

ROSALIE RAW BOLE: North High Class of 1959

My maternal Grandparents were Carl and Rosalie Klein. They were Volga Germans who emigrated from Russia in 1911. They landed in Galveston, TX with two little girls and my mother in *Utero*. From there they traveled north and settled in Omaha, Nebraska where my Grandfather worked at the railroad yard. My Mother's name was Wilhelmina but everybody called her Billie. The fourth child born there was a boy, Arthur.

My Dad, Cliff Raw's ancestors, came to America around 1620. One of the first to arrive was Mary Buckman, a Quaker from England. The Quakers there were being persecuted at the time. Mary joined the Society of Friends (Quakers) in Philadelphia. Nearly three centuries later, in 1913, Cliff was born in Great Falls, Montana. His family moved from there to Helena, Montana and then to Washington DC in 1924. In 1931 Dad graduated from high school in Washington, DC and then from the U. of Maryland in 1935.

In 1932 during the great depression my mother and two girl friends left Omaha to work in Washington DC., where they all found jobs with the federal government. She was part of a comptometer (a kind of calculator) pool and her future husband, my father, was her supervisor. They were married in 1935. My mom and dad were the only ones in either of their families working at that time. They sent money home to their families and Christmas presents to my cousins.

In 1941 I was born in DC. Mom and Dad were living in Arlington VA at the time. Soon they were moving to Atlanta GA, where my sister, Nancy, was born in 1944. After five years in Atlanta, the family moved to Greenville, SC for 3 years, to Charlotte, NC for nine months and then to Denver, where my mother, sister and I lived for the summer with my aunts, uncle and grandmother in a big old house which is still standing at 29th and Sheridan. After that wonderful summer in Denver my Mom, sister and I moved to Washington DC to live with my father's parents. While there I got a great 4th grade education at a local elementary school. After that we moved to Detroit for the summer and then back to Denver in 1951 where I lived until 1959 when I went away to college. My mother died in 1998. My father is in assisted living and doing amazingly well at the age of 96.