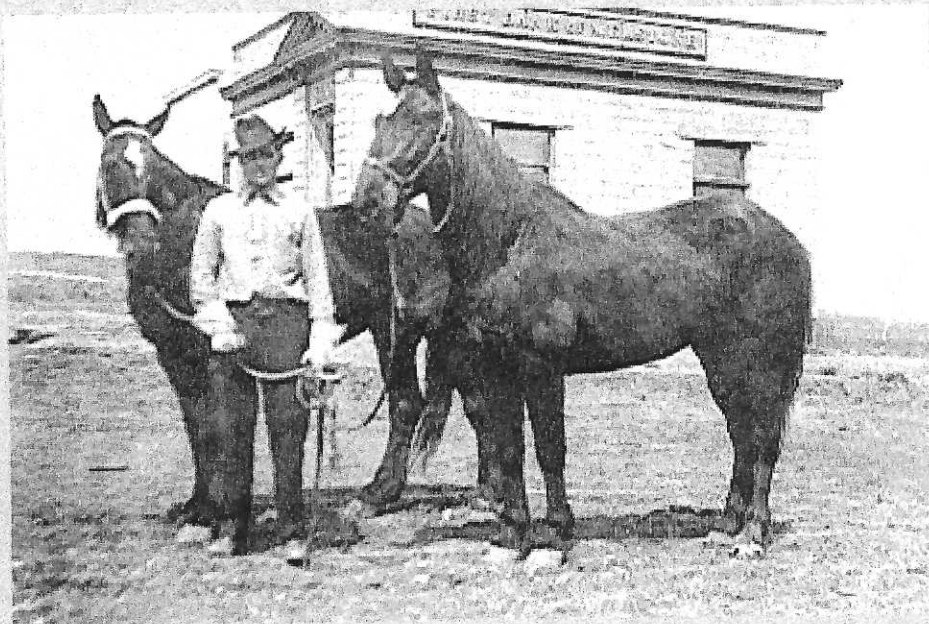
Sometimes sheepherders would come along and water a band of three or four hundred sheep on my homestead when no one was looking so the spring would be useless to us for several days. The Warners moved to town from Minnesota and the Thurstons from South Dakota and we had quite a gang of friends coming west to get rich. Most of them took homesteads but they would also have a small house in town and we had marvelous parties and dances. I moved back into town boarding and rooming with the Warners. They took in seven boarders. A sister named Jet Black came to live with them and she and I slept in the dining room on sanitary cots. We always had wild onion sandwiches just before we went to bed. Most every one drank beer out there and one day in the afternoon a bunch gathered at Warners and had a beer party. Charlie was a very strict prohibitionist and one afternoon when we were all celebrating with a beer party he came up to the house to see what was going on. He immediately walked over to me to see if I was drinking beer but I didn't like the stuff and just had water in my glass. I guess if it had been beer he would have quit me right then and there. He said he had never taken a drop of any kind of liquor in his life.

One Sunday a bunch of us went out to the homestead. Sadie and Fred were still on their homesteads but we couldn't find either of them any place. We found out later they had ridden their horses to Custer and taken the train for Billings and quietly gotten married. We felt quite hurt to think they didn't share their secret with us. I went back to Carroll and we set the date for our wedding to be November 22nd. The year was 1910. Charlie was to come to Carroll the day before the wedding.

My mother decided we would have the wedding at our home and about twenty five guests were invited. Elmer, Charlie's brother, was best man and my sister, Bess, was bridesmaid. My mother got a cateress to come from Omaha and we had a bang up wedding. I had Kathleen Kennebec, Myrtle Mitts, Bell King and Clara Culbertson as maids of honor. I carried a bouquet of roses and orchids and had an all over lace dress with no train as was the custom at the time. I didn't want to wear a veil either because I wanted everything as simple as possible. Arthur New was to take us to the train so we sneaked out the back door. Our grips were already in the car and we went to the depot only to find the train was five hours late so we went back to the New's house to wait. Soon we found out that there was another train going to Chicago coming in at about eleven o'clock so we took it. The gang came down to the first reservation to give us a proper send off and when they learned it was late they decided to come back when the train was supposed to be in. When they came back they were surprised to



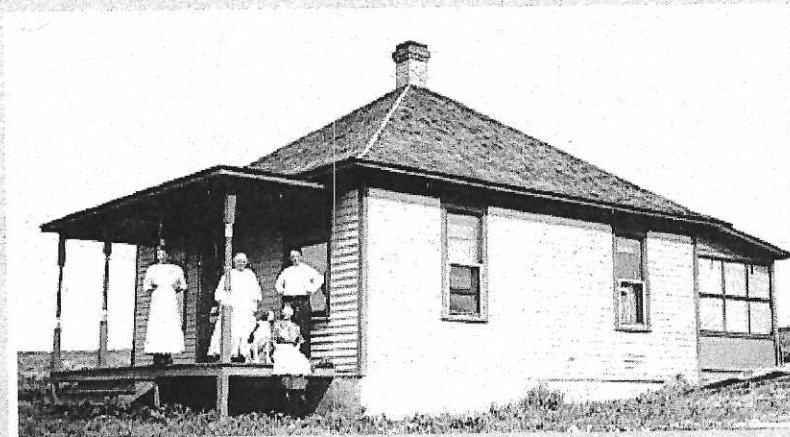
Charlie and a friend in Charlie's homestead cabin



Charlie's horses in front of his bank, Melstone, Montana



*Jewell and Charlie Greening
Honeymoon trip, 1910*



*Jewell and Charlie's first home
Melstone, Montana—1910*

*Fred Watts with his new
baby, Eldred*



find we were gone.

We stayed in the Sherman Hotel in Chicago and took in the town for a couple of days. We went to Niagara Falls and ended up at the Washington D.C. home of Charlie's sister, Jo Croft, where we stayed for a week or so before taking the boat to New York. I was sea sick all the way. We went back by way of Carroll so we could see about shipping our belongings including our wedding presents. Grandpa Greening packed our cut glass in a trunk and when it arrived in Melstone most of it was broken. It takes a barrel to pack glass. We received eight cut glass bowls, our start in Gold band Harrland dishes, and six forks, eight spoons and six knives in the Mount Vernon pattern.

After we returned to Melstone we lived in one of Charlie's little four room houses and rented the other one. On the way back from our honeymoon we had stopped in Minneapolis, Minnesota and bought furniture for the house and together with our lovely wedding presents we made a good showing. My dad gave me five hundred dollars for a wedding gift. I used it to make half the down payment on another little house and Charlie put it in my own name so I felt like a large property owner. I got twenty five dollars a month rent out of it which I saved up until I had enough to make a down payment on another small house costing fourteen hundred dollars which also rented for twenty five a month I always liked to make investments and then work out a way to get them paid for.

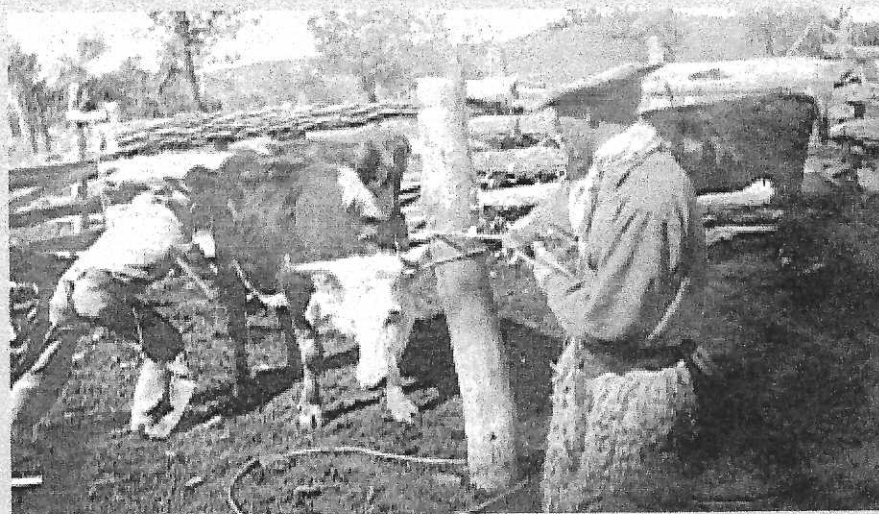
When we got home from our honeymoon, before our furniture came from Minneapolis, I thought of Sadie out on her homestead and very pregnant so I sent out for her to come in right away. Fred brought her in a wagon and that very night she began to have labor pains. We sent for Dr. Gilhus, the town's only doctor. Sadie had a very hard time and here we were with only a heating stove and two wire double cots. The doctor finally had to take the baby with forceps. The child lived and they named him Eldred Watts. He turned out to be a very healthy specimen. Fred and Sadie stayed with us for a couple of weeks and then went back to their homestead.

Soon Charlie owned ten small houses in Melstone and they rented from \$10 to \$25 a month and every thing was rosy financially. We were in business in so many ways. Charlie had proved up on his homestead and I sold mine to my brother, Bob, for what I had put into it which was about \$500. Charlie had a fine family in Grand Meadow, Minnesota. Grandpa Charles Greening, Grandma Clara and sons Charles, Edgar and Elmer who were all bankers and daughters Josie Croft and Nan Lockwood. We were always very close friends all our lives

We were very wise and knew we didn't want any pregnancies for a year or two but it turned out we were not as wise as we thought and by the end of February I began having morning sickness. Nevertheless, I was pleased and Charlie bragged he was going to have a boy baby. Later when we had a darling little baby girl he denied that he had ever wanted a boy. I had fifty five hours of hard labor and had to have the baby taken with forceps but on November 12th at five o'clock we had a lovely nine and a half pound baby girl. We named her Shirley Lucille. I had gone to Carroll for the delivery. Because of the long labor her head was long and narrow and she had a blemish on her eye from the forceps. Dr. Pasco was my doctor and he had two other doctors to help out. Charlie came from Montana on the next train after Shirley was born and when he saw her deformed head he started to cry but the nurse said her head could be



*Hunting, hiking and
helping with the cattle
ranching*



molded back to normal so we started to enjoy our baby. She was in perfect health. We went back to Montana and lived in Charlie's four room house and took much pride in our beautiful baby.

We had many good friends in Montana and a good crowd to play around with. We would go to dances and put the babies on the tables with our coats and they slept blissfully until we would go home at one or two o'clock in the morning. We built a sleeping porch on the back of the house. One time when Charlie went back east to visit his parents in Grand Meadow for two weeks, I got some carpenters in and had them combine the front two rooms in the house into a nice big living room, put in a glass front door and built on two rooms in back, one for a dining room and one for a bath room with a tin tub and I added a cistern in the kitchen. The carpenters worked fast and Charlie came home to a palace but he was pleased with it all.

We had three riding horses and took many horseback trips over the country. We were able to hire a full time maid for \$2.50 a week so we were free to go often and would make trips out to Charlie's homestead which was about 4 miles out of town. It had a fire place and a stove and a few chairs in a beautiful spot only four miles from Melstone. We had a dog named Duke that we loved dearly. He was a hunting pointer and we took him every place with us. We had him for several years. He was later poisoned by some hard hearted person. I sold my homestead to my brother Bob for five hundred dollars which is what I had in it. He had come to Melstone to work in Charlie's bank. Our close friends were Dr. and Mrs. A. Gilhus, the Warners, my homestead pals the Watts and Clarise Fisher. We had a good life.

Charlie was the hub of the community. He was president of the Chamber of Commerce, president of the school board and manager of the bank. There was no water or electricity in Melstone and it was very difficult to try and keep house. Water was hauled in on box cars and lamps had to be cleaned each day. We had no washing machine so I had to do diapers and all other laundry with a wash board, copper boiler and copper kettle on a wood stove. We had no toilet other than the out house in the back. There were also no sidewalks in Melstone but Charlie, being the progressive type, started getting in all the basic utilities the town needed including sidewalks. He donated \$400 to start a congregational church and went around for donations and succeeded in raising enough to get a very nice church and many sidewalks. The soil there was pure gumbo and the chickens would get stuck in the mud and the wagons would mire down until the drivers had to get out and punch the mud out of the wheels in order to go on. It was a funny sight to see a person walking because they would have to kick the mud off one foot and then the other in order to take each step.

Sometimes when I had an invitation out I would leave Shirley at the bank. Charlie had an assistant by that time so he would take her over to the pool hall and set her on the pool table and she would have fun playing with the billiard balls. That didn't work out too well so I had to take her to the parties. Charlie bought a ranch at Weede about fifty miles away and bought 500 cattle and put them on it. He took on a partner named Ed Parkinson who agreed to be manager for half interest in the cattle business. The Parkinson's built a lovely log cabin on the ranch and raised fabulous watermelons and cantaloupes and they would bring in dozens for us. They would also butcher prime beef and we always had plenty of beef. In the winter we could keep it frozen in the wood house but having no refrigerator we couldn't have much in the summer.



Elizabeth Perigo

Clara Perigo Ross

Jewell Ross Greening

Shirley Lucille Greening



Jewell and Shirley Greening



*Shirley Greening
Melstone, Montana, around 1912*



There were only rough dirt roads winding through the hills to the ranch

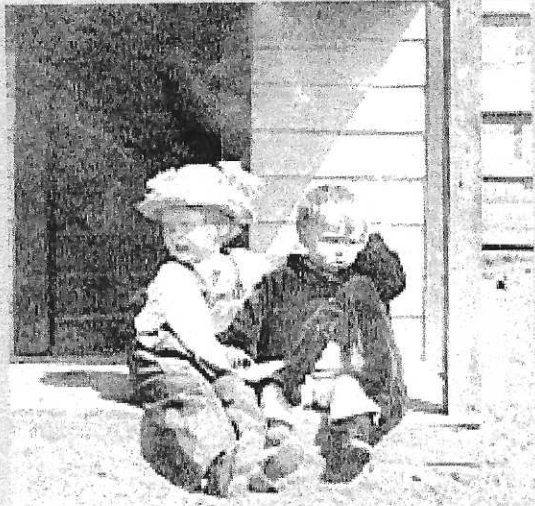
Just two years later to the day and hour after our daughter was born, we had our little boy, Charles Ross, who was also our pride and joy both when he was little and when he was grown. Shirley and Ross celebrated their birthdays together until Ross got old enough that he didn't want a lot of sissy girls at his party. Shirley was also pleased to celebrate without those loud noisy boys by that time. Shirley started to the Melstone school when she was five. We lived three doors from the school house and the teacher said to let her come even if she didn't learn much because she was so young.

Our little house seem pretty small so we decided to build a real home up on the hill. It had four bedrooms, an eleven by thirty foot living room, large dining room and full basement with a furnace and all. It was the finest house in the town. We also had the first automobile in town. We moved Shirley's play house up from the old house. An old lady named Mrs. Depew lived with us for a year to help take care of the children. She was very artistic and made beautiful bed spreads and drapes for the whole house.

We made friends with the Ray Thurstons who had three small girls named, Gena, Margaret and Lulu May. Ray and Ellen Thurston proved to be the best friends we ever had and we did everything together and we loved them like our own family. Ray was the grain elevator man in Melstone and Forsythe. The Thurstons rented our little house next to us and there Katheryn, their fourth girl, was born. I kept Gena and Margaret while Ellen had the baby in their home with Dr. Gilhus attending. She was the cutest baby in town and she went around sucking her thumb while she held onto her naval. Our baby, Ross, wasn't half so cute but we sure were proud of him. Our little Shirley was a beautiful little two year old. Of course Ellen and I planned that Ross and Katheryn were just made for each other but he was one boy and there were five girls so when they got older they thought he was a nuisance. He had a beautiful disposition and tolerated a lot of abuse from the five girls.

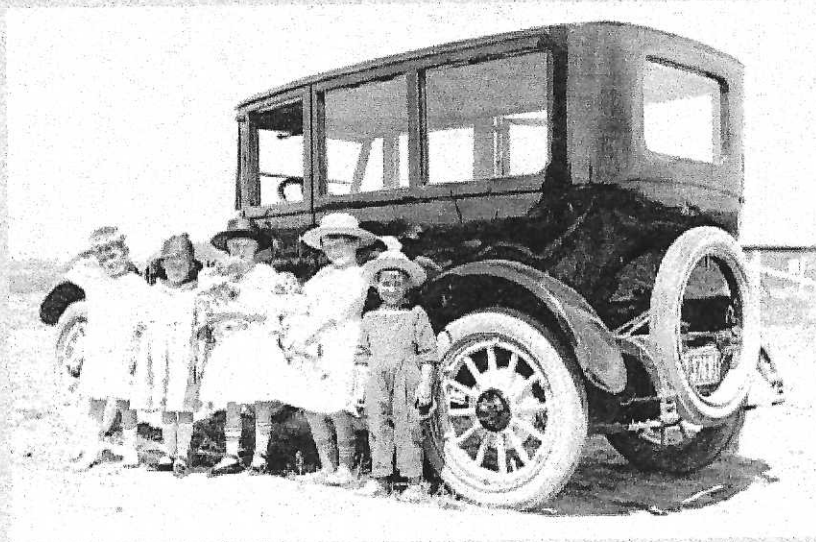
By that time Charlie had gone into partnership with Nr. Nuley, a banker in Miles City and Mr. Clark from Butte and together they built five small banks in the nearby small towns of Ingomar, Sumatra, Melstone, Jordan and Vananda. After a couple of years, Ray Thurston decided to go to the larger town of Forsyth and we missed them sadly. Each of us would go back and forth to visit each other and take all the children and stay a week. Later two of the Thurston girls would come at a time and Shirley would go down there by herself for a week. Sometimes we would go on trips to Yellowstone Park with Gena and Margaret, Mrs. Bernice Warner, Ray and Ellen. Ray would rather leave the kids at home but Ellen wanted them to see the park and we got along fine and stayed in the little wooden houses they had in the park. We really had ourselves a time. Nothing bothered us then..

We figured we were worth about \$100,000 and that was considered wealth in those days. By this time Shirley was six years old and she was very smart and the head of her class. We decided we should move to Miles City where the children would have better schools and more advantages so we bought a beautiful five bedroom house out near the Wedges on Sterevell and Main Street. Charlie was affiliated with the First National Bank of Miles City and took the job of managing all the banks. That meant that he would only be home on weekends which

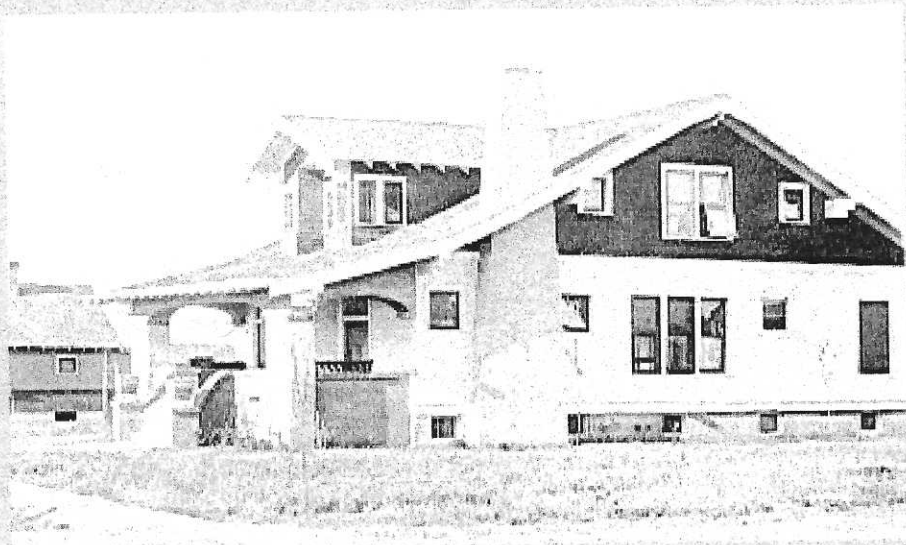


Shirley and Ross Greening,





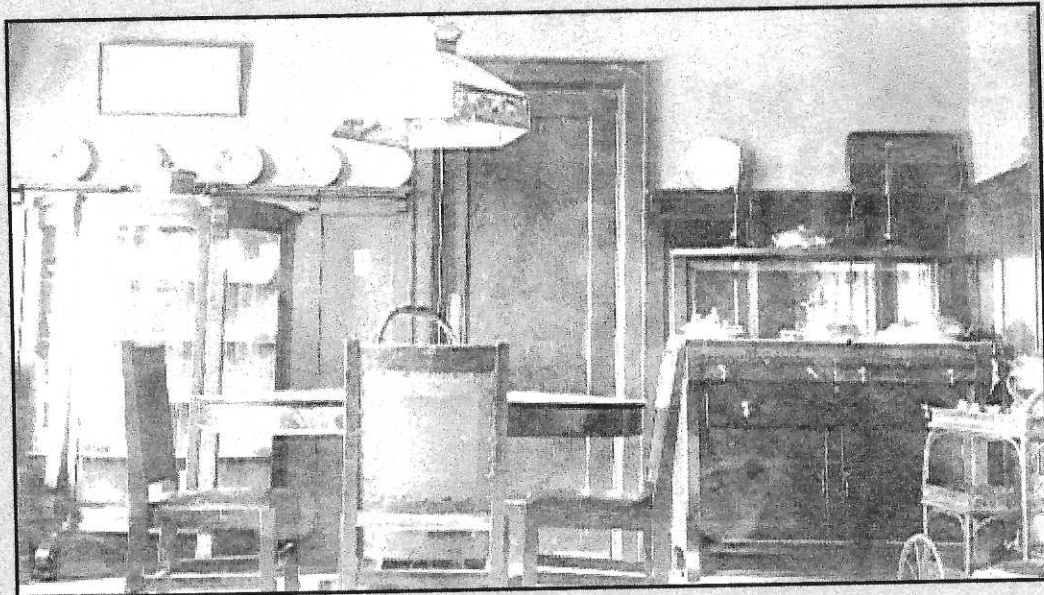
Ross and Shirley and their friends



New home in Melstone, Montana

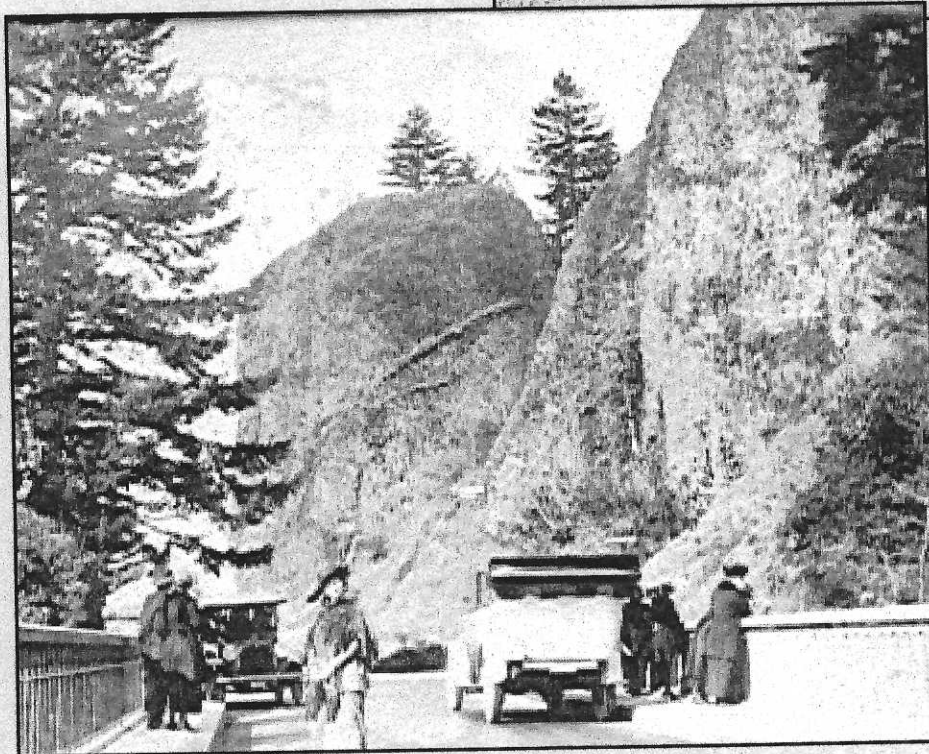
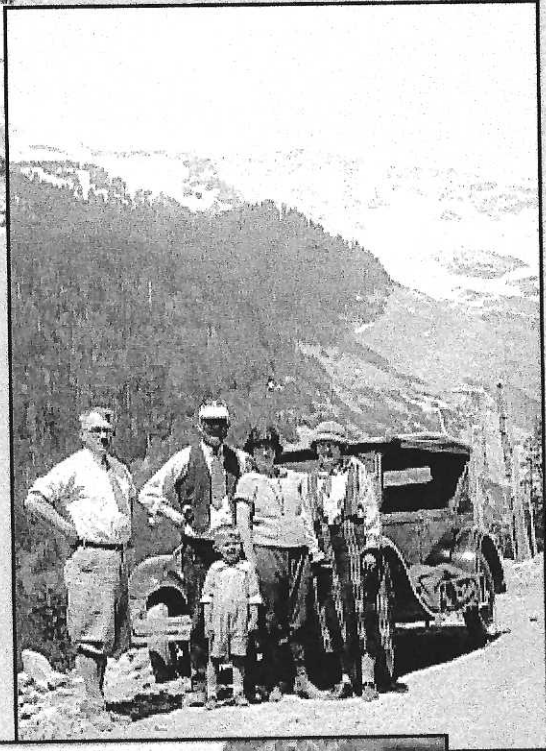


Charlie in his Melstone home





Trips to Yellowstone Park





Yellowstone Park



wasn't exactly what we liked.

Ross was always full of mischief and was quite the pest of the neighborhood. The Wedges were our best friends there. Paul had been Charlie's room mate at Carleton College. The Wedges had three girls. One of Ross' pranks was cutting off a big limb of the Wedges tree in the front yard. Katherine Wedge came home and saw it and asked Ross why he did that and he said, "Well I needed a place for my foot". One day when I was entertaining friends, Ross came into the house dressed in his dad's pants with a frog in his hand that was about a foot long. Pride in his appearance wasn't one of his virtues. He couldn't care less.

World War I came along and Charlie planned on going and got his affairs in order but they called his banking business essential and he couldn't enlist. About this time the Spanish Flu hit the country and people were dying like flies everywhere. Whole families would die. There weren't enough well ones to care for the sick ones. We stayed well for quite a while. Charles stayed in Melstone and would help out with caring for the sick. He would go into a home and find a couple of people dead and others very low with no one to help. People made home made coffins and buried several on the hill in Melstone. Then one morning I felt sick and sent word for Charlie to come home and I went to the Skinner Hospital with the Spanish Flu. I got a schoolteacher to come and help out at our home because all the schools were closed due to the terrible epidemic. Charlie got home just in time because Shirley and Ross came down with the flu also. Vera and Hogan Kraalel, friends of ours living in Miles City, had a six week old baby and when they both came down with the flu I told Charlie to bring the baby to our home. He sent for Hogan's mother from South Dakota and she came and stayed to help with the children and the sick. The flu was so bad that even if you got up out of bed you most likely would still die and many did. I developed pneumonia but didn't move out of bed once and tried very hard to live because my two babies needed me badly. All three of us survived and Charlie didn't get it so we were one of the lucky families. The armistice was signed on November 12th and the terrible war ended just when Shirley and Ross celebrated their 5th and 7th birthdays.

After that Charlie decided he should change his job so he could be a home more. We had lived in Miles City a few years by that time and loved our home there the best of any we had but Charlie had a chance to buy a thriving bank in Hardin for \$85,000. He could run it and be at home all of the time instead of only being home for week ends. We moved to Hardin which was the home of the Crow Indians and close to the Custer battle field and lived for a year in a rented house that was infested with bed bugs. I didn't like Hardin as much as I had liked Miles City but I cheerfully went along to help make our first million. We bought a lovely five bedroom house with a basement apartment which we rented to three school teachers. We had good times in Hardin. We went camping almost every weekend and slept on the ground. We had a wonderful bunch of friends there and the fishing was most desirable. For one Shrine picnic, Charlie and another man caught enough fish in one day for about 100 people. The men fried the fish over bon fires and nothing can equal a Montana trout cooked right out of the stream.

Everything went well for a couple of years and the banks did well and then suddenly over one thousand Montana banks began to go broke. We got word one day that the Melstone bank was closing so we knew the rest of them would go. The rail road division point was

moved from Melstone to Harlowtown so we couldn't rent any of our ten houses because the people had moved away. We had a very severe winter, however, and we had to buy a trainload of hay to feed the cattle on our ranch in Weede because the snow was so deep. However they froze to death anyway because the temperature got to fifty degrees below zero. They skinned the cattle to try and recover some of the loss and hung the skins on the barbed wire fence along the side of the river. Then the spring rains came along and flooded the river and all the skins were lost. We also owned a chicken ranch in Hardin with ten thousand chickens and had a hired man running it. Unfortunately it turned out that he was living with another man's wife and when the husband found out they took off for parts unknown leaving the chickens in hot summer weather and they died by the thousands making another catastrophe for our finances.

The Hardin bank was threatened because of the closing of the other banks. The former owner whispered around that it was shaky and then he bought it back for half the amount he had sold it to us. About this time I found out I was going to have another blessed event. Charlie had been elected to the Montana legislator in Helena as a republican senator. We all went with him and rented a furnished house in Helena. Shirley and Ross went to the Helena school and we had a gay social life and met many prominent people among whom were Judge and Mrs. Cooper, the parents of Gary Cooper who became very well know later. We did not go with Charlie for the second session because our baby was due in January, 1922. I didn't go back to Carroll for that birth. I stayed in Hardin and had Dr. Baker for my doctor. Mr. And Mrs. Holman came and stayed with us and took over the household management. We had a maid to do the heavy work and Mrs. Holman took charge of the children. Charlie came home for the birth. Ross went to school that day and told the teacher we were going to get a baby boy that day. Later the teacher asked him if we had a baby boy and Ross said, "No, its nothing but a girl!". Our third child was born the day the Hardin bank closed.

We named our baby, Virginia ^{Clare} ~~Clare~~. My mother had been hurt because we didn't give Shirley the name, Clara, since both her name and Charlie's mother's name was Clara. I thought she would be satisfied if we used Clare for Virginia's middle name but she didn't consider it adequate because it wasn't spelled Clara. Virginia was born on my mother's birthday, January 10th, so we sent my parents a telegram saying, "Congratulations on your birthday. I had one myself today and I weighed eight pounds" signed "Virginia Clare Greening. Virginia was the joy of the household. Shirley was ten and Ross was eight and they worshipped her and were very willing to baby sit any time they were needed. Ross sure did love her even though she turned out to be a girl. He would give up many pleasures just to take care of her and was mighty anxious to have her walk so they could run and play together. She took her first steps the day she was one year old.

After the Hardin bank closed everything happened to everything we owned. What other money we had and our Miles City and Hardin homes were confiscated and we were penniless and without a job. Since Charlie was serving as the Senator of Big Horn County in the state legislator his business associates in Helena got him a job as the receiver for two defunct banks in Roundup, Montana. I got a job as his secretary, although I was very inefficient, I am afraid. We sold a lot of our furniture and took enough to furnish a two bedroom house in Roundup in the Episcopal parsonage until the two banks were settled. It was a fun town and we had a good time. I wasn't worried but Charlie was sick with disappointment and he grieved over his banks



*Charlie Greening,
Hardin Montana*



Claire
Virginia Clare Greening joins the family

losing other people's money. He was not thinking of the large loss he himself had experienced. He had been such a success and then everything happened at once and we had to start all over again. Nevertheless, we were happy to have our three wonderful children.

We stayed in Roundup about three years and then Charlie and I went on a visit to Tacoma to see our friends the Highs. While there we heard of a bank being planned for a branch of the Puget Sound National so Charlie applied for the job as manager of it and got it. He went to Tacoma immediately to supervise the opening of the Lincoln branch of the Puget Sound National Bank located on the corner of North 38th and Yakima. We moved into a big square house on the corner of North Washington and 36th and the bank went over well and we were in business once again. I did what I could to help out. I had dramatic classes and had a bunch of students. The times were so hard that I could only get 35 cents for each of my pupils but I saved it religiously. We built a home at 3524 South Thompson and I took in roomers and even boarders to help out and managed to save about \$400.

One day Charlie came home and told me that he had learned that he had very high blood pressure. We thought it was because of all the worry and trouble he had been through losing his banks. He cried like a baby because in those days there was no treatment for high blood pressure and he felt he wasn't going to live long. By this time Shirley was going to Washington State College. She put herself through college by working in a bank and being house manager of her Delta Delta Delta sorority. She was smart and strong and went through college with high grades. She was president of her sorority and won many honors at college.

Ross got to be an outstanding athlete at Lincoln High School in Tacoma and was a champion of the state at javelin and shot put and was on the championship football team. He helped out financially with a paper route. He had to get up at 4:30 to get his morning route delivered by six and then he went back to bed for a little snooze before getting up to go to school right across the gulch. Ross wasn't as good a student as Shirley was but managed to make his grades by real hard work and he graduated with a high average once he realized he could do it.

After Ross graduated he went to Pullman to attend Washington State College also. He was an outstanding artist and made his way through college with his art work and by washing dishes at the Delta Delta Delta house. He was a dear and we loved our children all. Ross always tried to help me with housework and did the dishes and scrubbed the floors. Charlie wasn't the domestic type but was a good, honest banker. He had worried so much about his banks going broke that he had put up everything he had including a \$25,000 life insurance policy to try and save them. Later he was not able to reinstate his life insurance policy because of his high blood pressure.

We built a home across from Lincoln Park and things began to pick up for us. Charlie continued to work at the bank. He had two bad holdups while he worked there. One of them was by a young high school boy who walked in with a gun and demanded the money. Charlie invited him to help himself. The boy took \$3,000 from the counter and rushed out with it and jumped into a car and was off down Yakima. Charlie had just returned from a hunting trip and his gun was lying in the corner. He rushed out just as the boy started his car and shot into the car. The car seemed to skid and he knew he had hit him. Charlie jumped into his own car and

Standing:

Jessie Greening Croft, Sue (Hilda Schleiger), Elgar Greening, Harold Lockwood, Nanna Greening Lockwood, Jessie Greening, Rollin Greening, Willa Lockwood, Dorothy Greening (in front), Clara Caswell Greening, Ruth Lockwood



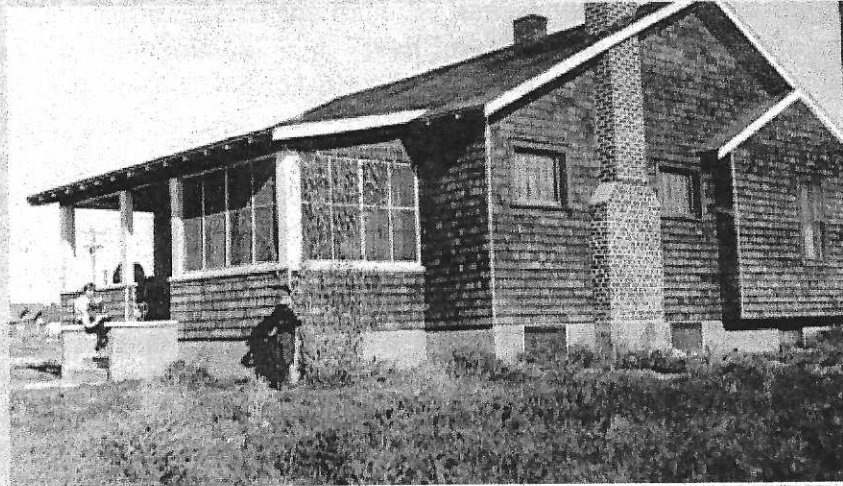
Shirley Jewell Ross
**The Greenings, Crofts and Lockwoods at a family gathering
June 1923, Grand Rapids, Minnesota**

Seated behind:

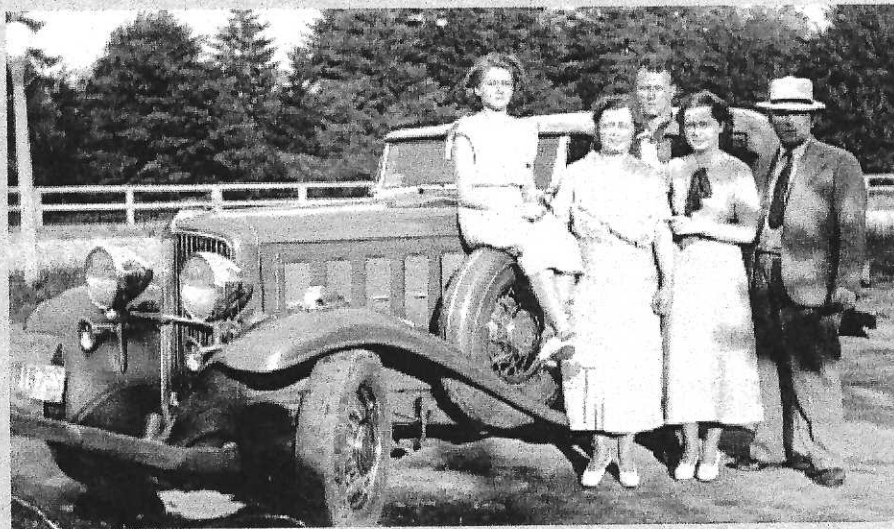
Elmore Greening, Francis Lockwood, Shirley Greening, Jewell Greening, Charles Ross Greening

Seated in front:

Charles Phillip Greening, Phyllis Greening, Charles Croft, Lois Lockwood, Virginia Greening



The Greening home in Roundup, Montana



The Greenings in Tacoma, Washington. Shirley and Ross are attending Washington State College in Pullman, Washington and Virginia is attending Stadium High School in Tacoma

Lincoln

good advice of Mr. Forrester I bought and sold several little houses at a good profit.

Virginia wanted to go to Stadium High School because her best friend, Gail Drake, went there so we moved down to the Avalon Apartments on St. Helens Street for two years. Through Ross I met Anna and Carl Hookers from Texas who owned and operated "The American Book Builders" so I took a job with them. I worked hard and did so well that they offered me the job as their western manager with a good commission. The work was exhausting so after a contract was finalized I would take a trip to Mexico to rest up and then go back to work. By that time Virginia was in Washington State College and in the same sorority Shirley and Dorothy Watson had been in ten years before. I bought a house down on North Tacoma Avenue across from the Annie Wright Academy and filled it up with roomers. It was only \$3,200 even though it was in that wonderful location. Between library building contracts with The American Book Builders I worked at Rhodes Cloake Ready To Wear and then later at the banking department at the shipyard where I was really making some money.

World War II broke out and Virginia quit college to join the Navy as a Wave. My wonderful Ross was sending me \$100 a month. I could manage without it so I bought Liberty bonds and had a wonderful feeling of security. After years I sold the bonds and bought an apartment in the Grey Gables at 6th and Division and deeded the apartment over to Ross. The war was a terrible thing and Ross went through the Doolittle Raid on Tokyo and managed to escape through China with many harrowing experiences and then later was shot down over Mt. Vesuvius and was missing in action for months and months finally ending up in a German prison camp. Shirley had married a Naval officer, E. Maxwell Morgan in 1940 in Tacoma and immediately moved to Pensacola, Florida to live. Their daughter, Karen, was born there a year later. I continued to work and to buy and sell houses. I accumulated about \$40,000. I helped Virginia graduate from the University of California. She had G. A. assistance also. I took a job with Welcome Wagon as a newcomer's hostess and lived at Gray Gables for five years. Virginia married Martin Nisker, an Air Force officer, in San Francisco at the Presidio on January 13, 1952. They left for Japan and I continued with the American Library Builders.

The hardest time I ever had in my life was when we lost our wonderful Ross. He would have been a great man—he was great already. He picked up a germ in Australia when he was stationed there which caused endocarditis necessitating a heart operation. He survived the operation but his body was too weakened by his long battle with the disease and he died after the surgery. How can one get over such a loss? Life must go on. He was so sick and felt he was letting us all down. He had such faith and was consumed with love for everyone. He told me he didn't want to die and leave Dot and the boys and asked me to help her because she didn't know anything about business but she soon caught on and is a rich woman today. I got her started buying first mortgages through Mr. Forrester and she soon caught on and saved her money. She had good common sense and weighed any problem until she knew what she was doing.

Virginia and Marty and their three children went to duty in Bermuda on June 20, 1964 and he died ten days later in a plane collision off the coast of Bermuda. She brought the children back to Tacoma to live the last of July and with Marty's insurance, investments and pension she got along financially and bought and lived in a cute little four bedroom home at 4108 N 39th in Tacoma. Kim and Gary went to school there and Bruce who was only three years old

brightened her life and she proved to be the most wonderful of mothers and I hope those dear children live to appreciate her.

When I would get desperate and wonder what to do I would just turn it over to God and I prayed out my problems one by one. If I had kept track of what I made during those years I am sure it would be close to \$200,000 but I spent lots of money traveling and cars and gave Shirley and Virginia eight or ten thousand during my life and saved and trusted. I tried to do my share of charity work but am afraid I didn't do as much as I should have in that line. I adopted a child in a home and paid so much a month for many years. I entertained a lot which cost a lot and gave some to the churches. I gave my grandchildren some and still have more than I believe I have.

One of the best things I ever did was to marry one of my old school mates from Drake University, Carlisle Kenyon of Bozeman, Montana on March 4, 1955. He was a widower and I met him on one of my trips to Mexico. I had been a widow for fifteen years. We had a very happy life in Bozeman without even arguing and I really cared for him. We both enjoyed good health and had many trips together including Mexico, California, Alaska, South America, the Caribbean and eight countries in Europe. We took another trip a couple of years later to the Holy Land and to Turkey in 1966. At 79 years of age Carlisle had no thought of retiring from the Kenyon Noble lumber company in Bozeman which his father bought in 1895 which was now a prosperous business. What a life saver we have been to each other. We never have trouble except when he tried to play bridge and I try to teach him but we all have our short comings and always overlooked them in each other. He never will be able to play bridge though but I loved him anyway.

Max retired in October, 1966 and they took a trip through Europe before returning to the United States where they decided to locate in Tacoma and start a new life outside of the Navy. Max is a dear sweet boy and I loved him in spite of our disagreements at times and he turned out to be the perfect one for Shirley. His disposition changed for the best and they are very happy.

Then Carlisle had a stroke and we moved to Panorama City, in Washington, where we lived for five years. What I am most sorry about of all things is that I didn't understand what a stroke could do to you. Carlisle would lose patience with me for things I did when I was trying so hard to make things good for him. I got to feeling like a martyr which he didn't appreciate. I am sorry, sorry, sorry for some of the things I said to him in anger. Why couldn't I have understood, but I just didn't know how the strokes caused him to be like he was. One thing that really marred our happiness was the fact that Carlisle allowed Bill Ogle, who had been the husband of Carlisle's daughter, Katherine, for one year until she suddenly died, to get hold of all his property in such a way that Carlisle hardly had enough to pay his bills. I spent many bitter moments when I could see that Bill Ogle, was slowly but surely getting every material thing away from him. Bill got Carlisle to sell his stock to him at a very cheap price. He treated Carlisle like he was the hired man. I would tell him Bill was doing it and I think Carlisle knew it but he remembered the time his daughter was married to Bill and how happy they were and he just didn't want to see that he was being cheated. Carlisle came to think that he was a poor man. I helped him pay many bills and I was glad to do it but I resented Bill's crookedness.



Carlisle S. Kenyon

After Carlisle died at the age of 87 on September 14, 1971, his fortune was tied up with his old lumber business that Bill was now running. Bill had made up stories and mixed everything up and gotten Carlisle to sign things he didn't know he was signing. Bill got Carlisle to forgive \$7,600 in interest Bill owed him and he made attorney fees very expensive and prolonged. Carlisle had already given Bill his old home in Bozeman which was valued at \$25,000 and he had told Bill that was all he would get but he got much, much more.

In making our wills we both agreed to just leave each other the interest and dividends we received on each of our holdings. I had children and I wanted them to get what I had. He left money to three institutions, and eleven nieces and nephews, and nine grandchildren related to him only through marriage. He was so grateful to my two daughters for accepting and treating him like a father without any suggestion from me. They really were wonderful to him and he was to them.