

A dirt path winds through a wooded area with trees and grass. The path is the central focus, leading the eye into the distance. The trees are mostly bare, suggesting a late autumn or winter setting. The grass is dry and yellowish. The overall scene is quiet and somewhat somber.

Ninety New One Dollar Bills

Doris (Lindberg)
De Neui

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Ninety
new
one dollar
bills

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PREFACE

Bette handed me a large decorated box and with a giggle said, “Here, Mom, let the party begin!”

We were celebrating my ninetieth birthday. I was seated on the love seat with Art and surrounded by our children – Bette and her husband, Doug; Paul and his wife, Ann; and Joel. (His wife, Jackie, was at Nelson’s farm in Litchfield selling crafts at their Fall Festival.) We were all in a good mood. We had had our dinner at Trumble’s and were ready for this party at Bette’s.

I picked up this large but light box and opened it with care. Inside was another decorated box – I opened that – and again there was another decorated box. This went on for about five or six times and, of course, everyone was laughing at my perplexity. Finally I came to a very small box. When I opened it I couldn’t believe my eyes – there was a bundle of money – NINETY NEW ONE DOLLAR BILLS! One for each year of my life!

Several years ago Paul had asked me to write a story of my life. Now I thought that I could relive my life by using the title, NINETY NEW ONE DOLLAR BILLS, and relate my life stories through those ninety years. This is the result.

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A Quick Introduction

Mine is a very ordinary life. I am five foot three, have weighed 125 pounds most of my life – except when I gained weight during pregnancy. I had brown hair, but it is now gray. My eyes are brown and, like my father's, are fading around the edges. I am right-handed, farsighted, and wear glasses. I have astigmatism in both eyes – in one the pull is vertical, in the other it is horizontal. I have had cataract surgery on both eyes. I am now ninety years old, wear trifocals, and am experiencing wet macular degeneration in my left eye. I still have 20 – 20 vision in my right eye with my corrective lenses.

I was the first grandchild on both sides of my family. My parents both came from large families, and both lived in the upper peninsula of Michigan – Marquette and Ishpeming. My father had graduated from the University of Illinois with a degree in Mechanical Engineering. When he returned to his home in Ishpeming, he married my mom and they moved to Duluth, Mn. where a job at the Gogebic Iron Works was waiting for him. Now, a little more than a year later, they had their first child.

On Sept. 22, 1917 I was born to George and Clara (Wilson) Lindberg in the St. Luke's Hospital in Duluth. They enrolled me in the Cradle Roll of the First Methodist Church. At their first opportunity they drove back to their home in Michigan where

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they had me baptized by their home pastor. I can't remember this, but have been told many times that when the pastor baptized me I waved my arm and said, "Man put wakoo on mine head!" This delighted the whole extended family, and they never let me forget it.

When my father's sister, Astrid, got married, she and her husband, Harvey Grandchamp, moved to Duluth. They were the only relatives who lived near us, and we didn't see them often because they lived on the opposite side of the city from us. When we went to Grandpa and Grandma Lindberg's I got to know father's sister, Rose's children – George and Mary. Most of my cousins were much younger than I so I related more to my younger aunts.

Later, mom's cousin, Ruth Peterson, married Axel Hammer, and they settled in the mining location in Hibbing, Mn. where Axel worked in the office of the large Open Pit Iron Mine. I visited with them in the summer and became friends with their daughters, Beth and Mildred.

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CHAPTER 1
INCIDENTS FROM
THE FIRST YEARS

(1 - 4 years)

The first home I can remember was a second floor flat at 914 E. 5th Street. The two story building was on a hill, so there was a basement flat that didn't show to the front, but had an entrance to the back. The first and second floor flats faced 5th street and used the same entrance door, with an inside stairway to the second floor. We had a back porch outside the kitchen, and there were stairs that went all the way from our flat to the ground. We had a parlor, dining room with a pot belly stove, two bedrooms, a kitchen, and a bathroom.

Mother dressed me in ruffled dresses, long white stockings, and patent leather shoes. When people

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asked me what my name was, I answered, “Do’is Lumong”. Mother’s pet name for me was “Miss Mahoolala”.

One afternoon Mother and I were visiting one of her friends. We were looking into her cedar chest when the cover accidentally slammed down on my thumb. I was rushed to the hospital where a doctor was able to sew the hanging skin back to the top of my thumb. There is still a half-moon place on the side of my left thumb where the nail is separated from the skin as a result of this accident.

Mother and Father took me everywhere they went. Father joined the Masons, and they both joined the Eastern Star. From infancy through my sixth year they took me with them to their Eastern Star meetings, the movies, hockey games, concerts, etc.

I remember the circus parades. When the Shrine Circus came to town the animals would be paraded through the streets from the train depot to their destination. Most of the animals were in cages on wheels, but the elephants walked single file with one using his trunk to hold the tail on the one in front of him, so all of the elephants walked trunk to tail swaying back and forth as they went along. It gave us a breathless thrill when these giant animals brushed past our car - parked at the curb by their route. Usually it was just Mother and me in the car

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because Father marched in the Shrine Band in these parades.

The Farmer's Market was near our home and Mother liked to shop there. While she was shopping I'd lean against the big olive barrel and coax, "Ollies, Momma, ollies!" I loved olives - and even their salty brine!

My friend, Jane Rich, and her mother, who lived in the first floor flat, would join my Mother and me for walks to the park at the end of our block. Our Mothers visited while Jane and I played.

One day, while playing in the flat, we found a pair of scissors and got into an argument as to whose they were.

"These are my scissors!"

"No, these are mine scissors!"

We wrestled until we both tumbled down the stairs from my flat to hers. Our frantic mothers heard the noise and came running to see what had happened. Fortunately neither of us were hurt.

I remember my Father playing poker at the dining room table with his men friends. The air would be heavy with cigar smoke. I tried to reach the poker chips and was told, "Go play with your toys. Don't bother us. Leave the chips alone!"

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One Christmas Eve, Aunt Astrid and Uncle Harvey were over. During the visit Father decided to carry out the ashes from the pot belly stove. He took the coal scuttle out the kitchen door and down the outside stairs. While he was gone there was a rap on the front door. Mother said, "See who it is, Dorie." I toddled over and opened the door. There was no one there, but there was a box filled with gaily wrapped Christmas gifts. Whoever left the box was gone. How could anyone get down those stairs and out of sight so fast? Mother said it must have been Santa Claus. That got me so excited!

Father came back through the kitchen with the empty coal scuttle.

"Did you see Santa?" I asked.

"No, was he here?" he asked in pretend disbelief.

"Yes," I exclaimed, "and look what he left!"

"Did you see him?" he asked.

"No" I answered.

He - and the others - were relieved to know that he got away before I could see him.

When I was about four years old my parents took me to Leif Ericson Park to see a ballet performance

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depicting the history of Duluth. I was especially taken by the star ballerina, and decided that that was what I wanted to be. A short time later mother enrolled me in a beginner's ballet class. I had my little tutu and looked forward to every class time. The teacher told us that we were to be in a recital and we were working on our routine - a dream coming true.

A neighbor, Mrs. Veal (who had come from England) invited friends in for her birthday party. Mother and I accepted her invitation. I told her, "Your name is funny. Veal is meat!" Mother quickly put her hand over my mouth and said, "Shhhhh". Mrs. Veal laughed. I think she liked me because she gave me a little white English bone china elephant - which I have to this day. I wondered why she gave me a present on her birthday.

Just before my fifth birthday I started kindergarten at the Jefferson Elementary School. One day we were doing "free dancing" to music. We were all moving around the room doing our thing when all of a sudden the teacher hit me on the head with her mallet. I didn't know what I had done to deserve it. I moved as far away from her as I could.

The next morning I refused to go to school. Father had been taking me and several neighbor kids to school on his way to work. They were all waiting for me in the car while I was hiding under a bed. When

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he was told what I was doing he came bounding up the stairs and into the bedroom. Getting down on his hands and knees, he grabbed my foot and growled, "You are making me late for work and I want to know the reason why! You are going to school, young lady, or you will have my belt. Which end do you want? - the buckle end - or the other?" He didn't have to spank me. I told him what happened but he didn't believe me. I went to school crying.

Not long after that experience the Riches moved to a house of their own in Lakeside, Duluth. Then we, too, moved to a new house at 308 Osakis Street, Hunter's Park, Duluth. With this move I left the Jefferson Elementary School.

CHAPTER 2

OUR MOVE TO “308”

(5 years)

This house was in a newly developed neighborhood in Hunter's Park. It was on a plateau four blocks up Minneapolis Avenue. There were three parallel streets, each two blocks long - Wadena, Osakis, and Isanti. They were bordered on the west by Allendale Avenue, and on the east by Minneapolis Avenue. A wooded hill and the steep Minneapolis Avenue ascended to the top of the hill on the north where twin water towers stood sentinel. They could be seen from Canal Park. A continuous woods wrapped around Allendale Avenue and Wadina Street.

Our house was a white frame, two story, house with a long driveway leading to a single garage. The roof

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peaked to the sides. The front faced Osakis Street to the north. There were two dormer windows that protruded out from the roof that covered an open front porch. Steps from the middle of the porch led down to a sidewalk and out through the middle of our yard to the public wooden sidewalk.

Inside the front door was the living room. A fireplace was built into the room on the west wall, and the stairs to the second floor ascended along the south wall. Through a double arch to the left of the front door was a dining room. There was a door from the dining room to the kitchen. There were two doors in the kitchen that led to the basement and to the small open back porch. Stairs from the back porch led to the garage and to the back yard.

On the second floor were two bedrooms, a bathroom, and a small hall. I had the east bedroom over the dining room. My parents had the two-part bedroom over the living room. There was an archway in this room between the main bedroom and a dressing room and closet. This dressing room had its own door to the hall.

The house was heated by a big coal furnace in the full basement. Hot water circulated through radiators in each room. A thermostat on the wall in the dining room regulated the heat and kept the house evenly warm. The burning coal sent plumes of dirty coal soot out the chimney, and often coated

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our clean clothes hanging on the outside line. It was no fun to take them down and wash them over again. Soon after moving into “308” Father had the furnace converted into an oil burner. From then on we had no more trouble with coal soot.

Here we had hot and cold running water, and Mother had a modern gas stove in the kitchen.

The houses on our street were all uniformly back from the street so we all had nice large front yards. The back yard was big enough for a large vegetable garden. This was an ideal house for our little family, and it was where I grew up.

The day we moved into our house Mrs. Hagler, the neighbor to our west, came over with a big pot of homemade soup. She became a good friend who could have been my grandmother. She and her husband had older children - one already married.

CHAPTER 3

FIRST YEARS AT “308”

(5 - 7 years)

I missed my dancing class and eagerly waited for Mother to take me to my lessons. She finally told me that my teacher had moved to another city so there would be no more classes - and no recital. I couldn't understand this - my dream bubble burst. I had to trust my Mother and look forward to new things.

In those days dogs roamed freely. One day I was playing with a stray dog in the muddy alley behind our house. Mother called me to come in. I pretended not to hear her. Lucille Hagler saw me as Mother called a second time - or was it the third?

“Your Mother is calling you, Dorie. She's going to

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be unhappy to see you so dirty, and playing with that dirty dog!”

“I like to be dirty, and I like dirty dogs,” I retorted.

“Oh, really? Well, I think you should go home when your Mother calls you,” she insisted.

“I’m an only child and I can do as I please!” I stated.

(I’m happy to report that that attitude didn’t last long!)

When we moved to “308” I enrolled in the Washburn Elementary School. There I had to finish my year in kindergarten. I had a red-headed teacher with “pop eyes” and a short temper. One day, after an especially hard day for her, she told us that none of us could go home. We’d all have to stay after school because some of the kids had been naughty. At this news some of the kids began to fight and others cried. After my experience with my former teacher I quietly moved out of this teacher’s way. I was sure-that if I didn’t get home in a reasonable time that one of my parents would come for me. The school principal heard the commotion and came to see what was going on. She sized up the situation and sent us all home. There were both unhappy children and unhappy parents over that episode.

After finishing Kindergarten I got a throat infection.

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(I was told later that my tonsils and adenoids were removed when I was very young. I don't remember that at all. When these are removed it is thought that there won't be any more throat infections.) Because of this illness I was kept in bed for a long time and the doctor recommended that I should not start school in the fall. Hence, I began the first grade when I was seven.

While I was home during that year Mother bought the first grade readers at the Glass Block so I could get a head start on first grade. She would read the stories to me and I memorized the pages by associating the words on a page to the picture. She thought I was learning to read! I learned numbers by using the calendar on the kitchen wall. I'd add the columns. Maybe I actually counted the numbers on my fingers! Each month the columns were different, so I thought I was learning arithmetic. And so that year went by and I was finally ready to start first grade.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Soon after we moved into "308" Osakis Street the family in the house east of us moved out and a new family moved in. The Eacobacci's were a family like ours - mother, father, and a daughter a year older than I. Connie and I soon became friends.

The Carlson's house faced Wadena Street and their back yard faced Eacobacci's back yard. Carlson's second lot backed up to ours. Our lots all had a

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fence along our back lot lines. An unused alley, overgrown with grass and weeds, ran between our lots. This alley ran from the side of Eacobacci's lot to Allendale Ave. Some of the families stretched their back yards into this alley to make room for a garden. My folks planted raspberries, and Eacobacci's had a sandbox.

Although Isanti, Osakis, and Wadena Streets were parallel and two blocks long, there was no street or alley to cut through at the one block line. They were just that long - two blocks. The only used alley in the neighborhood that went from Isanta to Wadena Streets passed along Eacobacci's side lawn and garage.

All my friends, except the Carlson's, lived on Osakis St. This neighborhood was truly a melting pot of nationalities. My friends became Constance (Connie) Eacobacci; Betty, Louella (Lou) and Marion (Mare) Carlson; Borghild (Bea) Dahl; Madeline and Eileen Palmstien; Francis Carlson (No relation to the other Carlsons); and Dorothy Turnbull-Mozinack.

Other names in this neighborhood were Kolarik, Chababa, Halligan, Hammerstrom, McVain, Quigley, Prudholm, LaFleur, Blood, Butcher, Kriz, Chantegney, Kominski, Hagler, Brown, and Mulvahill.

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These friends all went to the Washburn School – a good mile away. We walked together. There was public transportation on Woodland Ave. and that was about four blocks from home. The school was two blocks from the street car on the other end. We would have to walk six blocks if we chose to take the street car, so we always walked the whole way.

I understand that years later there was a school bus that came to the neighborhood, but there was nothing like that in my day.

GAMES AND PLAY

With so many kids in the neighborhood there was always someone to play with. We'd often congregate in the alley next to Eacobacci's and play Kick the Can and Kick the Stick, Hide and Seek, or Run Sheep Run. Kick the Can and Kick the Stick were the same game - it depended on what we could find to kick. In Hide and Seek we would hide when "it" closed her eyes and counted to ten. Then she would yell, "Ready or not, you'll be caught - here I come!" She'd try to find us. When she found someone she'd say, "I spy", and they'd race to the goal, each trying to get there first. If the hidden person got there first, she'd say, "Home free!" If "it" got there first, she'd say, "You're caught". Then everyone would come "home" and the caught person would be "it" for the next game. In Run Sheep Run we could move around from hiding place to hiding place as long as "it" didn't find us. Often we'd run around

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the whole neighborhood while “it” was looking for us. This was fun, but frustrating for “it”.

If there were just two of us we'd play Eny, Eny, Eye Over over Eacobacci's garage. This game was to throw a ball back and forth over the garage and each one tried to catch it when it came over the roof on your side. You couldn't see the ball until it appeared over the roof.

In summer you could find us on someone's front lawn playing with our dolls. I had a child's sewing machine that sewed a chain stitch when you turned the handle. I used to pick out fabric at the Glass Block and make clothes for my dolls. However, playing dolls was not my favorite thing, so sometimes I'd offer to be the father of the family, get on my bicycle, ride around the block, and stop at Robin's Grocery Store on Allendale Ave. and buy some penny candy. Then I'd go back to the girls to see how they were getting along.

A game we liked to play on Eacobacci's front porch was “show”. We'd take turns to make up, and act out, a story. Depending on our mood these shows could be dramatic or silly.

Hunter's Hill was a high, steep bluff that we loved to climb and play on. We got there by going through a large meadow of tall grasses and wild flowers, over the trickling Amity Creek on a fallen big tree, and up

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the steep path to the top of the world. This was off Woodland Ave. about half way to school. On top of this hill was a circular stone wall we called "the fort". It was about two feet high. We could see Lake Superior in one direction and the Twin Towers above our neighborhood in the other. We could wave to the pilots flying their planes to the airport. One side of this fort was above a steep drop off, so we were always careful not to get too close to that.

Another bluff we played on was through some woods beyond the corner of Wadina St. and Allendale Ave. This had a large flat grassy area on top, with a small rocky wall along Woodland Ave. We loved to run around that wall in our rubber-soled tennis shoes. This reminds me of the popular Rock Walls used today to give people exercise. The only difference is that we didn't have handles to grasp.

Osakis Street had a hill in the middle, and we used it for sledding in the winter. Kids would use sleds, cardboard boxes, or their mother's metal dish pans for sliding.

Another fun activity was to play soft ball in the street in front of our house. Our house was the only one in the neighborhood with a white picket fence.

We all loved winter sports. We didn't mind the need for heavy, bulky, clothes. We had wool snow suits

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made up of loose pants with ankle cuffs, a heavy wool sweater under a heavy woolen jacket. Boots over heavy woolen sox, knit woolen cap and mittens and a warm scarf - to cover your face if necessary. Once we were dressed we didn't go in until we were sure we didn't want to come out again.

One year Mother gave me a wonderful birthday party. She invited all my friends in the neighborhood. Mrs. Hagler helped her make enough pink crepe paper rose petals to cover her large round metal kettle and its cover. She put party noise-makers for each girl into the kettle and attached a ribbon to each one. The kettle looked like a huge flower in the center of the table. At a special signal we were to pull our ribbon - the cover of the kettle went flying and all the noise-makers snapped to their respectful guests amid giggles and ahhs and ohhs - and then the noise really began!

Two other things we did in the summer was play Jacks, and Jump Rope. There was never a lack of things to do.

MARE AND ME

From the time we moved into "308" I knew who the Carlson's were. Their big house was on the lot behind Eacobacci's, and their second lot was behind ours. They had four girls - Betty, Louella (Lou), Marion, and baby Helen. Marion was one and a half years younger than I, and as she got older she tagged along with her older sisters. She and I hit it off and

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often played together, just the two of us. She called me Dor, and I called her Mare. We did a lot of acrobatics on our lawns in the summer and fall. We walked on our hands, did forward and backward summersaults, headstands, cartwheels, backbends, etc. Her house faced Wadina Street and right across from her house was a path into the woods. There we found young trees with very thin trunks. We shinnied up these trees until they would bend under our weight, and we'd sway back and forth like monkeys. Hence, we called these trees our "monkey trees".

In another part of these woods was a swamp where there were lots of frogs to chase. There, also, we found marsh marigolds (Cow Slips), which we picked for bouquets for our mothers.

In the winter we liked to make angels in the snow. When we got tired of that we played our game of Fox and Goose. We tramped the snow down to make a big circle - I mean BIG. Then we each took three pieces of pie and tramped crooked paths of our choice, some went through the piece of pie and some didn't. Then we decided who would be the fox and who would be the goose. The fox chased the goose. We ran this way and that, around the pie and through it. Sometimes the goose would veer into a piece of pie and be able to go through it and escape the fox - but if it was one of those pieces in which the path didn't go through, the goose would

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be caught. Then we would trade places and the tag game would go on. We'd play this game until the pie was totally wrecked by our tracks. Such fun! Then it was time to go into one of our homes for something to eat. Her Mom usually gave us bread with butter and brown sugar. My Mom always had something home baked - cookies, cinnamon rolls, banana bread. It was wonderful to have stay-at-home Moms.

One more thing Mare and I did in the winter. We made butterscotch candy. While the syrup was cooking we'd take a big dishpan outside and fill it with clean snow. When the syrup spun a thread we'd each take a big serving spoon and use it to scoop up some syrup and drizzle it into the snow. It would take on crazy shapes as it hardened almost immediately. We loved to crunch these goofy pieces of candy in our teeth. It didn't take much to entertain us - but it took patient mothers to put up with us!

This friendship was to last for life.

VACATIONS IN MICHIGAN

I remember vividly our annual vacations spent at my Grandma and Grandpa Lindberg's. In my youngest years it took us two days to make the trip from Duluth, Mn. to Ishpeming, Mich. We had an Oakland Touring car. Father designed, and had made at the shop where he worked, a metal trunk

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that fit snugly on the left side running board of the car. A running board? Well, that was a sort of step that ran from the front to the back fenders. Mother carefully selected, folded, and packed our clothes into that trunk for our two week vacation. Father checked the car - filled the tank under the driver's seat with gas, saw that the izing-glass, snap-on, windows were in good shape, and made sure there was that necessary spare tire clamped to the back of the car. It seemed that we always had a flat tire somewhere on the trip. We always left early in the morning. Mother packed a big basket of food for the meals for the day. There were very few restaurants along the way, but there were some shady places where we could spread a blanket on the ground and have a picnic. On my first few trips I remember stopping for the night in a hotel about half way.

There was a place in Michigan where the road divided to go around a huge tree. I have memories of seeing a mother bear, with her cubs, amble up from the weedy ditch on the side of the road and cross in front of us to go to the other side. Deer were seen on occasion, too.

I usually got car sick on these long trips and we had to stop often to let me get out of the car.

When Grandpa Lindberg retired from the mine in Gwinn he bought a duplex in Ishpeming. He took

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out the dividing walls between the two sides and made one big house. On one side they had a big kitchen with a good sized pantry, and a living room. On the other side they had a big laundry room with storage, and a music room. There were two stairways, and upstairs there were four bedrooms and two bathrooms. A big open attic was over all.

All five aunts played the piano, and Father and his brother, Ednar, played the clarinet and saxophone. Everyone could sing. There was usually a lot of activity at Grandma's.

Aunt Rose and uncle Fred Lemin with their two children, George and Mary, lived in Ishpeming. I was with Mary (who was several years younger than I) a lot when we were there. Sometimes other relatives came when we were there. Because I was so much older than my cousins I didn't get to know many of them. Because I was the first grandchild I got a lot of attention while I was young.

Mother's family was in the Marquette area so we usually spent a day there with uncle Martin and aunt Clara. Sometimes uncle Lowell and aunt Abby would join us. We always brought pails along for berry picking. Uncle Martin knew the good blueberry patches, and we managed to fill our pails for the trip home

Mother's mother died before Mother was married,

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so I never knew her. Her Father lived on the home place in the country. I remember seeing him once.

THIS AND THAT

From infancy I had eczema, a terrible itchy skin disease. As years went on I felt like a guinea pig as we tried one remedy after another. Sometimes it would go away, but it always returned. It was horrible. I scratched behind my ears so much that Mother feared I'd lose my ears. When I was young I'd scratch until I bled. Mother finally used the corrugated cardboard sleeves that light bulbs come in to bind my elbows at night so I couldn't bend my arms and scratch in my sleep. My chin, behind my ears, inside my wrists, elbows, and knees were the worst places. Sometimes just one place would break out, other times nearly all of these places would break out all at the same time.

Even as a young child I was on the look-out for something new that would bring me relief. The best remedy I had was the first prescription that was given to me as an infant. It consisted of coal tar and zinc ointment. It had a strong odor and colored everything it touched with a burnt pumpkin color - and nothing could remove it.

I was allergic to wool, and all our fall and winter clothes were woolen. I couldn't find relief anywhere. I learned to put up with it, and preferred to take care of myself rather than have others tell me what they

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thought I should do about it. I didn't like the attention it brought.

This not only affected me, but my family and friends as well. It is not easy to put up with someone who scratches all the time.

All through my early years Father continued to play in the Shrine Band, and also in Joe Priley's Dance Band. This band often came to our house to practice. The men would bring their girlfriends along and after a "jam session" Mother would serve lunch. It made a house full of people, and everyone had a good time. I got to know all of them.

Just about every evening Father would practice on his clarinet and saxophone. My bedroom was at the head of the stairs and he would be playing at the foot of the stairs - so I went to sleep listening to his cadenzas and runs.

One day in Washburn I got sick and was sent to the nurse's room. As I rested on a cot there the school band was practicing in the hall outside of her room. She couldn't understand how I could sleep with the drums banging and the band playing. To me it was just like home!

In my early years Mother let my hair grow long and she'd brush it and put it up on "rags". (Taking a strip of cloth about one inch wide and five inches

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long, she'd wrap a bit of hair around the cloth and then tie the ends of the cloth together. This would make long curls.) In the hot summer she'd tie my curls with a ribbon on top of my head. As I got older I got tired of this fuss. About this time women were "bobbing" their long hair. I begged to have my hair cut. I was persistent, "I want short hair". Probably in the third grade Mother finally gave in to me. She said, "if you have your hair cut you'll have to fix it yourself. I won't help you anymore!" That was good news to me. From that time on I took care of my own hair and I took care of Marion's, too.

One day my parents were going out for a short time and said Marion could come over and stay with me while they were gone. We got bored and tried to think of something unusual to do. We decided that Marion needed a haircut. We went upstairs to the bathroom, I found Mother's sewing scissors and went to work on her hair. I cut a little off one side, then evened it up on the other side. Well, not so even - so I had to take a little more off on the first side. Well, than the second side wasn't even - that had to be shortened. Now the back didn't look right. Well, you get the picture - her hair became a complete mess! Now we began to wonder what our parents would think about this. We thought that if we got rid of the cut hair we'd be O.K. - so we gathered it all up and threw it out my bedroom window - right on the driveway! When my parents

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came home the first thing they saw was the hair in the driveway. The second thing they saw was Marion's new haircut. Upset? You bet! Marion's Mother was furious! She did her best to even out the hair cut by giving Marion a short boyish bob - which was not in style at that time. Marion was not allowed to play with me for some time after that. Of course, in time we all had a lot of laughs over that shenanigan!

When we moved to "308" my parents decided to start me in Sunday School. The nearest church was the Glen Avon Presbyterian Church on Woodland Ave., about a mile and a half from our home. Father drove me to Sunday School, returned home, then came back to take me home.

One Easter Sunday I had my second "run in" with Father. During the Easter lesson a teacher had drawn a beautiful Easter lily on the chalk board. I admired it so much that when I got home I drew one with my finger in the dust on the car. The car had a special finish that scratched easily, and Father was so proud of it. How was I to know that I would scratch the finish? When he saw my beautiful lily he was angry - all he could see were scratches. "What side of the hair brush do you want, young lady?" He had a tendency to get dramatic. Well, it was just a threat to frighten me. I don't remember that either he or Mother ever hit or spanked me. I never drew on the car again.

CHAPTER 4

FIRST GRADE

(7 years)

I've covered six years of my life in the previous pages. Now I'll get into my seventh year.

I finally finished kindergarten, and my long recuperation from that throat infection, and was ready to start first grade. By this time I knew all the stories in the first grade reader. Mother, and my teacher, thought I could read, but as Mother had read the stories to me I had memorized the pages by the pictures on them. My math seemed good since I knew all the numbers and had used our calendar to add the columns - or did I count the numbers on my fingers? With all this so-called knowledge I seemed to be doing very well in the first grade. The teacher

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often had me help slower students learn their spelling and numbers.

I was usually the student asked to read for the class, or to speak for our class programs. The principal convinced my parents to let her give me a double promotion. That meant that I would take the first semester of the second grade at the same time I was taking the second semester of the first grade. During that double promotion I got behind in my math. My oral reading remained good, but my silent reading was slow. I became an average student.

In the end, when I was in high school, I took several one semester subjects to keep me in school until spring so I could graduate with the class I started with in the first grade.

I've always wondered if I would have been a better student if I had stayed with my first grade class rather than take the double promotion.

CHAPTER 5

CHRISTMAS OF 1924

(7years)

One cold morning in December of 1924 I woke up to a very quiet house. “Where is Mother?” I wondered as I lay in bed listening for some familiar sound. From my upstairs bedroom I heard the back door open –

“Dorie, are you awake?”

Who was that? Something was wrong. Where was my Mother? Our next door neighbor, Mrs. Hagler, called again.

“Dorie, you're coming to my house. You have a little baby brother and your Mother is in the hospital.”

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She came upstairs and helped me pack a few clothes in a sack. I wondered why Mother or Father hadn't told me about this. Up to this time I had gone with them everywhere. How long would I have to stay at Hagler's, and where was my Father?

Father came to Hagler's after work and assured me that I would be fine staying there until Mother came home with the new baby boy. He seemed so happy.

"It'll only be ten days, Dorie," he smiled.

Dean Arlington was born on Dec. 18. Before the ten days were up it would be Christmas. Father took me downtown to shop for a Christmas present for Mother. I picked out a beautiful blue fan shaped, jeweled, decorative comb for her hair. The clerk gift-wrapped it for me and we took it to the hospital where I could give it to her myself.

On the way to her room we stopped by the nursery where Father pointed out "our" baby to me. I wasn't impressed. When we entered Mother's room I felt awkward and out of place. She looked so pale in her white hospital gown against the white sheet and pillow case. She smiled and accepted my gift, and I couldn't get out of there fast enough. What had happened to my Mother? Would she ever be well again?

Back at Hagler's I began to think of my own Christmas. Everything was changing.

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“Will Santa Claus find me over here? Maybe I should hang my stocking at our house by the fireplace where he knows I live,” I said to Father.

“No, Santa will know where you are,” he assured me.

“But there's no chimney or fireplace here. How can he get in?”

“Don't worry, he'll find your stocking here, and he'll find a way to come in.”

“No, Father, I want to hang my stocking in my own house,” I insisted. So we trudged through the snow to our cold, empty house next door and hung my stocking from the dusty mantle over the fireplace.

Christmas Eve finally came. I went to bed and tried to sleep, but couldn't. I heard Santa's jingle bells and I hid under the covers. I didn't know that Father and the Hagler boys were running around the outside of the house with jingle bells playing Santa.

In the morning the Haglers were excited. They tried to help me have a good time. I wanted to be home with Mother and Father as at other times. I ran over to our house to see if Santa had filled my stocking. It was hanging empty and limp - just as I had left it the day before. I was so disappointed, but Santa had found my stocking cap at Hagler's and put some

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goodies in that. Everyone tried to help me have a good -Christmas, but it just wasn't the same.

(That all happened when I was seven years old. Now I am ninety and I wonder how I could have still believed in Santa at that age. I think my parents wanted to keep this tradition as long as they could because it was fun for them.)

In a few days Mother came home with Dean, and our family got back to normal - well - as normal as can be with a new baby in the house. He was Father's pride and joy. Dean had a little round face, blond hair, hazel eyes, and a ready smile for everyone.

Now our sleeping arrangements changed. My parents built a wall in the archway between the bedroom and the dressing room they had occupied. I was given the little dressing room with closet. Dean had the bedroom on the other side of the new wall, and my parents took the bedroom I had occupied before.

Now I was no longer an only child. Instead of going everywhere with my parents I was left home with Dean and a baby sitter. That was a Christmas I'll never forget.

MOTHER WAS A CHRISTIAN

Mother was a Christian and she believed in prayer. From my earliest days I remember her telling me

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about God and His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. We marveled together over God's creation and His handiwork in the heavens, and His beauty on the earth.

One of her favorite Bible passages was Psalm 19, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork ---"

Often when there was a storm at night I'd get up to look out the window at the top of the stairs. Soon Mother would get up and join me. We watched in the short lightning flashes how the wind would blow the big trees, and feel the power in the storm. Rain and hail would bombard the window, and thunder would crash. She would attribute all this power to God. There was no fear. It was easy to believe in, and love, God.

Years later I came to realize that Lake Superior took the dangerous brunt of those Duluth storms. In adulthood, when I lived in other places, I saw destruction, and even death, as a result of such storms. Although I can still sleep through a storm, I don't blame those who have a fear of them.

Mother often prayed that Father would stop his smoking habit, and give up his worldly ways. She seemed to be allergic to his cigar smoke. I was entranced by the smoke rings he blew into the air.

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Mother told me that her grandparents lived with her family from time to time as they traveled around to their children. They taught her to read by reading the Bible. She read her favorite Bible passages to me. It was no wonder that I grew into faith in Jesus.

After Dean was born Father became concerned about his own lifestyle. He saw temptations and pitfalls that were always present in the worldly life. Would his son see the glamour, and follow in his Dad's footsteps, and fall into sinful ways? He found his answer in the Christian life. He accepted Christ as his Saviour. Step by step he stopped his worldly ways and was finally free of all the lodge associations and the dance band. He quit smoking "cold turkey". Remembering some of the things he saw from the dance band stand, he decided at this time that his children would never dance.

As a family we learned a table prayer that we prayed together for the rest of our family life at "308" – "Grant us Thy grace, O Lord, that whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, we may do it all in Thy name and to Thy glory, Amen."

When Dean was old enough to go to Sunday School, Father took him along with me, and he stayed himself and attended the Men's Class. Soon he was put to work teaching juniors, then became the Junior Superintendent, and from that he grew in the Lord

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and in church service to become an officer in the church.

Mother was glad to have her prayers answered, and I am glad for my Christian Mother.

CHAPTER 6

A BIG SURPRISE

(9 years)

Father's sister, Rachael, came to Duluth to attend the Teacher's College. She stayed with us for a short time until she found a room on campus. We saw a lot of her while she was in Duluth.

In the spring of the next year - 1926 - I was nine years old, and unknown to me my Mother was pregnant again, expecting in July. Aunt Rae coaxed my parents to let her take me to Michigan with her for the summer. I would be in Michigan when my Mother had her baby. We rode in the Pullman car and slept in a bed on the train.

I spent a couple of weeks with Grandma and Grandpa Lindberg in Gwinn, a few more at

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Frolling's Rooming House in Marquette, where Mother's brothers, Martin and Lowell, lived. Uncle Lowell was engaged to Abby Frolling, and Martin was engaged to Clara Peterson, who had two younger sisters who became my friends. I ended my stay with Mother's Aunt Anna and Uncle Charlie Swanson on their little farm outside Marquette.

I was at Aunt Anna's when THE LETTER came.

“Oh, Dorie, we just got a letter from your Mother. I'm afraid to read it to you. You'll probably be so excited you'll just start out and run home!” she said.

“No, I won't,” I said, “What could make me want to leave you and the farm?” I asked.

The exciting news was that my Mother had given birth to twins - a boy and a girl. I remembered how things went when Dean was born and I didn't want to go home. I wanted to stay in Michigan where I had relatives, new friends, and so much fun.

It was pre-arranged for me to come home with aunt Ruth and uncle Axel Peterson from Hibbing. They were on vacation in Michigan and were ready to go home. We took the train, and this time rode in the day coach and sat up all night. Their little girls got car sick and it was a long, hard ride home.

The first thing Mother said to me when I got home was, “Dorie, don't you want to see the twins?” She

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took me upstairs to the bedroom where they were laying in a baby crib - one head at each end and their feet toward the middle.

“Aren't they cute” she asked.

Suddenly I felt that I was a big girl. This was July and in September I would be ten years old. Now Mother taught me to set a proper table, dust the furniture - getting into all the grooves - and clean the radiators with the long brush. I also helped Mother transfer the twins from one side to the other - she nursed both babies at the same time.

The twins, George and Clara Ann, were put in Dean's room. Father bought a double baby buggy so we could take the babies out for fresh air. When fall came he bought a double cutter so they could be taken out in the winter, too. I was the one who took them out. While my friends were sliding on the hills with their sleds I'd step on the cutter ski and ride down the hill with the twins. All the neighbors thought Mother was lucky to have such a good helper. Dean was two and a half now and Mother was busy. She appreciated my help. When the little ones began to talk I changed from calling my parents Mother and Father, to Mom and Dad. My friends had tried to convince me to say, “Mama” and “Daddy”, but I was taught from the beginning to say, “Mother” and “Father”. I'd say, “Mo-ther” - “Fa-ther”, it's just as short as “Da-ddy” and “Ma-

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ma”. They couldn't understand. It sounded so formal.

Although I wasn't excited about the little ones when they were born, when they began to walk and talk I thought they were cute and I loved them.

After Dean and the twins were born we needed to make room for them in the car for our trips to Michigan. Dad made metal frames for two hanging “beds” for the back seat. Mom made fabric slings that hung on the frames. One bed hung from the back of the driver's seat to the back of the back seat. The other hung over the back floor with part of it under the first bed. Bags to hold diapers, food, and everything else we'd need during the trip were stored under these beds. There was just enough room for me to slide into the back seat behind the passenger seat. Mother held Dean on her lap in the front passenger seat. From my position I could reach anything Mom could want from those bags on the floor. We were crowded but we each had our space. The babies usually slept most of the way.

Grandpa and Grandma were impressed by my folk's organization.

THE FRESH AIR FAMILY

There is nothing like fresh air to keep one healthy. Mother expected us to play a while outside every day. It didn't matter if it was hot or cold - as long as

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we dressed to protect ourselves from the sun or the cold. Only when it rained were we excused from playing outside. Baby and adults alike needed fresh air, and we helped each other get it.

Not only did we get outside each day, but we slept with fresh air. Our house had radiators and Father made particle board covers with removable tops for those in the bedrooms. During the night we put the top on the radiators so as not to lose heat, and we opened our windows. In the coldest of winter they were opened - maybe only a half an inch - but they were opened. Mother's handmade, warm quilts, and sometimes a heated brick, kept us warm. We closed our bedroom doors so the cold air wouldn't get into the rest of the house. In the morning we closed the window, took the cover off the radiator, and opened our door to the warm hall. The thermostat in the dining room had kept the rest of the house warm.

On wash day our clothes were hung outside in the fresh air the year around. In the summer they got soft and fresh smelling in the sun and light breezes. In the winter they froze stiff. We'd take them into the basement and put them on racks to thaw, dry, and smell like fresh air.

Now you can understand why Father bought the double buggy and the double cutter for the twins. They had to get fresh air!

CHAPTER 7

BUDDING MUSICIAN

(11 years)

About in the fifth grade, with dancing lessons well out of the picture, I begged for piano lessons. Dad arranged for me to take lessons from Mr. La Duke, the pianist for Joe Priley's Chamber Orchestra. Mr. La Duke often came to our house when the Dance Band came to practice, so I knew him.

Dad bought a big upright piano with carvings on each side of the music rest. I took lessons for a year and a half. Mr. La Duke was a very good teacher. He taught me to read music, count time, and put me through all the scales and exercises that were required to be a good pianist. He covered my hands so I couldn't see the keyboard and had me play as I read the music before me. When I didn't take

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lessons any more I bought music from the Glass Block and continued to advance on my own. I could play most anything by note.

When Dad felt that I was ready to accompany him he bought companion books and we began to practice together. He played both his clarinet and saxophone during those sessions. Sometimes my friends would come to call for me to come out to play, and of course, I couldn't go. Mom told me later that I cried crocodile tears because I wanted to be out with my friends. That doesn't sound like I was greatly devoted to my music!

In the meantime, Aunt Rae had graduated from the Teacher's College and was teaching in Esko's Corner. Her school was putting on a two-act play and they wanted some entertainment between the acts. She agreed to ask us to play for them. Dad accepted.

We went to the Glass Block for a new dress for the occasion. That evening Dad and I left home early, stopped at a restaurant for supper, then headed out of Duluth for our appointment. Aunt Rae was waiting for us with anticipation. We played during the intermission and the audience burst into applause. It was a great feeling!

We also played a few times for “special” numbers for the evening services for some Duluth churches.

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Dad helped me figure out introductions for hymns, how to follow a leader or soloist, and how to play for a congregation.

I was sometimes called upon to play for our church's prayer meetings.

Although I may have resented some of our practice sessions they proved to be a blessing in the end.

CHAPTER 8

GREEN APPLES

5TH GRADE (11 - 12 years)

In the fall, when the weather began to turn from cool to cold, we Osakis girls would head to the Minnesota Woolen Mills to get our cold weather uniform - a heavy woolen pullover sweater. We all bought a red one with a big white shawl collar and turn-up white cuffs at the wrist and at the waist. We wore these over our denim overalls.

I'm telling this story because it's true - not because I'm happy with my participation in it. We were all old enough to know better. There is something about ripening apples that is so tempting. I was still playing with the older group of girls. We all knew where apple trees grew. In fact, we could tell you about our favorite apples for miles around.

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After playing a few games in the evening after supper, and when the light of the day began to sink in the horizon, we headed for those apple trees. We loved the whitney crab apples the best. Other larger apples that were also tasty. We weren't interested in ripe apples, but those that were slightly green.

Of course, we never wanted to get caught - getting away with it was part of the sport. Sometimes we'd meet up with the neighborhood boys who were up to the same thievery, and they would warn us about places where they had to run from a shot gun!

We would pick so many apples that we couldn't carry them. Then we'd stuff them around our sweater in the waist cuff. Kids don't think - right? We'd go back to our neighborhood and sit on the curb on Osakis St. under a street light, where we'd eat our apples and throw the cores on the street!

“What is worse than finding a worm in your apple?”

“Finding a half a worm!”

But we loved those green apples!

“I'm so sick,” I'd tell Mom in the morning. “My stomach hurts! I have to throw up!! - Can I have some chicken broth?” I'd get out of bed and run across the hall to the bathroom.

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Mom knew what this illness was. She'd tell me, "I'm ashamed of you, Dorie. You know better than to steal apples, and eat so many that you get sick. You got yourself into this, and now you can take care of yourself!"

I wasn't the only one who got sick. All of us got the Green Apple Two-step - a sure way to give away what we had been up to. The Green Apple Two-step? A step to the bathroom and a step back to bed! In a short time we were all well again.

Many years ago I confessed this sin and asked for forgiveness.

CITY TRANSPORTATION

Duluth had a system of transportation using trolleys(street cars). These were long, narrow, vehicles that ran with an antenna attached by a little wheel to an overhead wire. There was a network of these wires over the streets all over the city. Inside the trolley were seats for passengers. A bench on each side in front held five or six people each. Then, in the middle were a series of double seats on each side, and another two benches in the back. Straps hung from the ceiling over the benches so people standing could hang on. There were handles on the back of the double seats so people standing in the aisles could hang on.

When school let out, and all the kids went home, the trolleys were crowded, and sometimes we sat on

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each other's laps. When you wanted to get off you signaled the driver by pulling a cord that ran on both sides of the trolley from the back to the front where a bell rang. The passenger would ring the bell one block ahead of the corner where he wanted to get off.

Each trolley had a name of its destination on the front so you knew which one to take. When you wanted to get on you would step off the curb at a corner and the driver would pull up and let you on. We could take either the HUNTER'S PARK or WOODLAND. We preferred to take the WOODLAND trolley because it stopped at the foot of Minneapolis Ave. It went a mile further to the turn-around at the end of the line in Woodland. The ST. PAUL trolley went as far as St. Paul Ave. where it backed into its "stop", and was ready to go back to its other end. St. Paul Ave. was one block before Minneapolis Ave., so we could go up either Minneapolis Ave. or St. Paul Ave. and get to our neighborhood. The steep Minneapolis Ave. had many houses and trees that seemed to protect us against wind, rain, or snow. St. Paul Ave. was open - no houses and no trees for a block and a half. In ordinary weather it didn't matter which one we took.

Later the trolleys were replaced with buses which were fueled by gas and were much more comfortable. They used the same destination signs, and signals for the driver. The overhead wires were

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all taken down. We were happy for the up-to-date progress.

A system of transfers from one bus to another made it possible to go anywhere in Duluth on this city transportation, but our WOODLAND line got us downtown and back with ease.

We used this transportation to Junior High in bad weather. We used this transportation every day when we went to High School, which was downtown.

CHAPTER 9

INTERLUDE

(12 - 17 years)

Washburn Elementary School included K through 8th grades. All of my friends from the neighborhood went there together. The year I went into the sixth grade the Duluth Education Board changed the system and sent all the seventh and eighth graders to a Junior High School, so all my friends went on to East Junior and I was left behind. They were all together in the same school and their interests were now different from mine.

About that time a new family moved into the only house on St. Paul Ave. just outside our neighborhood. I must have met their girl when I came home on a St. Paul trolley and walked up St. Paul Ave. to get home. She was a year older than I

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and needed a friend. Florence was my height and had my coloring - chestnut brown hair and brown eyes. We began a friendship during that summer vacation, and as we walked back and forth between our houses people couldn't tell us apart. Even our names sounded alike - Doris and Florence.

Hers was a non-Christian family. I never met her father who was a traveling salesman. Her mother worked part time in a woman's dress shop downtown. When her parents went out to a movie or dance they told Florence and her brother that they were going to prayer meeting. When my parents went to prayer meeting she thought they were going to the movies or a dance! She came to Sunday School with me a couple of times, but she wasn't interested.

Florence's family came from a densely populated neighborhood in St. Paul, and she had taken some dance lessons - especially tap dancing. She taught me some steps and we had a lot of fun tapping together. She sang and I enjoyed playing for her. We found things that we both liked to do.

We were inseparable for about a year and a half. Our friendship continued off and on into high school where we often ate our sack lunches together, and rode home with two of the boys from the neighborhood in one of their cars.

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She went from Junior High to High School a year before me. One time I told her that I felt called to Christian service, and she said, “Not me, I'm called to have fun!” Florence met girls in high school that did things with her that I didn't do like going to the movies on Sunday, and participate in school dances, etc., so we gradually drifted apart.

This was a friendship we both needed at the time, and I'll always remember her with happy thoughts.

CHAPTER 10

LEAVING WASHBURN

(13 - 15 years)

Leaving Washburn was a whole new experience. I was separated from all my grade school friends and “dumped” into a student body made up of kids from several other grade schools. Here instead of staying in one classroom all day we went to a different room for each subject. It was unusual to have a student from Washburn in any of my classes. Everyone was a stranger.

East Junior High School was two and a half miles from our home. I walked most of the time. There was a stream of walkers beginning at our neighborhood. In my second year there I met a group of girls walking from our neighborhood in this stream. They became my next circle of friends.

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They were one year behind me in school. I was still friends with Florence, but I don't remember going to school with her at this time.

These new friends were Helen (Mickey) Kolarik, Helen (Hagen) Hagen, Charlotte (Sully) Sullivan, Mildred (Milly) Peters, Florence (Prunes) Prudholm, and Mare. As we walked along and got to the end of our way we'd leave the main road and follow a creek flowing downward to Lake Superior. We'd jump from rock to rock trying not to get wet. The sound of the babbling water was intoxicating as we laughed along our way. We called ourselves 'The Gang.

At Junior High we had a Home Room where others in our grade and who had the same last initial met for announcements, etc. before classes started. Each of us had a personal schedule for the day, and we went from room to room for our classes.

The large auditorium was used for a study hall. Whenever we had a period without a class we would go to the auditorium where we were assigned a seat. If we could get our homework done there we didn't have to take it home.

I was self-conscious and shy, and although I could play the piano and sing I didn't go out for either the orchestra or the chorus. School parties were all dances. It wasn't fun to go and sit on the side watching the others dance, so I wasn't involved in extracurricular activities in Junior High.

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Some of the classes I took were - English, Civics, Math., sewing, cooking, and conversational French.

One year Clara Hagler helped me put something together for a Spanish costume for "dress up day". To my surprise I tied for first place. The committee in charge hadn't prepared for a tie. They had a box of candy and some money for this category, so they divided the prize. I was glad when the other girl wanted the candy - so I got the money. One good memory from Junior High.

EXTRA CURRICULAR ACTIVITY OUTSIDE OF SCHOOL

My parents must have wanted to help me gain self-confidence so they had me take elocution lessons. Several girls from school walked together to Wahl's for our weekly lessons. Marian Wahl gave us "pieces" and poems to memorize, then she'd teach us to enunciate, gesture, and put expression in our voices. She'd send us out to various clubs when they requested entertainment for their programs.

(When I went to high school I transferred to Miss Francis Hoffman, a well-known dramatist in Duluth. She directed the Children's Theater, of which I became a member. With all this training I still remained self-conscious - but I did learn to speak in public.)

I participated in two plays in church, and an act for our church's Children's Christmas Program. I was

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asked to recite The Night Before Christmas as a bedtime story to the twins. Miss Hoffman choreographed the act for us. I sat on a chair with the twins, in their pajamas, sitting on the floor at my feet. I told the story from memory, and they looked at me in rapt attention. It was the crowning act of the evening before Santa arrived with his, "Ho! ho! ho!", and candy.

The girls from my Sunday School Class put on a play, The Evangel. It was a lesson on bearing our cross. I was Evangel and met each girl as she came to complain about her heavy Cross. I let her look at all the crosses in the store house and pick out one in exchange for her "too heavy" one. After looking over all the possibilities, each girl decided her original cross was the best one for her. The lesson was that the Lord knows what's best, and He gives strength to bear our cross in life. My role was mostly scripture. We gave this play in our church and in one out in the country. It was well received.

The second play had an all-girl cast and was given for the Women's Missionary Society for their Garden Party to raise money for missions. I had the lead male part and the pastor's daughter had the female lead. I had a lot of compliments for that performance.

Looking back I can say I wasn't called to be an actress! God was working in my life although I didn't realize it at the time.

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DRIVER'S TRAINING

Because I was the first child I was the first one to learn to drive the car. Dad taught me when I was fifteen. He was a thorough teacher. Since I was seven years older than Dean I never had any competition for the car. Dad often let me take my friends for rides. That is a privilege that not many girls get.

Because I could drive I became one of the dependable drivers for our gang when we had picnics, etc. We needed several cars to carry all the people, food, and instruments.

When I turned sixteen Dad went to the license bureau and bought me a license for thirty-five cents. I've been driving ever since.

Years later one had to take both a written and a driving test to get a license, and after I was married and left Minnesota I took driver's tests in Iowa, North Dakota, and Minnesota. There is a big change in the cost of a driver's license - As I am writing this the cost is twenty - four dollars!

Driving a car is a great privilege, and I'm glad to say that I am still driving.

CHAPTER 11

THE GANG

(14 - 18 years)

Three years in junior high went by fast, and soon I was in Central High School. If I felt strange with so many kids in junior high I felt swamped with kids from all the junior high schools on the east side of Duluth - 1500 of them! As in junior high we had our personal schedule. It was hectic to dash between classes to find your next room in that very large school. Racing around from gym and orchestra in the basement to the other classes on first and second floor we got our daily exercise. The last period of the day was our home room.

The first year here was when I ate lunch and rode home with Florence.

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Here there were sororities and fraternities, a high class and a low class. I was a middle-of-the-road class. Here I joined the orchestra and learned to play the viola on a school instrument. My face was hidden when our picture was taken for the year book so I can't prove I was there. I was making myself invisible.

The girls in the Gang came to Central in my second year there. It seemed that I knew these girls all my life, yet looking back on my life I realize that we went together for just a few years. We were close and had a lot of fun together. We started our friendship in junior high and continued through high school. After graduation we scattered over the country, but we kept up a Christmas card friendship through life.

We ate our sack lunches together, and often after school we'd stop somewhere to buy a bag of butter balls and hike down to the pier by the aerial bridge to watch the ships come into the harbor. We liked to hear the whistles to signal the bridge master to raise the aerial bridge so the ship could go under into the safe harbor. It was fun to wave to the sailors. Sometimes we'd hike the five miles home, but usually we rode the city bus.

Hagen's Dad had the hobby of building boats - boats big enough to hold fifteen to twenty people. Some of them had galleys (kitchens). At least once each

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summer he'd take the Gang on his current finished boat across the St. Louis River to a State Park in Wisconsin. Often we'd invite boys along for these special parties. The boys were usually friends from the neighborhood and not considered "dates". Several of us had ukuleles and we'd play and harmonize together.

Mrs. Hagen always came along. She'd invite one of our mothers to come with her. We were well chaperoned! We were a good bunch of kids and never got into trouble. The one consistent food at our picnics was a large chocolate cake with chocolate frosting. Sully always asked for a "bloody slab"!

At the State Park there was a big building with a piano. We usually ended up going there to dance. Mickey and Hagen took turns playing. Mrs. Hagen thought that since I didn't dance that I should play the piano so Mickey and Hagen could dance. I never played because I didn't have music with me, I hadn't memorized anything, and I didn't play by ear.

Everyone volunteered to teach me to dance, and it was a temptation because I hated to sit on a bench watching the others but I knew that my Dad would find out and I didn't want that to happen.

Another thing we enjoyed in the summer was our bike rides. We loved to go to Enger Park and run around on the rocks beside the Skyline Drive, and

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finally have our picnic lunch in the pavilion. This always included a banana cream pie - all carried in our bike baskets.

Our favorite winter sport was ice skating. Every elementary school had an ice rink. We preferred the one at Washburn. Putting on our heavy woolen snow suits, sox, and boots, we tied the skate laces together and slung the skates over our shoulders and hiked our way to the rink. Once there we'd go into the warming shack to change from our boots to our skates.

There was a pot belly stove in the center of the building with benches around it, where kids could sit to warm up after a time on the ice. There were benches around the perimeter of the shack, also, which accommodated a lot of kids. It was hot, humid, and sweaty in the shack - and noisy!

As soon as we had our skates on we headed out onto the ice. We all had plain hockey skates - nothing fancy. We skated around and around. Hagen and I loved to skate together. We both had power to push the other along. We'd hold hands, cross our arms, and at the corners of the rink we'd swing around and trade places. Sometimes we skated front to back so the one facing back had to trust the other to keep us from bumping others on the rink.

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When we got cold we'd go inside the shack (which was really the playground building for the school) to get warmed up. There was nothing like a good skate to give us a good night's sleep.

During the Duluth's Winter Carnivals we'd hike to the parks to watch the ski high jump contests. There was usually someone we knew who was competing. We never considered the distance we had to hike to get anywhere - it just gave us another chance to harmonize on our favorite songs.

Our name, The Gang, had no negative meaning, and certainly doesn't have anything in common with groups today called gangs. I thank God for these good friends. We were all part of the Pep Club at high school, and Mare was a high school cheer leader, so when we went to games together we did have fun!

I could write a lot more about other things we did, but this gives you a good idea of what I did during my teen years.

BEWILDERED

Louis (Louey) Hagler was our baby sitter. He was the youngest of the Hagler children - a good looking, and fine, young high school student with a real talent in art. Nick Eacobacci was a commercial artist and he took an interest in Louey. One fall Nick invited Louey to go deer hunting with him. Since Mr.

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Hagler wasn't a hunter Louey thought this opportunity sounded exciting. Nick assured the Haglers that he would take good care of Louey, and they gave their permission for Louey to go.

The men hadn't been gone long when we got word that there had been a tragic accident. Louey was going over a fence and his gun somehow got caught and went off - killing Louey. When Nick came home with his dead companion the whole neighborhood mourned.

Halloween came shortly after the funeral. All of us girls (the grade school bunch) would go from house to house through our neighborhood with our bags for treats. As I left my house with my friends my Mother said, "Don't go to Hagler's. They're in grief and shouldn't be bothered."

We left and stopped for Connie next door. As we left her house her Mother said, "You know what has happened, and that Haglers are in grief. She always makes special caramels for you at Halloween. She'll be looking for you, and will be cheered up when she sees you. Be sure to stop at Hagler's."

We went all around the neighborhood and finally came to Hagler's. There were other kids there, and Mrs. Hagler was happily giving them her home made caramels. With Mrs. Eacobacci's advice Connie led the way and we all went up to Hagler's porch and

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found her happy to see us - and she gave us her home made, yummy caramels.

I disobeyed my Mom but obeyed Connie's.

One winter evening Dad let me take the car to church for our youth meeting. I picked up Mare on my way. The weather was fine when we went into church. When we came out to go home there was a bad snow blizzard raging. We got into the car and I pulled away from the church and headed onto Woodland Ave. As we got about a half a block from the church we saw a man hunched against the wind and snow with his collar held tight against his face. We remarked to each other that we wouldn't want to be out walking in this weather.

We had no idea who he could be, and he was going in the opposite direction, so we didn't think any more about him. We eased our way against the blinding snow to Oxford St. where we turned to take one of the girls home. From there we drove back to Woodland Ave, and with care we got home safely.

I put the car in the garage and went in the front door. Mom asked, "Where is Dad?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"He got worried about you, and decided to walk to find you," Mom explained.

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“Oh - was that who I saw by the church?” I wondered. “I’m going to get him,” I said as I put on my jacket and turned toward the door.

“No, don't go - I'm afraid you won't make it in this storm. It's bad enough that one of you is out. I don't want both of you out - ” She was really worried.

I didn't know what to do. I was sure I could find him and get home safely. I was trained to obey my parents. Should I obey my Mother and stay home, or disobey and go back out in the storm to get Dad? I stayed home.

About a half hour later Dad came in all covered with snow. When he saw me sitting there, nice and warm and safe, he demanded, “Didn't you see me when you passed me by the church? Why didn't you stop and pick me up?”

“I didn't recognize you. I didn't know you were out looking for me,” I tried to explain.

“Well, when you got home and found out that I was out there in that storm why didn't you come back for me? Don't you realize how cold it is, and how far away from home I was?”

“I said I was going back to get you, and Mother said I shouldn't go,” I was feeling guilty.

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“Why in the - why wouldn't you let her come for me? You know she got home safely - she's a good driver, ---”

I'm sure they had words between them that I never heard.

Now I asked myself, “When is it right to obey your parent? When is it not right to obey? Are there times when you should do what you think is right in spite of what they say? I was bewildered.

CHAPTER 12

CATCH UP AT HOME

(12 - 17 years)

Since I was the oldest child I helped with the outside work. I weeded the garden, helped mow the lawn, and helped shovel snow. This was in addition to the help I gave Mother in the house.

Mother loved to pick berries, and she used them in her cooking and baking. She'd fix a picnic lunch, load the car trunk with empty pails, and we'd drive to the woods to find wild strawberries, blueberries, pin cherries, choke cherries, and whatever was in season. She'd make muffins, pies, jams, and jellies.

When friends had apples, currents, gooseberries, or anything they thought Mother would like, they would tell her to come and pick all she wanted.

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She'd say, "Dorie, so-and-so has such-and-such for the picking. I'll give you a pail and you can go and pick them for me. She lives at --" and she'd tell me where to go. Sometimes it would be a mile and a half away, but I'd go. She was always glad to get what I brought home.

Sometimes Mother would send me into the woods across the street from Mare's to get leaf loam for her plants. She seemed to know where I'd find it, and she'd tell me where to look for it. Just about every November she'd send me into the woods for ground pine so she could make a Christmas wreath for our front door.

About in the seventh grade I joined the Youth Group at our church. This was called Christian Endeavor. Since Mare had been going to Sunday School and church with our family, she joined the Junior Youth Group and we walked to these meetings together. In summer I helped with the Daily Vacation Bible School. I started by playing the piano and helping the teacher in the Nursery Department.

When I was thirteen I went with the girls from my Sunday School Class to our pastor's Catechism Class. In the Presbyterian Church this was preparatory to church membership. When it was time for me to come before the church to make my confession I got sick. I met with the deacons and joined the

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church later. In the meantime, Father questioned me in matters of faith to assure himself that I understood what Christ did for me, and that I fully understood what it meant to be a Christian.

A lady in our church gave missionary reports, and read missionary letters once a month in Sunday School. This roused an interest in me for missions.

The summer following my junior year in high school our youth group took a bus to our Christian Endeavor State Convention at Medicine Lake near Minneapolis: This was our Bible Camp. One afternoon I attended a meeting of missionaries, and at this meeting I met Kathryn Reynolds, a missionary to China. We prayed together and I gave myself to the Lord for full time Christian service.

This was the turning point in my life. Although I had gone to catechism and made my confession of Jesus Christ as my Saviour, I always look back at this time of consecration as the time I began to really seek His perfect will for my life.

Rom. 12:1 says, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service -"

The only reasonable thing for me to do in the light of His Word was to give myself to Him for fulltime Christian Service.

CHAPTER 13

AN IMPORTANT DECISION

(18 - years)

Since Dad took me to Sunday School when we moved into “308” I was regular in attendance throughout my school years. The girls in my Sunday School Class were friends in our Youth Group, and in my class in school, and we went to catechism together. We didn't live anywhere near each other so we never played together.

I began helping in our summer Daily Vacation Bible School when I was in junior high. The excellent nursery teacher asked me to play the piano for her. I accompanied their little songs, played for some games, and played soft music for their rest time.

Each year I was given more responsibility until I was

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teaching juniors. When I graduated from high school I was asked to be the primary department principal. I had made my commitment to fulltime Christian Service at camp, and was thinking of going to the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago for preparation.

At this time Dad had an idea for a family business. He wanted to sell underground gas tanks to filling stations. He thought that I could be the office manager, Dean could be the sales manager, and George could be in charge of installations. (I don't know why he didn't think of Clarann for office manager. She would have been the right age to work with the boys.) Dad wanted me to go to the Duluth Business College to get ready for this job. I knew we'd have to wait until George was through school before we could begin and that meant that I'd probably never be able to keep my pledge to the Lord for Christian Service.

When I resisted this idea he still wanted me to go to the business college. This education would let me support myself in whatever I wanted to do. That was a good idea, but I felt strongly that if I stayed home for this education that he'd find another reason to delay my desire to seek education for Christian Service. I was thinking of the mission field and was eager to get started.

That summer our church hired two young men from

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the Northwestern Bible School in Minneapolis to superintend our Daily Vacation Bible School. I was the principal of the Primary Department and therefore met with the staff and these men for devotions each morning before school began. They told me about Northwestern and encouraged me to go there. They gave me the address so I could send for a catalogue. When it came I browsed through it, was convinced that that was where I should go, and convinced my parents to let me apply for acceptance. It was in Minneapolis - so much closer than Moody's in Chicago.

Dad could see my sincerity and finally agreed that I could go. In fact, he offered to pay my tuition and dorm room if I would work for my meals. I was elated. The letter came, and I was accepted for the fall semester. I entered Northwestern in the fall of 1936.

Note: I graduated from high school in June of 1936. When each of the boys graduated our country was at war, and they joined the navy. The family business never materialized.

CHAPTER 14

READY _ SET _ GO

(18 years)

A family friend told me about a family who needed help in the house. I applied for the job and was hired. My duties started at 8 a.m. and lasted until 8 p.m. I walked the one and a half mile each way. I wanted to earn money toward school. The heavy housework paid \$2.00 a week. Dad's yearly vacation came up and he told me to quit the job so I could go with the family to Michigan. I resisted, but he pointed out the futility of earning enough money to pay for anything in the few weeks of summer until school started.

I quit the job and went with the family. When we got home I found another job closer to home. This older couple wanted both help in the house and a

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chauffeur. I could drive. This job paid \$2.50 a week. This lasted a few weeks and I had to quit so I could seriously get ready for school. I had earned \$15.00!

The day in September came when we packed my things in the car trunk, the family all got in the car, and we drove to Minneapolis to the girl's dormitory of the Northwestern Bible and Missionary Training School. I was assigned a room, met my roommate, and unloaded my baggage.

After my folks met the Dorm Mother, looked around a bit, and felt there was no more they could do for me, they went out to the car. I stood on the sidewalk in front of the dorm and waved good bye to them as they drove away to return home - without me.

I'm sure my parents had an empty feeling as they left me alone there in the big city. I had mixed feelings. This was what I wanted, and although I was glad to be there, I was apprehensive about my immediate future. Knowing I had a Dorm Mother and a second year student for a roommate gave me a sense of security. When the family car was out of sight I returned to my dorm room.

My roommate was a tall, beautiful, curly haired blond from North Dakota. I admired her and expected friendship, encouragement, and help. She

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proved to be independent, self-centered, and indifferent. After a few weeks, meeting other girls in the dorm, I left her and moved in with a new friend and her older sister. We became good friends that year. In fact, we with two other girls formed a quartet, The Ambassadors, and sang for church services and special meetings around Minneapolis that year.

The students from the dorm walked in a stream to the First Baptist Church, about four and a half blocks away. Our classes were held in the educational wing of the church. Dr. W. B. Riley was the pastor of the church, and the founder and president of the school. He was the main teacher, and had pastors of other denominations teaching, also.

I was ready to get started, and I felt blessed.

ET CETERA

Since Dad was paying for my tuition and dorm room, I was expected to work for my meals. I went with a group of girls from the dorm to look for a job. Each year I found a job as a bus girl in a different restaurant. I carried trays for patrons, cleaned tables, filled salt and pepper shakers, and sugar bowls, poured coffee, etc. The wages were three hours of work for one meal, and 35¢ for each hour beyond that. I usually ate my lunch before I went home, and took a sandwich home for supper.

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These were the happiest years of my life. I was learning wonderful Bible truths at the feet of some of the most esteemed Bible preachers and teachers in the country. I believed that everyone at NW was a dedicated Christian, and I felt altogether safe and satisfied.

Before we could be accepted as a student at NW we had to sign a pledge that we would not smoke, drink alcoholic beverages, swear, play cards, dance, or go to the movies. That was easy for me - I didn't do those things anyway - well, I had gone to some movies. At home I was the only one who didn't dance. Here all my friends had signed the same pledge.

We were to be in by 8 p.m. each night except Saturday when we could stay out until 10 p.m. We were closely monitored. I didn't mind - with a whole dorm of friends I didn't need to be out.

Every time we left the dorm we were to sign out, registering when we left, where we were going, and when we expected to be back. Our classes were held in the mornings. Afternoons were for work and study. When I left in the morning I'd sign out "school - work". My jobs were always over the noon hour. I was never sure how long I'd work for any given day. If I only worked three hours I could take time to shop in the downtown area, hence I didn't sign a "get home" time.

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Each student had a practical work assignment at some time. I had two interesting jobs. One - I taught a Sunday School Class at an Episcopalian Church, and the second was as the Youth Leader for junior high kids in a church - I don't remember which one. I never saw the pastor, or any of the members, until one Sunday evening when our Ambassador Quartet sang there for a special service. My kids were so excited to see me, they made sure that their parents all met me. That was a great time for all of us!

Right after school was out in the spring, after my first and second years at NW, I volunteered to teach DVBS in two churches in Iowa. Two other girls and I were driven to Corwith for a 2-week school, and then to Akron for another 2 weeks. The free will offerings weren't enough to pay our train fare home. We gained experience working in a church other than our home church, and we learned that Christians weren't always generous financially toward those who served them.

CHAPTER 15

A SURPRISE MEETING

(19 years)

How I met Pearl Peterson has escaped me. She became my lifelong friend. We sat together in classes and the choral club. She came to my dorm room often. She lived in Saint Paul and commuted to school each day. We were inseparable.

In high school I had decided that I didn't want to date unless the boy was a Christian. I never found that special one.

There was a young man in NW that attracted me. I learned that his name was Arthur De Neui. One of my first year roommates worked in the school office, so I had access to the students' schedules. I looked up Arthur's. With this information I placed myself

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at the door of his classes when they were dismissed hoping he'd notice me. (I had never done anything like this before!)

Pearl knew I was interested in Arthur. One day she told me that a group of friends were going skating at Loring Park, and asked if I'd like to go along. Since I loved to skate I immediately accepted her invitation.

At the arranged time they came for me. I was surprised to see Arthur with them. As we all headed out toward Loring Park the group divided - Pearl and her NW boyfriend, and the others in couples, leaving Arthur and me to walk together. That's how we met. I'm sure it was Pearl's ingenious scheme. I found out that he had been interested in me.

That evening he told me of his call to the ministry. I wondered if this friendship would last because I was thinking of the mission field. He was Baptist, I was Presbyterian, He was from a small town related to the farm and country, I was from the city, He was German, I was Swedish. We were both Christians dedicated to full time Christian service. With all our differences I wondered of this friendship would develop into anything serious. At least we had met each other.

After this meeting we began to see each other.

CHAPTER 16

MY STRUGGLE

(21 years)

Neither Art nor I had a car. When we dated we walked and talked. Our conversations were usually about our classes, spiritual subjects, and our personal beliefs. We agreed on most things.

As our relationship became more serious I wondered about my ambition to go to the mission field. I had been insistent on going to NW to prepare for that service. Was it really God's will for me? Was this the full time Christian Service I must follow?

Art said that I would be doing the same things as a minister's wife that I'd be doing as a missionary. The only difference would be that I'd be in the United States instead of on foreign land. I needed to know

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that for myself, and be sure God would be pleased if I became a minister's wife.

I looked to the scriptures for my answer. The verse (among others) that repeatedly came to me was Rom. 10:12, "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind, that you may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God." I learned that full time Christian Service is a lifestyle, not necessarily a certain occupation. Col. 3:17 says, "Whatsoever you do in word or deed do it all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him." This was a new concept to me. It took a while to realize that I didn't have to be a teacher/nurse/evangelist/missionary overseas to be in full time Christian Service. I really could be a minister's wife and do the same work at home that I would do overseas. Wherever I lived would be the part of the world where I was sent. I became comfortable with the idea of becoming a minister's wife, and felt the Lord was leading me in that direction.

Another subject Art talked about was baptism. He believed in immersion after conversion. I had been baptized by sprinkling as an infant. I had heard of immersion but thought it was a strange idea that

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Baptists had, and that it wasn't necessary. I resisted his persuasive arguments. I thought he could join the Presbyterian church and we wouldn't have any problems over baptism.

He had a heritage of pioneers and pastors in the family who worked in the early Baptist church in Germany and in the United States. He was a staunch Baptist and had a sure calling to be a Baptist minister/pastorHe would not yield.

I didn't want someone - anyone - to persuade me against my belief. I needed to know for myself if something was right or wrong, or just an opinion. Just as I looked to the scriptures about full time Christian Service I now turned to the scriptures about baptism.

The book of Acts was full of references to baptism. Acts 8:12, 8:37, 9:17-18, 10:48, 16:14-15, 33. All of these record instances of individuals, and households, who were baptized after their conversion. There is no reference at all of an infant or anyone before they accepted Christ - being baptized.

It was hard to admit that what my parents, in all sincerity, did for me was not baptism. They had presented me to the Lord, in the hands of their pastor, who baptized me according to the custom of the Methodist Church. My parents promised to raise

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me in the Christian faith. This they did, and now that I had accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour it was my responsibility to follow Him in believer's baptism.

Did I have to be immersed? The verse that spoke to me was Col. 2:12-13, "--buried with Him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with Him through the operation of God, Who hath raised Him from the dead, and you, being dead in your sins -- hath He quickened together with Him, having forgiven you all trespasses --".

The only form of baptism that pictures death, burial, and resurrection is immersion.

The writers of the scriptures were all united, in belief and practice, in baptizing only those who first accepted Christ. Baptism in any form does not save, is not the way into the family of God, or ensure your entrance to heaven. Baptism isn't for salvation, it is a testimony to what has already happened in your life. You accept the Word of God, accept Jesus's death as your payment, or sacrifice, for your sin. Believe that He died, was buried, and rose again from the dead. The only form of baptism that illustrates that is immersion.

Jesus told His disciples that they should go forth and preach to every creature, and baptize. Preaching

came first. When the people believed they were to be baptized.

Now I must follow the scripture as I saw it and follow my confession with baptism by immersion. Art had initiated this subject, but I had studied and prayed about it, and it was my decision. In my senior year I stayed in Minneapolis over the Easter vacation and was baptized in the First Baptist Church by Dr. Bob Moyer, our beloved teacher at NW, and the asst. pastor at church.

When Art. got back from vacation and heard what I had done, he thought I was too independent - that he would have been there with me had he known what I was going to do.

My folks were unhappy when they found out about my baptism.

I am still happy about that decision.

CHAPTER 17

FINISHING NORTHWESTERN

(21 years)

Our love was growing. In spite of our differences, or perhaps because of them, we were drawn together like two strong magnets. In our junior year Art proposed to me, and, of course, I accepted. He gave me a diamond engagement ring as a token of our love and promise of marriage.

We both wanted to finish our course at NW so we agreed to wait until after graduation to get married. Art was planning to go on to two years of seminary. When we told my Dad about our plans he recommended that we wait an additional year to give Art one year of seminary before we get married. He felt this would be a big help to us financially, as we would only have one year of school left. Since Art

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was working his way through school, and a pastor's salary wouldn't help much to pay off a school debt, we reluctantly agreed. The wait looked endless.

School and dorm life, plus a work schedule, went on after our engagement. Pearl left NW and went to Bethel College in St. Paul. We kept in touch and she occasionally came over to see me. At home, Mare married Jim Whittaker, a Christian young man she met at a Duluth Christian Endeavor Rally.

In my senior year I roomed with Lavern Bergland, one of the girls in the Ambassador Quartet. (That quartet only lasted one year because one of the girls left NW.)

At the end of my senior year I was plagued by a bad case of eczema. I stayed in my dorm room for a week or so to rest and try to get it under control. I had shared this skin problem with Art, but this was the first time he had seen it. I was healed enough to attend my last classes and graduation.

The girls in the graduating class were required to wear long white dresses for the graduation ceremony. Since I had sewn most of my clothes it was natural for me to think of sewing my long white dress. (I was also thinking about a wedding dress!) One day I went to Dayton's Department Store and bought a pattern for a princess style dress with a scalloped yoke, a stand-up mandarin collar, and a

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choice of two sleeve patterns - one, a short puffed sleeve, and the other a long leg-of-mutton sleeve. Then I found a white moire taffeta. This is a rich fabric with a wavy design of flowers woven into the fabric - white-on-white. I bought enough to make the dress and both sleeves. I sewed the dress on the treadle sewing machine in the dorm, putting in the short puffed sleeves. I bought a long piece of white velvet ribbon, tied a bow at the neck, and let the streamers fall to the floor.

My folks came for graduation, then took me and all my belongings home where I would spend the next year.

CHAPTER 18

MY YEAR AT HOME

(22 years)

That year at home I filled the time with weekly letters to Art, a few babysitting jobs, a short term job in Wahl's Department Store, several forays into the woods with Mom to pick berries, a Bible Study with Mom's group from church, and wedding plans.

I took the short, puffed, sleeves out of my long white dress and put the long leg-of-mutton sleeves in for my wedding. I made a short off-the-face veil and a white floral head band for a head piece, and arranged with the florist .for a long stemmed white floral piece to carry at the wedding.

Mare blessed me with a bridal shower, and she invited all the Gang, and some of the older girls

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from Osakis St. My Sunday School Class had a shower for me, too.

Art came to Duluth for a couple of short visits at which time he met Mare and Jim.

Since this was still during the Great Depression no one had money for a big wedding. We chose to have a simple home wedding. "308" had small rooms and could only accommodate family and a few close relatives.

Art was required, along with all the seminary students, to sit on the platform during the graduation ceremony. His folks planned to come to Mpls. to attend the graduation and then bring Art home. Art and I reasoned that we could save them a trip by setting our wedding date for the evening following graduation. That way his folks could bring Art to Duluth, they would all be there for the wedding, and then could go home. And so it was that we set June 4, 1940 for our wedding date.

CHAPTER 19

OUR WEDDING

(22 years)

I invited Dr. Eldon Wenzel, my pastor, to come to our house to help me plan our wedding. I asked Pearl to be my maid-of-honor, and Lavern to be our soloist. My Aunt Astrid was to be our pianist.

Since Art was in Mpls., and we were to be married in Duluth, Mom went with me to the court house to get our wedding license.

Mom and Dad had gone to their pastor's house to be married. I had attended only one wedding - an extravagant, church wedding - so none of us had any experience with weddings. We were glad for Pastor Wenzel's help.

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Mrs. Smith, a neighbor, helped Mom make a three-tiered cake. Ella Carlson, Mare's Mom, scouted around for tulips, and Mom and Dad and I went to the woods for young birch boughs and apple blossoms. We draped the birch boughs along the railing of the stairway. The tulips, with their outer three petals turned back, made large blossoms for the twin wicker baskets that flanked the fireplace. The apple blossoms, and more of the birch boughs, were fastened on chicken wire over the fireplace and the wall above. It was a perfect setting for our wedding.

Art and his folks arrived the evening of the third, and came to our house. Everything was going smoothly until -

The phone rang and Dad answered it, then said, "Art, it's for you."

The call was from Harden Rowland, Art's roommate, who was to be Art's best man.

"Hey, Art, I'm so sorry, but I can't make it to Duluth for your wedding. I'm in Detroit - came to see Viv - didn't realize how far I'd be from Duluth!"

"Oh, no! What will I do? I don't know anyone here!"

"Sorry!"

Art told us the sad news. Helplessly he asked, "What can I do?"

Art had plenty of friends who would have been glad to be his best man, but none of them lived close enough to get there on time.

After some thought I suggested Mare's husband, Jim Whittaker. Art had met him. We had been with them one time when Art was in Duluth. Art had no other choice. I called Mare.

"He'd be thrilled!" she exclaimed, adding, "I hope your friend can't come, either, so I can be your maid of honor!"

So Jim became Art's Best Man. My friends came so Mare was just a guest.

Aunt Astrid played the traditional wedding march. I descended the stairs on Dad's arm. Pearl and Jim came from the kitchen and stood before the fireplace where we met them. Dr. Wenzel led us in the traditional double ring ceremony, and Lavern sang "Jesus Like a Shepherd Lead Us", and "Bless This House".

Someone had a camera with a couple of negatives left on the roll of film. We got one good picture.

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After the service, the refreshments, the gift opening, and the well-wishes, it was time to leave. Art's folks had reserved a room for us in the same complex where they were staying - Mrs. Storer's Cabins on Duluth's east side. We didn't have a car! Jim and Mare offered to take us to our room.

After a year of dating, and nearly three years of engagement, we were finally married!

CHAPTER 20

HONEYMOON

(22 years)

In the morning Art and I joined his folks for breakfast, which his Mom had brought from home. We all crowded into their car and went to “308” where we loaded all my belongings into a borrowed trailer and said, “Good bye”, to my folks.

Art's folks had Darlene, Cliff, and Mickey along so we were crowded in the car. We drove to Mpls. where we left the trailer in a friend's garage, and then left for Worthington, Mn. where a one-room cabin at Leonard's Cabins was reserved for us. Here, as in our first room, we shared the public showers and bathrooms. We walked into town for our meals.

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Our room was small with a double bed, a small wooden table and two wooden kitchen chairs, and a light bulb hanging from the middle of the ceiling.

After a couple of days Art's Dad came to take us to George, Ia. to their house, where we helped his folks celebrate their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

Soon our honeymoon was over and Art had to get back to work. We took the train to Mpls. Here we found a hotel room where we stayed until we found an apartment.

We decided on a two-room, third floor apartment in a walk-up apartment building. There were four other couples from NW living there but we didn't have time to socialize. From here we could walk to school, church, and work. Did I mention that here, too, we shared the bathroom with all those who lived on our side of the hall?

Art worked at Freddie's and I found work at Miller's Cafeteria.

Our kitchen had a small apartment size gas stove, a free-standing sink with a drain board, a small ice-box, and free-standing shelves against the wall. We took the street car to Sears Roebuck and bought an unfinished table and four chairs, a sofa bed, and a small occasional chair. Art bought a desk from a friend who had made it out of an old dresser. I

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bought a treadle sewing machine, and we had the cedar chest my folk's had given me. We were happy in our first home.

Now it was back to work for Art's last year of seminary.

CHAPTER 21

FIRST HOME, MPLS.

(22-23 years)

Now that we were married and settled in our first home I faced a problem - I couldn't cook! Mother had taught me many things I needed to know as a housewife and home maker - but she didn't teach me to cook. I wasn't interested in cooking, so I never asked her to help me. She had given me a wonderful cook book for a shower gift - 'The American Women's Cookbook' - and it became my teacher.

With limited finances we made a budget. I was careful to keep within my grocery budget. Of course, I didn't want to buy too much at a time because I had to carry it home, and up to the third floor.

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All recipes seemed to make six servings. I didn't want leftovers because they didn't keep long in our ice box. I struggled with this, trying to make meals for two, staying within the budget, and not wasting left overs. Art was patient, although he missed his Mother's good cooking - and I missed mine!

That summer in Mpls. was hot and humid. We didn't have air conditioning, or even a fan. I was used to cooler weather in Duluth where the cool breezes off Lake Superior kept the city air-conditioned. There the evenings were always cool. I hadn't spent a summer in Mpls. before. NW sessions were from fall to spring. Art was used to the hot, humid summers in Iowa, so he wasn't bothered by this as I was.

Miller's Cafeteria was a nice place to work. Mrs. Miller was kind and helpful, especially to NW students. They had loyal patrons and a good business. I started there as a bus girl and ended up as a cashier.

While working there I experienced the agitation and strike of the labor union. We were not a union shop. A couple claiming to be from NW started working there, and they began agitating for the union. Many of the workers were influenced and finally a large group formed and struck for the union. I saw personalities change from friendly and helpful to nasty and threatening. They would form a

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long double line in front of the entrance so anyone wanting to come in had to break through this double line as they walked in a circle in front of the door.

One morning when Millers came to work they found that the large, front, plate glass window was cracked from top to bottom. One day Mr. Miller phoned me and offered to drive me to work. He was worried for my safety.

Another day I left the cafeteria to walk home, and stopped in the alley beside Miller's to talk to a NW student who worked there and had joined the union. We knew each other and I wasn't afraid of him, but a police officer came along and separated us and told me to go on. He stayed until he felt I was safely on my way.

I think that after a bitter strike the Miller's Cafeteria became a union shop and soon went out of business. Art and I had moved away by then.

During our time in Mpls. I began writing a letter home each week, and I continued to do so until my Dad passed away.

About Jan. 1, 1941 we began to think seriously of finding a church to serve. About that time some deacons from the First Baptist Church came to call on us. They strongly suggested that I should join their church where I had been baptized. Then when

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Art interviewed for a church we would both be Baptist. I joined the First Baptist Church soon after, taking that step to make it easier for Art to find a church. My membership in the Glen Avon Presbyterian Church in Duluth ended.

CHAPTER 22

GREENVILLE AND ROSSIE

(23 - 25 years)

We were introduced to these churches by a former NW student who was leaving them to accept a call to another church. Art bought a well-used car so we could drive there for a visit. As a result of this visit he accepted their call to be their pastor.

With two churches it was called a “yoke field”. Art was still in seminary. He drove there each week end from March until graduation in June, when we moved into the parsonage in Greenville.

These villages were in the middle of farm country and surrounded by corn fields and cattle. There were a few cottonwood trees, but no water to speak of.

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The parsonage was a two story house with a small living room and dining room. A tiny room off the living became Art's study. The kitchen had a large iron cook stove which was taken out when I confessed I didn't know how to use it.

There were three bedrooms upstairs. This house had no storm windows, no insulation, and no plumbing. Our wash water was pumped from a cistern outside of the kitchen door, and drinking water was pumped from a neighbor's well. The bathroom was an outhouse behind the garage.

We bought an electric wash machine, twin rinse tubs, an electric refrigerator , and a three burner kerosene stove.

On wash day we pumped pails of water, heated them on the kerosene stove, then carried them to the basement and dumped the water into the wash machine. Rinse water didn't have to be heated. When I was finished washing we had to drain the tubs and carry the pails outside and dump the water on the lawn.

Because I couldn't manage to use the "outhouse" in the cold winter, Art bought a chemical toilet for the basement. This had to be dumped into the hole in the outhouse each day. We took our baths in a big tub in the kitchen. We kept a pail of drinking water on the drainboard of the sink.

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One day our neighbor across the street had a fire in her house. Soon the Volunteer Village Fire Department showed up with their horse drawn wagon. The few men formed a line from the wagon to the house and passed pails of water from the wagon to the fire.

This whole lifestyle was so foreign to me, I could have been in some far off poor country - on a mission field - somewhere!

Mrs. Peterson, who lived down our street, had a cow. She gave the pastor a quart of milk each day. I brought a quart jar to her house each morning, and she poured whole milk into it from a round, shallow pan in her refrigerator. At home I'd separate the cream from the milk. From this I made butter, ice cream, and whipping cream.

Shortly after moving into the parsonage I got eczema again. This was worse than ever before. From the top of my head to the bottom of my feet I itched - and scratched, and bled. When I made the bed in the morning I had to shake the dried skin off of the bottom sheet and it would look like snow on the floor.

Now, just as my folks had tried everything they could think of to help me get rid of this terrible disease, Art started to do everything he could think

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of - or hear of - to help me find a cure. Doctors gave me medication, salves, ointments, and vitamins. Everything helped for a while and then lost its effect. At one point a dear lady said she thought I looked more like a dead person than any living person she'd ever seen.

During this time Joel was born. It was a stormy night when we drove to the hospital in Spencer. Fortunately the Lord had a truck taking the same highway just ahead of us. Art could follow him through the blinding snow. Joel was the cutest baby I'd ever seen!

Art hired his cousin, Vera, to work for us so I could keep my hands out of water. She was a good cook and worker, and we appreciated her help. When she had to return home he hired Lois, a high school girl, to live with us and help me.

About this time we heard about a man who claimed to have healing in his hands. We were desperate and willing to try anything. An appointment with him gave us hope that he could help me. I stayed in his home for a few days for concentrated treatments. (I think Ma Johnson kept Joel at that time.) Pop used Swedish Massage as the avenue for healing treatments. Later, he rented a house in George, and Art took me and Joel to his folks where I stayed and had daily treatments until he felt I was healed. My

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skin remained sensitive, and broke out occasionally, but was never as bad again as at this time.

In spite of this problem I played the piano for the Women's Meetings, taught DVBS, and sang in the Rossie choir.

We had a large garden and I learned to can green beans, and tomatoes.

These churches were Congregational, and although they agreed to let Art immerse in the Baptist Church in Spencer, we were eager to find a Baptist church. Art was ordained in his home church during these years, and he was advised to find a Baptist church.

One night, while kneeling in prayer, I began to giggle and laugh. Art wondered what was the matter with me. Then I explained that I had forgotten the name of the town where there was a church we were interested in. All I could think of was "Humbug". Then he laughed, too. The name of the town was "Humboldt". When we finally accepted the call to that church we knew that God had a sense of humor. He had understood my prayer, and answered it! - Perhaps with a chuckle!

After my experience at Greenville and Rossie, I was able to adjust to anything. It helped me know what a missionary's life could be, and I was happy to

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know that when we gave our life to the Lord for service, He would direct our steps.

Now after two-and-a-half years in this student pastorate we were ready to begin our Baptist Ministry.

CHAPTER 23

FIFTH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH HUMBOLDT, IOWA

(25 - 32 years)

The Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in Humboldt, Ia. was a Danish Baptist Church dually aligned with the American Baptist Convention. Humboldt was an attractive, large, modern town.

The parsonage, next to the church, was a one floor house with small rooms, but it had electricity, storm windows, plumbing, and a coal furnace. We were glad to leave behind the furnace that we burned corn cobs in. They were supplied by our farm families, and they made a fast, hot fire that wouldn't last, and couldn't be banked.

Joel, at 2 years of age, was intrigued with the faucets

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and their running water. He ran from the kitchen, through the corner of the dining room into the bathroom, through his bedroom and back to the kitchen. Around and around he ran - turning on the water in the kitchen and the bathroom - and I followed him turning the water off!

Here I was given the job of choir director. It was an unpaid, voluntary job with a volunteer choir. I also sang in a ladies' trio here. As in Greenville, someone stored their piano in our living room.

Bette was born in Humboldt - our darling little dark, blue-eyed girl.

I was active in the Women's Missionary Society where we made bandages from old sheets, cut fabric squares to be used in sewing classes, and did other things all for our missionaries.

There were young couples our age, with children our children's ages, so we had fellowship with them.

Although Pop had helped me with my skin I still itched. A friend recommended we try a chiropractor in Fort Dodge. This turned out to be a weekly appointment while we were in Humboldt. It helped to stop the itching.

Art met a financial challenge for the church, and one of the men came through with his promise to put a

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new stove in the parsonage kitchen. That was a great improvement over my three-burner kerosene stove!

The new car given to Art with his very old car as a trade-in, was another great experience - but that's Art's story.

Here, again, I canned vegetables from our large garden.

There were several farm families in our church, and the women furnished me with printed feed sacks to make dresses for myself. They gave us lard, meat, and eggs. During these war years when we were rationed in several things it was nice to have them furnish us with these basic needs.

During these otherwise happy years Joel and Bette both had their tonsils removed. At six months Bette had double pneumonia, and at three she was hit by a truck while crossing the highway without permission.

I had two miscarriages while there, and was hospitalized twice - once for the removal of an after birth, and the other for the removal of a painful cyst.

After seven successful, and mostly happy years, Art accepted the call to the Calvary Baptist Church in Albert Lea, Mn., another Danish Baptist Church.

CHAPTER 24

CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH ALBERT LEA, MN.

(32 - 45 years)

On the January day we moved to Albert Lea it was 8 below zero. One of the church families took Bette and Joel to their home to keep them warm. Joel was in the second grade, and Bette was in kindergarten.

After our movers left we were ready to settle in - the house stayed cold. The radiators weren't heating and we were freezing. We all huddled into the same bed to stay warm that night.

In the morning Art called someone from the church, and soon Mr. Madson, a plumber who was a church member, came to fix the problem. He used a key to let the air out of the radiators and soon we were

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warm. He left a key with me so I could routinely take care of the radiators.

This hot water heat was so much better than the coal furnaces of our previous homes, and we stayed uniformly warm both day and night.

This large two story house with big rooms kept me busy with cleaning. Each of the three large bedrooms upstairs had walk in closets. On the main floor the living room and dining room were separated by colonnades, and a double door off the living room opened to a small room that Art used as a study until the trustees made an office for him at the church. There was an ample kitchen and an enclosed front porch. A great house for our family.

We had no idea how beautiful this city was until spring and summer came when we enjoyed the parks, the lake, and the many trees.

The church music committee asked me to direct the children's choir. After a short time they lost their senior choir director and they asked me to direct the senior choir. I felt under-qualified for this position, but after much prayer and consideration I accepted it. After I took the job I was told I'd be paid \$10.00 a month. Now I really felt obligated to do a good job - after all - I had just become a professional!

I saved my choir money until I could trade in my

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treadle sewing machine for a new electric machine. This found its place in the corner of the dining room, and was used often as I sewed for Bette, myself, etc.

While Art was busy preaching morning and evening, leading Wednesday prayer meetings, speaking for outside engagements, and being involved in both the Danish Baptist Conference and the American Baptist Convention, I was active in the Women's Work.

Calvary had two women's groups - The Women's Missionary Society, and The Mission Gleaners. I attended both and was the Special Interest Missionary Secretary for each. I gave monthly reports from the missionaries and from the various mission fields.

I taught the Junior High Sunday School Class, sponsored the Youth Group one year, taught DVBS, played piano for the Prayer Meetings, and was a substitute pianist for the church. I sang in a trio and several duets.

One of the members stored her piano in our house until she got a larger apartment, when she came and got her piano. Then Art bought me a mirror-piano. This was a big upright piano which was cut back in front, and had a mirror installed behind the music rest. It looked like a spinet, and I loved it!

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Paul was born in Albert Lea. I was so happy to go through nine months of pregnancy and deliver a strong, healthy baby after having two miscarriages. Praise the Lord!

Albert Lea had a cultural program called Civic Music. Four or five times a year a national or international musical group or person would come and give a program. Art bought me the necessary season ticket, and Mrs. Berg, our neighbor, and I would walk to the high school auditorium together for these programs.

We drove to Mason City each week where I continued with chiropractic treatments with the Master Brothers.

I listened to the Back To The Bible Broadcasts from Lincoln, Neb. Wonderful Bible Studies.

I listened to a program on nutrition. I sent for books, and with this information I learned more about meal planning, and cooking skills.

When I needed a “time out” I'd walk up town after lunch when I was alone. I'd go to Penny's hat department and try on hats. After a good laugh there I'd cross the street to Spurgeons where I'd do the same thing. Then I'd be ready to go home and get back to work.

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I exercised, too. I sent for a rubber strap and followed the instructions that came with it. Later we bought a book on the Canadian Air Force Exercises and went through them.

I sent for a Memory Course. One afternoon I was so intent on studying to improve my memory that I forgot to get supper!

Our National Women's Officers were encouraging our women's groups to form circles within our local societies. I helped our two groups to unite and form circles. We hoped that these groups would grow and increase interest and attendance at the Women's Missionary Meetings. As the circles were formed and new officers for the various groups were elected the new president asked me to have the installation service. I was sorry to have to say, "I'm sorry, I won't be here. We are moving to Minot, N.D." (She knew this, but had forgotten.)

After thirteen-and-a-half years of a very busy, demanding, and sometimes exhausting work, Art answered the call to the Immanuel Baptist Church in Minot, No. Dak.

Art had to resign as President of the Minn. Am. Bapt. Conv., and I had to resign as President of the Area Am. Bapt. Wm. We would like to have finished our terms of service, but the timing didn't work out that way.

CHAPTER 25

IMMANUEL BAPTIST CHURCH MINOT, NORTH DAKOTA

(45 - 50 years)

It's hard to separate my personal life experiences from that of the family. The move to Minot was hard on all of us. Joel and Bette had spent all their school years in Albert Lea, and both of them graduated from Albert Lea high school. Paul just finished the fifth grade. Joel had enlisted in the navy, and Bette had spent one year at Sioux Falls College.

Bette decided not to return to Sioux Falls College, but to move with us and see what educational opportunities would be there for her.

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The day the men from Minot came to move us with a U-Haul truck we knew they weren't prepared to take everything. After looking around, they decided we had some things they wouldn't touch. They loaded our beds and living room and kitchen furniture and left - while one dear man from our church was following me around the house saying repeatedly, "You can't move. You know this isn't God's will".

We were left to contact a moving company to take the rest of our belongings. We couldn't leave until this task was taken care of. Without beds - Mrs. Berg invited us to spend the night at their house. In the morning we finished our business with the moving company. They agreed to store our things until they had a truck going to Minot with room for our things.

We were invited to lunch by one of our church members, and then we left town for our long trip to Minot. A short distance out of town we stopped the car and had a good cry, then continued on our way.

At this point in the story I'll say that it was about a month in Minot without any sign of our stored furniture that we tried to contact the moving company. After several failures Art found a mover in Minot who said he'd try to put a tracer on our things. It was finally found out that our load was in a very back corner of their store room, and could

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have been trucked to us several times, but the load was forgotten.

The load finally came. We were glad to see our things after wondering if they had been lost forever.

The North Dakota American Baptist Women's Annual Conference was to be held at Camp Bently soon after we moved in. The women from our church who were going persuaded Art to let me go with them. He thought I needed a rest so he said, "O.K.". While I was gone Bette unpacked and put in place, everything in the kitchen. What a wonderful surprise when I got home! She did a perfect job!

Minot was built on two hills with a railroad running through the valley between. It had the Minot State College, a hospital, a veteran's hospital, and was just ten miles south of the large Minot Air Force Base, which housed the S.A.C. Headquarters. The Boeing Co. had just finished the ten missile sites in the area.

Our house was a nice three bedroom ranch style house with an attached double garage.

I adjusted well to this new environment. The hardest thing for me was that our larger family had so many celebrations, and we were so far away. It made for a lot of long distance planning and travel.

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Bette attended the Minot Business College and graduated as their top student. After graduation she left home for Mpls.

Paul entered sixth grade.

In Minot I sang in the church choir, was the prayer meeting pianist, and subbed for the evening service. I taught DVBS, taught and was a cabin mother at Camp Bentley, and often served snacks to various pastor's meetings in our church. I was active in the Women's Missionary Society and attended all the circles. I was the Mission Chairman for our Area Women. One year I was the Song Leader for the Women's State Convention, and that led to my being the Song Leader for several of our Women's Rallies. I also became the director for our Children's Choir.

While we were in Minot Joel finished his extended service in the Navy, and he and Jackie Gaston were married in Calif.

Doug Jensen finished his time in the Air force, and he and Bette were married in Albert Lea.

Both of our parents celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversaries, and we celebrated our twenty-fifth anniversary.

When we celebrated Art's folks twenty-fifth anniversary on our honeymoon, his Mom said,

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“When we celebrate our fiftieth anniversary you will be celebrating your twenty-fifth anniversary and we are going to celebrate together!”

We had an Open House in our Minot Church and my folks came from Duluth to be with us. When they left we drove to George, Ia. and kept Art's Mom's promise. We celebrated with them.

The Minot Bus Line had a stop at the end of our street. I often took the bus down town where I enjoyed the busy shopping area. I took some lessons in cake decorating, and some swimming lessons at the Y.W.C.A.

The thing I left to the church when we moved was white ladies' baptismal dresses. A lodge had donated a dozen ceremonial gowns to the church. With the deacons' permission I bought patterns in different sizes, and remodeled these white gowns into button-down-the-front shirt dresses. I made the colored gowns with the capes and tassels into costumes for wisemen for the Christmas Programs.

Art led the young fifteen-year-old church in paying off their mortgage, and they were looking for a larger facility. After five-and-a-half years in this cold outpost we were ready to accept the call to the Calvary Baptist Church of Des Moines, Ia.

CHAPTER 26

CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH DES MOINES, IOWA

(50 - 57 years)

This church was on Des Moines' east side just a block from the State Capitol Building. The congregation was looking forward to building a new church to replace the beautiful old one which was beyond repair.

The parsonage was three miles away in a residential area. It was a small, one-and-a-half story, cozy house with a living room, two bedrooms, a kitchen with an added sun room, and a bath, on the first floor. On the upper floor was a long bedroom and bath under the slanted roof, and a tiny room over the attached single garage. Paul had this bedroom, and Art used the tiny room for his home study.

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A concrete slab behind the garage, and nestled against the corner of the kitchen and the sun room became home to our umbrella table that our children gave us for our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

There was a large back yard, and flowering crab apple trees decorated our lawn.

We sold our mirror-piano in Minot. Moving it was risky, and I couldn't see how we could get it into the house without removing the iron railing on the front step, so I was without a piano in Des Moines.

Paul entered his senior year in East High School. Art took him to school in the mornings on his way to church.

I became active in the Women's Missionary Society, and attended all the circles. I was given a Primary Sunday School Class to teach, and played the piano for this department. I sang in the choir for a while but gave it up when the paid director demanded attendance at a rehearsal before the morning service. I had some problem children in my class and wasn't comfortable leaving them to fend for themselves until the dismissal bell rang.

The members were scattered all over town so our women's meetings could be held anywhere. I depended on friends to take me to meetings since I had no transportation of my own.

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There was a mini-mall two blocks from our house on Hubbell Ave. The K-Mart, grocery, and Fab Shop were interesting to me. The city bus stopped at our back yard on Guthrie, and I took it often to go downtown and shop the big city stores.

I attended the Women's State Conventions, as I did in Albert Lea and Minot. Here I was put on the Women's By-laws Committee. One summer I was the speaker for the State Guild Girl's Convention at Forest Lake Camp.

I was involved in the Baptist Women's Union. This consisted of women from three white Baptist churches in Des Moines, and women from three black Baptist churches. We had quarterly meetings and took turns hosting them. When we met in a black church a white woman would lead in devotions, and vice versa. We had a business meeting and devotions in the A.M., and worked on a project of some kind in the afternoon, with a served lunch at noon. I was their pianist, and one year was their president.

Art took Mondays off and we left town to get away from the telephone and the pressures of the work. We found an interest in visiting antique stores. I began a collection of glass toothpick holders. That collection got to be 150.

I had always been an "at home Mom", so Art came

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home for lunch, and Paul was home for supper with us. This was our tradition throughout our family life.

In the mornings, after Art and Paul left, I exercised with Jack La Lanne on the T.V. I lost a dress size and gained some strength and firmness.

During the seven years we were in Des Moines our grandchildren, Jodi and Jeffrey, were born to Joel and Jackie in Calif. More were born to Bette and Doug - Tony, Matthew, Nathan, and Heather. I was able to go and help Bette after each of her children were born. I really enjoyed being the "Grandma" during those days.

Paul graduated from East High, worked at several jobs, then moved into his own apartment.

Art was busy as he led the congregation through all the phases of building a well-planned, modern, church across from the old one.

When Art had meetings after the evening services I'd walk with friends to the capitol building, sit on the west steps, and listen to the concerts played by the Community Band.

The trustees had a silent auction to get rid of the things in the old church that they weren't going to move to the new one. I got a portable electric organ for \$10.00 and put it in our upstairs bedroom.

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The Building Committee asked the church members to write songs to encourage us in our building program. I wrote these words to the song, "The Little Brown Church". We sang it often.

LET US BUILD

Words by Doris DeNeui
tune-Little Brown Church

1. There's an old precious church which we savor,
That our forefathers built long ago.
It was here many learned of our savior,
Who was God's gift of love here below.

Chorus

2. On Sundays we gather there to worship,
As they did for the last century.
With our children we share Christian fellowship;
There we learn Christ from sin set us free.

Chorus

3. Now our church needs repairs beyond reason
And we look to the next hundred years.
There are yet souls to save in this season.
A new building we see through our tears.

Chorus

Chorus:

Ohhhh -- build, build, build, build,---
Let's build a new church together
Where people can learn God is love,
How He sent His dear Son as our Savior,
He's the Way, Truth, and Life from above.

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One summer I entered Butterscotch Sticks, Popcorn Balls, and Chocolate Chip Cookies in the Iowa State Fair. Imagine my surprise when I received a Blue Ribbon for the Popcorn Balls, and a Red Ribbon for the Chocolate Chip Cookies! Did I get to be a good cook - or what?!

While we were still worshipping in the old church Paul and Ann Lorenzen, our organist, were married. After we moved into the new church, and enjoyed it for a while their son, Jeremy was born. I had the wonderful chance to baby sit him. He was the only grandchild I had the privilege to baby sit! What joy!

After the new church was built – finished – Art used the new pastor's study for a year and then he answered the call to the First Baptist Church in Hawarden, Ia. This was a smaller congregation, didn't have evening services, and was just an hour's drive to his home in George, Ia. His folks were having health problems and needed help. We felt the Lord opened this door for us at this time and we were ready to go.

CHAPTER 27

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH HAWARDEN, IOWA

(57 - 62 years)

Hawarden was a small town on the Big Sioux River, which was the dividing line between Iowa and South Dakota. We had members from both states, and farmers as well as town people.

Here, again, I was active in the Women's Missionary Society, and attended the circles. Since all our churches were American Baptist our women were all in the same national organization. They all rolled bandages, cut fabric squares, made quilts, and gave to the same mission projects. I had become acquainted with some of our leaders and had learned a lot about our missionaries and the various mission fields. Since Hawarden was so far from the

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locations where our conferences were held I didn't get to them anymore.

The Junior High Sunday School Class was given to me. It was a new experience for me. The boys were used to wrestling with their former teacher before they started their lesson. I didn't approve of wrestling in Sunday School. They had painted their upstairs room all blue - ceiling, walls, and woodwork. The folding doors which opened to the balcony of the church were covered with blue sheets, as well as the windows. The carpet was blue with tiny multi-colored dots. The color was overpowering and made the kids irritable. They loved it and didn't realize how it affected them.

There were bees in the attic and tiny openings around the ceiling light fixtures. One of the boys loved to sit near the door where he'd move to make the hinge squeak. Every Sunday someone would pass out gum to everyone so there was chewing and cracking during the lesson. I had never had a situation like this before. I made it a special matter of prayer.

Getting the trustees permission I repainted the room. I made the ceiling and woodwork white, and kept the walls blue. I bought new white sheets with small pink and blue flowers, and made drapes for the folding door and for the windows. I oiled the hinges

on the door, and reported the influx of bees to the trustees. They got at that problem in the attic.

The kids were really disappointed in the change, but discipline improved immediately. The boys did miss the wrestling, but they did settle down. The day I accepted a stick of gum was the last Sunday it was passed around.

One Sunday a boy came with a filled squirt gun which he used to squirt water at the girls. He was a big, strong, farm boy, and I knew he could overpower me, but I told him to give his gun to me. "No way!" After some verbal give and take I finally commanded him to put his gun in his boot. He was wearing high top cowboy boots. He did put his gun in his boot.

A week later his mother came to me, laughing, and thanked me for the way I had handled the situation. She had told him not to bring the gun to church, but he had slipped it past her. When he got home that Sunday his precious boot was filled with water and he was quite uncomfortable. It had taken him several days to dry out his boot, and he never brought his water gun to church again. From that time on I was accepted as their teacher.

When the choir director of two years resigned, I became the new director. I used the little electric

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organ I bought from the Des Moines church to go over my choir music.

I took a Children's Writing Course that was to prepare me to publish children's books. It was interesting and helpful, but I never had anything published.

I took Tole Painting classes from the Lutheran pastor's wife. She taught us brush strokes, and how to blend colors. It was fun!

There was a large garden space next to the house and I became a gardener. One of our members tilled the garden, and Art had the soil tested and fertilized so the garden was productive.

Here, as in Des Moines, I had time to mow the lawn while Art was working.

Art never liked to have a basement study (although he had one in Minot) but he had no choice here. We fixed up a big room in the basement. I bought, and laid down, a red carpet, then covered a chair and ottoman with a black and white denim which I had on hand. He made a desk out of a door over two filing cabinets. We got a small electric floor heater and he had a pretty nice study. I moved a bookcase in from another room for his books.

When one of our ladies, an Avon Lady, gave up her

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job, I took her route. We bought a three-speed bike, put a double basket over the back wheel, and I pedaled my way around my route. On Saturdays, when Art wasn't working, I made deliveries. By all standards I did quite well. My downfall was my lack of book keeping knowledge. We couldn't get things figured out at tax time. By the time I gave it up I had saved enough to buy a new stove and a new refrigerator/freezer for our retirement home.

We were in Hawarden when Art's Dad had his last illness and passed away. We were able to go to his folks to help them, and then to help his Mom.

It was during these years that both of my parents passed away. I was able to rent a pick-up truck which we drove to Duluth to get items from "308". Some things I kept, and others I gave to you children.

My greatest pleasure in Hawarden was hosting you children when you and your children came to visit us.

After five years in Hawarden, Art had reached his sixty-fifth birthday. He continued preaching until the end of March of 1980 which marked forty years in the gospel ministry without a break. He had had a very successful and rewarding career. At times it was exhausting and he was ready to retire. I was sixty-two and I took early retirement.

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During our last month at Hawarden we had gone to Albert Lea and looked for a house. We found one, and signed for it. After living in parsonages for forty years we finally had a house we could call “our own”.

Paul and Ann added three children, Luke, Hope, and Bethany to their family while we were in Hawarden and then in Albert Lea. This made ten grandchildren for us. We looked forward to living in, and entertaining all of you in our house in Albert Lea.

CHAPTER 28

OUR OWN HOME ALBERT LEA, MN.

(62 - 82 years)

After Art retired we moved to the house we bought at 1909 Bellview Lane, Albert Lea, Mn. This was a small house on a big yard. It was a one story house with three bedrooms, a living/dining room and kitchen. We made some changes and improvements on it, and it became a very comfortable and livable house for us. All of you children came to visit us there so you know what it was like.

We used my inheritance money to put in central air conditioning. Art and I pitched in to buy an electric piano which we put in the large room in the basement. I spent a lot of time at my piano.

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I worked the back yard garden for several years until the trees took all the moisture and vegetables didn't grow anymore. Art enjoyed raising his prize winning bonzai trees.

We joined the Calvary Baptist Church and I fellowshipped in the Women's Missionary Society, and joined one of the circles.

I was asked to play the piano one Sunday a month for church, and again I became the pianist for the Prayer Meetings.

Now that Art was retired we did most things together. We took a drawing class under the Community Ed. Program. Later, I took a Women's Money Management Class. I had hoped to get some book keeping, but it was about investments and insurance, nothing about book keeping. Even in retirement I tried to keep learning.

It was nice for you children to have us in Albert Lea, your "home town". When you came to visit us you were really coming home.

We enjoyed the two interim pastorates that Art had, and the times he supplied pulpits.

Sometime during these years I had cataract surgery on both of my eyes, and also got hearing aids.

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We made some special friends during this time and went out for dinner together on Friday evenings, then went to one of our homes where we played the board game, Aggravation. We kept this up until the two other girls got sick - one had a heart attack and the other got Alzheimer's. From then on Art and I went out alone.

We were caught in a sad experience in Calvary and came to realize that it isn't a good idea for a pastor to join a church in retirement that he had served. Sadly, we took our membership to the First Baptist Church of Clark's Grove, another Danish Baptist Church (as Calvary was). We had had fellowship with this church when we were here in the fifties, so we were not strangers to this church.

Here we joined a Sunday School Class. Art was their teacher for a while, and we both became officers of the class.

I became active in the Women's Missionary Society, and joined a circle. This circle met in the evenings and one of the girls picked me up and brought me home. We tended to take our time to visit over our coffee after the meeting and I didn't get home until eleven or after. (This had happened in Hawarden sometimes too.) Art would get worried, especially in the winter. We finally changed our meeting time to 3:30p.m. This worked fine except that it was hard to get home in time to get supper. I finally quit the

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circle - we were losing members and a few months after I quit the circle came to an end. This was sad but it is happening in many churches today. As of now neither Art nor I are involved in anything in the church. We attend Sunday A.M.

During the twenty years that we lived in our own house we took some very outstanding trips. We went on many day trips with the Senior Center Group - to the Apple Orchards on the Mississippi river, Boat Rides on the Mississippi and the St. Croix, plays at Chanhassen and The Old Log, to Red Wing, and to the Twin's Games. In the winter we went on several two-week trips with Sharon Johnson and her Sunshine Tours. We also went to Calif. to see Joel and Jackie on our own. So we went south, west, and north to Lake Louise and Banff in Canada.

For our fiftieth wedding anniv. we took an overseas flight to Oberammergau, Germany to see the Passion Play. On that trip we took a boat down the Rhine River, and drove around much of the area. We visited Dachau, the terrible German prison camp. I can't mention all we saw on that fabulous trip.

The other great trip we had was the one to Israel. A life changing trip. The Bible comes alive after being where Jesus walked.

Spread over the twenty years we lived in our house I had four very unpleasant experiences:

1. I got sick
2. I broke my arm
3. I had a great fall
4. eczema returned

Since this is my story I'll tell you about them -

1. I don't know what the illness was, but I had times that I thought I was having a heart attack. My body would quiver, and it would last from fifteen minutes to an hour. I'd have to lie down and relax completely and breathe deeply, and it would finally go away. The Dr. never found anything wrong. My heart wasn't affected by it. He finally prescribed a tranquilizer and told me to take it when I needed it. I still keep this medication on hand and take $\frac{1}{4}$ of a pill when I feel stressed. Nerves? I guess.

2. One winter day I went out to help Art shovel the driveway - against his advice. I like to shovel snow! It was very slippery and as I pushed against the shovel to move the snow my feet slipped backward and I fell forward hitting the ground with my hands. I heard a crack - my left arm broke just above my wrist. It took six weeks to heal, and after therapy it was back to normal.

3. The basement had flooded and we had dragged the carpet up the steps and outside where we draped it over the picnic table to dry. A few days later,

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coming home from a Koffee Klatch I hurried over to the table. I was going to run my hand over the carpet to see if it was dry. I caught my foot on the leg brace of the bench and was thrown up and around and came down scraping my back on the edge of the table and the bench and landed hard on the ground. It happened so fast I really didn't know what happened, but it hurt! There was no one around - not even a barking dog! I had no help. First I decided to just rest for a moment. Then I thought I'd test my body parts to see if anything was broken. From my toes to my neck - everything worked - nothing hurt - not even my ribs! and I could breathe deeply. But my back was in pain - nothing broken, but badly bruised!

I managed to get up and walk slowly into the house. I spent the next couple of days and nights in a chair. Art wanted to take me to the emergency - but I didn't even want to think of trying to get into the car - and I certainly didn't want to have anyone put me in an ambulance! My back turned black and blue. I finally figured out to lay down on the guest room bed where I slept at night for the next month or so. After several weeks I agreed to go to be checked. It was as I thought - a bad bruise - and I was healing nicely. I have no effects from that fall.

4. For some unknown reason the eczema returned. After being free from it since our last years in Albert Lea I thought that I was healed and wouldn't have it

anymore. My ointment was old and dry, and I had lost my copy of the prescription and the formula for it. At a visit to my Dr. I told him that I'd mix up the formula myself if I could get some coal tar. I knew what it had to look like. (The prescription was coal tar and zinc ointment.) He thought for a minute, then said, "Call Curt, tell him I'll sign for the prescription if he can find the formula."

I asked, "Who is Curt?"

"He's a druggist who has a pharmacy in Nelson's Grocery Store," he answered, "He's interested in formulas for old compounds, and searches for them on the internet."

I went to Curt at his pharmacy and told him my story. He agreed to look for my formula. He found it and made it up for me. I felt this was a miracle and I sent both of these men a thank you card.

Something spurred me on to write the story of my parents. Two of my Dad's sisters were still living and I corresponded with them to get information about my folk's lives when they were young and still in Michigan. With this, and some things that my brother, Dean, shared with me, I put together a little booklet with some pictures that tell of their lives. Since we spent so little time with them I wanted you to know something about them, and understand the family I came from.

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Next, since I didn't keep baby books for any of you children, I decided to tear apart my picture albums and put all the pictures that pertained to each of you, plus any that I thought would be of interest to you, in individual albums for each of you. It was a daunting task, and took months to accomplish, but I finally finished the job and gave you your individual albums for Christmas one year.

I will admit I was proud of myself for accomplishing both of these projects.

Life at “1909” was getting troublesome. We could no more mow the big yard in the summer. We couldn't shovel the snow in the long drive way in the winter. Our mail was delivered to the mail box on the curb, and the garbage and recycling had to be taken to the curb. Since our yard was on a little hill we had to go down to the curb and up to the house. In the winter it was slippery and threatened to make us fall. It was getting harder each year to go up and down our basement stairs, and we had so much down there - the laundry, stored food stuff, a stool and shower, my piano, crafts, and Art's plants and some books, etc. We hired the mowing and snow removal, and decided to look around to see what was available to us for our future.

Without further explanation I will say that Art finally asked me, “If I were to go before you, where would

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you want to be?" I answered, "Thorne Crest". So it was settled.

We had hoped to stay in our home until you, our children would move us into a rest home - or something similar - but now we both thought we'd like to decide for ourselves where we would spend our last years. We still had health and strength, and could choose when to move, where to move, and what to take with us. This would take a lot of pressure off you children.

Thorne Crest was an American Baptist Retirement Community open to anyone who wished to move in.

CHAPTER 29

THORNE CREST

(82 - 90+ years)

We made all the pre-arrangements to move into Thorne Crest, put the house up for sale, and waited for an apartment to open up. We gave you and the grandchildren things we couldn't keep, and Jackie held the sale to get rid of all the miscellaneous things.

When an apartment was available we looked it over and decided to take it. We measured all the rooms. At the house I made a graph of each room, and also made to scale little cut-outs of the furniture we would move. I moved these objects around to decide where to position the furniture we would be taking. Joel and Jackie, and Doug and Bette moved

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us. When they brought a piece of furniture in we knew just where to put it.

All my tattered albums were carried to our apartment. After getting the kitchen arranged, and the hutch filled, my next project was to recycle greeting cards. We had a large family with so many “dates” to recognize. In time I decided to get at the albums. I bought new books and used some scrapbook ideas to make them attractive. One album at a time got a face lift. I have finished them from my birth through our time in Des Moines.

I still want to re-do the Hawarden book. With that I will have our entire career in the ministry recorded. Of course, these are family albums, not a record of the work in the churches.

Another project was to make crocheted afghans for all the great grandchildren. Thank goodness they didn't all come at once!

I put the albums aside so I could write this story. When this is finished I hope to get back to them.

We have lived in Thorne Crest now for six and three-fourth years. We keep the schedule here and we are cared for, entertained, and in some ways, pampered.

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We still drive to Clark's Grove to church. I just renewed my driver's license, so I can drive for another four years!

Now I have told you the story of my very ordinary life. The ninety new one dollar bills have represented, one by one, the years of my life. I am now ninety-two years old. I exercise with a group three days a week. The eczema is under control with the modern creams prescribed by a dermatologist recommended by my Dr. -- no more odor -- no more stains.

I have tried to please my Lord, be a good De Neui, and raise Christian children. I still have Lindberg blood in my veins, but the important thing is to be "washed in the blood of Jesus". And that I am!

CONCLUSION

Looking back over my life I can see God's Hand leading me. Prov. 16:9 says, “in his heart a man plans his course, but the Lord determines his steps.”

In my heart I planned to be a missionary on a foreign soil, but the Lord determined my steps. He let me experience what life would be like in a primitive land by letting me live in Greenville. Although I made the best of it, and saw some good results of our ministry there, I was glad to move to a more modern place. After I had adjusted to life in Greenville I could adjust to wherever the Lord sent us. I was not suited for missionary service overseas, but I could promote missions wherever I was.

Family and home were my priorities. I developed a philosophy that helped me know where to serve the Lord. With my varied training, both from teachers and by self-training, I could step into most any task

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and help out in an emergency. I quickly decided that with the local leaders in each church I would not accept the presidency of any of our church's organizations. With my lack of book keeping knowledge I would not accept the office of treasurer for any organization.

With each move I waited to be offered a job. Two jobs was my limit. Usually someone would have a Sunday School Class for me to teach. The second job was often related to the Women's Organization, or the music ministry. Playing the piano for the Prayer Meeting and singing in the choir were not considered work. That was fun. I kept as busy as I had time to participate.

My children were my pride and joy. You know what you did – I don't need to write about you. You were a blessing, and still are.

Writing this has been a journey for me. Some things came to mind that weren't worth writing about, but brought back memories.

I would like to explain that the deeply etched vertical lines on my forehead are not frown lines expressing anger. They have developed over the years when eczema was so hard to bear. They still can look fearsome when I'm tired or stressed. I would love to find something safe to remove them. If I smile a lot maybe they won't show!

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I aim to please the Lord in all I do. I take comfort in 1 John 1:9, “If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” I know I sin and I know I can be forgiven.

I find new truth, comfort, and direction each day as I read the scripture. Life goes on, and life with Jesus is good! Amen.

I picked up this large but light box and opened it with care. Inside was another decorated box - I opened that - and again there was another decorated box. This went on for about five or six times and, of course, everyone was laughing at my perplexity. Finally I came to a very small box. When I opened it I couldn't believe my eyes - there was a bundle of money - NINETY NEW ONE DOLLAR BILLS! One for each year of my life!



Doris (Lindberg) De Neui was born in 1917. That was 95 years ago. Since then Doris has been: Pastors wife, Mother of 3, Pianist, Choir Director, Sunday School Teacher, Women's Rally Song Leader, and Avon Lady. She also held various offices in the Region and State with the American Baptist Women. Now retired, she reflects on her life and concludes in this book. "I still

have Lindberg blood in my veins, but the important thing is to be 'washed in the blood of Jesus'. And that I am!"