Celebrating Our Shared History

A COLLECTION OF STORIES, SONGS & RECIPES





4-H House 75th Anniversary
Celebration Committee

Audrey (Nelson) Shaw, 1956
Becky (Kepley) Stirrett, 1963
Mary Ann (Johnson) Owens, 1969
Martha (Wax) Burris, 1974
Heather (Roberts) Wanninger, 1999
Kara (Connor) McClintock, 2001
Elizabeth (Bruns) Dixon, 2002
Katie (Hulsizer) Lyons, 2005
Alicia (Kramer) Miller, 2006
Laura Wallace, 2009

Pat (Pukszta) Fuchs, 1968, Co-chair
Julie (Drach) Bartlow, 1998, Co-chair

Special thanks to the following sisters and friends for the generous donation of their time and talents.

Julie (Drach) Bartlow, 2006 – Donation of Basket of Illinois items offered in the raffle.

Laura Beardsley, 2012 – Donation of musical services for the "Our Stories" program at the banquet.

Peggy (Peasley) Boston, 1968 – Donation of bar cookies served at the open house.

Beverly Briggs, 1968, Margaret Briggs-Casson, 1970, Nancy (Briggs) Carlson, 1971, Martha (Briggs) Brown, 1974, Diane (Paydon) Becker, 1968, Martha (Paydon) Pranga, 1969, Anita (Paydon) Drinkall, 1971, Linda (Paydon) Muehling, 1974, Carrie (Muehling) Vogel, 2001, Rachel Muehling, 2005, Rita (Muehling) Wilcox, 2007, Amanda (Drinkall) Reader, 2007 – Donation of time and vocal talents for the traditional 4-H House songs program at the banquet and the breakfast.

Colleen Callahan Burns, 1973 – Donation of services as Mistress of Ceremony for the banquet. Professional services may be found at www.colleencallahan.com.

Callie (Weiser) Connor, 1975, Brigit (Wikoff) Hollis, 1994, Kara (Connor) McClintock, 2001 – Cash donation from Carthage Veterinary Service (www.hogvet.com) for the pork chops served at the barbecue.

Pat (Pukszta) Fuchs, 1968 – Donation of time and professional meeting planning services for the 75th Anniversary Celebration. Information may be obtained through email at patfuchs@comcast.net.

Mitch Heisler – Donation of time, knowledge and driving skills in providing the van tours.

Sara (Goodwin) Leary, 2003 – Donation of quilt offered in the raffle from Front Porch Patterns at www.frontporchpatterns.com.

Georgia (Fairfield) Litman, 2004 – Donation of Georgia's Famous Pies served at the barbecue. Pies and desserts may be ordered at: www.georgiaspies.com.

Mary Ann (Johnson) Owens, 1969 – Donation of professional services in editing, producing and staging of the "Our Stories" program at the banquet.

Diane (Meyer) Nottmeyer, 1974 – Donation of Illini throw offered in the raffle.

Peggy (Chase) Rieke, 1975 – Donation of 4-H House commemorative poster artwork.

Jeremy Robinett – Donation of time, talents and expertise in handling the management of facilities at the ACES Library, and organization, coordination and execution of the student led walking tours and the van tours.

Louise Rogers, 1973 – Donation of time, assistance with, expertise and knowledge of local services, University of Illinois and College of ACES personnel and facilities. Her unwavering loyalty to 4-H House is gratefully acknowledged.

Merilyn Shepherd, 1975 – Donation of years of service in maintaining the Alumnae database. Without this resource, this celebration would not have been possible.

Holly (Birch) Smith, 2003 – This weekend's photographic services provided by Holly Smith ('03) of Holly Birch Photography, Urbana, IL. Images can be viewed and purchased at: www.hollybirchphotography.photoherald.com.

Tina (Lewis) Tate, 1999 – Donation of the design of the 75th Anniversary logo and layout of the commemorative booklet. Information on Tate Design and Marketing may be obtained at: www.creativehotlist.com/ttate.

Teri (Harms) Travis, 1993 – Donation of time, accounting and financial services in support of the weekend celebration.

Krista Ubbenga, 2008 – Donation of cake served at the open house.

Elaine (Simon) Wolff, 1976 – Donation of time and knowledge of local facilities in identifying hotels and event locations for the 75th Anniversary celebration.

An Introduction

4-H House founders started it all in 1934 during a time when few women even thought about going to college and fewer still could afford to go. The women who followed those original "Pearls" in the next few years nurtured the sisterhood as they lived through the tough years that followed. Each group of new sisters faced new challenges and proved that together they were stronger. They brought food and furniture from home. Some brought spinach, some brought pork. Some brought flour, and some brought bread. Some brought cheese, and some brought eggs. They learned to put it together to make spinach sausage casserole! Dads helped, moms helped, siblings, boy friends, girl friends, and husbands helped. Alums and university staff mentored and helped. They found new housing when they outgrew their locations and ultimately built and paid for the house at 805 W. Ohio.

4-H House women have lived through many trials, tribulations, wars, acts of terrorism, the advent of the electronics age, economic downturns, boom times, and the evolution of agriculture from the family farm to the corporate farm. We had fun, we were silly, we learned manners, we behaved, and some times, we didn't. We upheld the tradition of being "the only 4-H House woman someone may know." We made our clothes. We never wore pants unless it was so cold there was no other option. Later we wore pants and "gasp"—even jeans outside the house! We were safely locked inside our house at 10 p.m. Then, we got late privileges, we got keys, we set our own closing rules, we could stay out all night, and we got a house security alarm system. We celebrated each others' successes and joys, and we wept and supported each other in times of loss and pain. We continued that throughout the years after we left the house, and we continue to do it today.

As we celebrate our 75th, traditionally the diamond anniversary, we honor our shared history and these gems: our stories, our songs and our recipes for these are what have held our sisterhood together through the good as well as the tough times. We carry our traditions with pride, celebrate our collective accomplishments, and enthusiastically look forward to a bright future for our sisterhood. The planning committee for this weekend of celebration and renewal of the ties of friendship and sisterhood urges you to join with us as we remember and celebrate our special bond.

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Our Stories

The Beginning – Remembered

Geraldine Anderson Mies 1937

These are the notes of a Pearl, Geraldine Anderson Mies (1915–2003) typed by her daughter, Ellen Mies Woods, 1968. Geraldine A. Mies first wrote these memories sometime between 1936-37, as she told about those first years at 4-H House.

Problems of planning the house

Original problem

A large percent of the 4-H girls on the University campus in the fall of 1933 were doing light housekeeping, living in cramped inadequate quarters. A few 4-H girls living in a university co-operative house and found their living expenses were not appreciably higher than those doing light housekeeping. They actually did less work; their meals were always regular, well balanced and wholesome; and they had more opportunities for entertaining. These comparisons convinced a number of girls and the state 4-H leader, Miss Mary A. McKee of the need for a co-operative house for 4-H girls. They were assisted by Mildred Read, a 4-H member from Fairfield who had graduated from the University that previous summer.

In April 1933, the Dean of Women proposed assigning one of the three university co-operative houses to 4-H girls. This was Campbell Cottage...

Obtaining approval of the Deans of Women in charge of Women's housing, Miss Maria Leonard and Miss Lora Deere.

It was imperative that the need of such a co-operative house be recognized by the Dean. The practical plan for the girls bringing potatoes, meat, and canned food from home to apply on their board appealed to them. The University women were extremely fortunate that the Deans were so interested, understanding, and helpful.

Finding out how many girls are interested in a co-operative house

Several girls told Miss McKee they were interested in the plan, and through these girls she learned of others who were interested. This information came spontaneously.

Finding a furnished house

Few land ladies were interested in the idea as the girls were not organized; the ladies wished to select their own girls or keep some they already had or were afraid there wouldn't be enough 4-H girls interested.

In April 1933, the Dean of Women proposed assigning one of the three university co-operative houses to 4-H girls. This was Campbell Cottage, at 1210 W. Springfield, Urbana, just east of University High School. So many of its members had been forced to quit school due to lack of funds that those left were unable to meet the expenses of a whole house. Due to the National Depression the enrollment at the University was low. This co-operative house would have been idle if the girls who applied to the 4-H leaders about minimum cost housing or light housekeeping had not been urged to try cooperative living. During the summer invitations to live in the house were sent by Mildred Read and Geraldine Anderson to club members planning to attend the University. The first sixteen girls to respond were selected. Ten of the girls were freshmen and the others had to help them with homesickness.

Rewards in 4-H House

A Marquise ring was given to the freshman with the highest grades and a member of Orange and Blue Feathers. The emphasis was on scholarship. A jade ring was given to an

upperclassman with an emphasis on activities and a university average of 3.7. Another ring was awarded for a real contribution to 4-H House.

These rings were supplied by a faculty member who thought these girls would have less opportunity for self-expression if they were working for room and board and couldn't live in this cooperative. The donor was our friend and an authority within the group and presented them at a house meeting when all were present. She gave a speech with subtle advice and praise to point out the goals of the members.

The first housemother

In 1936, our organization was elected to Honor Council, we had the record of the least cuts of classes per person of any group on campus. We lived well on approximately $19 a month for room and board.

She was formerly the wife of the president of a small, strict religious college. When eating, the two long tables were put end to end and the chaperone presided and served each of the seventeen plates slowly and with great dignity. By the time the last person was served, the first plate of food resembled leftovers from the day before. We ate in silence. Whenever the housemother was not home, the meal was a riot. The release resulted in clamoring and total disregard of etiquette. The 2nd and 3rd years, we had smaller tables with an upper classman at each one. The food was served quickly, and meal-time was always pleasant and sociable. We had adopted from other houses the manner of entrance into the dining room. When the dinner bell was rung, everyone assembled in the hall. The order of entrance was chaperone, seniors, juniors, sophomores, and last, the freshmen.

The next few years

The 2nd year, they contracted with a rooming house and selected new members. The owner of the house was their housemother. They increased from 16 to 20 members.

The 3rd year, only two girls didn't come back. Lots of new students wanted to live with them. They took a 2nd house in the same block. Girls volunteered to go to the new house so there would be old and new girls in each house. The difficulty was that they were not all together in one house.

The 4th year, they rented a large house so the whole group could be together. There was no pledging or initiation. There were officers, but there was no ceremony for installing them. In 1936, our organization was elected to Honor Council, we had the record of the least cuts of classes per person of any group on campus. We lived well on approximately $19 a month for room and board.

Our emblem was a green four-leaf clover, and we had acquired a large painted four-leaf clover to hang over the front entrance. It was an ordinary 4-leaf clover in the sense of vegetation brought to us from Bermuda. This had the underlying thought of good luck. This had the effective bonds of unity, and they were carried over from a national organization which we had all been a part of for many years.

A Pearl Remembers

Ellen Hill Boyd 1938

The Beginning

All good projects require planning – Mary McKee, with urging from 4-Hers already in school, approached Dean Leonard with the possibility of using one of the three cooperative houses – so 4-H House, ala Campbell Cottage (on Springfield next to University High) was approved. $15 per month to include rent and food (we also added a telephone and the Daily Illini). Three of the committee members (Mildred Reed, Mary Jeannette Irwin, and her friend, Martha) graduated and never got to live in the house.

First Year

Sept. 16-17, 1934 – sixteen girls arrived to make the "home" – 6 upperclassmen and 10 freshmen. In our group, we had two excellent cooks – Caroline Farrar and Nancy Grosboll, and several good ones, …and the rest of us. We ate well (and gained weight) with lots of milk – no soda in our refrigerators.

Caroline Farrar, our senior, was in love and married secretly at semester break. Someone called Dean Leonard's office and Caroline was called to move immediately. Lucile Heiser, capable and conscientious, was thrilled to move in as Caroline moved out.

Heart Sister Week was fun – and became a tradition.

As one of the craziest happenings, we were encouraged to bring canned food, etc. from home and would have an allowance on our "bill". Spiller brought lots (corn, spinach, etc.) and once, her mother brought a beautiful bushel of Southern Illinois apples. The house mother put them in her closet for safekeeping. Coincidentally, we were having an invasion of silver fish – suggestion – mothballs! Sad and bad!

We had a dance, two or three "teas", took part in Women's Group System and agriculture activities and decided we needed to move.

Second Year

602 S. Matthews, just across the street from the Chem building was a great location for 20 girls. Some months we managed on $15, but most of us needed $20, as we paid $10 each to our rental lady who served as house mother.

Ila Quillen and Helen Stevenson had left us, but they were replaced with transfer students Ada Mary Allen and Rose Brewer and freshmen, Lorraine Sherman and Phyllis Goodwin and perhaps a couple more. Katherine Adkisson was interested in International students.

We had breakfast during Chem Lab, until our teacher suggested he might join us!

We were active in our church Foundations, Home Ec Club and College of Agriculture. The Little International was fun and we started a "tradition" of furnishing maids for the Milking Contests as well as other events.

I remember it was a cold winter – In January and February, we slept in the living room with the gas fireplace and there were more social activities – boys, boys, boys!; "no car" rules, big dances, invitations to Farm House and AGR as well as friends who would eventually form Nabor House. We were learning how to entertain as well as improving our own social skills (and studies).

Third Year

Many requests came to live in 4-H House. How to expand?— 2 houses! So part of us stayed on Matthews and several went to the other corner of the block. And so we lived that way for year 1936-37. Marian Yepsen came into the House, class of '49. There were some great freshmen: Helen Wolfe, Venita Briemen, Dorene Heiser, Elizabeth Scott, Mary Stockbarger, and others. Rose Brewerer is chosen Ag College Queen, and Ginger had left the University.

Almost all of us worked – NYA jobs at 35 cents per hour. This year, I worked at the YWCA and loved the place. Next year, I will work for the Extension staff – Edna Grey and Fern Carl, the clothing specialists. I made beautiful samples which they used in their demonstrations. I mention this because years later, when I was Randolph County's first Home Advisor, we still used many of "my" samples.

Many requests came to live in 4-H House. How to expand?— 2 houses! So part of us stayed on Matthews and several went to the other corner of the block.

Fourth Year

The two houses were OK, but not nearly as satisfactory as being together. So, we were looking.

Chi Omega Sorority using gifts had their house remodeled and found an empty building – 202 E. Green St. I think it had been used as an office for one of the federal agriculture agencies, but then it was empty. So, the sorority had it completely refurbished for them. AHA! Holds 40 girls! They want to sell, but are willing to lease, so here we are—a new home! To be furnished with whatever we could bring from home or afford to buy. We're still getting by (with great management) on $20 per month.

Now, we "owned" a house large enough for forty. We moved into the beautiful colonial at 202 East Green, and made it a home.

Fall, 1937, we are moving in – a lot of work by everyone – good officers. We hire our own House Mother. How fast time goes!

We have another wonderful freshmen group – many of whom become strong supporters of the House through many years: Kay McClelland, Helen Bitterman, Virginia Norris, as well as several others. We did begin to pay attention to freshman grades and study habits and set up study time in the dining room.

But for us Seniors, finishing school, getting jobs, some getting married – Gladys Page had finished school in 3 years and was already married…and we Seniors became "The Ten Pretty Girls" that last month before graduation, June 14, 1938.

We Took Chances

Helen Bitterman Francis Boggan 1941

1937 Pledge Class

Everything was new! The girls had been living in one…then two…houses for a couple of years since their founding. Now, we "owned" a house large enough for forty. We moved into the beautiful colonial at 202 East Green, and made it a home.

Miss McKee (our fairy god-mother) and some of the upper classmen who lived near by, had a very busy summer furnishing the first floor and dorm. The first floor had two very large living rooms, a dining room, kitchen, pantry, and quarters for the House Mother. When I arrived, all hands were busy hemming and hanging draperies. Everyone slept in the unheated dorm, and the girls brought furniture for their rooms. We were VERY proud of our home.

House meetings were all new to me…especially the business part. Each month, we paid the note to the anonymous person who had paid the mortgage, paid on the furniture loan, paid the insurance…before we got around to operating expenses…such as food and maintenance. Our house bill was $20 per month. It didn't take long after I arrived to realize that the bill would need to go to $25, if we were to survive. That announcement led to an AWFUL house meeting…many tears…some shouting…but I don't recall that anyone moved out.

My House Duty – The Rugs

I have no idea how house duties were assigned, but I was in charge of sweeping the living rooms. This was harder than it sounds. We did not own a sweeper…electric or otherwise. The tool of choice was a BROOM.

We had room-size rugs (rather than a carpet) so they could be rolled (mats, too) to leave the hard wood floors for dancing. All of our parties (including the formal) were held at the house. No one had a car…except a few grad student boyfriends.

Carpets were very different then. All good rugs came with some kind of filler that balled-up when walked upon. When I came home at noon, the rugs looked as ugly as they had first thing in the morning. I swept twice a day…sometimes three.

Fortunately, I learned to make a game of it. The rugs were very pretty…an overall pattern with 12 inch squares. They looked lovely without the balls. Nothing is ever all bad…in Rhet 1, I wrote an expository on sweeping rugs which earned an A!

We took chances!

The House was very inviting and looked lovely, but some things were scary. I still marvel that we didn't burn! As a senior, I shared a room with Betty Schierbaum Stevenson and Annabelle Gray Burgland. We had two small closets which were not lighted. We were very congenial, but we had only two electrical outlets in the room. Think about it…study lamps, clocks, etc. Our assortment of extension cords would not pass today's rules and regulations.

The Christmas dance was so special. I remember that I was co-chairman of decorations one year. Our budget for this committee was $3.

Christmas

The Advent season was my favorite time at the House. I know it seems like progress now to have finals before the Christmas break, but it negates a lot of camaraderie when people leave at different times…even different days.

In our day, our exams were in January, so we all went home at the same time. Right after Thanksgiving, we started decorating for Christmas. We bought tall red tapers… one for each dining room table. They probably cost about ten cents each. We carefully measured the tapers, counted the days until vacation, and figured how much we could burn per day. This meant that they "burned to the socket"…a sign of good luck…at our last meal together before the holiday.

The Christmas dance was so special. I remember that I was co-chairman of decorations one year. Our budget for this committee was $3. We walked to downtown Champaign, "cased" the lots selling Christmas trees, and begged for the broken and trimmed limbs. I don't know how many girls made how many trips carrying branches, but the House and porch were beautiful that year.

We had lots of 10:30 parties, but the best was the night before we went home for the holiday. There were skits and gifts (usually hand-made) galore. My first exposure to this party was a shocker. Venita Bierman Hargis was Santa. She was dressed in anything red that she could find…AND her beard was made from Kotex. (In those days, one just didn't talk about things like that!)

Pearl Harbor

I had graduated in the spring of '41 and was working out of Chicago for the National Live Stock and Meat Board. Since Fred was in grad school, I spent as many weekends as possible back on campus.

I was there on that fateful day…had invited Fred to come to dinner at the House. We were still at the tables when terrible noise erupted on the streets. News was blaring on the radios. People poured into the streets and the boys started marching. It was scary. We knew that things could never be the same again…and they haven't been.

The House tried its best to maintain normalcy, but it was impossible. A heavy sadness covered as a pall. They still had House dances, but "double-date" took on new meaning. They meant three people instead of four. One girl would have the first half of the party and then yield to another who was waiting on the stairs.

Homecoming was awful - Tears flowed along with Taps.

Memories of living in early 4-H House

Catherine Seimen McClelland B.S. 1941

I was a freshman when some of the original 16 girls (Pearls) lived there. When I applied to live in the house, I had been asked to collect "Old Dutch Cleanser" labels, and give them to whomever interviewed me. I never knew whether I got in to the house because of the Old Dutch Cleanser labels or because of my interview! By my sophomore year, we no longer collected Old Dutch Cleanser labels.

I knew I had to have permission from Dean of Women Mariah Leonard to live in the house if I was married.

Mary McKee (State of Illinois 4-H program director) began the idea of purchasing a house, because they were renting 2 houses through University Housing. The house was purchased for $15,000.

4-H house at 202 East Green was a huge white frame house with a big front porch. Room and board in 1937 cost $20.00 a month. The three-story house had a dorm above it. There was no heat in the dorm. We slept in bunk beds. One winter morning, my friend Happy Edwards woke up and there was snow on her bed.

There was one bathroom (with stall showers without curtains) for each floor. We couldn't stay out later than 10:30, on weekdays, and 1:00 am on Saturday nights. The House Mother was the one who locked the doors. No men were allowed beyond first floor.

Love and Marriage at 4-H House (1940s Style)

The most important thing to me as a freshman at U of I was the dances. We had Friday night mixers, Sunday evening dances, and four times a year there was a semi-formal dance with music from one of the famous Big Bands. We didn't have any money for dances at 4-H house. Sometimes we would roll the carpets back and dance to records.

By the time I was a senior, I had been dating Dan McClelland for two years. He had graduated in '39 and was commissioned as an officer in the US Army. In 1941, we had a Valentine's Day dance at 4-H House. While slow dancing in the living room, Dan asked me: "Did you know you were going to be married in June? I said, "No", and he said, "Yes, you are". But in April, he was put on active duty, and was assigned to Pine Camp, NY. We knew he'd be gone in June. We decided to get married over Easter Weekend. I got my shots that you had to have in order to get married. (Later, Dan would say: "What could I do, she got her shots…I had to marry the girl!")

I knew I had to have permission from Dean of Women Mariah Leonard to live in the house if I was married. I knew she had given permission to some sorority girls, (4-H House was not yet a sorority). House mother, Rose Scrogan, said, "Catherine, No matter what report you get from the Dean, go ahead and get married." I went to see the Dean 3 times, and she said 'No' 3 times. It was an emotional time for me, but I wasn't about to cry in front of her. The fourth time I went to see her, she said, "Yes, I could live in 4-H House after I was married."

On Easter weekend, we drove to Herrin IL, borrowed $20.00 from Dan's parents, and picked up his sister, Doris, and Homer Heap to stand up with us. We were married in the Methodist Parsonage in St. Charles, MO on April 12, 1941. We stayed overnight at the Jefferson Hotel in St. Louis. It cost $5.00.

Easter Sunday, we returned to Champaign and stayed in a Hotel on Neil St. Dan had to leave for Pine Camp N.Y. the first thing Monday morning. He told me to: "Cry and go back to sleep." Later, I took a cab back to 4-H house and told Violet Brewer my news and

she proudly announced that Catherine and Dan had been married. I lived in 4-H house until Graduation in May 1941, then moved to Pine Camp N.Y. to be with my Groom. We were together for the next 55 years.

World War II Years

Betty Anne Parkes Anderson 1945

The four years (1941 – 45) the class of '45 lived in 4-H House were under uniquely different circumstances than previous classes. That era was bracketed by Pearl Harbor in our first semester and V-E Day just before graduation.

I think that 4-H House followed the routine of previous years as much as possible and was a stable and comforting environment for those new to campus life.

The most obvious change on campus was the disappearance of male students as many of them left for war. There were two military groups stationed on campus – an army ASTP program and a Navy V-12 program. I don't believe U of I students had any contact with them. There were not in any of our classes, and I believe that the Ice Rink was drained and the building used by them. I also remember that sometimes, we entertained men from Chanute Air Force Base at the House for special dinners.

During our second year holiday, vacations were eliminated and the University went to three 16-week semesters a year. The fall semester started in October with a one week break for Christmas and another exam week at the end of January. Winter semester began in February and the summer semester began in June. It was possible to graduate in three years if you wished.

Another factor that affected most student housing providers during the war years was food rationing, but this had less effect on 4-H House. During the war, ration stamps were required to purchase certain foods such as: sugar, coffee, canned fruits, and meat. Since most 4-H House members came from farms or small towns, our families had gardens and preserved foods. When we returned in the fall, our ration books were intact.

Our House Mother, Mrs. Lawrence, reported that chaperones of sororities and other group houses said that the first month of the semester it was difficult to purchase food as every usable coupon would have been removed from the students' ration books before they returned to campus. Nothing like that happened at 4-H House since we came back from our homes with all kinds of fruits and vegetables from our farms. One more reason that 4-H House was a great place to live.

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World War II Co-eds

Norma Lee Whitton Larson 1947

We were the World War II coeds on campus with four thousand girls and 1,000 4-F's —guys who could not serve for various reasons. However, there were military boys at local bases. So being good citizens, we would get on the buses and go to the dances to cheer up the military. We were all looking for Tony Martin who was in the air force at Rantoul. Never saw him!

Then in 1946, the war ended and the boys came home. Thanks to the GI bill, they were able to enroll, paid for by the government. All of a sudden, our classes were filled by eager young men ready to get their degrees and move on. That is where, at a 4-H House Sunday tea, I met my husband-to-be.

We were to be called, by Tom Brokaw, "The Greatest Generation". It was the generation where women worked side by side with men and helped to form the family of equals.

I loved every minute of my life at the House. To this day, even though we live thousands of miles away, I consider my sisters my best friends.

Congratulations to an organization that has lived on for seventy-five years.

Through a Bus Window

Anita Turner Rundquist 1947

I was ecstatic when I received a letter saying I could be a 4-H House pledge. How could I be so fortunate!

My introduction to Urbana-Champaign was through the window of a bus. I came for my interview in the spring of 1943. Leaving the bus at the corner of Green and Wright, I asked the clerk which direction to walk to 202 E. Green. After the five blocks, I rang the bell at the most beautiful house I'd ever seen!

The door was finally answered by a girl who wasn't sure I should come in – as everyone, and it was everyone – was ill with a stomach flu or food poisoning. Mother Lawrence talked with me while three girls were recruited to check me out. I remember Rose Patterson saying I'd probably never want to come back after seeing them in that condition.

But I thought that they were wonderful! And the house was beautiful! And Mother Lawrence an absolute angel! I was ecstatic when I received a letter saying I could be a 4-H House pledge. How could I be so fortunate!

Does anyone remember the corner grocery on the south-west corner a block east of the house?

Do you remember how we could walk down Green in the middle of the street because there were:

- No cars
- No gas to power them, and
- No guys to drive them?

Riding in Cars

Marjorie Harms Durre 1950

Marjorie sent us a copy of a letter she had written to her mother in the fall of 1949 describing a 4-H House policy that might surprise all of us in this day and age.

She started her letter by saying, "I hadn't planned to write again so soon, but it was a case of "have to" in order to avoid confusion since you will get an information sheet from down here which concerns riding in cars."

"Well, just mark 'YES' to the first two things listed, and then I can ride in a car whenever I have a chance."

"If you sign only the first one, I can only ride in a car while it is light out, but if you mark 'YES' on the second, I can ride in a car – in case my date would have a car."

"Even if you came up for a weekend, and I was riding in the car without this permit, I would be fined if I were caught. So just mark 'YES' to the first two questions."

"Also, write a note to Mother L saying that I can ride home and back to school whenever I have the chance. That sheet you get does not cover riding home in a car so Mother L wants the note from you for everyone's protection. Just send it along in a letter to me, and then I'll give it to her… Love, Marjorie"

4-H House at 202 East Green St. Champaign, University of Illinois

Lorna Springer Morrison 1952

As an only child, the experience of Sisterhood—sharing living space and experiences with sisters has always meant a lot to me. Living at 4-H House helped me to understand the 4-H Motto: "To Make The Best Better" by developing lasting friendships, learning about responsibilities, social skills, a work and study ethic and sharing. I'm certain that my health was improved because of good nutritious meals served there. My first semester, I rented a room on campus and had shared kitchen privileges to prepare quick and easy meals. I was a second semester freshman pledge in 1949, with a major in Home Economics Education. Working part-time for three different Home Ec. Professors for 60 cents per hour was a privilege.

Mother L. (Lawrence) and Mother Kelley were wonderful Mentors in so many ways. My then boyfriend, Jack Morrison, learned to appreciate them as well. Jack, graduated in January, 1950 with Accounting and Economics majors and took a job in Quincy, IL. He made a lot of weekend trips back to Campus, especially after he bought a new 1951 Maroon Studebaker—our "Let-Sa" (our letter saver) —no daily letters to write when he came to Campus.

We were engaged after Plow Boy Prom on April 28, 1950. We both grew up in White County—Southeastern IL, and our parents had become friends. We were two only children planning to be married after I graduated. My Family Living teacher expressed great concern—"Would that be wise?" We have had 56 Happy Anniversaries, are parents of three children, four Grandchildren and two Great-Grands, so I guess it proved very wise. The House tradition of the Five Pound Party to celebrate an engagement was a special time for me with all my house sisters sitting on the floor of the pink-walled living room, sipping tea, eating candy, chatting and singing. The candy was always provided by the prospective groom.

The House tradition of the Five Pound Party to celebrate an engagement was a special time for me with all my house sisters sitting on the floor of the pink-walled living room, sipping tea, eating candy, chatting and singing.

Campus organizations and activities were a great part of the College experience. House special weekends for Moms, Dads, Spring Carnival Parades, All-Ag Field Day, Sports Events, Dances, Exchanges, House Teas (hats and white gloves required), Working with Women's Group System, Home Ec. Club, The Illini Rural Observer, and Honorary organizations taught me many skills. I'll always remember being "Tapped" for Torch and Shorter Board.

Life was exciting on Campus, but Rules kept us in line. Both feet were to be on the floor in the Living Room, NO smoking or alcohol allowed in the House, Observe Quiet Hours and Study Times, Do House Duties faithfully, report on time for meals or sign-out. The Fish Bowl and Porches were to be cleared and Doors were locked promptly at 10:30 P.M. on weeknights.

There were Colored Glass Bottles placed in the Dining Room windows. Their shapes represented a desirable trait—Stand Tall, Be Well Rounded (not just physically), a four sided bottle representing Head, Heart, Hand and Health—so I was told. Do others have any different meanings for or the source of the mystery bottles?

Jack was an occasional Wednesday Night - Dress Dinner guest and we still remind one another about the custom of never asking someone to pass an item. Instead, you were to say, "Would you like the Butter?" etc.

Safety was always a concern. We always made plans to walk with someone if we needed to be out after dark. One night, a man climbed the fire escape ladder to the roof of the dining room and came in through an open window to the room that Jo (Lager) Fairchild,

Pat (Feaster) Wilson and I shared. As an underclassman, I was asleep in the dorm. Jo and Pat were in Bunk beds. When the man touched Jo, she screamed and he escaped through the open window. That weekend, my Dad and Mother came from Springerton, armed with brass door hinges which my Dad installed on vulnerable windows. They could be flipped open against the top of the window to keep it from being opened more than a few inches.

As House President, my senior year, I was a member of the committee to interview possible pledges for the House. One line we repeatedly used was "Each girl is expected to furnish her own furniture"—meaning a chest, desk, desk chair, desk lamp, and a flame proof wastebasket. Beds were provided, but girls supplied bedding and shared the cost of other decorative items. Rooms accommodated 3, 4, or 5 girls with some sleeping in the dorm on the upper floor. Using this method of providing furniture and bedding and the cooperative system of House Duties to plan and prepare meals, hand wash dishes, clean the house and maintain the yard, allowed each house member to pay about one-half of a usual house bill or $45.00 per month.

Each Dad's or Mom's Weekend, there was a fund-raiser or volunteer labor to help meet needs or make repairs. Many generous alums provided funds or time, as well.

Other highlights of my senior year were the required six weeks residence at Home Management House, practice teaching, 4-H Club Congress and our Senior Walk-Out. The last two took me to Chicago—my first trips there. I had no idea that by 1970, Jack and I would move our family to Geneva—about 35 miles from that city. We still live there.

For some time, going into the second floor phone booth to make or take a call was a risk. The door knob would often stick and hinges had to be removed to rescue us. Eventually, a Dad fixed that!

Each girl was assigned a code at the House (2 shorts and a long, for example) so that we might be "buzzed" when we had a phone call or a visitor. Each of us took a turn answering the phone, buzzing or taking messages. For some time, going into the second floor phone booth to make or take a call was a risk. The door knob would often stick and hinges had to be removed to rescue us. Eventually, a Dad fixed that!

I well remember when "Hobart" came to the kitchen. Hand mixing batters, mashing potatoes, etc. had been a real task. We needed a commercial electric mixer. My parents had a "Hobart" brand meat grinder in the store, so they contacted the salesman who was able to give a reduced price on the big mixer that we needed. Everyone wanted to use "Hobart"—a real labor-saving device.

By 1951, it was evident that forty-four 4-H House girls needed a new house and several alums, parents and actives worked toward finding a new location. The Ohio Street property was found and many hours went into that project. My parents and I attended many meetings with others dedicated to the cause. Now deceased house sister, Rosemary (Archibald) Goss, worked faithfully to help secure the property and then helped with the design. She had become a professional kitchen designer. Due to the cooperative spirit of actives, alums, parents, and good friends like Glen Rubenking (husband of house sister Barbara Kindred) the need for a "new" House was met with the current facility. Glen was a U of I trained Architect who designed the Ohio St. building.

Neither of my parents was able to attend college. My mother was enrolled to study nursing when a horse killed her 4 year old little sister. Instead, she became a nurse to her grieving mother, father and five younger siblings. My father dreamed of becoming a doctor, but plans changed when his father died at an early age. He became care-giver to his ill mother and inherited a General Store that occupied him until his death. I often think that they enjoyed my nine years of 4-H work and my University of Illinois experience as much as I did.

Times have changed since those years, but I am certain that today's 4-H House girls would say, "Thank God for loving, supportive, hard working parents AND for scholarships!

At 79 years of age, I am grateful to all those who came before me, those who had the vision to establish 4-H House, my peers who pursued the dream and all those since I graduated in 1952, who have kept the dreams and ideals alive. It was a wonderful "Home Away From Home." It has been and is an important part of my life and friendships for the past 61 years. HAPPY 75th BIRTHDAY 4-H House! I wish you many more ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS.

It Takes Some Longer

Carol Harrison Donahue 1952

This is a story about my few years at 4-H House. Where to begin? My pledge years were uneventful. We slept in the attic dorm. It was cold or hot according to the seasons. We shared rooms with two or three house sisters. We also shared one closet. There was no need for clothes hangers because the sheer force of the clothes held everything in place. I remember leaving the window open during the hot weather and allowing a tame squirrel to come in and sit at the desk. He liked peanuts.

House duties were shared. I disliked the kitchen duty but I enjoyed answering the phone. There was a great feeling of power to yell upstairs for someone to tell them they had a phone call. They could then go into a small closet and have some privacy.

When I was chosen to attend 4-H Congress in Chicago, the greatest thrill was when the train arrived back in Champaign and many of my house sisters were there to greet me.

My social life was uneventful. I found the guys from the engineering school to be most attractive. They carried a slide rule attached to their belt. The guys reminded me of cowboys with a revolver on their hip.

I dated one particular young (he was graduating from college at the age of 17) engineering student who asked me to marry him and go to Saudi Arabia where he had a job. I refused because by that time I was madly in love with my present husband with whom, after 59 years, I am still madly in love.

(I transferred to NIU and graduated in 1973, the same year my daughter graduated from the U of I in Champaign. Some of us take longer to achieve our goals.)

For "the rest of the story" you will have to contact Eliva Tarble.

We shared rooms with two or three house sisters. We also shared one closet. There was no need for clothes hangers because the sheer force of the clothes held everything in place.

4-H House Class of 1953

Rita Brazier Schertz 1953

I was so grateful for the 4-H House experience. The class of '53 and others became a relationship that has been unequaled in other phases of my life.

What a time!

- The chair lines up and down the steps before and after the House dances.
- The telephone cubby holes
- The buzzer system
- The 5 lb. parties
- The exchanges with Nabor House, AGR, Farm House, and others
- The good home-cooked meals

Everlasting memories!

Memories of the Early 50's

Jane Brubaker Fairchild 1953

Kitchen memories are still vivid. The most memorable was the arrival of the industrial Hobart electric mixer. When we had to mash potatoes we thought we'd died and gone to heaven.

- A pledge suffering thru study hours every night in the dining room? With an upper classman monitor, no less!
- When we had closing hours—10:30 p.m. week nights, 12 a.m. on weekends and 1:00 a.m. on very special nights?
- The fishbowl and the back porch a few minutes before Mother L and later Mrs. Kelley locked the door? Crowded wasn't it? Especially on a cold night!
- The year we were in Spring Carnival and danced the Charleston down Church St. to Campus Town in our red "flapper" dresses that we had all made? I wore out a pair of shoes—did you?
- Frying chicken for the box lunches we all made for our dates to Plow Boy Prom. With our kitchen privileges we had better lunches than any WGS or Panhellenic coed
- Wearing "heels and hose" to Wednesday night dinner and Sunday dinner?
- House meetings on Monday nights
- Cutting and pasting recipe cards for foods class
- Chair Lines? When the call came we all rushed downstairs to move all the dining room chairs to the basement a la "bucket brigade style" to clear the dining room for a dance.
- Five Pound parties at 10:30 p.m. to celebrate pinnings and engagements? What would that cost now?

Years of Sisterhood Existed for...

Caryl Towsley Moy 1954
Darlene Guderjan Montz 1953
Orpha Crook Miller 1953

There were two phones, 44 women, and a 5 minute phone limit! An ad sheet from local businesses framed on the wall by the phone included emergency phone numbers, and one read "On your birthday send your mother flowers." If we went over the five minutes, there was likely to be a pounding on the door. Part of pledge duty was to answer the phone. The phone answerer buzzed the person with their assigned long-short buzz to signal they were wanted on the phone. Today, with cell phones in nearly everyone's purse, this really seems like the dark ages.



202, the first house owned by the association, was our college home from 1937 to 1958. It was a colonial style house, probably built in the early 1920s.

Kitchen memories are still vivid. The most memorable was the arrival of the industrial Hobart electric mixer. When we had to mash potatoes we thought we'd died and gone to heaven. No longer did we have to use that homestyle mixmaster to get through that huge batch of potatoes. Some of our lunch recipes (like creamed eggs) made us wish we hadn't walked the mile from the quad to the house. However, the many creative hamburger recipes made us glad we did. Yellow margarine was still an item of the future. In the early '50s we bought white margarine in a sealed plastic bag that contained an orange tablet of food coloring. The margarine had to be brought to room temperature, then one of us punctured the tablet and kneaded that margarine until it was the color of butter.

Equally exciting was the rental of a coin-operated washer and dryer. The mailman no longer left a stack of large laundry boxes to clutter the entryway, and there were far fewer trips to the "Helpie Selfie" on Green Street.

There was a fairly strict schedule of hours we all were to keep. Study hours were 7–10 p.m.. The dining room was the study hall. The house closed at 10:30 p.m. and quiet hours began at 11 p.m.. It was a big deal when in 1954 Sunday evening closing was moved to 11 p.m. There was a lot of explaining to do to Mother Lawrence or Mother Kelley if you were late and locked out. Of course the only time a man was above the first floor it was your dad or brother helping you move in, or out, or a repair man. It was mandatory to shout, "Man on second" or "Man on third," to give others enough warning to be fully clothed.

4-H House had a reputation to maintain, so as pledges we were firmly instructed that "three feet on the floor" was a requirement for any couple on a love seat or sofa.

Both of the aforementioned housemothers were special confidants. It was likely you told them your news of being pinned or engaged even before you told your roommates. They were supportive in any crisis. Both were widowed young and shared many memories of their own youth.

The mid-fifties was the time of panty raids and 4-H House was raided. When 50 or so men were milling around the front yard threatening to enter the house, several of us dashed to the kitchen for "weapons"…a hand potato masher, a meat tenderizer, a hammer, a frying pan. They did get into the house from the basement where some wet panties were taken from the washer. Mother Kelley bravely strode out on the front porch and told "those naughty boys" to go home. And they did!

Over half of us slept in the attic dorm. My father...was the most verbal with concerns that our hands could freeze to the fire escape, preventing us from getting out quickly. So each dorm bed was provided a pair of work gloves to be pinned to the mattress to use in case of emergency.

Gloves for our Beds

Caryl Towsley Moy 1954

Since 202 E. Green was an all wood house built in the early 1900's, there was great concern about fire prevention, from the Dad's association, particularly. Over half of us slept in the attic dorm. My father, Myron Towsley, was the most verbal with concerns that our hands could freeze to the fire escape, preventing us from getting out quickly. So each dorm bed was provided a pair of work gloves to be pinned to the mattress to use in case of emergency. I don't think these were ever used for that purpose. What I remember was creeping up to the dorm after studying late, and in the light of my flash light, seeing all these "hands" hanging over the edge of the beds reaching out to me as I tried to silently crawl to my bed.

4-H House Women at 202 E. Green

Audrey Nelson Shaw 1956

One of the special features of 202 was a large balcony on the front porch. Late in the spring we'd crawl out the second floor windows to sunbathe and study for finals at the same time. It was also where we gathered for the fraternity serenades when one of us had been pinned or engaged. That was an anxious moment for several of us who were known to not carry a tune, for if we were the pinee, we were to sing a solo back. If one of us had been pinned or engaged, our promised one bought a five-pound box of candy for the house.



Audrey (Nelson) Shaw '56 stands with her mom, Margaret, during Mother's Weekend

On the appointed evening, buzzers would ring for all to come to the first floor. Wearing assorted night garb, we gathered on the living room floor, sang songs to the honoree and passed around the five pounds of candy.

Spring was always the time that new membership in campus honoraries was announced. 4-H House members nearly always were on several lists. This happened several ways. It may just be listed in the Daily Illini or one might have gotten a lovely printed announcement of membership. The most exciting was "tapping" at night. Mortar Board, then strictly for women, had the senior members come to where you were sleeping, waking you and your house sisters with a lovely song. (Evidently the housemother had been let in on the event ahead of time.) There was little sleep for the remaining part of the night, for about 5 a.m. the "tapee" was to be prepared to leave. Then, blindfolded, she was led by an active to where the introduction ceremony took place on campus.

The grand old house was showing its age. There was great concern about the house being a fire trap. The fathers bought work gloves to be pinned at each bed in case we had to get down the fire escapes in freezing weather. We had fire drills using these. When she was house sponsor, the beloved extension faculty member, Clareta Walker, remembered how one evening at dinner one of the chairs went through the floor. In the spring of 1954, Rosemary Archibald with a couple of other alums, driving around Urbana spotted two vacant lots. That evening was exciting with anxiety producing news. With alum and other financial support, 4-H House Association wisely purchased the site for what was to become 805 W. Ohio.



House girls pose in front of 202 for a funny house picture in 1955

Other changes were in the wind, too. Probably 50% of us were home economics majors in those years. Our classes were in the old Bevier Hall, which became the English Building. The present Bevier Hall was in the works and several of us got to make comments on the plans. Most of us graduated before 805 W. Ohio or the new Bevier Hall were available for occupancy. It was exciting to be in on the planning of these new buildings, but it's the 202 E. Green memories that we treasure.

The House in the 50's and into the 60's

Cynthia Traughber Eustice 1956

I lived at the house from 1952-56 and in Chambana 1957-67, and I do remember that we did decorate our own rooms at 202 E. Green. One time Kay Jenner Bonneur '56 and I painted our woodwork Allis Chalmers orange! It was fun each fall seeing the changes in our rooms. Marj Fry Ash '53 took up residence in the closet on third floor. She had a window and a rocker in the closet and enough study room for books and clothes.

Mom Kelley, (our prim and proper housemother) had a mirror mounted on the wall of her apartment so she could monitor the happenings in the living rooms and rear entrance. Seems she was noted to appear in the area at just the wrong time. Her real stickler rule was to keep your feet on the floor at all times and not on the couch. You see in those days jeans were not worn and dress slacks could be worn to class only to keep legs warm. At evening meals we had to dress up. And Mom K was escorted to her place before any of us could sit at the tables. She saw to it that our manners were impeccable.

Panty raids occurred on occasion. Once, the basement was broken into and laundry taken from the washer. Eva Woodall Schneeberg '54 had her wash in the machine at the time, and her panties were posted on bulletin boards throughout campus the following week.

Nancy Judd Dusenbery '56 had a car, a two-door coupe. We used to pack the backseat full to go to class and to events. I lived near her home and caught a ride home with her sometimes. I paid her 25 cents one way. Returning to Champaign in 1957 led to 10 years of serving the house in many ways. I was co-chair of the fund raising campaign. DiAnne Mathre Schmitt '52 and I took off a year from work and went all over the state - meeting with alums and raising money from many organizations. Mary Linn Hogan Sonnemaker '58 was the person at home, typing reports and updates - spending endless hours at this task. I don't think she was really ever recognized for these efforts. On the fund raising trips DiAnne and I took the Eustice family car for travel. This meant Dick had to place our daughter Vicki, just a few months old, in his bike basket and ride a good mile to a free babysitter. Traffic on the streets was not as busy as now, but looking back, it was really a dumb thing to have done, for safety reasons.

After the new house was built, Dick became the repair man. He would be called late at night, after hours and Mom Stahley would yell "Man on first floor" when he arrived to fix something. The girls usually ignored his being there. He would come home telling me who wore this and that nightly attire.

To earn money to build that house on Ohio, the largest fund raising was done in Chambana, catering for prominent persons in the area. We alums had Caroline Farrar Heinrichs '35 and Newman Hall kitchen to keep the task in order. We started out catering to a few persons and got so many requests we had to do stints for 50 or more. The girls at the house assisted us.

Mom Kelley, (our prim and proper housemother) had a mirror mounted on the wall of her apartment so she could monitor the happenings in the living rooms and rear entrance. Seems she was noted to appear in the area at just the wrong time.

The Boneyard, Pops, and the Den of Iniquity

Kay Jenner Bonneur 1956

- I came to the House 2nd semester of my freshman year.
- Helen Brazier Evanson '56, another P.E. major brought me in.
- I was only allowed to peel carrots because 'they' decided I couldn't cook.

- The "Boneyard" was a place that Phyllis Whitehead '56 and I went after dinner every night the weather allowed.
- In the winter, we went to the "den of iniquity" – a place in the house that we could smoke, play bridge, and tell risqué jokes.
- There were so many jokes that we had to number them. Someone would call out a number and we would all laugh. Most of them I've forgotten except for "Dit out dirl, dit in doat."
- On Saturdays, we went to "Pops" for cinnamon rolls – and they were delicious.
- One morning, Roseanne Allen Frazier '58 ate a chocolate covered grasshopper at Pops but she couldn't even keep down one bite of liver loaf.
- I remember having to throw rocks at my roommate's window to gain admittance to the House when I missed curfew.
- Eva Woodall Schneeberg '54 taught me to blow smoke rings – how cool was that!
- The class of '56 has stayed tight. We get together every couple of years all over the country.

Our class remembers the "Grapevine" that would appear in the early morning, on the bulletin board telling a lot of stories/ gossip about house sisters. To get it completely read would make us late for class.

The Grapevine

Marilyn Morine Brown 1956
Audrey Nelson Shaw 1956

Our class remembers the "Grapevine" that would appear in the early morning, on the bulletin board telling a lot of stories/gossip about house sisters. To get it completely read would make us late for class. It was good for laughs and of course exposed some embarrassing moments. The Grapevine below is an example of what we might have found on the bulletin board one morning.

The (censored) Grapevine

DUE TO NEW CAMPUS REGULATIONS,
ALL SUGGESTIVE OR S_ _ Y WORDS HAVE BEEN OMITTED.
The editors (having been seriously influenced by social forum) present:
HOW TO BE SOCIALLY MALADJUSTED
or
YOU TOO, CAN BE A SQUARE! (oops! Triangle!)

#1. No Triangle engineer carries a slide rule from his belt.
#2. Always be sincere. Don't be a (censored) four-wheel personality. Do you feel that you attract men only because of your car? Huh, Jane?
#3 Remark of the week: "Dick, what girl are you here to see tonight?" —quote Joyce Bolton
#4 What? A senior date a freshman? TABOO!! (AXP says so.)
#5 Memo to Risqué Renken and Torrid Tate: Tame those Triangles!
#6 To be perfectly "Frank", Janet—congratulations!
#7 Note to baby sitters: Select your (censored) literature carefully. Did you know that there are 15,400 AGR's now initiated, and that 15,300 of them have new bathrooms?
#8 For the secret to "Happiness", ask Muriel Few.

#9 Two bits to shake the hands that shook the hand of Fred Waring… see Becky 'n' Bobbee.

#10 Do the AKL's really know how to sing, or are they bluffing? Be around at 2 A.M. Sunday and find out.

#11 Advice from room 10—To get a cold in one easy treatment, get the virus from a military school.

#12 If you want to know how to be a cave woman at a (censored) fraternity, go see Cindy for information.

#13 From Senator to (censored) Song leader in one easy lesson—well, GOOD LUCK TO EVERYONE IN WATCHEKA SING!

COMMERCIAL: Are you regular? If not, NEVER use c_____ o_____ (naughty… suggestive). Use grapefruit juice instead. (Kromat: Could you use the contents of 56 black bottles in the basement?)

For cleaner Spring issues, we remain—
Your (censored) editors.

4-H House - A Building Block for Life

Barbara Boyd Bauer 1957

My earliest 'House' memories are from State Leadership Camp at Monticello in 1951 and '52. Inspiring new friends there were 4-H House girls: Audrey Nelson, Joan Tate, and Helen Wilson. I pledged 4-H House in the fall of 1953. I went for interview weekend from my home in Southern Illinois on the train, and I took a taxi from the train to the house. I am almost sure that I arrived in suit, hose and heels! (Imagine that in the 2000s!)

I loved that big, old, white colonial house and thought it was perfect for senior 4-Hers. Sleeping in the dorm with the wind and snow blowing in became routine and just made us tough enough to endure the prairie winds that blew as we walked from 202 E Green to campus and back.

The pledge walk-out of '53 was not so well received by our class, it seems. We must have been very serious students, or we NEEDED to be very serious students. We learned from our advisor that it was 'tradition' to 'walk out! So we went…not all too willingly at first, but we had a great time going to Mary Fran Jensen's home for the weekend. We wrote a song that is in my scrapbook:

"You made us walk out,
We didn't want to do it! We didn't want to do it!
You said it was a must, now the dirt is all done,
And we had our fun!
Give us, give us, give us what we cry for…
Sleep, sleep, sleep is what we'd die for...
You made us walk out."

As underclassmen, we moved about a lot…changed roommates each semester or so… usually changed the décor of the room, too. There was a lot of painting and curtain construction! My favorite room was "The Barn" which was occupied by 5 girls.

I also recall many, many long study hours in the dining room. Oh my, if tables could talk!

Dances at the house were great, too. The funniest thing I remember about the dances

The funniest thing I remember about the dances is that the carpets in the living rooms had to come out. We rolled them up and then a chain gang of girls lifted them up the stairs, around the corner at the landing and into the upstairs hallway!

is that the carpets in the living rooms had to come out. We rolled them up and then a chain gang of girls lifted them up the stairs, around the corner at the landing and into the upstairs hall way! What a chore! After the dance, back down again!

Homecomings were mega events and 4-H House did some pretty impressive homecoming decorations! There were parties and more parties. 4-H girls had no trouble finding reasons for parties: chocolates and serenades for pinnings, little sis weekends, big sis weekends, knock-knock jokes, birthdays and awards.

Parking was not such a problem in the 50's at the House, except on weekends when guests came. There was this graveled area behind the house near the "Bone Yard". (The "Bone Yard" was the creek that ran behind and just north of the House.) During the week, the only person at the House with a car was Nancy Judd. It was a scream when girls tried to break the Guinness Book of World Records and see how many could squeeze into "Judd's" little coupe! Oh yes, and we sometimes locked the silver flatware in the trunk of her car when we thought we might be "raided" by some fraternity. It did happen, you know! It was not at all uncommon for items belonging to one house to end up in the possession of another. Funny how I can't remember any more about that!

In addition to sharing the small spaces of our rooms, probably the greatest learning experience of all was that of sharing responsibilities on work crews.

In addition to sharing the small spaces of our rooms, probably the greatest learning experience of all was that of sharing responsibilities on work crews. Of course that has not changed over the years and still is what helps make 4-H House girls the adaptable women they are. Being a 4-H House member at the University of Illinois was one of the great building blocks of my life for which I am sincerely grateful. It is most gratifying to also share this sisterhood with my granddaughter, Sarah Elizabeth Hileman, class of '04.

Secret Desire Night followed by The Great Escape

Ginny Seiler Down 1961

My name is Ginny Seiler Down, a member of the Class of 1961. Most of the members of our class entered the U of I in the fall of 1957, having lived the life of "The Class of '57" immortalized in song. (Later we would be the last Senior Class to leave the big colonial home at 202 E. Green.) Our Pledge Advisor was Nina Sanders who admonished us to remember at all times "that you may be the only 4-H House girl that someone will know." We wore skirts at all times on campus (even to football games) unless the temperature fell below a certain degree—-much colder than 40. We were allowed to wear slacks or jeans outside the house for doing our house duty. Dinner was served in the dining room on Sunday at noon and every night, except Saturday, at 5:30, with the House President escorting Mother Stahley to her chair. It was a very structured and "ritual driven" time in my life.

I don't recall that any person in my class wasted any time on rebellion and followed the pledge manual fairly closely throughout 4 years of living together, except for one night at dinner during the Spring of 1961 (our last finals' week in the House). In an effort to entertain and break-up study time and the tension of intense study, someone had declared the evening "Secret Desire Night." Each person was encouraged to indicate their secret desire by wearing a costume to dinner. I can recall only two of the outfits—-a classmate dressed as the White Rain Girl, wearing a clear, "see-through" plastic raincoat over bright red underwear (both top and bottom) and heels. Because I was sleep-deprived all 4 years, I wore a summer-weight nightgown, robe, and slippers (and underwear). When silly songs were sung after dinner, one song was "This is table #1.....where is table (another #)"? When the table where a number of costumed seniors were seated was named, we

answered with "This is table best of all.....where is second best?" As a result of our retort, the rest began singing, "Out the window you must go....." And so we stood, walked to one of the west windows (behind Mother Stahley's chair—-gasp!), raised the window and jumped out.

I was suddenly struck with the feeling that the idea of going out the window was a lot more fun than the reality of being outside the House in my "night clothes." All of us started running for the back door because of the "dress code" for attire outside the house. The first of us to the door found that someone from the dining room had locked that door and running to the front door was out of the question because no one "was dressed for it." Another of the "suddenly wild" sisters helped me grab the lower part of the fire escape and start the climb to the 3rd floor where the door was propped open for ventilation. Just as my hand hit the platform above the last rung, the door was pulled shut. No, I don't remember who did that! So it was on to the 4th floor where, by chance, the dorm door was propped open, too. As I got to the top, I saw one of the "inside sisters" round the top of the staircase—-and when I turned to say to my classmates below that I would open the back door, I saw a line of guys standing on the sidewalk beside Pop's across 2nd Street from our side yard. Apparently, because the bar there faced the side of our House, many of those patrons had witnessed our window escape and my run up the fire escape. Four (4) years of polishing the image of "the only 4-H House girl that someone will know" dashed in an instant!!

Where to install the "cow" was an important question as was the choice of milk: whole, skim, 1% or 2%?

Transitions from 202 E. Green to 805 W. Ohio

Mary Ann Schneider Sabine 1962

Caroline Heinrichs

I first worked with Caroline at Newman Hall when we did the Donuts and Coffee after Sunday Mass. There was a special name for these gatherings which I have forgotten. Then there were the fund-raising barbecues, and our relationship in setting up the new kitchen. Somehow after I graduated we kept in contact and in 1983 at the end of one study leave she invited me and my family to visit campus and stay with her in the Annex. It must have been during a holiday or term break because she had beds available for all eight of us. Breakfast in her tiny kitchen with not one inch of unused space included her special blend of grains.

Then during another trip to Illinois in the 1990s my sister and I visited campus and called in to see Caroline. We had a lovely afternoon sitting in her enclosed screened porch and talking away. When we said we had to go Caroline suddenly inquired if I had been to see Claretta Walker. I had not so the three of us just had to go to visit Claretta who was bed-ridden. Not long afterwards both Claretta and Caroline were no longer on campus. That was our last visit together.

The Old and the New—The Last and the First Commissar?

Someone help me here: Was that myself? I certainly remember "setting up" the kitchen in the new house (805 Ohio) – but according to Caroline Heinrich's instructions and prior organization. We were so lucky to have her extensive knowledge and experience as well as her pragmatic skill and ability. Her energy was legendary.

Was there really much to do? We had been so crowded in the old house but had made do to the best of our ability and limitations. The spaciousness of the new kitchen was uplifting, but so organized that many cooks could undertake many tasks simultaneously. We all had to learn which sink to use for what purpose and what utensils should be stored where.

(Well, I was a Food Tech and not a Home Ec major.) My commercial kitchen experience was at my mom's work many years previously.

Where to install the "cow" was an important question as was the choice of milk: whole, skim, 1% or 2%? What did we choose? There was a particular way that the moveable stainless steel serving bench was to be used and the plates stored. Special attention needed to be given to cleaning the grill part of the stove and I can remember many trips across the quadrangle to collect the 'stone' from Caroline. I am still envious of the cold room in that new kitchen and only wish that I could have built one in my own new house.

Who remembers when we had roast lamb? Actually it was probably mutton and there was plenty for Mulligatawny soup the next day. Has lamb been on the menu since?

Ordering in bulk wasn't a problem. Daily ordering, I thought, necessitated a phone in my room. Little did I realize the dilemma of having two guys on two phones at the same time until one Wednesday evening. No doubt it has happened since. I had already signed my intention to go out after lock-up, but I had not a clue as to whom I might be going out with. Everything must have turned out o.k. for I married one of the two callers.

One small snippet from my time as Commissar. I can remember it well. In preparing the evening meal, someone was measuring the nutmeg over the corn and the lid came off the nutmeg. Being concerned for the budget I wouldn't let the cooks throw out the corn but suggested it merely needed a good wash and drain and no additional nutmeg. Did we really eat it that night? Was the budget that tight?

Who remembers when we had roast lamb? Actually it was probably mutton and there was plenty for Mulligatawny soup the next day. Has lamb been on the menu since? I still make soup and use many stocks but at this moment my refrigerator contains soup with the lamb leg still flavoring the broth.

Celebration of Difference

No engagement or marriage in my plans. I definitely feel the odd one out. Yet again, I am deeply moved. Only at that very moment do I realize the uniqueness of my position. I am o.k. with that, but it is an unforgettable moment, a turning point in my life. I am thrilled for my 4-H House sisters and their plans and choices but from here our paths are on different roads taken. But I get ahead of myself.

Time and place: a special ceremony (name forgotten, can others remember?) in 4-H House basement. Whole house or just seniors? Near Mothers' Day seems appropriate for the end of the last semester is approaching. The candle is passed, each graduate shares future plans. Whatever the plans - marriage in the coming summer is for all except two, and Sharon's wedding plans will be after harvest near the end of the year.

Back to the Ceremony – I am last to hold the candle. My plans are summer extension work as youth advisor and travel to India on the International Farm Youth Exchange program in September. Nothing further.

The reality is that our paths are our own. One of the roads includes marriage. My time was in the future, unknown and unimaginable at that moment. Little did I realize I would marry the last man I seriously dated while on campus and end up living in Australia – but that's a story for a different time.

Summer '62 – I remember it well

Just out of Mattoon, travelling north on highway 45,
Two lanes wide, speed limit 65.
4-H House girl and I, driving to a Jo Daviess county wedding.
Railroad to the east, farm land to the west, fair amount of traffic.
Farm tractor ahead, slow moving!
Ease to the left – a long stream of traffic almost upon us – no room to pass.
Apply brakes.

No brakes!
Will not stop in time.
What to do?
Fair amount of weedy land between road and train tracks.
Pity about the road embankment and the mile posts.
No other choice.
Only possible solution.
Words spoken?
Actions taken?
Keep a calm head.
Miss the posts, veer slightly, easy does it, car upright,
Stop!
Hidden drainage ditch a couple feet away.
All o.k.!
Now what?
Getting vague here.
Motorist stops, Becky returns to town.
Help arrives, reverses car,
Drives in second gear with hand brake.
Very important learning here for later -
(Knowledge saves our lives on European mountain descent.)
Brakes repaired, line probably broken on curve at edge of town.
Resume journey but running late. More House sisters to collect.
Just in time for the wedding. Overnight stay.
Return journey the next day. All O.K.

"The University orders everyone to stay indoors. A student mob has opened hydrants near the Armory and a water-fight is in progress. Police are dispersed to the area."

THE U OF I WATERFIGHT: SPRING 1961

Diane Dorsey 1964

By the time I was a 2nd semester Freshman I successfully raced from Lincoln Hall to the Engineering Building in 7 minutes, sat in lectures holding more students than in my entire high school, and met the first-ever Russian foreign student! But the topper for that year of '61 happened on a perfect spring afternoon. Memory may be fuzzy, but here's my best recall.

I think it was in the midst of cramming for exams. Several of us were studying in the second floor, front bedroom off Green Street when the intercom announced:

"All girls are to remain in the house until further notice."

Heads popped off pillows and up from books with:

"What for?"… "What's going on?" … "Why?"

The intercom added:

"The University orders everyone to stay indoors. A student mob has opened hydrants near the Armory and a water-fight is in progress. Police are dispersed to the area."

Well that ended studying as we looked out windows for signs of "the mob." But Green Street was totally calm. Now everyone was in and out of rooms exchanging possible scenarios as excitement grew, and it's jokingly suggested:

"Someone should find out what's going on."

"I'll go," I offer.

You see, in young-girl dreams, I flew with Superman and got rescued by Roy Rogers,

so this action seems the right thing to do. But older and wiser Sisters warn:

"You'll get in trouble… You can't leave without Mother Stahley knowing."

But a clear-thinking cohort suggests it might work by going down the fire escape. So out the window, down the escape, dash across Green Street, hoping Mother Stahley wasn't on patrol.

Then I head up First to Chalmers, take a left and briefly listen for police sirens or mob noises (whatever that might be). But all is quiet as I turn on 4th aiming for the Armory. And one block later there they are: 100-plus guys chanting, "Dry Girls! Dry Girls!" as they carry a couple of laughing coeds into spraying waters. A super time for both the guys and girls!

…a female student had to be a senior before the college would let her live off campus, and you had to be pretty independent-minded to get past the talk that you might be pregnant, secretly married or, oh, horrors, anti-social.

I plan to stay at the back of the group and watch, but that quickly changes when the 100-plus mob turns around heading right towards me. It'd be silly to run so my pea-brain suggests:

"Just walk through them like you're going somewhere important and it'll be fine."

Yeah, right. In about 20 steps a guy yells,

"Dry Girl! A Dry Girl!"

He grabs my wrist, someone grabs the other, and I'm lifted ever-so-easily off my feet as Yelling Guy whispers, "Don't worry, I'll go in with you."

And he did, getting the both of us totally soaked. …It was Grand!

Afterwards he escorted me back down Chalmers finding us a towel to dry off, making sure no one bothered the "Wet Girl" on her way back to 4-H House.

A return dash across Green St., soggy, climb up the fire escape, back through the window, finding a goodly number of House Sisters just waiting to hear this story.

Afterward: According to a 2003 News-Gazette article:

1- There were as many as 5,000 people involved in the '61 water fight. (Seems my memory missed counting several thousand.)

2- 37 students (including 3 football players) were expelled, although many later were reinstated.

3- Sadly, a WKID radio reporter was blinded when his glasses broke and a piece lodged in his eye.

4- As it turned out, 1961 was the last year Water-Fights broke the monotony of studying for spring finals. The end of an era.

It Happened on Green Street

Peggy Peasley Boston 1968

It was a dark and stormy night…

Or was it an unusually warm and sunny Sunday afternoon?

I know for sure that it was March 17, Saint Patrick's Day, because I have a souvenir of the day's adventure.

I know it was Sunday because I checked a perpetual calendar on the Internet.

I know there was no Internet then because it was 1968.

If you are wondering why the long introduction, it is because neither my three cohort/sisters nor I remember the details of how the, um, prank, was carried out. Perhaps beer was involved, though I know I was not imbibing. Really.

The players included Janet Ficken (Karner), Suzi Kirkpatrick (Robinson), Peggy Peasley (Boston) and Pat Pukszta (Fuchs), class of 1968 sisters who were living together at the South First Street apartments. My boyfriend, Bob Strohm, was there, and it is

purported that Dick Whats-his-name, Ficken's boyfriend at the time, was also present.

To set the stage for the younger among our readers, just the fact that we were living off campus was scandalous in those days. First, a female student had to be a senior before the college would let her live off campus, and you had to be pretty independent-minded to get past the talk that you might be pregnant, secretly married or, oh, horrors, anti-social.

In our cases, we were all seniors (Janet, for the third or fourth time), Suzi was openly married to a pilot serving in Vietnam, I was anti-social and Patty was not pregnant.

But what we planned and executed that day would become a very public scandal the next day, one that could have destroyed our standing at 4-H House.

Was it senior fever, spring fever, the desire to challenge our "nice 4-H House girls" images that made us do it?

I don't really know, but at some point while we sat around the apartment that fateful day, someone realized it was Saint Patrick's Day. Which led to the notion that it was a day for doing things "green" (oh, dear young readers, by green we mean the color, not the movement). And finally the "ah, ha" moment. The main street through Campus Town was "Green Street."

Now there was no turning back. We snapped into action.

Someone went out for a gallon of green paint. We gathered in the graveled parking lot, opened the paint can and stirred, spilling it on the rocks and waited for dark. Very dark.

Eager for the adventure but too concerned about getting caught, we decided on a drive and pour strategy. The car: my 1959 blue Volkswagen beetle. A few green paint spatters could not hurt its heavily faded blue finish and I preferred driving to pouring.

Suzi, Janet, Patty and Bob jumped in the car with paint can in hand. We were off to Green Street. Someone was in charge of surveillance and pronounced that the coast was clear. Someone else…two people including Bob come to mind…opened the left rear car door and poured green paint on the center stripe of the street for about four blocks as I slowly drove, trying to stay near the line.

Back at First Street, euphoria ensued. There would have been high fives or double fist bumps if they had been "invented" at that time.

While the girls settled down in their apartment, Bob, who was executive editor of the Daily Illini, went to the DI office in Illini Hall on E. John Street, to prepare an editorial for the Tuesday edition. (No one recalls what Dick Whats-his-name was doing all this time.)

The editorial, with great indignation, described how an obviously deranged, dangerous and undisciplined group of vandals had desecrated the mighty Green Street, heart of our beautiful Campus Town. (Okay, I can't find the editorial and maybe deranged and dangerous weren't used, but it was definitely an indictment of our actions, and, of course, the editorial writer himself as well.)

Somehow, we all managed to grow up, become responsible citizens, pay our taxes and share a special bond because of an event we can't remember very well -which draws us even closer after 40 plus years.





Our Evidence

Burning Memories

Pat Pukszta Fuchs 1968

The two most burning memories of my time at 4-H House both relate to fire.

During the mid sixties the house experienced a series of frequent visits by firemen in full uniform with trucks and lights blazing during the night. That meant that we all

had to get out of our beds and go outside until the house was searched and it was officially declared a false alarm.

Someone finally discovered that these firemen's visits were caused because one of our sisters had a tendency to go outside on the dorm fire escape during her nightly sleep walks. For whatever reason, I was chosen to move from a bunk bed to a standard twin bed normally reserved for actives, never a pledge. The bed was placed as close as possible, while remaining legal, to the fire door and in the direct path that my pledge sister preferred on her nocturnal wanderings. Many was the night that she bumped into my bed and I jumped up to turn her around to go back to her bed to sleep inside the dorm, not outside!

Surely the firemen appreciated that we had managed to stop the false alarms that also dragged them out of their slumber. Sometimes one has to sacrifice a good night's sleep to allow her other sisters to get their beauty rest!



Pat in the white mohair dress and red patent leather shoes with her uncle prior to the tea

Another Chance to Save the Day!

Later in my tenure, having served as both Assistant House Manager and Commissar I always ended up with the dirty jobs and the ones no one else would tackle like cleaning out the grease trap or the fireplace or plunging a stopped up toilet! During the second half of the 60's we held a Tea for every possible occasion on the weekends. No wonder I ended up as a confirmed tea drinker! We made thousands of thumbprint cookies filled with every conceivable jam, fruit mixture, or flavored cream cheese - some rolled in chopped nuts and some naked.

One cold winter weekend, we had planned a Tea for quite a few faculty VIPs, and we cleaned the house from top to bottom. It was cold outside and the day before we had a real fire burning in the fireplace between the alcove and the dining room. That fireplace had been cleaned out and the cold dead ashes had been placed in the dumpster outside the kitchen.

As commissar, I had asked to live on the first floor in the end room closest to the kitchen. The time for the Tea to begin was drawing near and I made sure that the trays of thumbprint cookies were on the tables in the dining room and the tea and punch were ready. I then slipped into the hallway and went to my room to change into my beautifully and lovingly made as a 4-H project, "white mohair dress" with red patent leather shoes.

Just as I finished dressing, girls began to yell "FIRE!" and flock into my room asking what to do. I asked where the fire was and I was so grateful that it was not in my beloved kitchen but was instead in the dumpster outside the kitchen. A gaggle of sisters stood outside my room expecting I don't know what, but I finally told someone to call the fire department (no 911 back then!) and to use the fire extinguisher - to which they unanimously said they didn't know how.

Totally aggravated, I grabbed the big fire extinguisher hanging on the wall outside my room, went outside with it while wearing my beautiful "white mohair" hand-made dress and those beautiful stylish red shoes, got to the dumpster and realized - I didn't know how to use it either.

So there I stood, shivering in the cold holding a fire extinguisher I didn't know how to operate while a blaze from the dead ashes made the dumpster a ball of fire which now threatened my beloved kitchen. I very calmly, almost in slow motion, lifted the extinguisher, read the instructions which I followed to the letter, lifted the dumpster lid and put out the fire. There I stood covered in ashes, the sparks had melted and burned my beautiful "white mohair" dress far beyond repair and my treasured red shoes had been ruined by the gravel as the fire truck arrived to deal with the fire. The firemen could do

nothing but make sure that the fire was truly out and stare at me in disbelief. Surely they had more than a few good laughs back at the station!

Needless to say I spent the Tea time in the bathroom washing off the ashes, peeling off the destroyed dress and shoes, washing the dirt, ashes and garbage out of my hair and off of my body and wondering what possessed me to pick up that darned fire extinguisher. I have never used a fire extinguisher since. Thank God!

Congo Bars – A Hit Around the World

Joy Dittmer Swearingen 1971

One of the recipes that I copied down before I left 4-H house was for Congo Bars.

Over the years, Congo Bars became a staple in our household, something to whip up when you wanted a quick dessert. And there were a lot of those times, raising our family of four kids, three of them—big boys, on the farm. We often had extra helpers for dinner (that's the big meal at noon, remember) or guys helping to bale who would like a snack about 4 p.m. And if needed, two dozen cookies for PTO...I'd make a pan of Congo Bars. When my daughter was getting (or dishing out) a hard time from her brothers, I might suggest she make some Congo Bars and she was suddenly their best friend.

As the two older boys have gotten married, the recipe for Congo Bars has been one that the new daughters-in-law have asked for, because their husbands were asking for them. The kids (and daughters in law) have asked me why they are called Congo Bars. Does anybody really know?

During the whole year of 2008, our oldest son, Jason and his family, lived in Oslo, Norway, because of his wife's work. Michelle had invited some of her co-workers over for dinner and decided at the last minute to whip up some Congo Bars to go along with their ice cream for dessert. She made them with some Ghiradelli chocolate chips she had ordered from the embassy because chocolate chips were not available in the Norwegian markets. Her friends had seen nothing like these wonderful bars. They all raved about the "cake". There was nothing like it! They even asked her to bring more "cake" to the office.

Anyway, 4-H House, and Congo Bars, you've come a long way and people still love you! *(See Our Recipes Section for Congo Bars recipe.)*

History of the 4-H House BBQ

Jan Onderisin Coombe 1973

From the mid to late 60's, the 4-H State Week Conference delegates attended the 4-H House BBQ on the Cinder Track at the Stadium. The numbers of 4-Hers and staff served often exceeded 2,000. My memory was that the entire SERVING process was accomplished in less than 30 minutes. The House girls [working in hairnets] plated food in assembly-line fashion, under Caroline Farrar Heinrich's careful eye. I still recall that each house girl was obliged to stuff plastic utensils and napkins in a plastic bag [25-50 packs per girl] prior to leaving campus for the summer recess. A pack was provided with each plated meal at the BBQ.

As the number of Conference delegates declined in the 70's and 80's, so too, the numbers of guests attending the Conference BBQ. The venue moved to the Illini Grove on Lincoln Ave. Naturally, the entire process entailed weeks of set-up, from Prairie Farms Dairy truck providing the refrigerated holding capacity for pork chops, salads, beverages,

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desserts, and condiments. The cinder blocks, grill racks, and other equipment were moved into place and manned by the alum spouses who helped accomplish the annual event. The event was famous for the inch-thick, dry-rub seasoned pork chops! Even to this date, there remain support staff [delivery truck drivers] that recall those events and the part they played in the process.

During the more recent years, we would create and package the desserts Caroline had tested to withstand the June heat and be tempting to any 4-Hers eyes. That process was accomplished at 805 West Ohio in weeks just ahead of the conference. No doubt the ideas for these tasty desserts were tested on the men at Newman Hall, and even more likely, they were created at Newman for years before my tenure on the C-U crew. We never really knew the origin of the recipes, we just met up on the pre-planned day, rolled up our sleeves and started measuring ingredients and getting the all-day process underway.

Mother Thatcher came out of her apartment to welcome me. ...She quickly put me at ease with her warm eyes and sweet smile.

No one logged more hours over the entire history of this 4-H House inspired event than Caroline Heinrichs. It is impossible to determine how much time she spent in the recipe development, logistics arrangements, and other planning over the years, prior to the time when she encouraged members of our committee to chair it. On a couple occasions we were forced indoors due to rain; the Stock Pavilion held the gathering. Admittedly, it was more fun to allow the event to unfold in the wide open grass spaces on campus. I do recall wearing tee shirts with our names and the event emblazoned over the surface. It was always a hot and sweat-generating event, but we always had a ball and were bone-tired at day's end!

When the Conference moved off the U of I campus, the BBQ was retired from our C-U alum radar screen. Caroline's move to be with her daughter out East and her eventual passing would follow in later years.

After the House was paid off, the money generated by this event was used to pay for the Senior Dinner every Spring, before graduation. The annual gathering of local alums and House Seniors along with their "dates" were entertained in high style. This became a lasting memory to the seniors of how proud we alums were, of the new graduates as they embarked on their new adventures in life.

Sweet Aroma

Theresa Kallal Thaete 1974

When I first arrived at 4-H House, I was a mixed bag of emotions—excited, yet fearful of the unknown. I pledged 2nd semester of my freshman year. I was leaving behind many new friends I'd made in the dorm, especially a roommate I'd gotten along with very well. The biggest factor of all, though, was that my Mom had lost her 5 year battle with breast cancer over the semester break. My emotions were very fragile and raw. I was even wondering if I should have come back to college, as I had 5 younger brothers and sisters still at home. A couple of my aunts thought that I should stay home and help out. However, when I discussed it with my Dad, we agreed that if I could come home frequently to lift the load, we would see how it went.

I remember that when I arrived and girls were helping me move my things in, Mother Thatcher came out of her apartment to welcome me. She asked me to come see her when I'd gotten things settled a little. I believe it was later that day that I knocked on her door. My heart seemed to be pounding louder than my knock. I was a little intimidated to be invited into her inner sanctuary! She quickly put me at ease with her warm eyes and sweet smile.

After expressing her sympathy, we shared hearts about losing someone so close to you that you dearly love. For her, it was losing her husband. I don't remember most of what she discussed that day. One truth that she mentioned was the power of smell in evoking memories. Perhaps more than anything else, except for photos! She let me know that you can be going along just fine and then you get hit with a smell and "boom!"~ you are weeping. Memories flood over you of your loved one! She assured me that one is often caught off guard. It may be the smell of fresh bread or cinnamon rolls baking. Turkey! Ham! Their favorite perfume! Or favorite flowers!

Mom T also wisely mentioned that there would be many little triggers that tug on my emotions. "It's OK to cry! And best to do so! Being strong does NOT mean, not crying." She added that whenever I needed a shoulder to cry on—she was there. Or if I just wanted to talk, she would listen. She availed herself to whatever and whenever I needed her. And I knew she meant it! She exuded a compassionate and understanding heart. Coming from big families on both sides, I had never had a special or close relationship with a grandmother, but that's how I felt about Mom T. At least she seemed that old to me back then!

I only took her up on her offer a few times. But that was enough. Each time I grew from her wisdom and advice. I was comforted when I felt that "my new sisters" couldn't relate. I remember one time being in the mail room and someone had received a package from her mom. It contained several items of new clothes. However, the girl was complaining on and on that she didn't like what her mom had selected and just wanted her mom to understand that she could pick out her own clothes! I felt like screaming! How I wanted this girl to appreciate the effort of love her mom had demonstrated. Maybe she didn't like the clothes, but how I wished that I still had a Mom that would be thinking of me and wanted to surprise me. I wanted to take her by the shoulders and shake some sense into her. Instead I knocked on Mom T's door and burst into tears pouring out my sadness to her. She gently reminded me that none of us really appreciates what we have until it is taken from us. We are all guilty of taking one another for granted. If my mom had sent something, I just as easily could have complained too. Her sensitive reproof caused me to realize that I thanked my Mom way too little when I had the opportunity. Ironic, I think of that now as I am raising 2 teenage sons and long to hear words of praise and appreciation. It is helping me to be faithful and to keep on giving. And I still do not express my thanks often enough to those around me.

I do, however, pass on Mom T's words of wisdom regarding the power of smell to unexpectedly wash over us, whenever I am seeking to comfort someone in their recent loss. And every summer now when I bring in peonies from my yard and place them all around my home, I let the "sweet aroma" of two very special moms fill my nostrils with love and precious memories.

"But thanks be to God, who always leads us in His triumph in Christ, and manifests through us the *sweet aroma* of the knowledge of Him in every place."

~ II Corinthians 2:14

... every summer now when I bring in peonies from my yard and place them all around my home, I let the "sweet aroma" of two very special moms fill my nostrils with love and precious memories.

Selfless Sisterhood... the Gift that Keeps on Giving

Patty Thaxton 1979

As an AgCom major in 1978, I was taking a typography course in the journalism department and the instructor, whose name I've repressed, was an infamous hard-nose.

It was finals week and, as usual, I had procrastinated on both my house duty and my

final project for this class. So, I was pulling an all-nighter. At dawn, running on nerves over-stimulated with caffeine, I took a break from the project in order to clean the House refrigerator. In those days, we stored milk in large glass jars…they probably held two or three gallons. Whichever, this one was full and, when I moved it to wipe out the fridge… I dropped it on the kitchen floor. The jar shattered into a million and a half little, tiny glass shards, and milk went everywhere.

I had a nervous breakdown on the spot!...convinced there simply was not enough time to clean up the mess, finish the final project and make it to class on time. And the final project could make the difference between passing and failing.

She took one look at my milk-soaked pj's and tear-stained face and said: "I'll clean it up…go finish the assignment." Just like that. I'm convinced that it's thanks solely to her I made it to class, project in hand...

In walked Charlyn Archer Fargo '78…she was a year older than me, also an AgCom major, and had already suffered through this same course. (To this day, she remembers it as the worst college class ever…and she's done post-graduate work!) She took one look at my milk-soaked pj's and tear-stained face and said: "I'll clean it up…go finish the assignment." Just like that. I'm convinced that it's thanks solely to her I made it to class, project in hand, passed the course, graduated from the U of I and became a successful member of society.

But wait…there's more! Fast forward 24 years. In the summer of 2002, I "retired" from my communications career in Tucson and moved back to Illinois to be with my mother on the family farm. That fall, I agreed to organize a fund-raiser for the American Cancer Society. It was a concert with the Jacksonville Symphony Orchestra and Ralna English, one of the featured performers from the old "Lawrence Welk Show." We were doing everything on a shoe string budget, trying to keep the overhead down. Along with all the other details, I was a one-person publicity department, as well as handling ticket sales and fulfillment.

Now remember, I had been out-of-state for over 20 years. My local contacts were non-existent. I did some paid advertising, worked with the public TV stations that carried the Welk show, plastered every shop window in central Illinois with posters…even set up a ticket booth in front of the local Wal-Mart. But the concert date was looming and we were well-short of the sell-out crowd that we needed.

And so, I made a phone call…yep, it was to Charlyn Archer Fargo. And just like in the wee hours of that morning in the kitchen of 4-H House, I hadn't even spilled out the whole sob story before she promised to feature the upcoming concert in an article in the Springfield State Journal-Register, where she was an editor.

The concert was standing-room-only!

And that's the life-time, long-term value of 4-H House sisterhood.

A Rescued Sign

Shelly Von Bruenchenhein Green 1983

It was 1980 or '81 and I was a freshman or sophomore. My roomie, Marcia Walters, and our pledge advisor, Jane Hough and I got in big trouble with the House officers for "breaking in" to Beta Sigs down the street.

I'm not sure if they ever got the whole truth out of me because I desperately wanted to protect the reputation of a Beta Sigma Psi brother. If not, here's my total confession. What really happened was… I had a class with an upperclassman in Beta Sigs who offered information as to the whereabouts of our 4-H House sign, which they had stolen from our

front lawn over a month earlier. He told me that on Sundays all the guys are required to eat in the dining room downstairs from 12 noon until 12:30 pm. The front door of the house was always locked at that time. But he gave me the key and said, "Come and get it during that half hour, but make sure you lock the front door when you leave."

Well, this was sweet, because I would be a heroine by getting back our house sign even though I was just a lowly freshman. I recruited my roomie, Marcia Walters, and our pledge class advisor, Jane Hough, to help me carry out my scheme. We snuck down the street just after 12:00 noon that Sunday. Jane and Marcia climbed up the fire escape stairs to the second floor while I entered the front door quietly and locked it behind me. No one was in sight and I could hear the guys down in the dining room. With my heart beating wildly, I crept up the stairs, down the hall and let the girls in. Together we tip toed into the men's bathroom/shower room which was where they had very cleverly hidden the sign. I held the doors open while Marcia and Jane successfully carried it down the hall and down the fire escape stairs. I'll never forget that picture of Marcia and Jane high-tailing it across the parking lot, while carrying our 4-H House sign and laughing hysterically. I turned to go back inside, careful to let the door close very gently so as not to make any noise. That's when they spotted me. I took off running toward them, ducked into my big brother's room, locked the door behind me and screamed. Three or four guys pounded on the door until I opened it and they began interrogating me. I did not talk so they drug me into the bathroom and doused me under a cold shower. Totally humiliated and scared, I walked back home. But I felt triumphant when I saw that our sign was safely back in the front yard.

Now I had some explaining to do to my house sisters as they received a phone call from our brothers down the street. They were demanding that I reveal how I had gotten into the house for fear that it was not secure. After about a week of intimidation, and a threat of having to pay the bill to change all the locks on the Beta Sig Fraternity, I finally cracked and gave them the information they needed. That poor brother was in for it, but it sure made a fun memory. And he must have forgiven me for ratting on him, because if I remember correctly, he asked me to one of his house dances a few months later!

I had a class with an upperclassman in Beta Sigs who offered information as to the whereabouts of our 4-H House sign, which they had stolen from our front lawn over a month earlier.

A Peeping Tom

Shelly Von Bruenchenhein Green 1983

It was my sophomore year, 1981 I think. I was living in the first floor with Sue Bremmer. We had a peeping Tom. He'd walk from window to window, room to room, trying to get a glimpse of us. One night one of us waited for him in the last room. I think it was Judy Vyduna (Krueger). We were all almost breathless as he crept down the row of windows. When he got to the last one, he met Judy's eyes. They stood staring at one another for the longest time. All the while Judy was talking through her teeth. "He's staring right at me!" "Somebody call the police!" She got a good look at him and we did call the police and gave them the details.

We came up with a plan for the next time. We would go upstairs to the room directly above him and pour brightly colored paint on top of him while he was peering in at us. That way the police could track him easily. However, we never got that opportunity.

RATS!!! In the House

Valerie Smith Segalla 1985

Does anyone else remember the rats getting in the house from when they dug up the sewer next door at the Kappa Kappa Gamma house?

Here goes:

As I was rinsing my breakfast dish at the sink in the kitchen, I saw something scurry across the floor over to the left...

I was up early one Saturday morning getting ready to head to work at Osco. As I was rinsing my breakfast dish at the sink in the kitchen, I saw something scurry across the floor over to the left... Actually, it was "lumbering" more than "scurrying", so I knew it was bigger than a mouse. I ran upstairs to tell my room mates and nobody believed me. (Though Kathy Empen did pull several rat pranks on me after that when I was trying to sleep!)

A few weeks later a bunch of us were sitting around in the living room after dinner. Remember those floor length drapes? Well - several people saw "something" that was making the drapes move, and it was a rat that was "lumbering" its way around the perimeter of the room. You've never seen 45 girls move so fast. Every piece of furniture had a girl or three on it, as did the phone desk and the fireplace!! "John the pan man" and somebody's boyfriend chased the rat into the coat/mail room and closed the door. I think John may have taken a skillet in there with him. Every few minutes, the door would open, and a pile of coats would be thrown out...

Two guys saved us from that rat eventually... Wonder if we continued to use that skillet???

After that night, traps were set around the house and several more rats met their demise. Somewhere I have a picture of you holding a trap by its corner with one of the rats still in it, Darcy — but I haven't located that one!

(And that's probably o.k. — YUCK!)

One Saturday Night in the 80's

Darcy Hepner 1986

One Saturday evening one of our pledge sisters had a man visiting with her in her room. The usual routine took place of closing the house and asking all men to be out of the house by 12 Midnight. The usual "all call" was made for everyone to leave.

This house sister had fallen asleep and not heard the "all call", and when she woke up it was past midnight. She wanted to make sure the coast was clear so she went downstairs by the phone desk and saw no one was around. Thinking she was in luck, she turned on the intercom intending to call back to her room to tell the young man that the coast was clear. Instead she accidentally had on the "All Call" button and told the WHOLE HOUSE, "The coast is clear".

Much to their surprise both of them had a welcoming party as he came downstairs to "sneak out of the house". Needless to say, this house sister had an extra fine on her bill that month!!!

I remember who that was, do you?

Candlelight Dinner

Julie Drach Bartlow 1998

As was tradition during initiation week, our pledge class was responsible for preparing "Candlelight Dinner", a nice dinner for all of the active chapter and their guests. We had to prepare the meal, serve it, and provide entertainment throughout all of the dinner.

What a mess the whole thing nearly turned out to be!

- Mrs. H suggested that we "brine" the pork chops in apple juice. We had never heard of brining of course, and in the process, we spilled apple juice all over the ovens.
- Half of our class seemed to be "missing in action" as we started to prepare the food. They were either still in class or sleeping, and one sister in the process of breaking up with her boyfriend was crying on one of the hall phones.
- As we were boiling potatoes, we couldn't figure out where popcorn was falling from into the water until we looked onto the shelf above the oven. An entire plastic bowl holding popcorn was melting on the shelf from all of the steam coming from the boiling potatoes. It was just like the witch in the Wizard of Oz.
- One sister kept turning the big mixer "on" to mix the party potatoes, and when she would look away, another sister would walk by and turn the mixer "off."
- We had borrowed a roaster from AGS for the green bean casserole. 10 minutes before we were to serve dinner, we realized that the roaster wasn't heating and the beans were cold.
- We had to divide the casserole into 4 big pans and quickly bring it to a boil on the stove so that we would be able to serve it warm.
- As some of us were serving the meals, others of us were in the kitchen dishing up the plates.
- We were down to our last pan of pork chops when we noticed that there were still several tables that needed to be served. One of us walked into the refrigerator to find a WHOLE PAN of uncooked pork chops—about 25 in all—were still in the refrigerator.
- Those of us in the kitchen just sat and prayed as the rest of the guests were served. In the end, there was ONE extra plate.
- My eighteen pledge sisters thanked our lucky stars and shared one pork chop for our dinner before going out that night for our Initiation Party.

I wouldn't trade these years for the world.

Our Favorite House Memories

Class of 2006

Some Things Never Change...and Some Things Do (from Spring '06 Homefront)

- Erin Fleck says her favorite memory was during formal pledging when we found out who our big sisters were.
- Amanda Moffitt confessed that the greatest times at the House included "acting like a monkey" during our interviewing weekend, sliding down the stairs in Rubbermaid tubs, and ambushing the House with water balloons while Carol joined in with water guns. I wouldn't trade these years for the world.

...we, the pledge class of 2011, held a stake out all night in the living room to watch for the attack of the Nabor boys. It came late that night…

- Kathleen Starr believes that the best times were the ones where you just got silly in your room with your roomies. Room 4, times with my Erin's, crying over the Cosby Show with Pam, and the Candlelight Bar crawl in Urbana…..
- Roganne Newell will always remember the 2006 Walkout as the "Sexy Seventeen."
- Erin Schwerer will also remember that Walkout and she says she will also miss her friends at the House, the atmosphere (of sisterhood), and always having people around.
- That freshman Walkout weekend really registered with Elizabeth Eigenbrod as a time of so much fun and so many memories.
- Maggie Bane will always remember the White Rose Formal her freshman year where she enjoyed dancing the night away.
- Rebecca Harms says her greatest memories from her four years at 4-H House include the surprises we experienced as new members, the bond of our House family, the addition of a new little sis each year, ceremonies, Candlelight Bar crawl, the memories from her room.
- Erin Lewis has a couple of memories on her "favorites" list including: getting locked in a 4-man hallway while gargling mouthwash and seeing the traumatic effects of a broken garbage disposal all over the laundry room.
- Alicia Kramer will remember the senior impromptu Candlelight Bar crawl, and all the times with a 4-H House family and the Pledge class of 2006.

Good times in the Naborhood

Amy Davis 2011

The highlight of our two years living in 4-H House seems to revolve around pledge class bonding while picking on the frats nearby. I am sure most of you all are aware of the ongoing rivalry between 4-H House and Nabor House. Our battles have been so memorable that we wanted to share them with you. It has been more than just TP-ing, though we have done our share. The true highlight was around Thanksgiving of our freshman year. The battles were coming to a climax because the semester was almost over and we all knew a big one was coming so we, the pledge class of 2011, held a stake out all night in the living room to watch for the attack of the Nabor boys. It came late that night…or early that morning who really remembers. Anyway, one lone boy came running up our front stairs and before we could ready our water guns he was gone. After a few minutes of observation from inside we decided to open the front door. Then to our surprise we found the greasy remains of the Nabor's thanksgiving turkey at our door. Well, this would not do. It just so happened that we had turkey for dinner that night as well. So it only seemed fair that we shared our feast just like they shared theirs. Thus, we delivered their turkey remains back on the Nabor's front step with a little of our thanksgiving stuffing through the mail slot and a note which read, "Thanks for the turkey, but next time don't forget the stuffing!"

Our Songs

Saturday Banquet

The Lord is Good to Me

Oh, the Lord is good to me,
And so I thank the Lord
For giving me the things I need,
The sun and the rain, and the apple seed.
The Lord is good to me.

Come 'Round Any Old Time

Come 'round any old time and make yourself at home.
Put your hat on the mantle shelf,
Open the cupboard and help yourself.
You know you're welcome here when ever you may roam.
4-H friend, just open the door
And make yourself at home.

Four Leaf Clover

I'm looking over a four leaf clover
That I overlooked before.
One leaf is sunshine, the second is rain,
Third is the roses that grow in the lane.
No need explaining the one remaining,
It's somebody I adore.
I'm looking over a four leaf clover
That I overlooked before.

I'm looking over a 4-H clover
That I overlooked before.
One is for head, the second for heart.
Third is for hands that are doing their part.
No need explaining the one remaining,
It's health that we're striving for.
I'm looking over a 4-H clover
That I overlooked before.

You Are My Sunshine

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine.
You make me happy when skies are gray.
You'll never know, dear, how much I love you.
Please don't take my sunshine away.

We're not true beauties, we're nil on talent.
Nor are we angels in disguise.
We are unsightly. We stay out nightly.
But at least we're organized.

Witchcraft

If there were witchcraft,
I'd make two wishes,
A winding road that beckons me to roam,
And then I'd wish for a blazing campfire,
To welcome me when I'm returning home.

But in this real world
There is no witchcraft
And golden wishes do not grow on trees.
Our fondest day dreams
Must be the magic
To bring us back these happy memories.

Memories that linger
Constant and true.
Memories we cherish
4-H House of you.

You Can't Get a Man with a Broom

(Tune: You Can't Get a Man with a Gun)
I'm quick in the kitchen when dinner I am fixin'
With a pot and a pan and a spoon.
But my score with the fellers is lower than the cellar.
Oh, you can't get a man with a broom.

Oh the girls who are Thetas are always out with Betas.
They're the girls who make frat men swoon.
But the guys who are cuties are repulsed by house duties.
Oh, you can't get a man with a broom.

With a broom, with a broom,
Oh, you can't get a man with a broom.

If I had a contest to see who'd mop the floor best
I'm a whiz with a mop and a pail.
But if I had a contest to see who'd trap a man best,
They would shout, "You'll learn soon,
You're a prune 'neath the moon!"
Oh, you can't get a man with a broom.

Let Me Call You Sweetheart

Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you.
Let me hear you whisper that you love me too.
Keep the love light burning with your eyes so blue.
Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you.

Shine On Harvest Moon

Shine on, shine on harvest moon up in the sky.
I ain't had no lovin' since January, February, June or July.
Snow time ain't no time to sit around and spoon.
So, shine on, shine on harvest moon, for me and my guy.

Boom, Boom, Ain't it Great to Be Crazy?

Way down south where bananas grow,
An ant stepped on an elephant's toe.
The elephant said, with a tear in his eye,
"Why don't you pick on a guy your size?"

Boom, boom, ain't it great to be crazy?
Boom, boom, ain't it great to be crazy?
Silly and foolish all day long,
Boom, boom, ain't it great to be crazy?

Ee-i, ee-i, ee-i socks
A dollar, a pair and a nickel, a box,
The longer you wear 'em, the shorter they get.
You put 'em in the water, and they won't get wet!

(Chorus)

A horse, a flea, and three blind mice
Sat on the barn floor, shootin' dice.
The horse slipped, fell on the flea.
"Whoops!" said the flea, there's a horse on me!

(Chorus)

A man bought a pair of combination underwear.
He wore 'em 40 years without a tear.
40 years, without exaggeration!
Couldn't take 'em off 'cause he forgot the combination!

(Chorus)

When Papa Put the Paper on the Wall

When Papa put the paper on the wall,
He put a pot of paste in the hall.
He papered up the stairs, papered up the chairs,
Even put a border on Grandma's shawl.
When Papa put the paper on the wall,
He spilled a pot of paste upon us all.
Now like birds of a feather, we all stick together.
When Papa put the paper on the wall.

Moments to Remember

The New Year's Eve, we did the town,
The day, we tore the goal post down.
We will have these moments to remember.
The quiet walks, the noisy fun,
The ball room prize we almost won.
We will have these moments to remember.

Though summer turns to winter
And the present disappears
The laughter we were glad to share
Will echo through the years.

When other nights and other days
May find us gone our separate ways,
We will have these moments to remember.

Junior Birdsmen

Up in the air, Junior Birdsmen,
Up in the air, upside down!
Up in the air, Junior Birdsmen,
Keep your noses to the ground.

If you hear the doorbell ringing
And you see those wings of tin,
You will know the Junior Birdsmen
Have sent their box tops in.
For it takes 5 box top, 4 bottle bottoms,
3 labels, 2 wrappers and 1 thin dime!

Tell Me Why

Tell me why the stars do shine.
Tell me why the ivy twines.
Tell me why the ocean's blue.
And I will tell you just why I love you.

Because God made the stars to shine.
Because God made the ivy twine.
Because God made the ocean blue.
Because God made you, that's why I love you.

Hail to the Orange

Hail to the Orange, hail to the Blue.
Hail Alma Mater, ever so true (so true!)
We love no other, so let our motto be:
Victory!
Illinois
Varsity

4-H House Loyalty

We'll sing a song of 4-H House fellowship.
We'll give a cheer, a cheer for her leadership.
On onward all, 4-H House we're behind you.
Forever, together, we'll honor thy name.
Through all the years, though we are here or afar,
We'll always keep and hold each little memoir.
In all we do, with hearts so true, all hail to 4-H House.

Sunday Breakfast

Be Present at Our Table

Be present at our table, Lord.
Be here and everywhere adored.
These mercies bless and grant that we
May feast in fellowship with thee. Amen

This is My Song

(Tune: Finlandia)
This is my song, O God of all the nations,
A song of peace for lands a-far and mine.
This is my home, the country where my heart is.
Here are my hopes, my dreams, my holy shrine.
But other hearts in other lands are beating
With hope and dreams as true and high as mine.

My country's skies are bluer than the ocean,
And sunlight beams on clover leaf and pine.
But other lands have sunlight too, and clover,
And skies are everywhere as blue as mine.
O hear my song, though God of all the nations,
A song of peace for their land and for mine.

May truth and freedom come to every nation!
May peace abound where strife has raged so long;
That each may seek to love and build together,
A world united righting every wrong.
A world united in its love for freedom,
Proclaiming peace together in one song.

Amazing Grace

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I'm found;
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come.
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me;
His Word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

Take the Golden

Take the golden of the wheat field,
The land of ripening grain.
Take the emerald of the meadow,
The clover refreshed with rain.
Add the luster of the white pearl,
And the lamp of knowledge too.
Behold the beauty of our 4-H pin,
Emblem of sisterhood (sisterhood)
Ever, so true.

Peanut Butter Cups *(used at State 4-H Week Barbecue)*

2 cups graham cracker crumbs 2 cups peanut butter 1 cup powdered sugar	Mix all together with mixer and press into a 9x13 inch pan or walled cookie sheet depending on desired thickness.
1 teaspoon vanilla 6 oz. chocolate chips ½ cup honey	Melt chocolate chips vanilla and honey and spread over the top.

Toffee Grahams *(used at State 4-H Week Barbecue)*

Graham crackers	Line a walled cookie sheet with graham crackers.
½ cup oleo (margarine) ½ cup butter	Melt oleo and butter.
1 cup brown sugar	Add brown sugar and boil 1 minute. Pour over crackers.
12 oz. chocolate chips Coarsely chopped nuts	Sprinkle chips and spread as they melt. Sprinkle with nuts. Chill 20 minutes.

Keeps best in refrigerator. Cut into rectangles.

Congo Bars

¾ cup margarine 2 cups brown sugar	Cream margarine and sugar.
3 eggs 1 teaspoon vanilla	Mix in eggs. Add vanilla and blend well.
2 ¾ cups flour 1 teaspoon salt 2 ½ teaspoons baking powder	Add flour, salt and baking powder and stir until mixed together.
At least 6 oz. chocolate chips Nuts if you like	Fold in chocolate chips.

Back in 9 x 13 or 10 x 13 pan for about 30 minutes at 350 degrees F.
Do not overbake if you like them chewy!

Traditional 4-H House Spinach Sausage Casserole

1 10-ounce package frozen leaf spinach, thawed
1 cup coarsely chopped celery
½ cup finely chopped onion
1 ½ cups coarse bread crumbs
1 egg, beaten
1 pound cooked sausage
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ cup coarsely shredded Swiss cheese

Preheat oven to 350 degrees F. Combine all ingredients except cheese. Place in 2 quart baking dish. Sprinkle cheese on top. Bake about 20 minutes or until a knife inserted in center comes out clean. 4 to 5 servings.

4-H House Loyalty

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Through all the years, though we are here or afar,
We'll always keep and hold each little memoir.
In all we do, with hearts so true, all hail to 4-H House.

