

An Interview with

**Mildred Wallhausen**

at the offices of the Enterprise Courier in  
Charleston, Missouri

**14 June 1996**

interviewed by Ray Brassieur  
transcript edited by N. Renae Farris



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**[Begin side one, tape one of two. Begin interview]**

RB: This is Ray Brassieur. Today is June 14th, 1996. I am interviewing Mrs. Mildred Wallhausen in her office at the headquarters of the Enterprise Courier newspaper in Charleston, Missouri.

MW: Now, you were going to ask about newspapers. You were going to ask [about] the important role of the local newspapers and journalists play in the life of communities.

RB: Ms. Wallhausen, if you'd be so kind...

MW: Whatever you want.

RB: What I'd like to start with is -- because I really don't know a terrible lot about your own self personally and I think probably for the benefit of all those who might be interested in this, I'd appreciate to start with a little bit of just biographical information about yourself.

MW: (chuckling) Okay. Alright. Okay. Well, I was born and brought up in New York City.

RB: Oh!

MW: I have no prejudices. That's one thing that has helped me in a lot of things. I went to Jamaica High School, which was -- had 450 blacks, but several thousand students. You know how big cities are. The one town runs into the other, you know. And so then all those small towns go to this central high school and that's where I went to Jamaica High, and...

RB: That's right in New York City?

MW: Yes, yes. Well, it's out on the island a little, but it's not downtown. It's about halfway out. We lived on 123rd Street and New York City stopped on 124th Street, right near

Belmont Park.

RB: Uh-uh.

MW: So we were out in the country. (chuckles) We thought we lived out in the country.

RB: So you were born...

MW: I was born in Brooklyn.

RB: And the...

MW: Well, you haven't got time to listen to *my* story. (chuckles)

RB: I shouldn't ask you the date of your birth perhaps, but...

MW: April 3, 1914. (laughs)

RB: Okay, alright.

MW: My story \_\_\_\_\_.

RB: And so your name, your maiden... Your dad's name, for instance?

MW: Yes. Well, my last legal name was Mildred Savell. S-a-v-e-l-l.

RB: Okay.

MW: See, my own mother died when I -- that's what I said, you haven't got time to listen -- and my own mother died in childbirth and the baby died and my father went off to war and never came back. Well, there was a wealthy lady out on Long Island who took these... My husband kidded me saying that I was a worthy case. And her best friend took me. Florence Elizabeth \_\_\_\_\_ Van de Water. And her cousin took the little boy. There was a little boy. And I was told to be a good [girl.] I remember my own mother dying and telling me to take good care of little Wilbert, and then he was taken from me.

RB: How old were you at that point?

MW: I was three and he was two.

RB: And you were three and you remember that?

MW: Oh, I remember everything! I wrote her when Art Junior... We kept in touch. I was the one she always wanted to keep. And she was a very *wonderful* person. But anyway, I wrote her when Art Junior was born. I said, "Wouldn't it be wonderful that I could find Wilbert and we could [begin to communicate] and now that we're grown..." And she wrote back *immediately* and said, "Please, please, don't do it because he was never told he was adopted."

RB: Uh-uh.

MW: So all these years I've felt sad because I have that *guilty feeling* that I...

RB: Uh-uh. That you have a brother.

MW: Yes. And that I can't help him. And that was my mother's dying wish was... You know. But I don't worry about him financially because they were all *very* wealthy people. But maybe some other way I should've helped him. But anyway, that's another story.

RB: Was your dad around at that point when your mom died?

MW: No, no. He was... Well, I don't have any idea.

RB: Uh-uh. You don't remember him.

MW: I was adopted by the Van de Waters. One of the oldest Dutch families on Long Island. It's V-a-n d-e W-a-t-e-r. And her sister -- she only lived a few years because she died with a kidney disorder brought on by scarlet fever when she was a child. Now see, in

those days, nothing could be done. Just like my grandfather [Bronson] went all through the Civil War and didn't get a lick, but came home and slipped on the ice and never walked again. Broke his hip. There was nothing anybody could do.

RB: And your grandfather fought in the Civil War?

MW: Well, these were... Yeah. Oh, yeah.

RB: Do you remember him?

MW: Oh, yes! I used to sit on the arm of his chair and listen to all his stories about the Civil War.

RB: Uh-uh.

MW: Grandma [Bronson] raised me. She raised me because... See after Florie [Florence Bronson Van De Water] died... Oh dear, after Florie died... Well, before she died, she wrote to her sister [Frances] who was a career woman when that was not an "in" thing. You know, it was not done. But she was in the Red Cross in Paris, France. She was Secretary for the YMCA there. And she got these letters about this cute baby that Florie had just adopted. So, eventually, when she came back and Florie died, then her sister adopted me and that's where the Savell comes in. So... (chuckles)

RB: I see, okay. That's where that name then... It was her sister's name?

MW: Yes. So I was legally adopted by the Savells.

RB: Uh-uh. And she also lived in New York then?

MW: Yes. Then when she came back after the [war...] Yeah, she worked for the biggest... Well, she was a career [woman.] She was making \$100 dollars a week when Jim Bishop,

the nationally syndicated columnist, was raising his family on \$25 dollars a week! But she was working for Butler, Wycoff and Reed, which was one of the biggest law firms in New York.

RB: Oh!

MW: And so I mean I... (chuckles) But anyway, that's...

RB: And she was a legal secretary?

MW: She was there, she was in the law firm. She \_\_\_\_\_. She was their head bookkeeper too.

RB: Head bookkeeper. Uh-uh.

MW: And that of course... Well, then she got sick one time and they thought it was a brain tumor and her boss thought so much of her he called his own specialist and the specialist was about to get on the big ocean liner to go to England, to go to Europe and came back to operate on Mother. So I mean she was well thought of and was big career. But anyway, so then after grandma died they shipped me to Florida for a couple of years.

RB: So let's see now, your adopted mother Savell...

MW: Savell.

RB: ... she died.

MW: No. No, Florie died. No.

RB: No? Oh, okay.

MW: No.

RB: Florie died, then you went...?

MW: Yeah, yeah. Then years later when we... Well, dad [James M. Savell] worked for the Guarantee Trust Company in New York, which is one of the big companies. Well, there was a law passed -- Carter Glass I think was responsible for it -- doing away with all the subsidiaries of the big banking corporations and that they released *hundreds* and hundreds of workers. But they gave them a year's salary to set them up in other businesses. So he always loved to tinker with things and he... So he had a big auto place and repair parts and everything. And one day one of the mobsters came by and said, "For so much a month, we'll protect your business." And he was a hotheaded southerner. He was a French-Huguenot and he told them where to go. And about a couple of weeks later they came and knocked the night watchman in the head and walked off with everything. Left just the four bare walls! (chuckles) So they wrote to us...

RB: About what time period are we talking about?

MW: [*pauses, thinking*] The late thirties because of the -- beginning of the forties, in there some place -- because they wrote to me and said could we start looking for a small business they could get involved in. They wanted to be closer to me and my children as well. (chuckles) And so we had just bought the Eagle, the other paper down at East Prairie. And I was running down there every day, running *that* business and taking my daughter [Elizabeth Gail (Wallhausen) Anderson], who is now the Editor here, along with me. She was two or three years old. And it was a... You know, it was hard on me. And jokingly I said, "Well, we don't really know what to do with it." And they almost came

by return mail. They moved out and started and just did *beautifully!* They just did *fine*, and...

RB: And that was in the late thirties that they came in?

MW: Yeah, the beginning of the -- well, Liz was born in 1941 so it was...

RB: Oh, I see. So it was in the forties.

MW: By the time they got out here it was about '45, somewhere in there. I'd have to look up the dates. But anyway, they just did beautifully. Well, my foster brother [Joel M. Savell] -- my foster father's son by a former marriage was one of the first Marines on Guadalcanal. And so that's another story. But anyway, when the war was over, he came back and, of course, didn't go to New York. He came to his family *here* and got in business with his father and met a girl from New Madrid. One of the Rileys, one of the big families down in New Madrid. And they married and then they retired and we bought the Eagle back. So that brings us up to date.

RB: Uh-uh. Let me go back a little bit further 'cause...

MW: Yes, I didn't know you... (chuckles)

RB: Well, I was just curious as to how long you yourself stayed, then, in New York. When did you...?

MW: Oh, well, let's see...

RB: You stayed there until...

MW: Well, I was there until sophomore year and I was down in Florida a couple of years and then I came back.

RB: Uh-uh. I mean... Came back to New York?

MW: To New York.

RB: Uh-uh.

MW: Yeah. Now let's see...

RB: And then you met...

MW: '31, I came back in '31.

RB: Oh?

MW: Yeah, I was six[teen]...

RB: Were you still in school at that time?

MW: I graduated from school in Florida.

RB: Oh?

MW: And then I came back. And since I was only sixteen when I was a senior, my folks said that they thought it was too soon to go to college so they said, "Well, we'll... Take a business course first." So I went to [and] graduated from Brown's Business College in New York. And then I went by to enroll in Columbia for night school and then, of course, the bottom fell out of everything. I was working for the... I was secretary for the president of a real estate company in New York. And he told me, he said, "Well, the only thing you can cheer about is the fact that I lost my shirt too!" (laughs) And *somehow* he got me cash. Nobody could get any cash. You're too young to know about all that. But I mean, overnight you couldn't get a *nickel* from any place! One of our biggest farmers

was in St. Louis visiting and it happened and he didn't have any cash with him. Had to borrow ten dollars to get home! But it was *really*, really something!

RB: What real estate firm was that? Do you remember?

MW: "Something" Securities Incorporated. (chuckling) I don't [remember.] It's been seventy... So many years ago I don't remember. I'd have to look it up. But anyway, it was...

RB: So you were just out of business school...

MW: Just out of [business school,] yes.

RB: ...and then you had taken this job and...

MW: And that's another thing I couldn't understand. The business college let the students when they graduated work for three months there at the school with the business equipment to keep up their speed and everything. They let them do that until they could find a job. Well, the very next day I was called into the superintendent's office and she said, "Well, here's your job." And I couldn't understand and she said, "Well, you only had three mistakes on all of your tests and we have to send out our best students because that's good advertising for us."

RB: Right.

MW: So *again* I was fortunate. And so I got my job and, like I said, did very well, was very lucky and had good boss and somehow he got me some money! And I had an invitation. I'd bet this other aunt... These are none of my real people -- this is my foster people. In Florida, when I was down there, she visited and she had invited me to come to Missouri.

Well, I'd never been to Missouri and I thought... Well, between jobs I wasn't the *least* bit worried because mother had all kinds of connections and dad had connections. I mean, I could've found something. But I just decided that this... She invited me to come and I thought, "You know, it'd be a good time to do that and I'll rest up and look around." That was on like a Friday, and Sunday I went to church and made new friends and through them -- made the right kind of friends. I'm thinking of kids today, you know, how they should do.

RB: Yeah, uh-huh. Now where was that that you came into Missouri?

MW: In Poplar Bluff. To Poplar Bluff.

RB: In Poplar Bluff. Okay.

MW: And Uncle Paul was president of the State Bank over there.

RB: Oh. And what was his name?

MW: Paul Hays. Paul C. Hays. H-a-y-s. So anyway, I made new friends, went right to church, which is a good environment and made good friends and was there two or three weeks and again luck. Poplar Bluff had had a tornado a number of years before, and every year the Daily American Republic put out a big progress edition saying how they'd improved and all that. And through one of these friends who worked on the paper -- that I later married (laughs) -- asked me if I would help them with the progress edition. They needed some extra help. And I said, "Well, I need to get back to New York, but I'll think about it." And so I took the job. I said, "How long will it take?" And he said, "About

three months." I thought well, you know, that won't be anything and I'd see what newspaper work is like. So I got it and years ago...

RB: What newspaper was that?

MW: Daily American Republic.

RB: That was the Daily American Republic?

MW: In Poplar Bluff. Yes. By Poplar Bluff. John Wolpers, one of the -- we'll talk about him later -- one of the most wonderful men in all the world. He was a curator at Missouri University, among other, many things. But anyway...

RB: And he was the publisher of the Daily American Republic?

MW: Yes, yes. Back when I lived in New York, my next-door neighbor was president of Eberhard Faber Pencil Company. Now that was before ballpoint pens. And, you know, that was important...

RB: Uh-huh, a big company.

MW: (chuckles) Pencils were very important! And there were jillions of kinds and everything. But anyway, one day he offered me a ride to work. So we got to talking and he was telling me, he said, "Now, I hire a *lot* of young people." And it's a... Take two girls. One of them comes in and she sits at her desk and she looks out the window and she chews gum and she does her nails and she gossips with everybody around her. There's another girl comes in and she is on-the-ball. The minute she gets there she gets to work. She looks around to see if there's anyway she can make the job of her superior a little

more comfortable. When it comes time for promotion, who's going to get promoted?  
And generally that's true. You know, you're looking for the ones who are helpful.

RB: Right.

MW: And I never forgot that. So when I got this job I was always helping everybody around me. And his oldest daughter was expecting a baby and she was not very well and she wanted to stay home anyway. And because I was doing well they had me help her for two or three weeks and then they offered me her job as proofreader. And so I took that and when I left the [newspaper,] John said, "You're the best proofreader we ever had." And he hated to see me go, but then meanwhile, Art was the head... Jim Hendrickson was the city editor, and he [Art Wallhausen, Sr.] was Jim's assistant and they had a column called "The Other Side" and they brought up all kinds of controversial things to get people to thinking. A lot of times he said, "I don't always believe what I say, but I want people to think!" Well, Art, of course, was absolutely one of the *best* journalists in the State of Missouri.

RB: This is Art Wallhausen?

MW: Art Senior, Art Senior. He graduated from Mizzou [University of Missouri-Columbia] in '29.

RB: Where was he born?

MW: He was born in Sweet Springs.

RB: Sweet Springs.

MW: But he was completely unprejudiced, too. I mean, that part of Missouri doesn't have any blacks anyway. But, I mean, he was the most fair-minded, wonderful person you ever met in your life! And there was never *anything* that anybody asked him that he didn't know something about. And he could be with simple farm people coming in in overalls and make them feel at home, and then he was one time sitting with Harry Truman and just as at home as he was with the simple guy, you know. Art was one of the Honorary Colonels for John Dalton when he was Governor.

RB: He was?

MW: Oh, yeah. And so anyway, when he first got out of school, he went to the Sikeston Standard. That was his first job. Well, his father nearly had a stroke because he said, "Don't want you to go down to Southeast Missouri! There's nothing but mosquitoes and malaria. You'll just die!" But Art could see the future. You know, it was opening up. It was like pioneer. And he wanted to be down here. Well, that was another thing. When he graduated, he was valedictorian of his class at high school in Sweet Springs and he wanted to go to college. His dad offered him half interest in their family business -- they had a big grocery store, the biggest grocery store in town -- if he would just come in with him. And Art said, "No." His English teacher had urged him to be... 'Cause she could see the possibilities. And he said, "Well, I've got to..." Well, his father didn't speak to him for a year. It just killed him. Because he was hurt, you know. Here he'd offered his son... You know, just looking back you can see. And it was kind of sad.

RB: Had his father been here long? I mean, the family for instance?

MW: Oh, yes.

RB: I just wondered.

MW: In Sweet Springs? In Sweet Springs?

RB: The Wallhau[sens.]

MW: Yes, the Wallhausen family had been there.

RB: Whether they had come in...? How many generations for instance?

MW: Oh, gosh.

RB: Because there were a lot of German immigrations.

MW: Well, yes. Yes. They were part of all that.

RB: During the nineteenth century.

MW: Yes. And Kansas and Missouri and Wisconsin, they were all in that area. And Waterloo, Illinois was a big... There was part of the family [that] were there.

RB: Did he still speak German for instance?

MW: Oh, yes! Yeah, he could read things in German.

RB: Art's dad?

MW: Yeah, yeah. Yeah. But anyway, he was so hurt. But of course after a while -- and then when Art said... Well, he went on to -- Art took his little seventy-five dollar scholarship and went on to Missouri U. And there again, he... I don't know whether you know about firing furnaces, but there were few jobs that kids could have and that was one of them. You had to clean out the furnace and bank it and put fresh coals and then bank it at night and in the morning get all the ashes out, haul it -- you know, it was a dirty stinking job.

And then after school he worked in a cafeteria. But anyway, one day he couldn't see where he was going to get his next nickel from. And he was sitting on the steps of this old rich lady's house. I don't remember her name. *[Suddenly remembering]* Burns! Her name was Burns. And she says, "Arthur," -- she called him Arthur -- "why are you so blue?" And he told her, he said, "I'm going to have to go home to my dad and he's going to say, 'I told you so.'" (laughs)

RB: Uh-uh. 'Cause he wasn't making it up there somehow?

MW: He was going to be short financially. And so she left fifty dollars in an envelope under the newel post of the stairway. And she told him in the note, said, "Now, this is not a gift." 'Cause she knew he was too proud to take it. "You can pay me back whenever you can." And that was the turning point. And after that he got another job. So he had three jobs. And, you know, just went on from there.

RB: And he was studying which... In which department \_\_\_\_\_?

MW: Arthur, he got a degree in Arts and Science, and Journalism. He has two degrees.

RB: So he was studying journalism there at M.U.?

MW: Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Very much so. That was the main thing.

RB: And the years he was at college there would have been like in the late twenties or...?

MW: Well, yes, it was. He graduated in '29 with his second degree. And he has more hours than that. He could have gone on and gotten his Ph.D., but this job in Sikeston came up. And so he took that and against the wishes of his father. The first job he had, now that

was... Well, I'll tell you when we come to it. Well, we'll come to that one later. The Blantons. That's another whole -- one outstanding, strange, *wild* family! (Laughs)

RB: Uh-uh. In Sikeston you mean?

MW: Yes,. Uh-uh. And that was the Senior Blanton. That was the old one. When we first came to Missouri...

RB: Were they the owners of the paper?

MW: Oh, yes!

RB: And what paper was that?

MW: Sikeston Standard.

RB: The Sikeston...

MW: The daily paper at Sikeston. And there for generations -- they had three or four generations... Three generations. But anyway, it was... (chuckles) His first job was to check at the city hall because some kids had gotten into some mischief the night before and had done something terrible. I don't know what it was. And come to find out, the first name on the list was his son, the editor's son! (chuckling) And he took it back in fear and trembling, you know, and the editor took one look and says, "Put his name at the top of the list." I mean, that was how Charlie Blanton was. He was just as fair as Art was. But then Charlie turned the paper practically over to Art Senior and so he learned the hard way from... How to [go about] selling ads [for] the newspaper. See, this was in thirty... Oh, goodness. He was there for several years before he went to Poplar Bluff in '33, so it was before that.

RB: I see. Okay.

MW: But he had the... Charlie just dumped the whole thing on him because Charlie liked to play. And then one day... And it was *hard* to collect money, you know. To go in and sell the ads was easier than going by to get [the money, to] collect. And one day he came back to the office and found out a bill for four columns for the front of Charlie's house -- \$1,000 dollars apiece! And every time I pass that house, I laugh. (laughs)

RB: It's still there?

MW: Oh, yes! It was a beautiful home at that time. But then now it's a real estate business. I've forgotten [the name.] Mitchell, I think. But anyway, I have to smile every time I go past, 'cause Art just hit the ceiling! He just told Mr. Blanton, he said, "Now, look. We're having *such* a time making ends meet." And that he shouldn't *do* that! But anyway, the...

RB: Of course, he was the owner of the paper.

MW: That's right, sure. (laughs) But they were good friends by that time. And when he [Art] went to Poplar Bluff, Charlie... You'll see when you get to it. You'll see Charlie's letter about Art leaving. He said, "I just feel like I've lost a son." But Art had a way of making people feel that way. *So conscientious* and *thorough* and *efficient* and just everything in this *world!* I was very, very fortunate to find a person like him.

RB: So he was somehow attracted to Poplar Bluff?

MW: Oh, yes. They offered him a better deal. Like Charlie said, "He can offer him better than I can." And like I said, Jim Bishop, the nationally syndicated columnist was getting \$25

in New York and I was making \$15. Most girls made \$12. And when I came to Poplar Bluff, I was making \$18 which was unheard of!

RB: Eighteen...?

MW: I made eighteen dollars a week.

RB: Eighteen dollars a week?

MW: Yes, yes. And he was making twenty-eight dollars a week with two degrees!

RB: So that was a?

MW: Well, that's what I'm telling you. All this other stuff people don't realize! That don't put it in perspective, the times!

RB: That's right, that's right.

MW: It was just difficult times!

RB: There were few dollars around, period.

MW: *Absolutely!* And everybody was scrambling like mad! But anyway, then when Art wanted to buy his own newspaper, Mr. Wolpers did his best to talk him out of it because he knew it was a hard row to hoe! And he said, you know, "If you'll just stay, I'll pay you thirty-five dollars a week!" But Art said, "No, I want my own business." By that time, Mr. Loebe... The way he found out about it, Mr. Loebe heard about Art and was trying to get him to come over here.

RB: Mr. Loebe was...

MW: Simon P. Loebe. L-o-e-b-e. From here. One of the biggest people in the district.

RB: And what business was he in at that time? Was he...?

MW: Umpteen businesses! And that's why he was getting older and wanted to get rid of some of it. He was president of the bank. Next door to us was the opera house -- that was before my time. And where he had to take care of all the shows that... You know, the stage stuff in those days. Chautauqua-type stuff. I don't know whether you know what "chautauqua" even is.

RB: Uh-uh. I mean, what I've read about it.

MW: Well, they had all kinds of... That was before TV and all that sort of thing. He also had a highway signs business, and he had *extensive* farm -- he owned half the county. But there may have been some others. (laughs) I can't remember.

RB: But he had an interest in newspapers too?

MW: Oh, everything! He owned the Enterprise Courier! Yes.

RB: He owned the Enterprise Courier at that time?

MW: Yes, yes. And he'd had a hard time with it. (chuckles) He bought the -- I think it was the Enterprise that he bought from... There were several newspapers at different times -- and all of this was before my time -- but anyway, he told us how mad he was because this one big man here in town sold him the Enterprise and in the contract it said that he would not establish another newspaper. He didn't, but his wife did. It was in his wife's name.

(laughs)

RB: (chuckles) He got around that! (laughs)

MW: So there's all kinds of little ways you can do in this world. But anyway...

RB: But now, you must have been about the same age then as Art?

MW: No. No, I was ten years younger.

RB: Ten years younger, okay. Uh-uh. And so you both were in Poplar Bluff at a time. And now when did you all decide to...?

MW: Well, he was there from '33 to '35, and he couldn't decide... And that's what I say: luck has something to do with it, because if I'd come earlier I'd have missed him and if I'd come later I'd have missed him. But anyway, we were married [and] he came over to lease the paper with option to buy. Lease it for one year with option to buy.

RB: And that was in the year...?

MW: And that was in 1935.

RB: '35.

MW: 1935. And then we were married in 1936. So that's when I came over. And Art Junior was born in '38 and our daughter in '41. I said, "When I was born, they started the First World War and when my daughter was born, they started the Second World War."  
(laughter) I don't know whether that has anything [to do with it!]

RB: But it seemed like it, didn't it? (laughs)

MW: But like I said, we were very, very fortunate and...

RB: May I wonder...? You say you were raised by -- at least in part -- or at one point by a French-Huguenot?

MW: No. Well, my foster father.

RB: Well, I mean, they had down there and it's...

MW: My foster father's family, but I didn't get into that. His family -- they were French-Huguenots and from Tennessee. And during the Civil War, their home was burned to the ground. They were of that group. And then when he came back from the war -- the First World War -- he went to New York to study music and met my mother -- my third mother. And they got married. Well, years and years and years later, we went to Nashville and mother and I were invited to these big parties there and everything and they were talking about the Civil War and they would mention the Battle of Gettysburg. And mother said, "Oh, well, my father was in the Battle of Gettysburg." "Oh, he was?!" And they were so interested until she said that he was on the Union side. (laughs) And she said, "You could've heard a pin drop!"

RB: Oh! But she had married a person who was a...

MW: Dyed-in-the-wool Southerner!

RB: Who was a Southerner. Now what was his name again?

MW: Savell. James Savell.

RB: *James Savell.*

MW: Uh-uh. (laughs)

RB: And what religion was he at the time?

MW: Well, he was Baptist.

RB: He was a Baptist, then, by that time because then...

MW: Well, his father was a Baptist minister and had been the Baptist minister at Poplar Bluff.

Well, now that was when his family was growing up. Now he graduated from Syracuse

in New York. And he spoke five languages and could read the Bible in the original Hebrew and Greek.

RB: Oh, wow! Uh-uh.

MW: So he was quite a character, too. I've got a lot of characters! (laughs)

RB: So now Art then, from a German background, what religion was he?

MW: Well, he was Lutheran.

RB: He was Lutheran, okay.

MW: Very Missouri Lutheran -- Missouri Synod Lutheran. And as long as he lived, I went there, but I was brought up an Episcopalian and I'm still Episcopalian today.

RB: Uh-uh. Oh, okay.

MW: I go to St. Paul's at Sikeston.

RB: So it wasn't a problem then though for when you all decided to get married?

MW: Oh, no! No, no.

RB: But that wasn't a...?

MW: No, no. We were married in his church. And I *adored* his family! See, I was brought up an only child then and all my years I was, "Oh, I have nobody to play with. Nobody to play with." And I was so sad. And so when I married... And he had five brothers. There were six of these boys and I just *loved* them. They were all home every summer. They were the biggest teases and they just -- it was just wonderful! And to this day I *adore* his family. And for my eightieth birthday party that... [*Thinking aloud, seeking to clarify*

*which birthday party*] Eighty-second birthday, eighty-*first* birthday party. Well, at my eightieth birthday party my son and his family came...

**[Recorder off briefly]**

MW: Art said... Where was I?

RB: You were at a birthday party.

MW: Oh, yes, yes. I...

**[End of side one, tape one of two]**

**[Begin side two, tape one of two]**

MW: ...Wallhausens that I was telling you about that I dearly love. I *loved* his family. They were wonderful, wonderful people. And his mother was just like the grandmother who raised me, only she had a mid-western flavor instead of a Yankee flavor.

RB: Uh-uh.

MW: Now as a child growing up... See, we had no TV or even *radio* in the... See, I remember the little crystal radios. Airplanes. The first cars with the isinglass things that you snapped on the windows when it rained and all that kind of stuff. And the horse-drawn milk wagons and ice...

RB: Even in New York...

MW: In New York City.

RB: Even in New York City it was just...

MW: Oh, yes! Oh, yes. Oh, sure! But anyway, she used to sing. All the time she was doing her housework, she sang. So I'm full of Civil War songs and hymns. And she had nothing to sing about. You know, there was an invalid husband that she had to take care

of and housework for her... There was no social security in those days. You know, if they'd wanted... If the family hadn't been able to take care of her, but they were.

RB: Now you're talking about your grandmother now right?

MW: But Grandmother Bronson, my Yankee Grandmother Bronson, whose daughters were Florie and Frances. Well, they called... Yeah, Frances, the one who was Frances Savell.

RB: And your mother was...?

MW: Frances Savell, the last one.

RB: But your original...? Maternal. Your biological...?

MW: Well, I don't know my... No, I don't know that. But anyway... Then when we came here, everybody had housekeepers. They called them "girls." You know, "We've got a girl." And we were fortunate. Well, the first...

RB: Were they all blacks?

MW: Blacks. Oh, yeah. This will show up later in some of the things, but since we're talking about us personally for a minute here, the first one we had was called "Bee" [Smith.] She was tall and skinny. B-e-e. And she had had eight youngsters. And we had got her when Art Junior was a year old -- a baby, in there some place, not quite a year old -- but anyway, she made all kinds of fun of me. She just *howled* because I'd never been around babies before. I was brought up an only child, and I was so scared of kids. And I *boiled* his toys, every day. I boiled *everything* he had! \_\_\_\_\_ every day. And she made all kinds of fun of me. And so I asked her how she'd got along, and she said, "Well," -- with her *eight*, you know -- and she said, "Well, I'd pick cotton. Then I'd stop and have

the baby. I birthed the baby. Then I'd go out and wrap him up, put it -- or her, whichever -- and put them at the end of the row and I'd go pick cotton down the row, down the other row next to it. And then I'd nurse him. Then I'd go down the next row and then, you know, move him over." (chuckles)

RB: Move him over?

MW: And that's the way she managed. Then she said, "When he got big enough so he didn't need to eat that much, then I'd fix him a bit of sugar in a piece of cloth..." -- and probably wasn't clean, you know. They'd clean [it] as [well as] they could make it, but certainly not sterilized like I... (laughs) She'd put that and tie a little string around it and stick that in the baby's mouth. And then she'd go down a row; come down the next row. And, you know, that's how she... (chuckles)

RB: Now when you knew her and when she was your...

MW: Yeah, that was in...

RB: So, now how old was she at that time?

MW: Well, I don't know because you couldn't... She'd had eight children!

RB: Right, by that time and then she was...

MW: She was probably in her middle thirties maybe. I wouldn't have any idea. Now, you can't tell. I couldn't tell.

RB: And she was probably glad to be out of the fields, too.

MW: This was *now*. This was later. She would... We never could count on her on Monday because she was always drunk over the weekend, and many a time... Well, one time she

was sitting on some steps down in the other end of town in front of one of the hotels down there. It's gone now. Mitchell Hotel. And she was sitting on the curb and all she had on was a black silk slip and she.... And when the police picked her up she says, "Call Mr. Art. Call Mr. Art. I's Mr. Art's nigger. Call Mr. Art." (chuckles) So he'd have to go to the jailhouse and bail her out. That just happened all the time. Then she met up with a guy named Clarence, and Clarence must have been a something. He beat her every once in a while, and one day he had a broken bottle. You know how they do with it? And it was broken and he slashed the side of her face. Well, we took her to our hospital, our doctor over there, it was our family doctor. We took her over there and he did like a hundred and some stitches in one side of her face! She comes back and it heals up a little bit. She goes by the jail to see Clarence and she says, "What can I do for you, Clarence?" And he says, "Get me another bottle so I can *smack* you on the other side!" And one time he broke her arm. She never even said anything about it and it set crooked, so we took her back to our doctor and he had to break it to reset it! And so...

RB: That was a rough life.

MW: I know. That was the way of life. And so then she finally moved on. I think he went to St. Louis, so she followed him on up there. She was working in a -- the last I heard she was working in a motel in St. Louis. Well, years and years and years passed, and a gentleman that used to work for Nunnelee's over here -- he's long gone now -- had relatives in Steele, Missouri. And he was down there and he came home one day and he said, "I've met somebody who knows you. Her name is Bee Smith." Well, I nearly fell

out! So I called her immediately and we had a long talk. And she'd... Come to find out, some of the -- I don't know how many -- but some of those children are now college graduates! (chuckles)

RB: Uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-uh. So she had improved a lot or helped at least or somehow...

MW: (laughs) But anyway, all the programs and things that we'll go into later, they took advantage of it. Some did and some didn't!

RB: Right, right. Right.

MW: You know. Then we had an... The next one we had for twenty-some... Twenty-five years. And Dosie was part of our family. She was just like she was my sister.

RB: Was it Josie?

MW: Dosie.

RB: *Dosie*.

MW: Her name was Theodosia -- and D-o-s-i-e, you know, for short -- King and her husband's name was Lewis.<sup>1</sup> L-e-w-i-s King. And he worked for McBride Cooperage Company, which is now gone, too. A lot of these farm businesses are no longer... You know, the cotton gins. And this place, it's gone too.

RB: They would make barrels, I suppose, for the agricultural business?

MW: Yeah, yeah. They came from Sardis, Mississippi. And they came to Sikeston first and worked on a farm over there and I can't... I don't want to mention the man's name because he is considered a great big... He was very wealthy and very everything and a

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<sup>1</sup> Additional materials supplied by Mrs. Wallhausen indicated a spelling of "Theodocia." These may be found in the information files for this interview.

philanthropist and of the first degree and... But he did not treat these people right. He had a company store -- you know, everything that you've heard like that -- they ended up with nothing.

RB: Yeah. Yes. And that was in Mississ[ippi?]

MW: And that was in Sikeston.

RB: Oh, in *Sikeston*. Uh-uh.

MW: Yeah, they came from Sardis, Mississippi to Sikeston. And this wealthy farmer there... That was the system that he used and some of them did! And it was legal. But they always ended up with absolutely nothing. So they came on over to Charleston and that's when he got the job with McBride Cooperage and then Dosie worked for us for over twenty years. And she helped me raise the youngsters and was just... Just absolutely *adored* my kids. And they always said, "my family." The white people that they worked for were "my family." And "my children." Now they had never had any children, but she *loved mine* as though they were her own. And all she ever had to say to them when I wasn't there was, "Your mother wouldn't like that." And that was it. I was fortunate there because of my kids were pretty well behaved. And, you know, I really didn't have any trouble with them. We didn't have all the problems they've got today raising kids -- all the other influences. But anyway, Dosie... One day I was... And a lot of white people didn't treat their people like they should. I mean, it wasn't that they were mistreating them, but they were unthinking. They just didn't think about it. I always went and picked Dosie up. Your white people all live here, the black people all live

there. It was a *long walk* and hot. In the middle of summer or in bad weather. And a lot of people just, you know, out the door and it's up to them. But I always went to get Dosie and I always took her home. And so one day I said, "You want to..." Oh, it was when the government bought up the surplus potatoes and apples, and they had them down at the armory. And I said, "Dosie, you want to go pick up some of those?" And her nose curled up and she got a look on her face and she says, "No, I don't! That's for niggers." Well, I dropped my teeth almost! (chuckles) And she looked at me and laughed. She said, "Well, we don't like for you white folks to say niggers, but there is niggers." And she says, "We're much more class-conscious than you white folks are." So that even *then* there was a degree of like poor white trash.

RB: That's right.

MW: You know, there was a feeling there. And it still goes today.

RB: As class distinctions among the blacks.

MW: Absolutely! Now, there's other families down there that wouldn't live on the projects.

Now this Blanchard family there that I was... Very loved for many years. Angelo Blanchard and his wife Katie was a dear friend of mine. They're both dead now. They raised seven children. He worked for French Implement Company. Now see -- well, that was something I wanted to get into later when we talk about resettlement. A lot of the ones who were *able* and quick to learn and everything did find jobs with the industrial, with the *agriculture* businesses that were growing and equipment. Now he was... Some of them *could* manage some of the equipment. Angelo's job was to put the... The stuff

came -- wasn't assembled -- and then he had to put it together. Well, he worked for them for *many, many, many* years and raised seven kids. Lived in his own house, bought his own house. Simple, but just a fine house. And his kids are absolutely out of this world. They all have *excellent* jobs. Some of them are teachers. They're all away from here, but they're teachers and one of them who was in the war, Vietnam War, came back and worked for and I think he still does -- I'd have to check on that -- McDonnell, the Douglas airplane [manufacturer.] So I mean he used his service job to go on in civilian life. And they *all* make good money and are well... They're fine citizens!

RB: Mm-hmm. But so then to kind of summarize that part, there was a class distinction and there's a difference in success and attainment among the black population.

MW: That's right. There is.

RB: But now when you talked about earlier about Theodosia, and she was noticing and she was informing you about that class distinction: About what time period would that have been?

MW: Well, this was... Let me think. (chuckles) Oh, gosh! Well, it was when the government had a surplus of potatoes and apples.

RB: That must have been a Farm Security Administration project?

MW: The children were little. I'm not sure what program it was. I guess they were paying the farmers to do this stuff and then they were using the surplus of '40, '41. It had to be between '41, 'cause Liz was born then. I don't know whether she was... I don't know whether she was already born then or not.

RB: Could have during the war sometime then? There was a Farm Security Administration...

Well, those programs were very active throughout the war period, weren't they?

MW: Yeah. Yeah. I don't remember the war at that time, but I really don't remember just what... I'd have to look that up. I could find out for you. (chuckles) I could look.

RB: Sure.

MW: But then there was another thing: I never, never could change Dosie about *her* feelings anymore than, you know a lot of... We can't change a lot of white people. Well, you can't change some black people either. She had a decided opinion about *my* place and she would not -- even though Art was not at home at noon -- she would *not* sit at the table with me! And I begged her. And I *always* felt *miserably* uncomfortable with me in the dining room eating my lunch and her in the kitchen eating hers, you know. But there were certain things. She said, "Miss Mildred, you should not be..." When I'd go down to pick her up, she'd want Art to come pick her up at night if she babysat. She said, "I don't... It's not your place to be down here after dark." Of course, it might have been dangerous too. (chuckling) You know. I don't know whether she felt *that*, but then the black people didn't want white people butting in.

RB: Uh-uh. And that was years back?

MW: Oh, yeah. See, that was when they lived in, oh, terrible shanties! Oh, let me tell you: [To] go back to before we were married. Charleston had a big watermelon festival. And hundreds and hundreds of people came to it. Well, I was going to come over with another couple that evening.

RB: From Poplar Bluff?

MW: From Poplar Bluff. And he said, "No, I want you here all day." So I came over on the bus at nine o'clock in the morning. Well, the bus station was down [in] what they called "badlands" at that time. Well, it was where the streetlight is, it was about two blocks down. It's not really in badlands, but it was... Well, yes it is, it was. But anyway, we got...

RB: And you called that the "badlands?"

MW: That's what they called it for all those years. Every Saturday night there was a stabbing and a... You know, all these bad things going on and they still *do*, (chuckling) but they don't call it that anymore! But anyway, I got off the bus and my heart sank. For about two blocks along the highway there coming from Bertrand -- the interstate wasn't there [at that time], you came through the country -- there was this row. And I know you've seen a picture of that house because it's been used in every magazine and newspaper all over the country to say how bad Charleston is. One-room shanties, unpainted, just all the paint had worn off. Tacky, tacky, tacky. And my heart sank. I thought, "Well, what is Art getting us into?"

RB: 'Cause he had already moved over here?

MW: He'd already moved over here. See, he was here for the year with option to buy. And so anyway, we found out over the years. We found out the bad situation of housing, what to do about housing. I was going to talk about that later.

RB: Yeah. But that watermelon festival and that... And eventually then he decided to stay on and you...

MW: That was in '35.

RB: Uh-uh. And you guys got married.

MW: In '36.

RB: In '36. And then you came over.

MW: Yes.

RB: Now when you came over I guess it was natural for you then at that time to also work for the newspaper.

MW: Oh, yes! Oh, the first year, yeah, sure! Oh, absolutely!

RB: 'Cause you had been... And you had trained and you were...

MW: Sure, sure. Yeah.

RB: That's where your interests were.

MW: We put out a centennial edition that year that I did all the research for it. It was just really a wonderful newspaper.

RB: Is it still around?

MW: Oh, it's in the bound book. We lost all of the other stuff in the fire, but we still have it in the book, and I have *thoroughly* enjoyed that because I have all kinds of...

RB: 'Cause that would have been 1936 then?

MW: Yeah.

RB: And that was the centennial?

MW: I know. And it was a wonderful edition.

RB: Gosh.

MW: And it really got a lot of praise. But I did all the research on that because I *loved* history and I loved all these things and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

**[Unknown person enters room, incidental conversation omitted.]**

MW: Now I've forgotten where I was.

RB: Well, you were starting [to work for the newspaper.] And then so your first kind of...

MW: Oh, yes. The paper, yeah.

RB: Uh-uh. Your first kind of role was this...

MW: Sure, until Art Junior was born. In fact... Yeah, he was born in '38.

RB: And your husband then he was the editor?

MW: Yes. Yes, yes.

RB: Okay. Did you have a title for instance? Was it "reporter" or was it...?

MW: You mean me? (Laughing) I was "general flunky"!

RB: Anything and everything?

MW: There wasn't any, there wasn't any. We didn't have any titles.

RB: Wasn't a big staff?

MW: Oh, no. Well, oh, no, no. We had, oh, gosh, now that's going back there. We had several people working for us, but I don't even remember their *names* anymore. I'd have to look back and see. We had several. The front part of the office was all glass and there were presses lined up there. We had...

RB: Was it this same building?

MW: Oh, yes.

RB: Uh-uh? Uh-uh!

MW: Yeah. This used to be a bank. This was People's Bank. And there were several banks and it went under during the Bank Holiday, you know, during the Bank Crisis. Yeah, there used to be goldfish and a fountain up here someplace! (laughs)

RB: In the building?

MW: Oh, yeah!

RB: Uh-uh.

MW: Not when we had it, but when it was a bank. And my daughter's desk in there is a piece of -- it's a great big long piece of the marble that was a part of the decoration.

RB: For the bank.

MW: For the front part where the tellers' places were. But, no, we [didn't have titles.] I didn't [have a title.] The two of us, we were it. And we had an ad man. We had a sales [representative,] an ad [man,] but Art did a lot of that too. And Mr. Loebe, bless his heart, there were several desks around and he'd read the morning mail and he'd stop and when he got through reading a letter he'd open a drawer and stick it in. That was the filing system! (laughs)

RB: Uh-uh, uh-uh.

MW: The modern world today would not understand how the world was operated in those days.

RB: Was his office in this building too?

MW: Yes, but then he went... As soon as he sold it to Art -- that was in 1936 -- then he just stayed home. But he did a column. You know, he kept in touch and all that. But wherever he walked when he opened the mail -- in '35 when he was here with Art to see that everything went well -- he would generally... And then the boys... We didn't have any circulation manager or anything at that time. There were, like I said, the row of presses along the great big plate glass windows. And the boys would stop the press when somebody came in to pay a subscription and if they couldn't find a card, they'd make another card. So you can imagine my job that first year! I had to straighten *all that* out and get all that in good shape.

RB: Luckily, you had a business background.

MW: Yes! Yes, yes. I knew how... I knew what to do and...

RB: But that wasn't that common probably in Charleston was it?

MW: No, that was everywhere!

RB: For a woman to be involved in business?

MW: Well, I don't know. There would be things like Frances Daniel. Her father had an insurance company and she helped out some and then when he died she took it over. You know, it's things like that, but...

RB: So there were some...?

MW: There was a Business and Professional Women's club because I joined that.

RB: Pretty early then, uh-uh.

MW: Yeah. But they would all be secretaries for businesses. I'm trying to think. Maybe the flower shop. I'd have to look back and see.

RB: But at any rate, you started out and you actually... Well, at that point you were *writing*, at least, some of the things for the...

MW: Oh! Well, oh yeah. The news stories. We did have a society editor. She was working for this paper the year I was born in 1914, and she worked for us up until she died. She went screaming and kicking to the hospital still telling us, "Now be sure to get so and so's story," and this and that. You know! (chuckles)

RB: So she must have known quite a bit about Charleston.

MW: *Oh, absolutely!* Absolutely!

RB: And that must have been great to have on-hand.

MW: A big help! A *wonderful* help to us. Miss Ann Latimer, she was just absolutely a wonderful, wonderful woman. And she had a very interesting story, too, that we won't go into. (laughs) But anyway...! But you know, people are wonderful. People are such fun. But anyway, that was about it.

RB: So you guys were on duty, I'll say, in your...

MW: In 1936, September, yes.

RB: .... in your role here in Charleston, and during that particular period then, that was still during the middle of the Depression and on the other hand it was kind of a golden era in agriculture in a way, in the *Bootheel* because by that time the drainage had taken place, the land was developed...

MW: Yeah. They were getting all [the land drained.] They were getting the foundation work done, yes.

RB: And the foundation had been set, and so it was time to...

MW: Now, see, I didn't get into the agriculture part as much as I did the business part and the people. At that time, sad to say, the agriculture community and the business community hardly spoke to each other. I mean there was no communication, and they lived almost in two separate worlds. And it took a number of years. There was one farmer, one man who had a -- right next door, we bought it from him years later -- a filling station, Sinclair Filling Station. Sold Goodyear tires and everybody in town loved him. His name was Garnet Waggener. And he fixed a bench out in front of his store, painted it white, and put great big letters -- that tall -- "Liar's Bench." And everybody... That was where most of the business of Charleston went on, on that corner because that's where the men gathered. That and also down at the Ellis' Confectionery Store down this way. All of the businessmen from the banks and all around gathered in there for coffee. And the barber shop -- those three places -- that's where the business went on. You know.

RB: Uh-uh. That's where deals were made.

MW: That's where the deals were made and everything was debated out, (chuckles) so the people understood and...

RB: And Charleston had quite an influence, didn't it? I mean in this region right here, it was by far the larger town...

MW: Oh, yes. Oh, yes. But like I said, then it happened that he had two sons. One graduated from West Point and was a wonderful guy. He lives up in the Ozarks someplace now, retired. He's West Point, but the other one came in business with his father. Then he married a girl who -- very wealthy, had lots of farmland. The Waggeners had farmland, too. So he was big farmer and big businessman. And from his time, he got them together.

RB: Now who was this now? This was...?

MW: This was Marion Waggener that was the son of Garnet Waggener who had the Liar's Bench. And he was big business, but he also had extensive farmland. So he was able to talk to both sides and got them working together and that was just about the time that Missouri was going into community betterment programs. And Charleston ended up one of the few -- I think seven -- certified cities of the State of Missouri. Now I'd have to look up the year. I don't remember which year it was.

RB: Uh-uh. But that...

MW: But that was... He had got them cooperating, and now they work together fine.

RB: That's generally... You're talking about after the...

MW: Agriculture and business.

RB: ... after the war and you're talking about like say in the '50s, perhaps or...?

MW: Oh, yes. '60s. '70s. From then on, you know.

RB: '60s. Oh, '60s. Oh, uh-uh. Right.

MW: Community betterment programs lasted for a number of years and we all worked on the scrapbook every year. They're wonderful.

RB: You saw -- these scrapbooks -- you saw those as important from very early, didn't you?

MW: Oh, yeah. I've always done that. (chuckles) When I was young, I used to do that sort of thing. Instead of having a diary, I collected poems that expressed how I felt but nobody would know from reading them what I meant. (laughs)

RB: Uh-uh, that's right. 'Cause they were kind of all metaphorical and...

MW: Yeah. Yeah, yeah. Things... (laughs)

RB: They were kind of a secret in that way.

MW: Sneaky, but yeah. Yeah. But I've always loved scrapbooks and I've got... I have so many different ones that I want to show you and...

RB: Sure. And that probably was one of the reasons why you were encouraged to get into your role as historian...

MW: For the Southeast Missourian? Well, I always saved clippings and things because I loved all these people. I've known them all for sixty years and watched them change, watched them grow, and watched it peter out now. I don't think, in another couple of years, there won't be any need for the scrapbooks because they're all consolidating. I mean, they're all chain-owned now and it's -- you know, it's just a different world.

RB: That's a different world isn't it?

MW: Different world, it really is! And I worry about it because... When we moved here there were I think seven big men: John Wolpers, the Blantons -- there were several of them

from -- and Simon Loebe. You know, there were seven of them, Caruthersville and Kennett -- of course, Jack Stapleton still is. And to watch their papers -- I mean, they had an individualistic touch.

RB: Uh-uh. And each community had that...

MW: Each community had something special, and it was there and it was the foundation. And expanded through all of the problems that the community had. My husband never had a door on his office. He didn't want a door on the office because he wanted people to feel free to come in and discuss anything they wanted. And he never wanted any glory for anything. He just wanted to get something done. And he would talk to different people and he'd get them saying, you know, this and this and this, and get them to think that they thought of it. And then he'd back off. (laughs) And, oh boy, he got *so much* done!

RB: Uh-uh. But so there's been tremendous changes though.

MW: Oh, tremendous! Yeah.

RB: I mean, like since when... Now in general, I'll say on the national scene... But now in this particular...

MW: In this particular area...

RB: In this operation, what would you say were some of the major changes you've seen? I mean, it's just in this paper, in your \_\_\_\_\_.

MW: Well, yeah. Well, see we started with just a... We had a great big press back there. I don't remember the name of it, but it was one of those big clankers. Well, we started out with just a little thing that you had to hand turn the things over to print them, during the

war years. And, of course, that was a terrible time because we had to have helpers, had to have workers who were... He wouldn't let in the door in normal times. Drunks and bums and just every old kind of traveling printers, you know. Because all our people were off in the service and even our ladies -- well, Ruth Ohmes was in St. Louis working in a defense plant. She was our circulation and everything, and...

RB: Who was that? Ruth...?

MW: Ruth Ohmes. O-h-m-e-s. And she has worked for us for forty-some years. Bbut she was off too. And so it was just down to just bare bones. And we had a very difficult time.

RB: But then the war ended and labor was more available.

MW: The war ended, yeah. They came back. They all came back to their jobs, including this one, his name was John Henry Scheffer. And one time when he was in service -- he was a private -- and came up and some guy said, "Put your John Henry here." And then, of course, he wrote John Henry Scheffer. And the guy was about to put him in the jug! Thought he was being smart, you know. (laughs)

RB: But that was his name.

MW: That was his name. But anyway, he worked for us until he had retired. And he had thirteen kids. And my husband helped him in every way from the day... We got him when he was seventeen, and taught him everything and depended on him and everything.

RB: Did he end up being a printer then? Was that his role?

MW: He was a big press... He was the main pressman. Like I said, many a time he'd stick a note under our noses signed -- you know, cosigned so I can do -- so this was something

we never even bothered to look at it -- we'd just sign it. Well, the time came. Then he had one son, Richard, who was helping with school scouts -- sports for us -- ran the stories. And one Saturday he was... He always drove too fast and he was coming -- they lived way out in the country, and he was coming into town with his little yellow Volkswagen and leaned down to pick up a glove and lost control of the car and he's para[lyzed]...

**[End side two, tape one of two]**

**[Begin side one, tape two of two]**

MW: Well, my son spent many, many hours and days going to Cape and everything trying to help the family with the insurance. We had New York Life at the time. And anyway, he *was* employed by us. But anyway, Art saved the family \$350,000 dollars. He got the insurance. Well, after Johnny retired -- that's the father -- after he retired, he opens up a newspaper office across the street from us.<sup>2</sup> And that's been a bitter pill, I'll tell you! But you can't say anything. I mean, I've loved Johnny just like he was one of my own kids all these years and he's dead and gone now. He died a year or so ago. And Richard, you know, I feel so sorry for him and I practically raised him. He and all those kids, every summer they mowed yards all over town, including ours. And, you know, I'd give them Cokes and things, cookies and stuff when they...(chuckles) And Johnny stood right [at] my desk in here and said, "Millie, I wouldn't do anything in this world to hurt you ?or by? the Enterprise Courier." And then just went right ahead and did it! And, of course, he knew everything...

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<sup>2</sup> The Mississippi County Times.

RB: Uh-uh. But is he in a wheelchair now?

MW: Richard is, yes. Johnny's dead. Johnny died. The father died.

RB: But is the son still involved in the business office?

MW: Yes. Yes. Yeah, he's running the... Well, that's another long story. The Junior -- the father's oldest son -- was in love with a girl from Chicago whose father ran a great big window cleaning operation in the city. And the father told John Junior that he couldn't marry the girl 'til he could prove to him that he could take care of her. Well, the Scheffer kids know how to work because we all trained them to work hard. And so he did very well and they got married a year later and eventually he inherited the business and he cleans the Pentagon and Las Vegas and all over the country. And he's a millionaire now. So he set them up in business across the street from us. So that's what we've got to contend with now! They were a free paper 'til just recently. They now have just recently become a newspaper. And, of course, it's very difficult because in a small county -- and businesses going out, since we've got a Wal-Mart -- all the mom and pop places have closed up and there's not enough advertising to support a whole lot.

RB: Advertisement to support it.

MW: So we're having problems now. But anyway, that brings us up to that.

RB: Right.

MW: But I was getting back to Dosie. Well, maybe I told you all I wanted to tell you about her. She didn't want me down there at all. Now Art Junior was -- he's something special too. He loved journalism, but he also started here when he was twelve years old. You

know, he was printing his own letterheads and cards and stuff, stuff for school, printing it himself and the whole thing.

RB: Let's see, when was he born? He was born in...?

MW: He was born in '38.

RB: '38.

MW: Both of my children were valedictorians of their respective high school classes and took all the awards, everything. My daughter had more activity points than any kid who's ever gone through the school, and the next year they discontinued it 'cause they said it was too much for anybody. (chuckling) So she'll keep the record!

RB: Uh-huh, uh-huh.

MW: But anyway, they were both valedictorians and went on to Missouri U -- both of them.

Art [Senior] was in Arts and Science and Journalism. Art Junior also. But...

RB: And your daughter's name now is...?

MW: Is Elizabeth Anderson.

RB: Anderson.

MW: Mm-hmm. Elizabeth Anderson. But anyway, Art won a fellowship. He was a fellow at Princeton, a Woodrow Wilson Fellow at Princeton. And he called about halfway through that year and said that he found out what he wanted to know, that to be the kind of professor he wanted to be -- to be the top kind -- he would have to spend all his time writing books and he didn't want to do that. He wanted to be with [students.] He wanted to teach! So he came back. And at that time, his father was not sick. Now my husband

was sick off and on for fourteen years before he died. We had a *very* difficult period in there. But we managed and like I said, Art called our head book... Head lady. A very, very dear, dear friend, worked for us for over fifty years. She died last year and she was like a sister to me. Ruth Ellen Heggie. He called her and said, "'Jake', I'll come home and work." She said, "No, you stay right where you are. You'll do more good getting your education." So that's what happened. But then he went in [military] service for two years.

RB: And it's when your husband, when he passed away, you're talking about?

MW: Yes, he died.

RB: In what year?

MW: In 1969. And it was clogged arteries, arteriosclerosis. And of course today that's simple. That's the thing. He said, "One of these days they're going to have Drano that they can pour down you (laughs) and take care of it." But at that time there were only four specialists in the Midwest who could even do it. And it was done at Barnes Hospital, and they didn't have it... The tests and everything they did was so difficult because they didn't know enough about it that he got... His intestines collapsed and they had to go in ten days later and from that operation he lost his good leg. And so I mean we've had some rough times, but we've managed and...

RB: And you continued after 1969 then?

MW: Oh, yes.

RB: You continued on as...

MW: Oh, yes. Oh, yeah. I've been... Yeah. And then Art came home. He was in service for two years, Art Junior. And then when he came back from Fort Ord, California, he was a lieutenant and...

RB: Was he in which branch?

MW: The Army.

RB: In the Army? Did he go to Vietnam?

MW: No, no. He was on the West Coast. They were testing new weapons and stuff like that. And then his second year he was an instructor. Anyway, my oldest grandson was born out there. And "Trey," he's the third. He's Art the third. But anyway, they came home then and then he was with me and took over. So that took a *big* burden off.

RB: And so he actually worked here then when he got out of the...?

MW: Oh, yeah. Yes. Until he went to Cape. They needed him up there and, of course, he... Education was the other love of his life and so it just worked out fine. And meanwhile, Art and I were coming home from church one Sunday, Art Junior and I, and we had just bought back the Eagle. My brother had just retired and I said, "You know, it's kind of funny..." And Liz's husband was working for the Sacramento Bee. They [Liz and her husband] met on the Review Journal, working for the Review Journal, the biggest paper in Las Vegas. And then they moved to Sacramento and he was working on the Bee and she had the one child and was doing out from Sacramento some news feature stuff for the Bee, as well as working for the Mountain Review -- I think it was, Mountain "Something," a little weekly out there -- with stories. So she could do that at home, you

know. And then when the second [child,] the daughter, was born, we flew out to be with them. And the baby was born on Friday and she was christened on Sunday and we flew home on Monday and Art died on Friday. But he got to hold all four of his grandchildren. So I mean, that pleased us. And he died right here in the middle of everything that he loved. His son was standing beside him. I was with him. Art was on one phone calling the doctor and Keith, our advertising manager, was on the other phone calling the ambulance and we just... Everything was done. And he just died instantly. And Art Junior said, "Mom, there's something to be said for a good, quick heart attack." He was in the middle of writing a letter in his office where he loved to be and surrounded by everybody he loved.

RB: Uh-uh. Well, so as you reminisce about this particular place here and you think about the changes over time, it... A lot of them to you are naturally going to be the personal changes that have taken place.

MW: Oh, yes. Then of course, when Art said he was going to come home eventually, Art Senior was saying, "Oh!" It was when offset was coming. "Oh! I would love to get into that! Oh, if I could just do that!" But he said, "That wouldn't be fair. It's going to be Art's world. I should let him pick out what he wants." But oh, he... (chuckling) That year or so he just had a fit, he was wanting to get into it so badly.

RB: About what year would that have been?

MW: *[thoughtful pause]*

RB: '60s, early '60s?

MW: Well, I've got the... In my other office in the other room, I've got the first plate that was done. I can give you that later. The plate that they used that made the first offset we did. And that was another thing. Small newspapers can't afford...

RB: Technology.

MW: These big presses and everything. So what we did, we formed a corporation with Jackson and Chaffee and us and a couple others. And we had another business called Cape Central Publishing Company. It's in Cape Girardeau. And it's centrally... ?Oh, say? Perryville. I mean, we all worked our stuff down there. And especially since the interstate [was built], you know, we went into business together. Since then Art and I and Joyce Pearman from Jackson, we've all sold our interest in those to Gerald Jones at Jackson<sup>3</sup> and this guy from Anna, Illinois.<sup>4</sup> They wanted to do things to... He was a big promoter, this other one. And he likes to do lots and lots of handbills and stuff like that, which is fine. But we wanted a good press that would do good printing for our newspapers. We didn't want to use it up for just anything. It was a personal thing with us. We wanted quality. And we knew they [were] going to tear up the presses eventually. And so anyway, we just backed out gracefully, and... Then of course, they were situated there right where... (chuckles) The building we owned was right where the new highway was coming through! (laughs) So they got to move. He thought he was going to make a killing. (chuckling) He thought he was going to make a killing

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<sup>3</sup> Publisher of the Cash-Book Journal.

<sup>4</sup> Possibly referring to a member of the Reppert family, who publish the Anna, Illinois Gazette-Democrat.

there, but they didn't. But they do have a new business now, a new building. And just he and Gerald and I don't know who else are in it now.

RB: But then since offset, and then so many different changes now, hasn't there...? Then computer \_\_\_\_\_.

MW: Oh, well that's what I mean. I knew I was going to be a goner when all that stuff came in. But it wasn't any time... You know, it's just wonderful! It's wonderful!

RB: You got right into it, didn't you?

MW: It's just *wonderful!* You can pick up. You can blank and get stuff, [get] rid of stuff and add stuff and...

RB: And save it.

MW: ... and save it, yeah! Yeah!

RB: And don't have to recreate everything.

MW: Yeah. Oh, we've got computers *everywhere*. And it's just a wonderful new world.

RB: Uh-uh. And does that result in saved hours, do you believe, in...?

MW: Oh, well...

RB: Say like personnel hours?

MW: Yeah. Oh, yes. Yeah, yeah.

RB: So that's quite a big difference.

MW: It's a wonderful...

RB: The job of a newspaper person in the old... And I just can't imagine a typewriter right now at this moment anywhere. (Laughs)

MW: I don't know that I would know how to, you know, to... I don't have a typewriter. I *do* have a typewriter, but it's in my granddaughter's office (chuckling) and I don't even... I haven't touched one in *years*!

RB: 'Cause in the thirties when you all came here [and] you were generating news, you had to click out on an old [manual typewriter]...

MW: I know, I know. Miss Ann wrote all her stuff in longhand laboriously on yellow pads and then J. C. -- we had the linotypes then. And I *hated* when we had the fire. We lost [the linotype machines.] We were going to keep them for historical reasons.

RB: Sure.

MW: And they're gone. They just melted down.

RB: That was just an accidental fire that...

MW: Yeah. It must have been a wiring [problem.] And it was in the newer part of the building. The old... (laughs) This old part is still struggling along!

RB: And that happened just a couple of years back?

MW: Yeah.

RB: In 1990?

MW: No, it was.. Yeah, last year. In '95.

RB: Oh, last year. Last year!

MW: Yeah, it's only been a few months. It was just before Christmas.

RB: Oh, gosh! That's a horrible setback.

MW: Yeah. And like I said, now I'm trying to get all of my files back in order and it's just a...  
Oh, it's just awful.

RB: Well, Ms. Wallhausen, you... I noticed the paper that I picked up yesterday, last night when I came to town... A wonderful, delightful paper with... As you said a little bit while ago, it has the personality of the location, unlike a lot of newspapers nowadays that are syndicated and that...

MW: Well, we never use any canned stuff. Never. Never want to use canned stuff.

RB: Uh-uh, right. And really enjoyable. One of the features and the one that you had there on the first page, of course, attracted my attention because it was a reprint of Thad Snow's...

MW: Yeah. Well, we've been running that for some time. Now Thad was an eccentric. He was a very odd person. My husband -- he and my husband were intellectual debaters. They just loved each other for that reason. But Art had lots more compassion. Thad could be cruel. He could be really... He had a streak in him. I don't know whether you ever knew about the tragedy in their families. His oldest daughter, who was my friend -- Priscilla was my age -- was married to [John] Hartwell Thompson, a farmer. And they lived across the highway from Thad. And Thad knew how to cut Hartwell, knew what to say to push his button. You know, push the right buttons to *really* upset him. Well, to make a long story short, one day [in 1948] Hartwell -- oh, it was terrible. I never will forget -- went over [and] called Emily, the younger daughter, Thad's youngest daughter that Thad *adored*. The rest of them he could... They could jump in the lake as far as

Thad was concerned, but Emily he just loved. And Hartwell called Emily over [and] said Priscilla needed her for something. And she got over there and he shot her. Killed her, killed his wife and little daughter [Ann], and then shot himself. And he finally died too. And it was a *greatest* tragedy. But Thad had a way of just *knowing* just what to do to do the worst thing. He hadn't been on speaking terms with his son. Wasn't on speaking terms for *years*. A lot of people here didn't even know he had a son. Hal, his name was Hal, and he lived in New York. But he was...

RB: Is he still alive, I wonder?

MW: Hal is still alive I'm sure. 'Cause Fannie [Lena Frances Snow DeLaney] is still alive. Now Fannie is the other daughter that is the... Well, Bob [Robert Gary DeLaney] is dead.<sup>5</sup> Her husband is dead now, but... And her daughter [Debbie] and son-in-law run \_\_\_\_\_ -- that's Wayne Corse -- I know you've run into him. He's been big guy in the Missouri conservation. And while I'm on that: my daughter last year, year before last was the...

**[Liz Anderson, Mrs. Wallhausen's daughter enters the room.]**

LA: (whispering) Excuse me.

MW: Oh, thank you dear. Oh, hey, daughter?

LA: Yes.

MW: This is... (laughs) Say your name.

RB: Ray Brassieur is my name.

MW: Brassieur -- that's it.

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<sup>5</sup> Mr. DeLaney served as a Commissioner of the Department of Conservation from 1965 until approximately 1977.

RB: I work for the State Historical Society in Missouri at the University in Columbia and it's my privilege now to be listening to Miss Mildred tell about her life and history.

LA: She's wonderful. She's wonderful.

MW: (laughing) Oh. Oh, shoot.

LA: My name is Liz Anderson.

RB: And it's real nice to meet you, ma'am.

LA: Nice to meet you.

MW: Well, any time you have any questions, you can always ask Liz, too.

RB: Okay.

MW: She was selected as the State Conservationist Communicator of the Year, year before last. She inherited her father's conservation loves. And she just *lives* for it. She's out there with every blade of grass! (laughs)

RB: Yeah! That's terrific. That's important nowadays -- and in this area, in this region. Oh, gosh.

MW: Oh, very, very, very important. Very important. She has great connections. She knows more about the river, about that than anybody in this world. In fact, when they had the new guy down in Memphis in the Corps of Engineers, they used her material to bring him up-to-date.

RB: Huh! Uh-huh, the things that she had written about the changes in the river and then... That's great.

MW: So anything you need to know about the river, just...

RB: Okay. Well, I'll look forward to talking with her.

MW: But anyway...

RB: So Thad Snow was... And yet he's known as a... And in some ways...

MW: Well, he was very clever.

RB: Uh-uh. Yeah, such a good writer.

MW: He was very clever. He was a good writer, very clever writer. But he could be a... He had a mean streak *a mile wide* and...

RB: And yet in general he's known as someone who sort of was in favor of and championed in certain ways the condition of the workers.

MW: Oh, yes! Yes. Well, my husband was too. *Absolutely!* Forever. But he wanted it done fairly and wanted everything to be considered. It wasn't just that the farmers were, the landlords were being *mean* to people, see?

RB: That wasn't the entire issue.

MW: There was the changes that were taking place. That's why I got all this stuff and I had... I wanted Liz to do this for you. [*Looking through newspaper clippings*] This is what some Missouri, I mean, some Illinois paper -- Chicago Daily Record did this one and oh, it sounds *horrible* and makes us look like the worst -- absolutely the worst. And then here's the [St. Louis] Globe-Democrat story that tells you more about the background -- what it really was like. Here's the Kansas City Times that told a lot of the background.

RB: These were the stories...?

MW: Yeah, that they printed in their papers at that time.

RB: At which time? During 1939?

MW: They came down during the sharecroppers' strike, [that's] when they were down here.

RB: In '39, uh-huh. And these were the papers.

MW: Yeah. These were the papers, and this is -- oh, this Chicago one is terrible! "Missouri is just terrible. There's slavery." and all this kind of stuff. They didn't take into consideration that the farmers, the landlords, for *years* the whole *system*... The farmers took care of the people on their farms. Now there were bad ones, like I told you while ago this one man who was considered one of the greatest in Missouri was... The system, it was a lot of the system that was wrong. But anyway, the farmers furnished all the tools and the seed and everything that the sharecroppers needed. They furnished the house and whatever they needed and when times were bad, they let them stay there.

RB: Mm-hmm. If the crop didn't make for instance that year.

MW: Yes, yeah. That's right. They didn't... But there was a system where at a certain time there were notices given out that didn't even really mean anything. It was just routine, so that if a farmer did want to get rid of some particular person that was not doing a good job... Art has several editorials in these things that I wanted to give you, too, to show you. 'Cause [these materials state] better than I could explain to you in a short time how the system worked, how the farmers *did* take care of their people and that most of them... After it was over, most of them went back to the same houses! After it was over. But all this stuff, how terrible everything was and this... The Globe-Democrat, of course, that was a Republican -- I think -- paper. "A sharecropper eviction" -- a hoax. Some of those

people lived in town. They were not [evicted sharecroppers.] You know, they just heard that the government was going to furnish a house and forty acres and all, and they went out because the big union man told them to go out there. They were ignorant people. A lot of them didn't know.

RB: So some of them had not even been sharecroppers?

MW: No! Some of them [weren't.] No, some of them lived in town! And you know, it was just... That's why I want you to read some of this stuff to see what really, how it really operated and what they found out. I mean, there're FBI reports that show... State Highway Patrolmen reports of exactly what they... They counted noses and they did, you know, all this. And of course, I've got things that... But I...

RB: So what you're saying is that there needs to be...

MW: There's more to the story than what Thad told and what the other newspapers told.

RB: There have been...

**[Betty Hearnnes enters the room, returning a scrapbook.]**

BH: (whispering) Hi.

RB: Hi.

MW: But *here it is!* Oh, Betty bless you!

BH: I had to wait on somebody to stay with him until...

MW: You're an angel. Oh, honey!

BH: ... 'til I could come.

MW: This is the former governor's wife and the State Representative Betty Hearnnes.

BH: Hello.

RB: How're you doing?

BH: How are you?

RB: Ray Brassieur.

MW: From the State...

BH: Nice to know you.

RB: Did you meet one of my friends, Will Sarvis?

BH: Yeah! Yeah, right.

RB: He told me about a glowing interview that he had with you.

BH: Yeah. He's probably going to tell you, "She hadn't re-proofed it and sent it back either."  
I said, "Just get in line, buddy." (laughter)

RB: That's right! We...

MW: How was he today?

BH: He's a little bit better. I had to wait for *Martha* though!

MW: They were in St. Louis having a doctor's checkup, and she had borrowed my 1937  
\_\_\_\_\_...

BH: Oh, about ten years ago I'm sure. I made a \_\_\_\_\_.

MW: But she had it. They borrow material for speeches and things. Betty is my dear, dear  
friend.

RB: Wow!

MW: I helped raise Betty. (laughs)

BH: That's right! Well, guess where it's been? It's been locked in that safe so that if the tornado had hit, it'd been safe.

MW: Oh, it'd been safe. (laughter)

BH: I thought, "Oh, no!" Well, you all go ahead.

MW: Thank you, dear.

RB: It was certainly pleasure to meet you.

BH: Nice to meet you. My pleasure.

RB: And I just want to thank you on Will and all of our behalf for taking time to meet with him and...

BH: Well, that was interesting.

MW: I don't know how Betty finds the time.

RB: He really enjoyed it.

MW: She has a time stretcher someplace that she doesn't tell me about. (laughter)

BH: Well, there's a lot of things I don't do! I just kind of skip them, and...

MW: Well, I know.

BH: You know, daddy says, "If they're not worth doing, just skip them." (laughs)

MW: I know, I know. Betty, thank you, dear.

BH: Yeah!

MW: Thank you, thank you, thank you.

BH: I'm sorry kept it so long. But anyway, good to see you!

MW: No, that's all right.

RB: Nice to meet you, ma'am.

MW: That's all right.

BH: Sorry to interrupt.

**[Mrs. Hearnnes leaves room.]**

MW: That's fine. (laughs)

RB: That's great.

MW: Oh, dear! (chuckles)

RB: A pleasure, an honor to meet her.

MW: But people borrow my stuff all the time! For speeches and everything.

RB: Uh-uh. And she had the scrapbook for '37, 1937? About the flood?

MW: Yeah, that's the one I want to show you!

RB: Oh, God! Oh, well sure! Yeah! Yeah!

**[Noises of shuffling books.]**

MW: Well, anyway, I'll do you some stuff on that later, but here's the flood.

RB: That's the flood?

MW: Yeah.

RB: The scrapbook.

MW: Mm-hmm.

RB: Wow! 1937 the flood took place. And that was quite a topic wasn't it, in 1937?

MW: *Oh*, yes! And I was stationed... W all pitched in, volunteered with the Red Cross. Mag Moore who's the wife of a big farmer... She and her husband are both dead now. Dear,

dear friends. She and I were stationed at the Lincoln School out here. It was the black school before we [integrated.] That was another thing: When we integrated, we were going to build a new school. And instead of building just another school, we made one big school campus and closed the black school. Well, that's another story that's really, really good. But anyway, we were stationed down there and these poor, bedraggled people coming in -- so pitiful. And most floods come in the summertime, but this was a January flood, remember?

RB: Right.

MW: And it was *extra* hard on *everybody*.

RB: Right.

MW: It was so hard on everybody.

RB: Bitterly cold at that time.

MW: Bitterly cold, and they came through slush, icy slush with their animals. And one story that Art liked... He didn't *like*, I mean, it was *sad*, but it was sort of a funny [story] in a sad way. This man came through pushing his cow in front of him and they said, "Well, where's your wife?" They were trying to get families together. "Well, where's your wife?" And he says, "Well, I'm going to get her on the next trip!" (chuckles)

RB: (in an amused tone of voice) Uh-uh! Uh-uh!

MW: But the cow was vital!

RB: The cow, right.

MW: You know.

RB: Right. And look at this poor rooster sitting on top of the chicken coop.

MW: Yeah. Yeah, well, there was another story, that I'd like to tell you about, of the flood. Of course, when it happened, all the big city boys came flocking down here, and our office was their headquarters. They just took over! They pushed us aside and used our typewriters and everything and all. *[Referring to an object in the room]* That's got to be put back together. (chuckles) But anyway...

RB: To save Cairo [Illinois,] that's one issue is that to save...

MW: That's what they wanted to do and it only lowered it that much.

RB: Yes, uh-huh.

MW: See [Major General Edgar] Jadwin...<sup>6</sup> We had an engineer-- one of the best in the world, L. [Lucius] T. Berthe -- and I have his original book on it that I cannot let out of this office (laughs) 'cause it's not made anymore.<sup>7</sup> And he proved... He said at the time... We fought it, he fought it. We have fought it for fifty years, and it's just now in Washington. They're just now trying to undo what was done by the engineers at that time. And they have never been willing to try to do anything about it because they're always right.

RB: In the creation of the floodway to begin with, you're talking about.

MW: Yes, yes. Yes, yes.

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<sup>6</sup> Chief of Engineers, Army Corps of Engineers

<sup>7</sup> Probably referring to Old Man River speaks: The Birds Point-New Madrid Floodway, the Most Highly Controversial Engineering Proposal of the Jadwin Plan for Mississippi River Flood Control. By L.T. Berthe Charleston, MO: Old Man River speaks, 1937. This was published in a limited edition. It is mentioned later in the interview.

RB: So the floodway was created... Now, I see a document right here that says, "The idea of creating [the] Bird's Point-New Madrid Spillway was conceived in 1928" after litigation it became a big floodway and then prior, of course, then in '37 is when it was tested.

MW: Yes.

RB: Now here's a publication called Old Man River Speaks.<sup>8</sup> Let's see. I'm just going to talk about... It was put together by...

MW: L. T. Berthe.

RB: L. T. Berthe.

MW: Engineer.

RB: "Private and country engineer," he says.

MW: Well, that's his humorous...

RB: "In Charleston, Missouri, May 1, 1937." And it's called Old Man River Speaks: the Bird's Point-New Madrid Floodway, the Most Highly Controversial Engineering Proposal of the Jadwin Plan for the Mississippi River Flood Control. And this then tells the story of that...

MW: And why it's wrong, and it has proved wrong.

RB: And so what Mr. Berthe did... At this time then when he wrote this, this was after the flood and so he is able to look back on the *failure* of that floodway system.

MW: Yeah. And then there are pictures in the back.

RB: Oh, yeah! Uh-uh. And this is what happened here in this case. Now, are there pictures of Charleston itself or they're just...? They're mostly...

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<sup>8</sup> See footnote six for the complete citation.

MW: No, there wouldn't be [any] of Charleston because it... No.

RB: Charleston is too high.

MW: We're out of it.

RB: You're above it.

MW: However, there was a flood back in earlier days before things were recorded that the water came up to the end of North Main Street here. [That would] be way in the past that I don't know anything about.

RB: Mm-hmm. In this one publication here, this same publication, there's a little appended article here by Thad Snow called "Flood Exodus: A Ringside View." And I guess that's where he's telling the story of seeing the Exodus of the sharecroppers and the farmers from that area. And then another by Thad Snow that says, "Lessons of the 1937 Flood: Post Flood Observations of a Layman."

MW: (chuckles) This was something else that was at.... One of his lawyers was Rush Limbaugh, Senior -- the one who just died, was 104 years old. (chuckles) I just discovered that he was one of the lawyers that was...

RB: Lawyer of L. T. Berthe?

MW: Mm-hmm. At that time, back in 1937, there's some letters there.

RB: And so that's letters from Mr. Limbaugh.

MW: Yeah. \_\_\_\_\_ part of the... Yeah.

RB: Uh-uh, uh-uh, right. And what they had done then in order to save Cairo... So say, with the idea...

MW: Yeah, was to... Well, it was funny when the reporters came in here and took over our newspaper office, they were getting phone calls from New York -- the people at the news desk -- that had no idea about levees or rivers or anything else and they were saying, "Be sure to get out there and get a picture when they pull the plug." Well, there was no plug! You know, it wasn't like a bathtub.

**[End side one, tape two of two]**

**[Begin side two, tape two of two]**

RB: Here's a picture [dated] Thursday, January 28, 1937 of the St. Louis Post Dispatch and the page number is page 5A and the name of the article is entitled "Cold and Weary Refugees From Floodway, photographed by A. H. Wallhausen at Wyatt on way to Charleston, Missouri."

MW: That should be A. L. Wallhausen.

RB: Okay. And the picture: there's snow and there's an Exodus -- apparently a long line of farm wagons and trucks carrying people and materials and possessions, trudging through the snow. That's quite a dramatic image.

MW: *[Referring to an article]* That was a little note in our "Way Back When" [column] was about L. T. Berthe.

RB: Engineer L. T. Berthe was honored in 1946. A local engineer. And he was against...

MW: Against the Jadwin Plan.

RB: He was against that Jadwin Plan. That wasn't a popular... And the other thing what I'm finding and what I'll hear there later on this afternoon, by the way, from Mr. [Maxwell]

Williams down in Gideon, is that not only did it affect this area -- which was called the (I guess) New Madrid Spillway -- but then of course, it spilled over at New Madrid then.<sup>9</sup>

MW: That's right.

RB: And then winded on down the rest of the Bootheel all the way down into Arkansas.

MW: Well, not only that, but this... That particular area is where all the drainage from Sikeston, from way over there goes down. [It] has to go that way, too. And of course, when that's all clogged up they're in trouble. So it isn't just even Charleston or East Prairie. It's a big deal.

RB: So that floodway... To think that they could... If they had a flood up there, certainly it was going to be a flood in New Madrid.

MW: Yeah. Yeah, yeah.

RB: And then at New Madrid...

MW: Well, of course, this was only the Ohio River. It was not the "Big Muddy" and if *both* of them...(chuckles) We have never tested both them! (laughs)

RB: Yeah, yeah. \_\_\_\_\_ happen at that point. Yeah, if that ever happened... But that is a wonderful book right there. You say that's a very... Probably a special...

MW: I don't know that there's another one left. I don't know who would have it either.

RB: I wonder if it'd even be possible to copy it and then put a copy on [deposit] for instance, you know, in a public place.

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<sup>9</sup> For this interview with Mr. Williams, please see C3928, Bootheel Project, a.c. 140-141. An earlier interview with Maxwell Williams on the same subject is also available in that collection. It is a.c. 106-107, with the transcription of those cassettes in f. 50.

MW: Yeah. Well, our copy machine went on the blink. We're waiting for the man to come and fix it right now. But maybe later we could see about getting a copy for you.

RB: Uh-uh, uh-uh. 'Cause it'd be something that would certainly contribute to the information about that period.

MW: When we get a... Yeah. Well, that's right.

RB: So that was the '37 flood. Right. And you guys were down here and you were still, in a manner of speaking, you guys were getting your feet wet in Charleston. (chuckles)

MW: Oh! Oh, let me tell you something \_\_\_\_\_. Yeah, let me tell you something else about... One of the most famous -- I'm thinking it may be in there -- the most famous picture that won awards for the flood was: Art was along with a photographer when that was taken. Yeah, that's the blast.

RB: This one?

MW: Yeah, that's it.

RB: That's the one you're talking about?

MW: That's the picture.

RB: And Art...?

MW: No, that wasn't the... The one that won an award in the East, now that was the picture of the blow-up.

RB: Yes.

MW: But there was one picture of a woman nursing a child and it was called "Madonna of the Flood" and it was in Life Magazine.<sup>10</sup> And the photographer won a prize with it. Art took him out at that time to [photograph the flood.] You know, he was sort of his guide and come to find out, this one photographer, his name was Bob Lightfoot and he was from New York. Well, come to find out, he and I went to the same high school at the same time and didn't know it. (chuckles) He lived in the next town, you know, the little towns run together.

RB: Huh! And didn't know it!

MW: If you go on the Long Island Railroad, it's Queens Village and then Bellerose is the next stop. Well, he was there and of course, we never met. So we kept in touch with each other after that. But I said, "It's a small world."

RB: Wow! You guys run in small circles.

MW: (laughs)

RB: You newspaper people, yeah.

MW: [*Referring to a scrapbook they are both examining.*] Well, I'll get pages and get that stuff put in, but that's been gone... It's been borrowed I don't know how many million times and it needs to be restored.

RB: I'll tell you! It's valuable stuff, and now the State Historical Society has a newspaper library and it's possible that some of the originals...

MW: Yeah. I'm sure they would have some of the stuff.

RB: Or even on microfilm or something.

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<sup>10</sup> Life, February 8, 1937, page 47. The photograph is untitled in the magazine.

MW: I'm sure they would, yeah.

RB: Uh-uh, on some of it.

MW: But if there isn't, let me know and I'll see about...

RB: But now what did you all do with your regular *prints* for instance? Didn't you go out...? You took pictures and that kind of thing, too, didn't you?

MW: Well, yes. We've got some old negatives. Some of them were damaged by water and some of them... Well, I sent two or three off, and the size of the Graflex negatives... The local [photo studios,] the people who do prints now they sent them back to us and said they were [too large] and didn't fit their equipment. So I've got *millions* and millions of negatives of everything that's happened in the last umpteen jillion years, and no way to [get them printed.] I've found a way that I think we can do it, but... (laughs)

RB: Well, they're just... What are they, large format? Four [inches] by five [inches]?

MW: They're just almost the size of a postcard.

RB: Oh, those are great! Those are fantastic! Those are the very best!

MW: Yeah. Well, that's the old Graflex is all Art always used.

RB: Well, we'd love... I mean, everyone loves to have them now because they're large format and much better and they can be blown up and reproduced and all. Do you think you have some shots of that period there?

MW: I know we do because Cape Girardeau borrowed some. (laughs) It was the [Southeast Missourian] that borrowed them. I don't know whether they've sent them back to Liz or not. I'll have to check on that, but we shouldn't... You know, we get in a hurry and they

get in a hurry and we let the stuff out, and I'll write it down on a piece of paper that "so and so's got such and such." And like I said, Betty's had this since the Flood of '93. She had to make a speech about it.

RB: Uh-uh, uh-uh. Would it be possible if a person, given enough time...

MW: Oh, later, yes. Whatever you need, let me know and I'll see what I can do.

RB: Okay. All right. Okay. We are trying to write... One of the articles we're working on right now has to do with Mr. Williams' activities down at Bragg City in 1937. He tells a story of that flood and how it broke through and how it got down in his part of the country. And the intense cold that was there and they had to haul the... Since he was a farm manager, he had the same kinds of responsibilities that some had up here. And at any rate, those kinds of photos...

MW: Well, we got tent cities put up to help house some of them. As many as could were taken in other homes, you know. There was a baby born up at the courthouse. I don't know who the baby was. I don't know that anybody knows who it was.

RB: Oh, look at this! "Flood Disaster of '37" -- this is an interesting map! Look here it has Washington, D.C. (chuckling)

MW: (laughs)

RB: Isn't that the kind of... You know, to give you an idea of what really is going on here. And it starts out in Pittsburgh up here and goes down the Ohio. Everything is flooded on this kind of a pictographic map. And then, until it gets down to... Now it gets down to

Kennett. And it does! It adequately -- it seems to have portrayed it pretty well and that Kennett is pretty dry down in the Bootheel, but everything is wet and completely flooded.

MW: Mm-hmm. Well, make a list of things that you're interested in, and I'll see what I can do.

RB: Wow! "Pictorial Statistics, Incorporated" has put out this map, but I don't where it was published, but...

MW: I don't know either. It's something that I thought, you know, that should be in there and I didn't think at the time I needed to keep track of... It must have been a Red Cross disaster map.

RB: What an interesting... What it's really depicting is the putting in motion of all these rescue forces and the help that went in, the Red Cross and others.

MW: Mm-hmm. Well, we were all assigned something right fast. You know, right away. Like I told you, Mag Moore and I were assigned to the Lincoln School.

RB: Wow. This happened, then, and somehow things dried out to a certain point, but that the...

MW: Oh! I'll tell you the... We went down there. My husband and I drove down to -- when it dried out enough that you could get in the spillway. You had to wait for a long time. And as far as you could see, it was just like a desert and it was ripples, ripples, sand. You know, just ripples where the water had gone down. And we took pictures of... One of our famous pictures was a pump out in the middle of somebody's backyard. You know, a pump that you pump, hand -- up and down, up and down. And water was pouring out of it without anybody being near it at all!

RB: It was just coming out?

MW: Yeah, just coming out!

RB: Just groundwater swelled up and coming on out of there?

MW: Yeah. Just *pouring* out. And then one Sunday after church we went by. And Art and I had our Sunday best on, and I had I. Miller shoes on. And I had splurged and bought them. You won't know I. Miller shoes, but they were \$19.95, which was a *terrible*, terrible price to pay for shoes. And I got out of the car. There was a school over there that Art wanted to take pictures of, so we started across this lake of sand and I started -- one spot started to sink and it was quicksand. A place about two feet wide and it... And boy, I *really* got in a hurry to get out of it. And it was just a small place, but it was really there.

RB: Yeah, because quicksand, that's the kind of...

MW: Yeah, and it's scary! It really was scary. And then one time we drove over to Cairo, and talk about scary! You'd drive along and there'd be a fountain out in the middle of the street where it had collapsed and the water was coming up. They had barricades all around it and you'd have to go around the block to get away from it. And how would you like to live in that? And then they have a big flood wall on the Ohio and it looked like the boats were floating along the top of the wall because the water was up there and we were way down here! Talk about scary. And years later, one of the city fathers over there urged Art to buy the Cairo paper and "No," he said, "Never in a million years!"  
(laughs)

RB: Not in Cairo, huh?

MW: No. No, sir.

RB: And so what, it was sort of a...?

MW: And it's coming up there now. It's blowing up.

RB: Has there been sort of a grudge in some ways?

MW: Oh, yes. I'm sure. Because they lost, the farmers lost a lot and all this. And Cairo, of course, has *deteriorated terribly*. It's really... It's sort of a strange... It's a *wonderful* location if they had ever done something with it, but it started with the riff-raff from Chicago's mobster element. We never... When our kids were in high school...

RB: [*Referring to the "Madonna of the Flood" photograph*] This one you must be talking about.

MW: Yeah. That, yeah.

RB: And you say your husband was around?

MW: Art was with the photographer who took that and...

RB: This young mother is nursing her...

MW: Yeah. Of course, the minute we got there, she started to drape herself real fast and he said, "Let the baby suck! Let the baby suck!" (chuckling) And he startled her so she just went on, she just froze! So he got his picture. But it was a famous picture. He got an award for it.

RB: And that was in Life...

MW: In Life Magazine.

RB: In Life Magazine. Gosh. So the sharecropping system was hit pretty hard at that point. Well, the agricultural system. I mean, there were big losses, uh-huh.

MW: Well, the whole agriculture system. The whole agricultural system was going under siege. Not only was the system bad, and the prices... The prices were low, money was terrible, the... Oh, there were so many things. Then the government started a new farm program, and that threw *everybody* in a tizzy because it was very complicated. The farmers didn't understand it. They were not allowed to sell stuff. They were not allowed to grow stuff. And then, of course, they... It just messed everything up. They didn't understand it, and not only that, but here came the tractors and the farm equipment.<sup>11</sup> You see what I mean?

RB: That's right, and that had been building up before the flood.

MW: Building up. Yes.

RB: Before the flood that was...

MW: And that *all* hit them at once. That hit them all at once. And then here came the union people trying to stir up trouble. And I found out...

RB: Now the union people.

MW: The union people.

RB: Now that's another aspect.

MW: That's another aspect, and...

RB: Really, in a way, it's apart from the other problem of mechanization.

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<sup>11</sup> Meaning increased mechanization of the agricultural industry led to fewer available jobs for field hands, a problem compounded by federal legislation setting limits on crop production and thereby the demand for workers.

MW: *All* of it hit at once. And Art said that year they had had an exceptionally good farm year. They had gotten through faster than they expected to, so that everything was done before Christmas. A lot of times the farming period lasts through January and February, but it hadn't. They were already through. So here were these people. So they were just ripe for the union people to come in and stir up. Now let me...

RB: And that would've been... Now you're talking about '39.

MW: Yeah. Yeah, yeah.

RB: '39.

MW: '38 and '39. That's when Thad and all these people were stirring up trouble. This [Owen] Whitfield... It was a stinker. He was listed in one of the books as one of the [members] of a very subversive group in Alabama. I've got all the material on that. Not only that, but we found out when this Paul -- I mean, what was his name? Louis Cantor. [He] wrote this book.<sup>12</sup> He came down here. My husband wanted to throw him out. And I thought, "Well, now I'll be nice to him and maybe he'll do a better story." I said, "Just write a *balanced* story. That's all that we want." But I *knew* that he wasn't going to do it. I could tell from what he said. My husband could tell that it was all going to be as *lopsided* as possible. Well, he found out that Marcus A. Murphy was living here. Well, he just was in ecstasy! He just was, "Oh, where does he live? I've got to see him!" So, he went to see him. And I said, "Okay, when you go down there, I wish you'd ask him one question." And I didn't tell him. I said... It's one thing we were never able to tell.

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<sup>12</sup> A prologue to the protest movement: the Missouri sharecropper roadside demonstration of 1939. by Louis Cantor. Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1969.

We never were able to find out through Thad Snow or anything. (Thad made light of it, but it was true.) And find out what part he played in the sharecroppers' strike." That's all I wanted to know.

RB: And this is Marcus...

MW: Marcus A. Murphy. He was Moscow-trained. He was one of the five... Well, they were tried in St. Louis with the best government lawyers in the world -- in the country-- and convicted and put in jail and was released by the United States Supreme Court for "It's not illegal to advocate overthrow of the United States Government." You have to wait 'til they overthrow it first.

RB: Mm-hmm.

MW: Now isn't that dumb? But anyway... So I'm wanting to find out what part he played. So [Louis] went down there and as his friend of course, Marcus told him. He said, not directly but indirectly, yes. In advisory capacity, yes. So he and Whitfield, they *did*... There was that [communistic element with their connection to Murphy.] And, of course, Thad made very light... He *ridiculed* the thought that any "reds" had anything to do with it. It was many years later that we found that out.

RB: So that kind of played in the...

MW: It played into the hands of all this goings on.

RB: And then this was in the late '30s, and later on that built up. So this guy Murphy actually later was questioned and brought to court. It must have been during the '50s when he was [tried.]

MW: Now here's a scrapbook on him. And that was the first story printed. It was published in the Post Dispatch. That was his letter. You have that \_\_\_\_\_.

RB: This was a letter that was printed in the Post Dispatch by Al Murphy. It's called "How Communists Woo Negroes," but there's no date on this particular one. Let's see. Oh, unless this is it. This is it. It's June 1, 1948. Mm-hmm. This probably -- well, I don't know. No, this is a continuation of that letter. I'm not sure where this one was...

MW: Well, but that was that same week and then that was the reply.

RB: Oh, that's the reply. So it was right about that time, June 1, 1948, St. Louis Post Dispatch. "Reds seized here were watched for years by FBI." So this sort of continued into Reverend Kenneth Murphy? Is that that kin to Louis? [Editor's note: Brassieur meant Marcus Murphy, not Louis Cantor.] Let's see. This is Al Murphy. Marcus A. Murphy. And this is Al Murphy. That's the same individual.

MW: Mm-hmm. Well, that's the same person, yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

RB: Uh-huh. I was checking that out. These different people are the same Murphy that's involved...

MW: Oh, yes.

RB: And where did he live? Did he live down here?

MW: Well, he lived at... See, he was a wonderful carpenter. He built his own house here next to one of the little churches on the... Well, it was on the Airline Road, but it's... It was a fine house. He could've earned a living anywhere.

RB: And right here in Charleston.

MW: Yes. And, of course, after he was released, he came back here and hid out here 'til things kind of calmed down. And then of course, when Louis Cantor found out about him, he just had a fit and invited him up to the university and had him speak to the students. And of course, one of my good friends had a daughter there and she said, "Oh, you're too..." When her mother was telling her about it, she says, "Oh, well, you're too suspicious." Well, we knew what he was trying to do. He didn't get it done. There were a group of blacks in St. Louis who understood, and they were led by a black minister that wanted better things for the blacks, but they didn't want it *this* way. They didn't want it connected with this because they knew what communism was. And he was a genuine hero.

RB: And who was that?

MW: Well, that was one of the ministers. You'll find his reports in the testimony and everything.

RB: But now how did Whitfield become involved in this? I wonder if he had...?

MW: Well, he was a friend of...

RB: Murphy.

MW: He was a friend of Murphy's, you see, and listed in this group from Alabama. Now I'm not sure... Anyway, that's where it originated. That's where he was. And he was also at this La Forge. I've got all that material for you, too, about the...

RB: La Forge Project?

MW: ...La Forge project. Now that was a good project. But see, people have abused a lot of things.

RB: So your husband and, for that matter, yourself were not necessarily against some of the programs and projects of that period or anything?

MW: Oh, absolutely! We have fought for them! We have fought for them! The Delmo Homes, they helped a lot of the people. Wilson City is part of the original Delmo Homes Project. There's a whole bunch of them listed. Portageville and Hayti and all up and down. And they have helped a lot of people!

RB: Weren't there some of the refugees from the highway strike, weren't they brought to Charleston?

MW: Yes. Oh, yes!

RB: Where were they stationed? Or do you know?

MW: Well... *[thoughtful pause]*

RB: 'Cause I remember seeing some pictures. I think Library of Congress...

MW: Yeah, yeah. Well, they were brought I think to... Well, it's Wilson City south from Wyatt. It's just part of -- it's just down to a couple of miles, three or four miles from Charleston.

RB: Because one of the pictures, I remember a caption it says something about either the "batcher" [phonetic spelling] near Charleston or somewhere in the flood spillway or some...

MW: Yeah. Well, that's at... Yeah. That's Wilson City! That's called Wilson City now.<sup>13</sup>

RB: Wilson City. Is it still a place where...?

MW: Oh, absolutely! But see, there was a time when they were sold off to the people who lived there and they've all bought them. In fact, Lommie Lane is a good friend of mine.<sup>14</sup> He has a home there, and recently he -- he and his wife had a bunch of kids, I don't remember how many -- but two or three or four years ago, the kids all pitched in and gave his wife and Lommie a cruise. (chuckles) So they're doing better, you know. But Art and I were always for progress. Like I said, we were never, never prejudiced, but we don't want them to... There were so many that wanted something for nothing and they didn't, weren't... Education was one of the big things that we needed desperately. The black schools were *not* equal to the whites and we fought for integration. We finally got that done. We got the campus-style school, instead of a black school off where... It just wouldn't work.

RB: Now here is something that came from the Globe-Democrat, March 24, 1954 and it's entitled "Witness Says Red Instructor Urged Secession." [*Continues to read*] "A 71-year-old St. Louisian testified yesterday that one of the five communist leaders on trial in Federal Court, Marcus A. Murphy, once asserted that Negroes in the southern black belt should be allowed to form their own government and secede from the Union if they desired. The witness, Joseph Schoemehl, told the jury that Murphy, a Negro, asserted at

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<sup>13</sup> Brassieur was probably referring to Atchers, a location southwest of Bird's Point along the Cairo, Arkansas and Texas Railroad line. This would make it fairly close to Wilson City, which historically was also known as Wyatt Crossing.

<sup>14</sup> Lommie "Doc" Lane, Sr. was once mayor of Wilson City.

a communist school here in 1946 that the revolutionary strength in the U.S. belonged to whoever had the backing of the negroes."<sup>15</sup> So this guy Schoemehl was apparently from St. Louis. He was the St. Louisian that was testifying about...

MW: Mm-hmm, yeah. Well, I copied all the daily stuff that came out. And then like I said, my husband was ill part of that time, and I tried to... I was typing everything and I was just about to run out of time and my husband said, "Well, why don't you get them copied?" So from here on, I just copied the stuff. (laughs)

RB: Directly, instead of reprinting, instead of retyping it?

MW: Yeah. Retyping it. I wrote to the head of... Let me see. It was to Mister... [*Thoughtful pause*] -- Yeah. Thirty cents a day sounds terrible, but my husband Art Senior, with two university degrees, was making \$4.75 a day -- \$28.50 a week. I told you about that. My dresses at that time that I wore to work were \$3.95 and my Sunday dress was \$6.95. My wedding dress, mousseline de soie, the taffeta, it was imported -- was thirty dollars. So I mean, you see, you need to put it in perspective.

RB: That was your wedding dress in '36, and then so you're talking about in '39...

MW: Yes.

RB: So yes... No, they weren't making any money, but then no one had... [Most people had] very little money.

MW: Nobody... The farmers didn't live in mansions. They lived in wooden houses, not much... Well, some of them were better than the -- of course, they were better than the shacks, but they had no conveniences. It was only after World War II that they built

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<sup>15</sup> St. Louis Globe-Democrat, March 24, 1954, page 3A, column 2.

these beautiful homes that they've got now, these brick homes with every convenience. We did a feature article one time on Jim Bogle's farm. That was one of the *big, big* farmers down in there. (chuckles) And it was all about his new ranch home that had a *microwave oven!* (chuckles) Yeah, this is the letter I was looking for. [Richard H.] Amberg [Senior], he was kind enough to send me the whole caboodle.

RB: From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Richard Amberg was the publisher there, and in 1962 he wrote a letter to Mrs. Wallhausen in which he enclosed a complete file of clippings on Marcus A. Murphy, which he had put together over the years. And they're principally about his trial and the proceedings that took place during the '50s.

MW: They're [on] the trial. That's right, mm-hmm.

RB: And that was during what we call the "Red Scare."

MW: That's right. And it really was true!

RB: That's what was going on at that time.

MW: But of course, now they say, "Oh, there's nothing to it." Well, there was! And during the war, that was a serious thing. We were lucky to have ended up... The communists *really...*

RB: Did you want to put that back in place?

MW: Oh, that's all right. That was just a sort of a note to myself, yeah.

RB: Just in case that was an important place. So there were some methods being used that you may have objected to, but in general the plight of the [sharecroppers]... There were some horrible individual cases.

MW: Absolutely. A lot of them! A lot of them. They were pitiful, but a lot of the farmers weren't *much* better off, but they were doing all they could to help these people, you know. I mean, let them to stay in the houses, furnishing clothes and food all the time. I had a dear friend, Carrie Moore, the wife of Joe Moore, and [he was] one of the biggest farmers in the county. And ignorance played a big part in it. Now, she was always going to her tenant people to try to help them, and this one woman... Carrie was trying to get her to let her take of this little child -- one of the umpteen children -- to the hospital. She had what was called "summer complaint," which was a severe diarrhea. The kids, they died with it all the time. Carrie said, "Let me take them to [a doctor.]" [The mother said,] "No, I know all about summer complaint." She says, "I've had two" -- and I don't remember the number -- "two or three or four [that] died with it," so she knew all about it. So she wasn't willing to take the child [or] let her [Carrie] take the child to the hospital. See ignorance... There was all sorts of things entered into it.

RB: Now this is an editorial here I'd just like to call attention to on Thursday, August 16th, 1962 that was written by Art Wallhausen in which he describes articles in the picture magazine of the Post Dispatch that were published last Sunday from August 16, 1962 about the changing farm conditions in the Bootheel of Missouri. And pictured is Reverend Owen Whitfield, one of the leaders of the famous sharecroppers' sit down strike. But the Post Dispatch, according to Mr. Wallhausen, had failed to note that Reverend Whitfield is, or has been, associated with the Peoples' Institute of Applied Religion, which has been termed one of the most vicious communist organizations ever

set up in this country. It was declared, you know, as part... And by the Committee on Un-American Activities, it was said to teach communist ideas pretending that they are Christian ideas. At any rate, Mr. Wallhausen was speaking out against Whitfield. And here is the record then for the convenience of members. The B.B.B. maintains an unlisted telephone number and the B.B.B. is the... I don't know what this. Oh, the bulletin, B.B.B. bulletin is the Better Business Bureau of Greater St. Louis, August, 1961. In that bulletin, it lists the Peoples' Applied -- no, the Peoples' Institute of Applied Religion as one of the member organizations that are listed as subversive organizations by the Attorney General in 1961. That carried forth didn't it? That "Red Scare" thing, business...

MW: Mm-hmm. Well, it was Robert Kennedy.

RB: Right. That carried right on forth into the '60s. And then, of course, the Cold War had set...

MW: Yeah.

**[End side two, tape two of two. End of interview.]**