

THE SAGA OF EARL WILLIAM KLEINSORGE AND EUDENE MAE PHILLIPS

Eudene shall be called Dena. This is her nickname.

BOOK #2 BILLY EARL KLEINSORGE

GRANDMA TELL ME ABOUT WHEN MY DADDY WAS BORN

It was the October 27, 1951.

On the Kleinsorge farm, west of Gridley, Ks, the day began with a brilliant October sunrise. The old master painter and Jack Frost had conspired together to create a spectacular display of colors. The trees still held their fall foliage of gold, bronze, mauve, burgandy and multiple shades of yellows and greens.

Your grandmother has traveled many places but I have found nowhere to compare to Kansas to creating these colors.

But now let us get on with the story.

Grandma Dena and Grandpa Earl awoke and thanked God that all was well in their little domain. Little Ilene had learned to keep her toys picked up and was skipping about here and there bringing things to her Mamma. This was the date that Dr. Reith in Burlington, Ks. had predicated Grandma would give birth to the baby she was carrying.

By this time in our lives medical technology had devised a way of taking pictures of the unborn baby to tell if it was a boy or a girl. But we could only get a view from the backside and Dr. Reith thought the baby was too short to be a boy. He was predicting that your Aunt Ilene would have a baby sister.

Aunt Ilene picked up the rag mop, dipped it into a dry bucket and pretended she was scrubbing the kitchen floor. Grandpa Earl and Uncle Paul did the chores and Uncle Paul got on the M&M tractor and went to the fields to disc under the cornstalks.

Grandpa Earl stayed close to the house and would not let Grandma lift anything.

Early in her pregnancy Grandma had almost lost this baby. As a result of this, for six weeks she was not allowed to stand on her feet, except to go to the bathroom or move from the bed to the couch in the living room. All of her meals were to be served on a tray. For those 6 weeks we had to borrow your Great Uncle Paul's 1937 Ford and Grandma was put in the backseat with her legs stretched out in front of her. Pillows placed all around her so the ride would be as smooth as possible.

The last 6 months she could walk around and do light housework. BUT, she could not lift anything that weighed more than 5 pounds and could not bend down to the floor.

To help herself do the housework she employed every little trick she could employ. Grandma had a high stool that she used to sit on and peel potatoes. The stool was the right height to cook at the stove: wash dishes at the counter top. Grandpa Earl made the bed.

When she did there washing Grandpa Earl would heap the clothes on the counter top. That way she could sort them without bending over. She did not have an automatic washer. In those days you used a wringer type machine. When the clothes had washed for so many minutes you had to take them from the washer tub and send them through the wringer. Grandpa had fashioned a stick that would reach in and grab the clothes. Grandma could lift them one piece at a time and run them into the rinse water. She would then take the stick and run them through the wringer again and drop them in a basket. Grandpa Earl

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would place them on the tailgate of the black international pickup. Start the engine and put the gearshift in grandpa low. The pickup would crawl slowly along the clothesline. Grandma would walk along and hang the wet clothes on the line. When it reached the end of the line, Grandma would reach in and shut the motor off. When Grandpa came home he would turn the truck around and Grandma would finish hanging out the clothes.

You can see how much loving care was given to me.

Let me bring us back to the 27th. day of Oct.. At 11:00 a.m. Grandma began to feel twinges or spasms in the lower part of my back. She went to the door and called "Oh Honey believe the labor has begun. When you get a break in what you are doing please come in."

Grandpa Earl came flying into the house and called Great grandma Emily. She ran out to the yard and called Great Grandpa Joe. Together they came driving over to the farm and gathered Aunt Iene and her toys: they instructed Grandpa Earl to let them know the minute that little baby was born. As they drove away Grandma Dena could hear Great Grandpa Joes singing "Poor babes in the woods." That was one of his favorite songs to sing to all the grandchildren.

Grandpa Earl and Grandma Dena got into the black international pickup and drove to Dr. Reith's office in Burlington Kansas.

Dr. Reith was an Osteopathic doctor. Back in those days the medical association was prejudiced against the Osteopathic Association and they would not let them use the hospitals.

Dr. Reith built a maternity clinic in his office building.

Grandpa Earl ushered Grandma Dena into the maternity clinic. They were greeted at the desk by Nurse Hawes. She asked

Grandma Dena to sit down in the comfortable chair that was placed close to the Doctor's desk. Grandma was given a gown and made comfortable to lounge around until the baby was ready to be born. Grandma lounged around until 5:30 p.m. She had made no progress in bringing the baby forward.

The good Doctor wanted to go home and spend the evening with his family. He came in and examined Grandma Dena." Hm-m-m. Hm-m-m do not think you will have this child today. Why don't you go home and rest there?"

They helped Grandma Dena out to the street and put her into the black international pickup and away they went to the farm.

Grandpa Earl was frustrated. He had wasted a whole day that could have been used to good advantage in the fields. He shoved his foot down hard on the foot pedal and they went sailing over those gravel roads to the farm. Bumpetty bump bump all the way.

When they arrived at the farm Grandma Dena was feeling pretty agitated herself. She jerked open the pickup door and started to get out. By that time Grandpa Earl was at the door and helped her down and they hugged and kissed and each felt a little ashamed of themselves for being upset.

As Grandma Dena walked across the porch a severe pain wrenched her body. She let out a loud moan. Grandpa Earl was quickly by her side. Grandma knew that this baby meant business this time. She moaned again and Grandpa Earl ran to the telephone and told Dr. Reith they were on their way back.

They accomplished that 17 miles in record time. Some more of that bumpetty bump bump ride. The black international pickup and Dr. Reith arrived at the door of the maternity clinic at approximately the same time. Doctor ran into the building and Grandpa Earl helped Grandma Dena into the room. Ten minutes later your Father made his entrance into this world. Dr. Reith took your father and as did to Grandpa Earl SURPRISE!!! SURPRISE!!!. EARL YOU HAVE A SON. Here you hold him have to take care of his mother.

Dr. Reith quickly did all the necessary things and then he threw his arms around Grandpa Earl and that little baby boy. They did a dance around that maternity ward. They were laughing and singing it's a BOY! It's a BOY! MOTHER AND SON DOING FINE. Then they settled down and the doctor took your father out of Grandpa's arms. He cleaned up that little boy and placed him in his Mother's arms. JOY AND LOVE shown all around.

The next day Grandpa Earl and Grandma Dena took home the most precious blue eyed little boy. His head was covered with fine black hair. He weighed 7#6 1/2 ounces and was 19 inches long. He was so small that Grandma Dena had to cut and sew some little shirts and pants to fit him.

A young lady by the name of June Leobold came to stay for 6 weeks. She helped Grandma Dena take care of the baby and run the household. Grandma Dena was soon in good health and able to do all these things for herself. Life returned to normal on the farm.