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## A Prairie Girl

It was March 26<sup>th</sup> of 1925 that the sixth of seven children was born to Solon and Jennie Orr. Dr. Rodenhaus and his nurse rattled the two and a half mile deeply rutted road from Corsica, South Dakota to their farm home to assist with the delivery. The day was so windy that the nurse's hat flew off and rolled across the gumbo field. Her husband would be the anesthesiologist. Jennie trusted Solon to hold the ether soaked rag over her nose just until she lifted her hand to wave it away. And, he did.

Jennie was badly underweight, and the baby that she delivered was, too. Underweight but with a lusty wail! And she kept on wailing for the next six months. Ella Heymeyer, whose husband, Leo, was helping Solon get the crop in, came over some mornings to visit Jennie. While visiting, she would hold the baby face down over her wide, warm lap. Ella was patient. Moving her knees back and forth and back and forth and patting her rhythmically, the colicky baby was soothed. This went on until the tomatoes ripened. Jennie made tomato soup with cow's milk for the family. The baby, now six months old, was also fed tomato soup. Her colickyness disappeared.

The family accounts of all those places she cried those six months continue to be her brothers' recurring subject of conversation and causes Edis to feel contrite. To this day, Edis claims that lying across Ella's lap and being introduced to her world from an upside down position like that is the reason that she still doesn't always know which way is up.

She was named Edis Juel after her maternal grandmother whose name was Emma Johanna. Many times Edis has considered it would have been much simpler to have been named Emma Johanna rather than so frequently having to explain: "It's a soft E like Edna, and Thomas Edison"

Edis's first grade teacher was Ellen Doty. Mrs. Doty had taught Grades 1 - 3 in the Corsica Public School system for at least twelve years. She had been Lois, Dean, Allen and Lee's primary teacher, and they all had learned to read phonetically. They had all practiced Palmer Method push-pulls and roly pollies and never learned manuscript, but learned to write cursive. But not John. John was four years younger than Edis. By the time that John was ready to start school, the depression had mandated that only one person in a household could be employed. Harry Doty was employed as a rural mail-carrier, so Ellen had to quit her job, even though the community petitioned that Mrs. Doty should continue teaching!

Edis loved school! She sometimes walked the five miles a day with Dean. Dean would take her hand and lift her up to fly through the air with each giant steps he took as they cut across Plooster's field. Because their father had passed away, Ruth and Ralph Winner became Edis's first grade classmates in March of 1931. On their first day in school, Mrs. Doty had the few students in her first grade class, including Edis, go to the blackboard and write the word, hippopotamus. Putting the chalk back in the chalk rail, they turned; put their hands behind their back and clasped them, and grinned as they faced the new students. They were so proud to show off that they could write that big word! And, Mrs. Doty was proud, too.

Ole Iverson was the custodian. A big school bell hung in the entryway. It was wrung to mark the start of school in the morning and again after lunch. Edis loved it when she got to help Ole wring the bell! She'd grab on to the thick rope on the ding and hang on real tight on the "dong" as the rope went up carrying her with it.

The noon hour was an hour and fifteen minutes long. Teachers and the students who lived in town went home. After eating a cold lunch, everyone grades one through twelve went outside to play. Sometimes it was Pum-Pum-Pull-Away, sometime Baseball. Because Edis could run fast enough to sometimes escape being caught, the High School boys dubbed her "Legs".

One noon hour Edis decided that the classroom floor was getting too grimy, so she got the huge bucket and a mop from the janitor's small closet. The mop was the wring out by hand kind. She filled the bucket with water and started in. The school desks were six in a row. The legs of each desk were bolted to a long 1 x 4 board. With characteristic determination, Edis pushed the desks to one side of the room. When she had an area scrubbed, she pulled a row of desks back in place. When she had that area scrubbed, she pushed them back where they belonged, again, and on she moved across the room. I bet her always unruly hair was bushing out around her little face by the time the bell rang and Mrs. Doty and the students came into the room. She doesn't remember being scolded, but she doesn't remember Mrs. Doty telling her "Oh! Edis. How nice you made the room look! Thank you, Edis!" either.

1938. It was the year that Edis got her plush rose colored topper for her eighth grade Douglas County graduation down in Armour. Toppers were all the go that year. Hers was ordered from Montgomery Ward Catalog especially for the event by her mom. The day after graduation was the all school picnic at Milltown, a roller-rink on the Jim River, perhaps thirty miles from Corsica. The whole school went. Some of the students rode in cars driven by parents. The rest of us rode in Hoekman's big grain truck with the bottom rack in place. There were narrow benches on either side and on the end of the truck. It rained in the early afternoon, so, the tarp was put over the box of the truck, and we all crawled in. Cleo Plooster and other boys had been fishing, and still had worms in their cans filled with damp dirt. Soon a game of catch the worm evolved. I quickly took off my beautiful new rose colored plush topper; folded it and sat on it so it would stay nice. My topper wasn't soiled when we got back to Corsica, but a damp plush topper of any color when sat upon long enough becomes permanently impressed.

It was nearing dusk that December afternoon in 1941. The Delco engine had filled the house with bluish smoke as it pulsed away, filling the batteries that stood high on the shelf in the basement. The 'juice', replenished, again, the radio could be turned on. My parents and younger brother sat close by to the radio, straining to listen. I was in my bedroom practicing my lines for our Junior Class play when John came in, excitedly, to tell me that Pearl Harbor had been attacked! And, the rest, of course, is history.

President Roosevelt assured the nation that we "Had nothing to fear, but Fear itself". Was his address smeared by a David Letterman with a politically inspired Presidential Moments? demeaning President Roosevelt? No. Americans discredited Tokyo Rose! Democrats, Republicans, Independents. . . . All of us: United Legal Immigrants. It was Our President that had assured us that we had "Nothing to Fear but Fear Itself"! And we believed our president!

There would become a shortage of sugar and silk shoes and As Seniors in High School, knowing that there would be a shortage of gas, we quick took our Skip Day in the fall. Girls painted lines up the back of their legs to look like hose. Many of the boys in the Class of 1943 dropped out of school to join the Navy or Army. I never had a class ring. I bought an E Bond with the money, instead. Long tables were set up in the gymnasium and women and girls met Saturdays, and packed every kind of cookie and candy that they had prepared in sturdy ages which was mailed to the long list of young men from the community who were in the service. Communication with service people was by V-Mail, not E-Mail. America was a United States.

The bank had failed a few years before. I had a Postal Savings account at the Post Office in Corsica, and every time I got a dollar's worth of coins in my metal Sucrets box, I would deposit the money in my Postal Savings account. I sometimes got a penny for finding a new nest in the straw shed. There were two grocery stores in Corsica, situated across from each other with a hardware store, and drug store to the east of them. To the west was Pete Krull's Pool Hall. One summer we kids got a nickel each Saturday night. We could spend our nickel while mom did her grocery shopping. A triple ice-cream cone cost a nickel at Den Beste's Drug Store. Avoiding going in front of Krull's Pool Hall, Doris and Ruth and I walked around and around the block where nice girls walked passing Gelfands with the wooden bench in front of the store quickly filling with women catching up on the news after finishing shopping, and then past Den Beste's Drug Store, and past Fenenga's grocery store, and then across the street to Gelfands again and again, repeating the exercise. With the triple ice cream cones with cherry and chocolate and vanilla, calling to be licked, we got in line at Den Bestes. Doris and Ruth got their triple ice-cream cone. My nickel stayed safely in my pocket until I got home, and then into the Sucret box it went to hopefully hatch some more.

The disasters of the dirty thirties included more than just the wind; the dust; foreclosures, unemployment and hunger. There were the diseases. In humans: whooping cough; measles and polio. In livestock: anthrax and cholera. Except for five suckling piglets, my dad's herd of Red Durocs was completely wiped out. Edis was promised that if she saved some of the piglets by bottle feeding when they were sold; the money could go into her Postal Savings account. Two "piggies went to market". In March of my Senior year, my parents having lost their farm, moved to a farm near Mitchell, South Dakota. Tuition for the first quarter would be \$ 33.00 just about what I had in my Postal Savings account.

In the fall of 1943, I enrolled in the University of South Dakota. ASTP troops were quartered in the girls' dormitories. Girls lived in the fraternity houses. I was able to work forty hours a week as a desk clerk in the dorm and the library, and helped to update records at the State Health Lab. I received permission to carry eighteen quarter hours. If I would have answered false to the Health exam question: "A sliver should be removed using a sterilized needle", I would have made Alpha Lambda Delta. I was chosen to receive the Ethel Trotsky Scholarship. A ten dollar award, it went to a Freshman student who most showed that he or she wanted an education.

With a year and a summer of college, I started my thirty year teaching experience as a Seventh grade teacher in Gregory, South Dakota. I went by train, and with the windows open our faces were soon speckled with soot. As the sun began to set, the sound of the whistle became more lonesome. The conductor went through and lighted the gas lamps.

I was nineteen years of age. Trusting and exuberant. My practice teaching had been done in a remedial summer school session. I had no mentor. I was it. My Art education teacher had taught how much space to leave around a picture for margins. When I went to my class room to look over the materials before school started, it soon became evident that the books being used were in need of replacement. You could not ask the students to turn to page 92. The page might be torn out, or the material you wanted to emphasize on ninety-two in the one edition might be ninety-six in the other.

There were seventeen students on the roll. The first day of class, I introduced myself, and then went on to say, "There are only seventeen in the class, and you won't need to raise your hand to speak, just be courteous."

For the girls, I organized a Campfire Club; for the boys a Bike Club. Two students later qualified for Art Scholarships for the University of South Dakota and were already working in oils... So, regardless of how wide the border was when their picture was framed, their work, and the work of all of the students went up, somewhere, including the long bulletin board above the blackboard. I liked music, so during my free period, I would have someone's class for music. We presented an operetta. I sewed the crepe paper costumes on Mrs. Eijkman's sewing machine. I bet I dulled the needle a bit. Along towards midnight, with papers corrected, I worked on an extension course in Harmony from the University of South Dakota. Hard to study Harmony long distance.

It was war time, and our air force needed insulated jackets. My Seventh graders and I piled into a stock truck, and drove the country roads, seeking milk-weed pods. The pods that we picked that day were well dried, and just starting to bloom. They were forwarded somewhere to be used for insulation in the flight jackets.

The year flew by. Even though more than one night I went home and searched the two education books that I had for something on 'discipline' by the next morning my exuberance had returned.

Though I was only nineteen years of age, I had to pay one dollar in poll tax. I wrote letters of protest but to no avail. I paid the poll tax. One dollar when you make seventy a month and are putting half of it away to go on back to college is a lot of money. I still may sue the state of South Dakota. Wouldn't 64 years of compounded interest make a tidy little sum?

The next year I taught Fourth grade in the old Jolley School, in Vermillion. Dode Walsh was my principal. My classroom was on the second floor by the fire escape. I had twenty-four students on my roll. The first day of school, when the students came into the room, Miss Orr was so deliberately busy at her desk. . . . I looked up from my work just long enough to speak to one of the little boys: "Would you raise the blind, please?" as the boys and girls came in and quietly took their seats.

That spring on April 12, 1945, our President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, passed away. The genuine tears of sadness flowed from everyone's eyes. From the time of his death until his body was laid to rest there was nothing on the radio except sad music.

By April of 1945 I had saved enough money to return to finish my BFA Degree in public school music at USD, following which I accepted a position as K through 12 vocal instructor in Lawton, Iowa, and exuberantly organized a boys and girls glee club and chorus. Two of the solos and the mixed quartette went to the state contest. A Christmas operetta for the grade school and Sailor Maids for the High School and planning for my wedding to Sidney E. Anderson, on June 12<sup>th</sup> flew by, and soon we were at home in Vermillion.

The next year, I taught in Burbank, and summer found me taking the college courses which qualified me to teach high school English. We moved to the Des Moines, Iowa area, and our four children were born. I was a traveling piano teacher with 36 piano students, some of whom came to our home, and some of whom I went to their home to give them a lesson. I started substituting soon after our youngest child was born, and in as much as by then, I had certification in elementary, high school, and music, I had lots of calls to sub. One day, I was called to teach shop in a junior high school in Des Moines. When the boys came into the classroom, and saw a lady's purse on their teachers' desk they were aghast as if their masculinity had been taken from them. Another day I subbed for the band instructor. A young girl came up and said, "Please don't let them change instruments, today!" I didn't.

Drake University was about twenty miles from our home. I started taking courses, and soon had finished a Master's Degree in Elementary Curriculum. Our youngest child entered Kindergarten, and I spent the next four years as a busy fifth grade teacher in Ankeny, Iowa.

My husband's employment took us to the Moline, Illinois area. I spent the first year adjusting to the move. I had a giant yard sale, and began substituted quite regularly, and then began teaching in the Briar Bluff Elementary School, near Colona, Illinois. It was a dual school district and had its own Board of Education, and was the lowest tax evaluated district in the state of Illinois. Fourteen percent of the students were from Spanish speaking homes. The Principal had organized an Individualized Instruction program. The following year, finances prohibited the school from having a fulltime Principal, so he took another position, and though I did not as yet have the certification, I assumed the duties of Principal and teacher. Again, Edis's exuberance. "There must be a way out of the economic jam the district is in!" she reasoned!

\$ 5,000.00 would come into the treasury for each special education teacher on staff. Four of us took classes at the Graduate Center in Moline, and each of us completed the requirements for Culturally Deprived special education certification. \$ 20,000.00 would help. With fifteen percent of the student population from Spanish speaking homes, it wasn't hard for the person from the state department who came in to do the testing to find a sufficient proportion of each classroom to qualify the need for a Special Education teacher.

Briar Bluff was a block building badly in need of paint inside and out. Each time that I went to the Quad Cities, I stopped at a store which sold paint, and asked if they had any mismatched paint. They almost always did. I carried the gallons of paint back to the school. So there would be sufficient paint of a like color to paint at least one wall of a classroom, when practical I would combine like types of paint and colors in a big five gallon bucket, and reach down and with my arm, stir it up good

We were so lucky. There was a paint store in East Moline that manufactured paint. I got enough white epoxy paint from them to paint the outside of our eight room building. The Board of Education put the paint on. Two coats. And, a nice quantity of beautiful bright yellow epoxy paint. I organized a community painting party. Several parents came, including the father of eight children who were all in Briar Bluff School. As we crawled along the hallway scrapping the paint off of the tile floor, Jose and I visited, and he told me his concern that his children were careless with their food, and crumbs and crusts, and spills attracted the cockroaches. Soon I called the children in to the office, and we visited about the problem. They listened. Both Jose and his wife began coming to the teacher conferences and to PTA. The bright, happy yellow epoxy paint made the long central hall and the bathrooms beautiful.

But. We weren't finished. The end of the hallway was a perfect spot for a mural. Finding a huge piece of heavy cardboard, and using the overhead projector, we outlined our nation's capital on it in pencil. Then with real paint and brushes, four or five of the older boys crawled around, and stretched and painted the mural, perfectly. It was hung at the end of the long hallway. Beautiful, and were we proud! What it needed, though, was for the area to become a comfortable place for small groups of students to sit together. I called long distance to speak to the manager of a furniture store in Chicago, and soon a new couch and two comfortable chairs were delivered to the Bluff View School. Uncrated, the men carried the furniture in and put it in place. The students were experiencing lots of opportunities to write thank you letters.

I had written a Title I Program. The boys loved to play basketball. There was no gymnasium. So, I wrote a Title III program asking for an aluminum building, the size of a gymnasium. I invited Illinois Senator Tom Railsback to come to Briar Bluff to observe the quality of education that was going on despite our poverty and to solicit assistance. Senator Railsback came.

The Secretary took me to Chicago where I appeared before the Illinois School Problems Commission. My opportunity to speak came right ahead of a representative of the Chicago School system. Imagine the contrast of the lowest tax evaluated district telling how we had asked for text books and library books and had gotten hundreds of them from many sources and how Rita, the Seventh Grade teacher, using the Dewey Decimal System had so carefully catalogued them all. How we had collected all of the available book shelves in the building; painted them with lovely green enamel that we had begged, and had prepared an unused classroom for use as a library. And the Stahls had given a rocking chair.

A rocking chair calls for a carpet. I called a Funeral Parlor in Geneseo which was being remodeled to see if they might have some carpet we could have. They did. Much of the dark blue with a distinguished all over scroll pattern had been used to cover the floor in their gently used casket display room. Soon my husband was tying large rolls of that stately carpet on top of our car. Fortunately it was a calm day when we crept across the Rock River bridge to the school. We were delighted. Even after the worn spots had been cut off, there was still enough carpet to cover that large classroom which had been converted into a library. The next week, on a very hot July day, four of the mothers, and their daughters and I sat straddle legged on the floor and scooted or stood and crouched as we tugged the long needle back and forth through the carpet attaching the pieces with heavy carpet thread, and binding the edges. It was beautiful, and we had such a good time doing it. Because I had called in on a local radio station making the appeal for items which we could use to furnish our new library, several items were donated, including a lovely wooden rocker.

The floor covered, the book shelves arranged by category, the classes began their schedule of weekly trips to the library. Our library was beautiful.

I developed a monthly program for youth: a magician one month; a travelogue by someone who had been to Africa another month, etc. This program for the children coincided with the PTA program for the adults. There had been a complaint by some of the men that they didn't want to come to PTA meetings because some kid always sat on their hat. The arrangement with child care which was structured with learning became very well attended. Only problem was that the adults enjoyed the child-free evening so much that their meeting lasted an unexpectedly long time

By then, our oldest daughter had already started college. The three younger kids pitched in and helped to program a weekly summer reading program for the students K – 6. Meeting for six weeks, late in the afternoon, in addition to reading aloud and discussing the books they had read with one of us, there would be an associated craft or activity, and always a game. The final session for the summer ended with a home-made ice-cream party with the students having the experience of cranking a freezer until the custard was frozen enough to lick the ladle!

Despite the efforts of the teachers and the community to continue the enthusiasm for learning, locally, Briar Bluff School was merged with two neighboring districts. The Dewey Decimal books, and shelving, and Title I materials were all thrown onto a flat bed truck and dumped onto the stage of the receiving school district. It hurt. I applied for a teaching position at Namequa Lodge which was up the road about a mile from Briar Bluff.

Namequa Lodge was a confining dormitory arrangement for girls 13 through 18 who were wards of the court. The Women's Club assumed the funding for the maintenance of the dormitory and school and its director. The school and its teachers were under the direction of the Rock Island School District. The sixteen resident students ranged in age from 13 to eighteen, and in ability from learning to tell time to taking college level courses.

The Positive Peer Culture Behavior Modification program directed the eight members in each group to assume responsibility for themselves, and for the girls in their groups. Each girl was expected to apply her best effort regardless of whether they were in the dormitory or in the school environment, and were applauded when they did. When a member showed any of the twelve behaviors recognized as problems, she would be "checked". If the problem shown continued, regardless of where or when, a meeting would be called for her. Often the group met well into the night until the girl recognized her problem.

I had assumed the head teacher responsibility, and had written a Title I program which provided many Individualized materials including Consumer Education; a brand new large size refrigerator, and the cutlery and cookware to use in Home Economics activities. A 'Field Trip' was also planned for the girls. A school bus transported the girls and Mary and I to Dubuque to experience the history there and ride the cable car down the steep bluff; then on to Shot Tower Park to walk the trail up to where the lead was dripped down to harden and turn into shot, slapping mosquitoes as we walked. House on the Rock. And, the day ended with a seven course, anything they chose to order dinner in a lovely restaurant. The girls had washed up, and changed into formals or their prettiest dresses. One of the girls ordered a flambé, and to see it flame up was a new experience for me, too.

Angels on high sent Mary Orr to teach at Namequa Lodge, and oh what a selfless teacher she was! One Monday morning we had understood from the carefully documented Journal that Marie's mom had not come to visit Marie as she had promised she would on Sunday, the day before, and Marie was a 'run risk'. Chris, an attractive, tall eighth grader in the other group was showing problems, also. Both groups had met much of the night, and were meeting again that morning over in their dormitory trying to get their group back to full strength. About an hour later, the two groups came from the dormitory to the school. Once inside, Chris yanked her belt out of her jeans and took a stance! Two girls immediately pounced on her, and even though she was a large, muscular girl, soon had her restrained, face down, on the floor. With that, Marie headed out the door just as a man walked in announcing, "Orkin man". Ducking his head and looking dazed, and glancing neither right nor left, the "Orkin Man" went about his work spraying for bugs. What thoughts ran through his mind is anyone's guess. Someone had already called a meeting for Chris, and as soon as Lou, the sociologist in charge of the Behavior Modification program, got there, Marie's group got into his van and headed out to look for Marie. Their first guess as to where she might have gone was right: the Washateria. Open twenty-four hours a day; warm, and a phone, if she found a dime.

Our Administrator was a kindly person, but not a fund raiser. The flame which had sparked the interest of the Women's Club in the novelty of a mission for a School for Girls who were wards of the court had burned dry. Despite the new refrigerator, and controlled reader, and typewriters, and needed text books, and all kinds of kitchen equipment . . . Despite sixteen girls who still needed help in order that they, too, like an onion would have one skin after another peeled from their behavior as their problem was recognized and inoculated allowing the rose within to be free to bloom fresh and fragrant. . . . Despite that, Namequa Lodge closed its doors.

Did you ever pack up everything in a six room building not counting the foyer and storage rooms that was being used as a school? Thank goodness it didn't have a garage or attic or basement, but box after carton after crate of equipment, books pictures and supplies was all inventoried. Truckloads were packed and forwarded to the Rock Island Central Administrative Center.

Having been an Acting Principal, I had determined that I needed to justify my position. I returned to the Graduate Center to take the classes required to complete Illinois requirements for Certification as an Administrator.

Counting the years that I have substituted, my Illinois pension is figured on a record of thirty years of days taught. The final four years of teaching were in Special Education in Rock Island. Starting as a Learning Disability teacher in Horace Mann: the most affluent Rock Island School area the program became Self Contained, and I was moved to the Grant Elementary School near the 280 overpass. Another year: another adjustment: Multi-categorical classrooms and I hurried and qualified for Educably Mentally Handicapped. By then, I had forty semester hours beyond a Masters in Elementary Curriculum, and seven areas of Certification:

1. Elementary teacher
2. Vocal Music Instructor K-14
3. High School English
4. Culturally Deprived
5. Learning Disabled/Behavior Disordered, and
6. Educably Mentally Handicapped
7. Administration

It was hard for me to be pink-slipped.

In 1983, my husband retired. Because of his health conditions, I quit teaching in 1984.

Mental and physical disabilities in Egypt were considered to be communicable conditions. Such children were not accepted in regular school programs, but were closeted. There was only one School for Children with Disabilities in the whole city of Alexandria. It was run by a Catholic Order and had the capacity for about forty students.

Before he was assigned to the Coptic Church in Alexandria which was on the campus of a quite large Coptic Evangelical Conference Center, Rev. Gende, who interestingly had learned to speak English by reading the Bible, had already had the experience of setting up a small school for children with disabilities in Menia, Egypt. The Coptic Evangelical Conference had determined that two of the floors of one of the four story Conference Center buildings would be converted into a Pre-School for regular education classes. He had the intent, however, to continue his mission to also provide education for the Handicapped by using the rear of that same building for instruction of children with disabilities. He had, in fact, already arranged for a missionary from Norway to establish the school. She stayed two weeks: saw the pyramids, and returned to Norway. He asked for and secured another missionary. This time from a church in Sweden. That missionary would be housed in the Conference Center and would be responsible for getting the physical needs of the school in place. But. A school without a teacher trained in Special Education had not been accomplished. Rev. Gende, apparently thrived on challenges, and he was very resourceful.

International Executive Services Corp projects were commonly assigned to men with projects which gave assistance to businesses or production or agriculture, etc.

Representing the Alexandria Evangelical Coptic Church of Saroya, Rev. Gende forwarded a proposal to the International Executive Services Corp requesting an instructor to prepare college graduates with degrees in areas other than Education to be trained to teach special children with disabilities. His proposal was accepted.

Rev. Gende's plan was coming to fruition. He had the school. He had been advised that his proposal had been accepted. About twenty-five capable, Christian and Moslem University graduates who were seeking employment as teachers in the new school would soon be coming from considerable distances to attend. Some would walk. Some would ride the train. None spoke English. How would the teachers who only understood Arabic be able to learn from an instructor who only spoke English?

One of the members of Rev. Gende's church had been a professional translator in Saudi Arabia when his wife became involved in a long illness. Upon her death, Mr. Abadir came in to Rev. Gende's office and visited about how he was so lonely, and how he wished that he had something to do. What a blessing!

The letter from the International Executive Corp advising me of my appointment to the project arrived in August, 1999. I collected materials to take with me, and got our house in order, so to speak. It had been listed for a long time. Our house sold late in December. We turned the closure over to our lawyer, and were on our way to Alexandria, Egypt, December 29, to begin the first of our three year experience as full time volunteers. For three months I 'lectured' on the characteristics of each of the areas of special education, and demonstrated methods by which most children can learn when learning is approached through their strongest mode of learning whether it be auditory, visual, motor, or sensory.

The students' came and were greeted by eager teachers who were so surprised that the students were learning. I prepared for three workshops in the Alexandria area. . The most satisfying was at an orphanage for seventy middle grade students divided into groups of sixteen sitting on each side of two long tables. The tables and a large cupboard and a blackboard had been provided for each classroom by a hospital auxiliary, the president of which was a British doctor's wife who had come to Alexandria to practice. There was no eraser until the one young Muslim teacher found some foam insulation; tacked it onto a lath that was broken on one end, and she had an eraser. Mr. Abadir was by my side each day to translate, and never missed a word except the word "Overhead" which didn't translate satisfactorily. The eight or more teachers who attended were so thrilled to experience the activities and understand the learning they incorporated. Everything they made went up on the wall, and in a week, the room was meaningfully colorful and lively. I was so appreciated, and so very humble.

In three months we came home. My work there was reviewed in the glossy quarterly edition of the International Executive Services Corp, and I was so pleased.

The next year we spent near Beverly, Kentucky at the Red Bird School where I began teaching music, and added on the big responsibility of preparing the district to be accepted for full accreditation with the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools. Red Bird High School was fully accredited with the state of Kentucky, but the superintendent wanted the students to be able to attend college anywhere. The process required much planning; many meetings, and ending up to be a document of over six hundred pages.

The following year we were Vista Volunteers in Little Rock, Arkansas, where my husband managed the large storeroom for the Rice Depot, and I spent fifteen hour days writing grants and making personal appearances before church groups, etc.

On May 24<sup>th</sup>, 2004, Sid and I came to Vermillion by Air Ambulance. Seven months later on January 25<sup>th</sup>, 2005, my husband passed away. Since then, I have been so absorbed in efforts to restore the once perpetual care of the Vermillion Cemetery, and to resuscitate the Wallace Post No. 1 American Legion Auxiliary which is in jeopardy of losing its charter because of the decrease in membership that I will send my Christmas cards which I should have sent this year next November.

Each Friday morning I volunteer in Jolley School where because of the leadership of Mr. Bowkar as Principal and the fine teaching staff, students walk in the halls with smiles on their faces. I volunteer in Laury Cusick's third grade classroom. Laury is such a good teacher, and has guided the third graders to be 'bucket fillers' and oh, do they fill mine! Each time I come I am greeted with appreciation.

The new Jolley School was built about twenty years ago. I still seem to plan to do just one more task before I leave for school, and have to hurry to make it before the bell like the way that it was when Florence Hoffman and I used work till midnight correcting papers and making plans, and hurry to school the next morning. Each Friday when I go through the doors into Jolley School, there in the entrance hangs a plaque honoring Dode Walsh! And, after sixty three years, I am back home in Jolley School. And. Isn't that a joy!