

ELSIE MAE JONES

Elsie Mae Jones. was born March 11, 1886 to in Moravia, Iowa. Married Francis Leroy DuVall March 9, 1910. They had children: sons and daughters. Died Buried

"The first think I remember was pulling weeds and hauling them to the pigs in a little red wagon. We were living on a hilly farm and I remember not liking to ride sideways on the hills. I was born on this farm about six miles northwest of Moravia, Iowa. I don't remember when we moved to my grandfather's farm, but well I remember when his home burned down. I saw it first and whispered to my mother the roof was burning.

I started to school here and rode to the school with the teacher in his buggy. Then we bought a place close to the school house. Dad got his left hand in a wood saw and cut two front fingers and thumb off. We moved to Guthrie, Oklahoma for a winter. We made the trip in a covered wagon. When I was ready for high school we moved to Moravia and I went two years to high school then went on a scholarship to Toledo, Iowa to a United Brethrens College where I studied Latin, German one year, type and bookkeeping then went to Attumwa to a business college. Took type, shorthand and bookkeeping. My parents kept me in school until I got a job.

I graduated in 1907 and took a position in a jewelry store then went to Albia and was the secretary to Senator John Clarkson of Monroe County. When the Senate met in Des Moines, I went along to tend to his business. I was married soon after.

When I was in my teens, I was sprinkled into the United Brethrens Church at a revival held in the Methodist Hall. My fellow was Clarence Reich when I met Roy. I knew Roy in grade school but we were engaged about a year before we were married in my

father's front parlor. We were married by Reverend Hanson, A United Brethren at 8:00 p.m. A neighbor, Mrs. Frank Selby, cooked and served the wedding supper to the guests, mostly cousins my age. Harry DuVall, Ab Huff and a few others hid the ice cream which caused a little fun at dessert time. Most people brought gifts. I still have a celery dish from Maud Smith. Dutch and Opal DuVall gave us a silver service. My wedding dress was a store bought one, it was tan taffeta with a yoke of lace and braid. It was a practical one to wear so it didn't last too long. The next day we were invited to Roy's parents for dinner.

When my third child was five months old, we moved to Wyoming to homestead. Fall of 1914, we went to Iowa on a visit and when my brother, Ben, was married in October 1916, I took all four babies and went to Iowa alone.

My parents came for a visit and my mother died at our home. They took her to Iowa to bury and in a few months we were called to Iowa for my father's death. We bought our first "new" car then and drove back to Wyoming in it. It was a 1929 Dodge.

I buried two of my children in Wyoming, a three month old boy with whooping cough and a still born daughter.

No complaints of life. I had a good husband, a good life, a lot of hard work but a lot of rewards.

I ran the post office in my kitchen in Little Bear from 1926 until we went to town to work in 1945, where we worked until the fall of 1950.

We were going to Salt Lake to visit Presley and his family when we hit a detour. Both of my legs were skinned and I said 'You broke both my legs. Let me out of here, I'll walk the rest of the way.'"