

I, Lorna Gene Wells, was born 18 February 1921 in the small community of Onarga, Iroquois, Illinois, about 80 miles south of Chicago, Illinois, to Harry Lester Wells and Lavina Lanora Fisher. I was named by my Uncle Kiffie (Clifford Earl Beach) who was my Dad's brother-in-law. Uncle Kiffie was the husband of Dad's sister, Mary Esther. He was a lawyer. If he hadn't been a lawyer I think he could possibly have been a teacher since he was so interested in literature. He picked the name of Lorna - not for the Lorna Doone Cookie but for the book LORNA DOONE. The second name "Gene" was for the author GENE STRATTON PORTER. As nice a name as "Lorna Gene" was, it seemed that it was too difficult for people to remember since I was mostly called "RED". Why? Because of my orange red hair! How I hated that name! Since I don't remember what I did at a very early age, I can only repeat what I was told by my mother who reported one occasion when a gentlemen (or at least I think he was a gentleman!) called to me "Hey Red, what color is your hair?" To which I replied "My hair ain't red, it's brue, brack, and brown!" When things didn't go exactly as planned (in other words when I was being a brat) I could always expect the admonition "Lorna GENE". I hated to hear that "Lorna GENE". It was really a relief when my oldest sister, Juanita, gave birth to a son (Billy) who, when he began talking, called me "G". That progressed to "Ginny" for some reason so I became Aunt Ginny from then on - at least in my family. With the addition of many nieces and nephews the name "Aunt Ginny", or just "Ginny", stuck from the whole family. When I left home, the only time I got to hear the Aunt Ginny was when I visited on vacations, etc. Needless to say I missed not hearing it.

My father, Lester Harry Wells, was born 11 November 1895 in Onarga, Illinois, to Gideon Way Wells and Mary Ellen Hess. Dad had red hair but it was the beautiful auburn color. Dad had 12 brothers and sisters. He was number eleven. His father, Gideon Way Wells, was born 24 December 1850 in Morgantown, Virginia, which later became West Virginia, to Thomas Wells and Eliza Ann Way. We used to tease Grandpa, telling him he was one day older than Christ! Gideon's father, Thomas Wells, died when Gideon was only seven years old and, for some reason, he was sent to live with an "aunt" - but which aunt? And why him?-- he was the middle child of a family of five. Grandpa never went to school, but that didn't seem to prevent him from making all kinds of meaningful decisions in life. He somehow got to Woodford County, Illinois, the same year (1868) as my grandma Mary Ellen Hess. Grandma was also born in Morgantown, Virginia but they had never met until they reached Metamora in Woodford County, Illinois. Grandma was born 1 April 1854 to David Scott Hess and Eliza Ann Cozad. By 1874 Grandpa and Grandma were married and then came the 13 children. At one time Grandpa Gideon was on the school board for Onarga (I assume that was because of his having so many children - not because of his education!). Grandpa was a very easy going person. I can't remember a whole lot about him because he died when I was only nine years old, but, for the short time I did know him, he was a very SPECIAL GRANDPA. I never heard him swear - he would never under any circumstance say "Hell" or "Damn" but he sure could enunciate "SUGAR" in such a way that you knew exactly what he meant. Grandpa was a drayman. I can still see that wagon going down the road, with Grandpa and his faithful dog, Saylor, by his side heading for the various jobs he did.

My grandparents lived in several places before they finally landed in Onarga, Illinois. They bought the equivalent of two blocks of land. One block they lived on - the house being on the corner and the rest in orchard and garden. The second block had (if I remember correctly) three houses on it. I remember that the payment on their property was a whole \$9.00 a month, but even that was difficult to come by back then. We lived in the first house on the second block which was right across the road from Grandpa and Grandma so we got to see them a lot - probably more than they wanted to see us! Grandpa died in 1930 while we still lived in Onarga. Grandma died in 1940 after we had moved to Hoopeston.

My mother, Lavina Lanora Fisher, was born 22 March 1902 in a little town called Tamalco in Bond County, Illinois, to John M. (thought to be Martin but, as yet, cannot be proved) Fisher and John Ella Wilson. John M. Fisher was born in 1869 in Woodsfield, Monroe County, Ohio to Garrison W. Fisher and Ella Turner. It was the Fisher family that migrated to the US from Ireland during the Potato Famine that brought the orange red hair into the family - my mother's brother, Archie, had four children all of which had orange red hair! John Ella Wilson (better known as Ella or Ellen) was born 6 November 1874 in Dudleyville, Bond County, Illinois, to John Riley Wilson and Ellen Wright. John and Ella Fisher had seven children, my mother being the fifth. One was born in Indiana, one in West Virginia, my mother in Bond County, Illinois, and the last two children in Litchfield, Montgomery County, Illinois. No one ever told me why they moved around so much except that when Uncle Archie was born in West Virginia it was because his father was working in the coal mines. I do not know how or why they went to Illinois. When or where they married was always a bone of contention. We (Joe and I) searched Bond County and all the counties

around Bond for a marriage but came up with none. My Uncle Archie always said that he was an "ugly bastard" because he didn't think they ever married. Years later, though, a marriage license WAS found for them in Mt. Vernon, Jefferson County, Illinois (two counties above Bond County). If only Uncle Archie had lived long enough to know that he wasn't a "bastard" after all. Mother's father, John M. Fisher, died 15 April 1909 in Terre Haute, Indiana, when she was only seven years old. I don't know many of the details of her early life but it couldn't have been very happy. After her father's death the children were put into orphanages or into foster homes. Her mother must have been something else because she didn't seem to take very good care of her children, although Uncle Archie dearly loved her and did everything he could to help her. How or why or when they moved to Onarga, Illinois, I do not know - maybe because of the canning factory there where most of them eventually worked. It was in Onarga that my mother and father met. Ella was later married to John Decker and they lived in St. Louis, Missouri.

I was the fourth child, the third female, born to my parents. They eventually had nine children. Before me came a brother, Lester Harry Wells who lived only a couple months, two sisters, Juanita Mae and Evelyn Archie. After me came Clela Calista, Phyllis Elaine, Dallas Wayne, Marilyn Dolores and Rheta Yvonne. My mother reported that out of the nine children I was the only one that was paid for in cash - a whole \$75.00. The rest were paid for at a dollar down and a dollar a month!! The fall before my birth my Dad worked for the sugar beet factory in a small town near Chicago, Illinois. By Mom and Dad living in one room using boxes for furniture, they were able to save enough money to pay "cash" for me when I arrived in February. My oldest sister had been left in Onarga at Grandma and Grandpa's house, the other sister probably was with our Uncle George and Aunt Sarah while Dad worked in the beet factory..

I was not exactly the healthiest child in the world. For some reason I was afflicted every winter with some malady from the time I was about two years old until I was a sophomore in high school. I would refer to it as the croup but they had a yea long name for it. My earliest memory was one year (I must have been about four years old) when I was so bad that Mom took me into the bed with them this one night (actually early morning). I was having a very bad time breathing. She eventually got so worried that she told Dad to get up and go for the doctor (this was when doctors made house calls but nobody had a telephone to call them). Dad had this habit of getting up, pulling on his britches, and reaching in his back pocket for his tobacco. This morning was no different, except instead of putting the leaf of tobacco in his own mouth, he put it in my mouth telling me to chew it good and swallow. This I did and before long there was no need for a doctor - everything came up. When I started school I would miss a lot during the winter months, hence, I wasn't the smartest critter on the block and haven't improved much since!

Grade school was in Onarga, Illinois, through the seventh grade. I don't remember too much about that. By the time eighth grade came along we were living in Hoopeston, Illinois. Dad had been transferred to Hoopeston to work at the "cattle yards" for a Mr. Rice who was some bigwig from the stockyards in Chicago. The cattle yards was a very aromatic place not too far from the "dump" which didn't help the situation at all. You've heard of "Evening in Paris"! Well, when the wind was blowing in just the right direction, Hoopeston was referred to as "Evening in Hoopeston"! Eighth grade was spent at the Lincoln School in Hoopeston. The thing that stands out in my mind about the eighth grade is the fact that Aunt Essie and Uncle Kiffie had somehow found a Mellophone (which was sometimes substituted for a French Horn) and wanted me to join the school band. At that time I was a very small young lady and the Horn turned out to be almost as big as I was. To join the band the students had to walk all the way across town to another school and, believe me, there was no way that I could lug that horn that far. Another student, who was at least twice my weight and towered above me in stature, played the flute so it was arranged that she would carry my Mellophone and I would carry her flute. High School was at John Greer High in Hoopeston where I was'nt the best student but sure was a good athlete. Next came Gallagher Business School in Kankakee, Illinois.

My first job was at the stockyards in Chicago, Illinois. My next job was at the Dean of Women's Office at the University of Illinois at Champaign/Urbana, Illinois, where I progressed as far as possible. Unfortunately, once I got to the "top" I lost interest and wanted to "move on". Thus started my adventurous years. After several years at the university, I took what little money I had and went to the bus station asking how far I could go on what I had. After debating whether to go north, south, east or west, I picked Ann Arbor, Michigan, where I found work at SCHOOL SHOP MAGAZINE. After a few years there, again I headed out - this time for California, where I ended up in Santa Barbara. We were taught in business school that when looking for work always try the utilities, so, in Santa Barbara I went to the phone company. They said they had no openings but knew someone who did - Harry

Butcher, Eisenhower's Naval Aide during WWII, had landed in Santa Barbara not too many months before and was starting a radio station - KIST - and needed some help. I walked onto the top floor of the tallest building in Santa Barbara (a whole four stories high) and saw nothing but a bunch of field desks from the war. Needless to say I was wondering what the heck I was getting into! Harry Butcher hired me though and I began work right then. Other than the field desks, nothing was set up for the station. First of all the switchboard arrived and I became proficient at that (with the help of a very nice lady from the phone company). Besides the switchboard, I was secretary to Harry and a jack of all trades to all the rest of the gang. After about six months and the station finally was on the air, it became evident that one person could not possibly handle all that needed to be done at a radio station, but Harry wasn't about to hire anyone else. I started work at 8:00 in the morning and left when it was done for the day -- usually around 3:00 in the morning. Needless to say, I couldn't keep that up forever. One day the "nice lady" from the phone company came over to show me some new things that had been added to the switchboard. We were working diligently to get everything in place when a 'RED, GET IN HERE' was heard. I started to get up to "run" into his office but the lady asked if this was what was going on. Of course I said "yes". I did not go into the office -- the nice lady did. She had some special words with him and for a while he simmered down. After a while, though, it was not just RED, GET IN HERE, it was 'GOD DAMN IT, RED, GET IN HERE'. It was at that point that I had enough. I went back to Illinois. I do need to say, though, that Harry was not such a bad person -- he was just a product of the war.

In Illinois I went to work for a company in Hoopeston -- the name of which I cannot remember. I didn't stay there long. I wanted to go into nursing so applied and was accepted at a hospital in Champaign, Illinois. It was there that my back was hurt and I spent many, many months flat on my back in hospitals in Champaign and Chicago. When they decided to let me go I ended up in Salt Lake City, Utah. First I worked for Dr. Horne who was a pediatrician. My next job was for Standard Oil Company for many years. Then I went to Colorado Springs, Colorado, where I worked for Colorado Gas & Oil Company. That lasted only about six months and I returned to Salt Lake City and took a job at Hercules Powder Company. That was the last place I ever worked.

While in Salt Lake City I needed a doctor and ended up in the office of Dr. C. Elmer Barrett. He was very into photography, being the president of the Photochrome Club at the time. Needless to say he was recruiting everyone he possibly could to join the club. I did. Members of the club went on many interesting trips to take pictures for contests. I had no way to get to these outings so Dr. Barrett offered me transportation, along with an elderly lady known as Mattie. We had wonderful times. Most of the time those trips were into the mountains around Salt Lake. Later, after Elmer's wife died, he and I were married.

Elmer's parents were Charles Thomas Barrett (whose parents were born in England) and Sarah Frances Shelton (who was born in Mount Airy, N.C.). Her parents were William Basdil Shelton and Delphina Kirkman. Elmer had been a Civil Engineer, a principal of a school in Southern Utah, and a professor at Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, before becoming a doctor. He was 40 years old and had five and a half kids when he went into medicine in Chicago, Illinois.

By the time we were married Elmer was REALY into photography with programs he called PHOTOTONE POEMS. This was collecting poems and putting pictures with them to make a story. For several years we went to any club or occasion that wanted to see the programs -- not only in town but various communities all over Utah. In a couple of instances, Elmer took some of his programs to New York and to Vancouver. I did not go on those trips since the clubs were paying for HIS transportation only. For the first several years "putting on" these programs meant going out after work an average of five nights a week, which meant that some weeks we went out every night. It was great fun but also a mighty chore to work at full-time jobs, keep up the housework and make special trips to wherever needed to take the pictures for the programs, etc. We did have some wonderful adventures though. We saw a LOT of the USA, Hawaii and Mexico.

Besides photography, Elmer was also interested in rock hounding, among other things. One year we went on so many trips, either for pictures or for rocks, that we were home only three weekends out of the whole year. That was 1965 when we had purchased a camper. That camper took us all the way to California and Washington State in one direction and New Hampshire in the other direction. By the time we were married, Elmer did not work on Mondays or Thursdays and also was off a half day on Saturday and all day Sunday. By taking off the half day on Saturday, we had Saturday, Sunday and Monday to travel when we wanted to. Also, since he didn't work on Thursday he could take off Friday and the half day on Saturday which gave us Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday

and Monday. In the three days we could get anywhere from Utah to the west coast. In the five days we could stay longer at the places we visited or head east. Some of the favorite places were in the tops of the mountains in Wyoming where we dug for petrified wood or in Arizona where we found the Apache Tears and also the very colorful wood. The Wyoming wood had a lot of black in it, but, it polished up beautifully. We had our own equipment, the saw, the polisher, etc., so it was a lot of fun to see what the rocks or wood looked like when they came out of the polisher. All this added to an already full schedule of work and play left us no time to waste at all. In fact, Elmer's motto was that we HAD to accomplish SOMETHING each day—you just do NOT waste time!

We had made many trips to Hawaii and Mexico (before our marriage I had been to Europe by myself and Elmer and his wife had been to many places in the world—Machu Pechu being one.) We were all set to make a trip around the world and just a week before we were to leave Elmer had a heart attack. If he had to have an attack I'm so glad he had it before we left on the trip and not in Russia or someplace where I would not know how to survive. Needless to say a round-the-world-trip was out of the question.

Elmer's health had started to decline some time before that but he would not give up. We did have to give up the programs though and almost everything else. He still worked at his office though right up to the last. He was 86 years old when he died in 1972. After such a "busy" fourteen years of marriage to Elmer, needless to say I was devastated. How do you go from busy every minute to nothing? Two of my sisters, Marilyn and Phyllis, had come out to be with me at Elmer's funeral. When that was over I just couldn't stand being in the house any more so we got in the car and started driving. A few days later we ended up in California. Going up and down the coast, we visited San Diego, Capistrano, Los Angeles, San Francisco and any place we could find of interest—Disneyland, Knotts Berry Farm, Hearst Castle, to name a few. I was not especially enjoying the trip, except that it was nice to see the two girls having so much fun. After the girls went home I again was wishing for anything but being alone. During the summer Phyllis and her husband, Delbert, came out to visit and we once again headed for California to repeat the previous trip. I enjoyed that trip a little more.

In the meantime, Joe, Elmer's brother, had finally retired and returned from the Far East. Joe was Joseph Milton Barrett, the youngest in the family, who had worked for the US Bureau of Reclamation building dams, etc., the most important being Hoover (Boulder) Dam. When his stint with the Bureau was almost over there was a call to the Bureau from the United Nations for someone proficient in locating areas for dams and "dam" building to take on the work in the Far East. Joe was nominated. He spent ten years in southeast Asia, headquartered in Bangkok, Thailand, finding places safe enough to build dams. He aided many governments in that area and as far south as Australia and New Zealand, etc. A couple of times he returned home to visit his family, at which times I met him. He was a nice guy! When he returned to the States for good, he landed in Denver, Colorado where his daughter lived. After Elmer passed away, Joe's calls came at first monthly, then weekly, then every night! At one time I again couldn't stand the house and wanted to "get out" for a little while. I knew that Joe would be calling so I called him to let him know that I wouldn't be home for a few days -- I was going to Cortez, Colorado, to see the Mesa Verde Indian ruins. He said to come by Denver and maybe he would go down with me. I went to Denver but I never got to Cortez (at least not then). After much visiting it wasn't long before Joe was talking marriage which made me a little antsy, and I wanted to be on my way back to Salt Lake. When it was all over we did get married - the best thing that ever happened in my life!! And, a few years later we did get to Cortez to see the ruins.

I swear Joe was Heaven Sent. By the time we were married (1972) his first wife had been deceased for 19 years and he had "batched it" all that time. Joe had been Bishop for the Mormon Church in Pueblo, Colorado, when the call came to go to the Far East. In Bangkok he helped to start a Mormon Church. He was dearly loved by all who knew him. The second winter after we were married Joe wanted to take me back to where he had lived for those ten years. In Denver the weather was absolutely horrible and he promised me that we would be in nothing but wonderful weather once we got to Bangkok - it was actually like summer weather there. Well, when we finally got settled into his "old" apartment we awoke the next morning to the "summer weather" which had come in during the night. Next door they were putting up a new building and had dug for the foundation. That hole had three feet of rain water in it! I do have to say, though, that the rest of the six-week trip to the Far East was much nicer. During that trip we visited Taiwan, China, Hongkong, Japan, made a stop in Korea, and several places that I can't even remember now. Joe was in his element - he knew the people and the governments and everyone was so glad to see him, although he hadn't been gone all that long. My enjoyment was just being with Joe - not knowing the language,

etc., was a bit difficult, but since I belonged to Joe, I was treated royally. Joe would gladly have settled in that area if I hadn't vetoed the decision.

I had been working on genealogy for a little while before marrying Joe. The Church had asked that all members turn in their ancestry chart for at least four generations. Of course, Elmer and I had already begun that task. When we returned from that trip to the Far East, Joe and I really got into genealogy but we were so naive. One of Joe's granddaughters was getting married in Washington, D.C. His son, Cliff, was the acting head of the Bureau of Reclamation at that time. So, we were going to the wedding by way of Mount Airy where we would stay for one week and gather up EVERYTHING we needed for his ancestors. We worked dilligently for that whole week, then it became time to head for D.C. for the wedding, and we weren't anywhere near finished. After the wedding and we were on our way home we decided that it wouldn't be so much out of the way to return to Mount Airy and get in a few more days of research. Another week went by and still we were not finished but we HAD to go home. That was in 1976.

Every year after that we spent two, three or more weeks in Mount Airy on our "working" vacations. One year we actually stayed four months. The Register of Deeds Office must have been pretty tired of seeing us walk in every Fall year after year, but, I don't know what we would have done without them. They were all so very helpful to us. Needless to say, we gathered a lot of information to do a Shelton book, which we did. When that was over with and the last of the carloads of books had gone to the post office to be delivered to the 500 buyers, we sat down with a big sigh and an "we won't do THAT again"! Well, that lasted for a whole three days! We were sitting there bored to the bottoms of our feet when Joe mentioned that some of his Deatherage ancestors had gone to St. Joseph, Missouri. Why didn't we run over there and see if we could find anything. (We lived in St. Peters, Missouri, at the time which was on the opposite side of the state, 30 miles west of St. Louis). That was in 1985. Joe only stopped because he passed away. I lost the love of my life on the 18th of April 1992 and my heart seems to have gone with him!

During our marriage we had moved several times - to Arvada, Colorado; St. Peters, Missouri; South Jordan, Utah. We had even talked of moving to Mount Airy, N.C., but before we could act on that we discovered that Joe had cancer. Then he wanted to go back near one of his children - Mikki in Thornton, Colorado (a suburb of Denver) or Cliff in Salt Lake City, Utah. We tried first for a place in Colorado but could find nothing. Then we went on to Salt Lake City and almost couldn't find anything there that we could afford. Just a few days before we thought we HAD to return to Missouri we found a house in South Jordan, our last home. We had never had any trouble selling our homes when we wanted to move on. When Joe was gone the realtor who had helped us before came out to the house and said that if I ever needed his help I knew where to find him. My decision was that I was too confused at that time to make ANY decision at all so thought that I should give myself at least a year to calm down and see what I wanted to do. Exactly one year later the realtor came to the door telling me that he had sold my house - how much do you want for it? I had not put the house up for sale - in fact, I hadn't even thought about it yet, so I thought I could stave off the inevitable if I put the price so high that the buyers wouldn't or couldn't take it. That didn't work at all - he went out to the car where he already had the buyers then came back in and said 'SOLD'.

A couple weeks before Joe even became really sick, he came down where I was working at the computer and asked "Honey, what will you do when I'm not here?" It took me by surprise but I didn't want him to see it. After a little hesitation I asked "What would you like me to do?" His answer was that he wished I would follow through on his Deatherage family and complete the book as much as possible. I told him that's what I would like too but I thought it best to be where the records were so that I COULD work on it, so, I would probably relocate to Mount Airy. He thought that a good idea. A couple weeks later while trying to eat his lunch he said he had a horrible headache. It scared the daylights out of me because Joe NEVER complained about anything (even when he should have) but I didn't want him to see how scared I was. I asked if I could help him into the bedroom and he said he couldn't - that the whole world was going around. Fortunately the phone was right next to the table. I immediately called 911 and they said to stay on the phone until they arrived. While waiting Joe was trying to tell me something but it was coming out all jumbled. I knew then that he had had a stroke. Joe never talked again - he lapsed into a coma and died two weeks later.

After my house had sold right out from under me, I had to think about how to get out in time and what else

had to be done. Fortunately the buyers agreed to let me have a couple of months to get out. My first reaction was to call Clayton and Agnes Wells in Mount Airy and alert them of my plight. As always, they agreed to house hunt for me. When I finally left South Jordan it took me four days to drive 'cross country. Being the wonderful people they are, the Wells's would not hear to me going to a motel. They took me in! For several weeks they put up with me, not only in their house but taking me from one house to another trying to make up my mind if I wanted or could afford any particular one. It finally ended with my buying a double-wide home, an acre plus land, and having the house moved on to it. It was promised that it would take only a few days, BUT, a storm interfered with their plans and it took quite a while before the land dried out enough for them to get the house up the hill. Naturally, Clayton and Agnes put up with me that much longer.

(year 2011)
Now, at ninety years of age, my eyes hurt a lot (although I can see much better than I did), my hearing is pretty bad, my back hurts all the time, my legs don't want to hold me up sometimes, and my energy and "get up and go" has "got up and went". BUT, I am still working on that Deatherage book. To date I have accumulated 1437 pages of information but it still is not complete and probably will never be. I go to the courthouse to look up more information but only manage that about once a week now. My day usually starts at 9:30 when I go to the post office for my mail and then to the Wells residence where we discuss "whatever", as well as what accomplishments we have made to date, AND, we work jigsaw puzzles until I leave for lunch. Then its back home where I try to work. Many times I just feel like giving up but I just can't - I promised Joe I would do whatever I could to complete his family and I can't back out now.

Although Agnes and Joe have some of the same ancestors - maybe 32nd cousins or something - my maiden name is Wells and my ancestors came from Virginia/West Virginia. Clayton was born in West Virginia so we just have to be related somehow. Whether we are or not, though, he is still my "brudder" and Aggie is my sister and I love them and their whole family!

Agnes and Clayton have been putting up with me low these many years - fortunately for them not IN THEIR HOME all the time, just part of the time. It's my SECOND HOME!

Died 8-31-2021

Lorna W. Barrett

Agnes says I need to confess my sins. OKAY!

(1) I'M AN ALCOHOLIC:

Back in 1936 I was a sophomore in High School. During that winter we had a blizzard, the like of which nobody had ever seen. The little kids from grade school were taken by bus as far as they could drive, then they were let out to get home the best way they knew how. The High School just turned everyone loose - no bus - just shanks ponies! I was about a mile from home and by the time I got to the Malleable (an iron works business) just about a block from the school I was so cold that I HAD to stop in their office to get warm. Once that was accomplished, I headed off for the next open door. Houses were few and far between. By the time I left one I was already cold so had to hurry on to the next house. I met people that day that I didn't even know existed. The cops were out looking for me (as well as my poor dad), but by my stopping in to get warm they couldn't find me.

Finally I reached home. My mother saw me coming so met me at the door with a waterglass full of whiskey. I was too cold to ask what it was so drank it right straight down. Couldn't taste it at all! In no time at all Lorna was asleep on the couch. Come the third day and I was still sleeping! By that time my mom got sort of worried so plowed her way across the street to a phone where she called the doctor and told him what had happened. After his fit of laughter he just said to let me "sleep it off". It took me several days to get anywhere near normal again.

I have left liquor alone ever since then EXCEPT when I was in the hospital they served me a teaspoon of whiskey every morning to try to conger up an appetite. It was all I could do to get that little teaspoon full down -- I hate the taste of whiskey! It didn't work on my appetite either.

(2) I'M A JAILBIRD:

When I graduated from high school I wanted to go on to college but had no money. I decided that I will just go on over to Peoria, Illinois, where my Uncle Homer lived and get me a job. I didn't bother to consult Uncle Homer about this. I didn't even have his address. I just figured that once I arrived in Peoria I would just look up his phone number and call him. Well, I call a Homer Fisher but he wasn't my uncle! It was late in the afternoon by that time and I panicked. All I knew about Uncle Homer was that he worked at the Caterpillar Company but it was after working hours so how would I reach him. At that time I was smack dab in front of the jail house so decided I would go in and talk to them. The lady at the desk was really very nice and once I got my story out she tried to get in touch with someone from the Caterpillar Company - to no avail. Sooooo, she decided that I might as well stay with her that night and she would get Uncle Homer in the morning.

I was housed in a CELL right across the room from her desk. It was very open so everybody could see me! But, she made me comfortable and I did go to sleep.

Next morning they fed me and the lady put me to work at her desk, typing letters and doing whatever had to be done. All day I worked for the City of Peoria and was darn thankful to do it. The lady finally got hold of Uncle Homer and after work he came by to pick me up. I'm sure he would have liked to warm my backside but he was really nice about the situation. He merely called his girlfriend, she picked us up and we were on our way back to my home in Hoopston. It was a mighty fur piece so it was midnight before I walked into my front door. Everybody forgave me my wanderlust but they sure had a good laugh about being in jail for the night!

(3) I'M A DRUG ADDICT:

After I went to live in the West -- Salt Lake City and Denver - I found out that it was very difficult to breathe at those altitudes and the doctor prescribed DESOXYN for me. In no time at all I was feeling great and could breathe so much better. I was on that pill for a couple of years when the government decided to put it on the DRUG LIST. No more Desoxyn for Lorna.

About a month ago, my last visit with my doctor, I was explaining that situation and how much better I felt after taking it. Then I asked him "What is Desoxyn?" His reply - Amphetamine - in other words "SPEED". Oh Lord! I'm a drug addict -- but it worked!!