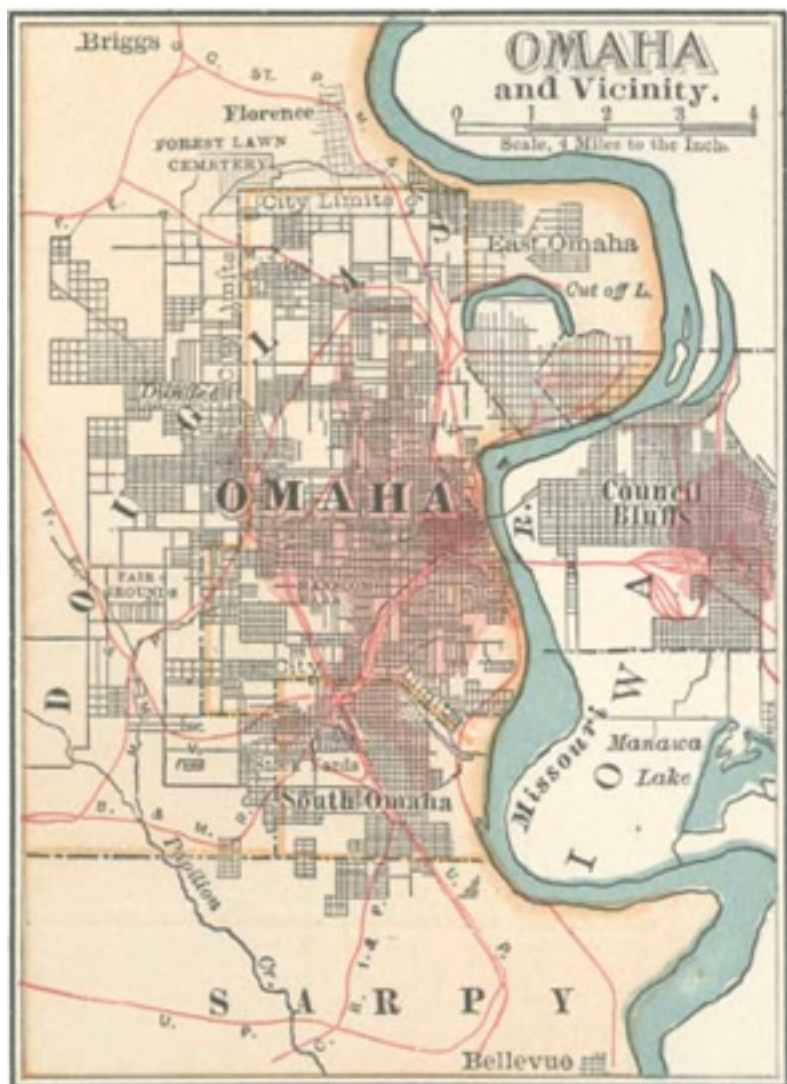




*Earl & Mae Moyer*

Wedding Day – September 15, 1923



I was one of the lucky ones. I had wonderful grandparents until I was in my early 30's. And I mean wonderful. They were kind. They were generous. They were funny. They were loving. Like most kids who adore their grandparents, I never wanted to leave them. Grandma made the best cookies and Grandpa made my brother and me the best sandbox



in the neighborhood. They took us to the park and let us ride a pony. They taught us how to bowl and play putt-putt (miniature golf). They played cards and checkers and Yahtzee and Clue and

Candyland. I remember many hot summer nights spent around the kitchen table playing Canasta. I remember dressing up to go to the movie theater, just Grandma and me, to see "Thomasina" and watching the wind take her hat when we stepped off the bus. *(My grandmother refused to drive after going off the road into a ditch when my father was just a baby.)*



When my grandparents were in their 80's I convinced them to go to Omaha's dinner theatre to see the musical "Shakespeare and the Indians." My grandparents had never gone to see a play. I remember my grandmother balking at the cost of a ticket — \$30. My treat I said. But she refused. I had travelled from

California to see them so she wanted to take to me to something I would enjoy. I still vividly remember that play and the choral group that performed while we dined. I also remember my grandfather dozing off until scantily dressed women appeared to the song “Ample Breasts and more Ample Bottoms.” My



grandma elbowed me and said, “that woke him up.” What I most remember about the day is how much my grandparents enjoyed the experience. They continued to go the theatre until it became too difficult for my grandmother to walk.

Sometime in the 1980’s I gave my grandparents journals with a list of questions. I asked them to describe their youth, their dreams, their most significant events. I asked them what gives them the most happiness, the most pain, and what they think about death. Although they didn't write much, here are their words.

*Linda S. Moyer, 2017*

*January 1, 1987*

*Dear Linda,*

*I'm certainly not going to be able to fill this book with information which has affected me to the present date.*

*I am giving you a condensed autobiography of my uneventful life of 85 years. I will also include some observations which don't seem very important coming from an unimportant person.*

*With love,*

*Grandpa Moyer*



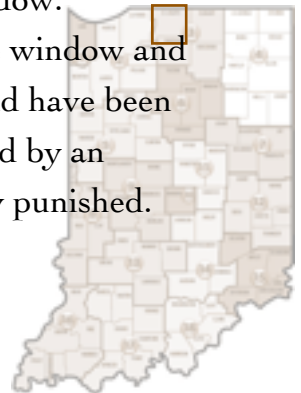
## Earl M. Moyer

My father was Abraham L. Moyer and my mother was Lydia Culp. Both families were Pennsylvania Dutch and were born in the vicinity of Wakarusa, Indiana. Their ancestors were originally from Germany.

I was born on November 19, 1901 on a farm in St. Joseph County, Indiana, near Lakeville. I was the eighth child in a family of 12 children, 10 sons and 2 daughters. Two sons and one daughter died in infancy.

My boyhood was not very eventful. The family's financial situation did not provide for any luxuries. It was easier to be entertained by simple games of the time. (There were no sophisticated games at that time.) One of the things I remember and would like to forget is that I and my brother Josiah were responsible for the burning of a barn on the farm. I believe it happened when I was four years old. We were playing with matches, lighting small bundles of hay and throwing them out of hay mow window.

Suddenly the wind blew one back in the window and the hay burst into flames. We both would have been burned to death had we not been rescued by an Uncle. Needless to say we were severely punished.



We left the farm in 1906 and moved to a place near Teegarden, Indiana. My father never had permanent employment and it was apparently a problem to feed all the children. Sometime later we moved into town which had a population of approximately 200.

I attended elementary and high school in Teegarden. During my high school years (summer vacations) I worked on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in the Maintenance of Way department. My first assignment was as a waterboy carrying water to quench the thirst of between 35 to 50 men. My equipment consisted of 2 buckets and a yoke which fit on my shoulders around my neck. I didn't care very much for the waterboy job and as soon as another youngster came to work I traded it to him. I became a regular member of the gang whose work consisted of surfacing tracks and laying the steel rails. I believe the pay was 16



cents per hour. I also worked part of one summer in the foundry of the American Radiator

Company molding forms and pouring iron.

During my junior year of high school, following a serious dispute with the Principal, I became a dropout during the last semester. I again secured employment

with the B&O Railroad, this time as a section hand. When the time arrived for another school year I decided to enroll and resume my schooling. My decision was helped by pressure from my parents and some school officials. I was assigned to the Senior class. I made up the assignments I had missed during my junior year by a series of written tests. This permitted me to graduate at the same time (May 1919) I would have had I not been a stupid drop out. The last several months of my Senior high school year I attended school at Tynor, Indiana, which was in the same township and an accredited school. I was planning on attending Purdue University at that time. I never made it.

I graduated from high school in May 1919. My brother Milo was employed by the Western Union Telegraph Company in Omaha, Nebraska. He secured employment for me there. My work with the Western Union consisted of serving as a clerk and making notes on reconstruction information for an inspector who was inspecting telegraph lines that needed to be rebuilt. I worked there until March 1920 and apparently due to homesickness I resigned and returned to Indiana. I secured employment with the B&O Railroad as a yard clerk in Indiana Harbor, Indiana. This





employment didn't last very long and due to a forced reduction I was unemployed. I was able to again secure employment with the Western Union and returned to Omaha in September 1920. I worked in the Headquarters office as a clerk in the maintenance department. I've been a resident of Omaha continuously ever since.

I attended a young peoples get acquainted club at the First Unitarian Church in 1921 and there met a young lady by the name of Mae Miller. She was a trifle shorter than I and I thought very cute. She appealed to me very much. We dated steady and on September 15, 1923 we were married in Council Bluffs, Iowa. Our marriage has had its ups and downs but nothing ever seemed so serious that a permanent break up was ever considered. The ups always seemed to outweigh the downs. Our first son, Earl Jr., was born September 20, 1926 and our second son Ray on September 2, 1932. Mae and I joined the Methodist Church in 1923.



The stock market crash of 1929 and the resultant depression reached the Western Union in 1933 and in March 1922 my services there were terminated due to the reorganization of the company and elimination of

the division headquarters in Omaha. My only employment for some time were odd jobs. Things were real tough for some time. Having no income and a wife, 2 children to worry about was certainly not pleasant. Through the efforts of one of Mae's relatives I was able to secure work as a truck driver for a beer company. This later developed into work as a driver and guard for a money car. The salary, \$18 per week.

In the fall of 1925 as a result of the establishment of the 40 hour work week the Government opened up a Civil Service examination for clerk-carrier positions in the Omaha Post Office. Examinations were held from October 1935 through March 1936. I was fortunate and finished in 15th place out of a total of



4000 applicants. My appointment as a substitute clerk (mail distributor) was effective September 30, 1936. I also served as part time treasurer-manager of

the Post Office Credit Union from March 1957 to 1963. The treasurer-manager position was made a full time position in January 1964. I retired from the Post Office and accepted the full-time position at that time. I served as treasurer-manager until March 1967 and again retired. The assets of the Credit Union had grown to over 2 million dollars during the time I was employed there.

Earl Jr. and Arietta Larkin were married April 22, 1950. They have three children: Robert, Darrell and Ruth. Darrell and his wife have one son Michael who is the only great grand child we have. Ray and Shirley Blair were married on May 19, 1956. They have two children, Linda and Allen.

Mae and I have enjoyed our retirement very much. We did considerable traveling up to the last several years. We also enjoyed our bowling activities and I my golf. My participation in these activities has been necessarily curtailed due to serious surgery in January 1986. I hope to resume those pleasures come spring.

### *Some Observations*

I guess I'm still very much old-fashioned in my ideas about marriage. My idea has always been that a couple should make every effort to arrive at solutions to resolve all disagreements. I do not understand the attitude that so many of our young people have about the sanctity of marriage. The present willingness to be part of a "live in" arrangement or "single parent" I do not understand. Children under the one parent set-up regardless of which parent is missing are bound to miss out on affection and attention ordinarily provided by two parents. The new generation does not appear to make much of an effort to settle

disagreements during the early period of their marriage. It appears that a rush to the divorce court is made immediately following a dispute.

Mae and I had our disagreements but made an effort



to and succeeded in reaching a solution. Our ability to do this has resulted in being able to survive a serious depression and share 63 years of love and companionship. We are very

thankful that during this period we have been able to watch our children and grandchildren growing up and become individuals we are very proud of. The experiences occurring during those years have resulted in me retaining my “old fashioned” ideas about marriage.

The present practice of credit living in my estimation is ruining a great many people. We are losing sight of the fact that living within your means is important. The system is used by our politicians, witness the outrageous deficit. I sometimes think that a depression serves a useful purpose. The depression was terrible at the time but I think provided a lesson to us by making us realize the value of money and the importance of not misusing our credit. I believe we are again approaching a day of reckoning.

I haven't decided if I feel that technology is good or bad. Technology has provided many products, improvements and labor-saving devices during the past years. Some of the products can be used to destroy mankind. It is hoped that no one ever pulls the trigger. A labor saving device always eliminates employment for individuals unless the construction and maintenance of such equipment provides equal employment, what has been gained? The livelihood of individuals is always at stake.

I don't think I have any fear of death. The future after that has always been and will continue to be a mystery. I have attended Sunday School and Church since early childhood and things taught to me during those years are supposed to indicate what will happen from that time. This requires much faith in those teachings. No one has ever returned from that condition to provide any authentic information.

I'm very thankful for such a long life of love for Grandma and such a pleasant relationship with her. We are very proud of our children and grandchildren who have become desirable individuals. These two things have given Grandma and I much satisfaction.

Wars in almost all instances seems to be a poor way to settle differences even though our history books

always try to justify armed conflict in some cases. The final result is always a squandering of resources, both material and human. Wars are usually caused by an individual ruler or country attempting to extend power over and wrest land from another ruler or country. Wars always seem to be declared and promoted by older people who expect younger people to risk their lives to accomplish victory. The League of Nations following World War I and the United Nations following World War II were organized hoping that nations would negotiate their differences instead of resorting to armed conflict. These have both been a failure in my estimation. Such failure is due to the fact that individuals and nations are unwilling to accept a decision arrived at in this manner.

## Mae Miller Moyer

I was born May 3, 1903 in Chicago, Illinois. My



parents were Rachel and Joseph Miller. My mother's maiden name was Rachel Goldman and her parents, Lena and Aaron, were born in Germany.

They were German Jews. Grandma Lena died shortly after I went to kindergarten. I always remember her walking me to the old Lake School.

Grandpa Aaron died when I was 12 years old. I never knew my Dad's father, he only lived to be 40 years old. Grandma Mary Miller was born somewhere in New Hampshire and lived to be 90 years old. Everyone loved her. I was 11 years old when my mother died. She was 41 years old. She had breast cancer. I had one sister Lena, 6 years younger than I, and 3 brothers, Joe, David and Howard—Lena and Howard the youngest.

My father was 61 when he died. After Mother passed away, Dad put Lena and I in St. James Orphanage. Joe was on his own and David joined the Navy. Grandma Miller raised Howard. Lena and I were lonely and missed being in our own home. Our folks didn't come to see us very often. We were in the

orphanage for 6 years [not sure if this is accurate]. I wanted to stay there and go on to school but when we finished 8th grade we couldn't stay there. The nuns said with my father's permission I could stay and go on to high school, but he said no. When I left, with the aid of my maternal uncle, I was sent to Boyles College for six months to learn shorthand and typing.

During my time at the orphanage, four of us decided



we wanted to go home, so we ran away and of course were tracked down and marched back to the orphanage. Our punishment was we couldn't

talk to anyone for a week. At Christmas time the Knights of Columbus, a Catholic organization, put up a big Christmas tree in the classroom and on Christmas Eve they would come and give us a sack of candy and a gift. Then we would all sing hymns. After it was all over and they left, the nuns took our candy and gifts away from us. I never did find out what became of them.

I never missed a day at Church and really liked their religion. I wanted to turn to Catholic, but had to have father's permission and he said no. I used to do all the nuns' shopping and mended their hose. The shopping



took me to Benson. I liked that, it gave me a chance to get away for a while. They would send me places where I would have to take the street car.

When I left the orphanage, I stayed with my Grandmother Miller. My mother's brother Dave gave me enough money for a 9-month course in typing and shorthand at Boyles College. I had a rough time because the Catholic schools at that time were not up with the public schools. Boyles College wanted me to take 8th grade over, but I told them I had to get on my own, the quicker the better. Eventually I found a job at Carpenter Paper Company as a typist and was there until I married.



I guess my dreams were like any other young person—to meet someone special and get married. A friend of mine at Carpenter's said she was going with a fellow and wanted me to meet him. She invited me to a young people's meeting they were holding at the First Unitarian Church. That was the evening I met Earl Moyer. I don't know what attracted us to each other. I'm sure it wasn't his money because he was as poor as me. Agnes never knew for a long time I was going with her boyfriend.

Believe it or not every place we went we took a street car. Never had a car until we married. That was 1921.

We went together for two years. For excitement we went to the movies, Church, picnics and ball games. We married on September 15, 1923. We decided a couple days ahead, so with my grandmother and a couple from the Western Union office, where Earl worked, we went to Council Bluffs in a 1922 Ford touring car and were married at the City Hall. Then we all sent to King Fongs restaurant for dinner. We stayed at the old Wellington Hotel downtown until we found a little apartment on Woolworth Avenue. We moved around quite a bit during our first couple years. We finally rented a house on Larimore Avenue. That is where we lived when Earl Jr. came along. We moved around for six years and finally rented a house at 60th and Williams and that's where Ray was born.

I always hoped and prayed Earl and I would live to



raise our two boys. God was good to us. We not only raised them but have lived to see one of them with enough service to retire. During our time together Earl and I have seen sickness,

depression and bad times, but we got through it to celebrate 59 years together.



*Earl and Mae Moyer celebrated 68 years of marriage. Mae died first in January of 1992 when she was 89 years old. Earl followed her nearly three years later when he was 92.*

